He slipped as he rounded the corner and started to move at a brisk pace, aware that something was wrong. Tendrils of death slowly slid across the floor behind him, meshed with the blackness just out of sight but regardless of whether he wanted to believe it, they were there. It didn't feel right at all. He turned his brisk pace into a run and moved through the corridors with speed, trying to outrun his hidden foe, yet the presence remained. It skirted just out of sight. No matter how many times he turned to catch a glimpse, it wasn't there.

It had been in the Red Maple theatre for centuries, feeding on those willing to embrace the dilapidated confines and abandoned corridors. Its eerie floors housed the blood of those unfortunate souls who had passed before, and the towering rooftops had collected the echoes of a thousand screams.

He clipped a corner as he ran and unexpectedly spun, it was then he caught a glimpse of what slid behind him, and it was something that made him shudder violently to his core. She....this....entity...was, wrong in every sense of the word. Her face seemed to be a collection of every soul that had gone before and the teeth...how the teeth seemed to make his skin crawl..

He was so close to the outside, to the light! For some reason he sensed it might just save him if he could reach it in time. His blood pumped and his body burned but she was on him. She began to slice slowly around his arms and legs with her tendrils as he moved forward, teasing him with the pain of coming death as he stumbled and crashed through corridors. Thousands of tiny cuts began to embroid his skin and fill with blood. Her embrace would be more excruciating than anything ever imagined.

He burst out the theatre door and dove into the blissful blanketing yellow glow..of light. For a moment as his body hit the ground and the pain of her embrace relinquished, he felt safe. He scrambled and turned to the door only to have his momentary air of security cut severely short.

She pooled at the doorway for a fraction of a second, such hatred flashed forward from her depth-less eyes amongst the teeth and white death that composed her. It was then that she sliced forward with her talonlike hands and buried them straight into his chest.

The hands and arms were surely more frightening than he could have imagined as they extended forward. Impossibly long and constructed with of hundreds of razors; like tentacles swarming together. She began slowly to pull out his heart

while embracing him in the cloak like mesh of razor blade barbs. The light would be no hindrance, merely enough to anger her and make his death the most painful of anyone to enter the theatre yet. As she pried his heart from the inner confines of his chest, the screams once again...began to echo around the halls..of the red, maple, theatre.