

The pipe shrieked. Not the kind of shrieking an out of tune pipe makes, it was a piteous human scream. Also, it was definitely C sharp. Next to me, my apprentice George jumped and nervously scanned the expansive room. I didn't blame him. I've been working with organs for 12 years already and I was starting to regret my choice. I know that organs don't shriek but this one did. Maybe there was something strange in the old tarnished wood. My theory was that it was something to do with the organ's original player disappearing in 1942 after a heated argument with his apprentice and all the past apprentices disappearing. But I was certain that the disappearances were related to the missing organ player. The longest an apprentice that worked here had lasted 1 month but I didn't want to scare George. "C sharp" I called to him as he scurried away hunting for the replacement pipe. When he returned I pulled the pipe loose and in the fleeting moment when the hole was exposed, I saw a hand. Then the hand retracted as soon as I had seen it and George stuffed the new pipe in. I gleaned up at the forest of pipes wondering what secrets it held. Then I smelt it. The smell of roses. It was sickly sweet, almost comforting but it was also mixed with the scent of decomposing bodies.. Even though I felt a sense of brooding, I ignored it. I bade George goodnight and I told him to get some rest. He thanked me and we retreated to our quarters for the night. Little did I know that this was the last time I saw that kind and jolly apprentice alive. In the middle of the night, I woke up to an ear piercing scream and when I checked on George in the morning, he was gone without a trace.