











## **THE KEY OF CURIOSITY**

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## By Rose H (S1)

Milly crouched, breathing heavily in the claustrophobic small alleyway. Her eyes darted across the road, hoping that she would soon find her way out of this terrible situation. Her worn shoes were squeaking with every nerve-wracking step she took. It was like they were screaming for help. She closed her eyes, hoping that everything would just vanish into thin air but this was no fairy tale. Every step she took, she soon regretted it but she knew that she had to keep on going. Her eyes were focused, furious and filled with determination. After what seemed like an eternity, Milly finally made it across the deserted and abandoned road. Fright flooded through her skinny body which was shaking with fear. She wanted to hold herself back but the house in front of her was luring her in, like an enormous monster gobbling her up.

The house she was approaching was tiny, with mouldy windows and ivy vines crawling up its ragged surface. Trees reached out with bony branches like witches' fingers. She peered and squinted her eyes to see inside. It contained rustic and antique furniture with cobwebs hanging from every corner of the small room. She tiptoed up the wooden steps towards the door, her steps echoed like she was in a big open space. Milly had heard mysterious rumours about this place, such as there were many hidden passageways and entrances into strange unknown places. It made her very curious. She felt around in her floppy skirt pocket and pulled out a small Kirby clip. She fiddled with it and placed it in the tiny miniature key hole. Despite her quivering hand, she managed to finally unlock the heavy wooden storm doors. SHE WAS IN!

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0000000000000 Her eyes wandered around the room looking into every nook and cranny they found. Close to her right, hung a painting. She ran her wrinkled and dainty fingers over its smooth surface and then she heard a sudden click. The painting suddenly thumped to the left and a small key emerged from what looked like a pitch-black hole behind the painting. The key was shimmering and sparkling making Milly's eyes glimmer and shine. She could see her reflection on the gold shiny surface. Surrounding the key was crumbled brickwork which looked ancient. Excitement crawled through her making her shiver. Her hands felt wet with sweat as she slowly reached out for the key. A deafening noise echoed through the open space. Milly darted and cowered in a small corner. Her ears pricked up and she heard a faint noise that seemed to be descending down the stairs next to the crooked banister. A thin, greasy and grimy hand crawled around the peach coloured wall, its texture looked like elephants' wrinkly skin and it was a tinted a slight shade of green. Milly was horrified, her heart was pounding. She hoped with all her might that she was hallucinating but it all looked so real. The creature slithered down the rest of the steep carpeted steps. Its eyes were bulging out of its thin head. It purred like a tiger and then inspected the room like a detective on an investigation. It pounced in one direction and then leaped in the other direction like a ballet dancer but without the elegance. Confused, Milly waddled a bit closer to try to examine the creature more closely. In an instant, the creature shot across the room and snatched the golden key. The creature swiftly moved to the centre of the room where there was a small key hole. The key slotted in effortlessly and suddenly, without another moment to think, a square of the wooden oak floor flew open and Milly plummeted down a pitch-black hole! To be continued...... 0000000000000









