Visiting New Zealand had been fun so far, rolling hills, beautiful mountains, and friendly people. A good relief from the hustle and bustle of Sydney city life. Today we were visiting the ''shire'', from some old book, and this was where the movie was shot, or, well, at least part of it. As we walked up to the famous, house-in-a-hill, I noticed that mum had fallen behind, falling victim to a flower bed about fifty feet away. I sighed, and continued at a steady pace up the hill. I saw the big, green door, staring back at me like a vast eye, I clutched the door knob and twisted, it was cold to the touch.

The Inside was very small, obviously for the hobbits that were its imaginary residents. It was pretty creepy; it was dead still, not to mention quiet. I quickly opened the door, just to get out. I turned around and walked out, but I forgot the low door frame and smacked my head on the wall above, about a foot up from the top of the door. I stood, confused, and knelt down and exited, brushing my brown hair on the door frame.

The bright light bedazzled me at first, but after about a minute they adjusted, and to my horror, hobbits, hobbits everywhere, gardening, putting washing on the line, and even – in the distance- digging a home, I turned around, opened the big green door, entered, and rushed in. I closed the door, and exited again, but still, hobbits. No turning back now.