

As, Jeffries came to the Labyrinth his heart was pounding like a ferocious lion. His head was sweating like an Olympic runner he was saying to himself I must do it I must do it. All of a sudden, his foot snapped on a broken bone whilst he stumbled forward .Knees trembling, Jeffries carried on his treacherous journey . . .

As he edges on further, there is disintegrated, decaying flesh scattered all over the half broken floor. All over the walls, it said go back go back in blood. Should I carry on? What have I got myself into? It can't be? He can taste the sign of death. His mouth was as dry as a desert. The blood was oozing all over the floor. In the darkness a mysterious figure appeared. . .