

The Secret Door

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He had blonde hair and brown-gold eyes. Just by looking at his face, anyone could tell he'd had enough bad experiences, even at sixteen, to last him a lifetime. The taxi pulled up at the large brown building that looked like a school. The old man next to him got out of the cab, and got a large duffle from the trunk. His name was Ben, good old Ben; the boy was Ben's nephew. After his sister had died, Ben took the boy in as his own. Now it was time he got the best education that Ben could afford, so he could get a good start to the rest of his life.

"C'mon, Rutter. We gotta get you checked in, so you can make it to orientation in time." Rutter mumbled a sound that seemed like an agreement, and slid out of the car. Once Rutter got inside, they talked to a lady that reminded him of an ape he saw at the circus once. The thought amused him so much that a chuckle escaped him.

The ape lady led them down long halls for what felt like hours, but finally she unlocked a door and said, "Here's your new home," with sarcastic sweetness. The room was small with two beds, a desk with a computer, and a small window.

There were two other doors in the room and Rutter guessed that they were the bathroom and closet. Rutter walked toward one door, opened it, and found a closet. He walked to the next door, hoping it was a bathroom, and as he was opening it the ape lady stepped in front of him, closed the door, and said, "You must never open this door. Understand? Never. If you touch this door again, there will be serious consequences." The ape lady started to leave and said, "By the way, my name is Miss Yestiano." As Rutter was walking back to his room, he heard the banging sound of hard rock music.

"Oh no," he said to himself, "please don't tell me -" but Rutter knew as soon as he heard the music that it was his roommate. When he walked in he saw a boy about his age lifting weights. His muscles bulged underneath his black t-shirt, and his shoulder length black hair was greasy. Rutter was about half his size.

"You gonna come in, Goldilocks?"

"Uh, ahh, I think so," stuttered Rutter as he walked in.

"Name's Fred Bulk, but you can call me Bulk." He stretched out his enormous

hand and shook Rutter's furiously.

"That's a very fitting name," said Rutter, "I'm--"

Suddenly Rutter found himself suspended in the air by his shirt. "What are you saying, Goldilocks? You looking for a fight?"

"Absolutely not. I was just saying uhh that I umm like it. Yeah, Bulk is a very cool name."

"Oh, okay. Sorry" said Bulk. "What's your name?"

"I'm Rutter Wilson, and can you put me down now?"

"Oh, yeah. Sorry, again."

"All students please report to the cafeteria," squeaked the intercom.

"Well, I guess its chow time. Let's go," said Bulk with a pat on the back that knocked the wind out of Rutter.

Rutter was carrying his food tray from the serving counter, thinking about how much he would be missing Ben. All of a sudden he ran into a girl and his food went everywhere.

"IDIOT!" she shouted, "Ugh this is disgusting!" She had mashed potatoes in her fiery red hair and gravy all over her freckled face and white shirt.

"I'm so sorry. Here, let me help you clean that up." Rutter turned to get some napkins, but she had already left. "Who was that?" asked Rutter when he sat next to Bulk.

"That's Ireda Centin. She doesn't like people," he said as he ate half his hamburger in one bite.

"All students to the auditorium," screeched the intercom.

Weeks passed and Rutter struggled with school. He and Bulk became good friends. Rutter also became friends with Ireda. Rutter discovered that Ireda had a secret door in her room too. The secret doors constantly bothered Rutter. There were some nights he had his hand on the doorknob, but he always restrained himself.

Until one night, Rutter was lying on his bed, listening to music when Ireda ran into their room and shouted, "Guys, I did it! I opened the secret door in my room! It's a--"

"Halt!" screamed an abrasive voice, it was Miss Yestiano, "You have opened your door and now you must pay, I will--"

"You can't do anything to me if you can't catch me," Ireda shouted defiantly. She ran to her room, Miss Yestiano close

behind. Rutter and Bulk followed, and when they got to Ireda's room, they saw her jump in through the door. Rutter and Bulk couldn't believe she actually did it. Miss Yestiano screeched in anger, but she had not yet seen the two boys. They ran back to their room as quickly as they could.

"What happened to Ireda?" asked Bulk.

"I don't know, bud. But we need to find out. Tonight, we open the secret door."

Rutter and Bulk planned to explore behind the door at midnight. "Are you sure you wanna do this?" asked Bulk nervously.

"Yes, Ireda is our friend, and who knows what's behind that door? She could be in danger. You ready?"

Rutter twisted the knob, and when they opened the door, all they could see was darkness. They walked in together, and stumbled upon a long staircase; it seemed never-ending.

"And they were never seen at PCTA again!" narrated a little redheaded girl as she hugged her sleeping bag in a quaint living room.

"What?! You can't do that!" said another little girl.

"The story was just getting good." Whined a third.

"Well, legend has it that they all ended up at the bottom of the staircase, which turned out just to be another way out of the school," said a middle-aged man with sandy blonde hair as he walked in the living room with his wife.

"They were separated for many years," said his wife as she tossed her fiery red hair over her shoulder.

"But eventually they found each other;" said her husband

"And two of them found love," added the wife.

"Mommy! Daddy!" screeched the red headed storyteller. The wife gave her child a big hug.

"Well, it's getting late. Sophie, why don't you and your friends run up to bed now?" said Mrs. Wilson. The girls said their goodnights and went upstairs. "Sophie will never get tired of telling that cliff-hanger at her sleepovers will she, Rutter?" Ireda said to her husband once they were alone. "I can't believe she hasn't figured it out."