25th October 1997

I don’t want to move out from Boston. I like this city and people. But I understand my parents’ decision. My grandparents are in elderly age. Grandmother is sick and she can’t overwork. They need some help at farm. I’ll have to learn how to milk a cow. That will be amusing. I hope everyone get some calm in a cottage house on the farm. My parents need this after this years with me. Ha-ha! I will miss Greg so much. He is such a good friend. I wish that my dance school was near. Probably I will have to forgo dancing. I fear this changes…but I want to look at this with positive attitude! We move to Buffalo Grove tomorrow.

28th October 1997

After a few days finally I have time to write. I didn’t know that relocation is taking a lot of time. I’m already unpacked. Greg helped me. He drove off at 7 p.m. I don’t want to say “goodbye”. I hope we will be in touch. It’s only 350km, right? It’s hard for me because we have known each other since childhood. I have strong connection with him. He is like my brother to me. I’m kind of sad. What if don’t meet anyone nice here?

I have bad feelings about this place. I cannot explain this but sometimes when I woke up in the night I have that feeling like someone is watching me.

29th October 1997

Today was my first day in a new school. It was not so bad. First, I was so stressful about how my new classmates will react at me. I was so nervous that I forgot my money for lunch. But one of girls, who called Alice bought me food. I was grateful because I was starving. She was talking so much. Alice told me that she had lived there for 13 ­­­years. She moved here when she was 3 old. She seemed to me sociable, funny and crazy. She is also addicted to “Oasis” – so I liked her even more! Ha-ha. I told her that I’m planning to paint walls in my room. Alice told me that she would help me with pleasure. It was nice of her. Next Thursday we are going to shopping.

4th November 1997

I don’t sleep well. I have weird dreams all the time. Since I came here I have dreamt about a girl. She is dancing in a forest. In the background, I see a man who is standing and looking at her. But I can’t see his face. The face is always blurred. While the woman is dancing her face is changing. She becomes someone else – a different person. And then I see blood at the man’s hands. I want to do something but I can’t move or speak. Next, what I remember was that I woke up.

Alice told me that I shouldn’t worry about this – “This is probably only your imagination”. Maybe she is right. It’s only a dream.

By the way, I think I liked this place more. Everything is going well for now. After school I help my mum in the garden. Later I spend my free time with Alice. I teach her how to dance “Zumba”. That looks funny. Alice you’re the best at this! I called Greg. He told me that he is fond of his girlfriend. This shocked me. I can’t wait to meet her. Grandparents are also happy. I regret that I visit them so rarely. They are lovely. I’m happy that we have better connection now.

6th November 1997

Alice has a common cold. I had to go alone to the shop. I chose colour for my walls - I think blue is the best.

I met Derek. He is a shop-assistant. He looks like he was at my age. We go to the same school. He told me that he can help me with paintings. I agreed. Maybe with his help it will be faster. He seems friendly. We talked well. I want to know him more.

7th November 1997

We were preparing room for painting, when I noticed that one of boards at the floor creaked. I wanted to fix it but then I discovered something. Under the board there was a little box. The box looked old. Inside I found a necklace, a picture of woman, a piece of canvas and brooch. I looked at the photo. I know that girl. She appeared in my dreams. I couldn’t believe it. Why was I dreaming about her? Who is she? Who left these things here and why? Everything was getting more and more mysterious. That day I knew that my dreams and strange noises weren’t accidental. I need a solution.

8th November 1997

I asked my grandfather if he maybe knows who that girl could be or why this box was there. He said “I don’t know”. Grandfather said I should try to get more information in the corner shop. The shop owner – Mr. Tredson studied history. He knows local history very well. He is interested in Buffalo Grove history. I’m going to see him tomorrow with Alice and Derek. I felt like Sherlock Holmes.

Meanwhile I was trying to find some information about this stuff on the web. All I know – this necklace and brooch were produced in 20th century. I hoped to find something about the brooch and inscription at it. I think that it can be the name of a company.

10th November 1997

We met Mr Tredson today. Finally I have more news. Mr. Tredson told me that the inscription at the broche is a name of a doll shop. The shop was established in 1905 and belonged to a local, rich man. But in 1929 the shop was sold and changed its name. Now there still is a shop with dolls. We decided to go there.

Derek said that I’m freaking out. He is thinking that I should leave this because we are talking about this all the time. He got mad. Alice agreed with him. But they must understand – this is important to me. I’m actually disappointed. Why they are not curious about what happened? When everything is over we will live a normal live. I promise.

13th November 1997

A strange noise woke up me at night. I couldn’t sleep so I decided to go for some water.

Again I heard a weird noise. I looked out of the window and I saw a woman with brown hair in white pyjamas. I was so scared. I started screaming. Next I passed out. I don’t remember what happened after that. My mum wanted me to stay in bed. She was worried about my screams. But I convinced her that I’m fine.

We drove to the doll shop after dinner. Alice and Derek despite the last argument decided to help me. But unfortunately the shop was closed. Someone who was passing next to us told us that the shop bankrupted but we can buy dolls at the local market. There was still hope. We were so close to discovering the secret. Alice and Derek want to let go – but I don’t. I hate failures. I know that vision won’t leave me if I don’t do something.

18th November 1997

Alice told me that the woman in the window wasn’t real. She told me about her plan. My friend wanted to scare me. That was so stupid. She thought that I would leave this case. I forgave her. Alice is a good person. She invited me to a concert of “Teras For Fears”. She had four tickets. Greg will drive with us. Maybe this is not a bad idea. We need some fun.

20th November 1997

I’m back to this case. Tomorrow we will drive to the local market. I hope we will meet the former owner of this shop.

21th November 1997

The whole truth came out.

30th November 1997

A few days passed. I had to rest. The true is so violent. That history and this woman… This must be a different story.

At th local market I quickly noticed a stand with dolls. I noticed also that at one of the dolls I saw the same piece of canvas dress, indicial necklace and brooch. I showed the owner this stuff and then I met there a man who know the full story – he was the ancestor of Frederic Scheez.

He told us a story about a rich, old man who murdered a woman. Frederic Scheez was the most popular toymaker in 20th century. He made toys for the richest people. Frederic loved his job especially making dolls. His mother always collected them. When she died, he became insane. Scheez gave women poisons and next with manipulation told them to wear doll clothes and make up. When he felt bored he killed them. He never gave them chance to live. For commemoration of his victims he made dolls that looked identical as his victims.

The woman in my dreams was one of his victims. I found the box in my room because she lived in this house. Probably Scheez wanted to left something else or maybe someone else who knew her. This will remain secret.

My bad dreams left me. That’s only one good thing in this.