The alleyway  
  
  
The bright, neon lights of the city bursts into many colours as car’s engines sputter and make deafening roars. Leo observed his smartphone, “20 minutes to go”, he clutched his crumbled pay check. Leo looked over to the alleyway to his left, wasn’t on the map but was a quick, easy shortcut anyone could go through. He looked over to the alleyway to his left, wasn’t on the map but was a quick, easy shortcut anyone could go through. Leo’s work mates warned him about the untold secrets possibly looming in between the two buildings. He laughed it off thinking it was just myths. He took a few steps forward, the buildings looming over him like massive trees in the forest, every step Leo took seemed to echo throughout the alley. He hallucinated whispers, slowly haunting him.  
He felt the touch of hard rock and the smooth metal pipes. The air tasted crisp and dry like it was trying to poison him.   
  
Leo noticed a black distant figure in the void of the highwalls, he pondered about him until it shifted around and started approaching him with snapped his fingers to an unusual beat. “Well, what are you doing here?”, he spoke, “Oh and I might as well take that paper”. The mysterious man had people trailing behind him and then the chase started. There wasn’t anywhere to escape to, so he leapt towards the corner, hands shivering with fear and Leo’s face looked ice cold. When they had caught him, they simply snatched the pay check out of his palms and scrammed into a vent.Leo was too astonished to speak or even move.  
  
Not very long after, he had found his way home and learnt one thing, “Maybe the shortest path isn’t the best path. He collapsed on his smooth, delicate bed, he was awfully tired after all that running so he dozed off.