

Ever since I moved to this town all my neighbours have warned me about the mining area by the woods.

Supposedly, it was the main source of the town's economy over a hundred years ago, but an accident in the early 1900s took the lives of several workers and the town's council shut it down. Today, the entrance remains sealed with a handful of wooden planks blocking the way inside.

“Under no circumstances should you enter the mouth of hell, child of the dark!” Mrs. Whittaker shouted one day when I jokingly suggested entering the decaying mines.

Clara Whittaker hadn't been the same since she and her husband entered the mine sixty years ago. During the incident, she lost her husband and refused to speak of what happened down there. As a result, the mine went from simply being abandoned to the entrance being covered by planks.

Only when I stopped talking to Mrs. Whittaker did I realize my curiosity about the subject hadn't been satiated.

One thing remained now: Investigate the mine myself.

To do this I called my friend, Cameron Beck, to help me get inside. We agreed to meet up the next day, at night, in front of the entrance with headlamps and crowbars.

“We're doing it bro, we're making it happen!” Cameron said the next night as we had finished pulling apart the last piece of wood from the entrance. We switched on our headlamps and went in to brave the dangers of the unknown.

Never before had I seen such a depressing place. It was as dark as the darkest of hearts and I could have sworn the walls were talking.

After what felt like an eternity of roaming around, I looked back and realized Cameron was no longer there. It was when I realized that the night's sky could no longer be seen that I stepped somewhere I shouldn't have and fell down a hole.

At no time in the next few days did anyone respond to my cries of agony. I was starving, my headlamp had broken and there was nowhere for me to go. The incessant screaming from the walls said it all: I had made a big mistake coming here!