

CHAPTER 1:

“No way,” Clera cried.

“Yes way,” her father replied.

“There’s no need to argue this, Clera,” Jordan said without looking up from his Nintendo Switch. “Dad’s made up his mind. We’re going on Monday.”

“Jordan, leave her alone,” their dad started. “And Clera, we are moving to this house and that’s final.” He stormed out of the kitchen, leaving the room in silence.

Clera and her family lived in an old-fashioned terraced house in WhiteHawk, Brighton. It had old wooden floors that creaked, an avocado-coloured bathroom suite from the 1980s, and leaky stained ceilings that no amount of paint or plumbing could fix. The family had received a £300,000 insurance pay-out after their mother’s death and this had presented a golden opportunity to move out of the wreck they lived in. Their father; Nick, had rented a nice bungalow in Drayton Portsmouth which despite being a jump in location, was also an opportunity for a fresh start for the family’s less than ideal life.

Clera, however, wasn’t very supportive of the idea, as she viewed their house as a little memory of her mother. She looked over at the now empty cooker where she could almost see her mum busy as a bee with the Sunday roast, dancing to her Michael Jackson playlist. It just didn’t make sense to Clera why her dad would want to leave their home behind. This was one of the few connections the family had to her. They hardly had any photos even as she had always been very camera shy. Tears began dripping down Clera’s cheeks and she tried to wipe them off with the sleeves of her sweater.

Whilst this happened, Susie walked in. “What’s up with her?” she asked.

Jordan finally looked away from his switch to the sight of his sister sobbing like a baby. Before he could ask any questions, Clera walked out of the kitchen without looking back.

“Is anyone going to explain to me what’s going on?” Susie asked.

Jordan sighed. “I should probably go talk to her.” He got off the counter, left his switch behind and followed his sister.

“Or just ignore me I guess,” Susie said.

Jordan had straight ginger hair, and like Clera, had some acne on his face. The main difference between the siblings was Clera’s long hair and bangs which she used to try and hide as much acne as possible. Susie on the other hand, had a medium bob hairstyle with dimples that seemed present most of the time as she was prone to smiling a lot. Though for rather mischievous reasons.

Upstairs was quite small, It was a three step hallway with three rooms and a bathroom spread across each end. Clera’s room was above, in the attic but before Jordan could get the ladder down, his dad from behind placed his hand on his son’s shoulders. “Give her some space, She needs time to process things.”

“You’re probably right,” Jordan said before turning to face his dad. “I’ll go pack up in my room.”

Jordan’s room was a bit messy with boxes all over. He was about to pick up from where he had left off when he received a call. “Hey,” Jordan said as he picked the call.

“Dude, I just viewed your story, Are you actually moving to Portsmouth?”

“Yeah! Can you believe the type of house I’m moving into?” Jordan replied happily.

“Plus, I never have to see Mr. Jackman again.”

“Ha! Good for you mate,” He said. “Why are you guys moving anyway? Is it because of your emo sister again?”

“No! also I told you guys to stop calling her that.”

“Yeah, Yeah whatever.” His friend waved off. “But seriously, why are you guys moving?”

Jordan kicked a box by his feet before laying down. “My dad just wants us to move to a place that's, according to him, ‘convenient’,” He replied whilst putting on an “I Quote finger”.

“Hmm! Maybe your dad is just tired of moving your sister to different schools.”

“I don't know mate, I doubt that's the case,” Jordan turned his head to face the window. He could see some of the taller buildings from the high street a few miles ahead. “I'm going to miss Brighton to be honest.”

Meanwhile, Susie went up to Clera's room. Clera's eyes had now gone red and her room was also a bit messy from all of the packing and boxes. She sat on her bed, her knees close to her chest.

Susie's smile disappeared when she saw her sister. “Are you alright?” she asked.

“Yeah, I'm fine,” Clera replied, wiping her tears.

“Doesn't look like it,” Susie said.

Clera sighed. “Susie, please just leave me alone.”

Susie's expression changed. “Well sorry for trying to help, gloom queen, why do you guys always hide things from me? I'm thirteen years old now and I think I have a right to know what's going on sometimes.”

“I'm sorry Susie it's just... you know what? Never mind I have to pack my things maybe later,” Clera said as she got off her bed.

This response angered Susie who tried to calm herself before asking “It’s what, Clera? It’s what?” She started. “First when mum died, you guys kept everything about her death from me like I don’t have the right to know how my own mother died, or what about the argument in the kitchen, I got aired, now you can’t even tell me what’s wrong with you?”

“Susie, please, leave me alone, Stop trying to make this about you.”

“Says the one who’s trying to draw attention to herself by crying alone in her stupid room,” Susie replied, turning to leave.

“You’re just a dumb brat.”

“Better that than an emo cry baby,” Susie called out as she began descending the ladder.

Clera on hearing this, tossed one of the smaller boxes at Susie who dodged it. “Stupid bi...” She calmed herself before standing up to gather her things.

Clera’s room was a narrow space in the attic next to where the family kept their old property. Their mum had asked their dad to help construct wooden walls in a select space up there after Clera had asked for a room separate from her brother. She and Jordan never liked the twin sharing phase. She loved the attic room as she felt closer to the moon and loved writing under its pale light. Though writing with such a dim light wasn’t a bright idea as the straining of her eyes caused her to use glasses.

After she finished packing, she picked up her pocket diary to write whilst playing music on her phone. She was still writing when her music was interrupted by the buzzing of the phone.

