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The Diary sample
NOT FOR SALE

THE DIARY

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Copyright

The Diary

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Chapter One

Liam was walking home from work. It was 8:00pm, but it was summer, so the sky was still light. He had had a long day at the supermarket. He worked in the storeroom of the supermarket. He had to lift heavy boxes all day. He was looking forward to going home and having a bath.

He crossed the road. Then, he saw something on the pavement. It looked like a book. He picked it up. It had a brown leather cover.

It's a diary, he thought. Someone has dropped their diary. Should I leave it here? Or should I look inside it? Maybe there is an address. I can take it to the person.

He opened the diary and looked at the personal details page. There was a name and an address. The name was Richard Woking. The address was in Notting Hill. It was an address in a nice part of London. He looked at the schedule section. Richard seemed busy. There were appointments for many days.

Today is Thursday, he thought. Friday was empty, but on Saturday, there was an appointment. --- 7:00pm North Café ---

I should take it to Richard's house, thought Liam. I'm tired, but Richard has an appointment on Saturday. If he doesn't have this diary, he might forget. Tomorrow night, I'm going out for drinks with my friends, so I can't take it tomorrow.

Liam was tired, but he decided to take the diary to Richard's house. He walked back to the Underground station and took the train across London.

I've never been to Notting Hill before, he thought. That area is too expensive for me.

He got off the train at Notting Hill Gate, and went up the stairs. He went outside. The address was Pembridge Square. He looked on his phone. It was not so far from the train station.

I can walk, he thought. He walked down a street called Pembridge Gardens.

Wow, the houses are big, he thought. I'm sure this person is rich.

He walked to Pembridge Square and found the house. The house was tall. It had many floors.

Maybe this house has twenty rooms! he thought. My apartment only has one room. This is like a different world!

He opened the gate and walked up the steps. He rang the bell. There was a camera next to the bell.

"Hello?" said a woman's voice.

“Hello. I found Mr Woking’s diary, so I came to return it,” said Liam.

The woman was quiet.

“Hello?” said Liam. “Can you hear me?”

A few seconds later, the door opened.

Chapter Two

Liam looked at the woman. She was about 50 years old, and she was wearing expensive designer clothes. She had short blonde hair. She looked rich.

“Sorry to bother you,” said Liam. “I found this. Maybe it is your husband’s?”

The woman took the diary and looked at it.

“It is not my husband’s,” she said. “We moved into here about two months ago. This diary belongs to the man who lived here before.”

“Oh, really? Maybe he forgot to update his address in the diary. Do you have his new address? He has an appointment on Saturday.”

“Pardon?” asked the woman.

“He has an appointment on Saturday.”

The woman looked at Liam strangely.

“But that is impossible!” said the woman.

“Why?” asked Liam.

“Because Mr Woking died four months ago!”

-----END OF SAMPLE-----