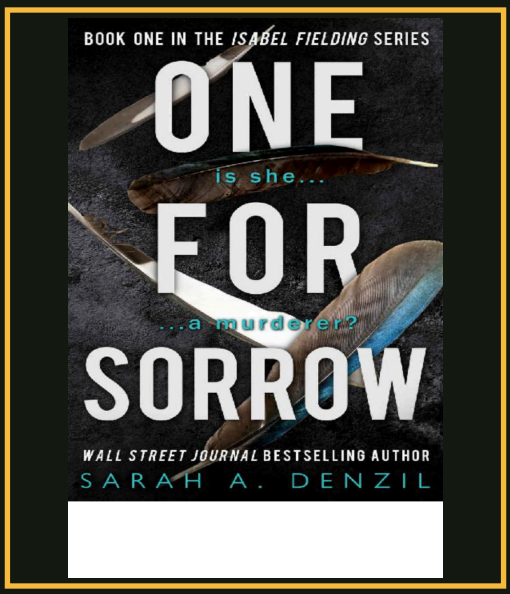
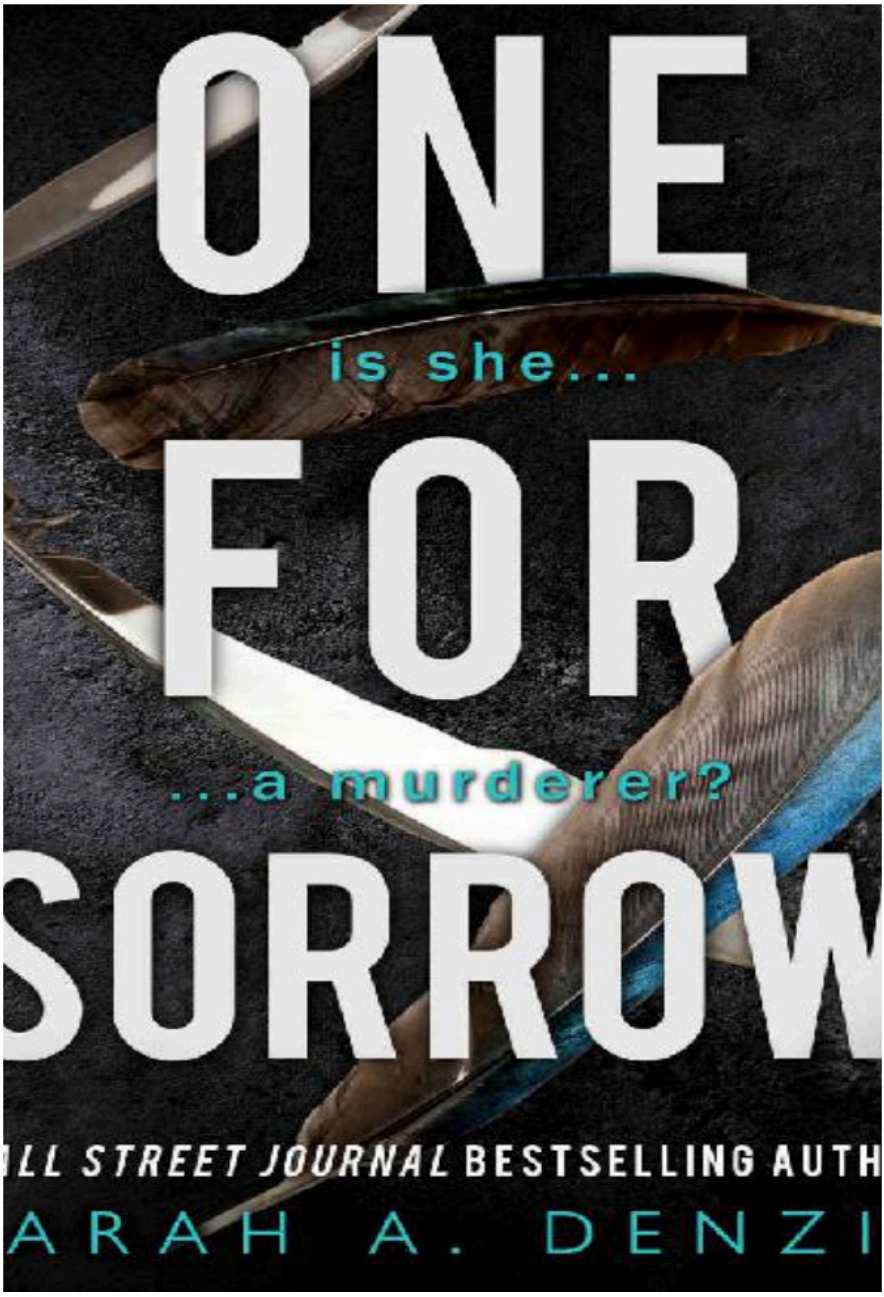


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ONE
is she...
FOR
...a murderer?
SORROW
LL STREET JOURNAL BESTSELLING AUTH
ARAH A. DENZI

By

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SAVING APRIL
THE BROKEN ONES
SILENT CHILD

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About the Author

The Crime that Rocked Rotherham

By James Gorden

ot long after the water ripples disturbed the usually calm water of e family pond did the details of the crime unfurl. I remember the act moment I saw the news. It remains completely clear in my min all enormous moments do, like the moment I heard about 9/11 or incess Diana's death. I remember the blue t-shirt I was wearing an e exact position in which I was sitting on the sofa, magazines on th ffee table alongside my Tardis mug.

