

Fifth Door on the Left

Prologue

The doorknob slowly turned. The long creak of the squeaky hinges sent unease in the silence. Through the crack in the door a tall man stepped out. His pointed shoes gleamed as they tapped on the hardwood floor. He slowly walked towards the window. The dark red curtains that draped over the window with the pure white design of roses and song birds, waved and danced in the breeze. The tall man had a long, black, dress coat. His black hat tilted so it covered his face. He stopped at the window and drew the velvety curtains. He set a small black case on the open window sill. With a click he opened it. Inside were two things, a small bag of white, chalky, powder and a velvet pouch. The man reached in and grabbed the bag of powder. He gently opened the bag and dipped a finger in. He jerked it out as if it burned. He lifted his chalky finger out of the window and right above the window sill. In a few strokes he had drawn with the white chalky powder a backwards G. Then he drew it back in the window. With the small velvet pouch he shakily opened it. Inside was swirling greens, reds, blues and browns. It kept twisting and twisting yet going nowhere. The man drew from his pocket a small wood stick with the word 'LIFE' on it. He put it into the bag and turned it the opposite way as it was turning. Then he pulled it out. A small bit of the substance hung from the stick. The man gingerly closed the bag, and then grabbed the bag of powder. He opened it and lightly shook the stick so the drop of life fell into the bag. A swirl of green moved through the white powder.

With everything put away, his shoes tapped the wood floor as he headed to the door. The long creak of the squeaky hinges made the man feel uneasy. But he stepped out the door and closed the old door behind him. He walked past four other doors then turned down a hallway, instead of going straight, even if he wished he could. The man walked down a narrow stair case to the open room below. It was cozy with a couch on the right with a coffee table and a floor lamp. He nodded to a lady with matted brown hair and a faded red dress. He strode to the brown, wood door at the front of the room. He pushed the door open and stepped into the dying sunlight. He walked in the shadows of the buildings, heading for a gap in two buildings. He hesitated then walked in. a short man with mousy brown hair and a dirty white shirt in a dark brown vest. "You came," the man whispered as happily as he could, "I was beginning to think you wouldn't come." "Coarse I would," the tall man replied gruffly "I did it." He said trying to change the subject. "Mmmm..." the second man nodded. "So?" The taller man asked holding out his hand, his pointer finger black. The short man gave a sly smile, "Right?" he whispered anxiously. The taller man nodded "The fifth door on the left"

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“Ahhh...hahaha!” The cheerful shrieks of the Petosky children bounced down the hallway. “Ha! You can’t get me!” The young girl shouted after her brother as they ran down the hallway. Then she stopped quickly. Her brother bumped into her. “What are you looking at?” her brother asked nervously. She spun around “Rahhhhhhh!” “Aahhh!” the boy shouted. “Huh! Kristi, you’re not fair.” He pouted “Fair, shmair. Ronny, it’s obvious you’re a chicken!” Kristi said matter-of-factly. Ronny was about to say something when their mom called down the hallway “Kids! Lunch is ready, and Ronny, you’re *covered* in dust! Go change first!” “Coming!” Kristi chirped. They started down the hallway. They reached a dark brown, wood door with the word ‘Petosky’ printed on it. Kristi turned the gold colored doorknob and pushed it open. The room was pretty plain, it had a glass door in the back that opened onto a small balcony. White curtains draped over them and a cushy brown couch sat parallel to it. A matching foot stool stood in front of the sofa and a small TV sat on the wall across from it. Left of the balcony was a small kitchen and next to it was a doorway to the bathroom, and two bed rooms. “Mmmm...ham-sandwiches!” Ronny inquired. Kristi rolled her eyes. “Good you’re here. Kristi, Millie’s mom just called she’s wondering if you want to go to the park.” Their mom told her. “Oh-yah! Totally!” She answered “Okay I’ll pack your lunch, oh! And you can bring Godric.” Her mom said. Godric is a calm German Shepard. She got up as her mom packed her lunch. She wandered over to her bedroom that she shared with Ronny. She heard scratching at the door. Godric was trying to get out. She opened the door and the big dog bolted out. He ran and started to scabble at his leash that hung on a hook. “Okay, okay! But first I have to get my lunch.” Kristi walked over to the bagged lunch. She grabbed it and went to put Godric’s leash on.



