



Crime Writing

Detective Fiction



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For two weeks during the Autumn term, we 'pause' the curriculum and take the opportunity to celebrate, explore and develop our students' knowledge and passion for all things communication related in our Festival of Literature and Languages.

As part of our festival activities this year, Years 7 to 9 had an 'essential knowledge' morning which explored the birth of the modern novel with Don Quixote and the growth of different genres. In particular, we looked at the origins of crime writing through eminent writers, including Edgar Allan Poe, Wilkie Collins and Gaston Leroux.

Through trail blazing books such as the 'Moon Stone' and the 'Mystery of the Yellow Room', we learnt how the rules of crime writing were established and explored potential 'locked door' mystery possibilities. Students were then set the task of putting their new knowledge and creative talents to the test by writing their own mystery short story (max 500 words).

Students confident their story had hit the brief were invited to submit their stories. 10 shortlisted stories are included in this booklet.

Stories:

1. Murder in the Maze – Harriett Clark
2. Blooded Knife - Sophie Wallace
3. Secret Entrance - Isobel Ashworth
4. A locked Room Murder – Katie Osmond
5. Murder at Smitherton Hall - Olivia Halsey
6. Death from Beyond the Grave – Charlotte Brown
7. The Hidden Passageway – Lydia Wallace
8. The Enigma, can Taylor Solve this problem? – Tilly Eccleston
9. It was all a lie - Rose Wallsworth
10. A Then she was Dead – Maisy Malcolm

Crime Writing Rules

- Eccentric but brilliant investigator
- Bumbling / incompetent police
- The criminal must be introduced early in the story.
- The reader must have all the information to solve the mystery
- False suspects / Red herrings
- The 'least likely suspect'
- A final twist in the plot
- Story climaxes with the 'grand reveal' – a reconstruction of the crime

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Murder in the Maze - Harriett Clark

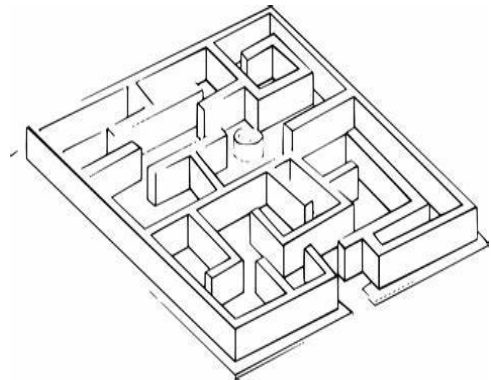
Nobody had expected something like this to happen in a quiet town like ours, we all know each other so well, or so we thought. Julia was such a kind woman. She was wealthy but never bragged about it. It was such a shame that she was lonely, she lived by herself on the edge of town. I only ever went to her house once; it was the mansion next to the maze (she lives there because she is rich enough to own it, it is part of her incredibly successful business).

I went there to sell cookies when I was younger and she was kind enough to let me in, it was a lovely place, but there were places where pictures had obviously been moved and awards from glass cabinets had disappeared. On my way out, I saw one of the missing pictures in the trash outside, it consisted of Julia shaking hands with another woman who I vaguely recognised, but could not place, they were in their graduation outfits, smiling.

The murder occurred a few years after I went to sell cookies to Julia, and a lot is resting on my shoulders to solve the case.

The first person I interviewed was Jonathon, Julia's distant relative. His clothes were ragged, he was obviously struggling for money. He had arrived in town just four hours after the murder to visit Julia and see how she was. He had no ID so whether he left it at home or lost it I do not know. I am not used to cases like these because the town is usually so quiet and welcoming. I believed he was related to her as soon as I saw him, they had the exact same eyes and nose. (Note: maybe I am too easy to believe things, the eyes and nose may be false.) When I think about it, he did appear to be hiding something but who am I to know what is true and what is false?

The next person I interviewed was the groundskeeper, she was shocked that such a thing had happened on her watch, in a maze where children had been playing. She held herself accountable for it all, what an impact it has had on the innocent residents of the town!



Next, I interviewed the people in the maze playing at the time, it gave me no leads and a burning question: How had they done it? They must have been in the maze at the time, so how did they get in?

