Secret Door

By Frances Molineux

It was when I woke up that it happened. I had had the best night sleep ever, dreaming about finding something on one of the walls behind my bookshelf. I didn’t sleep for long enough to find out what it was though!

 I opened my eyes after having my session of waking up, and when I did I was covered in my duvet which was a surprise to me as I had never experienced that in my life! I was quite tall for an eleven year old girl and every one in my school was shorter than me. I loved the start of every day because I always think of getting my real parents back. I was put in an orphanage when I was 5 and haven’t seen my real family since.

 I managed to yank the blankets off of me and was about to jump out of my bed when I almost screamed.

 There was a 2 metre drop down the side of my bed! How could this be? I looked up and the end of my bed was way further away than I had expected it to be. I knew only one thing that this could possibly be. I had shrunk …

 I was speechless, I didn’t know what to do. Questions were whizzing round my head like how did this happen, why did this happen? I just couldn’t explain! Then I remembered my dream. What was behind my bookshelf? It was my only chance of getting back to normal. The only problem though, was how to get down from my bed. After considering my choices I decided to hold onto my duvet and let it slowly fall with me. I wandered if I would be light enough.

 I was relieved when I finally plucked up the courage to do this daring act and made it. The atmosphere in the room made it even more worrying for me if some one came into my bedroom or worse, saw me like this! I charged across the carpet which now seemed quite like grass. When I finally reached my bookshelf, I stared up at it in amazement. It was a cliff to me. Like when you’re standing on a beach and looking up and all of a sudden you see this colossal mountain of rocks. I slid behind the bookshelf cautiously and came to a little opening with a tiny door at the other side. How did I not know about this before? I crept towards the door being careful not to be heard and without thinking I pulled the door open. No going back now. And I stepped through and plunged into what looked like a black whole.

 “I think I forgot to bring my stomach” I joked with myself to make me feel better. After all, I wasn’t in the greatest state.

 The last thing I could remember of that was smacking a pool of murky, water. I thought I would never survive but to my surprise I fell straight through the water and onto the ground. I looked up and saw it was a copy of my room. An exact copy! That was like Alice In Wonderland! What was going on!? My head was spinning. I couldn’t think straight. Suddenly, a voice came from nowhere.

 “If you want to get back to normal you will have to complete this 1 task. Your task is that you have to find your parents somewhere in this room.”

 “My *parents*?” I answered back confused. “My only chance to get them back!” I whispered to myself.

 Automatically, I started to sprint over to the bed. Maybe there was my mum and dad on top of it? There was a wooden trunk at the end of my bed so I could probably climb on top of that. I could get to my bed from there. Some of the nails holding it together suddenly shot out of the trunk a tiny bit, not so if some one touched them they would fall out but just enough that possibly I could climb up them. I stared up at the trunk and its sharp nails sticking out of it. This must be the way to go, I hope it is anyway. I clutched the first nail tightly in my left hand and stepped with my right foot. This prosses was the easiest for me as I had never failed to climb anything by putting my left hand on first and my right leg on next. I guess I just have a better grip as I am left handed. I do have climbing lessons but never like this…

 It didn’t take me long to get to the top. My dad had always said I was a good climber which always gave me confidence. I just needed to think he was saying that at that exact moment. And fortunately, it worked! The bed was just like I had left it that morning, however there was a piece of paper lying on the pillow. I ran towards it at top speed though the bed was hard to run on. The note was rough in my hands and it was as white as the pillow itself! It read: “What happens if sand is mixed with soda ash and is cooked with fire. If you know what it is, go to that place to rescue your parents…”

 “What is that supposed to mean?” I said to myself. “Sand, what can you make with sand?” There was a long pause as I tried to figure out what it could be. Glass! You can make glass! I was so happy with myself! I could finally find my parents! My true parents!

 But it was only a matter of time until it would be too late and my dream would be gone for good. I leaped down from the bed and sprinted across the carpet. I didn’t care anymore if I got hurt. I just wanted to see my parents. As I came up to the window, I saw a stranger dangling two people over the edge of the stone window ledge. The two people must have been my parents. But who was that other person? I sprinted frantically over to where they were stood without being seen and crouched down behind a small box. The stranger was not tiny like me, he was huge. Threatening my parents, they were only just bigger than myself. I had to stop him! But how did he get in here if he was that big! Maybe this was his house?! I had to act, and fast!

 Almost as if it was right on cue, a mini trampoline appeared magically! “I thought that was only supposed to happen in stories!!” I whispered, amazed. I knew exactly what to do with it! I had read about this amazing trick called Flipatia, don’t ask!! Anyway, I stood up an flipped my shoes off and half walked, half fell onto the tiny trampoline. My heart was pounding like it was the end of time. I started to jump, higher and higher, after all momentum was key to this trick.

 “I’m starting to miss my stomach again.” I said to myself and gave a small giggle.

 When I had enough height, I could see this terrible giant was about to drop my parents to the floor. I could not let this happen! I took a deep breath, closed my eyes and jumped into nothing…

 The impact from the air forcing me back was not going to stop me from saving my parents. I flipped and turned and somersaulted in the air until I had my parents in sight. It was like flying! My body felt as light as a feather just zooming through the air!

 I was getting closer and closer to my mum and dad, and finally, it was time for the countdown. “3, 2, 1, FLIPATIA!!!” I screamed at the top of my voice! “Aaaaaaahhhhhhggggg!!!” I charged into my parents sweeping the boy off his feet, and I landed somehow in a pool of water, me and my real parents!

 “Oh my gosh! Mia? Is that really *you*??!”my mum screamed with excitement.

 “Yeah mum, it is!!” I replied sounding as much excited as mum did!

 “Mia!! Thanks for saving us by the way! We’re so sorry we lost you in the first place!! We’ll make up for it, I promise!!” there was no words to describe dad! He was over the moon to see that I was ok!

 “Ah, I’m just glad to see that you guys are ok!” I had calmed down a bit by then. “Lets just go home before we go back to normal in here” I told them.

 “Good idea!” mum replied with tears in her eyes.

 It was good to be back to normal, all together again! We did say thank you to the orphanage for looking after me and after that, we bought ourselves a lovely house in a quiet street where I could write my own stories. So, it was a happy ending I guess! I’m just never, ever going back through that door ever again!

 One quiet afternoon, I sat down on my comfy bed and grabbed my notebook and pencil. That was going to be my best book ever, all about my great adventure! But what to call it? Maybe Secret door?