

A THRILLER

# Unending Phase

"A wildly imaginative, fun read."  
Jenn'sNarratives

BY JENNIFER EZEPUE

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## SPECIAL CONTENT

Dear Reader,

*Unending Phase* is a wildly imaginative fun read. A thriller that I am excited to share with you.

Thank you for being a part of this project. It has been amazing for me to create and I hope it will be just as amazing for you to enjoy.

You may also visit my website at [www.purpleimagination.com](http://www.purpleimagination.com) to access more contents from me.

Jenn'sNarratives.

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**Of all things creepy and all things sad, one of the best days in every student's life turns out to be the worst for a single soul.**

## **CHAPTER ONE**

I had just ended a conversation with Charles, my supposed boyfriend. I mindlessly dropped my phone in my pocket as I packed my books into my nap sack. It had only been five minutes since the bell rang; indicating the close of school till Monday. Yes! It was Friday. TGIF! It was almost a ritual for Charles and I that he picked me up from school every Friday. Benefits of dating a guy older than you, I guess.

It was strange how school was getting unusually empty. Normal Fridays after school, people didn't go home so quickly. And of all Fridays to run late, it was this particular Friday Charles chose to delay. I just stayed back in class and tried to keep myself company. I wasn't the kind of girl that liked chitchats after school. Besides, ever since people started seeing Charles around so often, they made it a habit to bombard me with questions at any chance they got. So I kept to myself most times just so I could avoid questions about my relationship life.

I was going to bring out my phone from my pocket; where I had dropped it earlier after speaking to Charles and getting the sad news that he was going to be running a bit late, but on second thoughts I decided to wait outside the school's gate for him, as the whole school had gotten so quiet. It didn't really bother me that I was the only one in class as I was already used to that life. But that day was just too different. I had a strong urge in me to wait outside, this I couldn't explain. So I got up, picked up my bag and took a quick look at the wall which had a large inscription that said, "SS3 Gold Students". It was the fifth time I had looked at it that day. I liked looking up at that wall because it gave me a sense of pride and growth. And to think that I was almost done with secondary school made me super excited even though I liked how we could wear fancy shoes, bring our phones to school, have any hairstyle on, wear tight fitted clothes and so much more, just because we were in our final year. Trust me it was the best feeling.

## CHAPTER TWO

I finally left my class only to realize that I was the only one in the whole corridor. And surprisingly, I was also the only one in the whole school. The corridor was so quiet that you could hear the sound of a pin very clearly if it dropped. It felt really strange and my heart began beating faster for no reason.

I sped down the corridor till I finally got to the exit door where I heaved a sigh of relief. The bold 'EXIT' sign on the door brought me so much joy. I quickly reached for the handle of the door and left the corridor... Or so I thought.

I closed the door behind me and realized that I was in another corridor. That didn't make any sense to me. I didn't remember my school having two corridors. The only corridor we had led to the exit door and the school field is always the first view once you close the door. But I had closed the door and I was in another corridor. I then saw another exit door towards the end of the corridor. I quickly left all thoughts aside and ran to the door, opened it and closed the door behind me. But once again, I wasn't outside. I couldn't see our field yet, Instead I found myself in another corridor... the very same one I had just left. At that point I could hear my own heartbeat. I was already shaking because the whole situation didn't even make any sense to me.

Almost immediately, I saw the exit door again so I decided to drop my nap sack on the floor. I needed to understand what was going on, hence why I dropped my nap sack. Then I raced down the corridor for the third time. I opened the door, closed it, and said a word of prayer before turning around. And then I finally turned only to see my napsack on the floor. I had dropped it earlier to clear my doubts about the whole situation, but it was true. I was coming back to the same place... I was going in circles. I screamed!

## **CHAPTER THREE**

I couldn't believe I had been returning to the same place the whole time. It didn't even make sense to me. I wasn't going to relent so I kept on using the exit door, but again I kept returning to the same place. I lost count of how many times I had gone out through the exit door and returned to the same corridor. I was already too weak, coupled with the fear that crept inside of me and so I sat on the floor close to my nap sack. I didn't know what to do next and just shortly after I sat down, I started crying. I could feel the stream of tears that flowed down my cheeks but when I tried to wipe the tears away, I realized that my face was completely dry. I was still crying and I could feel the wetness on my face so it didn't make any sense that my face was completely dry whenever I tried to wipe my tears. I was so scared that I wanted to run away from my own body, but of course I couldn't.

I started biting my fingers, which I normally did whenever I was tensed, scared or when I wanted to think. And immediately an idea popped up in my head. Our teachers were always the last set of people to leave school everyday, especially on Fridays because they had to meet with the principal. Yes! I gasped with excitement, the principal! Even if nobody was in school, Mrs. Olivia had to be. She always seemed to have something to do in school, even during the holidays. At a point, students started passing rumors that her husband always maltreated her so she rather stayed in school than went home especially on Fridays, knowing that she had the whole weekend with her brutal husband.

