

Underground is where nightmares begin, where lives end and where all hope is taken away. For Penelope, this was the exact same. Gradually her eyes opened, exposing her to the gruesome habitat; around her were innocent bodies, their faces gaunt and speechless. One seemed to stare at her, warning her to escape from death himself. The air was cold sending a shiver down her spine, making her turn around with anticipation and fear. Penelope placed her hand on the floor, lifting herself to her feet.

Thoughts rushed through her body like wild fire, as questions flooded her mind. "Where am I? Am I trapped here? Is anyone alive here?" she thought to herself. And most importantly, "Where is an exit?" Looking for any type of opening, Penelope felt more enclosed in the mysteries awaiting every step. Clueless of when she would see the dusk of light again, she tried to reminisce on all the sunsets she had seen and taken for granted.

Looking up at the ceiling, trying to picture the stains as stars or clouds, Penelope noticed what seemed to be a call from heaven - a sewage cover. Immediately she stood up and ran to the cover. She could only slightly make out the words engraved on it, "Hudson Industries Underground Sewage Ways".

Suddenly, something encased Penelope's foot; she felt a wave of anxiety and terror wash over her trembling body. Rotating her head to her feet, she saw her foot had been suffocated with bones. A shriek of terror crawled up Penelope's throat, bringing the silence to an end. The roar of shock continued through the passageway until the echoes were brought to a stop. They persisted long enough to reach the beginning of these nightmares - an unnamed source of horror, awakening it - putting all alive in peril.

Realizing her mistake, Penelope rushed to the sewage cover and tried to make her way up. All the while, it was coming. It was ready. It was ruthless. Gathering all her concentration - Penelope finally discovered a brick she could grip. One last brick, one last chance to freedom, she believed. Her believing was a mistake, as the creator of sorrow was faster, it was stronger and it always wins. Panting heavily, Penelope grasped onto her last brick and missed. She fell to the ground admitting defeat, knowing hope was not an option. It was ready to win, taking his first action. he ran like a cheetah after its prey, swiftly and cautiously. As Penelope saw it, she knew it was too late;

she lay there closing her eyes, giving in. Coming closer, the murderer grinned preparing his deadly defense and planned his unspeakable movements; he gritted his teeth at the thought. Penelope had one last breath and faced him in the eye, crying out all hope of surviving. A weapon in hand the creator of all sorrows swung with no regret, bringing Penelope to an end, he laughed maniacally and sat alone, forever.

By ESB