

The Magic Book



We knew we shouldn't have come here, but the thirst for adventure in our small albeit boring town was overwhelming. As we stood in front of the grass clothed building, we were excited and scared. Throws of conflicting emotions that were to serve as inbuilt protective mechanisms came to play. Nonetheless, we washed it down as we found our way to the large faded wooden door of the house. Everything around us screamed 'forbidden'. It was as though the birds and even the crickets were begging us to leave.

Standing at the entrance, my friend and I locked eyes as she began to mirror my every move; We knew every quest for adventure was met with apprehension, and this was no different. We walked in stealthily and closed the door behind us. Our eyes scanned the surroundings, realising this was not a home. Instead, it was a worn down apothecary.

With mental check notes, we proceeded. Every step was met with the creaking of worn wooden floors, trying not to topple over glass bottles and hoping critters would not find us. As much as I did not want to admit it, a cold shiver ran down my spine. Searching for courage in each other's steps, we made it to a clustered corner and found a worn diary. Alice went in for the kill first, and I went second. We began to recite the unfamiliar and apparently nonsensical words from the pages and even had a field day laughing at the hard to pronounce expressions, not giving a care to what we were doing.

Nothing happened, and our hearts became a little too proud. We began to pick and pull apart when suddenly, the air in the room became too heavy. It was too difficult to describe, but it seemed like something was urging us to leave. It felt like I was drowning and the only way to survive was away from the book. My veins began to dilate, and my heart was making an effort to beat out of my chest. Alice quickly grabbed my cold and clammy palms; she felt what I felt too. I could not comprehend how this was happening, how I could be sinking without any body of water. I was not one to believe in curses, but when I began to hear heavy footsteps behind me, my brain went utterly dark and silent. I was afraid.

