The Story of Baelbrow – taster draft

After a while, another sound came – a different sound, a distant wailing. Was someone hurt or fearful? With that, the heavy, dark green damask curtains swayed violently over the oak floorboards. A faint aroma of perfume permeated the air.

Flaxman Low dismissed this movement and put it down to the howling wind outside. The house was old, and the window glass thin, he thought. He waited and listened more intently as the wailing increased in volume. Low raised the lantern. There was little wick remaining and the threat of total darkness came ever nearer. Suddenly a great gust of air rushed down the chimney too. Flaxman Low trembled. He felt more concerned and curious than ever.

Over the years the Swaffam Family had collected many treasures. However, none was more precious than the golden chalice, which took pride of place in a large glass case to the side of the main door of the museum. He entered the room. In the light of the flickering candle, Flaxman Low could see that the chalice had gone... It was priceless!

He shuddered and took a deep intake of breath. Shards of glass glistened on the floor surrounding the cabinet. Just then, the handle of the smoking-room door clicked. Flaxman Low moved closer – just in time to see the hem of a long white silk gown disappear into the darkness.

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