

The Landlady: Inch by Inch

A few hours later Billy was lying in his velvet, warm bed whilst the landlady was out doing errands. She had never told Billy what she was doing; which made Billy very curious. He then went down to the lobby to explore and see if the landlady had left something as to indicate where or what she was doing.

Creaking open the door to the tea room, Billy had another look at the guest book. Billy's eyes widened. He had seen another name under his own. It said: Michael Pennings 42 Murtal drive Australia, Sydney. "Wow" exclaimed Billy. "Wow what?!" thundered Michael. Billy turned around and saw a strange face. He immediately realised that it was Michael. "Uh, uh right, uh... I was just astonished that you came all the way from Australia!"

"Yah, sure mate! But could you tell me how to get to the fourth floor?"

"Sorry, we don't have a fourth floor here" Billy exclaimed.

"Um, well the landlady said if I ever needed anything, I should go there to find her, but hey thanks anyway!" Michael whispered as he left the room.

"The fourth floor, hey?" Billy questioned, "The fourth floor?"

Whilst the land lady was out (or so he thought), curious Billy decided to take a trip to this so called fourth floor. Approaching as the dirty, filthy elevator door started to open, Billy remembered that he did see a fourth button on the elevator. So, inch by inch, foot by foot the elevator came to a halt and for the first time he had reached the fourth floor. Once the doors opened an inch, he could smell the chrysanthemums, but not the soft flower petal kind. It was like a perfume; a mixed up wacky toxic perfume. As he entered the chamber, on the door it read 'The Landlady'.

As he stood in front of the chamber, he knew that he had to enter... so he did... holding his breath ... step by step into the chamber. A green bush guarded his way, but as he had his pocket knife in his pocket, he cut the green, spiky, layered bush down and it dropped with an exotic 'thud'. Stood before him was another door, dusty and wooden. He blew the dust of the label on the door. To his unsightly horror, it carried the title 'Murder chamber'. Moving at a rapid speed, Billy turned around to get out but the door was locked. Billy knew that there was only one way out but, before he entered the chamber, he heard a screeching cackle from the other side of the door. Billy's heart was now throbbing ravenously. As he clutched the handle on the doorknob, twisted, it opened...

From that day forward Billy Weaver was never seen again! The only time Billy was seen again was in a large trunk stuffed as a part along with Mr. Mulholland and Mr. Temple.