Writing task by Dougie Lang

The Door

Creak,

“What was that?” I hastily muttered as I woke up. There was something peculiar going on today I thought to myself. I opened my curtain and nearly fainted as I saw the view, the sun was beating down on my lawn, but nowhere else in the entire town. I shook a little as I turned around and jumped back into bed.

I tried pinching myself to see if this was all a dream, or even a nightmare, but all I heard was little footsteps exiting my room and five minutes later entering again, coming from somewhere in the corner of my room. There hidden behind the couch was a brilliant (but tiny) door. I tried to run downstairs to tell my mum what I had just witnessed but I was frozen to the spot and when I tried to scream all I could get out was a sad little croak.

The next day, I decided to place some flour by the door, so I could catch what or who was causing these creepy footsteps. So as soon as I woke up, I wobbled downstairs and grabbed the flour jar and placed a pile of flour right next to the little door to trick the little monster who was scaring me out of my skin.

At around midnight, I heard the creak again. I couldn’t believe my eyes! Two little footsteps were pacing their way out of the room, slowly but carefully. Just before I dozed off to sleep I heard the faint sound of something being slowly dragged across the wooden floorboards of my room. Before I knew it, the door had slammed back shut. I dreamed about the door and constantly thought about it. So one night after I had come back from school, I edged my way closer to the miniscule door. But, as I touched the tiny handle a weird sensation filled my body. It was as if I was shrinking. My bed was growing, so was my desk and the walls seemed to be getting taller too. But as I looked directly in front of me, I noticed that the door must have grown too.

Suddenly, my heart started pounding. Did I just shrink? I thought. I somehow plucked up the courage to open the door.

I entered a wonderland full of fresh, green grass. A beautiful overgrown garden with trees flooding the whole town and a small cottage at the centre of attention. I was entranced by the beauty of this amazing place. I decided to open the door to the cottage and what I saw made me laugh. A family of monkeys crowded in the room each with their own banana in their hand.