



Scales

Authors: Rory Tarnow-Mordi & Scott Mooney



The lights flicker out, and Penny moans.
“I can’t stay in here,” she says. “We have to get out.”

“That’s what it wants,” you say through clenched teeth. In the darkness, you see insidious shapes crawling along the walls, and hallucinate chattering echoes in the distance. *Hallucinations are all you know now.*

“Then it’s won.” Penny spins around clumsily and makes a break for the other end of the corridor. Startled, you lunge after her and grab her around the waist.

She doesn’t put up a struggle, but hangs in your arms, motionless. “Please, Death, let me go,” she murmurs.

Ignoring her, you put on as cheerful a voice as you can. “Why don’t we have a look in here?” You kick open the door next to you.

“I can hear it,” whispers Penny. “The thing in the pit.”

That stops you in your tracks. “This isn’t the pit.” Then you hoist her through the doorway awkwardly. There’s still a tiny amount of ambient green light, as though the air itself is slightly luminous - enough to illuminate a peculiar drawing on the blackboard across the room...



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