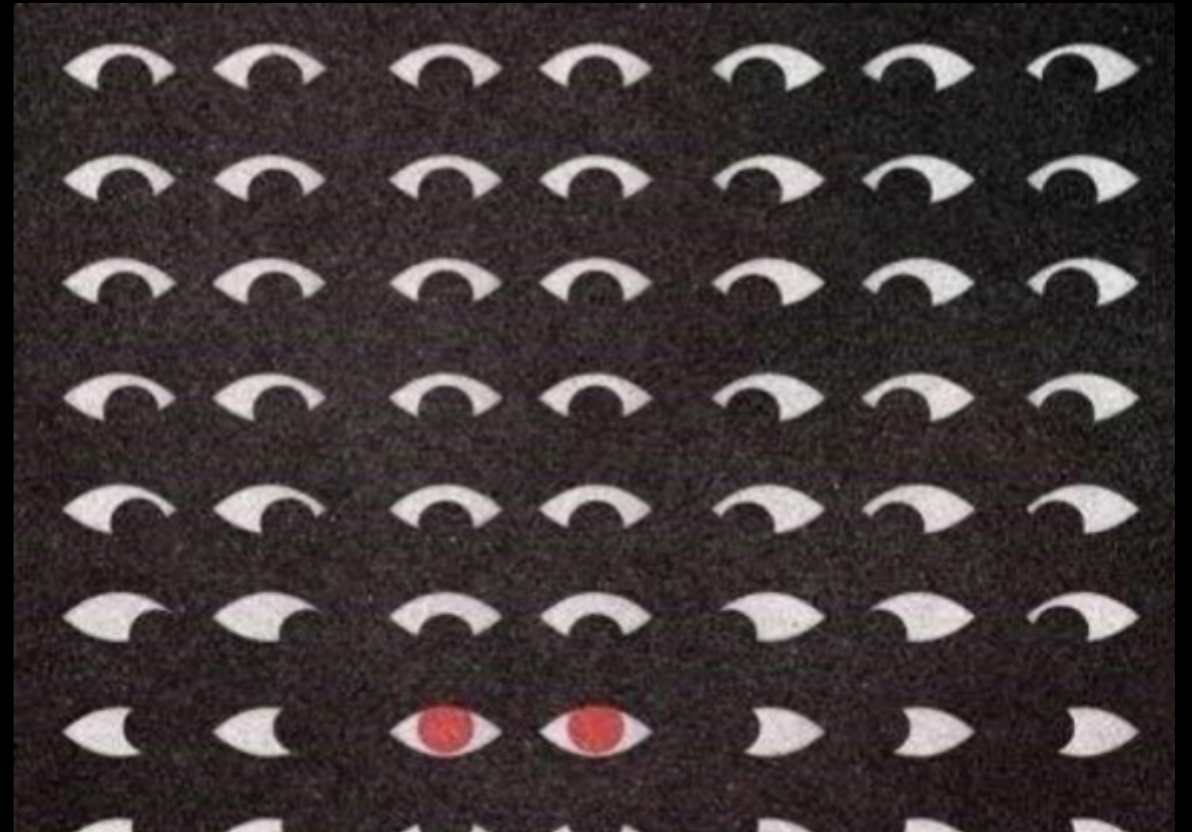


# All Eyes Are On Me...

Zahra Kafian



Published by Saronti Ltd

Facilitated by Clare Ford at the Switched On Academy

# All Eyes Are On Me...

To my Mom, Dad, Brother, Friends, and Clare for helping me  
write this story and supporting me on the way.

Written & illustrated by

**Zahra Kafian**

**Aged 14**

## *Characters*

Jane- main character

John - Jane's cousin

Aunt May- Jane's evil aunt

Mario- a friend that is on the cruise

Valentina- Mario's younger step sister

Mr Russo- Mario's father (billionaire)

Stella- Mario's girlfriend (successful author)

Luigi- Mario's little brother (self made billionaire)

Angela- Rosa's twin and Mario's sister (self made billionaires owning a make-up company)

Rosa- Angela's twin and Mario's sister (self made billionaires owning a make-up company)

Ginna- Mario's cousin (olympic athlete)

Francesco- Mario's cousin (investigator)

Grandpa Jones- Jane's grandpa

## *Chapter 1:*

### *Jane*

*23:49 Monday.*

*The street filled with silence, nothing to hear but a ripple of rain. The silence was piercing like a knife cutting into the centre of a cake. Not a sound could be heard on this deserted road. Jane Road. The sky was as dark as black ink. The silence was so loud it made your ears ring. The stars glistened in the rays of the moonlight and gazed down at house number 11 in despair.*

*What had happened?*

*Funnily, I am the girl who lives in number 11. My name is Jane, and I was named after the road. I never knew my parents and I live with my Aunt May and Cousin John. I am currently talking to an investigator who thinks I am a murder suspect. So now I'm going to explain everything to you.*

*Jane*

Jane is a 19 year old girl who loves painting. She paints whatever makes her happy on sunny days, rainy days and everything-in-between days. Today happens to be a sunny day.

Jane also likes jogging and feeling the emerald green grass stroking her legs in a gust of wind, as the sunlight beams onto her face. She has a golden retriever, Lola, who likes to drag Jane on a run when there is nothing to be seen in the sky but an ocean of sapphire blue.

