The Cage

The fog blinded Chris when he woke up. He rubbed his eyes frantically, and gradually, he could see clearly. All he could see was a black void in front of him,

abundant of anything. He looked around and saw long metallic bars around him. He crawled to the bars, bringing his hand out to touch it. He was about to

touch it... and a subtle click was heard. His eyes got blinded as if the sun blasted his eyes.

Chris woke up, blinded by the sun. "Wake up honey!" his mum called as she pulled up the blinds."But mum, it's Sunday!" Chris said, confused about the

occasion. He got up, lazily, rubbing his eyes quickly."What's all this fuss about?" his mum said," it is Sunday, but don't you remember?" "Remember what?"

he said. "Its something special..." his mum said, he thought to himself, 'could it be my birthday? it is on a Sunday. Whats the date again?' " Is it my

birthday, mum?"

"No silly! Its extra school day...day!" she exclaimed. Chris' eyes widened, "Are you okay honey? You look a bit pale." his mum questioned.

"No, no I'm fine, mum."

'Crap I should told her that I'm not okay so I would stay home!'

"Actually, mum, I feel a bit weird. I feel like I should stay home." Chris tiredly said.

" You already made your decision honey! Let me drive you to school today instead of taking the bus. In my opinion its far much be-"

"Okay Mum!" interrupted Chris. A moment of silence dawned onto the both of them.

A red, run down Honda was parked outside the garage. Chris, in full school uniform, walked out slowly. "Move along!" his mum said.

Chris sighed, he paced to the door of the Honda.

"Move along!" Chris mimiced, his mum didn't like it that much. She clenched her fists, but stopped. She moved towards the car and they both got inside.

The school bell rang, and kids rushed inside to their classrooms. "Just on time!" his mum said. He was confused why his mother wasn't still angry.

Chris hated school. The place was run-down and everyone there was, not that nice.

He quickly ran to his classroom before they would come. But too late.

"Hey, Chris! Did you like your one day holiday?" grumbled someone. Their voice was abnormaly hoarse and croaky. "Did you like our present we gave you

yesterday?" another said.

"My mum blamed me for the mess you made outside." Chris mumbled. Chris heard footsteps clashing against the floor. The sound got louder and louder.

Chris dropped his books and sprinted for the school gate. "Oh no you don't!" they said. They chased him soon after. Chris squeased through the door.

Out to the streets. Hotdogs and other various foods filled the air while the noise was deafening. The people tried to make a noise but Chris couldn't hear

them. He closed his ears from the crowds chattering and just ran.

He took a left to a dark moist alley, puddles of water stayed there even though it was summer. A fence at the end of the alley made it a dead end.

The people chasing him were catching up. "Oh heck no!" he shouted. Chris looked around to find something useful. He saw a big, red button, panicked, he

pressed it. The last thing he remembered was falling and passing out, somewhere pitch black.