

Fatal secret



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

**\*Wednesday 15th October**

It's getting worse. I have no friends. My family hates me. My grades are low and I can't sleep. I don't know why I even bother with school anymore. My parents are so busy fighting they don't even know I'm there. I might as well just leave, it will make everyone happy. I have to go. Just pack my bags, and go.

It's a Thursday afternoon, the sun is shining, there's a clear blue sky, and everything is close to perfect. Or so it seemed...

" Grace! Gracie! Gracie darling I'm home!" Grace's mother called repeatedly, but no one was home. Though she looked around, Grace's mother found nothing. Absolutely nothing. Except for this piece of paper lying on grace's dresser. Why this piece of paper stuck out so much she didn't know, but nevertheless she picked it up. It was addressed to her.

" Mum, I know I haven't been the best daughter lately, so I think I've done you and dad a favour. I've seen the pair of you fighting, and I can't help but feel it is my fault. So I've decided to get out of your way. I don't know where I'm going, or how long for, but I think you will agree that it's for the best. In case I never see you again, I want you to know one thing. I love you and dad very much, and I owe you everything. You are the best parents a girl could wish for, but I hate seeing you like this. It's for the best, and I know when I come back things will be much better. Promise me you won't forget me. I'm sorry, Gracie xxx"

Grace's mother was stunned. She read it over and over, but each time it said the same thing. Grace was gone. Her baby girl had run away, and it was all her fault. Straight away she phoned her husband, who came home immediately.

"Helen, calm down"

"No, we must call the police"

"Look love..."

"Steven, our child has gone!"

"Yes dear, but we can't do anything just now. The police can't do anything for another twenty-four hours. Please, just calm down. Gracie will turn up anytime now. You'll see. She'll come rushing through that door crying, saying how she made a mistake. It will all be alright." But she didn't. They waited all night, but there was no sign of Grace. Eventually they did call the police, although that didn't make much of a difference. Grace was nowhere to be seen. Helen, Grace's mother, had started to think the worst.

"Steven, what if she's, you know, what if something's happened to her. She could be lying in a ditch right now, calling out for help. Officer, can't you do something!"

"We're trying as hard as we can ma'm, but there's only so much we can do. There's a search party out now, and we've advertised it everywhere. I'm afraid there isn't much else I can do. Sorry."

It was true, not much else could be done, and there didn't seem much hope for Grace's survival. No one knew if she was alive or dead. There was no evidence pointing either way. Not at the time anyway...

The street is no place for a young girl, as Grace found out over time. She began to regret ever leaving. She wasn't the only one alone, but everyone else seemed to know how to survive, whereas Grace was struggling to find a meal each day. She would get funny looks when people walked past. Other homeless people scared her, something about them made her feel uneasy. One man, a strange-looking man with a long ripped coat and a scar across his face, he scared her the most.

He would walk past her; give her funny looks, like he was thinking something. Grace was permanently on the move to try and escape his glare, but somehow he would always find her. She wasn't the only one he scared of. There were other girls, young girls, on the street with Grace. She wouldn't understand why, but every now and again, one of these girls would go missing. She'd never see them again. Grace just thought that they'd moved on, or gone home. If only she knew...

The search continued for weeks, even months. Every day more and more people seemed certain she had disappeared completely.

For everyone knew about it. It was all over every newspaper, on every channel. Not one workplace hadn't discussed it over their tea break. Lots of people joined in the search, everyone wanted her to be okay. When almost every person had given up hope of finding her, something turned up.

Some children had gone down to the river one Sunday afternoon for a bit of fishing. One boy had something at the end of his line, but it wasn't a fish. It was something much larger and heavier, for he had trouble pulling it in. It was a body, a naked body. A young girl's naked body. It was Grace. When the police examined the case, it was put down as suicide. They didn't look into it much, everything added up. She was young, lonely, upset, it all seemed to fit. But maybe they should have looked a little deeper, examined it a bit more. Did she kill herself, or was it someone else's doing. Maybe they needed just that one bit of evidence to prove that it wasn't as simple as it looked. Maybe...

### **\* Wednesday 15th November**

I'm scared. I don't know exactly what's happening. But I know it's to do with him. I've seen him before, he gives me funny looks. I've heard him talking himself; he's not right in the head. Before I heard him asking another girl if he could do stuff to her. Dirty, wrong stuff. It's not right. I just want to go home, I don't want anything to happen to me. I never wanted to die, I just thought I should give my parents some space. I think I hear him again; he's coming over here. It's the end, I know it is. I just want to go home. I just want to go home.