

## The red door

No one could hear the whispers on Tiny Oaks Street. No one could hear the screams of what happened on Willow Drive all those years ago. Only Molly Morigan knew the terrifying truth of the disappearance of Dina and John Morigan. It was long ago on a sunny afternoon, with the bright shine of lights from passing cars. Molly was skipping down the street, walking to her beautiful expensive home when she saw a distant light. It was awfully faint, with a red hue to its glow. Molly stopped dead in her tracks. The cool air swept through her long blond hair. Now, young Molly was 11 years old, not very smart, terribly spoiled, and a huge brat, her large ego usually getting in the way of her group activities on a daily basis. But also, more than anything, she loved shiny things. Things that glittered, things that glowed, anything bright enough to catch her keen eye. And she hated if anyone was more pretty (or shiny) than her. So this red glow caught her attention pretty fast. If it was an object, it was a very shiny and she wanted it. In fact, if it was a jewel that another girl was wearing, why, she would pluck the stone right off her skin. So, she ran towards the glow, until she saw what it was. It was a magnificent house, a pale baby blue with yellow trim and window frames. Yet, the red glow was coming from the door. The first thing Molly thought was "Why would anyone put a red door on a blue house? It's incredibly tacky." Molly stared at the door. The more she looked, the more she wanted to run home. Fear gripped her in its cold hands. Before she could even think, she started to inch towards the door. Clouds floated in front of the sun, wrapping a cold and dark blanket over the sky. The street lights' light bulbs shattered, leaving Molly in darkness. The only light was coming from the door. Molly reached out and touched the handle. It was freezing. She ripped her hand away. Now that Molly was looking at it, she saw frost on the door. She thrust her hand out, fought through the cold, cold pain, and opened the door. What she saw terrified her. She raced home. She could hear it laughing after her. She ran inside her home and closed the door. Knock. Knock. Knock. "Don't answer that!" Molly yelled, running into her closet and slamming the door. "Molly, I don't know what has gotten into you. Dina, come down here to help me greet the person at the door." Said Molly's father, John. Molly closed her eyes. "Hello-" He started, there was a scream, the shattering of glass, and John Morigan and Dina Morigan were never seen again.

-Piper M (Molly has no style, blue houses and red doors are very pretty)