The Red Painting

Some people said that she moved away. Some people said she got lost one day. What really happened to that you girl from Redding? She went away just before her own wedding. But enough of these rhymes, because I've got a story. About just what happened to our dear young lady.

I walked up to the huge rusty gates in front of the old stately manor. I tried as I hard as I could to open the gates but they didn't move. I yelled "hello" and asked for help when an old man appeared on the other side on the gate. Without asking whom I was or what I wanted he pulled opened the gates with an ease that I would have thought impossible. I walked through and I as I turned to say thank you, he was gone. Despite being a little puzzled by this I continued up the path to the front door. I pulled the door and looked to be at least at least 40 years quite old indeed. After a long wait it's door finally swung open and a woman appeared. She was very previously very feeble. She slowly stepped inside the door and a that behind me a creak made me jump but the woman took no notice.

She took me into the drawing room where we found a pot of tea, two teacups and enough scones for at least two people. "What is it you wanted my child," She asked. I then replied with a slight stutter "I was just curious about this place." "Do you like it so far?" she asked. I simply said that I had not seen enough to say. "Were you expecting company?" I asked as I noticed the extra food and crockery. She turned to look at me and slowly smiled. "Only you my dear." She said. I admit I felt rather disturbed at this point but I did my best to act normal. I looked around the room, at the fireplace, at the handcrafted side panelling. Everything seemed so red. The carpet was red; the walls were a faded light red. Even the teacups were decorated with red roses.

She had obviously noticed that I was shocked by the redness of the room and tried to get me to eat the scones. "Don't you like scones?" she asked. Her head was tilted slightly as if she were a dog that was confused by something. "Oh no, I love scones, thank you." We sat there in silence sipping out tea and nibbling out scones for at least fifteen minutes before she said something. "Do you like the painting?" she questioned. I hadn't noticed it before so I studied it closely. It was a painting of the drawing room. It was identical except for the people in the painting.

I stood up to take a closer look at the people in the picture. And there she was. The girl who had gone missing just before her own wedding, she was in the picture. Sitting in the chair that the old woman was in now. "Did you know this person?" I asked. "Why yes I did. She visited me about 15 years ago. I don't get many visitors so I decided to paint a picture with her in it so I could always remember." "Why don't you ever come into town?" I said. "You would meet many people who could visit you." "I'm not welcome there," She said with her head turned away.

I looked back at the painting as she did this. The girl had moved. She was no longer sitting down but standing up just next to the chair. "Wasn't she sitting down a minute ago?" I asked. "Oh, uh, no she has always been just that way since that painting was painted."

"I'd like to have you in that painting as well. I will just get my, err paints." I was pleased that she wanted to put me in her painting. It felt nice to be wanted. I looked over at the painting again. The girl had moved once more. I rubbed my eyes just to check. That I wasn't going mad but there she was, up at the front of the picture. Her hand cupped near her mouth, as if she were yelling and the other hand pointing to the door.

I then realized what was going on. The old woman. She had put the real girl in the painting. That's why she had disappeared. I started to run towards the door but it slammed shut in my face and the key turned and locked the door shut. There she was, at the other door. Her dress was now very bright. It looked new yet still the same. " Don't go. I really want to put you into the picture." She stepped in and the door locked itself behind her. I couldn't escape. "Don't do this to me." I pleaded. I promise to visit you again. "That's what all the others said. And they never came back. So now you will never be able to leave." She un-hooked the painting from the wall and stepped closer toward me. I tried to yell but nothing came out. She stepped closer and I could see the girl in the picture. She was crying. The old woman had me cornered. "Now we can have tea together for as long as I live." She swung the painting at me and suddenly everything went red. It took a while for me to realize where I was until I saw her.

The girl sitting in the seat where the old woman was sitting with the same pot of tea and the scones and I turned around to face where the windows would have been and saw the face of the old woman. Now that you've read this, you might be wondering how. I got this piece of paper to you, the one you're reading now. It really is quite simple, you came to visit too. You nibbled the scones you drank the tea, so you're in the painting too.