

Assignment: To write your complete mystery story



Ali looked up at the huge oak door that stood, towering before him. He took one last, hopeful deep breath and pushed the door open...

As the door creaked open, Ali took a sharp breath in as a waft of thick musty air reached his nose. Eventually, he pulled himself together and pushed on forwards, leaving the door ajar behind him.

Below him lay a velvet red carpet which had golden strips on the edges. He figured out that he must be in the hallway because he could see more doors leading out into the murky depths of the house. Peering further round the large rectangular hallway, Ali spotted a huge grandfather clock which had beautiful, ornate and intricate patterns spiralling all the way up to the clock face itself. He could just read the clock at the top which read: Ten past two. Hurriedly, Ali pulled up his sleeve to read his digital watch, it said Nine forty. Glancing around uncomfortably Ali decided he would go through the big oak door that sat enticingly to the right of him...

Thrusting the door open purposefully, he looked around the candlelit room. He assumed he was in the kitchen of the house as he could see pots and pans hung up in order of smallest to largest. Glancing further around he also noticed an old stove and a huge fire that crackled up the chimney in a hurricane of red and orange light. Ali pondered uneasily about what the people who lived here used it for. Trying to push all of his thoughts away, he walked around the corner to find yet another oak door with a sign saying: DO NOT ENTER.

Ali didn't know what to do; he felt instinctively that he might find something horrifying. He crouched down into a ball in the corner, sobbing silently, lost in terrible thoughts of what could be behind the door and how silly he was to even think about coming into the house anyway. He remembered being puzzled about the huge house ever since he had started going to school and seeing it every morning and afternoon. Then he remembered how he decided that today he would find out what secrets the apparently abandoned house held.

Eventually, Ali plucked up the courage to go ahead and through the door. So he got to his feet and vigorously pushed it open...

As candlelight flickered through the growing gap between the wall and the door Ali cautiously walked through the old, crumbled threshold. Slowly, he emerged into a squalid and derelict dining hall. Down the middle lay a large oak table with six chairs on each side. Ali slowly started to look around to see old fireplaces clocks all reading the same time: ten past two.

Thoughts spun frantically around Ali's crammed mind: where am I? Who owns this place? Is it safe? Is this even real?

Something clicked in Ali's mind. He ran hurriedly to the window, tore the curtains apart and peered out, and instead of cars passing through the busy road beneath the hill, he could see horses pulling carriages laboriously down the small and narrow cobbled street. Ali stared out of the old window. "Are the people who live here stuck in the distant past?" he thought uncomfortably. Another thought struck him - he too might be stuck in that same time. Heart racing, he sprinted as fast as he could, sweating and shivering with pure terror and fear, past the kitchen, through the door, into the hallway, and straight out of the derelict, oak door.

Instead of seeing horses pulling carriages on that old cobbled road, the moment he stepped over the threshold he was back into the street he knew: the cars, the tarmac road and lamp posts by the curb.

Bewildered, Ali ran all the way home trying to piece together what on Earth he had just experienced. Ali knew that when he eventually figured it out, he would go back. He would go back and discover what the house was hiding...