She has brunette hair with eye colour in perfect proportion between yellow and blue, with a splint of hazelnut and jade in the middle, skin as pale as paper and can usually be seen wearing her long, gold chain with a cross embroidered with thorns on it.

Her life has always been as light as a ray of sunshine - until it all went downhill.

Jane studies medicine at King's College, and has always loved her small town even though it's very religious; however people have never liked her, they always thought she was the cause of the town's unhappiness or the town's curse, ever since she was suspected of Grandpa Jones' death.

They say there has always been a trail of sadness following her.

People liked to call Jane the town's misery or even the town's curse.

Jane and her cousin, John, grew up as best friends in the haunting atmosphere of their bleak house, where her Aunt would constantly treat her differently. Jane grew up with dyslexia, making Aunt May hate her even more and separating her from John like that is an infectious disease.

Not only that but the 'popular' school children never made it easy for her; although she was dyslexic she was still one of the smartest in her year making everyone including Aunt May despise her even more.

The worst part was that she had never done anything wrong or ever been guilty of anything. Jane believed that the reason for Aunt May's hatred towards her was because of her hatred towards her Mum, or Aunt May's sister, Margo. Aunt May would continue talking for days about Margo and how she could have been more successful than her but never explained why.

Growing up, Jane would always isolate herself from her family or would sleep in the shed and consider it her own little cosy space.

Jane had never seen her Aunt's sympathetic side - until today.

A great, dark cloud scattered across the sky.

"Jane"! Aunt May shrieked.

"Jane if you don't get here right now I..." She continued in an irritated tone.

Jane was tired of doing the same thing day after day, and being treated so badly; she just wanted a fresh start but she was unprepared for what was coming.

"John has caught the new virus Covid-19. I'm afraid that I will have to send you to my friend's cruise party **on your own**, and you must be there by tomorrow," stated Aunt May.

Suddenly, Jane felt shudders down her spine as her Aunt showed a small smirk. Could this have been one of her Aunt's futile plans? But why was she scared? She thought this was an opportunity to escape her crazy household but she wondered why her Aunt would pick her of all people?

Without giving it a lot of thought, she packed some decent-looking clothes (in her opinion they were decent but really they looked like they were picked out of the garbage bin), her diary, toast full of Philadelphia cheese, and set off at 6.00 am the next morning for a very long journey.

## *Chapter 2 :*

### *The Mystery*

Jane anxiously set off on her new adventure. She was going to Heathrow airport to get to Portugal and then drive from there to Porto where she would be boarding the cruise. She thought it was the start she needed and set off in a black taxi.

The fluorescent rays of the sunrise filled her with warmth. Dainty candy floss clouds drifted across the golden sky. Pink and wispy, you could almost taste them like they're melting in your mouth. Further on, the clouds changed to ombre, shimmering blue.

Nibbling her toast with Philadelphia cheese, she started to feel weird. Had her Aunt done this to get rid of her? What if the ride was a trap? What if it wasn't a cruise from Portugal to Italy?

It was happening again. Despite the beautiful morning, she was having an anxiety attack. As she breathed heavily she clutched one hand onto her religious necklace and the other onto her diary as she quickly opened it. (Most anxiety attacks almost feel like a heart attack and they are caused by build-ups of stress which is then realised in an anxiety attack).

7.03 am Tuesday

Dear Diary,

*This is the only thing I can do to distract me from my anxiety attack but I feel a bit uneasy about this trip. So far it has taken an hour to get to the airport but that's not why I feel weirded out. My Aunt's behaviour has been different, as if she's had enough of me and despises me. I don't know why she would ever send me on this trip, especially since John didn't look too sick and I know John when he's feeling sick and uneasy and this wasn't the feeling.*

*Aunt May grinned and almost smirked when I agreed to go which made me think that maybe this is a trap. She's been keeping her distance from me but the worst thing is I overheard her talking to someone a week ago telling them they can sell MY house as I won't be needing it anymore - WHY would she do that? I don't know what to expect and I'm already at the airport now and I will be going on the aeroplane soon.*

*Wish me luck.*

*Jane.*

After the taxi ride, Jane decided that she would try very hard not to get caught up in this game of charades with her Aunt May as she boarded the flight.

"Ladies and gentlemen, all cellular telephones and other portable electronic devices, such as CD players and laptop computers, must be turned off and set on flight mode for departure. Thank you."

Hearing that, she had nothing else to do but have a nap. After waking up from the short nap the 'seat belt sign' was grey meaning she could take her seatbelt off. On her way to the toilet, she bumped into someone's chest. She wondered if she had just bumped into a rock as she almost got a concussion. She looked up to see a very handsome man that looked as if he knew her.

"I am assuming you are Jane," he hesitated. "Am I mistaken?"

She looked at him in pure shock as she could feel her skin turning paper white.

"Who are you and how do you know m-..." her words were cut off as he gently whispered,

"I am your Aunt's friend, Mario and I know you because-..."

His words tailed off as he was distracted by a passenger in the seat along from him.

"Jane, I will see you on the cruise. You can use my ride when we land or make your own way." Mario replied.

Before she could comment, she saw someone coughing in the crowd. Mario's skin became pale and sprinted to the person. Jane hurried over to the young girl, who was choking, and her cheeks were turning red as she was struggling to breathe. Jane realised what was going on. The girl was having an allergic reaction. Jane grabbed her Epipen from her bag and handed it to Mario and he stabbed it into her leg.

