

Emrys' Story

He was already wishing he hadn't gone there. He glimpsed a horse and cart in which some of his fellow guests were approaching. The faint clip-clopping through the glass and the talking of the other people did not sound right. It did not sound like a normal jolly party. He knew that he was the least important guest, but still -

With all this on his mind, he walked out of the door and slouched down the stairs into the great hall.

'Oh, Mr Jones, do come over here !,' the hostess Miss Parker called.

He walked grudgingly over to the tall bejewelled woman.

'Enjoying the party ?' She was flapping her skirts and batting her lashes.

'I guess,' replied Mr Jones.

'Oh, I'm so sorry, I really must use the facilities.' She disappeared into the crowd in the direction of the staircase.

‘Hey, Jones, come ‘ere !’ It was Mr Jones’ friend, Mr Mclyntock.

He trotted over and smiled warmly.

‘Want a look-see around the gardens ?,’ asked Mr Mclyntock.

So they set off, following the trail of lanterns that had been arranged for the visitors. The two friends had a very nice time. They sat for a short while, watching the sky’s pink, orange and violet clouds. They then went to a part of the gardens where rainbow-coloured flowers grew and flourished. Finally, they took root through the walled gardens back to the enormous manor house.

When they got back, the party was so loud compared to the silent gardens that they were shocked. They walked in and saw a man and a woman gorging themselves on cakes and pastries. A few minutes later the two ran shrieking up the stairs to the bathroom, screaming that they were about to throw up. Everybody apart from Mr Jones and Mr Mclyntock jeered and laughed.

‘Poor people,’ whispered the latter of the two.

As the party raged on the pair became edgy.
'Shall we have a look around?', said Mr
Mclyntock.

Suddenly a shriek came from upstairs. The fat couple came tumbling own the stairs.

'Miss Parker,' the woman shrieked, 'she's been stabbed !'

Just then thunder struck. Most of the guest bolted out of the doors and into their horses and carts, but then, 'There's a stampede !'

The remaining guests were: the fat man and woman; a small girl; Mr Jones; Mr Mclyntock; a stable lad; the cook; a maid; Mr and Mrs Smith, and a young woman called Kate. She was standing in the middle of the room screaming, while the girl was sobbing in the corner. The rest were huddled together in worried conversation.

'It was horrible ! I just walked in and she was on the floor, blood oozing from her chest. It was horrible !,' the woman kept saying hysterically.

The two introduced themselves as Mr and Mrs Hastings, while Mr James discovered that the stable lad was called Charlie and that the maid's name was Anne Kanvicak. As the night grew darker, the cook offered supper, but no-one was hungry. Mr James decided he should take control of the situation by asking people questions.

'Show me where she is,' he commanded.

'Okay,' agreed Mr Hastings.

They walked up the staircase and along a corridor, turned left and then went into the room at the end of the corridor.

'Why were you in this room,' said Mr Jones.

'Well we thought that we could do a bit of exploring,' Mr Hastings explained, trembling. 'I'm going to go to the hall.'

In the bustle of skirts she was gone. Mr Jones led Mr Hastings downstairs and into the Great Hall. And the maid wasn't there. Nobody had noticed her leaving the room. They eventually found her under a willow tree in the grounds.

'Alright,' she said after being cornered, 'I'm working with them.'

There was a flash of lightning, a crash of thunder and a blaze of fire. Mr Jones saw Anne's body, crispy from the 2,900 degrees from the lightning bolt that had just hit her. The nine other guests trooped up to the mansion and into the Great Hall.

'Errr... I didn't see the cook. I mean when the accident happened,' said Mclyntock nervously.

They walked to the dining-hall where they found the cook. They explained what had happened. Mrs Hastings asked for a drink, so she went to get one for her. Mr Jones and the cook went to the kitchen to talk.

'Why is there rat poison ?, ' he asked.

The cook said the house was infested. 'I used it yesterday,' she added, 'and fogot to put it away.'

'Okay,' said Mr Jones, ending the conversation. and leding the cook back into the dining-hall.

Suddenly, Mrs Hastings fell to the ground. She was coughing and spluttering.

'The water !,' she screamed.

The cook ran out into the night, followed by Mr Jones, Mr McLyntock and the stable boy. The cook tripped and fell sprawling on the gravel path. The

two men and the boy hauled him back and days later he was convicted of murder and beheaded.