



Pearl

Calvin Hughes

Prelude

Mrs Pearl lay in her bed, alone. Her tin house creaked and whispered next to the river. She sobbed and lay still in her bed. A crystal glass half filled with golden liquid. A bottle, smashed on the wooden oak floor. Mr Pearl had left her, only a couple of months after their wedding, that day, 63 years ago. There was creeping in the hallway, and she sobbed even more. She turned and look at the green fade picture in the golden frame. Mrs Pearl reached for the top drawer of her dresser, and pulled out a white lace handkerchief. She held it close to her. Now, her wrinkled skin, wet. A figure stood at her door. "I know everything" she whispered, before the blade plunged into her chest.

The newspaper rolled onto the porch. The fly screen door swung open and a hand went to pick it up. The hand and the newspaper walked back into the house, and smiled. *We have a good case on our hands*, he thought. In a flash, he, the coat from the coat rack, the newspaper walked outside, down the porch and walked out the gate. "Good mornin' Jack. How you this fine mornin'?" But only what Jack did was smile and walk faster, increasing pace, with the newspaper under his armpit. He ran to the end of the street, looked around, and ran down the alley way to his right. Once he had reached the end of the alley, he slammed the newspaper on the floor. "You ready?" he asked. Just after he said those very words, three other heads turned and looked at him, surprised. "For what?" asked the small blonde headed child. Then Jack read. "*Sunday, 18th August, 1878. This morning, Mrs Pearl, the shopkeeper, has been found in her bed, dead. It was not being caused by natural causes because, she had been stabbed to death. There could be a link to the Story of the 6. If you are not familiar about the story, 1000s of years ago, there was a monster who lived in Deerubbun. One day, a boy went to find the monster but killed his brother instead. The six elders who sat on six tree stumps sent him to where Mrs Pearl lived. He died there and was said to haunt anyone. Maybe this could be when we will all find out if this did happen.*" The children looked at each other. Then smiled. All of them, two young boys and two young girls walked out of the alley way and ran down the street, to Mrs Pearl.

The children all ran past the police and into the house. Walking past the creaking floor boards and into the bedroom, the crime scene. And then, they started to work. The girls went to the dresser and tied their hair up and put their mothers leather gloves on.