

# The Unsolved Crime

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Q. Write the opening to a story called *The Unsolved Crime*. In your writing, create a sense of tension and suspense.

With a protesting Victorian moan, the front door swung shut and latched with a click. The darkness that engulfed the room was beyond imagination. Cordelia Force switched in her torch and allowed the yellow light to bathe the room albeit it only offered her a false sense of security. She had never feared the dark but the uncertainty that shrouded this particular criminal case was like an impenetrable fog that the dying batteries of her flashlight did nothing to clear.

The torchlight was fading, creating new shadows and dark patches around her. Her trained eyes scanned her surroundings as if bid to memorise it but the sight that unfolded in front of her almost caused her to step back in surprise.

Everything, from the kitchen cabinet to the desk drawers had been turned inside out. Papers covered the floor like dead flowers, their petals crushed. Shards of glass lay scattered towards the far right corner, glinting shyly under the weak torch beam.

Her whole body was suddenly swallowed by panic. She could not move. Vines of fear seemed to shoot out from the floor and coil tightly around her calves and her feet were stuck to the ground with thorns of terror. Her mind flew all over the place like a fly trying to escape a spider's web.

How had this happened?

Block 122 had been cordoned off with security guards t every corner. In her absence, the top investigators of Bristol had combed the entire place, searching for any kind of evidence that could explain the mysterious yet alarming occurrences that had taken place in that very house. However, according to their report that she had read earlier that day, they had come up empty handed and had returned the house to its original, unruffled state that held no ghost of a sin.

Clearly, that was not the case anymore.

She deeply regretted turning a deaf ear to Stella Fulham. A few months ago, when Stella had started rambling about strange men visiting Block 122, they had dismissed it as an old maid vapouring. But it was too late to run an enquiry now for Stella had disappeared, leaving behind only a drop of her blood on the porch of Block 122.

Had one of those 'strange men' wreaked havoc in an attempt to destroy evidence? Was the intruder still there, lurking somewhere in the shadows? Cordelia did not have to wait long.

"Clang!"

Her heart skipped a beat as she felt something spread deep inside her like black ink staining a paper-long, black arms reaching every corner of her body; a disease sinking deep inside like an epidemic.

She shook her head and chided herself for letting her imagination reign over her logic and intelligence. She was Cordelia Van Alen Force- years of a media magnate with sharp eyes and ears had indeed turned her into the finest detective ever; natural genius cultivated in a suitable soil.

Breathing deeply, she managed to clear the sudden smoke of worry inside her. Like a feline stalking her prey, she quietly made her way upstairs towards the source of the sound. She cringed at each creak on the old, warped staircase but it did not sway her determination to keep going. A shadow flickered at the corner of her vision.

A trick of light? Or lack of light?

She stood still for a moment and caught a woody scent lingering in the air. Tobacco smoke?

A shiver curled through the hair on the back of her neck and cascaded down her spine. Clutching her torch like a weapon was all she could do to not hurl herself back down the stairs, towards the front door.

*No Diaries*