

The Door in the Cellar

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As Daniel ran over, shouting, he already knew he was too late. The bus rumbled off, leaving him next to the old, rickety shack.

“Stupid cat!” he shouted. He didn’t want to leave Buttercup behind, but now he was stranded here for another day. He only had a few supplies, and as he slowly picked his feet up, one after the other, he led his way back to the creepy, abandoned house.

As Buttercup padded towards him, seemingly refreshed by the ordeal, he walked away. Daniel wanted to be alone. Whilst pushing through the dense undergrowth, he came to the back of the rickety shack. He smashed at the walls, with debris flying into the late autumn sky. Suddenly, Buttercup popped out of the shadows. She wove through his legs, and came to rest next to a patch of weeds. As Daniel shoved her away, eager to get on with his destruction, that was when he saw it... The door had long tendrils of ivy and thick clumps of brambles, and there were too many spider webs to count, thickly interwoven together. And as Daniel pushed the dust and grime away, with no hesitation at all, he opened the door to the cellar...

Peering around, he walked down what seemed to be a staircase. Now behind him, the faint light hardly pierced through the gloomy darkness. When he came to the end of the staircase he saw a magnificent glinting gold box, with what looked like old paintings on it...