

I left him and turned back to the dark alleyways, the dilapidated quays, the broken buildings, the ruins of the past, the place he said was mad, was evil, the place he said was death. I kicked my way through ancient litter and fallen rubble. The walls and ceilings creaked and groaned. Dust seethed all around me. Shadows shifted. Dark birds flapped above. Dangling doors led into pitch-black rooms and offices. The ground was cracked and potholed. In places it had simply fallen away, and yawning gaps showed cavernous cellars below. I imagined ghosts all around me, watching me, the ghosts of those who had worked here and filled the place with noise and light and life. I felt their fingers touching me as I walked, heard their hollow breathing, their whispering, their sad laughter.

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