The Magic Diary

One day a girl called Ashley was playing in her room, with the new Barbie dolls she had got, but she didn’t like them, she wanted her old one back. She was looking all over for it and found something different. It was a small pink book that sparkled when the sun shone on it.

Ashley pulled it out from underneath the heavy boxes in her cupboard. As she opened the book, a dull light started to flicker and a sweet scent like strawberries came from it. Ashley was confused and didn’t know what to do with the book. It was filled was a strange language, a language Ashley had never seen before. She continued to look through it, until an enormous burst of light blasted from it. She was frightened by the book and chucked it violently across her room with shock. The book made landed with a deafening bang that made Ashley jump.

The girl was still curious to see what the book was so she ran over to it, picked it up and flung it open. The light was still there but Ashley was used to it by then she continued reading through the book. at first she still couldn’t understand it but suddenly the writing faded away for a second then came back in English. Ashley then discovered a shocking result, it was a name… The name of her dead sister, Megan.

 Ashley didn’t know what to do with the book. Should she show it to her mother? Must she read on? Or should she just put the book back. She knew the right thing was to show her mother what she had found but she was frightened that she would take it away from her and never let her see it again. Ashley was just to tempted to read on and knew if she gave it up she would regret it. She read through the whole book.

 It was just the same old average diary of a teenage girl. She had written about school, the people she didn’t like, about fights she was in, she had even written about the things she would do with her best friend Isaac. Megan had talked about the day Ashley was born. She had every detail about every single day, what had happened in the morning right through until the night. Only one date was missing …the date she had died. Ashley’s parents had never understood fully how her sister Megan had died. All Ashley knew was that Megan died in a tragic accident.

 The bright light coming from the book began to turn darker, darker and then even darker than black, and the sweet scent like strawberries started to smell very sickly and sweet. Ashley faded out and woke up in her back garden. It looked different from when she was in it last. The old tire swing looked brand new and there was someone playing on it. It was a young girl. When Ashley looked closer, she recognised the young girl. It was… Megan! Ashley could not believe it, the book had brought her back to the time when her sister was alive. Then a young boy ran over and pushed Ashley on the swing. It was her best friend Isaac. She could hear them talking and then out of nowhere Isaac said what day it was. It the day Megan passed away.

Ashley got even more intrigued because she had always wondered how her sister died and now she would finally know. Ashley listened closely to what they were saying. Megan came up with the idea to go to the local swimmers and Isaac agreed. They ran inside and Ashley followed quick behind, they ran into the kitchen to Ashley’s mother and asked if they could go but she said “Sorry I have no way to bring you”. Megan said ok and they went outside to play again.

 Megan wasn’t sad that she couldn’t go. She got back on the tire swing and played. Isaac followed her there and said, “I can’t believe she said no. I really wanted to go.”

Megan snapped back “It’s not her fault she can’t bring us.”

Isaac and Megan started to argue and Ashley could see the anger build up in her face. Just then Megan reached out and slapped Isaac across the face. Isaac lifted his hand to his face and ran out into the forest. Megan looked regretful but Ashley didn’t have a second to think about how Megan was feeling. A car driving uncontrollably, raced over the grass and hit the swing Megan was sitting on. Ashley watched in shock and realised her sister was dead, her life was knocked right out of her. Then she looked up to see who was driving the car - it was Isaac. There was instant regret in his face. He stepped out of the car and ran into Ashley’s house.

He said to Ashley’s mother and father who were sitting in the living room, “A car came out of nowhere and hit Megan”.

Ashley was furious about what she had learnt about her sister’s death. The fact was that all this time her parents had thought Megan was killed by a stranger. They had to know what really happened.

 A beam of light came out of the distance and the next thing Ashley saw was the ceiling of her own room. Ashley needed to get justice for her sister. She rushed down the stairs and explained what she had seen to her parents… By the time Ashley finished her story her mother and father burst into laughter. They didn’t believe one word Ashley had said.

Overpowered with anger she stormed out of the house and ran to Isaac’s. He was sitting outside his house. Ashley trudged up to him and confronted him, “I know what you did to my sister!”.

“What” Isaac said. “I didn’t do anything. How would you know anything?” said Isaac trembling.

“You murdered my sister and I know it. I have proof!” shouted Ashley.

“No you don’t! You don’t know anything about this. What are you even doing here?” said Isaac surprisingly calm. “Girl dies in tragic accident just a few years after her sister died the same way.” said Isaac “I like the sound of that don’t you”.

Isaac walked away slowly. And the next thing, there it was, a collision between Ashley and Isaac’s old car. It still had blood from Megan’s death and now blood from Ashley’s too. She was just the young girl who knew too much.

By Ellie Magill