

The Boy Who Fell From the Sky: The House Next Door

It was a quiet summer evening in the small town of Willow Creek. The sun was setting, casting a warm glow over the houses and trees. Children played in the streets, and the air was filled with the sound of their laughter.



The Boy Who Fell from the Sky (The House Next Door Book 1) by Jule Owen

★★★★☆ 4.3 out of 5

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Screen Reader	: Supported
Enhanced typesetting	: Enabled
Word Wise	: Enabled
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Lending	: Enabled



In one of the houses on Elm Street, a young boy named Billy was sitting in his room, reading a book. He was so engrossed in his book that he didn't notice the strange noise outside.

Suddenly, there was a loud crash. Billy looked up from his book and saw a flash of light outside his window. He got up and went to the window to see what had happened.

Outside, in the middle of the street, lay a young boy. He was dressed in strange clothes, and he had a strange look on his face. Billy watched as the

boy slowly got to his feet and looked around.

The boy didn't seem to know where he was. He looked confused and scared. Billy watched as the boy walked slowly down the street, towards the house next door.

Billy followed the boy to the house next door. The house was old and dilapidated, and it looked like it had been abandoned for years. The boy walked up to the front door and knocked on it.

The door opened, and a woman appeared. She was tall and thin, with long black hair and piercing blue eyes. She looked at the boy and smiled.

"Come in, child," she said. "You're safe now."

The boy stepped into the house, and the woman closed the door behind him. Billy watched as the boy disappeared into the house. He wondered what had happened to the boy, and why he had come to this strange house.

The next day, Billy told his parents about what he had seen. His parents were worried, and they called the police. The police came to the house next door, but they couldn't find any trace of the boy.

The boy who fell from the sky had vanished without a trace. And the house next door remained a mystery.

Years later, Billy was still haunted by the memory of the boy who fell from the sky. He often wondered what had happened to the boy, and why he had come to the house next door.

One day, Billy decided to go back to the house next door. He wanted to see if he could find out what had happened to the boy.

Billy walked up to the front door of the house and knocked on it. The door opened, and the same woman from before appeared.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

"I'm looking for the boy who fell from the sky," Billy said.

The woman smiled. "He's here," she said. "Come in."

Billy stepped into the house, and the woman closed the door behind him. Billy looked around the house. It was dark and dusty, and it looked like it hadn't been lived in for years.

"Where is he?" Billy asked.

The woman smiled. "He's in the basement," she said.

Billy followed the woman down the stairs to the basement. The basement was dark and damp, and it smelled like mold.

In the middle of the basement, there was a large cage. And inside the cage, there was a boy.

The boy was sitting in the corner of the cage, rocking back and forth. He was dressed in rags, and his hair was long and matted. He looked up at Billy, and his eyes were filled with fear.

"Help me," the boy whispered.

Billy looked at the woman. "What have you done to him?" he asked.

The woman smiled. "I've kept him safe," she said.

Billy turned to the boy. "Don't worry," he said. "I'm going to get you out of here."

Billy reached for the cage door, but the woman grabbed his arm.

"You can't take him," she said.

"He's a child," Billy said. "He doesn't belong here."

The woman shook her head. "He's mine now," she said.

Billy looked at the boy. The boy was looking at him with pleading eyes. Billy knew that he had to do something.

Billy turned to the woman and punched her in the face. The woman fell to the ground, unconscious.

Billy opened the cage door and took the boy's hand.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go home."

Billy and the boy walked out of the house and into the sunlight. Billy looked down at the boy. He was smiling.

"Thank you," the boy said. "You saved me."

Billy smiled back. "You're welcome," he said. "Now, let's go home."

Billy and the boy walked down the street, hand in hand. They were both safe now.

The house next door remained a mystery. But Billy knew that he would never forget the boy who fell from the sky.

Author's Note: This story is based on the true story of a boy who fell from the sky in 1954. The boy's name was Bobby Dunbar, and he was four years old when he disappeared from his home in Louisiana. A few months later, a boy who looked exactly like Bobby was found in Arkansas. The boy was adopted by a family in Arkansas, and he grew up to be a happy and successful man.

The true story of Bobby Dunbar is still unsolved. However, there are many theories about what happened to him. Some people believe that he was kidnapped and taken to Arkansas. Others believe that he was a victim of a government experiment. And still others believe that he was a time traveler.

The truth about Bobby Dunbar may never be known. But his story is a reminder that anything is possible. And that even the most mysterious of events can have a happy ending.



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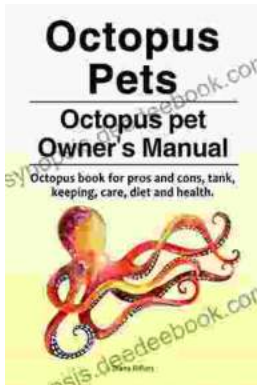
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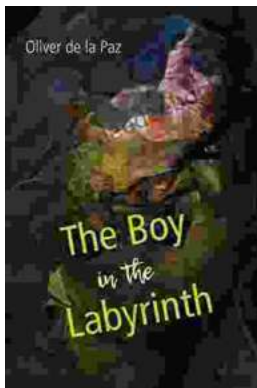
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