**The Troubled Escape**

“Don’t you see that Matron?” enquired Elsie gazing mysteriously at the mirror.

“What Elsie? Calm down!” I shouted over her questions.

“She’s coming!” she howled.

Elsie and I stood freezing as the clock struck midnight. The Foundling Hospital had troubled her since she had seized the chance to escape. I took her hand in mine and begged her to compose herself. Her heart-breaking questions were crushing me into pieces. She was I a terrible state of distress and I had no way to calm her.

“Elsie, Listen. “I commanded.

“No one cares for me.” She whined, her eyes flooding with tears.

I felt terrible. I softened. Tears started pouring down her rosy cheeks like a waterfall.

She was still gazing terrified at the perfectly normal mirror. So I rose and covered it with her favourite shawl.

“No, not that one!” she howled, even more distressed, “That horrible matron is going to steal it!”

 “Ellen, come here!” Cried Elsie, “I’m boiling hot.”

“What now Elsie?” I rushed into the room and saw Elsie opening all of the windows. It was midnight and a bitter cold, Sunday evening. I wondered why she was doing it. Then she shrieked,

“It’s there Ellen, It’s there!” She cried again and again. A succession of shudders convulsed her frame. I could see the pain: the fear in her eyes.

“The Foundling Hospital.” She shivered with fear.

“Nonsense Elsie, the Foundling Hospital is miles away. “I said, picking up the clutter on her bedroom floor.

“And we live in the countryside. “I added.

She started climbing out of the window, determined to prove that the Foundling Hospital was there.

“Look! Look! Ellen it’s there. You need-.”

I stopped her in Mid-sentence. “Come back this instant! “I commanded.

So sadly and regretfully, she crawled back in but still insisted she was boiling hot and the Foundling Hospital was right in front of us.

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