The doorway

Travelling in a car isn't fun. Definitely for hours on end. 4 hours and 21 minutes to be exact. Lying down in the backseat, my head dizzy and throat carring vomit. The vomit may be from the bumby gravel and sharp turns, but maybe also from the cockroach infestation in our house. Those beasts posioning our food with ease, even picturing those rodents send another lump down my throat. Either way, the pest controller were sure to 'take care' of it, but in my opinon, the cockroachs should not be 'taken care of', that would a polite gesture after they did their filthy act. My parents are part of the procedure to take care of them, normally my lively and respectable mum would be leading the way to grandmas, making less sharp turns. But, my grandma, also lively and respectable, was driving. Dreaming of cockroaches and posioned rice, I begin to dose off.

Looming over, the dark brick castle was ready to bite. The temperature dropped as I left my comfortable huddling postion. Wind prickled at my skin, sweeping my brown hair, aggressively pulling it. Great vines seemed to have grown mischieviously between the large, black gate, so much it couldn't be open by the mechanical pulley sytem, they installed only so long ago. "Sorry dear to wake you," My grandma apologised, sweeping her grey locks of hair behind her ear, "not the best weather today, but I'm sure your stay will be enjoyable."

Lifting suitcase, after suitcase, to reality kicked in. This would be my house for the next three weeks. At the most. At least, that's what mum said to comfort me. The suitcases we carried were dropped off in my new room. I've never even moved house before, calling another room 'mine' feels.. off. Cream walls, with a king sized bed, with pillers on all corners, a beautiful drapping fabic connected them. Fluffy and warm carpet, with familiar photos, books and paintings surrounding me. It felt like home. Well, maybe because it always was.

My grandma led me through the garden, letting me breath and get less infected air in my system. Her garden seemed effortlessly beautiful, like a over grownfield, atleast that's how big it was anyway. In the back of the garden, was a door. Engraved into the fence, it had flowers and leaves arching over it. The knob on the door was stiff and wooden, hard to the touch.

I wouldn't rate this day as perfect, nor as even a postive experience. It wasn't negative, I just don't want to be here. That's what I gave as feedback at dinnertime, which my grandma just nodded to. I'm now in the bed, that doesnt have bedbugs, and doesn't have my.. feel to it. But, I just can't get the door out of my head, it feels like a call to me, like it's time to act. It's midnight, and sleeping in a old castle has unfamiliar sounds, the woo'ing and aaah'ing makes it frightening, and confusing in the dark.

I reached out to my imagination. My.. intrusive thoughts. In my head it seems I'm walking out of th castle. I barely know where the bathroom is, but yet my mind seems to trail onwars into the garden. Opening my eyes I try to shake off the feeling of uncontrolled emotion, uncontrolled.. body. Before, I was on my bed. But now it seems I really am in the garden.

I'm right infront of the door. I've actually walked the entire way through the castle, just letting something control me. The force controls me again, my hand slowly raises from my side, the tension between my hand and the door in undescribable. My hand touches the handle. My eyes are blinded, I can't see a thing, the light emerges from the door, as if it's... opening? The engraved door on the wall.. is opening. It's not fully opened, but i can still hardly see a thing from the light beaming into my eyes.. Controlled again, I start to step into the doorway.

The doorway led to.. somewhere. That's the best way to describe it. I'm not colourblind, but the colours don't look right, I never acknowledged the bright greens, and the deep greys, but everything is wrong. Right now, it's day. The sky is a plain crimson, and the grass a watery blue. After going through the door, I am back in front of it. This time, I try at the door handle once more, it stays locked and hard.

Screaming through tears, I find my way to my grandma, in the kitchen, making breakfast. "I can't see.. I can't see..."

"Of course you can't see through those tears! What's wrong?" Her face kind and considerate, I begin to explain what had happened, mostly about the door. "I understand. You see, this castle has a curse. No-one knows where that doors came from, I even stuided history at university, and I hvae no clue of it's origns, everywhere I look."

"And? Why am I blind!"

"Let me finish. I am also like you, the sky a deep red, and the grass a watery blue. There's no way to reverse it, I can't help you."

"So I'm stuck like this?"

"Yes."

I experience life full of colour, maybe it's not right, but i can see. After three weeks as I was promised, I'm back home. I haven't told my parents, but I'm trying my best to research everything I can. History seems to be my strong suit, and I'm going to fix what that door did. What other curses did it do? How.. old is this door? My mind has already exploded with questions. Tired, and aches all over, I struggle to my bed. My room. Just, not any cochroaches. Waiting for a dream, I start to imagine colour like it was before the doorway.