The details from the police were still hazy at that point, but hat I heard was enough to make me hug my niece and nephew a tle more tightly the next time I saw them.

I like to think that the undulations circling over the surface of e duck pond are continuing to form a path, and that the distressing urder left behind a beautiful pattern. There are not many instances goodness coming from badness, but I have hope that my town can the exception, that we will breed strength, and that goodness will w through the community.

I still have hope.

It was a bright summer's day on the twelfth of August, 2010. O e grounds of the Fielding property, the laughter of children filtered the long lawns from the duck pond by the edge of Scholes Woods. ere wasn't a cloud in the sky, and the grown-ups were sipping ojitos on the patio of their expansive property. David and Anna elding were entertaining guests. Riya and Jason Earnshaw had ought their six-year-old daughter Maisie for a business/play date. e Fieldings' eldest daughter, Isabel, fourteen, was watching the tw unger children—including her brother Owen, eleven—while the ults discussed an investment into Jason Earnshaw's construction mpany.

The Fieldings and the Earnshaws were, and still are, respected

wn. Riya and Jason Earnshaw were known as good employers who eated jobs in the area.

The day was perfect until the sound of children's laughter opped. Jason Earnshaw would later tell the police that after a rticularly animated conversation with the Fieldings, where David ld the group a joke, they noticed that the children had gone very iet.

Riya stood up on the patio and called Maisie's name. When the asn't an answer, Riya and Anna hurried down the long lawn, which oped downhill to the pond.

Isabel was the first to be found. She was walking up the lawn ith her hands outstretched. Anna ran to her, asking her if she was rt. Isabel shook her head, but she was soaked to the waist, and ere was blood covering her hands and lips. Barely a second later, son Earnshaw recalled hearing the piercing scream of his wife. He rinted down the hill to see his wife wading into the pond, her pensive sun dress ruined by the murky water. He hurried to her, lashing through the shallow water.

As the Earnshaws were wading through dirty water, David elding saw his son wander towards him from the trees. Owen elding walked with his head bent low, tears dripping from his nose ere was blood splattered on his trousers, but he was not wet, and as not as covered in as much blood as his older sister. David rushed Owen to check that the child was not hurt.

And in the centre of it all, at the very centre of the pond, a littl rl lay face down. She was stripped to the waist—the police would d her daisy-print t-shirt caught on a bush in the forest a few hours ter—with her hair fanning all around her. Her loose, dark curls wer soaked as her jeans.

Maisie Earnshaw was dead.

Murdered.

We know since the trial that Maisie was taken into the woods,

at she was soaked from the waist down.

We know that Isabel Fielding was convicted of Maisie rnshaw's murder at the age of fourteen. She was taken to a juvenil tention centre where she was deemed to be suffering with a menta sorder.

After lengthy questioning, it was decided that Owen Fielding di t assist with the death of Maisie Earnshaw.

Rotherham continues to mourn the loss of an innocent. We hav ood together to help heal the grief that has opened up within the mmunity. Many of us feel a fraction of the intense pain that the rnshaws must be feeling. We are all in it together, and we will ntinue on with the pain in our hearts, but we will be stronger and ore unified because of it.

as unaccustomed to the icy bite of the northern wind. Even in earl arch, I'd woken to frost on the windscreen that morning and layere my clothing. Wearing my fingerless gloves as I drove, termittently breathing into my hands to warm them, I wondered if ere was indeed some truth in the stereotype of hardy northerners d southern wimps. I cursed the broken heater in my old Punto and essed on the accelerator, wishing to be somewhere warm.

In three hundred yards make a right turn.

Glancing from the sat-nav on my phone—adhered to the shboard with a cheap rubber mat I bought online—to the long retch of road before me, I wondered where exactly this right turn as. I'd been driving on the same straight road for ten minutes, ading from barren stretches of moorland to bountiful, green oodland. Trees surrounded either side of the narrow road, blocking t much of the early morning sun. I craned my neck to the right, arching for this mysterious turning. Before long I saw the tall gates a shock of industrialisation in this untouched, rural environment— d made the sharp right turn towards the steel bars, coming to a ha xt to the guard tower.

"What's your business at Crowmont Hospital today?" the guard ked in a voice too cheerful for eight in the morning. The man was out, with hair greying at the temples and throughout his beard. Fin es appeared around his eyes when he smiled, which conveyed the me genuine warmth I'd noticed amongst the people of Yorkshire. ortherners were far too friendly for this half-frozen wimpy utherner in need of a strong cup of tea, or better yet, an extra two urs in bed.

"I start work today," I said. "My name's Leah Smith. I'm the ne rse on Morton Ward."

Though I had travelled up for an interview, it had taken place rk Hospital rather than Crowmont. The usual wing used for