Kristi stopped at a large brick apartment building. She tied up Godric and went up to the door. When it opened it didn’t squeak at all. She stepped in it was fancier than her building but she didn’t care. She walked towards the stairs and headed up. She turned right and up another flight of stairs. She had memorized her way from countless times coming here. She finally got to room 310 standing for the level and place. She knocked shifting her weight. The knob turned and Millie’s freckled face appeared. Her matted mousy brown hair swished as she turned a called to her mom “Mom! Kristi’s here!” “Okay honey! Bring your lunch.” Ms. Wills replied. A moment later she came out with a bagged lunch. She was wearing a pale blue shirt and a black skirt. “Ready?” Kristi asked. “Ready.” Millie replied with that they ran down the hallways to the front door. Godric barked as they came out. Kristi’s jeans caught on a piece of loose wire. “Ugh!”

Kristi groaned. Millie bent down beside her. “Here I’ll get it.” She told her. She unwrapped the jean from the wire and plucked it off. “Mmhmm...yes I’ve been expecting you.” A deep voice sounded behind them. The girls spun around. A tall man with a long black dress coat stood over them; a black hat covered his face. The two girls were speechless with fear. “Millicent Wills and Kristina Petosky. I see I see. Now do as you’re told, go to the fifth door on the left.” Godric stood still tied up staring at the man. The tall man sprinkled some white powder on his nose. Godric sneezed. Then he sat up. He stood still, completely still. He stared blankly at nothing, not his usual bug eye gaze, just staring at the distance. Then his head turned and looked at the girls. A low growl started in his throat. Then Kristi noticed that the tall man had put powder on Millie and herself. She also noticed that Godric seemed bigger and more menacing. Then she looked behind her and saw a fuzzy black tail. She opened her mouth to tell Millie but all that came out was a nervous mew. *Gulp*. Godric barked loudly and started running towards the girls. They yowled and pelted away. “*Oh No Oh No!!*” She thought. But then realized that she was too busy panicking to think. This was Millie’s mind! She thought quickly *Millie! It’s Kristi! I have a plan! What? Kristi? I’m reading your mind! Yah! Listen, he said fifth door on the left! So? I know where that is! Really!?! Where? And hurry! Follow me!* Millie sprinted after Kristi’s black pelt. They turned onto Kristi’s street, Godric’s mad barking was getting louder. *Kristi! Hurry I can’t run much longer!* Kristi extended her length and sped up. They turned and ran through the cat door on Kristi’s building. They bolted up the stairs. A loud crash told them Godric had broken the door and still following. At the top of the stairs she turned left and stopped at the fifth door down.

Here we are. Millie heard barking. Godric always had trouble going up stairs fast. *Now what? We climb. What!?Are you crazy! I know you hat climbing but see that hole? It can get us in! Okay.* The two girls unsheathed their claws and started climbing the wall. Kristi’s tail touched the door way and she dropped suddenly but not far. She looked down. Feet! She was a person again! “Millie touch the door!” the cat Millie turned and saw happiness in her eyes she reached her paw over and touched the door. she dropped to the floor. The barking stopped. Kristi slowly opened the door. Five white birds fluttered out then faltered into 2d pieces of fabric. Millie stood staring at what was inside, a jungle of thorny white roses grew and spread all over the room. Kristi and Millie pushed their way through to the window. “HuH Huh Huh.” Kristi panted as she took deep breaths of fresh air from the open window. Then eyes wide she saw the tall man with the black dress coat outside her building looking up at the girls. But this time nothing covered his face, it was smiling and happy. A real smile. A smile that could last a while. One with a twinkle in his eyes.

He started doing something with his hands. “Hey, that’s sign language!” Millie told Kristi. “What is he saying?” Kristi asked

“Thank You,

That room has cursed me for a long time,

*Ever since I made a deal with a man called Gilbert Gont,
He told me he would give me five hundred dollars,
But he cheated me,
I had to hide my face,
Hide my identity,
Trying to break the curse,
And you have!
With the touch of the cured youth,
Who did as their told!
Thank You!"*

“Deep.” Kristi said dumb founded. Millie watched the man walk happily away. They turned around there was no longer a jungle of roses just a dark red curtain with white roses and birds on it.

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Kristi and Millie had promised not to mention anything about their day or the scratches they had all over. But one thing never changed: *Hey Millie want to go to the park tomorrow?*
Totally!

The End