The groundskeeper showed me that when she had been doing the night-time checks, she came across a fragment of fabric on one of the secret passageways used if people are lost and stressed. When scanned, it matched up with a torn piece of Jonathon's clothing! It all made sense now! He was struggling and hard-up, so he killed Julia and stole all of her money, using the secret passageways inside the maze. The town is now at rest, knowing that it is safe again.

Update: One year later, some children found a note in the middle of the maze shortly after the groundskeeper had disappeared. It read, "By the time you are reading this, I will be far away from here. I murdered Julia. We were friends in university and graduated together, we had a plan for a business, together. Just before we started it, Julia ditched me and ran away with the plans. I was left alone, struggling to make a living. I found her here and began to plot my revenge. Julia was ashamed of what she had done and tried to remove all evidence that I existed, pictures, awards, etc. One day while she was in the maze, I used my key to get in and killed her. I put Jonathon's clothing piece on the passageway on purpose. Goodbye small town, my revenge has only just started,".

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Blooded Knife - Sophie Wallace

It was a dreary, dark dawn at Murder Hall, the setting of the long-awaited murder mystery weekend. The Pumpkin family had spent Saturday evening dressed up as many different characters as they re-enacted the script of a gruesome murder provided by the entertainment company.

Mr Pumpkin's character was Reverend Green, Jack Pumpkin disguised himself as Professor Plum, Mrs Pumpkin dressed up as Mrs Peacock and Lilly Pumpkin was the infamous Miss Scarlett. All characters from the board game Cluedo. An awesome time was had by all and the murder mystery was solved, Mrs Peacock killed Professor Plum in the library with the dagger.

After a fantastic family evening, the Pumpkins had all retreated to bed after a long day playing detectives and as dawn broke, they were all tucked up in bed, fast asleep.....or so we thought!

Molly Maid was eagerly waiting to start her cleaning shift at the hall, the sun was just rising and a shadow of light was visible through the windows. One of Molly's first jobs, was to open up all the locked rooms at Murder Hall. It was a task she completed every day. As usual, Molly firstly visited the library, she routinely turned the key in the lock and walked into the room, unexpectedly she gave out a sinister scream. Arghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

There on the floor was Jack Pumpkin, AKA Professor Plum, lying dead with a jagged knife by his chest, dripping crimson blood.

Molly's menacing screams had awakened the residents of the Hall and a large group was now gathering in the library. A cascade of crying, shrieking and shock followed, including devastated cries from the Pumpkin family.

Amongst the hotel guests was Albert Einstein, like his name's sake, Albert was extremely ingenious and clever. He wasn't a mathematician, but an extraordinary detective. Albert smelt suspicious activity and it was now his job to uncover this crime!

Albert's first idea was to examine the murder weapon but something didn't seem right? There were no marks on James' body, the knife was just a distraction. So how was he killed?! He must have consumed something which killed him. The only explanation he could think of was... poison! Albert examined the room it was a normal library except there was a jug of ice tea and two empty glasses. A possible murder weapon?

As Albert walked out of the library, he found a glistening gold set of keys. This must be how the murderer dragged James into the library.



The next step was to interview the Pumpkin family. First up was Mrs Pumpkin (Mrs Peacock). She said that Jack and her sat down in the library and had a glass of iced tea, but she had poured the tea out of the same jug so it can't have been her. Then Albert asked "was there any difference between yours and Jack's glasses?"

"Yes, Jack had ice." Replied Mrs Pumpkin.

"Who got you the ice?" questioned Einstein

"Lily" Mrs Pumpkin started to get very anxious.

Einstein replied "I think you've just found your murderer!"

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Secret Entrance - Isobel Ashworth

The blurry trees passed by, and Judie fumbled in her bag. Life as a detective always kept her traveling from one place to another. She had been called into the countryside, practically the middle of nowhere, for a case she knew would be tough to crack. The client had called Judie in need of desperate help. His mother had been murdered yet one fatal detail stood out; the door was locked from the inside. A measly attempt by the police led to the case being quickly closed and blamed on suicide. However, the poor man was sure they were wrong.

Reaching at the very bottom of her bag, Judie had found it. The document with all the details of the event. She scanned her eyes over the words, checking the case was memorised and ready to be solved. As Judie put the paper away, the train arrived at her destination.

