

The Doors  
Alek Perrett (2022)

I was sitting at my office desk, with my eyes fixed on my computer screen, ignoring the piles of work stacked up on the corner of my desk. The phones were ringing off the hook, colleagues were fighting, and the place looked like a bomb had gone off.

Then, the boss came out. 'Hey everyone, back to work!'

I looked up from my computer, looked at my boss, at my colleagues, and the amount of work I had. *Why am I here. All I'm doing is making others' money and getting yelled at. There must be something better out there for me. I wish I could do something better with my life.*

My computer dinged. It was an email. I clicked on the notification. The message read:

*Dear Harry Picket,*

*You are invited to join us at The Factory. We have been following you and we think you have what it takes to help us. If you would like to join us, click the following link:*

*The/Factory/join-us.com*

*Kind regards,*

*The Factory Team*

'Harry!' my boss yelled from the other side of the room.

As I turned towards my boss, my finger slipped, and I clicked the link. My surroundings began to swirl and glow, as my whole body disintegrate into pixels. I couldn't feel the ground anymore.

Then, my eyes flooded with colour.

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The welcome mat I landed on scratched my forehead. I looked up to a steel door with a lock on it. There was a tall man with a flowing brown moustache standing next to me

'I see you accepted the invitation,' he said. He put his hand out to help me up and pulled me off the floor onto my feet. 'Welcome to The Factory. Here we study 'Out of this world' experiences and alternate realities,' he said

He opened the doors. Inside was a waiting room with white walls and some magazines on a table in the middle. There was a reception area built into the wall. I walked over to the receptionist.

'Name?' she asked with a forced smile.

'Harry Picket.'

‘Right this way, please.’

We walked down a hallway with rooms on each side. Each room had a different label. Dreams, mind control, but the last door stood out. It did not have a label with a full word. It just had the letter ‘F’. The receptionist opened the ‘F’ door, and I went inside, thinking she would follow me. After I walked through, she shut the door.

‘Hi.’

‘Hello? Who’s there?’ I asked, not knowing where the voice was coming from.

‘My name’s Stephen,’ he said appearing from yet another door. ‘I will be showing you around today and will be your supervisor.’

‘Why am I here?’

‘Behind these three doors is my life’s work,’ he said ignoring me.

Three doors appeared from behind a curtain. These doors weren’t like the other doors. All doors had a large ‘F’ etched into them.

‘These are the ‘F’ doors,’ said Stephen, tapping away at a keyboard. ‘Fame, Fortune, and my favourite, Foreverness. We want you to try out each door and, if you like one of those realities, you can stay there.’

‘Is this safe?’ I asked

‘Completely,’ he said, with a hopeful look on his face. ‘Alright, your first door will be Fame. In this reality, you’re the world’s most famous person.’

‘Okay I get it. Can I go now?’ I said to hurry him up.

He cracked open the door covered in photos of famous faces. I walked through the door—onto a red carpet. Screaming fans were behind metal fences surrounded by bodyguards.

I entered a mansion. A butler greeted me at the grand entrance with a quick bow.

‘Good evening, sir, right this way please.’

We followed a hallway to a door at the end. The lights were blinding. There was a TV crew waiting for me.

‘What are we doing’ I asked.

‘Your fans await you, sir.’

I was grabbed by a young girl and was forced into a chair that was wheeled over next to a skinny lady with pearly white teeth.

‘Mr Picket, how lovely to finally meet you. Today, I’ll be asking questions, and all you have to do is answer and smile at the camera.’

‘Okay.’

After the twenty-minute interview, I was exhausted.

‘Follow me, sir, your buffet awaits,’ the butler said.

‘Buffet?’ I followed the butler down a corridor, following the smell of herbs and spices. ‘Is that two-minute noodles?’ I asked.

‘No sir, a man of your stature needs more than that junk,’ he said, opening a door.

I walked through the door and sat down at the table, which was full of meats and seafood.

As soon as I picked up my knife and fork, a loud banging came from outside. Before I could get up and see what was going on, the fans were already at the window. They had busted through the barricades and security.

‘What is going on?’ I asked.

Chaos swirled around me. Security was at the windows. The chefs locked the kitchen doors, and the butler was hiding behind a curtain. I got up and ran through the hallway back to the ‘Fame’ door.

‘So, how was it?’ Stephen asked.

‘Terrible. I couldn’t have anything simple in my life. Everyone was looking at me. I couldn’t do anything without be noticed.’

‘Okay, well your next door is the Fortune door,’ he said. ‘In this reality, you can buy anything you dream of.’

‘What is the difference between the ‘Fame’ and ‘Fortune?’ I asked

‘In ‘Fame’ you had the attention, but in ‘Fortune’ you have the money,’ he told me.

‘Okay.’

The Fortune door has bright green, covered in hundred-dollar bills, and the ‘F’ was filled with gold.

I walked through the door into a bedroom. The walls were lined with golden wallpaper, and the pillows on the bed were stuffed with money. There were bedside tables with emerald handles, and diamond encrusted champagne bottles. I turned around to the door. Beside the door was three rows of hooks, each with a luxury car key on it.

‘Hello sir, your helicopter is ready,’ said a butler appearing from a side door.

‘Helicopter?’ I asked

I looked around at my bedroom, thinking that none of this was mine. I didn’t feel happy that I had everything.

‘Is there anything in this world that I do not have?’

‘No sir, you own the world.’

I didn't know what to do, so I walked back through the 'Fortune' door.

'Back so soon? How was it?' Stephen asked

'It was alright. I had everything I could think off, except for happiness'

'Okay,' he replied. 'Your third and final door will be Foreverness.'

'Will I be trapped in 'Foreverness' forever?' I asked.

'No.'

This reality was like my own, but I couldn't die. I got into fights all the time with people from work. I got stabbed with a pair of scissors, but the wound healed itself. There was even an asteroid that hit earth and spilt it in two. It wiped out the entire population, apart from me. I wandered through the hellish landscape, dodging flaming rocks and debris. I was floating aimlessly until I crashed into the door.

'Yes!' I yelled.

I launched myself at the door, but a piece of debris knocked it, and it began to spin. The back of the door was covered in charcoal and had a skeleton draped of it, with a butler's outfit on. Once the door spun back around, I grabbed the handle and pulled the door open.

'What took you so long?' asked Stephen

'I have been in that reality for eighty years! I've gone through so much pain and suffering; I've even been hit with an asteroid, and that didn't kill me. Your realities suck!' I yelled and stormed out of The Factory.