

Curiosity



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

" She did say Twelve thirty didn't she? Not one thirty? " Kirsty asked turning to her social worker. " Yes she did say twelve thirty. Hey don't worry she'll be here. She probably got caught up in a bit of traffic, you know how the lunch time traffic can be. " Replied Megan Green with an encouraging smile. " She seemed really excited to meet you. Just relax it'll be alright. " She always knew just what to say to make Kirsty feel better.

Megan Green was Kirsty's social worker and knew all there was to know about Kirsty, everything from the first word Kirsty spoke right down to the first time Kirsty ever tried a cigarette, and Kirsty trusted her completely. Megan was the one person in the world who had always been there for her. She had helped her through all the problems with her mum and had always looked out for her. Kirsty, who had been waiting eagerly outside in the freezing cold for nearly an hour and a half now, turned around and walked back into the leaky old trailer she had grown up in.

She could not help but feel sad, she could not believe that she had actually convinced herself that somebody might want her. She really believed that this time would be different, that this time she would actually leave this loathsome place, but she had learned long time ago not get her hopes up. Kirsty sat down on the tattered, old armchair and pulled her knees up to her chest. She looked around at the familiar furniture and clutter that surrounded her. Everywhere she looked was another childhood memory and those were exactly what she wanted to forget.

Kirsty glanced at a patch on the floor next to the emerald green coloured cupboards in the kitchen, that was where Kirsty had taken her first steps, and

in the tarnished beige sofas in front of her was where she had learned to read. She smiled as she reminisced about good times she had had in this place. But then those thoughts were quickly displaced by the bad thoughts that sprung into her mind. She remembered all those times that she had woken up in the middle of the night only to find her half drunk mother sprawled over couch sleeping with an empty bottle of vodka in her hand.

As she looked over at the couch all her mother taunts came into her head, 'You were a mistake, a bad mistake. And I hate you, I hated you from the first moment I set eyes on you, you little minks, no one is ever going to want you. Why should they? Look at yourself, you're nothing... nothing. " Kirsty closed her eyes and tried to block out the sound of her mother's voice. However replaced it with the sight of her dead mother's body. Kirsty remembered that day as though it were yesterday; it was so vivid in her mind. She had walked home from school and it was around five o'clock.

She remembered how hard it was raining that day, and that she was completely drench in thirty seconds of stepping out of her school. She recalled the strange black cat that had walked past her on her way home that very day, and the cold, eerie look in its eyes as if it knew something. Kirsty had never been a superstitious person, that was more of her mother's cup of tea, but there was something about that cat that had sent a chill through her spine, she hurried home, and just as she had reached the trailer she noticed that a black was sitting at the doorway.

She recalled the intensity she had felt when she approached the cat, surely it could not have been the same cat she had met on the road earlier, there was

just no way, Kirsty had though getting closer. It was there was no mistake about it. As she reached it she felt a morbid feeling in the pit of her stomach as though she almost knew what to expect when she opened the door. However nothing was ever going to prepare Kirsty for what she was about to see. She had opened the door slowly, and peeped in.

She remembered walking in and seeing the ransacked caravan, she almost thought that they had been bugled until she saw the drips of blood that had soaked into the dirty grey carpet. She remembered walking over to the armchair and seeing her mothers lifeless body lying there with her wrists slashed. Her mother was just sitting there motionless with an empty bottle of whiskey in her hand. She had looked so peaceful and innocent, almost like a child, her sandy blond hair pulled up in a ponytail and her eyes were closed. Kirsty's thoughts were interrupted by Megan, who was still outside calling her.

Kirsty got up and rushed outside to see what all the commotion was about. " Yeah, what is it? " Kirsty called as she walked to the door. " She's here. " Megan answered. Kirsty took a deep breath and walked outside. The sun was high up in the sky and was shining brightly in her eyes. The air was unusually thick and sweaty for late March; there was a strong stench of smoke in the air as though someone was making a barbeque nearby. She turned around and saw a short, plumped quite old woman. She was very different from how Kirsty had imagined her to be. She had blond hair, which was slowly going white, with a pair of pretty hazel eyes.

She seemed to be in her late forties and her face was heavily made up. As Kirsty began to look careful at the old woman she could see some resemblance to her daughter. They both had the same pouty lips and the identical noses, a trait that seemed to run in the family. This was the woman that Kirsty was going to live with now. The old woman smiled. " Hello Kirsty, oh my gosh you have grown haven't you? " Kirsty smiled, she never knew quite what to say when an adult said that. " Hello Grandma Molly, long time no see, ey? " As they pulled up into the drive Kirsty felt a sigh of relief.

