

The House of Keys

There is always time for mystery, and imagination. And that is the key word in this story. Somewhere in the back of beyond is a big rambling old Manor house where over the years many generations of the same family have lived. But now it's sad and lonely, waiting for something to happen but what! The house still had dusty and crumbling old furniture in the rooms but one room was locked!!.

The people that lived there long ago had a secret room built as a fun room. It was made as a complete circle with many doors and no windows. The walls were covered in pictures of many lands but no furniture except for a round table and six chairs in the middle of the room. On the table was a silver tray with six identical keys who did they belong to? And why were they there?

As in many stories of mystery the imagination soon gets to work what is going to happen, who put the keys on the tray and how long have they been there many questions and no one to answer them. Perhaps the garden might have some answers. Outside was just as bad as the house overgrown and forgotten so it's back to the house for more clues.

The secret door was open! And sitting at the table were three men and three women how did they get there, they looked like dummies from a waxworks they just stared at the keys on the tray, a note was also on the tray which said (take one key try any door and go through)

The first to try was a lady, she picked up the key smiled to the others and went to try her key it turned in the second door and she went through only to find herself on the battle field of first war dressed as a nurse and going to help the wounded soldiers, she was surprised when she looked back the door had closed.

The others sat in silence and waited then a man picked up a key nodded to the others and went to try his key, he walked around the room tried two doors then the forth one opened and he stepped into a strange scene of a mock battle between the Roundheads and Cavaller being played out in a large field and he was dressed as a Cavaller with long curly hair big black hat a fancy lace jacket and trousers thigh boots and held a lance, before he joined the fun He turned but the door had closed.

The other four looked nervous as they waited their turn. A lady went to the table and carefully picked up her key and slowly walked around the room trying the locks and found number three opened the door she smiled at the others and went in.

A blast of hot air greeted her as she found herself in a large tent in the dessert, filled with beautiful coloured silks and carpets. She was dressed in a fine coloured silk top baggy trousers and a face mask of a hand maiden. She held a large feathered fan and with others began to cool her mistress. Queen Cleopatra of Egypt, as she lay on a gold settle covered with many silken cushions. The lady turned to see but the door had closed.

The last three were really anxious the two men got up from the table and walked around the room trying the doors, to find a way out of the room, when the lady called out look at the keys!! The last three keys seemed to glow and another note appeared on the tray (choose a key and go through the door) one man said. "If that's the only way out here goes." And picked up a key

He tried to remember which doors the others had gone through then tried number one, the door opened and he found himself in the jousting arena of Hampton Court and dressed as a valet who prepares the Knights armour and weapons a long lance, sword and spiked ball and chain, as a last resort also the Knights horse and its armour for practise fights or a challenge contest in front of King Henry VIII The man turned looked back, the door had closed.

The last two people sat looking at the tray. The lady said "Why do they not come back." The man just shrugged his shoulders and stared at the last two keys. "We'll just have to find out like the others, something has brought us here for a reason shall I go?" "No I will and she picked up a key said goodbye and tried her key in the last two doors, number five opened.

She walked into a beautiful Japanese garden dressed as a geisha girl wearing a long red kimono with gold and blue butterflies on a black wig and the strange white makeup on her face. She walked along a winding path under the cherry blossom trees past a pond of floating water lilies where she climbed a few steps to a wooden house. She knelt down at a small table and poured tea in special cups for her guests and entertained by playing a lute, as the door closed.

Back in the room the last key on the tray began to glow, the man thought to himself "I wonder where they have all finished up behind those doors well it's now or never." He picked up the key and walked over to the last door number six.

He walked into a strange scene of hot sand and mountains he was wearing trousers made of animal skin and leather slippers, and on his head a beautiful headdress of feathers. He saw many people coming to meet him waving guns and leading a large white horse for our last man was an Indian Chief of their tribe they all went back to their tepees to celebrate his return.

The room was now empty but what now. Something was moving it was the room beginning to spin faster and faster until it disappeared like a time capsule into space. Leaving the old Manor House and dilapidated garden waiting for what other mysterious things were to happen.