

# gnome to die

“Drip, drip” The raindrops softly pounded on my window. The weather didn’t even want me to move away. “William!” My mother yelled. Oh yeah, by the way my name is William King, and I am 11 years old. My mom and I are packing up because we’re about to move to a new house. I really will miss all my friends, but as they say, ‘friends come and go.’ “WILLIAM!” my mom shouted, enraged. “Coming!” I yelled, sprinting down the stairs. “Come on, let’s go” she said. We were finally moving. My face had a frown on it as we were driving away, but I realized that an ending can lead to a new beginning.

As we were driving to our new house, I wondered what it would be like. Would it be a huge mansion, old-timey castle, or a gigantic villa? Whatever it is, I hope it has a pool! As we pulled up to our new “house,” we saw an old cottage with creepy dolls outside and rotting wooden pillars. “Home sweet home.” my mom said. I WAS ENRAGED, WE LEFT OUR AMAZING TWO-STORY HOUSE FOR A PIECE OF ROTTEN JUNK! It doesn’t even have a pool, wait my bad, it has a POND WITH ALGAE IF YOU COUNT THAT AS A POOL!!! “How much did this house cost you?” I asked my mom. “\$300,000” My mom said. “IT COST 300,000

DOLLARS FOR THIS ONE PIECE OF JUNK!” I shrieked; how could my mom fall for this obvious fraud?

My mom gestured for me to enter the house, and when I did, someone closed the door behind me and locked it. Outside I heard “BANG, BANG!”. “Mom, MOM!” I screamed. All I heard was the leaves rustling in the night wind. I was so scared; I was stranded in an old cottage with no help and no electricity. The first thing I saw in front of me was an old, long wooden staircase that had some broken steps. “Creak, Creak” That was all I heard as I went down the never-ending stairs.

When I finally reached the bottom, I saw a bed, a bookshelf, a stove, a bathroom, and a tiny door in the wall. The suspicious thing was that everything in the room wasn't dusty, they looked like they had just been touched. Who was I to complain, there was everything I needed in that cottage. Even though I was relieved that everything I needed was in there, I was wondering “Well, what now?”. I lost everything that was to my name. I didn't know what to do, so eventually I decided to sleep in the bed.

“Yawn” It was a new day. As I arose from the bed I saw books, pots, and pans lying on the floor. I panicked; I quickly

ran up the stairs to see if the door was locked. It was. I panicked even more; I quickly ran down the stairs and tried to open the tiny door in the wall. It was unlocked, but all I saw was a brick wall. I was getting nervous; no human can fit through that door.

I stayed up late that night to see what was happening. Just as I was about to drift off to sleep, I saw a golden light seeping through the tiny door. I opened my eyes wide. Then two small gnomes opened the door and stepped into my room. But these weren't any ordinary gnomes, they had a murderous look in their eyes and a weird grin on their face. They also held something that looked like a parasite in a glass bottle. Before I could think what to do, the gnomes ran straight at me and opened the glass bottle. **THEY WERE GOING TO PUT THE PARASITE ON ME!** I jumped like I was a spring, and I ran as fast as a cheetah. The gnomes chased me up the staircase until we reached the locked door. A gnome started talking with a deep voice, "You are now cornered, your escape attempts will not succeed.". **AAH WHAT DO I DO**, oh wait, they're gnomes. I jumped over the gnomes and quickly ran as fast as my stubby little legs could carry me.

Once I got to my room, I slid under my bed hoping the gnomes wouldn't find me. When the gnomes finally reached my room, they searched the bathroom. While the gnomes were

searching for me in the bathroom, I looked at the tiny gnome door. There was my chance! I sprinted at the door, then I turned the door handle to check if it was unlocked. It was. I opened the door, this time there wasn't a brick wall. I heard the gnome's footsteps, they were coming! I crawled through the doorway, and quickly slammed the door shut. I barricaded the door with my shoe. I heard the tiny, weak gnomes screaming "HEY, LET US IN!" Not bothered by the gnomes anymore, I turned around to see what was beyond the door... Oh my lord.

THE END

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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