It turned out the girl was Mario's little sister, Valentina who was allergic to nuts and shellfish. Valentina was having an allergic reaction to the nut sauce poured into her dessert. What was strange was that nobody else on the plane had that peanut sauce and the cooks didn't know how it got there. Jane tried to ignore the nagging feeling at the back of her mind.

Valentina needed a bit of help walking as she was still feeling a little faint so Jane offered to help her. Stepping out of the plane, Jane saw a limo waiting nearby. As they opened the door, she caught a glimpse of the satin and silk clothes; the plush, crimson cushions, and the finest leather

seating. Perched on the side of the limo was the finest wine bottle in the industry.

Jane tried to take in the miracle she was living in. Both Mario and Valentina grinned in a friendly way as they let Jane into their limo and they set off for a 2 and ½ hours journey to Porto to join the cruise ship.



## Chapter 3:

### The Ride

11.38 am Tuesday

*On our journey, I learned a lot about Mario and Valentina. They are Italian without an accent and became rich ever since their dad's tech company became famous. Mario said something that caught my attention.*

*"My mum works in a computer store, I believe that's also where my mum met yours." However, I found this a bit strange since my mum never worked in a computer shop or tech shop for that matter. She was never really good at I.T. Was he lying to me? We still have 11 hours and 38 minutes left until we reach the cruise ship and I'm already exhausted. Everyone here is acting strangely. For example, Mario's accent has been changing since we met. Something feels off. Should I have come? I hope the cruise is worth the trip.*

Jane

As hours passed by in the fancy limo of theirs she wondered about everyone's relationships and personalities and thought this was the best time to get to know them.

She researched their family on her phone only to find that they were a part of the Russo family. The Russo family was known for their very famous inheritance and luck. It turns out that they had 6 siblings, one of whom went missing or was presumed kidnapped 5 years ago. The missing daughter was going to inherit all the money and company, but once she went missing, everything was inherited by Mario, Mr Russo's eldest son.

Apparently, Valentina was adopted which is probably why she was quite distant from them. She went on their Instagram page. Her memory was drowsy but she didn't know why one of the pictures was so familiar. It was a picture of the family standing in front of their fancy mansion three days before the girl went missing. The post was taken on the 2nd of October 2006.

She decided to talk to Mario to get to know him better.

"Soo-... Mario, where do you live?" she asked.

"Excuse me and why would you want to know that?"

She thought he looked very scared and tense.

"Calm down, it was just a polite question," she sighed.

"Look I don't know anything about you and you just invited me on a ride with you and your sister the least you can tell me is about your past!".

He suddenly stood up. "Fancy a coffee?"

She felt it was a bit out of the blue but she needed some caffeine to lighten up her day; however a couple of minutes after she drank it she felt woozy and before she knew it, everything went black.

## *Chapter 4:*

### *The Cruise*

By the time she woke up, they had already arrived and boarded the boat, and she had a vivid memory of what must have happened. He must have spiked her coffee, causing her to become unconscious and, by the looks of it, for a very long time.

When she came to her senses Mario helped her and acted as if nothing had happened, and she was amazed to see the sight in front of her.

She was on a massive, mansion-sized liner with the most luxurious side lighting and the pool looked crystal clean. She couldn't believe this was her accommodation for the next two and a half days.

Almost half of the world's royalty was onboard, dazzling in beautiful clothes.

"Let me introduce you to my family," suggested Mario.

First Mario introduced her to his twin sisters, Rosa and Angela who are self-made billionaires, and owners of a makeup company; next, his cousin Francesco who is an investigator, his other cousin Gianna who is an athlete, his girlfriend Stella who is an author, and last his little brother

Luigi also a self-made billionaire. Rosa was really nice but Jane sensed their personalities changing and minutes later she felt like...

***All eyes were on her***

## *Chapter 5:*

### *The Murder*

Before Jane was sent to her room she saw Stella talking to a man she recognised from earlier, Mario's dad, Mr. Russo. By the looks of it she was trying to give him a letter but he refused to accept it. However, they were speaking as if it was a secret so she didn't think much of it until she heard a scream.

They hadn't set sail for 3 hours of the cruise yet and there was already drama.

"ARE YOU KIDDING?"

Jane left her room furiously, drowsy from her nap, to see who it was but just then she felt nauseous about the situation. Her head started pounding with the flickering lights. Strangely, there was no one in the area to help. Nobody was where the sound was coming from - the same alleyway Stella and Mr. Russo were talking in just a couple of minutes ago.

The pounding became **louder** and **louder** and **louder** and her heart beat faster as she walked nervously towards the cabin that the scream came from and knocked four times.

In the distance, she could see flickering lights and a shadow staring at her and running. She barged into the room... "STELLA?"

This luxurious cruise had just turned into a murder crime scene.

Jane wanted to help Stella but as she did she could see Stella's throat had been slit wide open with what appeared to be a very sharp item. As she tried to stop the bleeding she heard footsteps approaching and she realised people were looking at her covered in Stella's blood, shocked. It dawned on her that they thought she had killed the victim.

***All eyes were on her.***

Things were going to go downhill from here.

## Chapter 6

### *Jane's Mistake*

Jane was in a lot of mess. By the looks of it, everyone suspected that she murdered Stella and they had hired private investigators. Everyone on board the cruise was questioned individually and suspicions lead to Jane.