Ring the doorbell on a dainty, old cottage, Judie thought through the case just one more time. The door was opened by a young man, maybe 20 or 21. His eyes were puffy like he had been crying and the detective could not help but feel a stinging feeling of sorrow toward the man and his family. She was invited in and soon realised that the interior of the house was just as dainty as the outside, lined with lace and filled with ancient pillows



“Now tell me Mr...” Judie said, fumbling at her words, realising she did not know the name of the man.

“Daniel. You can call me Daniel.” the man replied. Talking rather fast. Judie managed to collect some information about his mother’s life and people she knew. From all the gathered information, there were 3 main suspects, the milkman, whom the lady saw every Wednesday; the neighbour, who used to quarrel with the victim; and David himself. The boy was too fidgety and quiet, and Judie found it suspicious.

Judie moved on to the crime scene. It was a laundry room on the ground floor that could just about fit an average sized person lying down. With no further information, she decided to investigate the suspects.

One day later, all the suspects had been sharing facts for Judie. From the clues given, Judie was sure she now knew who had killed Anne, all she needed to figure out now was how they got in and out of a locked room. Back in the laundry, Judie started to inspect the crime scene even more. David had shown the detective how he had seen her, slumped over the washing machine with a wet load of washing in the dryer. Inspecting all corners of the room she found something. It was right there. Hidden in plain sight. So obvious, yet so easy to look past. A trap door in the wall.

Swinging open the tiny door, it leads to the outside. into the old lady's garden. It was all clear. Anne lived in an old house across from a middle-aged lady next door. They had quarrelled about the lights on the neighbour's porch being on too late. The 40-year-old woman also had some history with psychotic behaviour. This was too much for the lady, she had sneaked through the garden, with knowledge of the secret passage and killed the poor lady by hitting her over the head with a soap crate Anne used as a washing basket.

Judie was tired and lay in her hotel bed, ‘another case solved’, she thought to herself as she dozed off.

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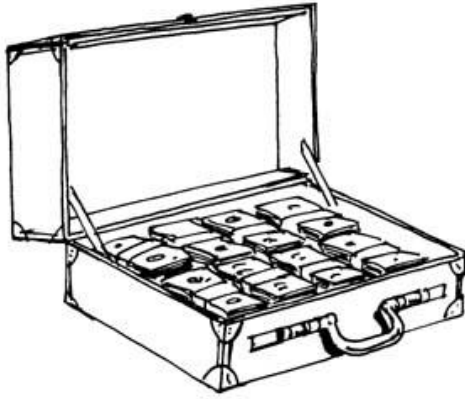
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A Locked Room Murder – Katie Osmond

“Ah well, I’m glad everything is alright here!” The famous detective Dr. John Scott said happily. “Me too, I’ve got a rather busy week ahead. A new high paying customer has just been admitted and I’ve got to take a trip to Citibank.” Replied Sir Dylan (the owner of the asylum).



“Have you now?” Assistant detective Madam Rodger questioned, glancing over towards a brief case which sat by Sir Dylan’s feet. He nodded a reply and got up, “Well Thank you for visiting!”, Sir Dylan said with a suspicious look on his face.

“I think I better be off anyway it’s getting late.” Dr. John said, breaking the awkward silence. “I won’t be far behind I just have to finish a few... err... things.” Madam Rodger stated in a nonchalant manner. Dr. John nodded and left the room.

“RING, RING!!” That was the siren for a lock down! “Click,” the doors locked shut. Madam Rodger looked around in despair as Sir Dylan ducked under his desk. “BANG, BANG.” A pale face looked through the small window in the door. “Get under here now!” Sir Dylan hissed. “Oh, don’t you worry about me”, Madam Rodger replied with an evil smile on her face, as she pulled a seven-inch knife out of her bag. SLASH.

The alarms had finally stopped, silence filled the room. As Madam Rodger stared at her blood- stained hands and the dead body of Sir Dylan, the doors unlocked. She grabbed the briefcase and ran. As she ran a voice sounded on the speaker that the building was now safe.

“What do I do? people are going to know it was me, unless?” Madam Rodger thought to herself. “STOMP, STOMP!” Up the stairs she ran, toward the cell. The cell the patient had only just returned to. “Click,” there it was again the sound of a door unlocking. “Out you come then.” Madam Rodger whispered in a slightly nervous voice to the man in the back of the room. He glanced at her and before she knew it he was out. The siren started going off again. Madam Rodger ran. Now that the patient was back out of his room, everyone is bound to think that he was the one to murder Sir Dylan.

