

Late one sunny afternoon, I tread carefully down the steps that led to a room I had never visited before. Down in the damp basement, light beamed through a broken window revealing an unusual door. The door was small, so incredibly small that no human would be able to pass through it, not even if they were bent in two. Above the door hung one well worn skate. I pondered where the second one had been placed. Had it been lost? There was no sound. It was eerily quiet and the hairs on the back of my neck stood up. Even though the sun was shining, and it was a bright summers day, I felt chilled. I sniffed the air and wondered if the musty smell was coming from the worn-out carpet that had been pushed into the corner. It looked incredibly old. It looked as if it had been orange in colour many years ago, but now it looked sad and grubby.