

# The NEIGHBOURLIENS



**ADVAITH VASUDEVAN**

**THE  
NEIGHBOURLIENS**

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*This book consists of many classified documents that took years and years for me to find. So, please read the following chapters carefully.*

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# Author's Note

*The Neighbourliens* is a book that I've written with love and compassion for my family, friends and teachers.

I got the idea for this book from my mother when I was nine years old. She gave me a story prompt which was, "I think my neighbours are aliens!" The first version of *The Neighbourliens* was a short story that I wrote when I was nine.

Over the years, I decided to make it a book. I've written many versions of this book. The current version is the one which I am most satisfied with. This is the first book in *The Neighbourliens* series. The other books in this series are on the way. Look out for it.

I hear many children say, "When I grow up, I will help the people in need." Then, I wonder, why not now? By publishing this book, I want to prove to children around the world that it is possible to take action now on what they dream of

doing when they grow up, while they are still children. They don't have to wait until they become adults to take action.

I love reading and I recommend that everyone start reading more. However, whenever I read books, I normally see that the characters have common names from that area. That's why I chose to make my book unique by using unique names for my characters.

I wanted my book to have a universal appeal. So, the setting of this book is a fictional place called Griffin Street. You may imagine Griffin Street as any place where your imagination take you to.

I really hope that readers enjoy this book and all the future books in this series.

Read well and read more! Let your imagination take flight!

I would love to hear from you. You can reach me at [advaith@advaithvasudevan.com](mailto:advaith@advaithvasudevan.com).



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12 years old  
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# Preface

2004

Vorand (ten years old) and Lorand (nine years old) are brothers who are like twins. Vorand is about two months older than Lorand (don't ask them how this is possible; they don't know that either).

The two boys come from a family of nine people. They have two biological brothers, two biological sisters, both their parents and one adopted brother. Their brothers are Bhullji (eleven years) and the late Murgus. Their sisters are Sarji (eight years) and Gargi (five years). Hasman (nine years) is their adopted brother.

Vorand is a boy with vivid imagination and a peculiar way of thinking. Ever since he was a young child, Vorand thought that his neighbours, the Neighbourliens, were aliens—without having a reasonable explanation for it. He just knew it!

Lorand is a highly intelligent boy who lacks social skills. He dreams to inherit his late grandfather Vorand Sr.'s skills for science, problem-solving, and success. He has been very close to his brother, Vorand, ever since his grandfather passed away.

Strangely, Vorand and Lorand both have last names different from their other siblings. All their other siblings have one last name—Jorand (which is their father's first name), and no middle names. Vorand's full name reads I.M. Vorand Jorand D Elegido Seinanodh. Lorand's full name reads I.M. Lorand Jorand D Elegido Seinanodh. Both of them never really understood the reason behind their strange names!

# The Neighbourliens

## Prologue

### The Man with the Ugly Face

24 April 2004

It was twilight. There were no cars on the dimly lit Griffin street. There was only one man who walked at a rather slow pace. Half of his head was covered with hair as black as charcoal; the other half was bald. He had pale blue eyes that glistened whenever he told a lie. He had lips that were as dry as a rotten bone. He had identical scars on both eyes. He wore a long scarlet shirt and pants that swayed behind him as he walked.

He preferred to be called by his last name Neighbourlien rather than his first name Mishofiguses. He had a rather ugly face; yet, no

one told him that, other than one of the boys who lived in the house across from his—Vorand.

Neighbourlien was a rather mysterious man who hardly ever spoke. He knew he would arrive home late but didn't bother hurrying. His wife had invited Vorand's family to their house for dinner.

Neighbourlien hated Vorand. To him, Vorand was just a dumb boy who had a habit of exaggerating too often.

He jerked his head and started walking away from Griffin street and towards the dump on Triffin street. There were many garbage bins in the garbage dump. On top of one, he saw a small child who wore a thick red mask and several layers of thick clothes that were all red.

“You're late,” the child's high pitched voice sounded like a toddler whose gender you couldn't guess. The child had short, messy black hair that was dyed red. He wore red boots that were much bigger than his feet and had sparkly red eyes. His ears were small; his right eye was sharp while his left one was blunt.

“Who are you?” Neighbourlien asked.

“You know very well who I am,” the child replied.

“No, I don't.” However, Neighbourlien's eyes were glistening.

“I know that you know who I am,” the child said, “but, don’t you ever say my name. Call me Reddieler from now on.”

Neighbourlien smirked for the first time in ages when he heard the name. “Why don’t I choose a nickname for you,” he said.

“Oh please.” Reddieler laughed. “The last time you made up a nickname for someone, she ended up being called ‘Mona Lisa.’”

“It was a common name in Italy at that time you know.” Neighbourlien spat. He hated the child but needed him for the future.

“Is it ready?” Reddieler asked at last.

“Almost.”

“Good, when it is done, inform my sister and me; we’ll be there to collect it.”

“No,” Neighbourlien said with a sly expression, “I need to use it... and don’t you dare ask me why or I shall use it on you.”

