

Dead Flies Dark Teesside

A Haunting Short Story

In the industrial heartland of Teesside, England, where towering steelworks and sprawling shipyards once dominated the landscape, there exists a forgotten relic—an abandoned warehouse that stands silent and solitary, its secrets hidden within its crumbling walls.



Dead Flies: a Dark Teesside short story by Glenn McGoldrick

★★★★☆ 4 out of 5

Language : English
File size : 1431 KB
Text-to-Speech : Enabled
Screen Reader : Supported
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled
Word Wise : Enabled
Print length : 12 pages



It is here, amidst the decaying grandeur of the warehouse, that our story unfolds—a tale of mystery, suspense, and a sinister secret that lurks beneath the surface.

As dusk descends upon Teesside, casting an eerie glow over the desolate industrial landscape, a lone figure emerges from the shadows. John, a weary traveler lost and alone, stumbles upon the abandoned warehouse. Desperate for shelter from the relentless rain, he cautiously approaches the dilapidated building, its broken windows gaping like empty eyes.

With each hesitant step, John feels a strange and unsettling presence within the warehouse. The air hangs heavy with an oppressive silence, broken only by the faint buzzing of flies that dance macabrely in the dim light. As he ventures deeper into the cavernous space, a musty scent permeates the air, mingling with a faint hint of decay.

In the far corner of the warehouse, hunched over a flickering oil lamp, sits an enigmatic figure—the caretaker. His face, obscured by shadows, is etched with deep lines of age and experience. His eyes, like those of an ancient raven, seem to pierce through John, sending shivers down his spine.

John cautiously approaches the caretaker, hoping to find solace and shelter from the relentless storm. However, as he draws closer, he notices something peculiar about the old man—a strange, unsettling stillness. His body remains motionless, his eyes fixed on a distant point, as if lost in a world of his own.

A cold shiver runs down John's spine as he realizes that the caretaker is not what he seems. His skin is cold and clammy to the touch, and his breath hangs in the air like a chilling mist. It is then that John notices the flies—dead flies, scattered everywhere like a macabre carpet beneath his feet.

Fear grips John as he turns to flee, but the caretaker's voice, raspy and hollow, stops him in his tracks. "Wait," the old man whispers, his words barely audible above the buzzing of the flies. "You must know the truth."

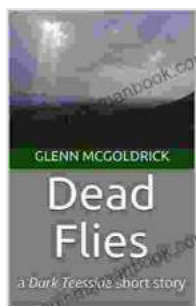
The caretaker's voice weaves a haunting tale of a dark secret that has haunted the warehouse for years—a story of betrayal, violence, and a love

that turned sour. As John listens to the caretaker's chilling words, he feels an overwhelming sense of dread wash over him. The eerie presence that has haunted him since he entered the warehouse becomes tangible, a suffocating weight that threatens to consume him.

With the caretaker's final words hanging heavy in the air, John stumbles out of the warehouse and into the unforgiving darkness. The rain has subsided, leaving behind a cold and unforgiving mist that seeps into his bones. As he walks away from the abandoned building, he can't shake the feeling that the dead flies, the enigmatic caretaker, and the sinister secret he has uncovered will forever haunt his nightmares.

And so, the warehouse remains, a silent sentinel in the heart of Teesside, its secrets forever etched within its crumbling walls. The dead flies continue to dance their macabre ballet, a constant reminder of the dark deeds that transpired within those desolate confines. And the caretaker, forever bound to the warehouse, whispers his haunting tale to those who dare to venture within, a chilling reminder that even in the most forgotten of places, darkness can lurk.

The End



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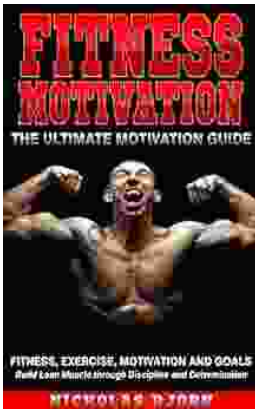
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