A normal, spring day was upon us. The type of day that all the windows inside your house are left open, allowing the fresh air to blow throughout the house. Mum and my twin brother were outside gardening, weeding and planting new plants for spring. I wasn’t outside helping them, because I was a seven-year-old girl with completely different interests, of which being barbie dolls and high school musical (it was just a faze). My Dad took his break at the same time every day, so I always knew when he’d be home. This was perfect as I knew where my family was, and how long it would be until they decided to enter the house. My master plan was about to start taking place.

I started to get nervous, blood rushing through my veins as I’m figuring out what I should start with. My first thought was to go to each window and door to close and lock them as carefully and quietly as I could. I was also being aware as to where the keys were located, making sure my Mum, nor my brother had any keys to get in. Step one was a success, the hardest part was over. Adrenaline was rushing to my head, meaning that step two was now ready to commence. I sneakily rushed to my room, closing the door behind me with precision. One wrong move and my plan would be a complete failure.

I place myself in the centre of the large, wooden chest, my legs crossed ready for the suspense to dissipate. I reach for the lid and carefully lift it open, my eyes widening as the lid lifted further. Glassware? Old photos? Baby memorabilia? What was this monstrosity? I’d waited months to open this chest, my mum destroying every opportunity I had to open it before this day. My excitement turned into disappointment within seconds. I thought that maybe Mum had kept the tooth fairy, or maybe even a tiny princess in there for when I was good, my expectations were extremely high.

Half an hour had gone by and I had lost track of time. I dug through the endless amounts of baby clothing and glassware, hoping to find something interesting. I found absolutely nothing.

I heard a knocking at my window. It was my Mum, who wanted to get inside the house to get a drink. Fear struck me, I became frozen still. She knocked on my window for ten minutes, hoping that I’d give up and open the door for them. My Mum’s last resort was to ring my Aunty (who had a copy of the keys) to come and unlock the house. This was something I had not thought about (the punishment). I heard the front door open, my life was over. I would not see a day the same. Well, I wouldn’t see that heavy, wooden chest the same again.