

The Wax Factory

by Justin Bienvenue

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To my Mother, who always has a candle lit somewhere and
always saves the wax..

“The main thing in life is survival. And survival is not just staying alive. It is also a constant effort to grow and to learn and to work.” - Vincent Price

“I slept with faith and found a corpse in my arms on awakening; I drank and danced all night with doubt and found her a virgin in the morning.” -Aleister Crowley

“There are two ways of spreading light: to be the candle or the mirror that reflects it” -Edith Wharton

The Wax Factory

Chapter 1: Origins

1888

The look of the room was distinguished and impressive with a clean rustic style. The smell within the building was that of a mix between a freshly started fire and the fine smell of polished wood that was just right within the crisp air.

While ceilings are usually built high in factories the ones inside here were at a reachable level and for a good reason. For every five sheets of wood a beam sat nestled between them and it was structured in such a way that it was easy for a person to display something hanging from it.

A sixteen light candle style lithium chandelier hangs from the ceiling as it slowly burns a crimson red flame and dripping wax disappears into the clear glass base. A set of old but hard-working hands reaches over to check on the candles to see if they are burning adequately. The man forms a cheerful smile upon his inspection of the chandelier. He then carefully makes his way down from the ladder and wipes his hands back and forth satisfied with his observation.

"It looks just marvelous Mr. Vandraldrake, simply marvelous!" a man says.

"It does doesn't it Edward? And my heavens we're partners call me Ghyslain. You and your formal etiquette." the small and old but youthful minded wisdom filled Ghyslain says.

"Force of habit I suppose," Edward says laughing afterward as he pushes his glasses up and scratches his mustache.

Edward Langston was as humble as they come. He was quiet and kept to himself and despite being Ghyslain's partner he would act as though part of the factory wasn't his. Attentive, neat and coordinated, Langston was in many ways a total opposite of Jacob Marley.

Ghyslain was quite a jolly fellow. He was friendly, outgoing, and enjoyed the simplicities of life. His partner and his employees would consider him not only a respectable man but a nice and great boss to work for.

"But a good habit to have nonetheless good sir," Ghyslain says back.

"So Edward what do we have set for today? Mr. Ausenbury was most pleased with his abundant amount of purchases yesterday. I do say I have never met a man who loves wax more than you or I until I met Mr. Ausenbury."

"While I do enjoy wax I think you're being humble Ghyslain because no one loves wax more than you do, although Mr. Ausenbury sure does appreciate our work doesn't he?" Edward says and asks.

"Right you are Edward, right you are. Yes, he's just one of many people who enjoy what we do and as they should because wax is the future!"

"I have the latest ideas and designs we came up with here. There's also a few from our employees, I think you'll be

quite surprised and enlightened by some of them." Edward says.

"Ah, very good and oh! I value each and every single one of our employee's and I always enjoy hearing some of their great ideas."

Edward lays out the paper and grabs two wax paperweights and places them at the top corners of the paper. He then points to the top of the list of ideas written down indicating to Ghyslain where to start. Ghyslain picks up his bifocals and examines the details of the paper. While Ghyslain requires bifocals it's hardly a flaw of someone his age. He could skip, jump and dance about and yet you'd never know he's as old as he is and he'd never tell you if he had any slight pain afterward.

"Chandeliers, cups, cabinet's, picture frames, and oh my goodness I've thought about creating this but never said a word but now that someone else has thought of it we must do it! An ottoman made of wax would be most exquisite" Ghyslain says joyfully as his cheeks become slightly red.

He keeps reading down the list until he reaches the end and continues to read the paper which also contains Edward's notes as well as few orders on hold for frequent customers.

Upon my observations of the list above I have concluded that many of these items are a need but not a necessity per se. I attribute many of my own personal ideas and contributions to the objective that they can be obtained and created in an orthodox manner and correctly. They all meet my approval as I am sure they will also meet Mr.

Vandaldrake's as well. If done correctly without any mishaps or error I believe that these items will hold up and make for interesting conversation starters or at the very least be some eye-catching objects. 8/14/88-E.L.

Satisfied with the list and Edward's notes, Ghyslain signs off on the paper and adds his own small note which means the plans to go forward in creating the items is approved.

Chandeliers are one of our best sellers. Some of these items we have made before so there should pose no problem. As for the new items I see no problem whatsoever in making them. I am most pleased with the great ideas that have been presented and it will be intriguing in the creation of these formalities that will be stupendous representations on the materialization of wax. 8/15/88- G.V.

"Here you are, Edward. I like that ottoman idea so much. Who thought of it?" Ghyslain asks.

"That would be Jarrod I believe," Edward says back.

Ghyslain gives Edward a smile and nod as he walks out from his workshop at the top of the room and begins making his way down the room's assembly line. He gets to the beginning of the line before taking a handkerchief from his jacket pocket. He then bends down, unravels the handkerchief and folds it and folds it again so he has a long rectangle in his hand. He then brings the handkerchief down to his shoes and begins shining them. His wife hates when he does this as she always wonders what he does when he needs to blow his nose and he's already used the gentleman's towel for his dusty shoes.

