

The Trap



“Good night, madam.”

“See you tomorrow,” replied Srimathi, in her usual, cheerful tone.

She waved goodbye to her butler, Saman. Normally he never takes leave, but, today he needed to take care of an urgent business and he had promised to be back by noon tomorrow at the latest. Saman had been with her husband's family from the day he was born. He regarded Saman as a father. She looked around the living room, how lucky she was to live in a place like this. The stairway led to the second floor, on the first floor, less furniture was kept, there was a “*made midule*” (open garden) which was an open air space with greenery. Srimathi enjoyed reading books there, she could feel the cool air and it was her favorite place in the house. She felt comfortable and safe there than any other part of the mansion. She walked slowly to the top, holding the railings and admiring the railings at the same time. “The carvings are beautiful I wonder why people don't make them anymore.” She remembered her friend Damayathi saying:

“Oh Srimathi, how fortunate you are, to live in such a grand mansion with all the comforts under the sun?”

“Look at the stairway, its beautiful,” she exclaimed.

“I have only seen such a masterpiece at the Queen's Hotel Kandy.”

Srimathi exhaled and continued walking. Suddenly she heard a noise from her bedroom closet, and the noise became louder and sharper. “What is it?” She felt afraid. “Is it a ghost?” Beads of sweat began to appear on her forehead. Why do strange things happen when no one was about? She took all the courage she had and opened the closet door. All the items were in the right place, but the sound became louder and continued, this time in a rhythm. She parted the clothes and traced her finger on the inside wall. She suddenly felt a rough spot as she continued, she could feel a doorknob, and she grabbed the flash light and took all the clothes out of the closet. Now she could see two ancient doors with two round doorknobs with rings attached. It was old and rusty. Suddenly the closet door closed and she heard someone locking it with a key. “Let me out!!!” She cried.

“I'm inside, is it you, Pathum?”

“Please open the door,” she pleaded, while banging on the door.

She listened attentively to any sound, footsteps or a voice, but there was only silence. She kicked at the door with all her might hurting her toe twice.

“This isn't funny!” She shouted angrily. At this she heard a soft chuckle.

She heard footsteps coming closer to the