

## THE FACTORY

The factory had been empty for forty years, its windows shattered, its machines brittle like bones. Locals swore it was haunted, but Marcus wanted proof. With a flashlight and camera in hand, he stepped inside. The smell hit him first, iron and rot, thick as if the walls themselves bled. His beam caught graffiti scrawled across the brick, words smeared in something darker than paint: 'GET OUT!'

A door slammed behind him. The air grew heavy. He told himself it was wind until the dripping started. He raised the light and froze. Red streaks dripped down the ceiling, fresh blood, weeping through cracked concrete. It dripped onto the floor, into his hair, into his eyes. He wiped it, heart hammering. Then he saw them. Figures stood between the old machines, workers or what was left of them. Their eyes were hollow sockets, their mouths sewn shut with wire. When they moved, it wasn't walking, it was jerking, as though yanked by invisible strings. One reached out; its hand was cold, wet, leaving a crimson smear across his cheek.

Marcus stumbled back, but they followed, dozens of them now, all bleeding from wounds never healed. He ran for the door, but the exit was gone. Only a wall remained, dripping with red. Their whispers filled the factory, tearing at his mind.

When rescuers found his camera weeks later, the last frame showed Marcus' face, pale.

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Here's your work, typed up and ready to be published! This is how it will appear in the book. If you'd like to make any changes, please go online using the login details in your letter and submit them by the deadline.

Remember to check your name is spelt correctly too.