The next morning arrived and by six thirty both Dr Scott and Madam Rodger were back at the asylum. Dr Scott was interviewing the patient in his cell. “So, is there any reason you decided to kill Sir Dylan?” Dr Scott asked in a stern voice. “I’m telling you I didn’t do it, it was her!” he replied in a wobbly voice as he pointed at Madam Rodger. “I saw her, in the room with the man! She is the one who let me out for the second time!” Dr Scott sniggered. “Well knowing your history of being a compulsive liar, I have reason to believe that you are indeed lying. Now hands behind your back”, he said.

With great struggle the patient got escorted out of the room by two burley police men. A small smile flickered across Madam Rodger’s face, not only had she gotten away with a murder, but she had also gotten a LOT of money.

Murder at Smitherton Hall - Olivia Halsey

Our horse-drawn carriage clip-clopped as it pulled up to Smitherton Hall. The large house rising up in front of us. After leaving the carriage I stepped inside the house. The Ball Room was large and beautiful with a long table in the centre and marble pillars. Everyone, except four people, were in the room talking amongst ourselves when heard we all heard a shrill high-pitched scream, and then shortly after Bridget shouted, "COME QUICKLY", and we all bolted off after her.

She came to a door and started to cry I peered through the glass and to my horror I saw a body laid there on the wooden floor, limp and lifeless it was Mr Smitherton. I desperately tugged at door handle, but to my dismay it was locked. Dr Wilson pushed past me and with a hard kick bust the door off its hinges.

"Oh, my poor husband" sobbed Mrs Smitherton as she saw the body. Dr Wilson rushed over and checked for a pulse, with a sigh he muttered "he's dead", everyone was horrified. My gaze fell on the cup next to the body, "What's that", I asked as I rushed towards it and held it to my nose. "It smells like ... Arsenic"!?! Then Miss Burton rushed in, "Why is everyone... oh". She stared at the lifeless body on the ground.

We rushed to the living room and sat down on the ornate gold chairs surrounding the coffee table. "Right", I began, "only three of you had the chance to poison Mr Smitherton, I will be interviewing each of you in the study".



I sat down on a squishy armchair and thought about the murder, then the door creaked open as Miss Burton entered the room and flung herself onto the sofa chair opposite. "It wasn't me", she sobbed, "I didn't do it, you have to believe me". "Miss Burton", I replied calmly, "where were you when the body was found". "I was in the library." she sobbed bursting into floods of tears. "But I do know that Bridget always disliked Mr Smitherton" she claimed as she left.

Everyone else said something about Bridget in their interview, some said that she had a mysterious package delivered on Monday. So, I called everyone into the Living Room and paced up and down, before turning to them all... "It was not you Mrs Smitherton, or you Miss Burton, or even you Dr Wilson". "It was ...", I raised my finger at Bridget, "You. It's quite obvious really, on Monday you received a package and told no one of its contents. This evening when there were lots of suspects you slipped your arsenic into his tea, which you knew he takes in his Office alone, locked to avoid interruptions".

"I DIDN'T." she shouted as she was taken away. After a while the police came and looked round the house, also coming to the same conclusion I did. Bridget was locked away.

And they never did find out the truth that it was me who murdered Mr Smitherton!

Death from Beyond the Grave – Charlotte Brown

As the sun set on the 31st of October, the church of St. Andrews sat quietly, seemingly floating within the fog and mist of Autumn. Mrs Cartmill had just about finished her duties cleaning the church. She picked up her bag and put on her winter coat and hat to keep out the Autumn chill. She walked down the aisle of the church as she had done hundreds of times over the past 20 years. As she was leaving, she saw the Priest, Father John, gathering up his things ready to retire upstairs to his chambers. She bid the Priest 'goodnight' and completed her usual routine of locking up the large church doors. Little was she to know, that would be the last time she saw the Priest alive!



