

The Screaming Continued

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp.

If only I'd taken her seriously when she had hissed a warning; shadowy clouds passing over her eyes making her monstrous complexion look so pale that her skin looked almost slimy under the dim lights. I had been half under the impression that she was about to grow scales and slither away, taking her verbal ammunition with her.

But no, I had to ignore her and waltz down the street anyway, had to stand outside the very building she told me not to go near.

I stood outside the dreary iron gates as the sunlight said its final farewells to the sky. If I closed my eyes, I could hear the screams of the children as the fire raced through the building, all those years ago.

I opened my eyes slowly.

The screaming continued.