The principal's office was very close to the staff room which was on the second floor, so I left the unending phase I was going through with the corridor and headed upstairs. I decided to check the staff room first since it was before the principal's office but no one was there. Instead, I felt a sharp pain under my right foot like a broken glass piercing through. I looked down at the foot that was hurting, and I was right about what I felt. It was a piece of broken glass! I held my

mouth in order not to scream because that was all I wanted to do. 'Where had the broken glass come from?', I thought. Ahead of me were more pieces of the broken glass but with blood sprinkled on them. And now, whose blood? I couldn't hold it any longer so I let out a scream that I was certain could be heard five miles away from school, but no one came to my rescue.

Almost immediately, I heard a voice that I couldn't recognize. I could swear that I heard the voice tell me, 'sorry' but I wasn't too sure. I looked back to see who it was, but no one was there. I heard the still voice again but this time it was a lot calmer. Even if I didn't relate with my fellow students that much, at least I heard them speak once in a while and that voice didn't sound like anyone I knew. Even the principal's voice was a lot harsher than that so it obviously wasn't her. I looked back once again but I couldn't see anyone.

My heart had started racing all over again. 'What was happening to me?', I thought. I ignored my bleeding foot and ran out of the staff room and straight to the principal's office. I needed to inform her about all the things that I had experienced but she wasn't there either. Her seat was rocking back and forth like someone had just gotten up from it but I didn't see anyone pass me on my way to the office, so I wondered who it could have been. And just then, I heard the voice again. This time, I didn't bother looking for who had spoken. I took to my heels and ran back downstairs.

## **CHAPTER FOUR**

The Principal's floor was way creepier. I didn't stop running even after I got downstairs. I decided to try my luck with the corridor once more but again, I returned to the same spot I had started from. The only difference was that, my nap sack was nowhere to be found. I started crying again, even though the tears couldn't be felt. The day just had to come to an end!

I started to wonder if the whole school had conspired against me, but that didn't make any sense. I remembered leaving my nap sack on the ground before leaving for the second floor so I wondered why I couldn't find it anymore. That was the least of my problems so I decided to leave the corridor again; but this time I was headed back to my classroom, where the whole craziness had started.

The first thing you're likely to see on entering my classroom is the big inscription on the wall; the one that I loved so much. Instead, there was a whole new inscription written in a language I couldn't understand. It was written with red paint which reminded me that I had been bleeding earlier. Did I tell you that I screamed when I saw the strange inscription? Well yes I did. It wasn't even there few minutes ago and I wondered where my beautiful SS3 Gold Students has gone.

I figured that I wasn't feeling so much pain on my foot anymore so I decided to check it out, but there was no cut on that same foot. The whole blood was gone and it was like nothing ever happened. The first thought that came to my mind was that whoever was doing this had somehow used my blood to inscribe whatever it was on the wall in order to pass a message to me. I was already talking crazy but who will blame me? Everything that was going on didn't make any sense.

I left my class because it freaked me out all the more. The only place that felt safe, no matter how creepy it was, was the corridor. So I went back there and sat on the floor. I was literally waiting to snap back into reality and figure out that it was all a nightmare, but that wasn't happening. So I sat there, weak and completely drained out, cuddling myself and resting my head on my knees.

I started thinking of all the strange, creepy and scary things that I couldn't explain. This made me even weaker. But almost immediately, I remembered how it all started. I recalled speaking to Charles and dropping my phone inside my pocket after the call. My eyes popped with excitement as I could finally call for help or better still beg Charles to just come pick me up already.

I reached for my pocket to pull out my phone, but it wasn't there. Instead, I felt something slimy in my pocket. It felt like something had melted in there and so I removed my hand to see what it was. As I looked at my hand, I realized that my fingers weren't there anymore. I went unconscious at once... I fainted.

## **CHAPTER FIVE**

Dino kept licking my fingers. He did that all the time. With Dino; my cute little puppy, I didn't need an alarm.

He always knew just when to wake me up- like every morning to prepare for school, every night to read and every other time I had something to do. Dino was my lucky charm.

I started to open my eyes very slowly, when I saw Dino staring at me. I bet I had been making very weird gestures while sleeping. 'Oh my God!', I exclaimed. I had been asleep the whole time. Meaning it was only just a dream. And once again, Dino had saved my life.

I rubbed my eyes to be sure that I was really in my room and everything was okay. And it was true! I was in my room, on my bed with Dino. I grabbed him without hesitation and kissed him all over. Dino barked and ran off. I quickly reached for my phone which was on my dressing table with so much excitement. I checked the time and started to dial Charles' number. It was only 7am in the morning. It was Friday morning and indeed everything I saw in the dream hadn't actually happened. I was so glad to hear from Charles. I bet he heard it in my voice and maybe her got a bit confused, but even if I told him all what had happened in my dream, he wouldn't understand.

I ran out of my room and straight to the dinning table. At 7am everyday, the whole family had breakfast so I knew I'd meet everyone there.

On getting to the dinning table, I kissed each and every one of my family member and hugged them with so much happiness. As they fought through the confusion, my phone rang. I quickly picked it up and excused myself from the table. It was Charles. I wondered why he was calling again when we spoke only few minutes ago. As I answered the call, Charles' voice came up, 'Babe, I forgot to tell you that I'll be running a bit late today. Hope you can wait a bit longer after school? I promise to be there as soon as I'm done with...

'No!', I cut him shut before he could finish talking. Then I continued, 'you can take all the time you need babe. I won't be going to school today'. And that was it. I pleaded with my parents and stayed home the whole day.

**THE END.**