**A return from the past**



**John Green**

Chapter I

A sad evening

Hi, I’m John Green, now I live in London, but before I live in Manchester. I wrote this novel because I wanted to narrate an important fact in my life.

It all began on the 17th of November 1900.

It was a very sad morning in Manchester. That day I got up very early, at the 6.00 a.m. and I was tired. I had a shower and I had a cup of tea and some biscuits for breakfast.

Then I dressed up and I left my home at 7.15 a.m. I wore heavy clothes, because it was very cold.

I thought the day wasn’t happy, in fact the sky was grey and cloudy, the roads were grey and there wasn’t anybody in the Streets.

I walked for about half an hour and at 7.50 I started to work. I was bored during the morning because there wasn’t anything to do in the office.

At 1.00 p.m. I had pasta with tomato sauce for lunch.

The afternoon was more boring than the morning and I wanted to come back home.

At 7.00 o’clock p.m. I finished work and I left the office.

That evening looked fearsome, but I didn’t know why, maybe because there was a lot of windy and it was raining but I continued to walk.

Like every evening when I came back home, I went to my grandmother’s for visit her. I walked for about a quarter an hour when I heard a gunshot. I was scary, so I walked quickly up to my granny’s.

I arrived at my granny’s at 7.17 p.m. I was very scary and nervous. I rang quickly the doorbell, but no one opened the door, so I took the keys and I opened the door.

I was much nervous, because my granny did not open the door; I thought that maybe the gunshot came from my granny’s house.

So I called “Granny! Granny, where are you?”, but my granny did not respond. I looked everywhere in the home, but I did not find her.

So I went to the bed room. When I entered in the room I saw a horrible show. My granny was on the bed, and she was dead. She was assassinated.

Then I see a dark figure exited from the window. He was the killer.

I was very scary and I called immediately the police.

Chapter II

The police

Immediately arrived the police and I was comforted. The policemen asked me some questions and I narrated the event. When I finished to narrate came to me a strange man. He did not look a policeman, in fact he did not have the uniform and he said “Good evening, my name is James Foster and I’m a detective”

Another policeman said “The best UK’s detective!”

And I responded “Please to meet you Mr Foster, I’m John Green and I’m the only nephew of the woman that was assassinated”

I narrated all again to Mr Foster.

After that Mr Foster said “I need more details. Can you describe me the dark figure that you saw earlier?”

And I “I saw it for a moment, however I try to describe its. Well, it looked short and podgy, I think was a man, but I didn’t sure!”

Mr Foster reflected for a minute and he said “Have you got any ideas about the killer? Did your grandmother have any enemies?”

I reflected for a moment and I said “No, I haven’t. I haven’t any ideas about the killer and about my grandmother was a very good person and everybody who knew her liked her. The only person that hated her was my grandfather, but he was died about 37 years ago!”

Mr Foster was pensive, he thought the reason of assassin and when he heard me to tell about my grandfather he said “Are you sure that your grandfather was died?”, “Yes, I am. I’m sure”

Yet Mr Foster that he did not sure said me “How was he died?”

“I don’t remember, when he was died I was three years old, and my parents never tell me about his die”.

Mr Foster asked me hopeful “Have you got any parents here in Manchester that they knew your grandfather?”

And I responded “Of course I have. My mother knew him, he was her father”.

The detective inquired me “Where does your mother live?”

“She lives to the other part of Manchester”

Mr Forester finally said “Well, now is too late to go to your mother’s, so we’ll go tomorrow. It’s better to go to bed and for today don’t think more! Now this security will accompany you to your home and they’ll stay there for protect you. It’s all for today. Good night Mr Green and don’t you worry, we’ll find the killer! It’s a promise!”

“Thank you Mr Foster, I’m agree with you, it’s better to go to bed. See you tomorrow, I believe in you!”

Chapter III

Damon Smith

The day after, Mr Foster came early to me. I dressed up and we left my house and we went to my mum’s. When we arrived, I presented her to Mr Foster. He explained to her the event. My mum got very sad and she became to cry. I tried to console her and then Mr Foster said “I know that this is a horrible moment, but I need your help Ms”

My mum stopped the tears and said “What can I be useful in?”

