Story: REBECCA JONES

Introduction: Rebecca Jones was an orphan girl who lived somewhere in England. The orphanage found her aunt and uncle who wanted her to come and live with them. So she was sent off there and she discovers some secrets while she’s there…

[it might be boring at the start but wait a while it might get better]

[ DON’T SCROLL TO BOTTOM BECAUSE THERE ARE SPOILERS DOWN THERE]

September, 1964

I stared at the huge Victorian mansion-like house. It was really big with it’s long grey walls which stretched up to the sky. I only ever dreamed of living in a place like this but now it’s a reality. I walked up the stone steps leading to the door feeling nervous. But just before I reached the last step a tall bony looking woman opened the door. She had thick ginger hair pushed back into a bun and she was wearing a blazer and a long skirt.

“Ah hello”, the woman said, rushing forward to me,”oh goodness, you look just like your mother, Rebecca…”

She then just stared at me and it felt a little weird and uncomfortable for me but fortunately she broke the awkward silence. “Oh yes, I forgot to introduce myself. Well my name is Vivienne and oh you can call me just aunt.” She was smiling at me and I smiled back at her but didn’t say anything. I didn’t really talk much, I was just shy.

“Well , don’t just stand there, come in dear”, she told me as she beckoned for me to come in. I walked into the house and it was absolutely enormous. It was very old as well though, the walls were draped with old paintings .

We went up the stairs and into my room or I guess the room I was staying in. “Darling, come in now,” aunt told me. I stepped into the big fancy room which had a double bed, wardrobe, a desk and some other things in it. Also the room had an attached bathroom in it. Like I said it is big and fancy like the rest of the house.
“Well, I’ll let u freshen up and join us for breakfast afterwards then, dear”. I nodded and off she went downstairs.

After about 15 minutes I joined them downstairs to have some breakfast . As I walked into the dining room I could smell the fresh bacon and sausages. The food looked very delicious. I was joined at the table with Aunt Vivienne and a man with a long brown beard who was gobbling up some sausages. “Hello Rebecca, this is your Uncle Winston”.

Uncle Winston looked at me with a smile on his face. Then we all ate our breakfast and while talking. I didn’t really talk much though. Aunt and Uncle did all the talking I just listened to them.

Shortly after a while, I went to explore this old place. There was a huge garden which I’ll check out later I thought. As I walked across the hall upstairs I saw a door which for some reason felt a bit strange or mysterious. I don’t know why. I went close to it and put my ear against the door. I couldn’t hear anything. I slowly turned the old doorknob which was very dusty and shaky. So it was pretty old and hadn’t been used in a long time I guess.

The door opened with a weird noise and I stepped into the room to see a long spiral staircase. I walked up the first few steps after closing the door behind me. I walked and walked for what seemed like ages. Finally I reached the top. There was a door at the top. Everything looked very dusty and old.

I opened the door to see a room filled with old boxes and stacks of files and paper . I looked through them and all of a sudden I found a photo of me. A photo of me as a baby with my parents. It said my name Rebecca Mary Jones. I never knew I had a middle name. My parents' names were Lisa Jones and Phil Jones. Like my aunt said I do look like my mother. She had the same brown curly hair I had and she was tall like me. My father was a tall man with dark hair which fell down to his shoulders. They were both good-looking. I took the photo and put it in my pocket.

There were some files here. I looked through some and found one with my parent’s names on it. It looked like those files the police have. Where they keep records of crimes and deaths and stuff like that.

In this one it said that my parents had died in a car crash. I couldn’t believe it, they both died in a car crash. And ...and...and I survived the car crash. Then they probably sent me to the orphanage I lived for the past years of my life.

I had never even got any information about me and my past before other than my name. No documents or any information about me or my parents or anything like that.

But why would my aunt and uncle get the documents and files of the car accident I thought, do the police just hand out files and documents to the victim’s families? I don’t think so.

As I was picking up some files to look through I heard a noise behind me so I turned round to hear a voice talking to me through the door. They didn’t open the door. The voice sounded like a voice of a person who came back from the dead…

PLZ GO DOWN FOR SOMETHING INTERESTING!!!

 DIED ON NOVEMBER 2ND 1964

 CAUSE OF DEATH: SUICIDE

THE DIARY OF REBECCA JONES

 THIS IS IN POLICE CONTROL ONLY!

 NOT TO BE TOUCHED OR USED BY ANYONE ELSE!

This is brilliant work Aneta, I was on the edge of my seat reading it. I hope there is more to come?

Yes I’ll send you more soon!