After a good thorough shine, Ghyslain gradually gets up, tucks his handkerchief back into his jacket pocket and slowly begins his walk down the assembly line. He nods and smiles as he's greeted by his employee's as he passes them by. When he gets to the middle of the assembly line he stops before he gets to the station of the young man who had the ottoman idea, Jarrod.

He tells Jarrod what a great idea he had and how he not only looks forward to this creation but will be giving Jarrod the lead on it and that he would like to oversee it as well. Jarrod smiles as he and Ghyslain shake hands before Ghyslain makes his way back onto the floor and begins walking all the way down until he gets to the end of the assembly line.

Ghyslain goes to his office but stops for a moment as he looks across from his office and to the other corner end of the room. In the corner sits a large machine in the shape of a large tub/ container. The container takes up the entire corner and blocks the entire window on the right side but only a portion of the window on the left side. The container is filled with a massive amount of wax. Ghyslain admires the large container before he is interrupted by Edward from across the room.

"DON'T FORGET TO SET A TIME FOR THE IDEAS!"
Edward yells out.

"OH YES, THANK YOU EDWARD, I'D HAVE FORGOTTEN!" Ghyslain yells back.

He smiles as he makes his way into his office. He sits down

at his desk and opens the top drawer to his left and pulls out a long green glass bottle of absinthe. He places the bottle on his desk before picking up his pencil and removes the paperweight from the large stack and picks up the first piece as he sets the rest aside. He looks over on his desk to a picture of his wife Elizabeth. He picks it up with his right hand and admires it as he smiles.

"All for us my dear Elizabeth. I do love how you push me throughout each day," he says out loud to the picture. He holds the picture to his heart and sighs before he places the picture back in its spot and his eyes avert back down to the paper. He jots down a few things before he sets down the pencil. He gets up and walks over to Edward's desk.

"My, my Mr. Langston how incredibly neat you are." he chuckles.

He then looks through a small amount of paper's on Edward's desk looking for one in particular. After skimming through three pieces he finds it on the fourth. He then notices a small Egyptian figurine made of wax sitting upon the desk. He picks it up and examines it. He looks at it long and hard and looks on the bottom but sees no indicators or carvings of a date. Just as he goes to set it down the office door opens.

"Everything in order Ghyslain?" Edward asks.

"Indeed it is Edward. Say, when did you make this figurine? My memory escapes me to when we had these made."

"Last winter I believe. We had a series of them done and as I recall, you made Elizabeth one of an angel." Edward says back.

"Oh heavens your right! I remember now. She absolutely loved that figurine."

"Yes, they were quite the creations. Admiring my figurine?" Edward asks.

"Yes. We should make more of these, in fact, there was a rather big idea I had in mind I was wondering if I could get your thoughts on it." Ghyslain says.

"Of course Ghyslain, what did you have in mind?"

"Imagine this figurine...but bigger!" Ghyslain says.

"Bigger?" Edward asks back before he believes he knows what Ghyslain means.

"Are you suggesting what I think you're suggesting?"

"I believe I am Edward. What do you think of life-size wax figures and our very own wax museum? Ghyslain says excitedly.

* * * * *

3 months later

The container of wax in the back of the room made a faint bubbling sound having just been refreshed by Ghyslain. He now at the front of the room at his workshop area working

on the latest project. Most of the employees were at their stations working on assigned projects so in typical fashion it was quite the usual scene in the wax factory. Ghyslain laughs to himself seemingly excited and to be enjoying the project he's working on. As he's enjoying his work a creaking sound is heard as the front door opens slowly. Ghyslain doesn't notice right away but then looks up as he sees a man. The man has on a top hat with a long black coat covering his chubby and wide frame. His cheeks are a rosy red having come in from the cold. He taps his rugged boots together to get off the snow and in his left hand, he holds a gentleman's walking stick. He slowly walks toward the workshop area but before he can he is met by Ghyslain.

"Ghyslain Vandraldrake or Edward Langston? The man asked.

"I'm Ghyslain Vandraldrake, Edward Langston is my partner but he isn't in yet. What can I do for you, good sir?"

"The name's Thom Brockington. I'm a businessman from Chicago. I heard about this place from a few of my fellow business associates. Is it true you've been in business since 1835?" Thom asks.

"Why yes, it is. In two years time, we'll have been in business for 65 years! Tell me, Mr. Brockington, what brings you to my factory?"

"Well you see Mr. Vandraldrake my associates and I heard about this place as we are looking to expand," Brockington says.

"I'm sorry? I'm not sure I follow. What business are you in?" Ghyslain asks.

"I am in the business of steel and iron manufacturing. I have a decent size factory myself back in Chicago. My associates told me of a place near Albany here in Craven Hollow and I just had to come and see it for myself. You see I'm looking to expand my business here in New York and I think this factory would make a most grand addition to my business." Brockington says sternly.

