

The Green Door

The pavement is smooth and flowering with dark green moss. I feel it scratch in between my toes, and rub against my feet like a soft, natural carpet. As I approach the door, the moss thickens. It covers the entire area of the door face like a mountainous blanket. Purple flowers surround the entry like a crowd of servants. Tall grass entwines among these humble servants, growing ever so tall to hide the mystery behind this door. The handle is brown and I feel the rust as I turn the handle. The door creaks open, and I am taken aback from the sight before me. There is green everywhere, the colour of envy. Suddenly, I am scared.

By Sarah P, Promotion Roll Call