

# The Blood Red Door

By Megan Thorpe, Christmas 2012

Winner of the "Talbot's Got Writers!" Christmas competition.

1985

It was December 24<sup>th</sup>. The afternoon before Christmas Day. I wanted to go to Horlock Cemetery where my granddad was buried. I like to visit him every Christmas but never as late as I was planning.

It was only me going to the graveyard all alone but I wasn't afraid.

It was 11pm when I got there. I was planning on coming at 7:30pm but I got delayed because I was feeling happy-upset. I was happy to visit but upset because I missed him so much. He was very close to me. He understood everything. I felt I could tell him anything.

There were rumours about the graveyard being haunted by the ghost of Christmas. But I was not afraid.

I walked through the big black creaky gates. Granddad was near the back left hand side of the graveyard. I found his grave. When I seen it the horrid sight met my eyes.

Someone had dug up the grave and there were steep steps down to a blood red door!! I very slowly walked down the steps. My heart was racing! I reached for the knob covered in blood. I opened the door and I seen: The

ghost of Christmas, Scrooge, Evil Jack Frost, Evil Snowmen, other evil men covered in scars, AND... MY GRANDDAD?!?!

This was where the scary living-dead Christmas Creatures hid from the living.

“Hello”, I said. My voice sounded wobbly with fright. I was terrified. “It’s me, I won’t hurt you; will you hurt me? Please don’t. Is that you, granddad?”

“Of course it’s me, sweetie, after all it is my grave! I didn’t want you finding out I was still alive.”

“Why not?”

“Because I had work to do. I couldn’t tell you where I was going. I work here with Christmas Creatures. We are the ones who made Christmas last all these years. It was us, and no living being should know.”

My granddad called one of the men with scars. He said, “Kill her, kill her now.”

What?!?!

“I am your grandchild. Don’t let him do this, granddad, please.”

I felt my heart throbbing. The scar-faced man stabbed me with a stake and I died. If it wasn’t for me dying Christmas would be over!