



I step into the contaminated room, instantly recoiling at the horrible smell. The odour was pungent. Anything that was alive in this room definitely isn't anymore.

Fighting the smell, I take another step. Ancient slabs of wood and rock crunch beneath one foot, and soft moss squelches beneath the other. I daren't touch a single object in this room. Doing so would most likely poison me.

The air tasted damp, like how wet wood feels. As I look around the room, I notice the mould which glued to the walls. It seemed to be the only thing wanting to stick to the wall, as even the wallpaper was falling apart at the seams.

Through the cracked windows, there was a loud and ghostly whistling. The wind howled at the top of it's lungs. Through the dusty window, I saw dead trees for miles. I saw brown leaves layered on the ground.

In this room, I felt trapped. Everything around me was diseased and vile. The atmosphere was toxic. I don't know how anyone could bare standing in this room for longer than 2 minutes. I already felt the need to vomit.