

Assignment: To write your complete mystery story



Ali stood silently, looking at the door. With a slow creaking sound, it opened. Taking a deep breath, Ali walked inside. A long dark, unpleasant hallway stretched along for what seemed like ages. Dusty and cluttered furniture filled the hallway, blocking Ali's path.

It was dark, except for a flickering, dim light bulb high above her head, like an angel rising over, but with the dark demon taking away its light and soul. The light flickered again and she glimpsed messages on the wall. The messages simply said single short words like Laugh, Haha, Boop and they were all written in dark crimson red with lumps in, like unwanted uncertainties clinging on to the evermore powerful. Blood and flesh. The light flickered again. Ali saw a long white candlestick with molten wax dripping off it and grabbed it quickly. Next to it lay a box of matches with the ends peeping out like little children sleeping in their bed and she lit the candle. A sunny orange glow beamed out, almost blinding her with the sudden change between the light and dark. As Ali's eyes adjusted to the light, she realised that what she thought was as bright as the sun was only a faint glow.

Ali turned. She heard a laugh in the distance, not low but not high, yet still high and low in an indescribable way. Then it came again and footsteps followed. Louder. Louder. Louder. Louder and quicker. Ali ran. She didn't care about taking notice now. Instead she ran past the nightmarish messages, the spine-chilling dolls, the blood-curdling torn pictures of families and the photos of children. Running past them all, the only thing in her head was the footsteps. The footsteps. The footsteps. The footsteps and the

laugh. Salty tears ran down her face, a sorrowful silent plea for help. She banged against another door and opened it with the quick turn of a stainless steel knob.

Ali stumbled into the room and suddenly let out a high pitched shriek as she saw a skinny, bony self looking back at her. She looked around and saw herself short and chubby, tall and strong, wobbly and jiggy and then a myriad of her identical selves looking at her. "A mirror maze," Ali muttered to herself. Draping her hands against all of the mirrors with a squeak as they fell down back to her waist. Thudding noises filled the room it sounded like a stampeding Elephant then a deep giggling voice said "Hello Ali!" Circus music started playing and Ali ran; she kept bumping into the mirrors as they were no longer different pictures of herself - now they were all the same. Not knowing what was about to happen, Ali knelt in a corner to hide.

"Don't be scared, don't be scared. It's all a dream," she whispered to herself.

"Ohhh but, Ali Anne Emily Williams, this is not a dream. Pinch yourself. Go ahead. I'm waiting for you and don't stay in that corner. You see, I know everything about you." Then the voice laughed again.

Sweat dripped down onto the floor, Ali ran as the circus music carried on and pitched lower and lower and screechier and screechier while crackling and dreadful noises took over. Finally she found the exit to the nightmare maze.

Dew damp grass crinkled, as Ali stared up into the sky; the stars twinkling like angels eyes resting on her. The moon was only a thin crescent but the illumination was so powerful compared to

everything else. It was a soft pearly glow, just enough to light up the trees and the cars in the distance. This peace didn't last for long though; Ali heard the laughing again and it was droning out the swish and swush of the cars, but she felt hopeless. She didn't want to run anymore, she didn't want sweat dripping off her back. The footsteps and laugh grew louder again so Ali ran, not knowing what she was thinking before. In a hurried and rushed decision, she just ran straight, straight, straight, straight forward until she found herself at an abandoned circus.

Mud-stained white and crumpled red stripe covered tents, faced her, with treacherous tears which let in in the cold greedy, gobbling night air. Stretching high above like a skyscraper, stood a big wheel, its lights half on half not, vines crawling up it like spiders investing a room with glee. Ali climbed. Pillar after pillar after pillar stretched further and further ahead. She would do anything to escape away from that dreading laugh, that dreading giggle, that dreadful cackle. Ali stopped. She was at the top and the horizon was already clearly visible. Skyscrapers were cowering under her as she stood on what felt like the top of the world, with power over everyone and everything.

Then she was falling. Falling. Falling. Falling. Ali's arms waved upwards, hoping to clutch onto the big wheel. Her legs scraped against the poles as her hair blew in front of her face and up, as if it was trying to reach the top as well. A clown looked down on Ali's falling body. The clown's eyes were blood-shot red and its face a pale musky white. Dripping blood tears fell down its face as it laughed. A button was missing from the white and black chess board checkered suit, instead replaced with a singular eyeball, staring up, left, right and down. Thud. Crash. Darkness. Silence.

“Gerald the post has come!”

“Ok dear I'll get it!” A tabby cat lay on the stairs purring as the old man stroked the cats back and rubbed its tummy. A singular magazine was lying on the doormat with the title. *Chaotic clown*. Gerald put his glasses on, licked his thumb, turned the page and started to read.

Girl found dead at abandoned circus. Medics say she fell from a massive height of 50 meters (164 ft). Time of death is unknown but CCTV on the motorway caught a glimpse of a clown with an eyeball as a button and blood tears. If you see this clown STAY AWAY and call the police immediately.

“Hunny have you got the post yet?”

“Yes just a second!” Gerald picked up the magazine and went into the kitchen. He pressed one of the tiles 3 times on the floor and a dark doorway in the floor opened. He climbed down, clown suits on hangers surrounding him, put the magazine in the black rounded bin and muttered “They can never find out...”

