The Never Ending Hallway

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The familiar tapping of human feet echoed through a warm, sun filled house. A 21 year old girl called Rosalie lived alone here in the peaceful mountains. She was starting a new day and a good day too...well that’s what she thought anyway.

The sky was blue and cloudless, and soon or more like, in a long time, Rosalie will think the sky as empty and sad.

The sun was bright and warm, filling the world below it with life and comfort but, for Rosalie, that was going to be flushed away.

Rosalie made her way to her kitchen when she suddenly felt a searing pain in her back. Her mind went blurry and she stumbled backwards. She squinted and managed to see two figures, people.

As she blinked her eyes kept closed for longer. She tried to crawl to bed but one of the figures kicked her back down. Rosalie hit the ground hard. Tears filled her eyes.

“She’s too strong,” the two people began to talk.

“That will mean the dogs will be stronger.”
“Well, I guess so if you put it that way.”

As Rosalie was about to pass out she heard one of them say, “Let’s feed these dogs then.”

She was then taken to a place far from the lovely mountains and warm sun, a place so unimaginable and magical but so vile and unforgiving.

After a deep sleep Rosalie entered a lighter sleep. Then she was woken by a solid, cold wall that seemed to infest her back like a plague.

The darkness that engulfed her seemed to be drawing her breath from her lungs. Rosalie gasped, trying to conquer the suffocating darkness.

Rosalie’s pupils expanded in effort to pierce the shadows. She blinked and glared into the dark air.

Her eyes started accepting the blackness and adjusted. Rosalie looked around and saw nothing but then her eyes rested on a man.

He had black, messy hair and wore a blue shirt, overalls and work boots. Rosalie stood and closed her eyes,
rubbing her temples. When she looked back all there was, was the hard, concrete walls of the hall. Well at least it looked like a hall. It was long and wide but not too wide and the ground had a strange metallic appearance.

Rosalie stretched her legs and started to walk, rubbing her arms. To her it felt like the walls were slowly creeping into her and pushing out the little oxygen her lungs carried. The air that came from her mouth turned white and blew out in a cloud.

Rosalie shivered and untied the jacket around her waist and pulled it over her body. This was her normal style, having a jacket around her waist, and now she was glad of it.

The warmth of the sun vanished from her skin. The cold air wrapped itself around her body and she shivered. Goosebumps appeared as quickly as the warmth of the sun disappeared.

Rosalie’s ears almost twitched when she heard a sound coming from the hall. She listened carefully, the
clipping of claws echoed around the walls. Was this the dog the people were talking about or was it a completely different animal?

Rosalie carefully continued, her blood turned cold when she saw something moving with the shadows. A little dog trotted out from the darkness panting happily. It had a black body with white legs, tail and head and curious brown markings.

Its eyes were different and looked more like a humans and it had an overall strange appearance.

Rosalie crouched down and moved closer to the dog. Its nostrils inflated and it whined. Rosalie moved back again. The dog barked and ran back into the hall. “Where am I?” Rosalie asked but the only answer was her own voice bouncing around the cold, lifeless walls.

It grew even darker and Rosalie kept walking further into the hallway. The freezing cold pierced her jeans and jacket. Her lungs froze and it grew even harder to breathe.
Soon she collapsed onto the hard floor. Her mind took over and she started rubbing her chest until her arms burned.

Rosalie’s lungs loosened and her arms warmed up too. Suddenly an idea appeared in her head.

“I am not going to die here, well hopefully,” She got up and ran around until she got dizzy.

“That’s a bit better!” She tried to be positive and continued.

Now whenever Rosalie got cold she jogged but it was never really enough. When she breathed out the white cloud was so big it blinded her for a fleeting second.

Her heart pumped hard, trying to push blood everywhere that was cold which was everything.

After walking for about another four kilometres it was so cold that not even running could warm her.

Rosalie was determined and ran about ten kilometres every day and stretched all the time. She used her
watch to tell time but now she was staying up later than normal.

After a few more days Rosalie only napped a bit and then it was only for around two minutes before moving on again.

Rosalie’s ears were so accustomed to silence that when she heard barking and growling ahead of her it felt like many shards of glass piercing her brain. She knew that these were the dogs the people were talking about.

The walls tricked her and she didn’t know which direction the sounds were coming from so she ran forwards. She covered more ground each hour but the barks and growls were getting louder.

Rosalie stopped suddenly when she saw many red lights waving in the shadows. They got closer and she finally saw about five big black dogs that looked nothing like dogs at all.

