

Mr. Oliver's Diary – A Worrying Week**DAY 1**

Dear Diary,

Today was catastrophic! Today was the day my greatest fear was realised. Today was the day my darkest secret was unlocked from its chest of privacy, the undoing of everything that I had spent the last 14 years trying to stow away. Make no mistake, this was no precious treasure; more of an inestimable blemish on the face of a carefully crafted existence. I cannot think of a single superlative to describe quite how furious I was, quite how frightened...

Three meddlesome children had somehow figured out that I was a remnant of a tyrannical regime, I was a Left-Over-Nazi, a LON: much more distasteful than any uneaten morsel. How, though? Had I left any clues? I thought I'd covered my tracks well, erased all earlier footprints, bleached my stain from this earth. It was a puzzle, with missing pieces I was yet to find and slot into place.

There were two girls amongst the meddlers: Natalie, a pre-teen, who had recently moved to Norton, with her sinister stare and ash black beady eyes and Lizzie, who seemed to be Natalie's best friend, who possessed the face of an angel, with a halo of honeyed hair that crowned her head. Natalie's brother, Philip completed the trio but there was something about him that did not add up, he was something of an oddity. He was short and so skinny that his bones looked like knives poking out of his bony body. When he needed to move, he limped along, as one leg refused to move, trailing behind the leading leg, as if weighted down. Lank arms languished at his sides, like loose tentacles. More timid than a dormouse, he hid behind cracked glasses that slouched on the tip of his nose.

I was bewildered as to how this three children had uncovered my secret identity, against all the odds. There was no time to waste pondering the point however, I had to get away from their treachery, fast, or risk entrapment in an envelope of doom. Those contemptible children had made me feel like I was being sucked into a cyclone of whirling witchcraft and wizardry, leaving me in a total spin.

DAY 2

Dear Diary

Today I feel extremely ill. I haven't eaten or slept and can't even face a drink, though my palate is parched. I've been holed up in the house, hiding. Staying in my shelter, bunkered up in my base too afraid to emerge onto the battlefields of Norton, I was losing this war.

My friend Hugo, the artist, is staying with me: my most trusted ally in whom I dare not confide. To reveal to Hugo who lies beneath my thick shield of skin would surely kill our coalition.

As the rain pounded on the pavement outside, the cinerous clouds in the sky casted a grey shadow over all under their cover.

DAY 3

Dear Diary,

Today I felt so weak I could barely hold my pen to update this diary! My anxiety was munching me, blocking all my escape routes from Norton. That was until, like a jack in the box, an idea jumped out at me, an idea that once free from its box it was almost impossible to contain and lock away again.

There didn't appear to be anywhere I could shelter from my own shadows anymore, which left me with no other choice. Without anywhere to run or hide, I would have to harm Natalie, Lizzie and Philip! Undoubtedly they would stroll into my fish shop again, before too long and I will enjoy the last laugh.

As the seeds of my idea took root, I just needed to locate some poison, rat poison so that no one would suspect me.

DAY 4

Dear Diary

Early this morning I found some rat poison. Once located, I found myself more than eager to prepare my "specially made" meal for the trios. The last supper! I couldn't help but grin as I imagined I would enjoy the last laugh.

Apprehensively I observed Natalie, Lizzie and Philip enter my fish shop. They had come to taunt me...they couldn't begin to imagine what lay in store for them...I grinned as I imagined having the last laugh. "Afternoon", I snarled, "what would you like?" I found it hard to contain my nerves, my excitement, as my heart began to beat its way out of my chest- like a drum.

"Please can we have a large Cod and chips to share please?" they chorused, singing out, pretending to be innocent.

"Absolutely." I exclaimed! I handed over their "specially made" meal.

DAY 5

Dear Diary

I woke up bright and early to read the local newspaper and grinned as I caught the headline: "Three children die – Police investigate the mysterious deaths".

Suddenly I realised I had to go; make my escape. It was wrong to murder 3 young people, they were just innocent youngsters and I was old enough to know or believe that all my sins would come back to haunt me. It didn't matter to where, I just needed to flee Norton.

With my stomach churning like a cement mixer and my heartbeat accelerating its way to a dangerous conclusion, I flipped the sign to "Closed", locked the shop door and bolted up the stairs to my room to pack. I was in such a rush I had no idea whether the essentials made it into my small case. I darted back down the stairs, two at a time, and said goodbye to the house as I made my bid for freedom, swung open the door and...

There was one policeman and one plainly dressed man at the door. "Morning, you are under arrest for murdering three children at midday yesterday." I gasped in disbelief, horrified. There was certainly no escape plan now. I was ensnared. My sin really did come back to haunt me. More importantly, I was definitely not enjoying the last laugh...