

Her heart was pounding and her skin itched.
The temperature had dropped suddenly.
Cautiously, Paula tiptoed along the dark
landing towards the tapping sound. What
was it?

Her hand trembled like a leaf as she paused
and rested it on the dusty bookcase.

All went silent.

Then, craning her head and straining, she
heard it.

Scratch, scratch, scratch...

Running as though his feet were on fire,
Sam dashed behind some old lock-up
garages on the edge of the park, and hoped
that he was safe. Surely, they wouldn't find
him here.

His heart pounded and his brow dripped
with sweat. Gasping for breath, he found
his thoughts racing.

After a few moments, all seemed calm. Sam
edged along the side of the garage to see if
the coast was clear.

Relief.

Then, a small, almost inaudible voice called
from inside the garage.

"Help... me..."

"Wooooah!"

In an instant, Tom's world went dark. Where was he?
All he could feel was cold, damp, slimy ground. A foul
stench of something decomposing hung in his nostrils
like an unwelcome visitor. Everything hurt: his knees,
his back, his head...

"Hello?"

His voice echoed around him. No reply.

After a couple of moments, a man's voice swam down
from above him and his stomach turned to ice.

"Well, that's him out of the way, for now."