Their eyes flickered red and saliva dripped from their constantly bared fangs. Rosalie didn’t have a choice but to run back the way she came.
The dogs chased her, hunted her.

Rosalie turned to see them which only slowed her down. One jumped on her and the others sat back and watched. The dog had almost reached Rosalie’s throat. She kicked the dog in the guts several times. It jumped off and Rosalie kept running. Finally the dogs gave up and vanished. Rosalie went all the way back to where the dogs appeared.

Rosalie continued and heard yet another thing. She sighed but kept trudging along. Rosalie then recognised the sound of a human breathing. She heard teeth chattering and knew it was someone else trapped here.

She went towards the sounds and saw a girl wearing shorts and a shirt. Her brown hair was tied up.

“Hi, you should wear warmer clothes…and put your hair down.”

The girl replied, “You are lucky to get this far. You are strong and I have learnt that sometimes you teleport into darkness after you have been here for a while and
after a few years you can control it. That’s what the man said. The dog is a creation of this place.”

Rosalie nodded.

“Okay then, well what’s your name? I’m Rosalie.”

The girl looked up. “I’m Mary.”

After Rosalie helped Mary get warmer they, yet again, continued down into the ever darkening hall.

“My lungs are freezing up,” Mary gasped then coughed.

“Rub your chest until your arms start burning,” Rosalie smiled and turned to face her new friend. Mary started rubbing her chest crazily.

“It works! Hah!” Mary skipped along. “I hope we get out.” Rosalie just kept walking and didn’t answer.

“Did you hear that?” Rosalie stopped

“Hear wha...oh I think we should run, you never know who it could be. Go!” Mary started running. Rosalie looked back then followed, soon overtaking Mary.
“I guess you have trained yourself then.”

Rosalie laughed and she wasn’t even puffed. “It’s what I did to stay occupied,” Rosalie turned and jumped in fright. There was the creepy man and Rosalie started panting. “What is with you?” Rosalie suddenly looked angry.

“I am Jack. I have been here for three years. If you reach the end the force of it will kill you.”

Rosalie turned away from him. “I don’t want your perspective of things and besides you could be lying. Just go away and stop following us.”

“I have your only chance of survival,” Jack took a step forwards.

“I don’t need your help! Go away! You just gave up when you had the chance and I’m not so I think you should leave now and let us go on our way to freedom!”

Jack took several steps back again and looked smug and almost evil. “Very well…” He disappeared and they never saw him after that.
“Have you realized that we haven’t had anything to eat for ages, I don’t know how long,” Mary looked surprised. “Or had a drink...are you even listening to me?”

Rosalie looked back at Mary. “The darkness feeds us but we grow weaker.”

Mary sighed and, like usual, her breath came out in a big white cloud. “My heart is failing.”

“Mine too.”

The strange dog saw the two girls and remembered the one with the red hair. He barked and started panting. The girls turned around to see him but just ignored him. The dog, curiously named Geoff, followed.

They listened to Geoff’s claws clipping along the metal like floor. Rosalie sighed and shook her head. Mary was the slightest bit frightened. Geoff started whining.

“Oh my god!” Rosalie turned and glared at Geoff. “What do you want?”

Somewhere deep down in Geoff’s throat, a sound twisted its way up. It came out of his mouth like a human. “I am Geoff. I will help you out of here. Your
strong spirits drew me to you. They will kill me for it but it will be worth it,” Geoff wagged his tail happily.

They all continued together further into this never ending hallway. All three of them shook hard. The cold bit through their coat and clothes. Rosalie and Mary grew weaker the further they went. “I can’t move my face and my eyeballs are frozen,” Geoff started rubbing his face against the wall.

“Everyone’s face is frozen Geoff and keep blinking,” Rosalie said with a hint of joy in her voice. Geoff started blinking crazily. Mary laughed. “Not that much Geoff!” They all started laughing.

“Let’s go faster,” Rosalie said in a bored tone.

“It would help us get there a lot faster,” Geoff replied solemnly.

“Yes but first how long has it been?” Mary asked. Rosalie looked at her watch.

“Well I arrived here on the 20th of August and when I found you was the 30th and now it’s the 20th of October.” Mary gasped.
“Almost two months. Time goes fast here. It has only felt like a week since you found me.”

Rosalie sighed and nodded.

The trio were jogging and covered more and more ground. The exit was still days away though.

In this place you don’t get tired, only weak. Weakness is a type of fatigue. You want to rest but if you do you’re scared you won’t get up again.

These ones are strong but still got weak. Their strength seemed to frighten the Shadow Dogs but weakness draws them in. Finally the strong spirits of the group faded.

