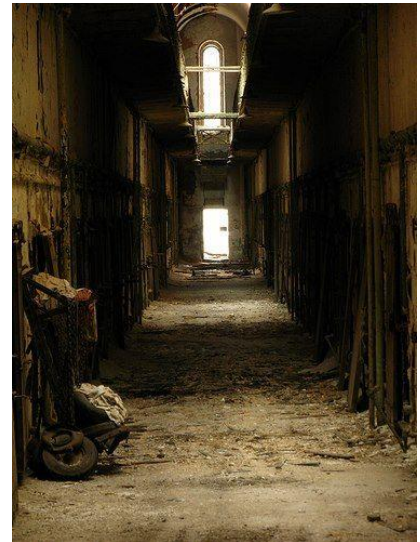


# The Haunted Hallway

Silence. Eerie silence. Shadows hid in the vast cracks and corners; debris lay scattered on the concrete floor and unknown presences waited in each and every passage. Each stone wall caved in, restricting walking space as the ceiling hung low. Multiple, long and aged pipes, ran along the walls their rusting sharp material cutting anyone who ventured too close. Webs from many spiders hung abandoned in the lengthy hallway, while ropes sat in a corroded metal box.

Various items sat amongst each other along the hallway, ranging from planks of decaying, rotten wood towering the ceiling to small work tools like spades. A musty, old smell hung and lingered in the passage, having no purpose but no reason to leave. Dust almost filtered through the air as it piled on every surface, leaving a bland taste in anyone's mouth.



A small cylinder-shaped light wavered in the dark, hanging almost uselessly against the fighting blackness. Metal bars stretched across the ceiling supporting the structure, meanwhile minute creatures scuttled in the shadows. Further along the hallway something unexpected waited.

Light. Natural light. Past the pipes, over the debris and under the light, sat... a glass cracked and beaten door. The outside lead to an escape, from the derelict and deserted haunted hallway.

**BY**

**Conor Jackson**