

Getting Home

Introduction

A story by BecomingBabyAgain

Emily relaxed. It was the first chance she had to actually sit down and relax without having anything to do. She'd unpacked all of the boxes, sorted all their contents and had settled down into the new house she'd moved into. It was an incredibly exciting thing, a whole house to herself for the first time in her life. A kitchen, a big bedroom, and living areas where she could put her own things wherever she wanted them. The house was empty when she first moved in, ready for all her furniture to be bought in by the moving company without anything getting in the way. Well, nearly empty anyway!

The only items in the house were some photos. Three framed photos which hung on the wall in the living room, just above where she thought about putting her TV. Each photo was a portrait of someone, two men and a woman. They didn't look related, at least Emily thought they didn't. One of the men was Asian for a start. Emily guessed they were probably in their early twenties, the same as her, and that probably they were just the children of the last people who lived here or something like that. She found it quite funny that the photos had been left. Either the 'parents' loved their children so much that they forgot about the photos or perhaps these three people were the last people to live in this house, looking down on her. She took the photos down and thought no more about them.

Now that everything had been unpacked, Emily decided that she'd put the boxes in her new attic. She realized that she had grown up now that she got excited about storage space. The attic was accessed by a hatch in the roof that opened, and a ladder could be pulled down to climb up, she clambered up to see how much space she had when something scared the hell out of her.

There was no real natural light in that space, only the light came from below. There was a doll sat upright on the floor facing the hatch as she climbed up the ladder. An old-fashioned doll, to Emily it was something like a horror film. She climbed up the ladder and screamed when she saw it.

"Woah, my god!" she said to herself, "that scared the shit out of me!"

She let out a deep breath and laughed. It was some cruel trick to play on a new homeowner. Obviously, they thought it would be hilarious. Emily walked towards it; it was facing the hatch, but it was some steps away from it. She bent over to pick it up.

Everything went white. Her eyes were blinded by a dazzling white in every direction, she couldn't keep her eyes open it was like looking at the sun. Then she was falling, falling. There was nothing under her and she could feel her body seemingly rushing downwards, her arms and legs flailing around without anything to hit or any floor to reach down to.

Then she hit the floor, gently. The light dimmed and she had landed somewhere, somewhere that she didn't recognize as part of her house. A soft carpet with squares of soft pastel colours, soft toys and cushions around her. Everything in the room seemed so big and oversized. Then she noticed there were three people looking down at her, three people she recognized. Those people from the photos!

"You found the doll then..."