

The Murderous Gambler by Grace Lucas, age 11

The air was filled with quiet murmurs and occasionally a shrill champagne cork popping up into the dim lit air. Suddenly gasps rose from the crowds like dancing flames from a fire. Everyone swiftly exchanged confused glances before gaping at the gambling table.

"What is going on over there?" Screeched a well dressed woman. Then a shrill screech rose from an old lady at the gambling table.

"I win"

She shot up from her seat and manoeuvred a small victory dance. "I beat you all, now give me those gems!" She scornfully snatched up the gems and pulled on her magenta gloves. "Bye losers, see you next week!"

A jet black bandana shifted gently in the breeze; a colossal brick house loomed over the dark figure. The silhouette appeared near the front entrance, and vigorously started to fiddle with the lock. "Result" she murmured successfully. In a low pitched voice, she grumbled, "honey I'm home". From the kitchen, a reply sounded, "hey hun, you alright?" The dark figure grumbled a reply before stepping into the kitchen. "Wait, your not Mike!" She screamed. The dark figure shifted closer and murmured, "no, I'm Madam Velvet." Then, swift like a heartbeat, Madam Velvet revealed a thin, sharp blade.

"Goodbye." Madam Velvet said as she raised the knife above her head and chopped down. A sticky red substance sprayed up into the air.

"Now for the jewels, I know you're rich Mrs Green." She crept upstairs to find her bounty. Under a snowy white sheet lay a golden box filled with emeralds, diamonds and rubies. "Finally, a good haul, gambling is going to be twice as fun, mwa ha ha," she laughed.

She raced downstairs, as she neared the kitchen, she gazed at the expressionless silence of the limp, lady on the floor. As she started to drag the lifeless corpse, silhouettes shifted towards the frosted glass door.

"What the..." she stammered, as the door swung open, and a man stood in front of her in a resplendent black suit, wearing a big grin on his face. "Good evening, Madam Velvet." He glared at her, and at the corpse. "I've been onto you for a while now, and finally I have you. You are under arrest, old hag," barked Detective Bodi. She gaped at him, lost for words and ideas, especially as she saw a pistol pointed at her.

Stepping out of the frightening police car, the large police station loomed over her. Moments later, she found herself slouched on a dirty, spring mattress in a dark cell. There was a loud crash and the police rushed to the cell. In the cell, there was a large hole in the wall, as if a giant had bitten into it.

"What the...she's escaped!" As the officers approached the hole, exposing the outside world, on the wall written in blood was a message;

THIS IS THE END OF EVERYTHING, BUT ONLY THE BEGINNING.