

The Stairwell in The School

“Woah”, Jonas said, in awe, slowly opening the main door of the school. The door, old and rusty, unused for decades, creaked open ever so slowly. Pitch black. That was all Jonas could see, pitch black. Nothing. The halls of the school were musty (just what was that smell?), full of age, and with tales to tell, relics to reveal. He could hear the rain outside, as it trickled down the walls of the building, combining into little streams, down the street, and then all fusing into one mighty river, finally into the gutter. *Drip. Drop.* It was silent, with no other sounds other than the shrieking sound of the clouds and sky wailing, releasing their tears in a whirlwind. The school had been abandoned for years. *Click Click.* A solid beam of light emerged from Jonas’s flashlight, partially illuminating the large main entrance. A mouse scurried across the floor, startled by the light. Shiny particles of dust were visible in the beam of light, flowing about. “Man it’s so stale in here”. All of a sudden everything came into view, now being able to see more clearly. The tiles of the floor were ancient, covered in green mold, and with shoots of plants growing out of the ground in between them. The walls weren’t very sturdy, and were draped with vines. He saw a faded poster on the ground in front of him. He bent down, and picked it up. It was very course and rough, with dust all over it. In fact, it might’ve been originally printed in color, as when he looked carefully, in some spots he could see the faded remains of color. After analyzing it for a while, he thought it to be a spirit day poster. “Riverdale High School Spirit Day 1954”. “Dang, that’s old...” Jonas thought. The place was interesting, waiting for whatever was hidden within, to no longer be hidden. But despite no real danger, something felt off to Jonas, he could feel it. But then again, it could just be his mind playing tricks on him. He had done this before, for his many online videos. Nonetheless, he took one step forth. Then another.

Crunch. He lifted his foot to see the mutilated remains of a cockroach, still twitching. Jonas winced in disgust. “Listen, you’re no chicken, are you Jonas? I have to do it. For the views, for the video! It would go viral!” he thought to himself. “Everything will-.... Everything will be just fine” said Jonas, reassuring his decision. Everything would be fine, right? He continued to walk, carefully with every step, as to not brutally, and unlawfully murder any more innocent insects. Jonas pulled out his camera and started recording. “Hey everyone, in today’s video, I’ll be exploring this abandoned school. By myself.” he said to the camera, almost whispering for some reason. He continued to walk around the school, with his nerves starting to ease and calm down, as he realized there wasn’t really anything to be afraid of. He just continued talking to his camera, and exploring the school, eyes wide open. After a while, Jonas decided it was time to go home. It was already quite late, 11:30 P.M to be exact. “Alright guys, that was some exploring today. Hope you enjoyed today’s video, and see you in the next one!”. Jonas closed the camera and started looking for the exit. As he started walking around towards the exit, he thought he noticed something in the back of his eye. He turned his head around, and noticed something. Something he hadn’t noticed before. Something that definitely wasn’t there before. It was a door, that was marked off with caution tape. “Was that there last time?”. It looked intriguing, like it was begging someone to just open it, and find the chamber of secrets inside. So now he was at a crossroad. “Should I go through it?” he said out loud, even though no one was there. “Well, I mean, it is pretty late. It’s already 11:35.” Do I go? Do I not? I mean, it’s not like anything will happen, right? But what if something does? Why is there caution tape? Such a simple decision, yet so puzzling for him. I suppose sometimes the simplest decisions are the hardest. It’s just human nature to overcomplicate things. He stood there for a solid minute contemplating what he should do, pacing back and forth. “Well, nothing happened so far, so why

would anything happen now?”. His curiosity got the better of him, and he decided to just go for it. He tore the caution tape, and opened the door. “Here goes nothing”.

“Are you kidding me?” Jonas scoffed. In fact, he started laughing. “Is this what I was afraid of?”, saying mockingly. There was absolutely nothing to be afraid of here. Out of all the things he saw in this abandoned school, which hadn’t been used since 1954, this was perhaps the least scary thing he saw. He was expecting something terrifying, something horrifying. Something like a corpse, or a skeleton. But it wasn’t. It was just a stairwell. That was it. Just stairs that appeared to go down, to a basement, or perhaps another room of a sort. It was odd though. Most schools don’t have stairs going down. His flashlight didn’t really work as well, like something was absorbing the light from his flashlight. “Huh, that’s weird.”. Maybe his flashlight was just running low on battery. When he looked carefully at the room, he really started to notice how uncanny and eerie the place was. There was black ink (or what looked like it) spilled on the walls, creating blotches of black on the white walls. It was like it constantly oozed this black ink out of the walls. The stairwell itself was quite claustrophobic, only large enough to fit himself in. The stairs themselves were wooden, old and cracked, overgrown with mold, and still smothered with this black liquid. Jonas was officially spooked. “What is up with this place?” Jonas said, in a curious voice. I don’t know what made Jonas take one step, but he did anyway. Perhaps curiosity? Maybe the thrill? Just human nature? Either way, Jonas felt his shoes become soiled with the black liquid. It felt disgusting. “Ok, perhaps I shouldn’t go down here. It’s already quite weird.” As he pivoted his head 90 degrees back, towards what should’ve been the exit, he saw something that made his heart stop. Like one of those times you realize you’re in danger. It was just a wall. Where did the door go? “Am I in my senses or something?” Jonas said in a panicked voice. “I swear the door was there” he said, starting to worry. There was only one way he could

go. Down. He stepped through the sludge, going deeper and deeper through this labyrinth of a staircase. But no matter how much he walked, it just wouldn't end. The stairs wouldn't end. They were infinite. His breath quickened. He heard whispering. And all it did was get louder, Louder, LOUDER... He could feel every single heartbeat. Every. Single. One. "Where do I go!" Jonas shrieked. "Somebody- Somebody help!" Jonas yelled. But there was no response. It was just him, and his whispers. His thoughts. His anxiety. Something lurked in the shadows. He could feel it's presence. "Who's there!" Jonas yelled. Then it stopped. Everything. His walking. The whispers. He couldn't believe what he was staring at. It was a white mask, a face? A human? The "person" stared into his soul, and he stood there lifeless. He didn't know what was about it, but it was like a sum of all of his deepest, darkest fears, there, haunting him. The paranoia was too much. He felt lightheaded. He felt his legs give out underneath him. His vision slowly faded to white. But he had to run. He had to escape. He had to make it to the light. He screamed. He just wanted to go home.

"And that's all that's known about SCP-087. The only story about it" Jordan said, finally having scrolled to the bottom of the story on his phone. "You think it's real," said Adam sarcastically in a "scared voice". "Yes," Jordan said laughing. "It's completely real, and absolutely TERRIFYING. An INFINITE STAIRCASE, with a white phantom monster" Jordan said sarcastically, making a "shocked face". "Come on, let's just open the door" Adam said. "Bet" Jordan exclaimed.