

Assignment: To write your complete mystery story

Executive detective Nick had been chosen to investigate a serial killer case in an abandoned ghost town situated in the French Alps; many had taken up the case but none returned. He took the train halfway up the mountain where he walked over to the rusty, ancient cottage. Knock, Knock, Knock. he knocked on the gnarled wooden door.

"Come in," snarled a grouchy old man, holding a flagon of beer. Nick opened the door and stepped onto the grimy floor and said "Where can I get a lift to the town?" The man spat out his beer.

"The phantom lives there - whoever enters is killed; why d'ya think it's a ghost town?" he replied .

"Exactly. Nick here, professional detective. I'm here to solve the case"

"Fine don't listen. If you're so eager to die follow me," said the old man. He knocked the rusty tin keys off the table and kicked open the door "There's the skidoo and here's the key." Nick leaped upon and burrowed through the broad fields of snow, with frost colliding into his face like a meteor traveling from a distant world.

He arrived at the town. It was shattered - it was like when the people had left the hope did too. Mangled signs dangled from the shops, houses were riven with moss, cobwebs had taken over. He stared at the address: 156 Chemin Montagne, a manor house which seemed to have leaped right off the page of a horror story. He walked forward a step and he could feel the gargoyles stare at him with their stone-cold, envious eyes. Another step and he felt spiders study him from the safe distance of their cobwebs. A final step and he was at the chestnut door. He took a deep breath and knocked on the lion crested door knocker.

A frail voice quivered "Come in if you must."



"I assume you're the one who is sending the calls?" said Nick, as he pushed down the mahogany door. The place obviously had it in it to be a great Manor house but since the murders had happened and the reports of a grey figure (nicknamed the phantom) everyone had fled and it had fallen into disrepair.

"I shall show you around," said a withered hunched old man in the corner. He gestured for him to come and they trudged on the sordid crimson carpet, up the arthritic oak stairs, through the repugnant, smoky hall and into a cramped, dim, fetid room.

"It's not nice but it will have to do, I'm afraid," said the elderly man. After he had left, Nick tried to sleep and wondered who the phantom could be? It was obviously not a ghost: they were just nonsense, but the mountain folk were very superstitious which was why they gave it the name

THE PHANTOM.

There were five suspects: Lucas (the man who owned the house) Arthur (the skidoo owner) and three other locals. Nick leaped out of bed and seized his notepad. First of all, who would benefit from the murders? Arthur seemed the most likely as he made money from renting his skidoo out to detectives.

The next morning, he set off on foot. As he trudged along the cobbled path to the crooked compact cottage, he stopped; a small, croaky voice resonated from inside "...the detective is in place ," said a voice. That's Lucas he thought which meant Lucas and Arthur must be murderers! He set off through the spiralling blizzard for he knew he must reach the station. The snow whipped across the cloudy sunset-orange sky. It was in sight now. He staggered to the phone booth and called the number 112

"Case solved," he said. "I need reinforcements,"

"They'll come tomorrow," replied the cop in a formal manner. He knew that if he were to return he would be in danger of becoming the next murder victim so he decided to stay at a hotel until the help arrived, He was out like a light.

Nick woke to a knocking sound which he thought must be backup. As he opened the cream plywood door, there stood Lucas and Arthur both brandishing guns

"We haven't been caught before and we're not going to start now," said Lucas in a fierce tone

"You know you can't kill me," remarked Nick

"We can," grunted Arthur

On cue a heavily armed police burst through the door

"You're coming with us," the police said.

Nick smiled. "I told you so."



Formatted: Space After: 0 pt, Line spacing: Multiple
1.15 li