

John Wilkins was a man with attitude. He was not an average Joe, who just does enough to get by. John broke the work barrier and then some. He had only one fear: the supernatural. His grandfather had told him stories before about his encounters with the supernatural. Naturally, they frightened the then young John. "Do you want to hear a story of mine?" his grandfather would say. "Of course, Papa!" Young John would listen carefully. Many things he believed. Now, he had grown out of all of his fears except one; the supernatural.

On October 8<sup>th</sup>, John had been asked by his good friend Robert to accompany him on a trip to Eastern State Penitentiary. Robert was a contractor, and the company he was working with was tearing the prison down. Any help would be much appreciated, said Robert. So the next day, John and Robert packed up Robert's van and headed from their neighborhood in downtown Sylvania to the outskirts of the boonies. They figured that this would be a quick get-in, get-out job. It took them well over an hour to reach the run-down, sagging asylum of pain and torture. Over 1000 people had either died because of inmate fights or the death penalty.

"So what exactly are we doing here?" John asked while the two were pulling in the dirt road to the prison.

"We're going to examine the whole building, and make sure there aren't any major concerns we need to watch for while tearing it down. To be short, we're looking for major safety concerns." Robert replied. They got out and walked up to the entryway. The owner of the prison wasn't the one who opened the gate.

"I'm Mr. Aston, Mr. Johansen's acquaintance. I'm watching over the prison today." Robert was confused.

"You two have to be out by 5PM." Mr. Aston said. John was about to ask why but Mr. Aston had already walked back into the watch tower. They went through pretty much every part of the prison. There was only one concern, which was the main beam in the prison. It was a little cracked, and they took note of it. The last part of the prison they had to check was Cellblock F, A.K.A. The Pit. The Pit was an underground

cellblock. Most if not all fights occurred down there. John and Robert went down the steep narrow stairs to the cellblock. John heard whispers as he reached the bottom.

“Did you hear that?” John said excitedly to Robert.

“Hear what?” Robert looked at his friend, confused. John convinced himself it was the cold, October wind. They were checking every cell. John walked into a cell to check it. He was checking the back wall when the cell door slammed behind him. John spun around.

“Robert?” John yelled. His yell fell upon deaf ears. There was no response from Robert. John tried to open the rusty door. It was locked shut. Whispers surrounded John. They were loud, and coming from every corner. In his fright, John passed out.

John arose a while later, but not in the same place. It was pitch black around him. John felt his pocket for his flashlight. He switched it on. It was a long hallway, and at the end was a door. John had no option but to get to the door. He walked slowly at first, and then got gradually faster as he went. Right as he was about to touch the knob, an image of a person appeared in front of the door. An unknown force pushed John back a few feet and onto the floor.

“What are you doing here?” The person asked. John, who was completely terrified, said nothing. John was lifted up by the person.

“I said, what are you doing here.” John knew he would have to do something drastic to get out of there. He grabbed his flashlight which had fallen next to him, and hit the person. He reeled back from the blow as John sprung up. John’s fear of the supernatural couldn’t stop him. Fueled by pure adrenaline, John rushed to get to the door. Unfortunately, so was the person.

“You must not LEAVE!” The person said. Spirits of old prisoners started coming out of the walls. The person dove for John’s shirt and ripped a piece off. Another spirit tried. Right as John grabbed the door, a spirit had him by the neck.

“You don’t want to open that door.” He warned. John looked at him, and with fierceness powered only by rage, John yelled.

“Rest in pieces.” John kicked the spirit off of him and pulled the door open. A bright light lashed out of the door and flooded the room. Without thinking, John stepped through the door.

“John? John! Are you okay?” John awoke to Robert shaking his shoulders.

“Come on, man! It’s almost 5 o’clock.” John realized he was outside of the cell that he was previously locked in.

“I was checking out one of the cells in front of you and turned around. I looked and you were on the floor.” Robert explained.

“But, but, the spirits! The old prisoners, what happened to them?” John said, exasperated.

“Lets get you home. You obviously need some rest.” Robert helped John up. They walked out of Cellblock F, and towards the main gate. John looked back at the entrance to the cellblock. The spirit of the old prisoner was there, staring. John, told Robert to walk faster. After what he had experienced, John didn’t look back again. He didn’t want that to happen to him again. As they reached the main gate, Robert yelled for Mr. Aston, but Mr. Aston wasn’t the one that walked out of the watch tower. John immediately recognized it as the spirit of the old prisoner. Robert was freaking out.

“What did you do with Mr. Aston?” Robert yelled. John just wanted to get out.

“I *am* Mr. Aston,” The spirit said, “and I can’t let you out.”

“Why not?” John asked.

“It’s 5:01.” They were one minute late.

“No!” John screamed. John rushed the watch tower and started his climb. Robert tried to stop him but John wasn’t going to.

He got to the top and kicked the spirit of Mr. Aston over the side. He yanked on the lever to open the gate. Mr. Aston started to climb back up. Robert grabbed him

“Stay away from my friend!” Robert yelled. Holding Mr. Aston’s leg, Robert yelled to John.

“Hurry with that gate, will you?”

John put all his weight on the lever. He was scared. John realized he must overcome his fear. Mr.

Aston had gotten out of Robert's grasp. He was advancing to John when a voice cut the air like a hot knife through butter.

"I am John Wilkins. I am not afraid of you." John had the mindset of a man possessed. After he said these words, he casually pulled the lever. It sank and the gate started its motion. John stared right through Mr. Aston, then walked through him. Robert and John rushed to the van. Robert put the keys in and turned the car on. They tore out of there at the fastest possible speed.

They never looked back.

Two weeks later, Robert's wrecking crew came, sans Robert. As they were wrecking Cellblock F, the whole crew got a glimpse of the supernatural as a slew of spirits flew heavenward. Two hours later, nothing remained of the prison except the watchtower, and a pile of rubble.