

Zoo (Part Two)

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After being released into "George's" game, Ryan must escape a pit he has fallen into before "George" finds him. IF not, well, he'll die anyway...

Published on
Booksie

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Ryan dashed down the hallway, and into the next, and into the next. The creature's cackle echoes down every hallway he went down.

"30 seconds!" he laughed.

Ryan attempted to block out the things taunts. He knew it was trying to get him to give up. Ryan turned down the next corner and pumped his legs harder. *I'm not gonna make it*, he thought. As he turned down the next corner, the game had begun.

"Times up, Ryan. The game begins!" he shouted with glee.

The adrenaline surging through Ryan gave him enough energy to continue. Already though, he was losing his breath. As he turned the next corner, he stopped to rest.

Ryan knelt there in silence. He heard the creature's thunderous footsteps. They were getting closer. Ryan got up and ran across the hallway into the next. Down the hallway, Ryan saw a shotgun mounted on the wall. Just as he was close enough for the tips of his fingers to touch it, the floor under him opened up.

"Damnit!" he shouted as he plummeted toward the ground.

He hit the ground hard. He unsteadily got up to his feet. Ryan had landed in an empty, circular room with one torch for a light. The only thing in it was him, some bales of hay, and a few littered skeletons, which he didn't think were fake.

He ran to the bales of hay and dug through. It was mostly just some bones in there, but he didn't want to miss anything. At the bottom of the huge pile was a handgun. He checked to see that the gun was loaded. It wasn't.

He dug around the pile some more without finding any bullets.

"Great," he muttered. "This is just here to taunt me."

He heard loud claps of footsteps above him. They paused.

Ryan held his breath. He lay a skeleton across him and attempted to blend in with the hay and bones. *Thank God I didn't bring Robby here*, he thought. The footsteps started up again and went the way they came.

Ryan threw off the decaying corpse and sat up. As far as he could tell, that wall was a tunnel to Hell. There was no way out of this room; no way out unless he suddenly learned to fly.

Ryan rose from the hay and brushed it off his body. He trudged over to the walls to maybe find a door. He traced the wall until he was back where he started. No doors. So what now?

He threw himself onto the bale of hay. *Even if he doesn't find me*, he thought, *I'm gonna die anyway*. He grabbed the handgun beside him. Turning it in his fingers, he noticed something glint across the room. He practically flew across the room and grabbed the object.

It was a single clip.

Ryan stood. One single clip of ammo. He had to use it at the right time. He loaded the gun and went back to his position in the hay. Now what, he thought. As he lay on the hay, he didn't take his eyes off of the hole in which he had entered. Even if there was a ladder, there was no ladder big enough to get up there.

Ryan shifted onto his side. A circular piece of metal jutting out of the ground poked his side. He got up and examined it. It was a handle. He excitedly grabbed the handle. He pulled towards him and the floor opened up. He couldn't believe his luck. He climbed down the rope ladder and ended up in what looked like a sewage tunnel. He grabbed the only torch from the wall and went down the tunnel, handgun in one hand torch in the other.

As he was halfway down the tunnel, he heard a loud splosh behind him. He turned around slowly.

"Peek-a-boo."

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Generated: 2015-02-28 08:08:00