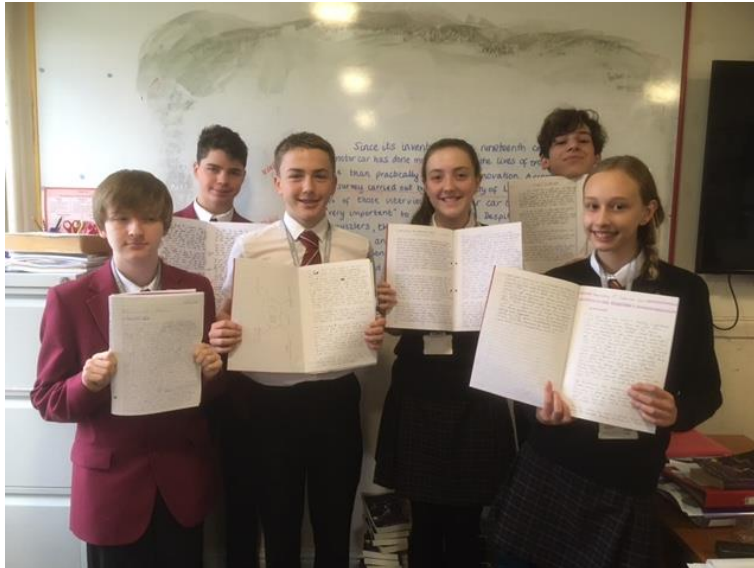


Lower 5 create their own detective stories



Lower 5 have been studying key elements of detective stories and the mystery genre as part of their preparation for their first GCSE English Literature set examination text, *An Inspector Calls*. Having created their own detective character, they then wrote the opening to a mystery story, using some of the key elements covered in class. Here is a selection of some of the opening paragraphs.

Golden light threaded and weaved itself through the long pearlescent windows of the chateau and found itself refracting, shattering into different rays that rested in the amber liquid contained within the whisky glass that nestled in the detective's hand. Like many young men, Marcelle Aperitive was conscripted. His wealthy family attempted to use leverage to get him out of the predicament but they only managed to get him a position as an officer. He was on the front line no more than three weeks before his time as a soldier was short lived when he took a bullet to the leg. To this day, he is equipped with a steel-tipped cane which gives a distinctive clunk and serves as a reminder of his military background.

Warren

It was a dark crisp night in the town of Claus. I, Jack Inglebrough had trekked through darkest Peru to embark upon my hardest mission yet: the great mystery of the Crown of Padut. The crown had been stolen by a notorious Peruvian thief. In the past, he pulled off some of the most incredible heists in history, including King Tut's body, the only remaining T-Rex skeleton in existence and the fastest car in the world. This thief took the utmost care in making sure no living soul knew who or what he was, how he did it and where he hid the loot. But now I will be the one to find the answers...

Jacob

I was snatched by a scruffy little man and shoved onto a chair. The man was young but deteriorated from the inside out. He was unpleasant to look at so I opted to admire the bejewelled chair instead. Whilst the creature yapped on, I ignored him and was lost in my fast-flowing range of thoughts and feelings. I decided to continue fidgeting with the intricacies of the luxurious recline...

Giovanni

Lucas slowly strode up the hallway with muffled steps and arrived at a large wooden double door. He knocked at the door with clenched fists. His knuckles turned white with strain. The door creaked as he was pulled inside. As he stepped in, the door closed behind him. Six people stood in a line just a few metres away. Three women: Mrs Hilton, her daughter and the maid. Three men: Mr Hilton, his son and the head chef. In front, Mr Thrawne walked back and forth, stroking his beard as if reminiscing about an old friend. He stopped suddenly and spinning on his heels, faced the maid. She stared anxiously at the detective. Sweat ran down her face. Thrawne stepped back and started pacing again, but quicker this time. The maid fell forwards on her knees, with relief pulsating through her face. Lucas shifted again and twisting on his other heel, turned to face the son of the House Hilton. Fear was replaced by distaste in the red eyes of the second heir to the estate...

Callum

The rusty wheels whir and spin frantically, trying to gain traction on the rough cobbled path that lead to the majestic mansion of the Hinton household. The moon was glistening and the faint cries of the night-time wildlife sounded, making the forest come alive. Clemaunt's jeep pulled up in front of the house. An old rag of a man offered his shrivelled hand to help the guests feel welcomed. The marble steps shone in the moonlight, giving the house a new light. The wooden walking stick clanked and tapped with an ominous pattern that filled even the strongest humans with dread. Clemaunt let out a long breath that filled the sky. He scanned the scene. "What do we have here?"

Maddie

The case was unsolvable. No clues. No evidence. No help. The police had failed. Only one person can solve the mystery of the missing Hinton diamonds. A line of suspects stood in the shadow of the Grand Hinton Hall. Detective Flint marched up and down in a seemingly random trail, like an ant finding a path. He turned sharply, staring every one of them straight in the eye like a hunter and his prey. In a thick New York accent, he addressed them. "So, you must think you are clever. Well, you are not. You see, if someone looks hard enough, the truth will always come out in the end."

Emma

Mrs Marae Burns