And Mr Foster “I think that a possible killer of Mrs Kate Smith is your father”

And she “It’s impossible! My dad was died. It’s illogical, Damon Smith, my father was died. I can’t believe in you!”

“Are you sure Ms ... Ehm ... Ms. ... What’s your name Ms?”

“My name is Cecily, Cecily Smith. And Yes, I’m sure that my father was died!”

“Ok, you are sure, but then who may have been? John said to me that your mother, Mrs Kate Smith was a very good person, and that Damon Smith, her husband didn’t get on well with her!”

“I haven’t any ideas about the killer, but a thing is sure, the killer wasn’t my father, he was died”

“That’s ok! However, can you describe his life, maybe I’ll can find a proof”

“Ok. My father, Damon Smith was born on the 17th of November 1820. He was a short, podgy, wicked man. He had brown, short, straight hair, black eyes and a hooked nose. He had a horrible nature, in fact he was moody, short tempered, selfish, perfidious and he didn’t any friends.

When he was a child he was good, but a day when he was 15, he was rejected by a girl, and since this day he became a bad boy, he hated all the people. A day he met my mother and she tried to change him, she loved him and they got married on the 22nd of August 1838 and on the 18th of September 1839 I was born. But day after day my dad got worse, he always went to bar and he returned home drunk. My mum was worried and she tried to help him, but to not avail. He became violent, my mum had lost all hope. She denounced him to police and when the policemen arrived, the evening of the 17th of November 1863, he escaped and the policemen pursued him. They fired to him and even if the shot didn’t appear mortal, he died. It was a sad day that day, he was buried in the Manchester’s cemetery. This is my father’s story and this is the reason because it’s impossible that he was the killer”

“Thank you very much Mrs Smith. Now I must to continue the investigations. You were a great help. Good bye”

“Good bye Mr ... What’s your name?”

“My name is James Foster”

“Good bye Mr Foster, bye John”

And I “Bye mum!”

So I and Mr Foster left the house.

Chapter IV

The police station

When we left my mother’s home Mr Foster and I went into his car. He began to drive and I asked him “Where do we go?”

And the detective “We go to the police station”

I responded uncertain “Why? What do you think to discover?”

“I want to know more about the dead of Mr Smith”

“Do you think he is alive still?”

“Of course, I do”

I was incredulous and appalled and I say “You heard the story that my mother narrated Mr Foster!”

“Yes, I heard, but I don’t believe that he was died!”

“Why Mr Foster? I don’t understand!”

“Because it was a strange dead, do you agree with me John”

“No, I don’t. I think it wasn’t a strange dead, the policemen shot him”

“Now we’ll discover the truth! In 5 minutes we arrive to the police station!”.

Five minutes later we arrived to the police station, we entered and Mr Foster asked where was the commissioner and a short, fat policeman said “He’s in his office, but who are you?”

And Mr Foster responded “I’m James Foster and I’m the detective of the case of Kate Smith’s murder!”

“Oh yes, you are the famous English detective. You come from London, right”

“Yes, you’re right”

The policeman asked me “And you, who are you?”

And I “I’m Kate Smith’s nephew”

“Well, Follow me, let’s go to the commissioner!”

So we went to the commissioner. When we entered in commissioner’s office Mr Foster said “Good morning Mr Mason, I’m James Foster and he is the murderer’s nephew”

“Good morning Mr Foster! What can I help in?”

“I want know more about Damon Smith’s dead”

“I’m in this station for about 10 years, so I didn’t know anything about his dead. Take a minute, I’ll check in the registers”

“Ok, thanks Mr Mason”

A few minutes later the commissioner found the document about Damon Smith and said “the policeman that killed Mr Smith was Mr Gregory Wood”

Mr Foster thought for a moment and after that said “do you know him?”

“No, I don’t.”

In that moment an old policeman affirmed “I know him, he was a brave policeman”, Mr Foster asked to the old policeman “Do you know where he lives”

“Yes, I do. He lives in 22 Gardens Street in Manchester”

Mr Foster that was anxious to go to the policeman said “Thank you very much, good bye!”

So he went out the police station with me, we got in the car and we went before in a restaurant to have lunch and after that we travelled up to Mr Wood’s house.

