

Serial Story: Part One

Cassandra had been spending the last six hours in the university library working on her thesis. She was getting tired and decided to get some fresh air. She locked her computer and left the building. It was a cold and cloudy afternoon, but Cassandra was happy to be out of the library for a moment. She sat down on one of the stone blocks and lit up a cigarette. She watched the cars pass by and thought about her ongoing problem called "thesis". She felt as if she was at an inspirational impasse. The writing part was exceptionally hard; it just did not seem to be going anywhere. Her score today? One single and tiny paragraph.

She put out her cigarette and dragged herself back inside the dark and gloomy library. If she was going to finish it someday, she would have to keep working on it. Cassandra walked through the odd diagonal hallway to the computer workplaces and suddenly stopped when she felt an incredible cold rush through her body. She shuddered and started to walk again until she heard a whisper...

Slash, slash, slash... you heard me, girl.

She shook her head and decided she must have been in the library too long without proper food or drinks. Cassandra decided she had to go home and call it a day. She had been spending too much time today in this depressive building. She quickly walked out of the diagonal hallway and went to sit down again in front of her computer. There she made another weird discovery. Someone had unlocked her computer and had typed "she killed me/she killed me/he killed me/he killed me/help me/help me/HELP ME HELP ME HELP ME HELP ME HELP ME!!!!!"

"It must be some kind of sick joke," Cassandra thought, "probably by some geeky person who knew how to unlock computers." She sighed and decided just to delete the extra text and get home as soon as she could. She did not want to waste time reporting jokes like this. Cassandra saved her thesis document and put it online in both of her e-mail boxes. She picked up some books and paper that littered her temporary workplace and stashed them in her basket. She shut off down her computer and decided not to go through the diagonal hallway. She did not know for sure she had been imagining it after all. Cassandra had a freaky feeling that this place may be haunted.....

To be continued in the next Angler...

By our own ghost writer

