Novel, Interrupted

The action rises slowly
In the way a chapter should
A hero meets his challenge
And his chances don't look good
A mystery unfolding
draws the reader deeper in
A character, a plot twist
Means a new thread can begin

But look, the page is flattened
And the book tipped to the floor
The sofa where it rested
Blocks a roughly opened door
A mug spills steaming liquid
On the cushions soft and pale
The book is left forever
In the middle of its tale

Another story, bigger
Has abruptly raised its head
Its reader called, or taken,
By a crisis left unsaid
A thread of fear pervades the room
No longer just pretend
A novel interrupted
By an unexpected end.