"WHAT, I ...KILL SOMEONE, ARE YOU KIDDING? I'm not CAPABLE OF THAT AND DON'T EVEN THINK OF TAKING ME TO JAIL." she shrieked in anger.

She had no alibi. She had to prove that someone was setting her up. Luckily the CCTV footage worked and there were a couple of clues left behind; however, this evidence alone wasn't quite enough to prove that it wasn't Jane.

So she was going to carry out some investigations herself. Mario didn't believe she could have done it and neither did Rosa. They suggested she talk to Francisco to help. Suddenly she clocked the fact that she couldn't trust anybody. Anyone of these people could be a murderer.

She went to the crime scene and found some clues that had been overlooked. There was a ripped mask that seemed to be cut by a glass wine bottle, blood, and a ripped-up piece of paper that looked like a note

about who would get the company and all of his legacy that had been signed by Mr Russo himself.

This puzzled Jane as she thought Mario was getting the company. But it turned out she was wrong. But why was Stella murdered? In Stella's jacket was a letter. The ink wasn't too visible but it seemed to be talking about Mario and how he had been visiting Aunt May in disguise. Jane read it with trembling fingers.

*Dear Jamie Russo,*

*Ever since Mario and I moved in together, his behaviour has been temperamental and would change in less than a few seconds. His behaviour is sometimes aggressive and he leaves the house at odd hours. This week I have seen him sneak out of our apartment while he thinks I'm asleep in a house on 'Jane Road' I believe it's called. House number 11. I don't know why but I see messages on his phone now from someone called 'Caudine May'. Can you give this note to his cousin Francisco so I can figure out more?*

*Thank you*

*Stella*

Ever since she stepped foot into this bear trap she has done nothing but brought attention to herself, Jane realised.

"WHAT IS GOING ON? WHAT ARE PEOPLE NOT TELLING ME?" yelled Jane in her head.

A day ago these people didn't even know her but now, they were all talking about her at every opportunity. That night she couldn't get much sleep. The fact that she was under the same roof with some family murderers was too traumatizing for her to process.

Later that evening the detectives came into her room and asked for more clues.

"So Madame ..."

"Oh, call me Jane... Jane Russo." (since she never met her parents she wanted to keep her Uncle's name) she suggested.

"Alright Madame Russo, where were you at the scene of the crime because according to all of my witnesses... they all place you there and believe it is YOU!" he calmly explained in a French accent.

She tried not to sound guilty but it didn't quite seem to work

"I was... drainy, I mean flimsy, I mean thirsty, so I got up to get my water from a long day to recognize ummmm..... It was taken ye..... I mean then I ate and tried to sleep until I heard a scream and I ran to see what had happened, and I saw a masked man that looked similar to a ninja turtle in a suit and... I-" Jane tailed off.

"No I mean what did you see before the murder and where were you during the murder?" the detective asked with a very serious face.

"I was one of the only ones admiring the sunset, I was observing it as I want to be an author one day and write books, in particular, murder mysteries... but I was walking along the deck when I saw Stella talking to Mr. Russo in the alleyway minutes before her death and during her death, I went to her room to see her neck was bleeding and I thought I could have saved her by stopping the bleeding..."

"But Madame you realise you failed terribly and instead got your fingerprints all over the victim; lucky for you we have other clues otherwise you wouldn't even be allowed to give your opinion - you would be charged as guilty straight away and live behind bars your whole life."

"Sorry, sir."

"YOU ARE DISMISSED!" he screeched in his French accent as he slammed the door.

Just then she heard everyone sprinting to hold a family meeting.

Jane didn't see why she shouldn't attend as well.

As she barged in, the whole hall looked at her in shock.

"What is she doing here?" screamed Francisco.

"Wasn't she the one that murdered Stella?" Luigi murmured.

"How did she get on this yacht anyways?" Ginna questioned.

Mr Russo cut in...

"Let's not waste any more time, I have brought you all here today to declare the fate of my wealth. You all know about my cancer, and by the looks of it, I don't have much longer left. My wealth was going to be passed on to my youngest daughter, not Mario -"

(Jane assumed that was the missing sibling as she tried to make sense of the situation.)

"After she went missing, sadly I was going to give my fortune to Valentina, what a sensible girl you are, however..."

As murmuring began to fill the room, Jane looked around quizzically, wondering if she just heard Mr Russo say that his favourite child went missing and that one of this girl's siblings replaced her? The family drama was so deep it was quite enjoyable.

"I would have liked to have given my fortune to Mario; however Valentina has proved herself worthy of my trust. I would like you to sign the form tomorrow evening in my office." he said, glancing over to Valentina.

She could feel the room filling up with hatred in seconds as both Mario and Luigi gave death looks toward each other and their sister Valentina.

## *Chapter 7:*

### *The Signing*

It was the evening when Valentina would sign the agreement; however, as soon as it was time, the cruise ship's power went off. By the time the power was on, nothing had happened.

The treaty was eventually signed, and everyone was happy.

In the celebration, Jane handed everyone a delicious caramel mousse.

Valentina's was specialised as she doesn't like caramel. As everyone took their first scoops of the luscious, indulgent mousse, Valentina looked ill.

She started to cough and that's when Jane realised she had a nut allergy. So Jane rushed to find the EpiPens, but they were nowhere to be seen. Someone had taken all the EpiPens. There was nothing else to do, Valentina's fate was sealed. At that moment she felt **all eyes on her**, watching her again.

