

The Door in the cellar

Tomisona C, aged 9
MCS

David and Alex walked down the ash-coloured cobbled street with Daisy, David's 7-year-old sister tagging along behind. As they turned the corner, they saw a house which looked as if it had been cut in half with a knife like a cake, showing two floors with half empty rooms. The doors were lying on the floor like lazy sloths. The houses on each side were undamaged.

Daisy, who could lighten any mood, pointed to the house and exclaimed, "Let's go in!" The boys looked doubtful.

David, said, "You know grandpa told me that he went into a spooky house and bones were what was left."

"They actually found Halloween props," Daisy replied. Tiptoeing slowly into the living room, they saw a wooden floor, red rug, broken sofa. They found a cupboard, which opened into a cellar door with, 'Do Not Enter' written on it in bold red. Alex stood on the sofa and said bravely, "We shall walk in there and live!"

Alex opened the door and they dropped into a black, never-ending hole, floating as if they were in space. BANG! Thunder struck. "Where's that coming from?" Daisy asked.

Then the smell of pumpkins wafted by. Suddenly, the three landed gently on a cloud and the darkness turned into the sky. Then an ensemble of singing chairs chanted, "Welcome, welcome welcome!" A dancing elf spun in midair. A blimp with rainbow fuel released an image of a thousand moving doodles said, "Welcome to Wizardtopia."