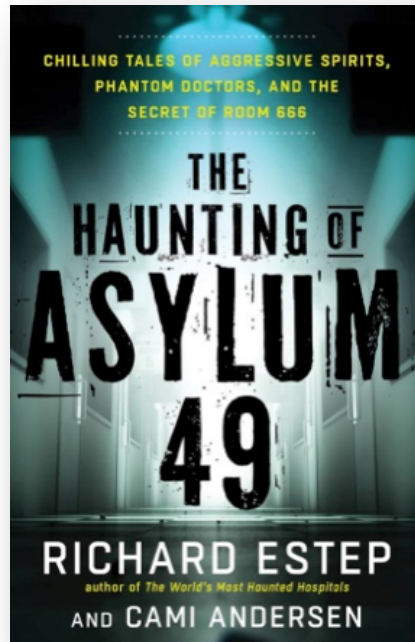


# EXCERPT FROM

## The Haunting of Asylum 49

By Richard Estep and Cami Andersen

### Chapter 6: The Secret of Room 666 (835 words)



Late one night, Cami Andersen and fellow paranormal investigator Cathy Blank were in the main hallway, watching what they felt sure was Westley's shadow moving restlessly back and forth across the corridor outside Room 666. The shadow moved with such speed that the figure appeared somehow stretched, as though distorted or twisted. The two investigators discussed how odd it was for Westley to behave in such a way, and wondered what might be causing his extreme agitation.

Determined to try and find out, they began to conduct an EVP session, taking turns to ask Westley questions:

"Why are you so upset, Westley?"

"Is there someone else down there with you?"

"Will you please calm down?"

"Is there something we can do to help you relax?"

Cathy lay on her belly and shone the dim flashlight beam along the hallway. Although the girls hadn't gotten any response to their questions, they continued watching the dark figure's frantic motions. After a while, the shadow slowly calmed itself, seeming to vanish, only to reappear farther along the hallway, closer to the two curious investigators. The shadow man would then vanish again, before reappearing back at the end of the hallway once more, where the frantic back and forth pacing would resume.

Cami and Cathy's grew increasingly nervous as they watched the bizarre behavior of the shadow figure unfold, repeating its actions over and over again as though stuck in some sort of time loop; each time, the entity appeared a little closer to them, before going back to the

end of the hallway. Each time that the figure materialized at the far end of the hall, Cathy called out for it to remain there at the end of the hallway, close to the entrance of Room 666. For a short time only, it would honor Cathy's request, before suddenly seeming to grow bored, and then begin inching its way toward them yet again, hugging one of the walls.

The two women giggled nervously, responding to the tension that each of them was beginning to feel. Once more, Cathy instructed it to return to the other end of the hallway. Once more, it did...for now.

They watched the dark mass as it stood, silhouetted against the doorway at the end of the main hallway, lurking directly outside Room 666. Each of them could quite plainly see that its legs were slightly parted, and could also make out the outline of a head, supported on a thin neck and shoulders, which in turn merged into a pair of arms that hung down loosely by its sides.

Barely drawing breath, Cami and Cathy watched as the figure just stood there, seemingly staring at them as though sizing them up, in the manner of one adversary to another.

The three of them continued to stare at one another in silence. Time passed, but neither investigator wanted to move a muscle, let alone look at their watches; they simply lay there on the ground in the middle of the corridor, barely able to believe what their eyes were telling them.

In a move so fast that it shocked them both, the figure suddenly dropped into a crouch and began crawling toward them on all fours. Rooted to the spot, the two investigators were near-paralyzed with fear as each shuffling twitch of the shadow figure's limbs drew it closer to them. Neither spoke a word or attempted to flee, though every nerve ending was screaming at them to get up and run.

Before they knew it, the thing had reached their position and was rearing back on its legs, looming over Cathy's prostrate body. Cami got slowly to her feet, not wanting to provoke or disturb the thing, and quietly said, "Cathy, I think it's time to go. It's. Standing. Right. Over. You." Each word came through clenched teeth.

Taking her friend's advice, Cathy slowly stood, not knowing what would happen next. She straightened up to her full height.

The shadow figure was nowhere to be seen. It had vanished before Cami's eyes.

Not wishing to look a gift horse in the mouth, both investigators backed slowly out of the hall, neither of them willing to turn their backs on the doorway to Room 666. They had reached the dubious safety of the big white double doors and closed them before they dared breathe a sigh of relief.

It was now all too clear to the girls that it wasn't the spirit of Westley that had squared off against them in the corridor...but if it wasn't the ghostly old man, what else could possibly be haunting the vicinity of Room 666?

They all did. Somewhere, not so far away from them, they heard the heavy, measured tread of footsteps. They seemed to be coming from behind them, following the path that the investigators had taken already.

Oh crap, Richard thought to himself, his heart suddenly racing. Something really is following us. It has to be the Guardian...

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