Ghyslain's jubilant smile suddenly fell and turned into a cold saddened expression. He felt an icy chill run down his body upon hearing Thom Brockington's words.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken sir. My business is not for sale." Ghyslain says softly.

"It's not your business I want Mr. Vandraldrake, it's the building. I think it would make a great place to store and manufacture steel and iron. After all, metal is the future." Thom says back.

"The building? Again, sir, I'm afraid you're mistaken as my business nor the building to which we stand inside is up for sale." Ghyslain says.

"I know that Mr. Vandraldrake and please understand that I've come here without any harsh intentions. I knew when I saw this place for myself that it'd be just the spot I'd need for expansion."

"But it's not for sale so-

Brockington cuts him off before he can finish.

"I didn't realize you'd been in business so long that's why I asked when I walked in. I was sort of hoping you'd consider selling me the building and you could set up shop somewhere else."

"Set up shop somewhere else? Mr. Brockington my partner and I have been doing this for quite a while now. This building has been around since 1820 and it's been a wax factory since 1835 as I stated. I plan on continuing to run this business for many years to come."

"I get that Mr. Vandraldrake I do but you have to see the big picture here," Thom says.

"And what might that big picture be?" Ghyslain asks.

"Well, wax isn't exactly in demand. In fact, it's not even considered a reasonable type of material in which such a large factory should carry it."

"I beg your pardon? Ghyslain asks feeling insulted by the remarks.

"Look, you seem like a very hard working man and you care about what you do, I see it in your eyes but you have to understand that industrialism is only getting bigger and it's expanding. This building simply won't hold up much longer as a wax factory."

Ghyslain though insulted suddenly feels like the smaller man in the room. While he wants to defend himself he finds

himself choked up and unable to get a word out. He goes to speak trying to find the words but before he can Thom continues.

"Believe me, if there were any other spot here in town I'd gladly move there but this building is massive and perfect for steel and iron. The fact is Mr. Vandaldrake there's just no need for wax. Besides, it's not like you'd have to go out of business I mean surely you could set up shop at a smaller spot in town or perhaps in the square."

"Again, you think I could set up somewhere else? It's not just about the business itself Mr. Brockington it's about the location. This is where it all started. This place is perfect, it is the core of Craven Hollow. I've never considered moving, I have no need to move, this is where I need to be, this is all I need and all I'll ever need." Ghyslain says.

"Mr. Vandaldrake, from one businessman to another I get where you're coming from and I'm sorry. I came here to hear you out and my heart goes out to you but business is business and if not me then someone else will come along and tell you the same thing. One way or another steel and iron are going to be made in this building I'm merely speeding up the process and assisting you with the inevitable."

"Speeding up the process? Assisting me with the inevitable? You speak as though you can predict the future Mr. Brockington." Ghyslain says.

"I'm by no means Nostradamus Mr. Vandaldrake but I see things clearly. After all didn't Nostradamus predict the start

and rise of industrialism? Surely he saw this too but again I'm not him. I'm just telling you that you should consider selling me this building rather than having it get ugly with other people down the road in a year or two." Brockington says.

Suddenly he no longer felt the urge to defend himself. He heard Thom's words and while he despised them he knew he was partly right. Wax was not needed and even though it could still be made who was he to withhold it inside a large building? It was true, it was only a matter of time before someone else came in staking a claim. Brockington was not the first nor would he be the last.

"I hear you, Mr. Brockington, I do it's just a lot to process as I'm sure you understand. I'll tell you what, I'll consider your offer." Ghyslain says.

"From one businessman to another I appreciate that. Please just know again that you would be better suited selling me this place than constantly having to do this again and again with other businessmen."

"I don't have to sell to you if I don't want to," Ghyslain says.

"Look, I'm here out of respect okay? Just consider your options, please." Thom says back.

"Can you at least give me a little time? I still have to go over this with my employees and partner, Edward."

"Yes, of course, that's fine but remember you're just prolonging the inevitable. I'll send word to check up and I'll

be back at the end of the month. I hope by then you'll have your priorities in order. Good day, Mr. Vandraldrake."

Thom says.

"Yes...good day..." Ghyslain says softly.

Thom puts his hat back on then gets to the door and leaves the factory. Ghyslain slowly walks over to his workshop. He looks over at the assembly line and sees everyone still working hard. How would he break the news to them? He thought to himself. How would he break the news to Edward? To his wife? Most importantly of all how would he convince himself?

* * * * *

One Month Later

Thom Brockington returns to The Wax Factory to speak with Ghyslain and Edward. As he enters the building he sees that Ghyslain is the only one there and he's at his workshop alone working on a project. He coughs to get Ghyslain's attention.

"Oh, Mr. Brockington my apologies as I didn't hear you come in," Ghyslain says.

