

## **IT WAS DAMP**

**By Charlotte Lloyd**

It was damp, but definitely not home. There was a ringing in my ear; of which was deep sirens. The problem was, I didn't know where I was. It was so unfamiliar, this place filled with the antiques my mother kept. The old TV that was a pain to carry, the old cardboard box with our favourite movies on cassette tapes. But why was it all here, why was I here?

"That child" a voice muttered, after shouting from downstairs.

"Cassy, you better get up. I don't care if you're sick, I have to go to work!" That same voice, except I now realised it was my sister, she really didn't have her coffee. I stumbled out of bed, looking at myself in the mirror, eyebags bigger than ever. What was that place, it had my memories all "wrapped up in a pretty pink ribbon". Alas, it's probably a dream, nothing important. I shoved a croissant in my mouth, tasted salty and stale; then proceeded to head in the car. Immediately, I plugged in my earphones, blocking out the real, horrid world.

"Well, I'm guessing you had a late night", my sister suggested, though she knew as she started the car engine.

"How did you guess?" I sarcastically asked, acting all dumb.

She elbowed me in the arm, then following up with "Let's get you to that trash hole kid".

We came up to a small road, up ahead was a..... a police crime scene tape, wait, no. Why am I back in this place, that wasn't there a second ago. All I could see was that yellow tape surrounding our old house, that we moved out of. I - I don't like that house, I don't know why, all I know was Taylor would always fearfully glance at me, then getting her eyes back on the road. Not here though, no-one but me was in this world. There was a buffing TV noise throughout the whole place, as if it was background music.

I was sat at my desk in school, guess I blanked out in the car. Something felt eerie still, a cold chill in my neck. Also, our class was completely silent, not even the loud kids spoke. I then looked up at the teacher, their eyes were bright white, veins in neck busting outwards, staring directly at me...

"Run, run far away, or can you", the teacher said at me, then they started giggling. The rest of my class' necks clicked towards me all saying "Run" out of sync. I got up out of fear and bolted out the door, swung round the corner for the next door, and - it was boarded up.

I panicked on the spot, my heart racing. That static TV noise was back. Writing made with spray paint appeared on the wall saying: "Answer my question, then run to the road, what is pain? But don't be slow". I couldn't answer this, it was based on emotions I clearly couldn't focus on.

"Pain is whether you physically hurt, either by yourself or - no".

"Pain is that feeling of panic, that feeling that you lost against your loved one, you get that sensation of feeling empty, tunnelling down a spiral of questions. Pain is undeniably true, where you feel alone, where you've been stranded. Pain unlocks that small part of your heart where it's broken and unfixable".

The barricades feel down as I was losing my breath. Lost for words I immediately headed for the road. Being weary and dizzy I ran across the road when.... Crash.

She wasn't home, had she escaped? Well, no.

I was stood in an all black room, it was dark and a single hanging light bulb lit up a small circle. In the centre was Taylor, head down facing away from me. She spoke up.

"You're not my sister, my sister isn't a murderer".

My face fell, why would she say that? Was she like the others too?

She turned to face me, I then teared up. Her face dripping with red fresh blood, a stab hole in her chest, her white converse now burgundy.

I felt something dripping on my hand...

Blood.

Red.

Knife.

Did.

I.