

The Thief

Sections 6 to 10 (as seen on the video)

Fiercely, with my grip on his arm still tight, I snarled through greeted teeth, "Empty your pockets!"

Rolling his eyes, the boy reluctantly empties his pockets one by one. There was an array objects. My objects.

My heart skipped. Amongst the array of stolen items, I recognised a ghost from the past. A notebook that I knew only too well. A notebook that I hadn't seen for some time. A notebook that bought back the memories.

Reaching forwards with more speed than I thought I had, I grabbed the notebook scattering more of the objects on the floor and causing the thief to reach out vainly in protest. Urgently, I flicked through the pages. I needed to know it really was my notebook.

As I moved through the pages, my eyes rested on a true ghost: a hand-drawn figure which was in a sitting position. My breath quickened and I felt the world swallow me up. How had this boy got the notebook?