

Ava Ashworth, Year 6

Creative Writing Challenge - 594 words

*"It was a scorcher today. The air was steamy, but when I opened the cream doors, I was invited into my country estate with the cool air enveloping me. I hung my hat next to the grandfather clock, touching my initials that were engraved in the side, and sat down feeling serene. I hope I never have to leave here. Signing off, John Pierce"*

Logan must have read this diary entry of his Pop's a thousand times. Why is this house so important and where could it be?

Evelyn stepped through the cream doors, instantly transported back to her early childhood. The original features, dark timbers and even the old grandfather clock with the initials she never knew. Just the thought of having to sell her grandmother's house was making her melancholy. But after what she had found, she knew it had to be done and fast.

She gradually made her way to her bedroom, where the afternoon sun filled the room with a golden glow. Sitting on the bedside table were the pages of a diary she had found that she assumed belonged to her grandmother. She was very upset after she read them. The last one particularly. She pulled it out from the pile and read it out loud, *"I killed him, I didn't mean to, it was a complete accident, but she saw me and now she's blackmailing me. She's going to take my home...take it all..."*

The low hum of the engine was all Logan could hear on the awfully quiet streets. He was headed to his favourite coffee shop in town. He went to Little Bean every morning, but today he came later. When Logan arrived, it was packed. The only available seat was next to this young woman who was drinking a cappuccino. Logan walked over and asked if he could sit there. She barely mumbled, "Sure."

She was engrossed in what she was reading. Logan couldn't help but look over. It looked familiar. Logan took a closer look. He couldn't make out any of the words. A few minutes later the girl stood up to leave. She was in quite a hurry. One of the pages fell onto the floor. Logan tried to yell out but she was already gone. The page felt light in his hand. It was a dark coffee colour, the corners were ripped, and the handwriting curled around in a way Logan knew. This was his Pop's! He read it slowly. It said *"I hired a new maid today. She knows my secret."* Logan got up and dashed after her.

Logan followed her through the handcrafted stone gates, the sound of the pebbles crunching under his tires. His breath was taken away at the sight of this gorgeous country homestead, which somehow felt so familiar. He approached the cream doors and knocked firmly. It opened to a very warm and inviting face.

“Sorry to bother you, but you dropped this at the café. Where did you get it?” he asked. The girl started talking but Logan got distracted by something that caught his eye over her shoulder. He pushed through the doors and made his way over to an old grandfather clock, tracing the initials carved in the side with his fingers. JP. His Pop’s! He turned and said, “I’m sorry, but I think this was my Pop’s house because those pages are from his diary and these are his initials on the clock.” She gasped, if that was true then her grandma wasn’t a killer but none of this was ever hers!