

Sam ran in the front door and up to his room, taking the creaky wooden stairs two at a time. His backpack landed with a light thud as it hit his comforter and the door slammed shut. He glanced at the glowing red letters on his alarm clock; they read 4:23 p.m.

“Nine and a half hours,” Sam thought. He could hardly wait.

He plopped down in his desk chair and pulled out his math homework. He fished around in his backpack grabbing a pencil. Sam leaned over his homework and started working. The next time he looked at the clock he had already sharpened his pencil 3 times because he kept pushing too hard, full of excitement; the clock read 4:51 p.m.

“Just gotta last till 2:00 a.m.,” Sam whispered quietly to himself.

The wheels skidded on the hardwood floor as Sam pushed off from his desk. The chair spun as it rolled across the room, hitting the side table with a light thud. Sam’s hand slammed down on the power button of his alarm clock, turning on the radio.

“CARRY ON MY WAYWARD SON, THE’LL BE PEACE WHEN YOU ARE DONE,”
blasted out of the speakers.

Sam turned down the radio so it wasn’t quite so loud. He pushed off the table and the side of his bed; the chair spun. Sam pulled his feet up and sat quietly for a few minutes. The song ended and Sam stood up. He wheeled the chair back to his desk and picked up his math homework and shoved it into his backpack. The backpack made a “thunk” sound as Sam fell backwards onto his bed, knocking his backpack onto the floor.

Gunshots from his brother’s video game could be heard coming from down the hall; Sam usually joined in, but not today. Something crinkled under Sam’s head as he rolled

over. He sat up and pulled the Thor comic book out from under his pillow. The pages of the book flicked open as Sam pulled himself up against the headboard. But Sam was bored by it already; he tossed the comic on his side table. He scooted to the edge of his bed and swung his feet over the side. He grabbed the sixth Harry Potter book from his bookshelf, walked back to his bed, and sat down. He wasn't very far in because he only liked to read them when he was by himself (his brother thought Harry Potter was "lame"). Sam was hoping to get at least half way through; he was a very fast reader and had a lot of time to kill.

Sam was the sort of person who got super absorbed in a book and lost track of time. When Sam finally woke from his haze he was over half way done with the book, but he knew he hadn't reached the best part yet, that was always at the very end. Sam could feel his excitement building. He glanced over at the clock, but it was still only 6:18. He still had some time to go. The book flipped closed as Sam jumped off the bed and headed down the stairs for dinner. His brother and dad were already downstairs eating pizza. It was pepperoni this time (they had pizza a lot). Dinner didn't take very long, usually Sam would talk his mouth off about what he did that day, but he just said he had things to do and left.

When Sam got back to his room it was 6:38 p.m. Mentioning that he had things to do reminded Sam that he still had home work. He searches his backpack and grabs his reading log for English.

“At least I read earlier,” Sam thought to himself, too excited to care much about doing homework, but knowing he has to. Sam grabs Harry Potter off his bed and heads for his desk. Grabbing a random pen he starts writing his half-hearted summary.

8:21 pm

Sam finished writing his summary about three and a half minutes after starting and finished the sixth Harry Potter book. His dad had disappeared to the garage about ten minutes earlier, probably to work on his car, and his brother’s bedroom door had just clicked shut. They would still be up for a while now.

9:23 pm

Sam rearranged his bedroom twice now and checked the clock seven times. He had just heard his brother roll into bed and his dad showed no signs of leaving the garage. Sam started reading the seventh Harry Potter book, barely breaking the surface.

10:17 pm

Sam was still reading Harry Potter when he heard his dad come back inside. He came straight to Sam’s room. “Time for bed, Sammy” his father said flicking off the light.

Sam sat there quietly in the dark, waiting for his father to go to bed.

10:52 pm

The desk chair spun slowly as Sam sat there, staring at the ceiling, bored out of his mind. He wanted his phone, but he left it in the living room.

11:05

Sam bounced from the chair to his bed, excited but bored. He swung his legs over the side of his bed. The floor was cold under Sam's bare feet as he slowly crept into the hallway, closing his door as quietly as possible. He walked silently down the stairs and passed the kitchen. His phone was sitting on the couch. He grabbed it and ran quietly back upstairs.

12:31 am

Sam had been hiding under his blanket and playing on his phone for a while and then got up and started quietly pacing; it lasted about three minutes. He sat down on his desk chair, stared at the computer, and wondered if turning it on would wake someone; he decided against it. To kill time, Sam walked over to his bookshelf, pulled down all of his books, and alphabetized them back on the shelf; anything to keep himself awake.

1:25 am

Sorting the books took about 45 minutes. Sam then picked up his backpack and tipped it over, spilling its contents all over the floor. Now Sam was getting really excited. He ducked under his bed and pulled out a rope, slipped into his closet and grabbed a flashlight, and rummaged around in one of his desk drawers for some matches that he brought up last week. He found his magnifying glass and reached back into his closet to pull out his jacket. He then slipped his hand between the bookshelf and the wall and grabbed his dad's switch blade that he stole at dinner. He threw everything into his backpack.

"Ready" he whispered.

1:49 am

Sam spent most of the rest of the time sitting on his bed waiting, too excited to do anything else. He had almost fallen asleep a few times. When that happened, he would slip into the bathroom and splash cold water on his face. Now it was almost time and he was wide awake. There was no way he was missing this – it only came once a year!

1:59 am

Sam sat, staring at the clock, waiting for it to change. The instant 1:59 became 2:00 there was a bright white light. As it clears a door suddenly appears. Sam remembers this from last time, exactly a year ago. He jumps up and grabs his backpack. His hand

slowly reaches for the glowing white door in the middle of his room. He steps through,
into sunlight...

THE END