

The Magical Door by Anastasia

I opened the magical door and felt,
The sun's warm heat, hitting my face,
The soft golden sand shuffling with every whisper of the salty breeze,
Covering my bare feet like a warm blanket.

I opened the magical door and smelt,
The sweet aroma of sizzling sausages
Squeezing through a mighty crowd,
Who were clutching popcorn and intensely watching the ongoing
film.

I opened the magical door and heard,
The hysteric giggles of my entertained best friends,
Filling the spacious room, at a long forgotten party.

I opened the magical door and saw,
A familiar street, a familiar house,
A savouring aroma of mouth-watering dishes surrounding me.

I opened the magical door and saw,
Snowing white chocolate,

Raining chips and crisps from candyfloss clouds,
Takeaways appearing with every, milk lightning bolt,

I opened the magical door and tasted,
Delicious cheese cakes, of almost every flavour,
All sorts of deserts,
All to my favour.

I opened the magical door and saw,
The future