

The Landlady:

The Attempt To Escape

She was now staring at him, looking down at his feet and slowly up to his head again to look at his face. It was like she didn't blink, so he wasn't to try anything fancy. She was attempting to leave the room but she stopped at the threshold; she smiled and bellowed "Goodnight, oh and darling don't wander the house at night, it's dangerous - you might get hurt." She stepped into the kitchen. Billy now was open mouthed worrying about how long he would be there for. As he got up, he thought that maybe the landlady was urging him to go to bed so he left the room and stepped away. As he walked up the stairs, he heard a large 'BANG!' come from the kitchen. He looked in and saw the landlady pull a knife out of a kitchen drawer. It had a black plastic handle and the metal was rusted to the tip of the point. He mumbled to himself, "She's probably just cutting vegetables". Then startled, he ran up the stairs, opened his bedroom door and locked the door with great force. He shut the curtains, window and lay on his bed with a heartbeat louder than a sledgehammer beating the wall.

Billy heard a door shut downstairs and the faint sound of a lock turning. He was now determined to leave; what if he was to stay forever. Being the person he was, he couldn't go without knowing what was on the third floor. He got packed ready to leave. (Three hours later) He opened the door and stepped over the threshold. Now he realized that this was one of the biggest mistakes in his life. There was no turning back. He walked up two flights of stairs. Trudging his feet silently, he forgot where he was. A gasp of relief fell over him as he reached the top of the staircase. He was now clueless on what to do next, so he decided to go to the first closed door. He opened it and stepped inside.

There was a large hallway with picture of young men. He passed one who was incredibly good looking. He stopped, looked and realized it was him... He blinked a couple times to see if it was real and underneath his picture was a name Mr. Billy Weaver. Now he wondered why he was there.

In small writing it said the date he visited 1956 March 9th Friday. Wait he thought to himself, that was today.

Billy began looking down the rest of the hallway; he was brave and curious at the same time. The walls were painted a dark red, which somehow triggered Billy's brain; he didn't know why. The carpet was blue; a beautiful ocean pattern completed it. As his shoes sunk into the warm and dense rug, Billy noticed something different from the other rooms in the house. Yes the same moldy scent lingered but it was warm. His room was cold, the outer hallway was cold. The only other warm room was the one on the first floor with a fire pit but this room had no fire or radiator. In the house there were only two fires Billy had come across. The one downstairs... and the one in the Landlady's eyes. After the poor pun, Billy was quite happy with himself and smirked over the remark he had made. Then he stopped smiling and heard his smirk again but he was 100% sure he did not smirk himself. He started breathing heavily.

Billy ran out of the room in shock and into another room with two suitcases - one labelled Mr. Temple and the slightly larger one, Mr. Mulholland's. Those were the very gentlemen that Billy had seen on the news under the headline of...missing... along with some other names like: Mr. Jones and Sally Wilson aged eight etc. Billy now thought it wouldn't be long before he would be missing too. Without hesitation, Billy ran to the small suitcase and opened it. He was now throwing clothes rapidly behind him, like he was looking for something. There was nothing interesting in it just clothes and books. Mr. Temple was probably well educated at Cambridge or Eton, both good schools.

Billy then moved on to the larger suitcase and opened it. As he read the name off the tag, his heart beat slightly harder than before. In Mr. Mulholland's suitcase, on top of his clothes, was a letter addressed to his family 'a letter that had never been sent'. It read "Dear family, Greg has been taken away. As I write this letter, I hear footsteps coming closer and hear screams of her and him. I will miss you - Chris".

"Oh no" Billy beseeched. He walked out the door then he was caught off guard and someone grabbed him. He was now trapped...