

TEXT 4

The Last Day

I know who did this... but it's my last day. I used to be an ordinary detective like no other. But here I am, writing this while hiding in this horrible maze. I didn't know- no, I didn't expect it would all end up like this, but I should have...

My superior from the detective department gave me a case. "Here's the case that's been here since August 30th three years ago. But bear in mind that other four detectives took this case before, and all of them disappeared." My superior warned me as he handed me the surprisingly thin file regarding the case.

"All right, I'll take it." I said as I nodded and took the file. I look through it, and I'm quick to notice the odd content of each report. I brush off as I nod at my superior, and I get prepared to start the investigation. During the last few days, I managed to find a diary. "No shape, no name, nothing. It's nothing yet everything." It reads. "How interesting..." I think to myself, but I notice that this is everything that's written in the thick diary. "How odd." I mumble to myself before I shrug it off.

I continue my investigation to see where the clues will lead me. But it's already been a week, and I still can't find anything else besides the diary. I suddenly notice that there's something engraved into the leather cover. "The biggest tree and the Astrenals? What does that mean?" I ask myself. The biggest tree can be the pine that's standing in the middle of the Astrenal's square. This makes sense! I run to the square and search around the pine tree in the middle. And voilà, there are two more diaries in the tree. The first one reads: "The 3rd street on the Astrenal's square." That's where I am!

But I don't want to be hasty, so I read the second diary: "What was that thing? Almost 7 feet tall, and the black cloak cov-" What the... There's blood on the last line, so I can't read it. That's quite disturbing. The blood looks dry, but fairly dark, almost black. I must find out more right now!

I rushed to the 3rd street as the diary said. I get to an abandoned valley that's nearly empty. And suddenly, I hear a loud squeak. I turn towards the sound and see a rat. It runs behind an old box that's hidden in the corner. I sigh as I calm down and look around. I notice one brick that's sticking out, so I use my fist to break the brick. It was quite frail, so it broke easily. But now my knuckles are bleeding due to the strength I used to break it. For now, I focus on the hole in the wall and find a 4th diary. I open it and read it. "Into the maze I go. It's more like a labyrinth, though."

I wonder about the meaning of the words I just read. A little while later, I noticed words engraved in the leather cover. "Behind the box" is all it said. But wait, isn't that the place where the rat ran to? "This is getting creepy..." I mumble, but I go over to the old box and look behind it. Unexpectedly, there's a 5th diary. I open it, but it's empty. For a moment, I thought I felt something... but then I found a key in the middle and the word "Labyrinth" next to it.

I took the key, and as soon as I did that, a gate appeared in the wall in front of me. I gulped, but I used the key to open the gate, and stepped inside. At the exact moment I stepped in, the gate behind me disappeared, and I got stuck in this labyrinth.

Because of that, I quickly realised that something doesn't make sense. After calming down, I look around. A little while later, I get to the middle, and there stands the terrifying figure. I feel my heartbeat getting faster, but not because of excitement, but because of FEAR. Cold sweat runs down my neck and forehead as I run away from that mortifying figure. I'm quickly out of breath and at the verge of crying as the figure follows me. I hide somewhere in one of the paths of the labyrinth. A dead end... I hide as I only then realise, that this all was a trap.

The diaries with only one or two sentences written in them. The engravings in the leather covers. The old box in the completely empty valley... even the detectives! It all makes sense now. The detectives didn't exist in the first place! They were just made-up people, used as a bait so that the figure could lead another person here. The figure is... the Death itself.

I guess this is it. This is my end... and here I am, writing this and hiding, praying for my survival. But at least I know that I shouldn't come here again, even after I die. So, whoever finds this diary, please try to get out and run. Please, hear my story, and take this diary with you as evidence. Because I know everything.