"No worries Mr. Vandraldrake. Say where is everyone? Did you lay them off already? I was hoping to speak with your partner this time, Mr. Langston was it? Brockington asks.

"Yes, Edward Langston and no I haven't laid anyone off they are just not in yet. It is only 9:30 a.m and my employees usually come in at 11:00 on Fridays, I like to be

a little fun of a boss. Ghyslain replies laughing.

"I see and Mr. Langston?" Brockington asks.

"Will also be in shortly. I usually get here really early to start on some things such as personal projects and to just touch up the place. Besides, it'll give us a chance to talk without distraction."

"Mr. Vandadrake it's been a month. I've had two associates check in and they gave you a contract and you told them nothing. Now I'm here and I have a feeling you're having second thoughts on selling this place?" Brockington asks.

"Mr. Brockington I'm not one to beg but please take pity on an old man. I've given your offer some considerable thought and while the idea of setting up a small shop elsewhere does sound somewhat intriguing, my life, my principals as a businessman are here in the factory. I owe it to the wax." Ghyslain says.

"I'm afraid this was going to happen which is why I already took the liberty of having other papers drawn up for you to sell this place over to me. All it needs now is your signature, please Mr. Vandadrake don't make this any more difficult than it needs to be."

"But you haven't seen my work! Look at my workshop here, take this project you see before you. Do you know what it is? It's the start of a small wax figurine. Mr. Langston and I made a series of these last year and decided to start them up again."

"Mr. Vandadrake-

Brockington is interrupted as Ghyslain keeps talking over him.

"Look over here to our left, do you see up there? Do you know what that is? It's a one of a kind chandelier, no other like it in the world, none.

"Mr. Vandadr-

"Come, come see what my employees are working on. I'm sure they have some leftover things from their projects."

"Mr. Vandadrake enough!" Brockington says with a tone in his voice.

Ghyslain keeps rambling on and talking over him until finally, Brockington slams his fist down on the workshop area.

"Enough! I won't hear any more, do you understand me? I am sorry that this is difficult for you Mr. Vandadrake but I think it's time for a change, time for you to move on. Business is business, industrialism is booming and steel is the future. There is no need for wax anymore and to be quite frank I don't think there ever was. Besides, I get what I want one way or the other. Also, I happen to know that if the state were to come across this place I'm sure they could find some back taxes on unpaid property or certain holes in business expenses."

Ghyslain's expression goes from pleading joy to utter

sadness and shock as he looks down at the floor overcome by Thom's sudden threat and demeanor.

"I'm not a bad guy Mr. Vandraldrake I'm simply trying to make a business transaction and I'm sure you understand that but I will play dirty if I have to. You're not getting any younger and a man of your age simply cannot afford to keep this up for so long."

Ghyslain keeps the sad expression on his face as he looks up at Thom Brockington. A tear falls down his left cheek. He remembers the bottle of absinthe he retrieved from his drawer that's now sitting on his desk. He'll surely need a glass or two of the distilled beverage after this is all said and done he thinks to himself.

"That may be true Mr. Brockington but I have made up my mind and I'm not selling this place to you or any other person who may come along and inquire about it."

"Perhaps you didn't hear me the first time or maybe I didn't make myself clear Mr. Vandraldrake but I know people from the state and I'm sure they could find issues with your taxes and on some of the things you failed to write down in your expense reports," Thom says.

"Edward takes care of all that along with a mutual friend of ours who is a broker. They are both very thorough when it comes to our finances so I'm afraid your state threat is not going to work Mr. Brockington." Ghyslain says back.

"Hmm, I see. Well, that may all be fine and dandy but as old as you are and as old as your partner is I highly doubt

you've kept this building up to code. In fact, I'm sure I could find several issues with it and if you're not going to give me the building then I'll simply have to go to some building inspectors and contact the NFPA. I'm sure a building of this stature and the material manufactured in here don't go hand in hand and you've broken many rules and regulations."

Brockington notices now that Ghyslain has become tense and nervous. It appears he has set in a threat that has registered into Ghyslains old helpless brain.

"Would you really call them Mr. Brockington?"

"I take that as I'm right aren't I Mr. Vandraldrake? Your building here isn't up to code?"

"No, I'm afraid it's been some years since an inspector came by, I'm man enough to tell you that. The better question is though, what kind of man are you, Mr. Brockington? Are you a man who would goes through on his threats to an old man just trying to make a living or are you simply a big man full of hot air who just likes to push his weight around? "

Brockington is taken back a moment as this is the first time Ghyslain has stood up to him with such defiance, However, this only angers him and Brockington lets him know exactly what type of man he is.

"You want to know what type of man I am? Do you Mr. Vandraldrake? I'm the type of man who will indeed call them up and tell them exactly what I suspect which I already know to be true. I am also the type of man who

grew up on the streets, and let's just say I know other people that if I wanted them to, could handle you very easily and get me this place in no time. So before you go and run your mouth again you pathetic excuse of a man, I suggest you think hard about your next choice of words because they will determine just the type of man I am."

