

## 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...

Shadows cast tall ominous figures on the wall as daylight beamed in through the murky windows. A large wooden staircase took centre stage, covered with a maroon carpet which was plastered in dust so that it appeared to be a brownish colour. Cautiously, Ali stepped forward into the grand room. Suddenly, he was startled by a crash from what seemed to be the top floor, like the sound made when a glass is dropped and a thousand tiny blades drop to the floor.

Ali crept forward in an almost comical sneak, back arched, hands clawed. The oak floors creaked beneath his feet, sending echoey beams out around the house. Hairs stood up straight like hundreds of tiny needles, sweat running cold, weaving its way down his back. Ali knew exactly where he wanted to go.

At the foot of the staircase, Ali stood gazing up in a nervous curiosity. He waited, and waited, considering the possible outcomes of his actions, until he realised that this suspense would change nothing, for now his future was in the hands of fate. He began his ascent.

1... 2... 3... He counted his echoing footsteps as they pierced the silence. He was now on the 72nd step, just three more to go, 73... 74... 75...

Now at the top, Ali could see a large mural of a window, supplying little light through the grime of decades of neglect. However through the near darkness Ali could just make out a Victorian candle holder with a brand new lighter placed next to it. Ali was hesitant at first, and his eyes were starting to ache from the strain

of peering through the blackness. He reached and lit the candle, and in that moment heard a footstep, one singular footstep from behind him. Ali jolted his neck backwards. Nothing was there. Ali thought no more of it and resumed searching the landing by candlelight. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, a door appeared inches from Ali's face. He stood back and collected himself, before reaching out to open it. The door knob was rusted and stiff; Ali could tell no-one had passed through this door in years. He finally broke his way in, peering inside.

It seemed to be some sort of attic space, the sloping walls cracked and moulded. Huge piles of various possessions occupied most of the space, but tucked away in a dark unseen corner was a baby's crib, still perfectly laid with clean crisp sheets. And at the end of the room was a polished plaque with not a speck of dirt. Ali could just make out the words 'The Harrington Family'.

A ringing of a baby crying filled his head and footsteps behind came closer and closer. Ali could bear it no longer. He ran, heart pounding so hard that at any moment it felt like it could leap out of his chest and take flight.

With relief, Ali stumbled out of that house, and determined never to set foot in it again.

However, that night Ali returned home with a constant thought: who were the Harrington's? He woke the next morning still full of questions, his mind racing in a buzz of curiosity, excitement and anticipation. Ali had agreed with his parents that he would be allowed to go to the library, and so early that morning he set off.

As Ali entered the library, the wave of the scent of crisp paper reminisced in his mind. Ali headed straight to the section where the reference book for old families were piled...

After some hours of searching, Ali had finally pieced together the truth. The Harrington family were an aristocratic family who lived in the Harrington Hall in the 1800s. Mr, & Mrs. Harrington lived there with two children and their newborn. However, one cold night the baby disappeared. The distraught parents, hearing a noise, rushed to his room, but they had been too late to save him.

On the following nights both the girls had disappeared too, and after many years of searching and waiting for his children to return, the heartbroken father gave up and left Harrington Hall never to return, leaving his wife alone with her memories.

Ali understood now. His wife stayed, whether in hope or despair, and there she remained, haunting the house, waiting for her babies to return.

