

Title: I Never Wanted To...

Soundtrack link: <https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PL1Vtn2yqdRNIFVM98dlfSiPFvqBGiVsRx>

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I woke up *that* morning with my head pounding. I'll never forget that agony. It felt as though... I was struck by lightning and it was the most excruciating pain I have ever had to deal with.

Sitting up, to get out of my bed was even worse as my body was littered with bruises, cuts, scratches and big wounds covered with bandages that couldn't be seen because of the blood. I didn't know what happened or how they got there.

I had taken some painkillers, got dressed then went to work.

When I arrived at work, something didn't feel right. It was like there was something missing inside me, a memory loose maybe.

My eyes scanned the studio, cameras everywhere, the whole place alight with different coloured backgrounds. Everyone turned to look at me but they didn't greet me like they normally would. They stood and stared at me, mouths agape.

A tall man with light, red hair walked over with a fierce-looking woman with dark, curly hair. It was Rich and Bethany or was it Gregory and Liz?

"Victoria, where have you been! You've been missing for a month. We've all been so worried," she cried.

"Yeah Vic, you could've given us a text or a call. We phoned the police about you going missing, we tried to ring you but you never answered! What happened? Are you hurt?" He questioned.

At the time, I believed they were wrong. I didn't want to listen to them well, in fact, I couldn't because I didn't really know who they were. I mean, I knew everyone there but I couldn't quite place who they were. Their names. Their clothes. The way they spoke. The way they cared about me. I didn't understand.

I remember sitting down and hearing the faint mumble of someone speaking, they must have phoned the police because a few minutes later two policemen were standing in front of me asking questions.

“Are you hurt?” One said “Do we need to phone the paramedics?” He asked his colleague.

His colleague shrugged, turned to me and questioned, “What’s the last thing you can remember?”

“It... It was a Friday,” I slowly started, trying to remember.

“Do you remember the date of that Friday by any chance and the month?” The first policeman inquired.

“Err...It was the 9th of June 2006.” I stated.

Everyone’s eyes widened. I later found out that the day I went into work was 14th July 2006.

The second policeman’s mouth opened and shut a couple of times before saying, “Oh right. Okay. Erm... What else do you remember?”

“I... I just finished the last booking of the day, I cleaned up and after, I went to the train station to go home.”

“...And... Did you, you know, get home?” The first policeman asked.

“I don’t know, I don't-” But before I finished my sentence, I was interrupted.

“Ohhh Vic, sweet innocent Vic, You think you’re alone...but you’re not...” A voice whispered tauntingly.

“... so scream louder, 'Cause ain't nobody gonna hear ya. These walls are thicker than a bullet-proof door.” Another voice whispered creepily. In a sing-song voice.

“We’ll always be here!” They both laughed maniacally.

Nobody who was in the room said those things. My heart was beating a million miles a minute, I felt dizzy and light-headed. My hands were shaking and felt numb.

“Is she hyperventilating? Do something!” Someone demanded. “Call an ambulance. NOW!”

That was the last thing I heard before I fainted.

I remember waking up in the hospital. It was because I hyperventilated, the doctors said, 'Probably because of all the new information I just found out' They said. Nonsense! It's because of the bloody voices I heard.

"Come on now Victoria, why are you in the hospital?" Voice two haunts.

"Yeah Tori, it can't be because of us." Voice one joked sarcastically whilst giggling.

I didn't want to sleep but my body was exhausted. I had some food and it must have had a sleeping pill within because next I knew, I was dreaming. It was so vivid I still remember it to this day.

The achromatic clouds formed to look as though it was about to annihilate all of mankind. I heard the thunderous boom and saw the flicker of lilac overhead. I fled down the closest alleyway just as it started raining, trying to seek shelter, coming across an old aberrant church. The outside, which presumably, once was white, now a sickening, washed-out grey. The sound of crows nearby were chilling, unsettling even, and the thunder didn't help with my newfound anxiety and sudden paranoia.

The padlocked doors were splintered and decayed. I pushed them open and there was a gust of wind that almost knocked me over. I walked into the entrance at just the right time as, not even a second after, the torrential rain became even worse.

The inside was bare but fairly clean despite how long it must've been deserted for. I walked further into the church until I tripped over a loose wooden floorboard. I stood up, dusted myself off, and looked around finally noticing the beautiful stone pillars. I heard the window-pane creaking and the whistle of the wind under the doors which sounded like old souls screaming for freedom.

*I noticed something wafting on the wall beside the window. I walked closer and read what it said:
"You're ,,, danger! He hM' fhe locMtio,, uf where ,t is."*

I woke up for the third time, feeling odd.

"Oh good, you're awake. How are you feeling dear?" The nurse pointed out, whilst walking in. "You have a note. Someone must have come in and dropped it off. No idea who it was, they had their hood up. Only just caught the back of them walking out before I entered."

I looked at the note, and it made me feel nauseous:

"You're ,,, danger! He hM' fhe locMtio,, uf where ,t is."