

Charlotte K.

### **What Lies Behind Door 1303**

One night I made a decision that might have ruined my entire life! I live on the 13th floor, room 1301 and the only other person willing to live up here is Ms. Stine. We have lived in this apartment for about 4 ½ months now, and I have never really felt at home yet. There are 3 rooms on the 13th floor and the room on the left has nobody living in it. I kind of think the room is haunted. On the night of September 13th (Friday the 13th) I decided to sneak into room 1303.

I pull the navy covers off and I tip-toed to the front door. The clock strikes 3:00 am as my black cat crosses my path. I put on my yellow slippers, and I grab the dull silver keys and unlock the front door. The key slips out of my hand and bounces up and down several times. I quickly walk out the door and shut it. I slowly walk to room 1303 and I pause in fear. I wonder, "What lies behind this door? Is this the right decision?" I try to clear my mind but it does not work. I decide the longer I wait the more terrifying it will get, so I open the door. I gasp!

I see a long dark narrow hallway that seems to lead to nowhere with doors leading all the way down. I hesitate before I enter the first room. I enter and the room is completely empty from what I can see. I step in to take a closer look. The dusty old maroon carpet distracts me and as I am about to leave, I hear a soft whisper. I walk back into the room but this time with my heart beating 1,000 times faster by the second. I slowly tilt my head so I can see behind the wall. What I had not known before was that there was a fairly tiny old chest in the corner. I close my eyes as I crack it open. I slowly opened my eyes and I see an old lady handbag. I take a peek inside the bag hoping it was just hard candy, but it was way worse!

"Come!" an old scratchy voice says. I look away from the bag but now I just have to take a closer look. Inside of the bag is an old dusty scratched up doll. It has long black hair and a white ripped-up lace dress. "If you don't come you will be sorry," says the doll. I stare at her in disbelief for a couple seconds. I scream but immediately cover my mouth because if anyone found out that I was here, I would be as dead as if I did go with the doll. The doll crawls onto my hand. I try to throw her off but her grip is too tight. I yank as hard as I can and throw her into the handbag and slam the chest shut! "Trust me you don't want to do this. Once you get me going you can never ever turn me off," screeches the doll. I see an old lock and lock the chest! I hear footsteps and see a slight bit of light getting brighter as if someone were walking down the hallway with a flashlight. After all I have been through tonight, this was probably just my imagination. I think "Maybe someone does live here!" The footsteps are getting louder by the second.

I feel warm, cozy air and comfort, like I am lying in my bed! All of the sudden I see my ceiling. I sit up and see my purple walls with paintings. "Was this all a dream?" I get out of bed and walk outside. No doubt about it. This was my apartment! I guess it was just a very bad dream!