

There's Something About Harry!

Elena and Harry had been best friends since Year Five. They walked to school together, swapped jokes, and always chose the same side in dodgeball. But lately, Elena couldn't shake the feeling that something about Harry was... different.

It started one chilly October morning. The playground was full of laughter, but Harry stood in the corner, staring at nothing. His eyes didn't blink. Elena waved a hand in front of his face.

"Harry?" she asked.

He blinked suddenly and smiled. "Sorry. I was... thinking."

His voice sounded flat, like the **monotone** of a robot teacher reading from a textbook. Elena frowned, but didn't say anything.

At lunch, Harry ate his sandwich in perfect squares, cutting each piece with strange **precision**. Crumbs never stuck to his jumper. His movements were too neat, too exact.

"Do you ever get messy?" Elena asked.

Harry tilted his head. "Why would I want to be messy?"

That night, Elena dreamed of wires and glowing eyes. She woke up shivering.

The next day, things grew creepier. In art, Harry's pencil scratched the paper at lightning speed. His drawing was a perfect copy of the classroom—every ruler, every chair, every **detail** exact. Too exact.

At football, he kicked the ball so hard it bent the goalpost. The other kids cheered, but Elena felt a chill. No ten-year-old could do that.

Halloween arrived. The classroom was decorated with cobwebs and glowing pumpkins. Elena decided she had to know the truth.

During assembly, she whispered, "Harry, what are you scared of?"

He paused. His eyes flickered, just for a second, like a **glitch** on a screen. "I do not understand the question."

Elena's heart raced. "Everyone is scared of something. Spiders? Darkness? Ghosts?"

Harry stared straight ahead. "I... do not experience fear."

The lights suddenly flickered. A cold **draft** swirled through the hall. Elena leaned closer. "You're not normal, are you?"

Harry turned to face her. His smile stretched too wide, too perfect. "Normal is... unnecessary."

Elena's stomach lurched. She remembered the perfect sandwiches. The glowing eyes in her dream. The strength in football. The exact art.

Harry wasn't Harry at all.

That night, Elena sat at her desk, staring out of the window. In the street below, Harry walked home. She noticed how his steps never faltered, never slowed. Each one landed with **rhythm**, like the ticking of a clock.

And as the streetlight flickered, she saw it: a thin line of silver beneath his skin. Wires.

Elena gasped. Her best friend wasn't who he said he was. Harry... was a robot.

Glossary

1. **Monotone** – a voice that stays on one note, without expression.
2. **Precision** – accuracy and exactness in doing something.
3. **Detail** – small parts of something that make up the whole picture.
4. **Glitch** – a small fault or error in a system, often electronic.
5. **Draft** – a current of cold air moving indoors.
6. **Faltered** – hesitated or weakened for a moment.
7. **Rhythm** – a regular, repeated pattern of sound or movement.
8. **Lurched** – moved suddenly and unsteadily.
9. **Exact** – completely correct and without mistakes.
10. **Unnecessary** – not needed.