

Door Story

It confronted me. A giant door, looming over me. Deep engravements in the wood. Unintelligible shouts and yells from inside. I fell on the wood, leaning on it, seeing if it's open. It slides forward slowly, the noise erupting even more. The door is opened a crack.

I press my ear to the door and hear a shout. "Gryffindor!" I peer around the corner and see a small, orange haired boy sitting down at a 20 metre long wooden table lain with the finest of foods. Three more tables identical to the first one all lined up next to each other sit on the dazzling dirty marble floor. Candles seem to be floating mid-air and lit.

A starry night ceiling seems realistic as if the building didn't have a roof. A black haired boy stands up then sees me and shouts: "Muggle!"