

## The Door to Happiness or Despair

Once long, long, ago, a cruise ship sailed the Atlantic, until one stormy day the cruise ship entered an area called the Bermuda triangle, and never came out. One little girl named Rosie found herself alone on the ship. Rosie took money from the ship, and then started off swimming. After days Rosie came upon a little island, on the island sat a huge beautiful hotel, the hotel was white with a big swimming pool in the back and gold curtains in every window. She checked her pockets to see how much money she had grabbed and at that moment she screamed, "I'm rich!" When she took the money out of her pocket, she realized she had taken rare gold coins from someone's pocket.

Rosie walked up to the front counter in the lobby of what must have been a five star resort. She asked the man behind the counter, "Are rooms for sale at this resort?"

“Only if your parents are with you.”

“Well they’re not” Rosie answered. “But my pockets are full of cash” she said laying the coins down on the counter. At first the employee was shocked, but then he said “I guess I could make an exception” pushing the tip jar towards her. Rosie put what must have been a thousand dollars in the tip jar. Then the employee said, “What kind of room would you like, a double, queen, king or a suite?”

“A suite” she said without hesitating.

“Very well if you are purchasing a suite, your total will come to \$5,350,000.”

“Okay” Rosie said laying down the coins on the counter.

“Bellboy,” yelled the man, “Show this young lady to her room.”

They took the elevator up to the very top floor where the bellboy said, “This is your room.” The elevator opened up to her room, it looked like she had bought the entire floor, and she had. That night she ordered room service, and naturally being a kid, she ordered every dessert on the menu.

After a long day of having fun she laid in bed, but she couldn't sleep so she went to the giant bookshelf in the room and grabbed a book from it. That very moment the bookshelf opened just like a door. It looked as though it led to another room, in this room it was very dark. She walked inside the room and all of the sudden she fell straight down. Luckily something cushioned her fall. It was a huge royal bed, even more royal then the one she had in her suite. She looked around and it appeared that all of her surroundings where made of gold. She got up and thought to herself, "Is this real, am I really in a room made of gold?" She pinched herself, but nothing happened. She started to walk through the room which looked like it could have been a palace.

She heard a noise so she yelled "Anybody in here?"

"Yes, me and my husband" said a voice. Rosie was curious who it was so she ran straight to where it sounded like the voice had come from. When she found the people she said:

"Mom, dad!"

"Rosie" exclaimed, her mother!

"How did you get here?" said Rosie.

“Well after searching the ship multiple times for you, we had nothing to believe, but you were dead! Me and your father got on a safety raft and that night when we were sleeping some sea creature must have bite a whole in our raft. When we woke up we were sinking. There was no sign of shore anywhere, but we saw scuba diving equipment at the front of a cave underwater so we went into the cave and after minutes we found ourselves in this place.”

“How did you get here?” asked the dad.

“It’s a long story,” said Rosie, then she hugged her parents and from that point on the family lived happily in their new home.

Until... one morning the family was awoken by a strange loud noise, and their shaking beds. Little did they know there home was no longer a safe place. The noise became louder and louder, and the ground became shakier and shakier by the minute, until something horrible happened. The ground split right in half. The family ran towards the door because it was clear to them their home was no longer safe. The father grabbed the door handle and yanked on it, but it did not

open, they were trapped. He yanked and yanked continuously for about a minute, but the steel door was clearly not going to open. The spilt in the ground became wider and wider.

“Ahh!”

“Rosie,” mom screeched as she grabbed my arm “be careful you could have fallen in the crack”. That was when I realized how deep the crack had become; it looked as though it lead all the way down to the core of the earth. I asked my mom,

“Are we going to make it out of here?”

“Yes, it will all be alright,” but I could hear the fear in her voice.

Now the ground was shaking so much I was having trouble just standing on my feet, so I laid against the wall, just praying we would be safe. Just a few more minutes had passed by, and the crack had expanded so much that mom dad and I were all against the wall trying not to fall into the crack.

Just as the crack was about to open up under our feet my dad came up with a plan. He grabbed a rope and some knives that had fallen out of the cabinets onto the floor, and put all but one between his belt

and pants. He tied the rope around the knife and banged it deep in between the cracks of the golden bricks our walls were made of. Then he tied the rope around us and said “on three, we jump.”

“Have you gone mad,” said mom “Why so we can dangle there until the knife falls out of the wall?” Dad then began to talk as fast as he could, “Look in the crack over there see it?” We looked past the wall of our house where he had pointed.

“Light” said mom.

“Exactly we can follow the light up to the surface, so now, on three, we jump, one, two.”

“Ahh,” I yelled as the ground opened up under us and we fell. Once the rope was finally extended to its full length, we stopped falling, and then dad pulled out three more small ropes from his pocket that I hadn’t seen before. He told us to all grab onto the rope and when we did he untied us. He held onto the rope with one hand, he used the other to tie all three of the small ropes around our waists and onto the big rope.

We still held on as he made a giant knot at the end of the big rope, then he said, "The knot at the end of the rope will keep you from falling all the way down if your knife falls out from the wall."

"What do you mean?" I said, but dad cut me off and said,

"We each get two knives, you jab one into the wall, and then the next one higher and on and on until you reach the surface." Mom and I nodded our heads and we all began climbing.

Hours went by, and my arms grew weaker and weaker. I was having trouble going on, but I knew I had to. I had to push my body harder and harder if I wanted to survive. Every once in a while one of my knives would slip, but I would jab it back into the wall and go on. After hours and hours of climbing I was nearly at the surface, I began to celebrate; I was screaming at the very top of my lungs, I was so excited, until something horrible happened. I reached the surface, and it was no safer here than it was down in my house! The island was covered in lava. I observed the huge volcano shooting lava out of its top. I yelled to my parents, who were just climbing up onto the surface.

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“All we’ve worked for, there is no point, look,” I said to my family, “The hole city is covered in lava, we have no chance of survival, were too late, we should just stop now and give ourselves a break.”

We all stood there in disappointment, but then in a loud serious voice dad said, “No it’s not too late, we are on an island, which means we are surrounded by water. All we need to do is make a little boat. We can make a sail boat.” Then my dad took off his shirt and my coat. He cut the shirt into one piece of fabric and tied it to my coat. He said, “This is our sail, I will connect it to a branch which will be tied to our boat.”

“But how are we going to make the boat?”

“I was just getting to that,” dad said, “Our boat will be a plank of wood. Now quick, let’s make it.” After working on our boat for hours and hours we finished it. For days and days after that we sat on our little boat, until we finally came upon land, and my family and I lived happily ever after.