

Become the writer: sequel of *'to kill a mocking bird'* by Emily Fudge.

Staring out of the train's dusty window, I anticipated seeing the old Maycomb sign. Once I saw it, I'd made my way home.

As I stepped off the rusty carriage, Atticus was waiting for my arrival. He looked as smartly dressed as ever, wearing his leather shoes, suit, and tie all neatly together along with his waist coat. The only difference, apart from the head of grey hair, he had no shiny pocket watch... I remembered Atticus had given it to Jem on his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday like he had promised 16 years ago when Jem was only 13. Or was he 12?

We greeted each other with a long hug. 'Jean Louise, it's been too long since you were last in Maycomb' said Atticus softly in a way that made it seem like I was home once more, reading with him like I used to.

'I know, I've missed it'

'is it just you?' he questioned 'how are Dill and Alexandra?'

'They're great, they stayed home in Mississippi' I wished I brought them with me to see Atticus, he hasn't seen Alexandra since he visited me 4 years ago when she was born'.

'how have you been Atticus, you know, since aunt Alexandra died?' even though we had our differences. I missed her. I have a lot these past six years.

'I'm doing ok, I visit her grave once a week.' He looked ok even though deeply he wasn't. 'I see you're wearing your mother's pearls'.

'yes, I never go a day without them'

'I'm glad. Well, let's go home, the house is still the same.'

Atticus helped me with my belongings into his car and he set off. So many memories came back to me. The courthouse, where Atticus had once nobly defended Tom Robinson a black man, still stood tall with the flag high above us waving at me calmly. Past the old post office where people were sending cards and gifts for loved ones. Around the corner by Cecil Jacobs' house when he lived here. I remembered all the times he annoyed me, but now they all seemed silly. By now I could clearly see everything and everywhere Jem and I had adventured. Miss Maudie's home, looking happily decorated with a hundred Azaleas surrounding the porch and fences. Miss Stephanie was still sat on her porch gossiping away, but only now the people around her were unknown to me. Mrs Dubose's home we had once read to her in was occupied by a handsome couple and a young girl who reminded me of myself with my short hair and overalls. Then Mrs Rachel's front yard where Dill would once have sat waiting patiently with a new story to tell us. I still love them to this day, with wild adventures and fantastic characters.