

The Asylum

By Minami Pietri

The abandoned asylum, perched atop a desolate hill, gave off a foreboding aura that sent shivers down the spines of all who dared to glance its way. The history of the place was well-known, its skeletal frame an unsettling reminder of the horrors it had concealed.

Local legends spoke of a doctor, Dr. Malachi, who had conducted diabolical experiments on the mentally ill in the asylum. His twisted fascination with the human mind knew no bounds, and it was said that the tortured souls of his patients still wandered the decaying halls.

One moonless night, Mark, a young photographer, decided to venture inside. With nothing but his camera and a flashlight, he braved the foreboding entrance, passing through the rusted gates.

The asylum's interior was a melody of creaking floorboards and moaning winds, a structure stripped of its former glory. The once-white walls had turned a sickly shade of yellow, and the remnants of leather restraints and iron bedframes were witness to the suffering that had transpired within.

As Mark explored, he couldn't shake the feeling of being watched. His flashlight flickered, casting eerie shadows that seemed to dance along the walls. The temperature dropped, and he could see his breath in the frigid air. The asylum had come alive. Its diabolical history reawakening.

He entered a long, dimly lit corridor, lined with doors to patient cells. Behind one, he heard faint whispers, ghostly murmurs that seemed to call out for release. Mark's heart raced as he pushed the door open, revealing an empty room. But the whispers persisted, growing louder, more desperate. Mark aimed his camera at the empty space, capturing a series of photos. He was horrified to see shadowy figures in the frames, skeletal hands reaching out for him. The room had once been the site of unspeakable torment, and the tormented souls still clung to it.

As Mark ventured deeper into the asylum, he encountered more apparitions, each more diabolical than the last. They moaned and wailed; their skeletal forms contorted in eternal anguish. Dr. Malachi's malevolent legacy was alive and well.

In his attempts to flee, Mark found himself lost in the halls of the asylum. The walls closed in around him, their whispers growing louder, more insistent. He felt skeletal fingers brush against his skin, icy and clammy.