

The Door

Checking over his shoulder, Jake noticed that he was clear to go. The teachers and the other students were making an extraordinarily loud fuss over some exhibit. Jake was free, no teachers, no restrictions, no boundaries. Realizing he was still in sight of his teachers, he dashed rapidly round the corner, with his heart beating like a time bomb. At the bottom of the corridor, he stopped. Gasping for breath, he edged forward. In front of him, stood a colossal door smothered from top to bottom in police tape.

Carefully, he observed the door a metallic plate was perched above it, it read, "Staff only, Do not enter". Trying not to notice the tape, he gave the door a minute push. Unusually, the door smashed into the wall next to it making an ear-popping noise. The museum fell silent, had they heard him? Slowly, he ventured into the room. In the centre, stood a banquet table filled with scrumptious sweets and cakes. Was he in heaven? On the ceiling, hung a diamond-coated chandelier which hooked itself to the ceiling. He sat down and picked a book from the assorted bookshelf and he was soon off to sleep. Un-noticing the door, it slid shut and something turned the key...

Without stretching, he uncontrollably erupted himself out of the chair, the room had been consumed by the darkness. He had fallen asleep? At a slow pace, he strolled over to the light switch, he took a deep breath and turned the switch. Nothing. Darkness. He grasped for his phone and activated the torch. The beam found its way through the ebony darkness. Outside, the rain whipped at the museum's roof and the lightning pierced the night sky. The books had transformed into recipes for potions and the banquet table was there for a giant's feast. His heart began to race, as he heard a miniscule creak above him. "Hello!" Jake screeched out, its echo boomed back at him.

Edging forward, he walked over to the door, his head swaying side to side, he tried the door it wouldn't open, he gulped. Someone had had locked him in. At the back of the room, stood a stain glass window the

same size as him. He heard it again. All of a sudden, a vague figure dived across the room. What was it. Jake stepped back. Minutes passed, as he finally built up the courage to start kicking the ornate window in.

Kicking it one last time, the door disintegrated into 1000's of pieces. He clambered out of the room. In the corner of his eye, he saw his mom so as fast as he could he sprinted towards her and grabbed her tightly. His heart started to slow down, he was safe. On the way home he opened the car window to get some fresh air and saw a sight the made his jaw drop...