Chapter V

Gregory Wood: the old policeman

When we arrived to Mr. Wood’s it was 4.00 o’clock p.m. It was a quite big and nice house. Mr Foster rang the doorbell. A few seconds later somebody opened the door. He was an old, thin, tall man; he had white hair and he was good looking. The old man asked “Who are you?”

The detective responded “I’m James Foster and I’m a detective and he is John Green”

“What can I help in?”

“I’m investigated a murder and I need your help”

“Why”

“Are you Mr Gregory Wood, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I am”,

“Well, did you know Mr Damon Smith?”

“Of course, I can’t forget him!”

“Very well, I want to know more about his dead”

“Certainly! Come in, come in”

We entered in the house and we sit on the sofa in the living-room. The old policeman began to narrate “It was the evening of the 17th of November 1863 when the telephone rang. At the phone there was Mrs Katy Smith, Damon Smith’s wife. She denounced him, so I and others two policemen went to Mr Smith’s house. Mr Smith escaped and we chased him. He ran very fast, so we shot to him without hitting him. The pursuit continued. When we were losing the hopes I fired to him three guns; I hit him and he fall. When arrived to him, he was died, but we were uncertain because the guns didn’t looked mortals. I sometimes asked still me, how he was died, the police doctor said the guns didn’t mortals, too. I think that it’ll last mystery! Then a few days later there was the funeral and after that no one tells ever about Damon Smith!”. Mr Foster looked pensive, but proud, too.

So he said “Thank you very much for you help Mr Wood”

“You’re welcome”

So Mr Foster said “Everything is clearer, well now I must to continue to investigate, goodbye and thank you anchors for your help”

I said “Goodbye Mr Wood”

And the old man responded “You’re welcome, goodbye”. After that I and the detective came back to the car and we started. He said to me “For today is all, tomorrow I came to you at 9.00 o’clock”

And I “Where are you going to go?”

“I don’t know where to go yet, but the night will take me advice!”

“Ok, good night Mr Foster, see you tomorrow”

“Good night John!”

Chapter VI

An unpleasant accident

The 19th of November, at 8.00 o’ clock a.m. I heard the doorbell and I opened the door. In front of me there was Mr Foster and I said to him “Good Morning Mr ...”; “Good morning John. Are you ready to start?”

“Yes, of course I am. Well, do you know now where to go”

“Oh yes, at first we are going to the police station for check the verbal about the dead of your grandfather and then we are going to cemetery where was buried him!”

And I “Oh goodness! This story yet?! Are you thinking that my grandfather is alive yet?!”

“Yes, I am. Come on let’s go to the police station!”

Ten minutes later we arrived to the police station. Mr Foster asked to the commissioner if he could check the verbal and the commissioner consented. While Mr Foster were checking the verbal the telephone rang, the commissioner answered and when the phone call finished he looked appalled and he said to us “Mr Foster, Mr Green I have a very bad piece of news!”

And Mr Foster “What’s happened?”

“Mrs Smith was found dead ten minutes ago”

Mr Foster said “We had to go to her house as soon as possible”

And the commissioner “I’m agree with you, let’s take the police car and go to the house”

We take the police car and in ten minutes we were at the house of my mother, I was very sad and I cried. When we entered there were some policemen and the doctor already. I saw my mother’s cadaver on the sofa, I was very scared. The doctor said “The woman was died yesterday evening between the 10.00 and 11.00 p.m. and assassin killed her by a gun. He fired three shots”

And Mr Foster asked “I see well? Did you that he fired three shots?”

And the doctor “Yes, I did”

Mr Foster said to me immediately “Quickly, we had to come back to the police station, Mr Mason, can you take us back to the police station?”

“Of course, but I don’t understand why. However let’s go! Goodbye everybody!”

“Goodbye”

“Good bye”

“Good bye”

“Goodbye”

Chapter VII

The cemetery

We returned to the police station and Mr Foster asked to the commissioner “Have you got two shovels here?”

“Yes, we have. But why do you need them?”
“I don’t want to lose more time, I will explain why after, I promise”

“That’s ok. Here you are the shovels!”

“Thank you very much, good bye Mr Mason!”

“See you later”

And I “See you later Mr Mason”

We entered in Mr Foster’s car and we started. While the detective was driving I asked to him “Why didn’t you say where we’ll going?”