#### **Death number two.**

Jane wondered how many deaths it would take to prove her innocence but the thing was, she looked even more guilty now as the deaths started to mount up, with each one pointing to her as the murderer.

As she was walking past Mr. Russo, he smiled the most heartwarming smile, leaving her feeling disconcerted.

It wasn't a normal smile, it was like a smile you would do when you're never going to see someone ever again, which was weird considering everyone thought she was the murderer. Nobody gave her any looks other than a glare.

"I know who you are Jane, you look just like her, I will miss you entirely, just know I love you." Mr. Russo whispered and handed her a bracelet that looked awfully familiar.

As if this wasn't weird enough, a couple of hours later when the ship was near Italy and everyone was finally asleep, the fire alarm started going off.

"WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO GET SOME SLEEP WITHOUT BEING BUGGED BY THIS FAMILY'S DRAMA? WHAT'S GOING ON NOW? IT'S ALMOST LIKE THE UNIVERSE IS TELLING ME NOT TO REST!" Jane screamed in her head.

As they ran out, there was no drill, there was a genuine fire in Ginna's room. THE SHIP WAS IN FLAMES. People jumped in the water as Luigi went to find Ginna, the famous athlete. Luckily she was found alive but a bit hurt. Moments later Jane realised Mr. Russo wasn't in the water either. He was eventually found by the people left onboard, both burned by the fire and stabbed.

As Mario looked over at her in shock, she once again felt an unwelcoming presence as if someone else was watching; however, the worst was yet to come.

It turned out Mr Russo was murdered in a room just one away from Jane's room which could be no coincidence considering everyone thought she was the 'offender' or 'murderer'.

**Three deaths. Three murders.**

## Chapter 8:

### The 4th Death

Jane worried about who the next murder victim would be, would it be Mario or EVEN HER?

Three deaths and still no way of proving that she didn't cause them.

3.38 pm Thursday

Dear Diary

*It has been 2 days since I got here and in that space of time, there have been 3 murders. I can never go back now. I suspect it is Luigi because Mario loved his father, so why would he kill him? I still have to investigate because at the moment they all think I am the murder suspect. I will find this murderer. There is something else. I have been seeing things in my dreams, for example I have been seeing an unusual amount of crows, imagining skulls and in the past week I have been becoming weaker, not to mention the fact*

*that I keep seeing hearses everywhere... I'm scared I'm starting to think this is slightly unusual.*

Jane

As soon as they disembarked and set foot in Rome they were questioned about the murders. Everyone said that they didn't actually see Jane do them, but she happened to be next to the dead body - every single time.

Out of the blue, Rosa asked Jane for a chat. Of course, she agreed. Rosa's facial expressions seemed very deep and serious as she started to speak.

"It's the Olympic match tomorrow and Ginna will be attending. She's on the swimming team and happens to be in Rome. You can come with me but ... are you the murderer, because everyone's saying you are?"

Jane shook her head in denial.

"I've got a suspect that could be guilty of the crimes. However, if it wasn't me, or you, it could be one of the others." Rosa replied.

Jane looked in shock at Rosa, puzzled not by how much information she gave, but by how little.

"I've been living with these people my whole life, I know that Mario isn't capable of these sorts of things - that leaves us with Ginna, or Luigi." replied Rosa.



They checked in at the same motel. Thinking about the murders, Jane still couldn't seem to find a connection. She did the unthinkable and went to talk to Mario.

As she tiptoed nearer to his room, she found herself facing Mario. What was HE DOING OUT OF HIS ROOM AT NIGHT, AND WITH LUIGI?

"Mario, can I speak to you in private?" she whispered.

"No, I'm going out with my friend here Luigi, does that sound familiar to you?" stated Mario.

She hadn't been more confused in her life but for some reason, that statement jogged a distant memory. It was the moment when Jane told Mario that she was going out with her friend and it almost sounded like he was crying. This memory sounded like it was from a while ago.

The time finally came for Ginna's Olympics swimming tournament. Ginna was a swimmer/athlete for as long as Jane could remember and is certainly one of the best. She has a strict schedule, working out a lot throughout the days and maintaining a strict diet in order to be first and win the Olympics swimming tournament.

Ginna asked her coach to get her some water before starting her race.

Out of the corner of her eye, Jane spotted that her coach was pouring some sort of powder into Ginna's drink. She told Rosa this time, and they gazed to see Mario talking with him as well.

"Relax Jane, you're getting paranoid, that's just Ginna's protein powder." exclaimed Rosa.

"But I thought Ginna never uses protein powder, she says she doesn't like the taste," replied Jane.

"I have never seen Ginna use protein powder, why now?" queried Rosa.

She realised how their actions looked a bit secretive.

Ginna had started the match, she was swimming well and as she swam her way to victory, Jane could see the crowd standing and cheering. Ginna finished and grabbed her water bottle, waiting for the final results. As she gulped the water down, Jane sensed her breathing rate speeding up.

"See, she's fine," Rosa whispered.

That was until a couple of minutes later, when Ginna started to feel weak, and fell face first, flat onto the floor. Later, in the hospital, the doctors declared she had died from poisoning.

Shocked, Jane widened her eyes at Rosa (because Jane had this exact hypothesis.)

They looked into each other's eyes with despair.

