

This is a true story. The story I'm going to tell you could be anybody's story. It happened right here in the one place you should always feel safe. A lot of terrible things happened here within these walls. In a lot of horrible ways. Things that shouldn't - by a lot of people who should have known better.

My story isn't on the news, so don't bother looking. All those people who were meant to protect kids like me didn't, and because they knew they'd get into trouble, they tried to cover up everything that happened. But if you come here, to Metchley Towers, everyone will tell you the same thing - they'll tell you exactly what happened, just like I am now.

It began on a Thursday. Not with a cry or a shout, but with a phone call to the police.

Chapter one

"aaa, police emergency," the female voice spoke calmly into her headset.

"I... I need help; he... he... he is dead," the young voice stuttered.

Chapter two

"What has happened?" Detective Inspector Brown questioned, stepping out of his car and into the rain. Mayhem playing across the local London estate, which was swimming with police cars. Their flashing lights setting the winter darkness ablaze with blue light.

"I don't know, but I've been told it's a real mess in there." Detective Constable Jones explained, walking over to Brown. "They found him lying on the living room floor – it looks like he's taken a right beating." Jones, the newest member of the Criminal Investigation team continued, as he led Brown towards the imposing tower block of flats.

"Time of death?" Brown questioned, walking towards the door of the tower block, the access door held open by a police officer. The concrete floor of the entrance littered with black boots of police officers talking amongst themselves, as they compared notes from the small notebooks they held in their hands; the foyer just as chaotic as the scene outside, as Brown made his way over to the two elevators standing on the back wall.

"The pathologist is looking at the body now. Preliminary report suggests the time of death as being between six and eight hours ago." Jones answered pressing the call button for the elevator.

"Possible suspects?" Brown enquired, turning his attention to his watch and noting the twenty third hour it was showing as he stepped into the elevator.

"So far, no one other than the girl who made the call." Jones answered pressing the button for the fifteenth floor.

"Remind me, what time did the call come in?" Brown enquired with interest.

"Hmm..." Jones fell silent as he pulled his small notebook from his trouser pocket and began to quickly thumb through the pages until he found the information he needed. "The call was logged by the possible suspect at nine forty-seven." Jones answered, closing his notebook and looking upon the intrigued expression suddenly covering Brown's face.

"Where is she now?" Brown questioned, looking at the young Detective in interest.

"She's with Emma at the station."