**The Last Key**

Chills rushed down by back, sending shivers down my spine. Trembling, my hands, clammy from perspiration, clenched into tight fists, grasping onto my soft wool pants. Flowing from my head to toes, a wave of Deja Vu rushed through my body, like a tsunami spreading through a city. Glistening and golden, the keyhole that stood before my eyes created a strange sense of familiarity. “Have I been here before?” I whispered to myself with uncertainty.

I woke up drenched in sweat. My heart pounded as fast as a cheetah. Each pant I took was a sharp, shallow breath, lasting no longer than half a second. What had just happened? I leapt out of the smooth, silky sheets of my bed, being careful not to wake my seven siblings, in two completely different minds. On one side, I wanted to keep investigating, but on the other side, I knew this would just cause trouble to follow me and that no one would believe a ten year old.

Bright and luminescent, the huge moon bathed the world in an iridescent light, as scintillating as a sparkling ocean under the bulging ball of light, sending eerie chills up my spine and goosebumps across my skin. Creeping cautiously yet silently, I let my shivering legs lead me to where I had dreamt of. Suddenly, my toe thumped on something hard. A leather bound book.

Harsh and frigid, a fierce wind blew the book open to page 64. “My birthday!” I continued, “the sixth of April!” I gasped in shock. Neat, cursive writing in gold appeared on the page, *home is where the heart desires to be,* whispered the thick book, tossing a key into my free palm.

Sprinting towards the locked door, I realized it was the one from my dreams. Floorboards creaked beneath me with every leap I took. Every step caused the wallpaper to peel from the walls and the ceiling to tremble. Each shake threatened for the walls to collapse on me. The tranquil air made me shake with fear, but nothing would stop me.

A blinding light bursted into my eyes, burning my pupils. Towering trees created an arc over my head. Birds sang softly in the distance and beagle puppies howled across the vast, never-ending forest. The crystal clear, cerulean sky brought peace to my mind. The scent of the ocean was as tangy as lemons, yet as salty as bacon, wafted slowly up my nostrils. This was paradise.

From that day on, I never thought of our minuscule, 3 bedroom apartment as home, but instead the forest with 27 beagles. I learnt that there will always be a key to a place that will fill where your heart desires to be.