### **The fourth death.**

That night, as they walked home to the hotel, Jane should have said something along the lines of them being watched or feeling eyes on her but she didn't - there were bigger things to deal with.

## *Chapter 9:*

### *The Clues*

"Jane there's a couple of things I haven't spoken to you about or been honest with you about," Rosa gushed. "Do you remember anything before your car crash? Anything at all, for example, your birthday?"

"No, but my Aunt said my birthday is the 5th of October 2001, and my date of birth is relevant to everything."

She could feel Rosa's mouth widen in a big oh as she stared at her, however, she couldn't quite understand why.

"We can ask Fransisco for help as he does investigating for a living, however your date of birth can't be coincidental to the day my sister disappeared on her fifth birthday. And - no offence - but you look much older than 19."

"Did your parents give you any clues that you may or may not have been adopted?"

"ROSA you're starting to scare me about what's going on?"

Rosa took Jane into the storage room of the motel.

"There is a murderer, Jane, and, in case you hadn't noticed, the murderer is trying to frame YOU for something you are clearly not capable of doing."

Some small, distant part of Jane felt very offended about the fact nobody believed she was strong or intelligent enough to murder people...

"I believe there can only be two people that did it, either Mario or his brother Luigi. Mario is a very overprotective and possessive person and Luigi is quite the opposite; they don't get along most of the time, however Luigi is a good liar, and would leave lots of clues behind as he is lazy. Oh shoot, I forgot my notebook, can you go and quickly fetch it for me?" Rosa suggested.

As she was walking away, Jane suddenly heard a bang, and sprinted to fetch Rosa's notebook. On returning to the storage room, however, her happy expression changed when she saw a bullet plunged into Rosa's crimson-looking heart and the cold body lying lifeless on the floor.

**The 5th murder.**

## *Chapter 10:*

### *The Murders*

Jane found it hard to believe that the murderer was always watching their every move, and was killing people almost carelessly. She read a bit of Rosa's notebook where she had been writing her theories, almost as if she knew she was going to be murdered soon and wanted someone to read them.

Out of 11 people, only 6 stood including herself. She was determined to solve this case before it was too late. The diary suggested keeping a close eye on Mario and especially Luigi as he had a strong past in murdering which is why he went to jail on suspicion of the murder of his wife and was let out after 10 years and managed to become successful even with that. The diary also said Angela was not to be trusted as she has a grudge against people, meaning Fransisco is the only one to talk to.

"Francisco," Jane called. "Are you in there I need-"

She questioned her thoughts and was puzzled to find the door open, unlocked. As she slowly opened it, a feeling of dread crept down her

spine. As Jane was observing what had just happened, Fransisco was sitting in the corner of his room in pure shock.

"WHY IS EVERYONE DYING TONIGHT, AND THE WORST PART IS, I AM ALWAYS A WITNESS OF THE SCENE MAKING ME LOOK EVEN GUILTIER."

Jane grabbed Francesco's leg to find it bleeding - a lot. He, too, had been shot. As she looked around she realised there was broken glass and a bullet hole in the door. She fixed his leg by using a nearby fork to take the bullet out, sewing the deep hole using a travel kit, and putting a cast around it using sheets from the bed.

"What happened, Francesco?"

"I was reading my book on 'murder mystery' and it was talking about how the murderer wanted to kill the girl so badly, he framed her and killed all the people she was close to and...."

As Francesco carried on talking, Jane started to drift off, thinking how the book mirrored her own situation.

Rosa never mentioned anything about Fransisco in her notebook and especially about him being trusted; what if he was the murderer and he was doing this from a book? That's when she looked across the room to find a gun.

He shot himself, she thought to herself, but why would he do that?

"Francisco, can I ask you a truthful question?"

"Of course, what's bugging you?"

"Who is the most likely person in your family to commit murder?"

"Honestly, Luigi is very guilty but I feel like Mario has a better motive. For example, if you think about it, Mario could be doing this because he didn't get dad's company like he was supposed to."

Even if Francisco was the murderer, he seemed to be telling the truth.

Then Jane discovered a secret that changed her opinion of the Russo family.

"Have you heard about the night of the missing Russo sister?" Francisco started...

## *Chapter 11:*

### *The Back Story*

"The night the Russo sister went missing, Mr. Russo said he would pay anything to find out what had happened."

"He ordered a private investigator to discover who kidnapped his favourite child, and they searched the area for hours. The thing that drove him crazy was the fact that the daughter had left her favourite antique bracelet that he had given her. She never let go of the antique treasure, which is how he knew she had been kidnapped." he paused.

"It turned out that Mario had done it all along, and had never told a soul about it, but that is why dad never treated him the same way."

"Wait, how do you know all of this Francisco?"

But just before he could answer the power went off.

"Oh no... it's happening again," he said in a nauseous voice, he almost sounded scared.

"What's happening?"

"If I don't make it out, go straight to Angela" he ordered.

"WHAT THAT'S CRAZY TALK!" Jane screeched.

She didn't know what to think of the situation. Was his story just a joke, or was it realistic? Was it all true?

She couldn't see anything yet, but she heard gunshots and screaming not just from the stars but from her room a bit further away as well.

"Francisco, are you ok?"

There was no response.

The room was pitch black.

When the lights turned back on a few minutes later, it was visible enough to see that Francisco had been murdered, yet again with Jane there as the prime suspect, but this time she felt a bit more confident.

