

high with a dripping ceiling from all the humidity. A small stream passed by the entrance of the door. As my light shines from one side to the other I realize the passage narrows considerably on both sides. What sounds like a distance away, there is the pitch of sound rising and lowering. Almost a cheer like roar. Amidst the dirt there also is scurrying. As my light cuts like a laser through the black, it glares off the eyes of rats. I closed the door to leave the place as I found it, undisturbed.

I can feel my legs pumping below me. I am almost running down the hall. It almost felt like the air was warming. My eyes are becoming more accustomed to the darkness. The sound continues to grow. The tunnel turns ahead. What lies behind this corner?

As I stood for a moment pondering my options, I felt a strange sort of relief come over my body. The sound was coming from the door on the left. I decided to look in their first. My light cut through thick, humid air. At first I was focused on something on the wall. It almost seemed like a huge grey caterpillar snaking its way through the sky. Am I am seeing things? It made no sense. Need to have a closer look. As I approach it I realize how foolish I had been again. A 1999 calendar with the bridge on it faced me. As I turned away from this, my light shone on a furnace in the corner.

But more importantly than that there was a door beside it. As I rushed to the door, I felt euphoria pour over and through me. But that feeling is quickly lost when the metal door does not budge. It is locked. No way out of this box. Back out to the crossroad's.

I decide to go straight ahead. But my light stops cutting through darkness and falls upon a white concrete wall. My eyes immediately look right and see a staircase going up into a door. I bound up the stairs two at a time. Strangely, rather than bouncing through the door I found myself pausing. My head turns and looks back down into the pit of darkness. My chest expands as I take a deep breath and exhale. I can feel my arm reaching out and my hand grasping and turning the door-knob. As I push the door with my shoulder, I feel my eyes burning from the light cutting into the darkness. I let out a slight cough as I breathe in non stale air. Through my squinting, I can see my body cross the threshold between light and dark. As my arm closes the door behind me, my hands feel something other wood or metal. My neck turns and twists to see the door is covered in wrapping paper. I can feel air exhale out of my body from deep inside my guts. The alarm reads Dec.24th.