

The thick ooze seeped through the cracks in the door, through the key hole and onto the cracked concrete floor. It is black and smells of tar and smoke. I lean against the old wooden door, throwing my weight against it to stop it overpowering me.

But eventually it would triumph, and I would have to relinquish my life to it. But for the moment I fight strong. I continue pressing up against the nailed wood, my shaggy dirty white singlet being torn to shreds by the strong, heavy splinters sticking out of it.

My pants are a few rags being held together by strands, but nakedness is nothing to worry about here. In the deserted room, concrete floors, concrete walls, concrete ceiling, all cracked and deserted, an occasional cockroach scatters in between them, meaning it's hollow. I continue to thump my full body weight against it, but even that isn't very much. I haven't eaten in days and I barely weigh thirty kilos.

The light flickers from the ceiling, a basic glass light with a wire running through it, flickering and giving off a dim light. It's covered in dust. It is old but it's the only light source in the room, everything else is concrete, apart from the door.

But I have a moment of realisation. I can't overpower the black stuff, I have to find a way to escape. It's not human so it will just win the fight, it doesn't need food, or water. It just pushes.

It creeps under the door and pushes up between the cracks in my toes, getting under my toenails. I jump forward and the door slowly creeps open. I have to try. I run over to the opposite wall and try to ricochet off it, but fail. My foot slips and I come crashing down, my collarbone killing me.

I scramble back on my feet, rubbing the graze where I fell. I run at the wall again, but jump with two feet and propel myself towards it then retaliate and

twist in mid-air and grab the light, clutching onto the bulb, my hands getting dusty and smudging clean imprints of where they were.

My hands get warmer slowly, but it doesn't hurt. The door is completely open now and the ooze covers the floor, with more of it coming slowly through the door. The ceiling isn't that strong and even with my bare weight cracks start forming in it, and wires and bits of rubble and concrete fall down and sink into it, the black tar stuff engulfing it. A huge crack is forming a circle around the light, slowly getting bigger and closer to joining and falling down.

I use all my strength and haul myself as much towards the ceiling as I can.

The ceiling cracks open and I grasp at a wire hanging out of the hole as the concrete falls. I grab it and haul myself up into the hole, then lay exhausted on top of the ceiling. A voice stops me. "Why'd you come here, brother?"