

UNBOUND SECRETS



BY
LOWRI HUSSAIN

Chapter 1

Untold secrets from the past

You think you know everything about a person; the way they moved, the way they acted, even who they liked. Then they bring a surprise that makes you fall out of your chair with shock. Betrayal crossed my mind as I swore I saw the windows shatter. I still sat gazing out of the window not realising that the teacher was saying my name, not that I could hear it, all I heard was a murmur that sounded like a shrieking bird.

“CLEO!” The teacher yelled in my ear so loud that I thought my ear drums had burst. Not understanding the question asked, I shrugged my shoulders. “Maybe you should pay less attention to the birds outside and more attention on your maths young lady,” she said with a patronizing smile. I knew deep down she was scowling; she always hated me. She was a very dull person. There was no light that shone on her. Every day she wore the same black suit with hair tied back in a tight bun. I never knew how she could never have a hair out of place but maybe it was all the grease she carried around. She had a strong smell of chips on her. Maybe that’s where she got the grease from!

As if she knew what I was thinking, she looked at me with the black pools that should have been eyes and I got a sudden urge to fidget. I was the complete opposite of Miss Taylor; I was bubbly, girly and

the thing she hated most was I was always happy and she never understood why. Maybe that's why she did not like me because she could not understand or read me like she could with every other kid at this school.

RING! Finally, the sound of the bell meaning the end of school was like music to my ears. I tried to look for Joey but I could not see anyone as it looked like the floor had been swallowed up by students.

Joey was very creative and unique like me. That's why we got along so well. Unlike Simon, Joey had a great sense of style. He walked around the school like he owned the place in his bright orange jeans and florescent shirt. Whenever he walked into school I was always amazed by how perfect his clothes and his light brown hair were. It was a very judgemental school but he always seemed to shine. I guess it is true what they say; if you shine on the inside you shine on the outside too.

I caught up with him, I wasn't sure how, as the school kids pushed and shoved to get out the doors like they were wolves ready to hunt and just couldn't wait to sink their teeth in. As I got to him I gave him a massive hug and big slobbery kiss on the cheek. He wiped his cheek with a disgusted look on his face but all I could do was laugh at him. "Thank God it is Friday," he said with a sigh of relief.

We caught up with Simon and Brittany. Of course, Simon was putting his fingers through his golden locks of hair because although he had no fashion sense, he was big with his hair. Some people would say he was vain and arrogant, which is true, but above all that I just thought that it added to his personality traits.

Brittany was different from the way I looked. She had a bright red mane hanging down her back right down to where her bum was. The guys have been trying to convince her to cut it, however, I loved it as it made her look a bit like an animal which I always loved about her. She had pale skin with freckles and she was tall, unlike me. I think nature decided I would stop growing at 5 foot 2, or maybe it was just my genetics. It all seemed to come easy for her; the looks, the personality and she always seemed to have boys at her feet. If they weren't doing that, they were tripping over things as they didn't look at where they were going because they were too busy gawking at her to remember to walk; you had to put one foot in front of the other.

Friday night was the night that we all got together in my old treehouse to hang out and we all slept round. My mum never minded. She could never hear us because we were outside. My dad, well he died in a car accident when I was three.

We raced each other back home. I was good at this as I was the sporty one out of all of us. Even though my legs were small, I could still run faster than the wind could carry me.

Finally, we had got to my house. Not long after, we were joking and laughing about Miss Taylor's greasy hair. We then got to a topic I had never thought about before; mythical creatures. I got asked by Simon, "Do you believe in them?" I did not know what to say so I just said, "Do you?"

I tried to get off the topic as I felt queasy in my stomach. It felt like a rollercoaster in my tummy swirling round and round. I did not know why it was just sitting on my shoulders as soon as Simon said the words, "mythical creatures."

They knew I was not acting like myself so just skipped to the next thing they were doing which was truth or dare, not that I was in the mood for it anyway.

“Cleo, truth or dare?” Joey said eagerly.

“Dare,” I said without thinking.

“I dare you to go and get something hidden from your mum’s room.” Joey said with a smirk! How badly I wanted to wipe that off his face. I looked at him with a worried expression.

Not caring about the way I was looking at him he said impatiently, “You always go on about how you do not know anything about your family history. You might find something interesting ... it’s just a dare anyway.”

I got up and started to climb down the tree when I heard a SNAP! The branch had snapped off and I was now freefalling headfirst into the ground.

As I woke I saw my friends with a look of concern on their faces. Not understanding what had happened, I assumed I had blacked out. I couldn’t hear much only the sound of muffled voices. I tried putting the familiar faces to the voices. When I came back to reality, I made out what Brittany was asking by reading her lips. “Do you have a concussion,” she cried. I wanted to reply but it felt as if my lips had been taped shut like a hostage would have been.

Before I knew it I was back on my feet, expecting a large headache but when I got up there was nothing. I turned to three astonished faces looking at me and all I could do was bow.

After that fall I still managed to get to the house, even though I felt confused about the whole thing as it got me thinking about when I was younger. Whenever I fell over and hurt myself it would be gone in an instant. I must have been so deep in thought I did not realise that the door was right in front of me because of that I whacked my head and my whole body into the door. Yet again I did not feel a thing.

I had made my way into the house and shut the door behind me as slow and as quiet as possible. Luckily, my mum had the television on. She was probably watching the soaps. Unlucky for me the hall and the lounge were connected without a door so that made being unnoticed a lot harder. I slithered like a snake onto the floor to make the sound even more miniscule. I guess it was a bit easier as the sofa was facing away from where I wanted to go. I thought in my head 'why am I even doing this... it is not like if I do not do this I will die.' Maybe I could...' Before I could finish my thought, my mum could see a shadow and was already getting up to investigate like an inspector on a crime scene.

I sprinted up the stairs. The plan of me being quiet was out of the picture now. My mother looked like she was about to head up the stairs but heard the soaps tune coming back on the television so decided to sit back down and watch. It felt as if my brain was not connected to my body. It felt as if my entire body was attracted to my mother's room like there was a positive to negative magnetic force field drawing me in closer.

I swiftly moved into my mother's room and began rummaging through her things. By the time I had got halfway round the bedroom, it already looked like a pigsty. Something had been connecting with me; a jewellery box that I had never seen before sat propped up against some books on a vanity. I opened it and

what I saw made me have some sort of flash back to when I was a baby. It was very blurred. It was someone taking this crystal necklace and ripping it off my neck and taking it away with them like a witch does in every Disney movie.

I was so fascinated by it; I couldn't put it down. I wrapped it tightly in my hands. I tried tidying the room but I was too hasty to show it to my friends that I then had to pretend I was coming out of my room which was a few doors down. I walked out and acted as if I just wanted to get some pjs. I felt stupid because there was only that brightly lit crystal in my hand. My mum saw me and started muttering, "Strange girl."

I raced down the stairs being careful not to trip up on the ball of fluff on the floor that was in the shape of my dog Luna. I leaped outside and climbed up the tree not caring if I fell again. As I got in, Simon looked me up and down and said, "You took your time didn't you?"

"I found something; something I have never seen before in my life on my mum's dresser," I said with a very big breath to try and get my heart rate back to my normal speed. I hesitated before showing it; I did not want anyone else knowing. I shook those thoughts out of my mind and I held out my hand and showed them the crystal. As if they had rehearsed, they said in unison, "You have one too!"