

Dark. Total darkness enveloped Morris, pressing down on him like a heavy blanket. A suffocating dread clawed at his insides, whispering that he was utterly alone, lost in this void. "Run. Run as fast as I can," pounded in his mind—a frantic mantra urging him to flee from whatever lurked in the shadows. He had to escape this place. Right now. Immediately.

Then, through the consuming blackness, he spotted a glimmer—a faint phosphorescent glow emanating from an 'EXIT' sign. It flickered weakly, its muted light beckoning him like a lighthouse to a ship lost at sea. Beneath the sign, a door stood ajar, its edges illuminated by a sliver of sunlight that spilled through the tiny gap. Hope ignited within him. That was his salvation; that door could lead him from his nightmare to freedom. Yes, he was almost there—just a few more steps...

But the moment Morris leaped toward the door, an icy grip of despair clutched his heart. He wasn't leaping toward solid ground; instead, he was heading straight for an abyss—an endless, gaping void that yawned ominously beneath him, ready to swallow him whole. Just as his hope began to fade, he reached for the handle of the door, his fingers encircling the cool metal. Yet, as he tightened his grip, he realized the handle was slick with sweat, his frantic palms slowly slipping from its grasp.

And then, it came—a screeching sound from behind, raw and terrible, breaking the silence with a haunting promise of doom. It was close. So close. Morris could feel it, a predatory breath on his neck. Panic surged through him. He had no time to look back; he just knew it was right there, creeping along the darkness like a malevolent shadow. A surge of instinct kicked in as Morris felt a sharp object near his neck, threatening to pierce him.

With an explosive rush of adrenaline, he let go of the handle, surrendering to fate as he plunged into the chasm below. He fell... down and down, swallowed by an endless tunnel, the world around him dissolving into a blur of darkness.

****Creeeek.****

Morris slowly blinked awake, the soft sound pulling him back from the depths of unconsciousness. He could feel the cool air against his face, but could see nothing but a profound, unsettling darkness. He took stock of his surroundings; he was no longer in the abyss. No, he was tied to a

chair, a chilling realization settling over him like a shroud. The space echoed an eerie stillness, punctuated only by the distant sloshing of a muffle—a sound that set a new wave of panic coursing through his veins.

He looked around frantically, trying to piece together his situation. The walls were streaked with what he could only assume was blood, the crimson stains contrasting starkly against the grimy concrete. Handprints, smeared and desperate, decorated both the floor and the ceiling, as though some wretched soul had clawed in vain for escape.

Morris wriggled against his restraints, confusion spiraling in his mind. “Where am I? Why am I tied up?” The questions danced in his thoughts, echoing back to him like cruel taunts. Doubt turned to dread as the screeching sound returned—drawing nearer this time, a chilling harbinger of his imminent fate. Tears streamed down his cheeks, a testament to his despair. He could hardly comprehend the horror that awaited him, the visceral fear of torture and death clawing at his sanity. He found himself praying, though deep down, he felt it was futile.

Then, in a moment of shock, silence descended upon the room. The screeching stopped as suddenly as it had begun, replaced by an unsettling stillness. Incredibly, the ropes binding him loosened, falling away as if some unseen force had intervened. Morris stood, his legs unsteady beneath him, aches radiating from sitting too long. Gathering his strength, he surveyed his surroundings—broken glass glimmered ominously on the ground, remnants of shattered despair. Furniture lay upended, a chaotic ruin that added to the disorientation.

Morris swallowed hard, trying to steady his racing heart. “What is this place? It’s just too scary...” he murmured to himself, his voice quaking with fear. “Yes, it is... You need to find a way out.” “Yes, I need to get out of here right now.” He pressed on, determination igniting within him.

After what felt like an eternity of wandering through the murky shadows, Morris stumbled upon a door. His instincts screamed at him to hesitate, but the overpowering urge to escape propelled him forward. With a deep breath, he pushed the door open and was met with a hallway devoid of light. The oppressive darkness swallowed him whole, and when he turned to shut the door behind him, it was locked—the sound echoing like a death knell.

Panic surged anew as the screeching returned, filling the air with chilling insistence. Morris's heart raced as he turned to confront the unknown. He couldn't see what was trailing him, but the feeling

of being hunted was undeniable. Fueled by instinct, he tore down the hallway, driven by the primal need to survive.

As he sprinted, dread coursed through him. He caught a glimpse of the end of the corridor—a dead end, a wall blocking any escape. He needed a miracle. Glancing upward, he noticed a ventilation grate high above, the entrance ominously open. Without a second thought, he leaped, desperation lending him strength as he grabbed the ledge and began to climb.

Emerging from the vent, he found himself back submerged in darkness. Each breath was shallow, each heartbeat echoing in his ears. His mind raced with panic. “Run. Run as fast as I can,” it echoed again. And then, out of the darkness, he caught sight of something—light. That same phosphorescent glow of the 'EXIT' sign danced ahead, calling to him. Hope surged, but then doubt crept in.

“Wait...” Morris paused, an unsettling familiarity washing over him. “This seems familiar...” It hit them like a freight train—he was back at the beginning. The abyss stared back at him again. How could this happen? His heart raced as he turned to see what was pursuing him, but the hallway remained silent.

Then, he spotted it—just beyond the familiar horrors, a small door nestled into the wall, almost camouflaged in the darkness. “Wait, that was not there before...” he thought, just as realization struck. With renewed urgency, he dashed toward the small door, every instinct screaming for him to break free from this repeating nightmare. His life depended on it, but would he make it out this time?