Writing task

It was 11:59 when a creaky sound woke me up. At first I didn't think much of it. However, once I had laid back down, I heard it again. This time it was much louder. Much more mysterious. I leapt out of bed ready to scream when suddenly, I remembered dad was doing a night shift-he's a police officer. This calmed me down so I got back into bed very cautiously. I went back to sleep for 10-15 minutes when it happened again. This time, I knew it couldn’t be dad.

This was when the adventure started...

I grabbed a torch and checked it still worked. I walked slowly around my room when I suddenly came across a door! It was small but still biggernough to to climb through.

Questions whizzed through my head. Why haven’t I seen it before? Who uses it? How long has it been there for? What shall I do?

It took me a few moments to process what to do but after careful consideration I decided not to tell mum and dad but to go through the door…

There was a small ladder about the size of my head. I presumed it was for whoever or whatever uses the door. This gave me a clue….I now knew the thing or person who uses this door is very small.

The door itself was about 10cm squared and was just above my 5cm skirting board.

I took a deep breath and climbed through. At first, nothing happened and I thought I was dreaming. This was not the case. I suddenly got thrust backwards into darkness and landed in a metal cage…

I heard high pitched voices. They sounded to be a different language. At the beginning I thought they were French but I am studying French at school and I did not recognise the words…

A few of the children of these creatures came plodding over. Their parents were not impressed by this at all and so they shouted something at them. It sounded a little like “gofla pamny codfut mumma et yauayay!!”

Translated it means “ what do you think you are doing listen to me and go!!”

This scared me because they sounded so strict...I backed away to the back of the cage. The cage was only 100cm so it was a tight fit. They started shouting. I seemed to have caused a massive interruption by walking through the door.

As they came closer, they lit a light and I could get a better look. They had really small faces about the size of a jam jar lid. Their appearance was normal. The only two things that made them look different to me and you are the size of their bodys and their lifestyle. The rest of their bodys were equally small and their hands and feet seemed to be ridiculously small. As I looked around I saw there was not just a group of them but what seemed to be a clan. However, this clan had hundreds of thousands of these creatures, if not millions…..I looked over to where I had come in to see how easily I could get to the door and get out but the door had disappeared. This is when the nerves kicked in…

As soon as I looked back a man blew a whistle. He was wearing an overall and a multi couloured and feathered headdress. Everyone parted for him. I presumed he was the chief or king. He shouted commands as well but he didn’t seem as strict as everyone else.

Unbelievingly, he could speak English. He said to me “I am one of these creatures because I (like you) came through that door…..I am only chief because I threatened these hidden creatures. I shall try my best to tell them to not hurt you but they are frightened of outsiders so they hurt to defend...be warned.”

“Thanks,” I replied.

More questions popped into my head. As I was just about to ask them, he turned around and started to talk in their language again and commanded a meeting. I was left hanging in mid in a swaying cage.

I took this opportunity to look around and try and find a way to escape.

As I looked around I noticed more and more peculiar objects. One of the things that caught my eye were their beds. They were nothing like our ordinary beds. In fact they were nothing like our beds. They were nets (yes you heard me right) and they were lined with what looked like animal fur and were hung in the air from the ceiling. They were attached by a rope that swung with the breeze.

As I turned my head again I saw a small room to the left of the wall I had not seen before. There were voices coming from inside,most of them sounded angry,so I presumed this was the meeting room.

I tried to listen but then realised they were talking in their language.

It was at this point I realised how tired I was and so I rested my head against the back of the cage and fell asleep.

**7 hours later…….**

I woke up to a cold breeze wafting in through...well….I don’t know where from. To my relife I was not dead yet. I was also out of that small cage and was on the floor.

They must have let me out when I was asleep.

The chief spoke to me again and said after hours of convincing, they had decided not to hurt me. I thanked him most gratefully.

 I know I said that was when my months of hell started….well it did not start straight away. It took a couple of months so I won’t talk about the next few months….so let’s fast forward.

**A few months later**

This is when the trouble started. It was early morning and one of the children brought me some breakfast. The children were getting quite fond of me. Yes,they couldn’t speak to me but we exchanged smiles. They even taught me some of their games. This was a little tricky because they couldn’t speak my language. I also couldn’t speak their language. Somehow,we managed it in the end.

If you are wondering how this led to my months of hell it’s because…..do you remember when the chief said to me that the creatures are scared of outsiders,well they thought I was either something bad or came here to do something bad. So,when their kids and I started playing and being nice to each other,they did not like that at all.

Because of this,I got locked up in an even smaller cage and my meals were reduced so I only had: a broccoli;a carrot and some brown mush which,to this day,I still don’t know what it was.

However,this did not stop the children playing with me. In fact it made them smuggle some of their food and give it to me…

As I had been listening to them talk I had worked out a few of their words like thank you. Thank you is biciyulex. So whenever they helped me I responded with biciyolex.

It took a while for the adults of this clan to work out what was going on but as soon as they did they punished their children and they punished me even more…...This punishment was not to have any meals for a month. This punishment was agony. My stomach hurt so much with lack of food.

This month was the longest month so far.

Suddenly I started to feel ill. It took a while for the clan to work out what was going on.

In fact it was sort of the children who saved me.

They saw I was in pain but did not think much of it at the start. An hour past until they saw something was still wrong. They walked over to their parents and said I didn't look right and something was wrong. The adults did not pay much attention at first but when their children were sitting by my cage they decided something was definitely wrong.

They rushed over. However,one of the wiser adults said

“What if this is a trick!” but it didn’t sound like that. It sounded more like

“Shmat vatler foiler yoiii pla troik!” all the others considered this but saw i was in definite pain so tried to sort something out.

They spoke in their language and all I could see was blurred images in front of my eyes and heard an echoey tune of a forign language.

Suddenly,I was back on the floor and the chief was by my side speaking soft English. There was another man next to him saying things. I think he was the doctor and the chief was translating. He was saying things like:it will all be okay and we will find out what is wrong and sort you out.

Suddenly my chest got tight and it was hard to breath.

3 minutes later,someone made a confession. It was one of the parents. They fessed up to putting food poisoning in my food.

There was a sudden panic and people rushed around fetching herbs and spices. This pandemonium panicked me and I said with rattling breaths

“What’s going on?”and the chief replied with a soothing and comforting voice

“You have been poisoned but don’t worry because we are fixing up an antidote.”

“POISONED WILL I DIE”I said panicked before coughing horrendously.

“No no no. We shan’t let that happen. We shall cure you and send you home.”

“Mum Dad…” I said happy at the thought.

A couple of minutes later,someone came rushing over. I got frightened and shut my eyes tight.

The chief spoke to me in English and told me that Jergominy (that’s the name of the person who rushed over)was only trying to give me the antidote.

I opened my eyes slowly and saw that the chief was holding the antidote so I gradually opened my mouth. As I opened it,I coughed violently again and my eyes started to water.

I decided just to let him pour it down my throat this time so I forced my mouth open.

He poured it down and at first nothing happened,but then all of a sudden,I gagged a few times then was perfectly alright.

All the creatures had a small gossip as I rubbed my eyes and sat up. They had decided to let me go home if I swore not to tell anyone about this for at least 20 years…..So they let me go. To do this they got me to close my eyes. On the count of 3,they threw me up in the air and 45 seconds later I was back on my bed.

I stuck to my promise and have not told even my parents about this adventure until now…..21 years later.