**NAVERWORLD**

**By Dee Kearney**

 **CHAPTER ONE**

*Strange how one night can seem different from another* Jimmy thought as he leant elbows down on his bedroom windowsill. Like a strange, magical atmosphere that gives you a sense of excitement as though something is on the move and your one step away from adventure.

For several nights he hadn't slept well, waking up in the early hours as though he'd missed something, listening for a while, thinking he might have heard burglars. His mum slept like a log so she'd never hear, it would be left to him to protect them. For this reason, Jimmy kept his cricket bat close to the bed, just in case.

It wasn't a bad area; it had once been very pretty. Old houses, with large gardens, on the outskirts of London. In fact massive gardens where a boy of twelve could lose himself and Jimmy did so very often in the tree house his dad had made in the year ago before he had been killed in a diving accident.

The trees had been left to grow and grow and the one in his garden was at least forty foot high and a world all of its own. His tree house had been extended over the years and Jessica, the only girl member of his gang, had insisted in putting carpet and curtains up. Anyway, it wasn't too bad. It made it warm on autumn nights and nobody but his gang saw it, so his street cred was safe. Besides, the other two were scared of Jess. He wasn't of course, he just indulged her.

Thinking of his dad made him sad for a moment and then some small memory of him brought a smile to his face again. Jimmy's dad had worked the rigs and though he didn't see him often, he remembered, a big, dark man with a mop of curly hair. Loud and laughing all the time. Life was never dull when dad was home. He would hoist him up on his shoulders and cart him off down the gardens for phase two of the tree house (as he called it). His dad had built another platform into the upper branches with a ladder nailed across safely. This was Jimmy's look out post, because it gave him a fantastic view across the common and over to the woods. Jimmy reckoned his dad had as much fun as him up there.

There it was again… a small metallic noise like a rusty door. *Couldn't be burglars could it?* The house had no metal doors. He peered sideways out of the window trying to get a good view of the outhouse area and the yard below. *Nothing… but what was that?* A strange dark green glow was shining up from a corner of the garden near his tree. He opened his window quietly and listened. The glow disappeared as though it had never been there. Was somebody wrecking his tree house? Nobody knew about it except for his gang. *Wait...* He could hear rustling, and was that murmuring? He couldn't tell.

Waiting another five minutes he had just decided that it had been his imagination when he saw the green glow again. It was though someone had opened a door and a beam of light had shone out and gone just as quickly when it was shut. There was a yelp and a low bang. *This was a strange night after all*, he thought. He just knew it would be when he woke up again!

His main instinct was to go outside, but he knew his mum would go mad if she found him. So he sat and he waited… forever! Nothing more occurred.

“Tomorrow I will investigate this, not now,” he yawned and keeled over back into his bed.