She had always hated long car journeys, as Kirsty was very claustrophobic. As soon as the car came to a halt Kirsty open the door and jumped out. She took a deep breath in and closed her eyes. When she opened them again Grandma Molly was standing next to her. " You alright dear? " a tone of concern in her voice. " Yeah its just I hate long car journeys I'll be fine in a minute. " Kirsty replied. She turned away from her grandmother and looked at her new home, her mouth dropped open. It was the most alluring house Kirsty had ever seen. It was gigantic with dainty little French widows with silver shutters.

The doorway was surrounded with four, tall white, pillars and had a golden doorbell, which had a pretty design carved in. Above the doorway there was an immense, rectangular widow, which showed inside two winding staircases. There was fountain in the form of a naked statue in the middle of the gravel driveway and in the distance a green field could be seen with stables just visible in the far stretch. The house looked more like a palace to Kirsty than it did a house. It was so different compared to the one room,

leaky caravan she had come from. She had never dreamt in a million years that her mother would have come from such a wealthy family.

Her grandmother led the way as they walked into Kirsty's new home. She felt quite unsettled about her grandmother home although she did not quite know why. I don't understand why I'm feeling like this. I mean look at this place its like a palace. Its probably just nerves. Kirsty thought as she walked through the enormous doors. As she entered the house Kirsty was speechless to its beauty. In front of her was a large staircase, which then halfway up spilt up into two, winding stairs in opposite directions. There was a pretty little antique desk and chair in the corner above which sat a gigantic painting of a man holding a up hunting gun.

As she walked further into the house Kirsty could hear her footsteps against the marble flooring. On her right was the living room. It was very modern with a massive, wide screen television, with a proper expensive sound system. The were luxury white sofas which reminded Kirsty of huge sacks of feathers. The where many different types of paintings all over the wall one that stuck out was a painting of a little girl, with a pretty pink dress on, the person in the picture looked very familiar but Kirsty could not quite put her finger on who it was.

" Shall I show you to your room? " Grandma Molly said breaking the silence. Oh yeah, sorry, its just... this place is amazing I've never seen any place like this before. " Kirsty said excitedly. " Yeah it is, isn't it. You know I've lived here for so long now I hardly see how special it is anymore. It belonged to my father, and after he died he gave it to me. " They walked down a cross

the landing and Grandma Molly opened the door to a room. They stepped inside a spacious, lilac bedroom, with a large kings size bed with light blue and cream coloured cushions. The curtains were drawn allowing the sunlight to reflect inwards lighting up the whole room, making it look like it was alight.

There was a cute, brown teddy bear sitting on the top of the bed, with the words 'welcome' written on a board around its neck. " This will be your room. Do you like it? " asked Grandma Molly unsurely. " Yeah its magnificent. I've never seen anything close to this. " Grandma Molly walked over to a door near the far end of the room. " And this is your bathroom. " " I get a bathroom to! My own bathroom? Are you serious? " Kirsty said ecstatically, as she walked quickly towards the door.

" I think I'll just leave you to it, if that's ok. If you need me just yell. And with that she walked out. Kirsty had never had her own room or her own bathroom, she had spent her whole life in that cramped little caravan sharing everything she had with her mother and never knew what she was missing in the real world. After unpacking her stuff Kirsty decided to go exploring in her new home. She started off walking back towards the stairs when she noticed a piece of the wall cracking a little way ahead. As she approached she noticed that the wall was not breaking like she thought but there seemed to be some kind of door here.

It was camouflaged in with the wall so that to anyone passing by it seemed just like any other wall in the house. I wonder what could be behind the door. It cant be that much of a secret or else the door would not have been left

open, or maybe it happened by accident, maybe the person who have been in there forgot to close it. But it wouldn't hurt to have a little peek would it? Kirsty Ann Miller I hope you're not about to go snooping in someone else's home, are you? Kirsty stood there for a while contemplating whether or not she should go in or not. No I'm not going to do it. It wouldn't be right.

So Kirsty began to walk down the corridor. However after a few steps she backtracked back to the hidden door her curiosity had gotten the better of her. It wouldn't hurt to look. She put her fingers in the crack and began to pull the door open. She had finally got it open and was about to walk in when her grandmother came from behind her and shut the door, hard. " What do you think you are doing? " shout Molly angrily. Her eyes were wide with anger. " Nothing I was just looking and saw this door. " Kirsty said softly. " How dare you. Didn't your mother ever teach never to go snooping around other peoples houses? yelled Molly.

" I'm sorry it won't happen again. " " To right it won't. You stay away from my closet, it is out of bounds, do you hear me? You never go in here ok, or else. " Warned Molly " Yes grandma. " Replied Kirsty, almost terrified. She couldn't understand, how could someone go from being really nice and pleasant one minute to a terrifying and mean the next. What could be so horrible that she had to get so angry about? Thought Kirsty. Her Grandmothers reaction had intrigued, Kirsty now she really did have to know what behind that door was so bad.