Ghyslain turns white in fear. While a part of him considered selling the building he never truly leaned toward the thought and he simply thought he could convince Brockington to be on his way. Now Ghyslain suddenly finds himself being threatened with an ultimatum that does not benefit him one way or the other.

"So that's what it comes down to eh, Mr. Brockington? You'll bring harm to me if I don't sell you this place?"

"I was more than reasonable with you old man. I gave you time to consider, time to read the contract, and I tried to get you to see the silver lining here for you but your stubbornness has angered me and if you don't do the right thing then I'm afraid I'll have to make other plans."

"No, no that will not be necessary. It's true, you have given me time and I should have considered the options more. You're also right about my age. I am not getting any younger and industrialism...is the way of the future. I apologize for my pleas as I'm sure you understand. Let me just look this document over you and I'll sign the place over to you. Please don't hurt me, Mr. Brockington."

"Thank you Mr. Vandraldrake, I do apologize for any issues I may have caused you and I do say you are a most

dedicated man and a very nice man to do business with," Brockington says back with a wide evil looking smile.

Ghyslain tries to smile as he reads over the contract. After he's done he leans over his workshop area to retrieve a new ballpoint pen so he can sign the building over to Thom Brockington.

Chapter 2: A History of Wax

"That was the day everything changed, his way of life altered, his dream forever shattered." a man says.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Gustav Vandraldrake and that was a brief introduction to the history of The Wax Factory."

A group of five people; three guys and two girls stand a bit past the entranceway of the Wax Factory listening to the man speak. Four seem interested while one of the guys is staring around the building and off into space thinking about god knows what. One of the men asks a question.

"So that's it, he sold the factory over? What did he do after?"

"Well young man that's where my great grandfather's journey here in this factory ended but as we continue on with this tour I will tell you many tales. Tales of how it began and what wonderful things he brought to the world." Gustav says.

Gustav was as knowledgeable as he looked. He looked like

a hip scholar or history professor who dressed casually and yet despite his age he seemed to pull off the look quite well. He wears a tan dress coat with a white shirt on the inside. He also wears black pants with a belt. He sports black dress shoes that are caked with dirt and dust.

"What did he do after he sold the factory? Did he set up a small shop as that Brockington guy suggested?" a beautiful blonde girl asks.

"No, I'm afraid not. You see this factory was my great grandfather's life and setting up a small shop just wasn't something he saw himself doing. Everything he built and worked on was here and he was too old to start over again." Gustav explains back.

"So he didn't go back into business with his partner Edward Langston?" the girl asks.

"No, they had talked about it of course. The thought was intriguing to them but Ghyslain wasn't interested and even if he was it would have been by himself as Edward took ill in the winter of 1889 and died in 1890."

"Oh my god that's awful." the girl says.

"Yes, it shook my great grandfather further into depression. After selling the factory and the death of Langston he just lived out the remainder of his life with his beloved Elizabeth, my great grandmother." Gustav says back.

"I'm sorry for making you talk of such sad things Mr. Vandraldrake" the girl says.

"Oh, it's quite alright my dear, I'm quite used to telling the tale now. Speaking about them even in such sad of times gives me joy and makes me feel as though I knew them. They live on in my words and thoughts of them."

The girl as well as the rest of the group smile hearing Gustav's kind thoughts of his family.

"In case you didn't notice let me tell you a little bit about the outside of the factory. It is made of brick and mortar like most old factories. Its stature is monumental and shows only a little bit of age. Despite being abandoned you may have noticed the rustic door that still looks freshly painted as well as the well-polished brass frame. Almost all of the brick is original and the way the sun hits the building from an angle or the way beams of light meet the shade it's hard to say where one ends and another begins. It gives the building an imperial look if I do say." Gustav says with joy in his voice upon describing the outside of the building.

"I beg your pardon since you all my name I'm afraid you all have me at a disadvantage as I don't know yours. Normally, it's not custom for patrons to give me their names but seeing as we are about to embark on a great journey together. It would better help me when you ask questions so I'd like to know yours." Gustav says.

The young man who asked the first question introduces himself and three of the other people.

"My name's Dmitri. The gorgeous girl who's asked you questions is my lovely girlfriend Melina, this is her best friend Tasha and the guy who seems a bit too thrilled to be

here is my friend Derek." Dmitri says.

Melina was the definition of gorgeous. Her long blonde hair was just the beginning of a girl with an elegant complexion and figure that would have Shakespeare writing sonnets if he were alive today. However, besides her looks, she was also quite smart and had both a fun and presentable side to her.

While people are said to have that one ugly friend Tasha was not this friend. She was just as good looking as Melina with long black hair, slightly pale complexion with a serious taste for fashion and just as serious taste but an overabundance of appreciation for men.

