

Assignment: To write your complete mystery story



Home Sweet Home

As the spotlight of the moon shone upon the mystifying mansion, Ali stood in admiration, questioning whether she should go in or not. Guarding gargoyles, which were perched on miniature columns, were frozen between life and death. As the sky turned a sick-green, the smoky clouds churned and rumbled and the mangled trees' fingers oscillated like they were dancing. The path that led to the Victorian house was being swallowed by thick, thorny roots and ivy strangled the crumbling brick wall which surrounded the intimidating enigma. Ali's curiosity grew, forcing her to check if the metal clockwork door was locked. It wasn't...

Unsteadily, the door opened, moaning as it did. An explosion of dust enveloped Ali. Gasping, she stepped inside. Instantly, she felt a chill. Cautiously, she scanned the room, which was gloomy and unlit. A soft, red carpet was sprawled on top of the dark, wooden floor. Every step made a click, clack which eerily echoed around the empty room. Pictures of long dead ancestors seemed to glare at Ali, following her with cold, beady eyes. The massive portraits, which had golden frames with beautiful marking engraved in it, hung on cracked, dirty-white walls. At the other side of the vast room were marble stairs that went up and up and up, leading to pure blackness.

Ali climbed the staircase. It was one of the only objects not covered in a thick cocoon of dust; it looked like someone or something had been there. When she reached the top, a single candle flickered and burned as the screaming wind lashed out at the lonely flame. Its blood-red blaze allowed Ali to glimpse a small, glass table. It had a cheap, chipped cup placed exactly in the middle. She picked it up. It was still hot.

Questions swirled through Ali's head. How is this possible? What should I do? A horrible sound broke her thoughts. From behind an unsecure, wooden door, a howling, shouting, screeching sound whirled round the room like a nightmare. What could it be..?

As her heart rapidly pounded, she nervously squeezed open the door and peered in. The room was a monstrous size yet there was so much rubbish you could barely stand. An antique bed fit for a queen, slumped, unused in the middle of the room. A velvet blanket was covering the source of the deafening voice of a million cries of help. Bravely, she began to lift the cover but then she heard a quiet, pathetic whimper.

Instinctively, she turned. A weak old lady with wrinkles for a face and eyes filled with sorrow, inspected Ali. Her lips were cracked and her face was as pale as a plant deprived of sunlight.

“Run,” the elderly lady coughed with a croaking voice, “quick, or it will be too late!”

The door behind Ali slammed shut. Demon-like laughs made Ali shiver with fear. An uncomfortable feeling of cold dread lay at the pit of her stomach, burning like a knife. Hot tears cascaded down her face and despair suffused her.

I will find a way out, Ali said to herself. Determined, she examined all sorts of perplexing items; staffs that had precious stones as big as hands and paintings as spectacular as fireworks. Whilst searching for a way to be home, she was drawn back to the concealed cover. Beneath it was an antique radio that miraculously still worked. A crackling voice on the radio kept repeating ‘haunted’. Nothing she saw or heard showed her any hope of being free. The small spark of hope that was still lingered in her, flickered dead.

As the warming sun’s gaze rose above her entrapment, a shadow with blood - red eyes slithered round the dark corners, cowering from the golden, beams of light. Its teeth were white as pearls and body as black as ebony. One of the deadly demon’s talons brushed against the welcome warmth of the soft, soothing light. It snarled, sizzled and spat, it’s claw disintegrated to dust. This creature from the deepest, darkest, depths cursed and grimaced in pain while smoke sputtered from its hand.

Ali had an idea. She spotted, at the back of the room, a gilded, ornate mirror which had curved details all around the edge. Cautiously, she hoisted the

hulking mirror so it reflected the dawn's rays towards the terror. The monster exploded in a blinding, breathtaking display.

Instantaneously, Ali felt a warm thrill run within her body. It was where thousands of dreams had been kept and now they were finally free. The smell of roses hugged her and she could see a ball of many colours where nightmares used to be. All at once, everything disappeared; only a feeling of accomplishment lingered in the house, the house now free of horrors.

Suddenly, a daunting feeling struck her. She and the strange lady were still stuck. Downhearted, she lay on the bed, which sent a cloud of dust flying. A sharp corner of something in the bed stabbed Ali. Gently, she lifted up the blanket. Sitting on a thread-bare towel was a deep violet coloured box. It was simple, no pattern, just a gorgeous amethyst, surrounded by gold stripes. It glistened and sent a soothing sound round the room. Delicately, she opened the spectacular box of secrets. Neatly tucked in the middle, was an oddly shaped key. It had a deep red rust colour and it had beautiful wings on the top. The wings were a stunning silk-gold colour. She picked it up. Unsurprisingly, it was light as a feather. Although rough as sandpaper. it was thin and cold.

She persevered. Eventually, she found an almost completely hidden, secret door, disguised in the floorboards. Evidently, it was hefty therefore impossible to break. One tiny keyhole was revealed, unbelievably dusty and a perfect shape for Ali's key. Cautiously, she pushed and fiddled till the key slipped in. As she turned the lock, with great effort, a loud whining sound filled her ears. The lock was so stiff her arms burned to unlock it.

At last it swung open, and a refreshing blast of air filled her lungs. Under the moon's watchful eye, Ali took the lady's hand, the lady whose face had a slow coming pink in her cheeks, and together they climbed down the vines to safety.

