

# The Petrifying Park Mystery

“I am totally stuffed from that vanilla ice cream, and the roundabout didn’t help a bit!” Ivy joked to her twin sister Scarlet as they made their way through the foggy, winding alleys of the park. “And fancy you getting one with a flake AND sprinkles!” giggled Scarlet, pulling her hat further down her face to protect herself from the bitter wind. “Oh gosh, look at the time, we’d better get a wiggle on so we’re not late for tea!” exclaimed Ivy. Rooting in her bag, Ivy groaned, “Oh blast, I’ve left my glasses behind! I will have to go back and fetch them. Tell mum I might be late for tea!” And with that, she turned on her heels and raced off to collect them.

Huffing and puffing, Ivy raced along the murky alleys until she caught a glimpse of the park and slowed down to a jog. Finding the iron park gates not yet locked, she cautiously pushed one ajar and stumbled through. Racking her brains, Ivy wondered where on earth she could have left her glasses. Eyes scanning the park, she spied them laying contently on the abandoned bench and she rushed towards them, grinning proudly. “Thank goodness for that, I couldn’t live without them!” exclaimed Ivy. “I would be a ping pong ball at school, bumping into everyone without these!” she chuckled to herself.

Without warning, a swing chain snapped with an almighty squeal. Ivy’s heart skipped a beat. Who was there? In the murky gloom, a looming shadow slipped as quick as a dagger behind the rusty roundabout. Hardly daring to breathe, Ivy flattened herself against the rotten fence, fists clenched. She shuffled towards the overflowing bin, noticing a cracked ice cream scoop poking out of the side. Cautiously, Ivy clenched her palm around it. The metal cooled her sweaty hand. Ivy knew she wasn’t alone. She had company.

Ivy’s eyes swivelled around the gloomy park, searching for another exit. Horror struck, she finally realised there was none. The moans and groans of the swings were getting louder. Without warning, a hungry shadow loomed above Ivy like a tower in the middle of a storm. Without any common sense, she raised the scoop and threw it at the shadow with all her might. As she did so there was an ear-piercing scream.

Ivy escaped the playground as swiftly as possible, through the front gates, past the winding alleys and through the familiar streets of her home town, icy wind stinging her eyes. Finally arriving home, she blurted out her story to her mum, stumbling on every word. A second later, the front door opened and then slammed shut again. Stomping footsteps crashed through the house and into the front room. In front of Ivy, Scarlet appeared cradling a pair of cracked, tortoise-shell glasses. A painful looking black bruise covered her eye. After taking a moment to realise what was happening, she finally understood. It was Scarlet all along! “My my, will you to ever stop tricking one another!” Their mum laughed. Trembling with rage, Scarlet yelled, “IVY!!”

By Molly and Rose