And Mr Foster “Because it isn’t a legal thing, so if I’ll be right, nothing will happen, but if I won’t right there will be lots of problems!”

“Why? What do you mean? Where are we going?”

“We are going to the cemetery like I’ve already said!”

“There is nothing illegal to go to the cemetery!”

“You’re right, but it’s illegal to desecrate a grave!”

“What?!”

“I think your grandfather wasn’t dead and I want to open the tomb and saw if there is your grandfather’s body”

“What the hell ... Are you sure?”
“Yes, I’m sure. Believe me. Give me a chance”

“Ok I’ll follow you”

About five minutes later we arrived to the cemetery, we came to my grandfather’s tomb and we started to dig up to we saw the grave.

I said incredulous “Oh my god! The grave is perforated and there isn’t anybody! So my grandfather wasn’t dead! You were right!”

“Did you see? Well, now we must say that to Mr Mason! Let’s go to the police station”

Then we came back at the police station and Mr Foster narrated everything to Mr Mason that he was looked a little angry and when the story finished exclaimed “Mr Foster do you know that to profane a tomb is a crime?”

“Yes, I do. But it wasn’t the only way!”

“I think you are right. What do you think to do now, Mr Foster?”

“It’s easy, now we have to capture the assassin!”

“Of course, but how?”

“I think that Mr Smith ‘ll try to kill Mr Wood because he captured him”

“You are a genius Mr Foster! We have to advise Mr Wood!”

“No, we will act in secret! I think he’ll hit tonight”

“Ok”

“Well, see you tonight at 8.00 o’clock Mr Mason. I and John ’ll go out and have pasta”

“See you later”

Chapter VIII

The capture

At 8.00 o’clock p.m. I and Mr Foster came back to the police station. There were here Mr Mason and other 6 policemen. So Mr Foster said “Good evening gentlemen, are you ready?”

And the policemen said together “Yes, we are!”

“Very well! Let’s go to Mr Wood’s!”

After that I, Mr Mason, Mr foster and the 6 policemen got in the cars and we went to Mr Wood’s. We stopped the car about a kilometre from the house so as not to suspect. We arrived at the house on foot and we got between the trees because the house was in the land and here we attended the arrival of the assassin. After 2 hours no one was entered in the house and the policemen looked a little exasperated, Mr Foster instead looked hopeful. About at midnight I said a small dark figure that it was entering into the house, from a window. I informed Mr Foster and Mr Mason. So they and the six policemen entered silently into the home, from the window. After a few minutes the policemen, Mr Mason and Mr Foster came back to me with the assassin. So we said hello to Mr Wood and we returned to the police station.

When we arrived to the station I said my grandfather in handcuffs and I was surprised and I said to him “Why grandpa? Why did you do all this? Why did you kill my mum? Why did you kill my granny? Why? How have you reduced? Wasn’t you dead? How did you save you? Why grandpa, I don’t understand!”

And my grandfather answered “Mind you own business, I’ve nothing to explain to you! But remember a thing, one day everyone will pay! So you will pay, too! I have nothing more to said to you! Goodbye John”

Then the policemen took him to jail. I was surprised, incredulous, appalled ... I didn’t know what to say. Mr Foster came to me and he said “My work here is done! It was a pleasure to meet you Mr Green, but now I must leave!”

And I “Oh, I don’t know how to thank you Mr Foster, it was an honour to meet you. You are really the best UK’s detective!”

“Oh thank you Mr Green, goodbye!”

“Goodbye Mr Foster! I will never forget you!”

So Mr Foster left the police station and I returned at home with Mr Mason. I felt a little sad and appalled, but relaxed, too.

Chapter IX

The summary

Today is the 17th of November 1902 and about one year ago my grandfather managed to escape from the jail. From that moment I’ve a lot of fright, I sometimes heard noises during the night and I think he’ll come pick me up. I’m worried. Now it’s midnight and I’m writing the summary of this short story because I think that soon my grandfather will be here. I still remember the words that he told me that day at the police station “One day everyone will pay! So you will pay, too!”. Thus ends my adventure on this planet dominated by hatred and wars. Will love ever win against the hatred? I don’t know, maybe one day, everybody will live together in peace. I’m hearing some noises, it is death that it is coming from me, but I don’t care anymore, I’m waiting for it. Good bye cruel word, I’m John ...