She thought it was Mario.

Using the evidence she had gathered, and Rosa's notebook that had rough notes in it, she listened to Francisco's advice and went straight to Angela.

## *Chapter 12:*

### *The End Is Near*

Jane ran straight to Angela's room. She knocked and waited.

"Hey it's me, Jane, Francisco told me to come here."

As she was waiting she suddenly felt that nauseous, unsafe feeling like someone was watching her, but how, she had watched her every move, there was no way someone could have followed her without her noticing.

The door suddenly flew apart, as Angela brought her into the room.

"Angela you have to know something, Rosa and Francisco are dead. They were both murdered next to me, but I swear I am not the murderer."

"I believe you," Angela replied. "I have always been watching Rosa and at one point she showed me her notebook as if we were sisters. Luigi and Mario have always been acting weird. Ever since our sister disappeared the family has been acting weird. It was all out of the blue." She hesitated before she carried on.

"One day I found both Mario and Luigi missing the day before our sister mysteriously disappeared, and I saw something fall out of their pockets, it was a book about a murder mystery."

"We could do more research on this tomorrow in the library since we are going on a 'tourist trip' around the city," she replied.

And with that, they went to bed.

Waking to a gloomy morning, the two girls skipped into their tour bus and sat down, as she looked to her right she could see Mario and Luigi and they both looked paper white, with dark circles under their eyes, indicating they hadn't had much sleep. She could also see there was a huge purple -bruise on both the men's heads. Jane curiously wondered how both the bruises got there in the space of one night and how there was a blood-like scratch on Luigi's head. Was it a bar fight, was it a fight in general or was it something to do with the murderer? Mario's injury wasn't that clear as it was covered with his hair and a dark velvety cap.

As they got on Jane could once again see the tension between them and how distant they were not even a day ago they were having lots of conversations but clearly, their conversations and interactions with each other had become cold, making Jane feel curious about what had happened between the two. As more time went by the tension between them grew.

Jane and Angela decided to get off and walk to the library where all of the mystery and explanation findings began.

## *Chapter 13*

### *Explanations*

Reaching the library, Jane and Angela knew they didn't have much time to lose before there was another murder.

At first, they looked through books only to find nothing on the situation. So they decided to look for something online on the library computers when they found an old newspaper article on the missing sister. It also mentioned both Mario and Luigi out of all their siblings accused of either murder or abduction. Both were caught and were taken to custody as they were found guilty of causing their sister's disappearance, but they were bailed out by an anonymous person paying £4,000,000 to also completely forget about the situation. So, there were no more news articles about it but there were books, right?

Both of them rummaged through the whole library and in a row they hadn't looked in before, there were two books at the very top. The first one was about Luigi and Mario's plan written by someone that must have been very familiar with the situation to know so many details, but the second one had all the details they needed.

Angela looked in shock as she slowly lifted her nose out of the book.

“The missing locket to the pendant, it had a back to it given by her father, he had it carved and specialised, it was the key to the company that's how he must have known, and that's why he snuck her out it was-”

Before she could continue she fell to the ground as I looked at her silky blond hair embroidered with crimson red. She has been shot in the back of her head. As Jane gazed at the bookshelf she could vaguely see a masked black figure through the gaps in the books. She hurriedly grabbed the book Angela had been reading, the information jolting a familiar memory.

She was sprinting faster than the speed of light as she was motivated to find the killer of 6 people and more to come. She suddenly saw the black figure swerve quickly to the left and as soon as she reached out there was no sight of anybody except a masked figure arguing with Mario. As they were arguing Jane spotted a car.

“Mario there's a car behind you!”

She instantly regretted saying this as just before the car came, Jane's call distracted Mario and unfortunately, he got pushed into the car. He was killed instantly. She stood there to see blood on his nose and head and just then she wanted to vanish. As she looked up she felt **all eyes on her** but the masked figure was no longer there.

At this point in time, Jane had had enough and was going to go to the detectives as she was one hundred percent sure she was not the

murderer and that Luigi was behind it all. She took all the evidence she had and had a discussion with the detective.

As she was explaining how Luigi was the murderer, however, she gasped in shock as he walked into the room.

“Your hypothesis is wrong, Jane. Not only does the evidence prove otherwise, for example, CCTV footage, but your evidence is irrelevant and has flaws in it. Luigi got sick of the trip after getting into a fight with Mario in the first 5 minutes. He came here to find out who killed his cousin Rosa. You were seen with every victim before they were murdered and after they were murdered, this is why we are declaring you Jane Willows under arrest on suspicion of murder.”

As she glanced at Luigi she could see his face was gazing at the file with Mario's name on it. She could tell something was wrong, very wrong, some things he hadn't thought of or suspected yet.

“Jane, where's Angela she was with you when you were going to the library wasn't she?”

“She... she's ummmm ... She went to... yeah she went to go and get a coffee while I was on a computer in the library and I don't know where she's gone.” lied Jane.

What puzzled her was how Luigi knew they were going to the library, but once again Angela could have told Luigi, but that was very unlikely as the two hated each other's guts.

The detective continued speaking about Jane's 'lie'.

"You'll get one day to do what you plead before you are arrested on Sunday at 6.30 pm until then I wish you good luck and preferably I would go and call your family goodbye once and for all".

"WHAT!"

"Jane , you are hoing to be arrested in suspicion of murders." said the detective.