Derek is in all cases the dumb jock. He's got the looks but the light isn't always on upstairs. The guy who laughs at his own jokes and doesn't know that half the time he's not funny. He's fun to be around until he's not as there's a limit to when he wears out his welcome.

Dmitri looked like a combination between David Beckham and Rudolph Valentino. His looks are equal to his well-mannered but fun and out-going personality. He's determined to make something of himself and also makes time for a social life. He's casual but also has his own style and is the type of guy that any girl would be proud to bring home to their parents.

"Ah I see you're all together, very good, very good and what is your name, sir?" Gustav says and asks the fifth person not with the others standing before him.

"My name is Jeremy. I'm a stockbroker. I've always been fascinated by this building and I'm glad I finally get to take a tour of the place."

Jeremy is a quiet and shy man with an attentiveness to cleanliness. His slicked hair and toned personality make him seem like an eighties yuppie living in the modern era.

"Well it's wonderful to have you all here and Jeremy I am so glad to show you this place and I hope you will enjoy the tour. Now do we any more questions before I begin the tour?" Gustav asks.

Before anyone can ask a question the door slowly creaks open and in walks a woman dressed in an elegant dark pink dress with purple ruffles going up the sides of it. She also wears sparkling silver heels with purple glitter as well as a purple feathered boa around her neck. She also sports a bouffant style hair due.

"Am I late? I'm so sorry, traffic was a mess and it was hard finding this place." The woman says.

"It's alright, no worries. I was just telling our fine group here about a brief history of my great grandfather and the factory. I can catch you up as I don't mind telling the story, Miss..?"

As Gustav asks for her name he stops suddenly at Miss as he realizes the large Adam's apple in the middle of the woman's neck.

"The name's Vivian but you can call me Lady Viv," she

says as she walks toward Gustav.

The group talks amongst themselves about their new guest as Gustav is a bit taken back but promptly welcomes the latest member of the tour by taking one of her hands which dawned white gloves and kissing it.

"A real gentleman, I like that," Lady Viv says as she winks at Gustav.

"We'll begin the tour shortly ladies and gentlemen just let me catch up Lady Viv real quick here and we'll get started," Gustav says as he then begins a brief version of what he told the others.

Dmitri gives a nod to Gustav as he then begins talking to Derek, Melina talks to Tasha and Jeremy stands there looking around.

"So what do you think of this place so far man? Derek asks Dmitri.

"It's pretty cool. It looks like it's gonna be a great place to see and the history Mr. Vandaldrake gave was interesting."

"Yeah, I know you and Mels really dig all this history stuff. I don't really care for the lesson but I figure if this place is half as creepy as it looks, I'm in!" Derek says laughing afterward.

"Yeah well, I hope you get something out of this and really? Mels?"

"What? You call her Mels all the time" Derek says.

Dmitri just shakes his head as Derek shrugs his shoulders.

"We definitely picked the right place to do a report on," Melina says.

"Yeah, this place is so cool. Mr. Vandadrake reminds me of Benjamin Franklin." Tasha says.

"What? Tasha in what way is he even remotely like Ben Franklin?" Melina asks.

"I don't know, he's smart and full of wisdom and he's got an oval head like Ben Franklin."

"Tasha.." Melina stops and just shakes her head at her friend.

The four begin talking amongst themselves as Jeremy continues to look around. They are all interrupted when Gustav announces that they can continue where they left off.

"So do we have any final questions before we get the tour started? You are of course free to ask me questions during the tour but I feel you'll have them about what I'm showing you rather than the factory itself. So ask now or as they say in weddings forever hold your peace." Gustav says.

"Do you know if there were ever any accidents here like people getting hurt? Derek asks.

"Dude, what the? Mr. Vandraldrake I apologize for my friend-"

Dmitri is cut off as Gustav answers them both.

"Oh, no it's quite alright and actually a good question as I do have a few stories to tell on accidents happening here. My grandfather told them to me and they aren't too bad or..well I'll let you decide." Gustav says with a cheerful smile.

"See man, it's cool with Vandraldrake. So tell us about these accidents man" Derek says.

"Well, there's three that come to mind. The first one was rather odd over at one of the stations on the assembly line to which we will visit shortly. A young man accidentally dipped his hand into a batch of rather potent wax and his hand was stuck together for a while." Gustav says.

"Whoa, like Johnny Tremain!" Derek replies back.

Dmitri, Melina, and Tasha look at Derek in shock.

"What? I remember it from middle school. Sons of Liberty baby!"

They all shrug and laugh afterward as Gustav continues on about the incident.

"Yes, well the second incident was one of my grandfather's favorites to tell, I guess he had a weird sense of humor. If you look over at the workshop there, you'll see a chandelier.

Well, my great grandfather used to make the most elaborate chandeliers out of wax and as they hung one up to test it, it fell on a young man."

"Oh my god! Was he alright?" Melina asks.

"Yes, I was told he was perfectly fine but had a headache for an hour or so. The most damage was done to the chandelier as it shattered, too weak!" Gustav says laughing at his own remark.

