For nights, this routine had been repeated.

He would hover on the brink of blissful rest, heavy eyes drooping as his frame sank into a soft mattress. Then the noises would begin.

They were not loud, but the quiet stillness of the house ensured the sound reached his ears. It came from above.

*Scrape*, *Scrape*, *Scrape*, like a rake being dragged across concrete floor – only, there was no concrete upstairs, just an empty attic lined with wooden planks and cardboard boxes. He easily could have dismissed it as a mouse or a gust of wind, but his racing heart and sweaty palms told him otherwise. He knew there could be no simple explanation, and tonight, he would find out why.