It had looked like she had been waiting to say that ever since she laid eyes on Jane.

"But I haven't done it!"

"There is more than enough proof against you Jane, if I were you, guilty or not, I would give up the act." she replied

She gave up trying to prove her innocence and used the time she had left to ask people about the scene but of anything, Jane should know the most, she was in the presence of half or more than half of the murders, but whatever she did, it lead her back to square one, HERSELF.

She had spent a lot of hours on this case but it was wasted, there was no point, the murderer had to be her.

"DID I MURDER THEM, I CAN'T HAVE I'M NOT THAT CRAZY!"

She spent the remaining time sleeping and writing her last journal entry in her personal diary.

*Sunday 6 am*

*I can't believe it is almost the end, this will be my last diary entry as a free person or even alive once and for all. If anyone ever sees this I never did those murders, I'm crazy when it comes to shopping but I would never manage to kill 7 PEOPLE myself without getting caught. I need to find out who it is but I don't understand what I'm doing wrong. There's something I'm missing that is right under my nose. If anyone gets the chance to find out who did it, give me justice! I thought it was Mario as he seemed very guilty but he's dead, he's gone, it could have only been Luigi and he's been here since this morning. Just a reminder once and for all, I am Jane from Jane Road living with Aunt May and cousin John. If anything AUNT MAY KILLED EVERYONE BECAUSE SHE SENT ME ON THIS 'CRUISE'.*

*I'm going to spend my last hours doing something I love best, shopping, but I will send this exact letter to John as well. I'm going to jail. Goodbye once and for all,*

*Jane*



## *Chapter 14:*

### *The Final Hours*

She spent her last hours eating good meals, spending all her money on Dior makeup, and using her Aunt's credit card on silk clothing and champagne.

She ate as much as she could – plates and plates of Indian spicy food because she wanted to be stuffed before she went to jail and had to eat that awful food.

She hesitated outside the new but abandoned shop in the street. This one felt different, she hadn't noticed it before on their city tour. She stepped into the thrift clothing shop to have a look. As she turned around, she noticed the doors closing and realised there were bigger things to worry about...

"NO"

There he stood. Mario.

"I thought you died as you got run over by a car, how are you here?"

"I never died, I faked my death as you never saw me die, it was all a performance so you wouldn't suspect me, and also I have got unfinished business," he replied with a smirk.

"What do you mean?"

As it all started to fall in place Mario spoke.

"I am the murderer. The first murder was me because Stella knew my secret about visiting your Aunt, Valentina was always Dad's favorite after you went missing, Dad didn't give me the money or the fortune before he died himself, Ginna was a distraction, Rosa knew too much about the secrets, Francisco could have found out or was close to, Angela knew I was the murderer and well you, you were always the one.

I wanted you to feel the pain I did."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"Before your car accident, you used to remember everything. Luigi was the one that ruined our close friendship. We used to do everything together and he always butted in. He turned you against me. Say goodbye to him."

He stabbed Luigi in front of her eyes and she felt a spark of disbelief as her Aunt walked out of the shadows. It was all adding up. All the memories were coming back.

"You... It was you who kidnapped me from dad, it was always you!"

"Jane, you have to understand, I never really liked you or your mother or should I say stepmother, I could have been rich if she didn't take your dad away from me. I paid Mario to kill yo-..."

Just before Aunt May could finish, Mario stabbed her from behind. As she fell to the floor Mario charged at Jane.

"Did everyone know, did they know this all along, did anyone know about me being your sibling, about you killing everyone? WHY did you do this?"

"I was jealous you were going to get everything, you never deserved it."

As he was speaking he showed the back of Rosa's notebook, the one place she never checked, and tore out a page, it had a birth certificate on it and words written on it 'Jane is a part of the Russo family '.

"The day you were talking to Angela in the library she mentioned your necklace and it contained a very tiny key to the company lockers. Everything about the company, I broke it, I needed it, IT BELONGS TO ME NOT YOU!"

Her eyes widened even more as she stared in shock and barely had any time to process what was going on.

He continued...

"However, I've been watching you for 16 years. My **eyes have always been on you**, Jane."

Before she lost all hope she could see a little girl taking her diary, which had fallen out of her bag outside the shop, and hopefully, she would continue the murder story of the cruise.

As he stabbed her, and she drifted away, she was aware that...

**All eyes were on her**

**and**

**always**

**had**

**been.**

We hope that you and your family and friends enjoy the book that you have created.

This project was co-ordinated and facilitated by Clare Ford, Founder of Switched ON! the global online academy which is re-defining education beyond academic success.

Find out more at: [www.switchedonglobal.com](http://www.switchedonglobal.com) and register for your next exciting course.

Publish your book at [www.saronti.com/switchedon](http://www.saronti.com/switchedon)

**Need another copy of this book?  
Go to [www.saronti.com/switchedon](http://www.saronti.com/switchedon)  
Your book reference is Sar2723**

**Do you like to write stories?**

**Ever fancied publishing one of them?**

**It's easy with Saronti.**

Get in touch to find out more about  
our publishing packages for young authors.

[www.saronti.com](http://www.saronti.com)

**saronti**



Sometimes expect the unexpected.

19 year old Jane's life is pretty boring that is until she gets a ticket for the mysterious cruise that changes her life once and for all.

Does she seek the man of her dreams?

Or is this the stuff nightmares are made of?

Read on to find out...