

## The Door – Annabel, Year 5, NSW

Wind billowed and the curtains flapped endlessly, freezing the room. The moon shone brightly, lighting the dark forest below. The old rusty beds with broken posts were positioned perfectly in the corners of the room. As the wind howled louder and louder, it was harder and harder for Hannah to stay asleep. Sitting up quickly, a thought crossed her mind.

The door.

Glancing at her snoring younger brother, she tried to hold herself back from waking him up, but the urge was just too strong. Hannah shuffled in the cold across the room, only just avoiding the many squeaky floorboards.

“Wake up!” she whispered, “Come on Will, wake up!”

After no answer, Hannah shook her younger brother violently before pulling him out of bed. Groaning, he knew he would have to follow his sister.

As the pair snuck down the old corridor encrusted with mould, their footsteps echoed down the long, never-ending hallway. The many dull brown doors that led into more long, twisting corridors and rooms stood straight like soldiers as the pair snuck down the hallway.

Will stopped with a fright when he heard a noise, a creaking noise, like the opening of an old door. He kept going though, being pushed along by his sister, shivering as they went. Cold, eerie breezes crept in through the windows, left open by the housewives that never smiled. Will was especially scared of Darla, the head housewife, and the angriest person in the whole orphanage. As Hannah and Will started to dawdle down the stairs so as not to make a noise, a ghastly chill froze Will’s spine. He stopped.

“Hello children,” said Darla.

Not caring if they were loud or not, the kids sprinted down the stairs, yet somehow still frozen in shock. The rotting floorboards splintered their feet as they ran as fast as they could to avoid the burly housewife. Will was so startled, he couldn’t keep up with Hannah, as she was having the time of her life, running away from their most dreaded housewife.

Meanwhile the old housewife had trouble keeping up with the speedy little orphans. As she got further and further behind, Hannah and Will finally decided to stop running. They had reached their destination.

There it was, in all its glory. The door they had been working towards since they woke in the dead of night. It was so beautiful, though it was covered in entwined weeds, slithering as they grew. The bright yellow colour drew Hannah in, she was amazed. Will, for once, was actually interested in the tall door. He had never understood its beauty, though now it had drawn him very close.

Stepping closer and closer, Hannah and Will were almost hypnotised by the door. Hannah reached her hand out, attracted to the golden yet rusty handle. Very slowly she opened the door, and revealed a long, wooden bridge.

Both children rubbed their eyes, unsure of what they were experiencing. Although it was old, it was somehow calling the siblings closer, like it was their destiny.

Will suddenly hated the door, and wanted to go back to bed. But Hannah was too deep in the spell. For beyond the bridge was the most amazing world that you've ever seen. Unicorns. Mermaids. Dragons.

Hannah was upset that Will didn't want to come with her.

"We'll be happy here!" sobbed Hannah, "No more orphanage! No more Darla! A happy life! Just you and me, Will, you and me!"

Will started crying, but no matter how much Hannah pulled at his arm, he would never budge. Hannah couldn't resist the urge to run to the happy place. She sprinted onto the bridge, leaving Will standing in the door frame. As both their tears ran down their dirty cheeks, they walked away from each other, forever.

*Snap. Snap. Snap.*

Will turned around to see what the strange noise was. He prayed it wasn't Darla. But no. All he saw was his sister's terrified face, mouth open, screaming.

Will was frozen. Everything went into slow motion. The bridge started to fall. Down went his sister. He couldn't. He had to save her. But how? He was too afraid. Too worried. Will was so used to having his decisions made by his sister, who was now falling to her death. He had no idea what to do.

Suddenly it hit him.

Going against his instincts, Will ran onto the breaking bridge. Regret filled his mind, as he grabbed his sister's hand. Their eyes locked, staring at each other for only a millisecond. Hannah's were filled with joy, fear and love all at once, but Will's were only filled with relief. Pulling her up onto the doorframe of the orphanage door, the pair watched as the bridge fell to the bottom of the endless pit. They couldn't see it, but they both could feel it crumble below in the darkness.

Now the mystical world was cut off forever. No one could ever reach it. Never.

Shakily walking out of the realm, the silence was so loud, it scared Will. Hannah's head hung low with embarrassment, shame. However Will felt bad for Hannah, she was always so kind to him, never mean. Although she did boss him around sometimes, Will still loved her, as she was his big sister. She always looked after him so well, even without parents. He didn't want her to feel this way.

As they turned to go up the creaky flight of stairs, Will grabbed tightly onto Hannah's hand. Will looked deep into Hannah's eyes, and she knew he was apologizing for their argument that could have separated them forever. She shared another look, and Will instantly knew she was apologizing as well.

When they reached their bedroom, the pair jumped over the noisy floorboards, and sat on their beds. Then, they just stared at the sky, the tiny slivers of moonlight dreading having to go, holding onto the mountains. As they watched the stars slip away, they thought about the night that they had been through.

The pair slithered into bed, Hannah tucking Will in first, and they finally closed their eyes. The cold overcame them, but they slept on, as they were tired. That night the pair dreamt of the same thing: what would they do without each other?