Mrs Cartmill returned the next morning, ready to prepare for the morning Mass. She hummed her favourite hymn as she pulled the key from her bag and opened the large, wooden, creaky doors. Immediately, she knew something was wrong. Dropping everything she was carrying, she ran up the aisle to find Father John dead on the floor, in a pool of his own blood and a candle stick pierced through his heart.

Mrs Cartmill screamed in shock and almost fainted. With her shaky hands and her sweaty fingers, she dialled 999. In urgent matter, the police came racing down the road with shocked faces. The first thing they saw when they arrived was Mrs Cartmill stood outside of the church. Four policemen ran into the church, finding the dead priest and an open gravestone near the altar.

Confused, the four men went to inform the head of the police. He was talking to Mrs Cartmill to calm her down. But when he heard the news, he stopped and quickly walked into the church. He wondered, had the dead had come out of their grave (because it was Halloween) and stabbed the priest with a candle stick? Of course, at first everyone just thought this ridiculous, ghost don't exist! But slowly, as the evidence was reviewed everyone began to think the unthinkable. It was now getting dark, and the police were worn out from all of the investigating, but Mrs Cartmill wasn't sure she wanted to go home after such a horrific day.

It was 6am on November the 2nd. It was time for even more investigating to find out how Father John really died. Mrs Cartmill arrived at the same time as the police so that she wasn't by herself. "Simon and Michael, you can start by looking in the steeple." Shouted the head the police. "And Mrs Cartmill, you can come with me to inform the people of the village about this terrible murder." Obviously, she didn't want to go, as she was close to the villagers and didn't want to make them upset.

But wait, there was shouting in the distance. It was the two policemen that had searched in the steeple. With wide eyes, Mrs Cartmill's brain flushed with thoughts. But what were they saying? "A per? A pers?" Then suddenly her world turned up-side-down as she made out the word, "A person?!" she shouted, "Wait what?!" When Mrs Cartmill got over there, the two policemen had found a man in the steeple and explained. Now it all made sense.

What happened was a robber was attempting to burgle the church, but as the doors were locked, he climbed up the steeple and into the church through a small hatch. Digging for treasure, he looked in a grave, where he found a candle stick. The robber then heard footsteps coming from behind him. It was Father John. "Hey! You there stop it at once!" The man got up and ran for it! Chased by Father John. But the grave was open and Father John clumsily tripped over, landing on the candle stick, which pierced through his heart. Not knowing what to do, the robber ran back up the steeple but banged his head on the bell and fell unconscious. And that is the story of death from beyond the grave?

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The Hidden Passageway – Lydia Wallace

She dropped dead! He had managed to kill her. As quick as a flash, he scurried back into his hidden passage way. “Lena darling, dinner is ready”, her mother called from the kitchen. “Lena?” Her mum wandered upstairs, she crossed the landing and stood in front of the door. Knock! Knock! Knock! No reply. Knock! Knock! Knock! No reply again. Her mum could not wait any longer the dinner would be getting cold. Her hand grasped the handle and slowly turned it; the door jolted open. There on the floor was her daughter, her lifeless body was pale and limp, resting in a pool of crimson blood!

The drips of deep red blood coated her like a thick blanket and the wallpaper was also splattered with bright red sprays of blood similar to a painting by Jackson Pollock. A scream echoed through the house as Lena’s mum shrieked as pain overwhelmed her. She fell to her knees and tears poured down her face. Lena had been murdered and normal family life was over.

The police were called, but Lena’s mum wasn’t sure by whom, she could have dialled 999 herself, but nothing was registering, everything was a blur. The only image engrained in her mind, was that of her dead daughter, it all seemed like a horrid nightmare. First on arrival from the police force was Detective Edith Ranger, she was new to the role, but eager and full of potential. “I am so sorry you had to lose your daughter like this, she was so young,” Edith commented.

Edith began to look for clues, she carefully examined the room. There was a hand print on the door. The hand print contained clear finger prints. Edith sent them off to the lab but they were fakes. Edith had no evidence.

Edith decided to re-explore the bedroom. This time, she noticed two huge bolts hidden under the valance of the bed. On further investigation, she uncovered a strange addition to the room, the bed had been bolted to the floor, how suspicious! With great force, Edith pushed and pulled at the bedstead, to her frustration, it did not move an inch.

