

## **The Door in the cellar**

Antony V, aged 9  
St Piran's, Maidenhead

"Ron, can you run fast and get me the pickle jar from the cellar, sweetheart?"  
Ron's mum called at the top of her voice from the kitchen.

Ron still had around ten pieces to complete his jigsaw, which he was working on for the last one hour. He reluctantly got up but scurried down the stairs into the cellar.

It was complete mayhem. He scanned the cellar for the tall blue cupboard and dashed towards it. He bounced in the same place to get higher and higher to fetch his mum's pickle jar.

CRASH!!!!

The entire old cupboard lay pathetically on the floor. Ron stood there utterly non-plussed. He could hear his own heartbeat. It was not the cupboard!..... T'was the place the cupboard had covered.

A medieval wooden door stood there looking back at him. It had a frame of red and brown bricks. A big dark hole, the size of a watermelon, made the door look like a one-eyed monster. A dull, boring and very ordinary latch decorated the door.

Ron wanted to run and call his mum, but the adventurous young boy reached out in a flash of lightning and twisted the latch. The door opened smoothly towards him. A sudden whiff of fresh roses hit his nose. He grew more inquisitive.

He frantically searched for his dad's headlamp and the next minute, he was already at the bottom of the spiral staircase. He sensed something whizz past in front of him!