**The disappearance**

Abigail entered the home to which her grandfather lived. She had a quick glance at the house still wondering if this was her reality.

By the house there were delightful riverbanks, shimmering with the silvery undersides of willow leaves. Ivy and ferns grew through the crevices of the old winding stone path, which led directly to the colossal structure. The mansion loomed proudly behind creaking iron gates, flanked by rows of skeletal trees crowned in crimson, swaying gently to the chilly autumn wind. At its threshold stood the delicate, marble fountain; the soft gurgling of the clear water melodic as it resonated in the surrounding silence. Drawn along the river by the beauty of music, Abigail encountered the luminous figure standing at the door.

Abigail’s body stood still as she stared at her grandfather. Before a word had appeared from her mouth she couldn’t help but run up to him - giving him a big hug.

As Abigail entered the home, she was immediately gifted with an old-fashioned box.

“Abigail, the box I have given you used to belong to your grandmother. It was packed away in the cupboard and I thought you might like it,” the grandfather said wistfully - staring into the eyes of Abigail. She opened the box quickly, wanting to see what was inside: it was an old-fashioned doll.

“I love it!” Said Abigail hugging the doll as if she had had it for years. At the same time a butler had entered the lobby and had asked if he could take Abigail to her room, but the granddad had interrupted by saying, “Please may I show you something, somewhere where you must not go, “he said this with a mischievous grin on his face. “Behind this door lies a long, dark corridor in the quietest corner of the house. A painting is shown with an image of a doll, a sad doll, a bit like the doll I had just given you.” He ended by saying, “I require you do not enter… bad things may happen.”

Abigail’s face went pale as if she had been told a horror story, but she soon smiled and emerged from the shadow of her grandfather and into the butler’s presence. The butler brought her back to her room where she sat and then was left alone…bored.

Through the window, falling leaves tumbled from the interlocking branches above. Abigail sat lonely in the middle of the bed feeling the cold, crisp air go through her. Leaves of red and brown flew passed the window in a whirl of motion signifying the darkness that was to come.

She reverently rubbed her fingers across the silken mattress. She pressed her cheeks along the cool velvet pillows. The comforter was thick and irresistibly soft, like a blowing cloud. She toppled into it, relieved to rest her weary feet, warmth and darkness enveloped her. She soon stumbled to the call of sleep.

An hour had passed, Abigail was awoken from the call of her grandfather addressing her to the dinner table. The dining room was elegant; hearing the natural world comforted the room. The table dominated the space, an elongated ellipse of oak with the raw bark at the edges. The chairs were each beautiful in its simplicity, all clean. The floor beneath it was slate and with cream walls and mullioned windows it was a fine place for the evening meal. Abigail sat eagerly to tuck into dinner. Two tall silver candelabras commanded attention from the centre of the table. A butler had soon arrived spreading the food generously.

Abigail licked her lips and grabbed a handful of the satisfying food. Her hands clenched onto the drink as she smeared her face with the varieties of juices. Abigail took charge of the pork which laid upon the table. She saturated the food in its rich, sweet sauces and popped a large piece in her mouth. As delicious as it was, Abigail was unable to chew with her mouth so full. Abigail dabbed her cheeks with the delicate napkin before speaking “This is delicious!” She had said enjoying the food while it lasted.

“Time for bed,” the butler had said.

The next day, Abigail awoke stretching herself out of bed to feel for her doll. She sobbed now knowing that the doll had been broken.

Without a moment to bare she immediately thought of a place to keep it: the forbidden corridor.

Abigail tiptoed herself out of bed and knocked on the large oak door. A sound was heard. Abigail opened the door gazing promptly into the bleak beyond, but then her attention was drawn to a painting on the wall. It spoke by saying “enter, enter, and enter,” in a whispery, evil voice. The sound grew bigger each time as it sucked the spirits of her pale self. The doll which laid upon the ground smiled.

The grandfather had stood next to the grinning butler. They laughed as the girl had turned from skin and bone to oil and paint.