

# Who?

It seemed like an ordinary night. The soft whine of the wind echoed throughout the vast hall. The lifeless portraits, on the walls, stared gloomily at the centre of the room looking for movement. The distant moon shone down through the skylight flooding the smooth marble floor with moonlight.

Suddenly a “click” popped out of the darkness, and then the old rusted basement door creaked open. A tall man stood in the doorway; he wore worn blue jeans and a brown leather jacket which had faded with age. He had short jet-black hair and small green eagle like eyes. In his right hand he held a newspaper, the headline read “Baffling Bodies in Bristol,” in his left he held a radio. He slowly scanned across before he eventually entered.

A voice suddenly escaped from the radio and echoed off the walls “Hello, Trevor did you find it then?” Trevor held the radio up to his mouth and whispered “No, you must have left it somewhere else.” He continued to make his way across the room, “Okay, thanks for looking anyway,” came the reply.

Trevor placed the chunky radio into his back pocket and headed toward a door labelled “Security.” Suddenly there was a great “BOOM,” from outside. Trevor jumped out of his skin. His heart was pounding like a drum. He leant against the wall and took a deep breath. “Calm down it’s only a bit of thunder,” he muttered to himself “get you together.” He took another deep breath and then exited through the nearby door.

The security room was very dimly lit. Two rusted lockers stood against the faded brown wall next to an old office. A pile of small monitors sat on the desk next to a miniature black lamp. Trevor sat down on one of the wooden chairs next the desk; he placed the newspaper and radio on its scratched surface. He then took a pack of cigarettes and a lighter out of his jacket pocket. He placed a cigarette between his lips and lit the end; he inhaled then blew a poisonous cloud of smoke into the air and watched it vanish. Something out of the corner of his eye caught his attention; he started to watch one of the monitor screens. There seemed to be a bizarre human shaped shadow moving around. Trevor reached for the radio and held

it to his mouth and pushed in the button. "Hello, Nick where are you?" He said quickly. He sat there watching the monitor waiting for a reply. "I'm in the toilets, why? What's wrong?" He could hear the slight panic in his voice. "Wait," he thought, "That shadow was in the stock warehouse, only me and Nick should be here." His eyes widened with fear. All colours were drained from his face. "No, nothings wrong don't worry," his tone was emotionless. The radio slipped from his hand, slowly it fell to the ground, as it gently touched the rough brown carpet there was a loud "Thud," as the door slammed.

Only the red neon sign "Bristol Harbour" was visible through the darkness as Trevor tore across the car park. His heart was pounding harder. His pace was quickening. He couldn't see the warehouse yet but he knew it was in front of him.

Eventually the decrepit warehouse loomed before him.

As it was falling apart, it was only used to store non-fragile things like tools, tables and chairs. Trevor burst through the side door and stopped. He sucked in huge breaths. Sweat was pouring off his face. A metallic tang hit his nostrils and caught in the back of his throat. He started to splutter uncontrollably.

The inside of the warehouse was shrouded in darkness. The whole building was dead; all traces of life seemed extinct.

Using the wall as a guide he entered the building. He knew there was a light switch along the wall. He blindly made his way deeper and deeper into the maze, his hands desperately searching for the light switch.

A sharp tap came out of nowhere. A wave of panic flooded over Trevor. Even quicker, and with increasing desperation, he searched for the light switch almost running along the wall. His brain was going into overdrive. Suddenly his hand caught a block on the wall. "The switch," he whispered hopefully. He frantically fumbled with the switch then with a soft click the whole building exploded with life.

The sudden burst of light temporally blinded Trevor; he leant against the wall shielding his eyes with his arms. Slowly he lowered his arms to try and examine his surroundings. He was in a narrow corridor, the walls were a dull grey and severely worn. At the end of the corridor there was a long red smear. He cautiously made his way up the corridor. His brain was

screaming to run but his legs ignored it. The trail ended at a door. Trevor's hand was shaking uncontrollably as he reached for the handle. He stood there staring at the door as fear started to take control. He took a deep breath then gradually slid the door open. The wailing screech of the door sent a shiver up his spine. He nervously peered around the door. His body froze; he had lost control. He wanted to shout or move but he couldn't. Suddenly there was a sickening "thud," and numbness spread across his body, he could feel his legs buckling. As he fell he felt the darkness at him. He tried to resist but as he reached the floor the darkness surrounded.