"Finally the last one involved a young lady who apparently locked herself in the storage closet. I guess the lock jammed and she was stuck in there for 10 minutes as no one heard her."

"Was she claustrophobic?" Jeremy asks.

"I don't know but rest assured the locks have been replaced after all these years so no worries about getting locked in," Gustav says.

"Were there a lot of women in the factory?" Tasha asks.

"Good question young lady. I heard my great grandfather employed many women. During a time where women were not given such opportunities, my great grandfather saw as much potential in them as much as any man." Gustav said.

"Your great grandfather sounded like quite the gentleman," Melina says.

"Thank you, Miss Melina, I like to think he was as well."

"I have a question. This place gives off a very creepy vibe to me. Have you encountered anything scary or violent here since you re-opened?" Jeremy asks.

"Ah, another great question. I'll get more in detail about why you have that vibe later but to answer your question I have not encountered anything scary and I certainly haven't come across anything trying to hurt me." Gustav responds back.

"Mr. Vandadrake, whatever came of this place after Ghyslain sold it and what of that Brockington fella?" Lady Viv asks.

"This is where my history is a bit uncertain but as I recall, the factory was only opened up until oh I think 1895. I guess Brockington was one of those people that cared more about acquiring something then building upon it. Not much was done to the place. I heard he brought associates here to Craven Hollow but his main business was back in Chicago. So he checked up on the place but never put much into it and it slowly and quietly closed."

"What happened after? Did your grandparents buy the place?" Melina asks.

"No, they never cared for the business nor did my own parents. I was fascinated by the stories and I just wanted to get into what should've been our family business." Gustav says.

"After the place closed it remained empty and abandoned until 1935 where the town honored what would've been 100

years at the Wax Factory, quite a nice gesture. After that, the place has remained abandoned for all these years."

"Wow, that's kind of sad but at the same time fascinating," Melina says.

"Yes I suppose it is, isn't it? Gustav says.

"I went through most of my life wondering about the factory. Always stopping by and looking at it from the outside and wondering what was on the inside. Finally, I got an opportunity and got the courage to ask about it and turns out the factory was up for sale so I bought it. I asked my father if he had blueprints of the inside and turns out he did. I had to rummage through old chests up in our attic but it was worth it. I rearranged the place so it looks as close as it did when it was opened back in 1835."

"Thank you for allowing us to take a tour of the place Mr. Vandraldrake, it's very generous. I'm not sure if any of us will care for the wax portion of the tour as much as we'll care about the history of the building." Dmitri says.

"I'm somewhat intrigued by knowing more about wax," Jeremy adds.

"It's my pleasure, Dmitri. I want to give as many tours of this place as possible so people know the history of the Wax Factory. Also, I was going to save this part until later on but since you're all my first guests I would like to announce that I plan on re-opening the factory to the public and turning it into a wax museum just like my great grandfather and Langston had supposedly envisioned all

those years ago. So you'll get to know about this great place and who knows, perhaps you'll find an appreciation for wax as I do." Gustav says.

"But that would mean...fixing up the place.." Dmitri says as he takes a closer look at the factory upon realizing he hadn't truly looked.

"Ah, I take it you didn't get a good look at the factory till now? Probably busy listening to me ramble on about the place. Everyone take a hard look at the main floor here. Pretty good from abandonment eh?" Gustav says.

Everyone had the same reaction upon taking a closer look at the factory. They imagined the place would be abandoned looking, lost from age but having been so taken in by Gustav's story about it they all missed how new and cleaned up the place was. The floors were the original old wood boards but yet you'd never know it as they had both a rustic and polish look to them. The walls were made of stone though some spots were marked with age and globs of wax permanently one with the wall. The workshop area where Ghyslain and Edward worked their magic had a new table.

The shape of the table was the same one all those years ago only this time it was made entirely of a deep synthetic wax. The assembly line that they would soon walk down during the tour was worn but still taken care of. Time and rust had welcomed itself into most of the assembly line's workstations. The windows were the original ones, perfectly aligned, still intact with the only blemish being that you couldn't see out of some of them. The years took a

tole but perhaps it was the work and buildup of wax that had given some of the windows it's glossy and blurry look.

The machines and workstations on the assembly line despite their look were still very much workable and presentable. Sure some still had cobwebs on them but Gustav wasn't Mr.Clean and seeing as what they all looked like before, it was surprising that he made them look the way they did. Near the end of the assembly line just off to the left side was the original freight elevator. A bit beyond that were four small rooms followed by stone stairs that led to the basement and the large container that contained wax.

"Wow, you've been busy," Dmitri says to Gustav

"Indeed I have but I've afraid I've only scratched the surface here and there so I apologize if some of the place looks dirty..then again I suppose that gives it a nostalgic look," Gustav says.

"Hey, that's why I'm here, the dirtier and more abandoned looking the better!" Derek adds.

