

Sherry Blossom

I always wanted to be just like my neighbour, in fact, I still do. Sherry Blossom was her name, quite a strange name it was. Meeting her was one of the most magical things I had ever experienced, and here's why.

It was a hot summer afternoon when I saw her. She had just started unloading boxes from her moving van when she caught my eye. Her skin was ghostly white, it contrasted her popping red hair. It was her who talked first. "Hiya!" Said the girl, I was too intrigued by her Australian accent to answer her. "Hello?" The girl repeated. I finally realised she was talking to me "Oh, uh me? Sorry, I get distracted easily, I'm Pearl." I felt my cheeks go red, I knew how silly my name sounded, however, my new neighbour didn't seem to mind. "Cool name! I'm Sherry, Sherry Blossom." she stopped "And before you laugh, I'm only called Sherry because my mum *really* liked cherry trees back then. My friends call me Sherr." I looked back towards the moving van in front of Sherry's new house. I decided to help her unload, it would be good for her to have some friendly friends. "Well then Sherr, would you like some help unloading your Boxes?" And with a quick nodd of her head, we both started to head towards her new house.

The thing is, I'll never know why it was so magical meeting her, or why I always wanted to be like her, because as soon as I reached inside that moving van, I was

back where I started, outside my house, watching clouds and the time go by. I would always ask the locals where Sherry Blossom went, but I was always told the same thing, there is no Sherry Blossom.