She picked it up to see an unknown number. “Hmm, weird,” She thought before picking up. “Hello?”

“Hi, how’s my favorite vampire doing?” The caller sang.

Clera let out a sigh. “Tiffany, you told me to never speak to you again after the group project? Why do you still have my number?”

She was about to hang up the call when Tiffany quickly cut in. “I heard you're moving from Brighton.”

Clera returned the phone to her ear. “So?”

“Yikes, School number three for you.”

“Go to hell,” Clera replied.

“Woah, take it easy soul snatcher,” Tiffany started. “With an attitude like that you’re definitely not ending at three if we’re being real.”

Clera rolled her eyes again. “Congratulations you’ve made fun of me, are you satisfied?”

Tiffany giggled at the anger in Clera’s voice. “It’s funny how little it takes to get under your skin,” she said. “Anyways just wanted to say, wishing you the best, it’s a hard world out there for emos, bye.” She hung up.

After the call ended, Clera tried to hold back her tears but ultimately failed as she burst into a louder sob.

CHAPTER 2:

The family finally arrived at the house and from the outside alone, it was easy to tell that the house was a huge upgrade from their old one. It was a modernized bungalow with a nicely laid out front porch and high wooden fences surrounding it. A man stood in front of the house awaiting the family's arrival. He had short balding white hair and wore a brown buttoned top that flowed well with his dark skin and ash trousers. Once their dad had parked, everyone came out of the car stretching their limbs as the orange evening sun poured on them.

"Hiya, I'm guessing you're Mr Nicholas Wittens," He greeted approaching their father. "Long drive?"

"You can't even imagine," Nick replied as he closed his car door.

"Innit?" the man laughed off. "Shall we?" He requested, giving way for the family.

After the tour, the man waved them goodbye and left. The family then began to put their things into the house. The house was a rather spacious bungalow with a nice Porcelain tiled patio leading to the grassy beautiful garden at the back. In the house, was first the spacious and well-designed living room. Behind the living room was the door to the basement and by the side of the living room was the entrance to a hallway that led to the kitchen and the rooms.

Jordan and Susie were amazed at the wonderful condition of their new home, whereas Clera was distant. She had sulked all journey and all of Jordan's prior attempts to talk with her were met with sass or aggression. "It was a bad idea to move" her mind had already been made up.

Clera entered her new room and looked round at what was essentially her life going forward. It was more spacious than her old attic room and the window was away from the bed

that sat opposite the center of the wall, making her moon writing sessions difficult. On both sides of her bed were two wardrobes and opposite said bed was a mirror hung over a cupboard. The walls, like most of the house, had vibrant white paintings standing over the soft fluffy rug.

It was objectively a nice room, but it wasn't enough to wipe her anger away. She closed the door behind her before slamming her bag on the bed in rage. That was all she could do in this situation, rage. She sat to cry at the foot of her bed when she heard a knock from inside the wardrobe to her right. Startled, she turned to face the direction of the knock.

“Is someone there?” She asked.

There was no reply. Clera sighed and made her way to the closet. As soon as she touched the knob, Jordan came in. “Dad wants us to help get some stuff in.”

Clera looked back at the closet then at Jordan before replying “Yeah sure, I'm coming,” she said before Jordan left. She looked back at the closet and pulled it open. Nothing. Weird but she shrugged it off and left her new bedroom to help her family. The rest of the settling in process went smoothly.

Later that evening, Mr Wittens had ordered Dominoes to celebrate the new home with his family. They sat at the dining table chatting and eating when Clera came in. She wore black pyjamas and had her hair in a ponytail as opposed to her family who were all still dressed in the casual wear they arrived in.

On seeing her Nick called out to his daughter. “Clera, I'm guessing you're hungry, do you want a slice of pizza?”

Clera shook her head in response before opening the fridge. She grabbed a sandwich, popped it in the microwave and began making herself a glass of orange squash. There was a brief moment of silence before Nick sighed and rested his palm on his face.

“Drama queen,” Susie muttered.

Jordan nudged his little sister immediately after. “Behave.”

“Well can she stop acting like a baby then?” Susie asked. “I’m starting to question who’s the little sister here.”

“Susie that’s enough,” Nick said with his palm still on his face. “Clera if you want to eat somewhere else that’s fine, just don’t forget to bring the plate back to the kitchen.”

Clera shot Susie a dirty look before grabbing her sandwich from the microwave to leave. “Bitch!” She muttered to herself.

There was another brief silence and before anyone could break the ice, the lights began flickering.

“For fuck sake,” Nick whispered.

“It’s probably not screwed in correctly,” Jordan said looking up at the light.

“Wow, so smart,” Susie replied.

“Shut up.”

Nick got off his seat and pushed the pizza boxes aside. “I’ll screw it back in, Susie, can you turn the light off please?”

Susie left for the light switch at the entrance of the kitchen but before she flicked it, she saw from her peripheral vision what appeared to be a silhouette of someone in the corridor. She turned completely to the area but there was no one there.

“Susie,” Her father called from on top of the table.

SID: 2187752

She snapped out of her little trance and turned off the light. Jordan turned on his phone's torch, using the light to help his father see what he was doing. "You can turn it back on now," Nick said.

Susie turned the light back on, and the flickering had finally stopped to the relief of everyone. "Wow, Crazy how that happened after Clera came in," Susie said.

"Susan," Nick called.

"Ugh! Sorry," she replied.

[2250 words]