Dear Diary

You will never guess what has happened to me! I have been plunged into a world I never quite believed in and if I am completely honest, I never saw this coming. I feel very overwhelmed.

As you know, I have moved into a huge, dusty, vintage house as filthy as a shack. In fact, it is more like a dozen shacks that have been stacked on top of one another!

Every now and then, I had been hearing sounds in the old walls that sounded like scratches or small footprints. It made me feel nervous because I was unsure what it was and part of me just wished that it would go away.

Yesterday, Mallory picked up an old broom in the kitchen and held it like it was a baseball bat. She quickly swung the bat at the pale, dull, worn wall and plaster came scattering to the floor beneath our feet like flour and a huge hole appeared (I knew Mom would blame me for it– she always does!).

Hesitantly, I stepped towards the ominous hole and I felt the hairs on my arms stand up. To my amazement, inside were the most bizarre objects! A doll’s head lolled in one corner. Dead cockroaches were strung up like garlands. Tiny soldiers with melted hands and feet were scattered all over like autumn leaves resting on the ground.

All of a sudden, the mysterious noise came back again! I had to quietly squeeze myself into the dumbwaiter (that’s where all the objects came from in the wall by the way) and it was really dirty inside and it smelled like old wood.

After a while, I arrived in a secretive room that had a low ceiling and crowded bookshelves surrounded me. Slowly, I looked around the room and I realised there was no door! What a strange place it was!

Bravely, I began to explore the creepy room. I found an array of objects like old books, a pair of round glasses, a large watercolour painting of a little girl and a man pleasantly playing on the lawn and a note. Just as I was feeling confident, the peculiar noises returned along with my Mom! So, I had to go back downstairs, I felt so disappointed because I really wanted to stay longer to find more clues.

This morning, the craziest thing happened! My alarm clock didn’t wake me up…Mallory’s loud screaming did! Something had tied her long, silky, brown hair to the bed and of course I got the blame! It wasn’t me and it wasn’t Simon. I felt very confused!

Certainly curious, I knew what I needed to do. I used the clues from the strange note I found yesterday and bravely made my way up to the undisturbed attic. Eventually, when I got there the room I entered was bright and small with dusty windows on all sides. There wasn’t much in the room, only an old trunk, a Victrola, a small stool and rolls of faded fabric.

Nervously, I opened the large, dry, neglected trunk. Nothing inside looked like it was a secret or something to be hidden, there was simply moth-eaten clothes inside. I felt disappointed because I was eagerly hoping to find something fascinating!

Using the clues in the note I found, I knew there was something in the trunk but it took me a while to work out where. Eventually, a secret compartment popped open! Excited beyond reason, I quickly reached inside and found an old crumbling book that smelt like burnt paper.