

Junior Division, Prose

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The Other Side of the Door (an excerpt)

She looked around. Jane was in a tiny yellow room with no windows, a dim light bulb, a bucket (probably for human waste), and a heavily padlocked door. The room stank of disgusting tobacco, and was awfully dusty.

"Eww" she thought. "Where am I?"

She could barely think, all she remembered was sneezing on the sidewalk, a lady offering her a tissue, and her taking it and passing out. Chloroform, she realized. Someone had kidnapped her!

She looked at the door and tried to stand up. Whoever had kidnapped her had done a poor job of tying her up. First of all, they didn't tie her legs so she 'bum- scooted' to the wall and leaned back and pushed against it. Easy, she was up. "Now for the arms", she thought. Wow, what a silly mistake, the kidnapper tied her hands in front of her. She could easily reach the knot. "They did a very sloppy job," she thought. Once she was untied, she looked for a means of escape, she walked slowly towards the door she spotted on the other side of the room. She reached out toward the shiny knob and turned it. Surprisingly it was unlocked, but when she opened it, she was back in the same room she was in before, tied up. What just happened was happening all over again, it was incomprehensible, it was weird, it was awful. She did what she tried before except when she got to opening the heavy door she cried out for help. "Someone please help me, I've been kidnapped," she yelled.

Then someone opened the door. She thought she recognized him. "Hi Jane. Hurry, come with me if you want to get out of here alive," he said.