Next, she tried to move it by hitting it with a huge crowbar, this didn’t move the bed either, however, the force of the blow, did splinter the bed frame and to Edith’s surprise, a shaft of light emerged from underneath the bed. Was there something hiding below? Edith continued to hit away at the bed frame, only now with even more force, only to discover a hatch. Edith had found a secret entrance to Lena’s room!

She grabbed a torch as quickly as she could and crept down to see what was lurking deep within. It was dark and damp, the only light was from Edith’s torch, but then a light started to glow from the corner of the room and Edith knew instantly who the culprit was...



They had been hiding in this basement for months just waiting for the right time to make their move.

The Enigma. Can Taylor Solve this Problem? – Tilly Eccleston



“And this, children is the most expensive and most precious item in the building. It is one of the most famous paintings in the world!”, proudly explained Mr Field. “How much money is it worth?” one of the children asked. “Over £1 million, isn’t that crazy!” a delighted Mr Field replied.

The next morning one of the building’s guards came to check on the painting, but when he entered the small room where the painting usually stood, IT WAS GONE!!!! “AHHHHH” screamed the guard, and everyone came rushing towards him. “What has happened?” the maid asked as she looked around her, initially not seeing anything wrong. Then she looked straight ahead, shocked to see nothing apart from a bright square on the wall where the painting usually hung.

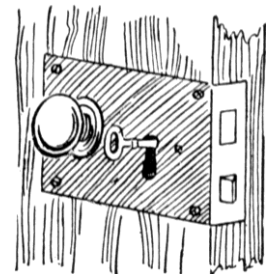
Everyone stood there in shock for at least a minute, then suddenly the owner of the building (and the painting) walked into the room where the crowd stood. “What has happened here”!?! exclaimed Mr Field. “The painting, Mr Field, it has been stolen” the maid said in a miniscule voice.

“WHAT!!! My painting” shouted an alarmed Mr Field.

“I am afraid so, sir”, replied one of the guards in the room.

“We need to find out who has done this and get my painting back”. The next morning the owner of the building rang a private detective to find the missing painting. As soon as the doorbell rang, Mr Field came rushing to the door. There stood a tall woman in front of him. She then introduced herself as Taylor, before letting herself in and starting to look around. Mr Field slammed the door shut and started running after the tall woman. “Is this where the painting was?” Asked Taylor.

“Umm yes” replied Mr Field. “Over the phone you told me that the door was locked so no one could get inside, is that correct?” quizzed Taylor. “Umm... yes, yes, it is. The door is looked every night by one of my guards”, answered Mr Field. “Umm I see this is one of the most mysterious mysteries I have ever investigated”, remarked Taylor. “Well, well you can find my painting, right?” stuttered Mr Field. “Probably” Taylor said as she started walking back towards the door. “Ok umm yeah ok” he said as he followed her.”



The next morning Taylor came back to the house but this time she brought guests. “Hello again. Who are these people?” Mr Field asked as the people entered with house. “They are my team, here to help find your painting”, explained Taylor. “Oh, ok anything to help find my painting” Mr Field said as he sarcastically started to laugh.

When Taylor and her team entered the small room where the painting had hung, right in front of the door they spotted a steel pipe. “What is this?” asked one of Taylor’s team as she put on some gloves and picked up the pipe. “Umm, I don’t know. I think it is part of the steel furniture in have in the garden!?!”, a confused Mr Field replied. “And you did not notice it was missing at all?”, asked Taylor. “No, I have not been in the garden for a while, I think the only person who has is the gardener, but she would never do it, would she?” Mr Field exclaimed as all the people in the room just looked at each other.

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The next day Taylor and her team returned to the house. “Hi again” announced Mr Field as they all entered the room. “We have come to interview the gardener” explained Sarah, one of Taylor’s team. “Ah great”, Mr Field said in his slightly sarcastic tone of voice. Mr Field led them to the garden. “Wendy, Wendy, where are you? I have some people who want to speak to you”, called Mr Field.

“I am by the white roses” she replied. So, they all walked up to the roses and found her. “Hi I am Taylor, and this is my team, we have come to interview you about the stolen painting.” Suddenly, the sweet smile that was on her face came crashing down like a shooting star. “Umm, yes go on” she said with a wobbly voice. Taylor began, “We have reasons to believe that you stole the painting”. At that moment Wendy burst out crying and spoke in a trembling voice “I only did it because my family needed more money”.