“What happens if I steal it.” Reddieler smirked.

“You know what will happen,” Neighbourlien said with an identical smirk.

“Where is your lousy sister anyway?” he asked.

“She’s busy,” Reddieler said with a scornful tone.

“Doing what?” Neighbourlien asked.

“It’s none of your business,” he said hastily.

“What’s her name?” Neighbourlien asked.

“It’s none of your business.” Reddieler was getting impatient.

“Do your parents know where you are?”

Reddieler glared at Neighbourlien; and if looks

could hurt, Reddieler would have killed

Neighbourlien by now. However, Reddieler’s

scary glare became a devastating sigh. “I...I... I

do...don’t have parents,” he cried.

Neighbourlien had never seen Reddieler like

this. The child normally scared him; now,

Reddieler looked like a poor devastated baby.

“Just give it back when you’re done using

it.” Reddieler sighed and vanished from

Neighbourlien’s sight.

# 1

My name is I.M. Vorand Jorand  
D. Elegido Seinanodh

## **Vorand**

**24 April 2004**

“Why don’t you guys ever believe me!” I screeched.

My family and I were in the living room getting ready for dinner at our neighbour’s house.

“Oh come on, Vorand, can’t you just give us one day without your Neighbour-Alien Theory?” my mother sounded impatient.

“It is called the Vorandium-Nalien Theory of Justice,” I replied in the nicest voice I could manage.

The Vorandium-Nalien Theory of Justice was a theory my younger twin brother Lorand and

I made based on the fact that our neighbours who lived opposite to us were aliens. They called themselves the Neighbourliens. There were only three of them—three pure evil souls. It's sad to know that now there aren't any other families living on Griffin Street anymore.

There used to be many houses and many people living on Griffin Street. However, as there were fewer jobs available in this area, people started to move out until Griffin Street was left with only my family and the Neighbourliens.

Speaking of which, my name is 'I. M. Vorand Jorand D. Elegido Seinanodh Jr. I know, long name right; you've gotta' admit that it is cool though. My name was based on my grandfather Vorand Sr.'s name. I was first named Vorand Jorand Junior by my parents; but, my grandfather said that they should also name me based on my oldest known ancestor Ishok and his wife Miskolika; that is where I.M. came from. He also felt that we should give my mother Delkiska and her oldest known ancestor Elegido Seinanodh some credit in my name; that is where the D. Elegido Seinanodh part came from. Well, at least that's what my parents told me.

Enough with all these facts. I am just too scared to talk anymore. I am not even sure I will

make it out of the Neighbourliens' house alive tonight.

I still remember five years one month and twenty six days ago, the time we moved here to Griffin Street. I was four at that time, however, I remember it as if it were yesterday. Those were the times there were more families living here on Griffin Street.

Before I moved here, I thought that this community would be a mess. However, when I moved in I met a boy named Rahul Deep. He used to live in the house right next to us. I remember all those times we used to go to each others' house to play. We even gave ourselves code-names. I was Agent Spoon and he was Agent Fork. My younger brother Murgus (Muree) also played with us all the time. His code-name was Agent Knife (yes, we made our code-names while we were eating dinner and using cutleries).

At times, Lorand also played with us. He was Agent Plate. We three (four when Lorand would play with us) had so much fun together. We were obsessed with space ships and cars.

Rahul and I were best friends. Muree was my favourite brother. We used to cycle to Grif Park everyday.

Things were so good until— about a year ago when we were cycling to Grif Park. There was a steep slope due to some construction work.

Muree kept riding his bicycle and fell into a construction pit. He was bleeding all over. He was admitted to the hospital immediately. About a week later, Muree passed away. He was only five.

The day Muree died was the worst day of my life!

After that, whenever Rahul and I played together, we never said a word—all we did was play. About two months later, Rahul had to leave Griffin Street to go and live in Scotland. Only after the day Rahul left did Lorand become my best friend.

I just wish Muree was still alive. We would have still been proving as a team that the Neighbourliens are aliens—just Muree and I. Just thinking of Muree reminds me of tonight's dinner at the Neighbourliens' house; because we used to spy on the Neighbourliens so much.

I don't want to go to the Neighbourliens house, but I have to (I already asked my mother). So there is only one thing I can do and that is to escape from the house right after we get there.

Discover how the children uncover the secret life of the Neighbourliens



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# about the author

Advaith is a 12 year old boy living in Singapore with his mother, father and sister. He got the idea of this book as a nine years old, when his mother gave him a story prompt. The story prompt was —“I think my neighbours are aliens.” At first he started with a short story, then he started another short story, and it went on until he finally thought about making it a novel. This is the first book in *The Neighbourliens* series. Lot of ideas in this book are based on the first short story he wrote when he was nine years old. Advaith hopes that all readers would enjoy his book and he plans to donate a major part of his earnings from this book to the needy.

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**THE  
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**BOOK 2**



**ADVAITH VASUDEVAN**