

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 smell of dust hit her like a wall, choking her lungs with dirt. Ali fell to the floor and hit something wet. As the dust tornado died down, Ali climbed to her knees and went to take a closer look.

It was red. It looked like blood. Ali touched it; it smelt like nail polish... It *was* nail polish. "Why on earth would there be wet nail polish on the floor in a deserted, ancient mansion?" Ali thought to herself. Slowly, she stood up and looked around. Ali could see three battered doors to her right; and three to her left. Multiple portraits of women with sinister faces hung from decaying nails. Something about those paintings made Ali feel like she was being watched. There was a grand sweeping flight of red-velvet stairs stretching up into the darkness, covered in a thick layer of dust. Her attention was drawn to the trail of molten candle wax which lead to the top of the stairs.

Finally, Ali plucked up enough courage to climb the stairs.

A voice. A singing voice. A woman's voice. Her Mum's voice calling her "Ali, Ali". She froze with fear. Her Mum had passed away three years ago. "How could she possibly be here?" Ali had come here for a reason and she was *going* to do this...

Timidly, she placed her foot on the first rotting step; it creaked in agony. Without regret, she proceeded, breathing shakily until she reached the top. The landing was pitch black. A sea of nothing spread out before her. Ssst, chhhh, sst, chhh, sst chhh. "What was that?" she said out loud, panicking. A flickering candle guided her to where the eerie sound was coming from a decrepit record player. The record had finished playing but the table was still turning. Ali was frozen with fear and stared at the record aghast.

With a shaking hand, Ali picked up the record. She read the title with trepidation...‘The Lazy Day Song’ by Bruno Mars. Her mothers favourite song. Ali could remember her mum swinging her around and around to this song until they fell to the floor giggling. She missed her mum so dearly and would have given anything to be reunited with her again. She became aware that a musty rose smell was filling her nostrils; her Mum’s perfume. Someone was here. Ali felt a cold finger tap her shoulder. With gritted teeth, Ali pushed out the word. “Mum?”...

“Ali! Oh my sweet girl, Ali!” Her mum wore a long white dress, which cascaded to the floor like a glistening waterfall. They both ran to each other, hugging one another as if they would never let go. At long last they broke apart. “Wait, Mum, if you died, how are you here? It just doesn't make any sense!” exclaimed Ali.

“This is my spirit,” her mum, April, said with pride. “This doesn't happen to everyone, but I ...” April searched for the words “... got lucky, I suppose.”

“Mum, why are you living in a haunted house?” Ali was full of questions, but this seemed to be on the top of her ‘question list’.

“I’m not quite sure. I guess my spirit just drifted over here,” said April casually, pondering on that question herself.

“Mum, we have so much to catch up on!”

“I know, I know, but ... Ali, you see I’ve not got long left. When a ghost meets a human, within two hours our spirits drift away into nothing.” She watched Ali’s face slide from hope to sorrow in a moment. “I’m so sorry Ali, that’s just the way it is.” April said this with such sadness in her voice that it made Ali burst into tears

“Well ... let’s make the most of it then.” said Ali with as much happiness as she could muster.

For the rest of the night they took a long walk in the warmth of the evening, hand in hand, under the starry moonlit night-sky. They chatted fondly and remembered the good times that they held in their hearts. Then Ali became more and more aware of the time, ticking away. And

as April had said, the time came when she slowly but surely began to fade, and Ali felt as if an imaginary miner was chipping away at her heart. “Mum, mum, don't leave me!”

“I think it's time for me to go” said her mother, her voice gentle but grave. Mother and daughter embraced for their remaining precious seconds together.

“I love you Ali.” Just as she said the words she was gone. Ali felt cold and alone. “I love you too Mum.” Ali whispered into the night.

She would miss her dear mother so much. But Ali knew that the precious moments they had spent together that night would stay in her heart forever.

