

The Davis Passage

It was a windy night and I, Lily Davis, was sitting by the campfire on my grandpa's patio listening to the legends of the "Davis Passage." My grandpa Davis was the biggest jokester on the planet. Every summer my brother Reece, and I would spend a week with him and my grandma, and every time he would attempt to scare us out of our skins. I was twelve and Reece was nine, Reece was always very frightened and fooled by my grandpa's stories. I on the other hand, had happened to inherit my grandpa's jokester gene and never once believed any of the myths. This year my "city-slicker" cousins were visiting from Detroit and decided they would listen to the stories as well.

"So there I was," began my grandpa, "All alone moving into this house. I was thoroughly inspecting every room, when out of nowhere I heard a distant voice. *Come here Jeff. Come closer,* the voice said hypnotically. I had no choice but to follow the mesmerizing voice. Soon it led me to a passage way, a secret one hidden from the normal eye. I went to explore this passage, but before I knew it I was face to face with a monster."

Reece whimpered. No way could someone be this gullible I thought to myself.

"Then, this horrid creature grabbed me with its dirty, greasy hands. I shrieked in pain as its talons dug into my sides. It looked down at me with his large, yellow-" my grandpa was suddenly interrupted.

"Stop it grandpa! Stop it!" Reece yelled with tears beginning to form in his big, brown eyes. Then everyone's attention was directed towards the large, glass back door which was opened by my grandma.

"Jeff!" My grandma said pointing her batter-covered spatula at my grandpa.

"Yes Linda honey," he replied in his most innocent voice practically batting his eyelashes.

"Quit scaring the children!" She said firmly, a mixing bowl in her hands, and her apron dirtied with flour.

"Of course dear," my grandpa said while mumbling under his breath, "Aren't you supposed to be baking something?" grandpa Davis looked up and said, "Well you heard your grandmother off to bed. But heed my warning."

Reece sprinted to the door, but the rest of us lumbered inside. My three cousins Natalie, William, and Anthony, were surprisingly disappointed with not hearing the end of the story. I was shocked.

"So," I began trying desperately to break the silence. "What did you think?"

"That was a load of rubbish! That's what I think!" replied Natalie irritably. Well, so much for disappointment.

"Completely," agreed Anthony while giving me a malicious smile. "You probably believe that stuff though, don't you?" William, though the youngest, was actually the most mature of my three cousins. Therefore he stayed silent throughout this bickering.

"I'm not even gonna engage guys. Good night," I said with a sigh while walking towards my bedroom. I tried to be nice, but Natalie and Anthony make it pretty hard to be kind. As I was walking down the hallway to my room I noticed an unnatural light illuminating the bathroom. I hesitated, and then walked into the bathroom to find this mysterious light source. To my surprise, this light was coming from a crack in the wall.

"Weird," I breathed. Then I did the most idiotic thing. I stuck my fingers into the crack.

"*Push,*" murmured a hypnotizing voice. I obeyed, and immediately afterwards a two feet wide tunnel lit with torches appeared. This isn't real, I thought.

"Oh, but it is..." replied the same voice. I might have been terrified, but I had always dreamed about something like this. Hasn't every child at least once in their lifetime dreamed about having their own secret passage, secret room, or even a secret world? Narnia had always been my favorite book when I was younger, and now I might have my own secret! Slowly I approached the passage, and I then pushed myself into the dirt tunnel.

After about one minute of crawling, the dirt tunnel sloped downward dramatically. I sat on my butt and attempted to slide down. Once I reached the bottom I realized that there was a knotted rope that could be used to help me get back up. As I progressed through the passage the dirt began to turn into stone bricks, and before I knew it I found myself in a large room. Because of the few torches on the walls the room was very dim.

"Another one, just my luck," muttered a raspy voice disgusted by my appearance in the room.

"What do you mean 'another one'? Are you not a human?" I questioned appalled and insulted by this man's comment.

"You are a Davis, are you not?"

"What does that have to do with anything?" I wasn't ready to give this odd man any information about myself.

"Your kind built these passage ways. Your kind lures people down into these tunnels where they wither away not knowing a way back."

"No one from my family would ever do this!"

"Well one of them did. Elizabeth Davis had an evil mind, and she is the voice that you hear when being lured down here."

"Who was the other Davis you had encountered while down here?"

"Some fellow named Jeff, by now he is probably dead. When he ran away from me he encountered a monster.

"Oh no," I said suddenly frightened.

"Oh yes, you will encounter monsters down here too, and other indescribable horrors," said the man smiling the most despicable smile. I broke into a run, and eventually I reached the dirt hill with the knotted rope. Using the rest of my strength I finally reached the top, and escaped the passage. I turned around and saw the monster. Then I woke up.

I was sweating like crazy, and I sobbed for a few moments. Then I walked into the hallway and saw a shining crack in the bathroom wall.