The doorway

As we pull up on the driveway outside grandmother's house, I can already feel the sense of grief and boredom. The same routine over again, I ask my mum with sarcasm "how long will we stay there this time" as she normally replies only ,"Grace only 30 minutes long this time". But it never usually lasts just 30 minutes. As soon as I step inside the red, brick house I smell a tray of freshly baked cookies coming out of the oven! Grandmother walking at quite a fast pace if you ask me, holding the tray off cookies right into my face. Of course I would have kindly accepted the lovely treat.

I'm jolting up and down the corridor seeing there's nothing else joyful to do. Quickly stopping myself I see a set of staircases looking as long as an elephant's trunk. The smell of disgusting and quite revolting fumes walking down the stairs there leads a mysterious, hidden doorway. I am about to steer the door handle but the door creaks open instead. With a feeling of a peculiar and dreading feeling I tiptoe one foot at a time until the door shuts close. I am completely frozen head to toe, trying to reach my hands to the door handle. It's locked. No sign of getting out, I start to whimper hoping anyone could help.

I decide to walk a few more steps in the hall, there I see from the corner of my eye something looking like a portal. Blue rays of light and largely sucking wind currents blowing my way, hesitantly turning around within no seconds I'm in. Never experiencing anything like this before. The wind currents stop and I have no absolute idea where I am.

I hear the wolves howling louder than a rock band. A weird sense of hope is flying through my mind. I join in with the howling banter, as I cry, out HELP ME FIND MY WAY, HELP ME BACK TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOME, IS THIS REALLY A MYSTERY AFTER ALL.