

The Secret

My heart pounded as I wiped the fine mist from my glasses. Running towards the noise, I tried not to slip on the wet gravel. A voice suddenly stopped me.

"Take another step Charlie, and you're dead."

I froze, shocked to the core, and clung to the hope what I saw was a bad dream. Blair stood in front of me, wringing her bloodied hands over Damien's lifeless body.

A gust of wind howled past, rattling the old fence and shocking me back to reality. A creeping dread spread over me. Running would get me killed. Fighting would get me killed.

...standing where I was, trembling and sweating would get me killed.

"Alyssa you're gonna be late": The sound of Mum's voice startled me awake. My phone buzzed. School had been spamming messages since Saturday. I finally checked the feed, wishing I'd read it sooner, but grateful that I hadn't. The article read:

"It is with our deepest sorrow that we announce that on Friday October 13th, one of our students was found dead. The two students who discovered him have asked to remain anonymous. The matter has been referred to the Police." I looked in horror at the photo of Damien's spiteful face staring up from my phone.

The journey to school was a blur. As I trudged across the gravel to the school hall, hordes of students milled about. The atmosphere was heavy with tension. I saw my best friend, Blair. Word spreads like wildfire in a small, rural town and it wasn't long before the students were revealed to be Blair and Charlie. I cautiously approached Blair, giving her small nod of hello before the sound of the bell prevented us from saying more.

Later, we bumped into Charlie in the hall.

"Hey."

He spun around to face us, nervously glancing at Blair.

"Oh, h-hey."

"How're you doing?"

"Fine, I guess."

"Do you want to walk to class with us?"

"Oh uh- I have something else to do. See you round."

As he left he whispered

"For your eyes only" and hurriedly shoved a crinkled note into my hand

FRIDAY WASN'T AN ACCIDENT

I froze. I couldn't tell anyone, I wouldn't. I had to find out more. I texted both Blair and Charlie:

What Happened Friday?

Monday night crawled on as I stared at my phone. I dozed and was awoken sharply to the sound of a message from Charlie. Blair had also responded. My eyes darted to Blair's text, since she replied first.

heard a thud and ran over and found Damien lying on the ground. Not much else to it.

I scanned to Charlie's.

I was near the canteen when I heard the noise, by the time I got there, Blair had just arrived.

That didn't add up. The canteen was right next to the incident and Blair's class was on the top floor, so Charlie would have been first?

Charlie had no reason to lie, but Blair had said so little. This wasn't like her. She told me everything, too much sometimes!

This was BIG news.

Tuesday came, school again. Blair and Charlie weren't talking. Lost in thought, I bumped into someone. Charlie glanced up at me through his thick, curly hair, his eyes red from crying.

"I'm fine" he growled before I could speak. He quickly vanished and I slowly headed to class.

I nervously knocked on Alyssa's door, her familiar face welcomed me.

"Hey Charlie!"

"Lyss, I need to talk." I mumbled,

"I heard a commotion on Friday, that's why I ran over. Damien was"

"Blair never mentioned a commotion."

"She wouldn't have, she, she ..."

"She didn't, but-" Alyssa's eyes darted to the small blue book I had tightly in my hand.

"Blair left this in the library."

It was her diary. I instantly knew what Alyssa was thinking.

"Lyss, don't-"

"I have to"

Amidst the feelings of guilt and fear, I sensed hope. Forget Blair, how would Alyssa react to the truth? Alyssa opened to Friday....

Dear Diary...

My plans just won't work with a B+ average, my exam result had to change. The wind was howling when I climbed out the window. Clutching my test, I landed with a thud on the rocks below. I didn't want anyone to see this. Then Damien appeared. I grimaced.

He wanted to know what I was doing there. Of course,

I gritted my teeth "What do you want, Damien?"

He mocked me "Now, that's no way to treat an old friend."

Before I could think, he grabbed my test.

"Your final exam? Need a few extra marks? You're in so much trouble Blair"

I lunged for the test, falling to the gravel as he slid back.

"GIVE IT BACK."

"No Blair" he smirked. He was mean and much stronger than me, but I HAD to get that test.

He waved the test around in the air and I lunged again. This time I launched. As I grabbed it, I thudded into his chest. He lost his balance and fell backwards. I heard the crack of his head on the concrete step. I panicked. His head was bleeding. I checked his pulse, he wasn't breathing and my hand was covered in blood. No-one will believe me. I heard footsteps, it was Charlie. He looked at me shocked. I spoke without thinking.

"Take another step Charlie, and you're dead."

By Zoë Rath, 9 White