

27 Common Lane,
Familiar Town,
Yorkshire,
S24 9TD.
24th March 2020.

Hi Billy,

I am sorry for not writing sooner. Honestly, I have been meaning to contact you ever since you moved away and I shouldn't have taken so long.

How is your new house? You're probably still getting used to the smaller bedroom. I hope you've managed to unpack everything now. Somewhere nearby, is there a park you're allowed to go to? No way will the equipment be as exciting as where we used to hang out, I bet! At night, when I'm on my own, I keep wondering whether you would've had to move if your mum hadn't found out what we were doing. She said that moving away was for your own good but I don't see how it can be good to make you leave immediately with no explanation. We were so close to the source of the truth too. There's still something strange about that scratching noise, which we kept hearing, coming from the woods.

It's not like we were misbehaving. Maybe curiosity just got the better of us and we should have known better or maybe we really are too mischievous for our own good, like we kept getting told! We were such a great team though you and me. Even if it was you that first suggested exploring near the cemetery, you didn't have to persuade me. I made my own decision so don't blame yourself. I still reckon we'd have been fine if the thunder and lightning hadn't started. Eventually, in the mud and the darkening night, the trail out of that place just seemed to disappear.

We have a new neighbour now. Mum says that the family is a nuisance. I miss you all even that little sister of yours! Please apologise to your mum for everything that happened but don't tell her that I'm definitely still determined to uncover the secret of the hooded gardener and the stolen animals.

Got to go now. Hope we get to see each other again sometime soon. Write back if you can.
From your best mate (forever),
Greg.