

Junior Division, Prose

Ayla Orbasli, Mount Pearl

Don't Go There (an excerpt)

Iris didn't want to move. She didn't care that her mother didn't have the money to stay; she would have worked, she was the right age to work after all. But then her mother had seemed so sad and hopeless she just couldn't bear it. Now she found herself looking at the house with her mother, putting on her best act to be happy every time her mother turned.

The house was tacky but it was big with lots of useless rooms filled with random stuff. The wall paper looked old like one of a house made centuries ago with yellow flowers. It appeared to be falling off the walls. And the floor creak at every step taken. Paintings lined the walls, paintings of people alive long ago who looked rich and powerful, their eyes watching the people who walked down the hallway. But Iris made no note of this as she was too busy watching her mom looking for signs that she didn't like it. She found none “Wow, I'm surprised the asking price was so low,” Iris's mother said in surprise. “Yes, well... I'm sure they have some sort of a reason.” the realtor answered, seeming shaky. Iris didn't think much of this as she thought that this lady was kind of odd.

“What's in there?” she asked.

The realtor agent suddenly turned around very quickly, her eyes wide in alarm “that's just a storage closet but it smells ghastly don't go in there...ever.”

“Umm..ok... I guess” Iris said, taking a step back suddenly feeling queasy about this house and the realtor. Her mother didn't seem to notice this as she finalized the purchase of the house and Iris put on her act again but in her mind she was surprisingly queasy.