

Edward Lilley

I wake up with a sharp pain in my head. I massage the pain and feel my hair is as hard as a metal bar. Before I could react I was grabbed by the wrist and yanked up off the seat. I try to fight back and got loose so I ran, looking back at the man staggering in all black clothes with a red band around his arm. Suddenly I get slammed into the side of the wall and get knocked unconscious.

I wake up to hear a screech of train brakes. I get grabbed by the wrist again but much tighter. I look at the train steps and then into the gloomy sky. I step off the train into mud that goes to the top of my ankle. It was when I came to my senses I could hear the screams of children, and men shouting; I could see people on their knees begging.

I get taken into a large building that smells of death. I walk down a hall and look into rooms with chambers. I see people grasping the doorframe as hard as they could. I suddenly get taken into a room – there is a boy in the chamber, crying. They closed the door and turned a dial that made gas go into the chamber. He was choking; he ran to the glass window and slammed his hands against it and his scream slowly died away.