

The painting in the garage

It was a dull gray Saturday and Lucy found herself cleaning the garage. chilly air drafts whipped her face. Water dripped from the garage tap . Struggling Lucy managed to move a few dusty boxes to a corner of the garage. To Lucy's amusement there was a ratted old painting of an old school library standing where the boxes had been. cautiously Lucy reached out to touch the painting but her hand just went through the painting. Lucy's eyes widened like owls. Swiftly she pulled her hand back, pinched herself and stared. A moment later Lucy picked up the courage to go into the painting. Calmly Lucy crept toward the painting until she was completely inside. When Lucy opened her eyes she was in what looked like a dark , narrow street sitting on a damp bench that was silhouetted by light. Icy spray and hail dripped down her face. the Street lights flickered. In the distance Lucy spied a warm yellow light coming from an abandoned library

that looked familiar. By the time Lucy got to the library water had soaked into her clothes and she was drenched. The library door was huge and its hinges were rusty and wet and that's when it hit her. This library was the same library in the painting. You could tell that the library was old. Most of the bricks were loose and a couple were completely gone. The wind howled. Lucy started to get a prickle of fear. With all her might she heaved the door open.

The inside looked as if no one had cleaned it in years. Dust was spread all over the shelves like a curtain of ivy. The carpet felt scaly and was dotted with stains. Candles were spread all over the walls allowing you to see all the spines of the books. There was a large oak table. The table was covered with unread books and There were candles all over the front desk. Some old dusty books were on the floor. In one of the corners Lucy spotted something moving in the candle light. Slowly she crept backwards

towards the door. All of a sudden a shaggy gray mouse appeared at Lucy's feet. sighing with relief Lucy stroked the mouse gently. The poor thing was soaked. Peacefully Lucy lifted the mouse into a small hole in the wall that Lucy guessed was its home. All of a sudden a strong wind whipped her face. Lucy scanned the room like an eagle looking for prey for a good book but instead she found a small door with tree markings on it. The door was old and some of the wood was chipped off. Lucy crouched down and carefully twisted the knob. Lucy's eyes lit up like the street lamps she saw earlier. The door didn't have another room in it had Lucy's garage. The floorboards creaked as she squeezed through the door. Lucy found herself in her garage. The very messy garage. From upstairs Lucy could hear her Mum yelling at her. "Lucy, that garage better be tidy when I come down or else!"