Johnny woke up a little early that day; He and Liz were going on a trip that day. As Johnny was getting out of bed, he dropped a glass that was on his bed stand. “Damn, what a great start to the day”, exclaimed Johnny. Liz also woke up from that noise. They both got ready, sat in the car and started their journey.

It was a hot day, as if sun was furious about something; they were travelling on a straight road, with farms on both the side. Liz held her stomach, looked up and sighed. “We should stop for lunch”, suggested Johnny. Liz nodded and started looking to the side, they had not seen a single shop, not even a human in over an hour, it was as if they were on a trip to the North Pole.

Liz leaned a little forward and squinted her eyes, a building finally, hopefully they could get something to eat there. Johnny pulled over his car and stopped right in front of the shop. The front of the shop was made of all glass; you could see the dust on the glass. “I will go in first and check if we can find anything to eat here”, said Johnny. Liz looked at him, blinked and started looking back at her side of window. As Johnny pushed the door, a bell rang; a man was sitting behind the counter, he was wearing all black contrasted greatly by his long white beard. When he heard the bell he lifted his newsboy cap and stood up.

“Afternoon, Young man what brings you here on this fine day”, heralded the old man. “We were on a trip and we couldn’t find anywhere to eat, we haven’t even had breakfast as we had left in a hurry, can we find something to eat here”, answered Johnny. “Yes, Yes you can look at the menu card and eat whatever you like, I would suggest eating the fish with a nice glass of coke,” replied the old man. Johnny looked back at his car and signaled Liz to come in; “Is there any place to wash up”, questioned Johnny looking back at the old man. “Yes, yes follow me,” said the old guy as he started walking further into the shop.

As Johnny turned his hand slipped and he knocked over a glass of water that was on the counter; “Not again” exclaimed Johnny. “Don’t worry about it, we will get that cleaned,” said the old man as he continued walking.

Johnny followed him, till they reached a cracked wooden door at the far end of the shop. The old man flipped a switch and signaled Johnny to go inside. Inside was a toilet bowl covered in dirt, the floor was wet, Johnny looked up to see a bulb hanging from the ceiling, around it were spider webs, the whole ceiling was covered in spider webs. As Johnny locked the door, the light flickered, and then went out; it was as dark as a grave now. Must be an old light thought Johnny as he continued do his business, Johnny started looking around at the ground and lifted his feet, the water on the floor was now ankle deep. Johnny hurried and got out of the bathroom, but when he turned around, there was little to no water. Johnny shrugged and went to the table Liz was sitting on.

After eating they went back to the car and started their journey again. As Johnny was driving he looked towards his thighs, there was blood dripping on his jeans, he checked his hand the blood was dripping from his hand but there was no cut on his hand or anywhere on his body, suddenly his car started to throw smoke.

He got of the car and checked the engine. “We going to have to push the car” shouted Johnny. They both pushed the car together hoping someone or something will come, but humans here were as rare as water in a desert. Johnny stopped for a moment and stretched his body, and then tried to look around, his eyed opened wide as he saw a building, not just any structure but the same shop from before. He went into the shop.

“Back again so soon, eh lad, did you like the taste of the fish so much” remarked the old man in the shop. “We never reached our destination, we somehow came back here and our car has now broken down”, replied Johnny. “Well looks like you took the wrong turn, and about your car there is a car mechanic 3km straight ahead, why don’t you leave the car here and go call him, I don’t have his cell so don’t bother asking”, suggested the old man. With a deep sigh Johnny and Liz started walking. They were about 300m from the shop when Liz fell to the ground, her pupils expanded and hand covering her wide-open mouth. Johnny stumbled and fell on the ground blood coming from his side. She crawled towards Johnny and tried to shake him awake, then she stood up and sprinted towards the shop.

Coughing and gasping for breath, Liz entered the shop, pupils still expanded she pointed towards Johnny. The old man leaped out of the chair asking her what happened. Liz started to run towards the body and the old man followed closely. Liz stopped all of a sudden, her mouth wide open, still breathing heavily. “The lad is fine”, commented the old man as he saw Johnny standing and looking around. Liz turned to the old man, bowed slightly, and then walked towards Johnny as an executioner walks towards his next target.

Johnny turned towards Liz and asked where she went; Liz hit him in the arm, “Ouch! What did I do?” questioned Johnny. Liz sighed while shaking her head and started walking again. Johnny ran towards her trying to grab her arm but he stumbled and fell again. Liz turned around, her blood ran cold and she started shaking like a leaf, only blood and shards of glass left where Johnny’s body once stood. Suddenly she fell a sharp pain in the back of her head, she fell to the ground, and the last thing she saw was a wrinkled hand reaching out for her.

Liz woke up in a dark room, as dark as a cave, she tried moving but she was tied down to the chair. All of a sudden a light turned on to reveal a room, lit by a single light bulb, ceiling covered in spider webs and a glass panel on one of the walls. Then she saw what is in front of her, she had goosebumps all over her body, her legs and mouth started shaking as she tried to fathom what is in front of her.

She tried dragging herself to it, to Johnny in a glass cube, slowly filling up with water. Liz on the floor still tied to the chair, tried kicking the glass cube again and again, tears leaking from her eyes like water falls from the sky on a rainy day. She looked around and found a small shard of glass on the floor near her hand.

She used the glass shard to free herself from the ropes binding her hands. Then she picked up the chair and smashed it into the cube with every muscle of her body. Shatter, glass shard on the floor, Liz looked at the cube, not a single scratch, the chair had broken into a million pieces. She started picking everything in the room and flung it in the direction of the cube with everything she had every single one of the object broke like glass. Liz fell to the ground, crying, glass shard piercing her knees as the light pierces the sky at dawn.

Thud, Liz heard a small noise, a piece of brick had come lose and fell to the ground, Liz ran towards it, picked it up and then threw it at the cube. Shatter, one of side of the cube broke, water rushing out from it like a stampede rushing to get to safety.

Liz through the glass reached out for Johnny, not caring about the broken glass. The room started filling with water now almost knee deep, Liz tried to shake Johnny back to life. Johnny started moving again, a small tear rolled down Liz’s cheek as a smile came to her face.

Suddenly, Johnny attacked Liz, strangling her to the ground choking her, while trying to drown her. In the corner of her eye Liz saw the old man looking through the glass, with her fading vision she saw bubbles and Johnny blood red eyes. The bubbles slowed down, “N, N-o”, Liz whispered with her last breath as the light faded from her eye.

Liz woke up a little early that day, as she had to go on a trip that day. As Liz was getting out of bed, she dropped a glass that was on his bed stand. “Damn, what a great start to the day”, exclaimed Liz. She both got ready, sat in the car and started her journey.

After hours of travel, Liz reached a familiar construction. “Sorry I am late”, said Liz while entering the building. The old man lifted his hat and said, “Ah daughter! I have been dying to hear your voice.”