A confused Mr Field, “but how did you do it. The room was locked!?!”.

Wendy told Mr Field and the rest of the people there that she figured out how to break the lock to enter the room, and that she had then used the steel pipe to jam the door, so it was hard to open, giving the effect of a shut door with a stuck lock.

Taylor then arrested Wendy. The painting was found hidden in the basement at Wendy house and returned to Mr Field.

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It was all a lie - Rose Wallsworth

It was all a lie. The suspects, the scene, everything.



Rebecca Wormsley (also known as Beccy) went missing on 13.6.19. It was all everyone could talk about. It was the mystery that hadn't been solved. She was the talk of the town, children would walk past the house where she used to live, screaming and daring each other to touch the door. Although the police and most of the village had given up on the case, Richard Kennedy and Charlie Reynolds had not yet given up and determined to solve the mystery.

It was the first frost, school children walked to school wrapped up in scarves and woolly mittens, occasionally slipping on the ice. Charlie and Richard were on their way to 36 Chesmore Drive, the crime scene. "Ooh it's a tad chilly don't you think," mentioned Charlie, rubbing his hands together. "We must stay concentrated. Even the best detectives in the country haven't gotten to the bottom of this case." snipped Richard.

They swiftly got out of the car and made their way up the path. They both stood at the ancient mahogany doorway, hoping to get something out of the day. Richard stepped up to the door way and busted open the door, it took a while but it surely opened. It creaked open and Charlie slipped in.

Charlie had concluded that he was not a morning person, but he got to work straight away as there was a long day ahead of them and no time to waste. "Right, time to start work," insisted Charlie. "Indeed" stated Richard assertively. The day started with checking the house for any clues that could potentially help speed along the process. Richard started to look upstairs while Charlie wandered downstairs.

The day went by ploddingly. Before they knew, it was lunch time. Charlie nibbled on a cheddar cheese sandwich, while Richard sipped on a freshly-made piping hot cup of tea. "So, you find anything yet?" questioned Charlie. "Not yet. You?" answered Richard. "Nah, I just made myself familiar with the space so it's easier to work with I guess," Replied Charlie.

Then the afternoon dragged on with only a slightly stale biscuit to get through. "Right I think that's today's work finished Charlie." Mumbled Richard. "Yes, I think I might stay behind though, I think I may have found something that may be useful," suggested Charlie. "Thank you, that's awfully kind of you." Richard said contently.

Richard made his way to the door, he wedged open the door and stepped out, then he noticed he had left his briefcase in the kitchen. Richard creaked the door back open and slipped inside. On his way to kitchen, he looked in on the crime scene...

There he was, Charlie. Messing up the crime scene. He did it. Charlie murdered Rebecca Wormsley.

And Then She Was Dead – Maisy Malcolm

And then she was dead. The gun shot went straight through her head and all of a sudden, she dropped to the floor. The gun dropped out of the murderer's hand, and they were gone.

Michelle South was a normal lady who lived with her husband. She lived a miserable life as her husband was at work most of the time and was constantly working away. She was a lonely woman who spent most of her day sat alone in her huge mansion, staring out of the crystal windows.

Every day at exactly two forty-five pm she went for her daily jog. Her neighbour, John Sten, always waived at her when she went passed on her jog. But on 20th June, 2004, Michelle never passed his house. John immediately knew something was wrong and headed straight for her home. He tried the door, it was locked. He walked around the back and found a window slightly ajar. He clambered through the window and there he found Michell lying on the floor, dead. The gun had been placed in Michelle's hand to make it look like she had taken her own life.



John called the police and silently sobbed to himself. Michelle had always been more of a friend than a neighbour.

When the police finally arrived, they removed the body and interrogated John. But John knew Michelle like the back of his hand, and he knew she would never kill herself even though she was depressed, and lonely, she was not capable of anything like that. The police decided to close the case and log the death as suicide. John then knew that he had to get justice for her.

There had been a burglary earlier that month at the end of Michelle's road. The man was so shaken up after the incident that he installed CCTV to make sure if it were to happen again, he would know who the criminal was. John asked the man if he could check his recording for any footage of the break in and murder.

He was right, someone had killed her, and it was someone who he had least expected....

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