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## The Midnight Escapade

I open my eyes and feel the wind tickle my cheek through the dark open window. The trees rustle and moan. I sit up quietly, careful not to wake my younger brother. The room is dark, and leftover toys and extra blankets are scattered all the way across the crowded landscape of my room. I turn and peek at the soft glow coming from my alarm clock. The blue numbers are hypnotizing in the dark of the small bedroom. The numbers swim around in my brain until I place them in the correct order. 12:32. Perfect. This is my only chance and I will have to act fast if I want to make it. I slip out of my covers, and my brother lets out a small snore. I freeze in the darkness until all is silent again. I pull my fuzzy brown slippers onto my bare, cold feet and start towards the doorway. Before I get there, I turn suddenly and change direction towards the open window. I stick my head out so I can feel the soothing breeze, and watch the sky with wide eyes as the stars twinkle and shine. Tearing my eyes away from the window, I tiptoe back to the door. I could spend all night admiring the stars, but I don't want to get carried away, because this is my only chance. Once it's morning, it will be gone. All gone.

Walking softly through the doorway, I creep silently down the hall framed with pictures of distant relatives, only allowing my slippers to make soft padding sounds. I step on the occasional loose floorboard and it lets off a loud creak. Then I freeze, and as no one comes to investigate, I let out a breath I realize I had been holding. After what seemed like a million years

I reach the end of the dreaded corridor. Unfortunately, the end is the worst. Above an open doorway lies the portrait of my great-aunt, who scowls down at me with a disapproving look. Her eyes seem to follow me down the hall and she looks real enough to jump out of the frame. She's scary in daylight, but she is five times that at night. I shudder at the thought and hurry on.

In the next room, a new environment awaits me. Couches and chairs are everywhere like boulders in a field. I study my new surroundings with an eagle eye, then quiet as a mouse, I slither around the maze of furniture like a snake. A loud snore emits from the ceiling and I blend into the shadows, as if I am a shadow myself. After a moment of silence, I move on. Ducking behind an old leather sofa, I plan my next move. After I decide, I sneak into a door hiding in the back of the room. A continuous plopping sound greets my ears. Every second, there is a plip and a plop. The dripping noise echoes in a small white kitchen. Colors blend and everything becomes a swirling mess of gray.

A ticking noise draws my attention to above a grayish fridge. A gray clock ticks and the sound mingles with the drip drop of the leaking faucet. I hope the noise isn't loud enough to wake anyone. I glance at the clock again. Time is running out. Careful not to make noise, I prowl over to an island in the center of the tidy kitchen. On the island an upside down bowl on a plate waits just for me. It's time. I open the nearest drawer and pull out a metal fork. A cabinet in the corner stands ajar, and I hurry over and reach into the gaping hole. I reach deep, and pull out a plate. Feeling more confident now, I return to the strange bowl-dish. It's time. Under the bowl lies my ultimate target. My mom's last slice of triple-chocolate creamy caramel cake. My mission has come to an end. I take the slice and dig in. The chocolate melts in my mouth. The caramel has a satisfactory taste. Too soon, the last bite is gone. Disappointed, I try to make more appear, but to no avail.

Sadly, I put the dishes by the sink and slink back to my room, through the open door of the kitchen, which I close behind me with a soft thunk. Then past the door to the room of sofa-boulders, and through the door to my bedroom. I turn to the door across from my bed. Padding through the door I close it behind me and turn on the light. Grabbing my blue toothbrush with purple stripes, I stare at the my reflection, admire my face, then grimace as I see my teeth. Yikes. I scrubbed my teeth until they gleam. Then turn off the light and sneak over to the window. After I watch the magic twinkling stars and admire the outside world in the soft glow of the moonlight, I tiptoe into bed. The taste of cake is still in my mouth as I fall asleep, dreaming sweet dreams of triple-chocolate caramel cake.