

# The Landlady: *Whispers*

I sat there in an awkward and eerie silence. The creepy chill in her voice was now recognisable, as was the madness in her eyes. We both took a long sip of our tea. "I think I'm going to head up to bed, big day tomorrow" I finally told her.

"Indeed, Mr. Weeler. Now, see you tonight." The Landlady added. Not knowing what she meant by that, I turned around and walked to the stairs. I looked back at the lady; she was looking me up and down with a grin, observing me head to toe. Another, almost paralyzing shudder ran down my back. After a moment, I turned and walked up the stair case, stumbling all the while from the weakness in my legs.

I stopped, her room door stood half open. I don't know why but the door mocked me, it was calling for me to walk in. I looked back to check she wasn't coming and then stepped forward, grabbing the ice cold handle. I then pushed the large, wooden door fully open. The stench of rotting meat suddenly smacked me in the face; I tried to ignore it. The room seemed just like the others at first but then I looked closer. Stuffing covered the floor, there were no windows or even a light and dust lay everywhere. A mattress mostly tore up, sat on the floor. No pillows or covers could be seen in the room. The rest of the room was empty with no furniture. It seemed isolated

and eerie. I then wondered where the gross smell, exiting the room, was coming from.

I then heard slow, uncanny footsteps approaching me from the stairs. In aghast I raced to the second floor, panting from fear. "Is that you Mr. Weeder? Are you still here?" The Landlady shouted up the stairs. I ignored her and ran into my room, locked the door and collapsed onto my bed in a heap of relief. I began to regret ever coming here. "I should have gone to the bell and Dragon," I mumbled to myself. I then quickly realised how heavily I was sweating and I tried to calm myself down. Then, a faint, raspy whisper came from above. I stopped and listened. I made out the words "escape while you can... she's coming! She'll be there in the night! You'll be with me: Christopher M-" It was then abruptly cut off by the loud and sudden "**THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!**" from directly above me. It was like a beating sound. Then, several groans followed, ended with one last, unexpected "**THUMP!**"

Panic had once again rushed over me like a tsunami wave. "Had there been a murder up stairs on the third... floor!" I hesitated "Third floor! Christopher Mulholland!" I wanted to cry. The fear and terror had unnerved me and was too much to withdraw leaving. I was a coward. I wanted to run away and forget this miserable and twisted place, along with the town and everyone in it.