

0100001101010010

Excerpts from *Terror 404* by Rosie Claverton

Excerpt #1 – Fear the Reaper

She tried to be brave and remember to breathe, to concentrate on the breath moving within her body, the sensations that were real.

That's what her therapist told her - concentrate on reality, on what you can feel within you. But her body felt too tight, too hot, her arms and legs throbbing with the beat of her racehorse heart. She tried to contain herself, but her body was flooded by fear.

She wanted to cry out, to scream for help, but the sound wouldn't leave her mouth, her throat closing under the pressure of the weight around her neck. A warm, sticky trickle ran down from her left nostril and onto her lip, the salty iron taste telling her she was bleeding. She had been right all along - she was dying, and they were coming for her.

She had no recourse, no escape.

Lights started flashing above her head, the red fires of hell rising, and she could smell burning flesh, the thick smoke invading her nose and throat, choking her. One eye was enveloped in fire and she could see no more. Her limbs left her control and shook violently, ceaselessly.

This was the end and she had predicted it.

Hell on Earth.

0100001101010010

Excerpt #2 – Personal Question

With the body missing and without access to the patients, how were the police to learn the truth about Ffion's death? Amy was living at the crime scene, in the perfect position to obtain answers from all the witnesses locked in with her - a captive audience.

But they were all strangers to her, all except Emma. Could she really walk up to someone and start interrogating them? Wouldn't she die from embarrassment, their laughter killing her as effectively as any knife?

She knew a few nurses, enough to nod to and mumble "I'm fine", but they wouldn't disclose information about their patients. Of course, if she had her usual technological capabilities, she could plant bugs, tap into cameras, and spy on their casual conversations. Except she was stranded here with nothing but her trembling hands.

Could she break into the nursing office and their computer system, accessing patient records and cameras, undetected? Her hands longed to touch a computer again, and she kept an eagle eye on every visitor that entered the unit, coveting their smartphones and their tablets.

The patients often kept their toys locked in the office but Amy was always aware of exactly where they were at all times. Longing for that vital connection to be restored to her.