

# What hides behind some doors?

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Illustrated by Google Chrome



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# Chapter 1

## The door

One day a girl called Rosemary visited the woods. “La la,” muttered Rosemary as she skipped on the hidden path. Something caught her eye, she saw some lovely roses off the path. Her mothers voice was drowned out with her footsteps crunching the leaves. Her mother had always told her to not to go off the path as it is said to hold a magic door. “What is that?” Rosemary muttered. A light shone bright into her eyes it was like staring directly at the sun. CRACK CRUNCH sounded the leaves. “Ouch who’s there? Stop pulling me STOP STOP!!!!” complained Rosemary. Rosemary was pulled deep deep inside the light. “Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!,” screeched Rosemary. THUD!!! Rosemary thudded on a really hard surface her hair flopped in her face. Her legs separated and a nasty bruise that was going to sprout soon enough. Rosemary wobbled to her feet. Her knees faced in and her head sorrowfully facing down. Suddenly, she pulled her head nearly as high as the sky. Her knobbly knees struggling to hold her. She starred for ages at the candy-floss clouds which seemed to be looking at her and telling her off. Rosemary thudded to her bottom feeling terribly sorry for her self. She started to whimper loudly.



## Chapter 2

The appearing girl.

‘Up I get,’ Rosemary thought to herself. Rosemary rose to her feet thinking she had to find some help. “I’m very hopeless,” teared Rosemary. CRACK CRUNCH CRACK CRUNCH CRACKITY CRUNCH. Rosemary went further down this path for it looked promising in her eyes, well that was what she thought. The path was long and narrow ‘who knows when it will come to an end’ that was what rosemary thought as the path was not familiar. Rosemary came to a round thing that was surrounded with tall stone tower objects the stones where covered with moss. Rosemary thought perhaps these where from humans, well our human ancestors. The sky was dimming like a lamp and the light was being covered by colossal sheet of black fabric. Perhaps she was being watched, all these things where swirling round in her head. Her body was filling with ice cold air and her hand was turning in to ice. Rosemary sat on the air it seemed as it was so so cold. She lent her head on the stone. As uncomfortable as she was she knew it was going to have to do for the night, for the quicker she fell to sleep the quicker she would wake up. She blinked for a very long time then opened her eyes it was still night. “Oh,” Rosemary sighed. She settled down for the second time and finally it was morning.

Rosemary heaved herself up then started hobbling her way on a very different path that she had never set foot on before. Little figures of trees were in the distance, Rosemary thought that she could definitely make it to the woods in time, well before dusk. Rosemary could just make out a figure of a little girl. She had a feeling the girl lived all alone so maybe she had room for her, because Rosemary had nowhere to stay. ‘I hope she’ll help me, fingers crossed.’ Rosemary saw a loud flowing river. There must be a boat she assumed. The boat was the other side of the lake. The sky was darkening but she could not get the boat. As if magic the girl started rowing the boat towards her. The water was rippling in front of the boat making a clear pathway for the boat to trickle through.



The girl had thin ginger hair that was dangling from her scalp, she had a nice cheesy grin. “Get on, you can stay with me if there is no-where for you to go.”

whispered the girl.

“Uh yes please, can you tell me w-w-w where I am?” asked Rosemary.

“You are in Stone-Vill it is a big town and has lots of different parts of it,” helped the girl. “Oh and excuse me my name is Primrose and I even live in Primrose Cottage just down this stream. I am at your acquaintance, I will do or help with any thing you say. I believe I should know your name don’t you think?”

“Well yes, my name is Rose, well Rosemary. Sorry I guess I am a bit nervous!?” replied Rosemary, “and thank-you.” Rosemary hopped in the back of the boat and of they went heaving the oar together. Soon enough they came to the cottage. The cottage was really old and seemed to have burnt wood on the roof. ‘I’m going to have to take a look at that’ thought Rosemary for she was worried about the safety of this house. Primrose pulled out a key from her trouser pocket. She flicked her hair backwards as the wind was raging stronger for the night was to begin. The crickets where chatting and the soon the candle was out. The night was quiet and was soon over. Suddenly, wind started getting brawny and brawnier, and the sky

started to hide the clouds so they couldn't see the candyfloss clouds. A wooden plank collapsed onto the wooden floor.

“GET OUT NOW!!!!!!” jinxed the two girls waking up the whole wood. The girls leaped out of the house not daring to look at the damaged house. “I can fix it,” suggested Rosemary.

“Then I will help you,” promised Primrose.

## Chapter 3

A helping hand.

“We have to cut down 10 oak trees,” commanded Rosemary. Before Primrose knew it Rosemary had already made a start on the first oak tree.



BBBBBBBBBBBBBAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNN  
NNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!  
CCCCCCCCRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAA  
AAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHH!  
The third oak tree spluttered to the carpet of leaves.  
Then the sixth then ninth then the final TENTH!!!!  
“Now we have to use your stone tools to chop them in  
to lovely shapes. We have to make sure they are all the  
same size otherwise it will be very uneven on the roof  
this will cause it to look less good,” explained  
Rosemary in great detail.

“Yes Miss,” giggled Primrose elegantly. Off they went working their butts of all day. Quite soon the oak that used to be a big tall trunk was now a lovely little cottage.

“YYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYY!!”jinxed the girls. They went inside. Primrose made a nice cup of water from the lake near-by, then got some fish and cooked them, for their dinner as they where really hungry for they had been working all day with no breaks at all as they needed their cottage so they had somewhere to sleep. They went to get some animal skin for them to lay on for bedding, they then stayed up real late as they had so so much fun playing with each other; having jokes and loads of other inside activities. They both played eye spy with each other nearly all night. Primrose fell asleep, then so did Rosemary. The draft of wind kept coming from under the door, raising their animal skins slightly. The sun shone in the girls eyes as they sat up to make an early start to their day. Primrose made a start to their breakfast. Wild bore. They both went to hunt together. They planned their route to get to the boar, as Primrose knew where the boars are known to be found. Then they would make a fire and eat it in the field. So Rosemary and Primrose set off down the carpet of

leaves. It looked rather like a red carpet because of the leaves colour.



## Chapter 4

The hidden secret

The two girls sat down and ate their wild bore.

“What’s that?” asked Rosemary as primrose pulled out a necklace out from round her neck.

“Uh, it is uh a time monigoler,” Primrose muffled.

“Why didn’t you tell me? Who would do that? I mean, you said you would tell me anything?” shouted

Rosemary making Primrose cry and feel terrible

because of what she had done for they where friends.

Primrose couldn’t stand the ranting and raging she

twisted her time monigoler (time turner) ‘creak’. And

WWWWWOOOOOOSSSSSSHHHHHH. Through

the mystical times through the sorrowful times into the

happy times then into the funny times. Fast and never

slow for each memory holds the same amount of

goodness. Everything happens for a reason.

“Look! That’s me and my mother, it looks like she is teaching me to walk,” smiled Primrose remembering

that special moment she longed to share. The stones

where tall, and every thing was made out of stone. The

music glanced at them making them giggle and twitch.

They came to a moment where they glanced at each

other and looked down at the floor. They both felt

really bad for everything. “Uh, Rosemary I need to tell

you something...you see, this is the first time I have

used my time monigoler so I don't know how to get back. Sorry but we could be stuck in time for ages!" whispered Primrose."I read somewhere that if you are stuck in time for too long you get frozen inside for ages, well FOREVER."

"Your literally joking, aren't you?!" questioned Rosemary.

'Wait what was it?' thought Primrose, "Oh yes, *'Wonder far, wonder wide, you can get out before moonlight. Just look far, look wide, and soon you will find the now cave.'* It's called the Now Cave! My mother always sung that to me before I went to bed."

The two girls realised the map was inside the time monigoler, they pulled it out and used all the clues on how to get there. They walked through cold, hot and hotish. The sky was changing, the girls where getting worried for the only time monigoler was in their hands and they hardly knew what it did. Suddenly, in the distance a great giant spark shone into their eyes making them feel blind. The girls thought they would never see again. Suddenly, the spark took the time monigoler like a magnet. The light grew brighter and brighter. Then the girls thought to each other 'is this a path to lead us to the Now Cave?'





## Chapter 6

Back home new beginning

“AAAAAhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” screamed Rosemary, “Well this feels strange. Wait this is my bed, isn’t it? Primrose where are you?”

“Where is Rosemary?” said Primrose slouching herself in her animal skin chair. Primrose thought Rosemary would giggle and that she was just playing hide and seek. Poor Primrose looked every where for her. She then read the book about what happens when you get back from Past – land. She read the final lines. *‘When you get back he or she shall turn back where they where before.’* Primrose started to whimper then cry. Her house was nearly one big gigantic puddle of wet. Suddenly, Primrose felt tingly all over. She started to be raised higher and higher. Without further notice Primrose was dropped into an old plain house. She saw she had next door neighbours so she went to visit them, to see them and see if they are nice. As she was thundering down the ongoing stairs she realised she could have been born here. She went to the front door. BANG BANG BANG! “Yes?” said a lady turning the door handle. “Hello, please can you help me?” pleaded Primrose.

“PPPPPPPPPPPPPPrrrrrrrrrrrrrrriiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiimmmmmm

