

The Castle

By Estela AL

I saw it; it was right there in front of me. It was an ancient structure, but it glistened in the radiant beams of the sun, why was this happening to me? Why was I the one to discover this? I reached my hand out to touch its overgrown leaves, it reminded me of my abandoned house which I had fled years ago from the destruction it was in. I paused as time stood still for many moments, a flashback formed in my head; I uneasily ignored it. I gazed at the white mushrooms that slept on the miniature castle. I gazed steadily at the old Oak door which arched over the cold stone. Who had built this masterpiece? When did they build it? Millions of unanswerable questions formed in my head, it was too much to take in in one go. This was too strange to be true. The dark green trees which surrounded me waved and danced like professionals, they looped and whirled and spun in the soft breeze. I had a strange sensation roaring in my stomach, it was like none I had experienced before. The soft breeze grew warm...no, hot. It whirled around me invisibly, dancing with the tall trees; it grew with more force, with no patience. I heard a knock which somehow seemed like it was trying to hide its existence, like a noticeable shadow, and the storm which seemed to only affect me had stopped. The only thing that I seemed to think about was where it came from. It clearly wasn't outside, so it must've been inside. No, I thought, the noise couldn't be coming from inside. I paused to gather the courage that I never had and took a deep breath. I touched the handle of the door that hadn't seemed to be touched for decades or maybe even never. My hands trembled as I squeezed it tightly and turned it, it was as cold as ice. In the 12 years I had been living, I had never felt so scared, but my curiosity pushed me on. I tapped the door in attempt to open it and what I saw is something that I had never thought to see.

The first thing I saw was a bookcase. What was it doing there? It was nothing that seemed to meet my low expectations this was surprisingly high. As much as I loved books and 'borrowed' them from the thousands of libraries I had swooped passed, they seemed nothing to my liking of books: diary entries. These ones faintly read 'How to make a tail growing potion' and 'What to do when your pet crocodile has fled home'. These fiction books were way to boring. Apart from that, there was nothing much in the dark room. In the corner laid a mattress "hello?", I said with fear, "who's there?". Nobody responded. After a moment, a voice replied, "Nobody" it said. I jolted back, shaking and dropped silently.