

MY INFO:

Name: Grace L

Address: _____ Colorado Springs,
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Phone Number: _____

Age/Grade: 13, 8th Grade.

STORY:

"Ahem..."

"The sound of footsteps echoed throughout the hospital. A feeling of dread washed over Irene as she heard her steps echo far throughout the abandoned building. She could feel her heart beating and pounding and felt as though it had dropped to her stomach.

Why had she agreed to such a *stupid* dare? There was nothing good to come out of this at all.

She didn't exactly have the time, however, to regret her decisions. A feeling of her skin curling reminded her that she had to get her head out of the clouds.

I mean, how hard could it be? She just had to go in, take a picture of a patient, and leave. If she didn't, her entire reputation in school would melt away.

This was her motivation to take each step through the long hallway of the abandoned building. Mere popularity amongst her peers allowed her to take each step forward in the abandoned hospital. She didn't know what was ahead of her at all.

Irene made sure to keep an eye out for anything that would even give her the slightest of clues of where she was supposed to go. There was an assortment of tiles, all in different qualities, some absent, some cracked, and some in good shape.

On the walls, there were pictures of fields of flowers and food, things that would usually bring one comfort, but they'd turned more muddled as a coat of dust had rested over them, and now they were nothing but an eerie reminder of what this place once was. A happy place - Where everyone could get helped - Now turned into a building with ghost stories surrounding it.

After what felt like forever of twists and turns down the confusing hospital, lost without a map or a guide, Irene found herself in a waiting room. Dead flowers, chairs toppled over, and cobwebs on the ceiling.

'What in the world..?' She whispered to herself, stepping back into the hall she'd come from, not willing to enter the room.

Irene's mind raced to the worst thoughts imaginable instantly. Was there a murder? An emergency? Why was this place such a wreck? Her eyes set on the toppled plant near the entrance to the front desk, then over to the dark hallway that had malice written all over it - A ruined doorframe, the remains of a hospital cart, and...

She stumbled back further as she set her eyes on a mysterious dark puddle. She couldn't make out exactly what

it was in the total darkness, but it had to be blood. What else would be a dark liquid in a hospital? Quickly, Irene took out her phone and began to panic, texting her friends that she couldn't do this anymore, and begging them to come in with her and just help her get this one photo.

She closed out of the messages app, then turned on her flashlight and shone it on the mysterious puddle. She felt sick as she realized it was dried blood.

It was to be expected, honestly. It was a hospital, it was abandoned, and nobody dared to take a step near that place. Irene knew all of this, yet she had accepted the dare. It was her fault she was in this situation.

And besides, if she called anyone and anybody from school found out, she'd be seen as a wimp.

With shaky hands, she reopened her messages app to delete the message she'd previously sent. However, she was shocked to see that it hadn't been sent at all. In red letters, her phone said - [Unable to send - No Internet connection. Try again?]

It didn't matter, anyway, she was going to delete it.

So why did she feel so nervous? So afraid now that she knew she wouldn't be getting any help getting out of here?

Her urge to finish the dare and leave increased tenfold. Quickly, she overcame her fear and ran into the

