The Locket

Sarah and William came out of the cab and they were shown to their grandma - Laura. They entered the ancient house and saw the crystal chandeliers hanging down the lobby. They were greeted by her warm presence and a weak smile.

“Hello my beautiful children,” said she, “I have bought you all gifts to keep and play with.” To Sarah a bow and to William a red ball. Her feeble voice comforted them whilst she spoke about her life. Sarah and William listened to their relative’s words whilst they sat on the cosy carpet.

“My children, once twilight arrives, come and kiss me goodnight to remind me of my lost son Walter.”

The children promised they would do what they were told. Grandma Laura turned her old eyes around and gazed into the distance as if she wasn’t with them.

“And one more thing my darlings,” she turned her head around and shot her eyes into Williams and Sarah’s soul, “you may do as you like, but don’t go into the spare bedroom. There is a damaged mirror - older than me - that has a locket hanging from the corner of it - don’t touch it!” warned the lady.

Their grandma took one of her unique china tea pots from her collection and poured hot water inside her cup - she was back. Her eyes clouded (once again) and gazed into the distance.

William and Sarah walked away and played until William needed to rest. It was dusk: they needed to see their grandma.

The next few days were amusing, but William had had enough of the same routine. When Sarah was downstairs, he went up the staircase and entered the forbidden room!

William laid his eyes on the mirror, which was filled with unhappy faces that seemed to be calling for him. Williams’s ears shattered as if he were listening to loud drumming, but the sound wasn’t coming from his ears. He took the locket and opened it with discomposure.

His eyes began to water. He felt a dominant force drag him into the mirror. The locket was left open; the black and white picture of a lady was left smiling at the emptiness of the room.

The next day Sarah arrived at the neglected breakfast table. Her grandma’s voice told her to sit down and eat her warm breakfast as she noticed something different.

“Where has little William gone?” questioned her grandmother. Sarah rotated her head to the entrance of the kitchen and saw a glowing shadow that was telling her something.

“No, I haven’t seen him since we stopped playing,” replied Sarah.

“Well, I guess we shan’t see him for a long time,” said her grandma as she looked wistfully from whence William should’ve entered the kitchen.

The house: a soundless, desolate place. Every mouse in the room was a motionless picture standing in the corner. The trees dare not move in the windy autumn and the sky stayed dark and gloomy.

Sarah played with her dollies day and night, yet she never became exhausted. The bow was never taken off her head because she promised someone that as long as one lives, everything belongs one.

Curiosity got the best of Sarah, so she decided to look around the ancient house. She strolled passed many pictures of a smiling boy she seemed to know. She felt welcomed by the house and started talking to the silent walls. She stopped. She turned around and walked forward as if she was grabbed by an invisible force that made her feel overwhelmed.

Sarah entered the restricted room and made her way to the locket .The glowing light blinded Sarah’s eyes as she opened it with inquisitiveness. Sarah began to chuckle; she knew who this person was.

A pale hand appeared from the mirror it seemed to beckon her. She was dragged into the mirror and left the world she once belonged to.

The room stood silent: the trees whistled through the open window and the curtains whispered to the oak, wooden floor. The precious locket (that was once held by a child) was left abandoned on the floor. The picture of the long-lost boy was staring into the sunlight of the dawn.

Grandma sat on her bow-window and she glared into the sky. Her eyes went blank as she thought of children laughing and playing.