The leader of the Shadow Dogs lifted his nose to the air. “They grow weaker.” His pack panted and licked their lips. “Finally we shall eat,” The dogs barked and howled. The leader teleported the pack a while behind the group.

They started to run and went fast. They had long legs and strong muscles which allowed them to enjoy the hunt without being too close to their victims. Saliva
dripped off their fangs and flew behind them. They started barking to frighten the group.

Rosalie lifted her head and Geoff’s ears perked up. Soon ten red eyes were in front of them but, luckily, the exit was behind.

Geoff growled and Mary and Rosalie crouched in a defensive position. With the others still growled behind him the leader started pacing in front of his pack. “We let you live so you can continue to make prey weaker,” He said addressing Geoff. “But instead you decide to be selfish and help them,” He growled fiercely. “Traitor!”

Geoff lunged at the Shadow Dogs with surprising strength. The leader attacked Rosalie. “You will not throw me again!” He jumped on her like their first encounter. Rosalie punched the dog in the face and kicked his throat.

Somehow she managed to hold him back and attack at the same time. He jumped off Rosalie and backed away. She felt something in her pants pocket. She
touched it and noticed it was a dagger. She grinned and prepared for the next attack.

Unaware of the weapon the leader lunged at Rosalie again but before he could topple her over she plunged the dagger into his stomach. He fell onto Rosalie and he was too heavy to push off.

Geoff sunk his fangs into the throat of a dog. Blood spurted forth and drenched the surrounding dogs in a coat of red. A Shadow Dog’s claw raked Geoff’s face. He yelped but continued lunging at the dogs.

One dog saw Mary leaning on the wall. Growling, he approached her. Something deep inside Mary stirred. She lunged at the dog and scratched its eyes.

She looked at a shape rolling across the floor. Then she noticed it was an eyeball and she gagged and shivered. Her nails had grown sharp. “What has this place done to me?” She asked then she killed the Shadow Dog.

Rosalie finally pushed the dead leader off. The last two dogs were still fighting the weakening Geoff. Rosalie ran to one that was about to close its jaws over Geoff’s
body. She stabbed the dagger right through the Shadow Dog’s throat and the dagger’s pointy end stuck out the other side.

Mary ran to the last one and jumped onto its back. The Shadow Dog tried to throw her off but it didn’t work. Mary was using her nails to dig into the dog.

After a long struggle Mary managed to slice the dog’s throat. “What has this place done to us?” Rosalie asked.

“That’s what I said to myself,” Mary turned to Geoff. “Don’t blame the hallway. Blame your spirits. They guide you through the hall.”

“Everything here is weird so, I’m not going to argue with that,” Rosalie said with a sigh. Mary sighed too and, horrified, watched her nails shrink. Rosalie’s hand that used to hold the dagger was empty. Geoff barked and continued down the hall.

They all continued for another week and everything was fine. The darkness grew to the point where they could barely see.
They walked on but the familiar clipping of Geoff’s claws disappeared. The girls turned to try and see him but they only saw darkness.

“He is gone, but let’s keep going,” Mary said plainly.

“Let’s,” Replied Rosalie.

After many more days they heard Geoff whimpering. They gasped with delight and turned to see Geoff more wounded then before.

“Come on, move along!” Geoff said hurriedly.

Mary and Rosalie followed reluctantly. Suddenly the hall started to get the slightest bit lighter.

“The end grows near,” Geoff lay down and sighed. “Here I will dye so close to freedom.”

Rosalie shook her head. “We will take you to freedom and bury you in the nicest place possible.”

Geoff looked at his friends once more before resting his head.
After two more weeks of endless travelling, the hall was the same darkness as when they started. Way into the distance a light shimmered.

“To freedom!” Rosalie shouted. They ran with Geoff in Rosalie’s arms and the light got bigger as they grew closer.

After reaching the light they had to shield their eyes. “What now?” Rosalie asked, puffing.

“I know the riddle, I don’t know how but I do,” Mary started speaking.

“Our spirits strong and our hearts light let us go into the bright.”

Rosalie was engulfed in a horrific light. Her head spun and her eyes were blinded. She appeared back home, the same time and place. It was like nothing happened.

A voice in her head said, “Geoff is buried in a meadow of green grass and bright flowers. Mary is home and well.”
Rosalie felt reassured and she drank three cups of water two whole meals then went to bed and slept for a long time.

Afterwards, Rosalie became a star athlete. What she said to people who looked up to her was, “Get lost in an endless hallway, that should do it.”