"You like creepy old abandoned buildings I take it, Derek?" Gustav asks.

"You know it, man. I love creepy stuff like this. I've been to a few buildings but never anything like this. Craven Hollow doesn't have all that many abandoned places."

"Well, that's because The Wax Factory is one of a kind, no business quite like it and no building quite like it either. It's one of the oldest and beloved buildings in all of Craven

Hollow." Gustav says.

"If you look over here you will see the workshop area that my great grandfather and Edward Langston did their work. Unfortunately, it's not the original work table as I had to replace it. A little too worn and broken. This is where so many wax creations and ideas were made and brought to life. If you stop for a moment and listen it's almost like you can hear chattering and hear the tools clanging against the table's surface before going to the wax."

Everyone stops and listens for a moment but they only hear silence as some start to think Vanaldrake is a little acentric.

"If you look above the work table you'll notice a chandelier. Now I know what you're thinking, chandeliers in a factory? How unconventional but I assure you it really classes up the place, gives it an elegant vibe, don't you agree?" Gustav asks.

"Yeah, it does look nice but it also looks a bit out of place. Did you make it?" Dmitri asks.

"Yes I suppose it does look a little off but I like it and no it's the original chandelier my great grandfather built back in 1888. It's made of lithium and the bottom tubing is made of a green glass base and when the flame goes through it, it disappears."

"1888. That was the year Jack the Ripper killed all those women in Whitechapel on the streets of London." Jeremy says.

Everyone looks at Jeremy for his eerie and random statement as Gustav responds.

"That's quite right Jeremy. My, my you certainly have a thing for violence. You may be sad to know that nothing violent took place here back then either. No Jack the Ripper, just Ghyslain the Wax Maker." Gustav says laughing at his own comment.

"Tell us more about the chandelier Mr. Vandraldrake," Melina says.

"Well you see, while most things would show age or even fall apart by now my great grandfather knew a secret. He truly knew how to use wax." Gustav says.

"You mean wax helped the chandelier stay intact?" Melina asks.

"Yes, the wax acts as an agent and while one would think it would only make it brittle and frail it actually solidifies it. Also, it was stored in one of the rooms so nothing got at it which kept it in pristine condition."

"That's outrageously fascinating," Lady Viv says.

"Yes, it's quite um..outrageous," Gustav says unsure if Lady Viv is being serious or sarcastic.

"So many great things were made at this table. Oh, I wish I could continue to create from this very spot. Maybe someday, maybe someday."

"Do you have wax creating skills Mr. Vandraldrake?"
Dmitri asks.

"In fact, I do Dmitri only I don't know that they're as adequate as my great grandfather and it's been a while since I've used wax. "

"If you follow me just past the workshop table you'll notice the stairs to the second floor of the factory. While most of the activity in creating things made of wax happened here; the second floor was used to store materials needed in wax building and it also has a few candle making machines used to make mass quantities of candles."

"Can we go up the stairs?" Derek asks.

"We could but I want to begin our tour here on the first floor and then we can take the freight elevator up," Gustav says.

"The elevator still works?" Dmitri asks.

"I don't honestly know.."

"Oh," Dmitri says.

"I'm kidding! Of course, it still works. I had a man come in the other day to fix it up. It wasn't all that bad just need a few minor touches here and there." Gustav says.

The elevator was a specimen to behold. A rare one of a kind birdcage freight elevator. The structure is that of a beautiful design that most birdcage elevators have. It has a

majestic yet old gothic look to it. The inside like most freight elevators has a second door only this one is thinner to accommodate for it being in the birdcage design.

The outside is black and the freight inside door is yellow to go with the yellow interior. The color is to give it a waxy look. It's rare because birdcage elevators are not normally seen in factories nor are they created within freight elevators. This is designed to be both stylish and accommodate for bringing people and objects up.

"Now before we begin the tour I just want to go over a few simple rules. Nothing major just a few simple rules in place for you all to better enjoy your experience. " Gustav says. Everyone agrees and says yes or nods their head in agreement.

"Rule one, place stay close and stay by one another at all times. That way I can tell you all what you're looking at and I don't have to repeat myself. After the tour, I will allow you all to check out the factory on your own."

"Rule two, most places tell you not to touch anything however I am allowing you to do so but only that of which I tell you is okay to touch. Is that clear? No touching anything unless I tell you. Many of these things may have been preserved by wax but they are also brittle and could break."

"And rule three, feel free to ask me questions at any time and remember no question is stupid. Most tours save questions till the end but I like to answer while I am showing you that particular item. Those are the rules,

simple right?

Everyone once again nods and agrees to the rules and terms.

"Good, with that being said, let us begin our tour of The Wax Factory"

Chapter 3: Let The Tour Begin!

"If you look to your right you'll see the work station in which a man had his wrists and all his fingers cut off," Gustav says.

"Whoa seriously?!" Derek asks in astonishment

"No, but I'm glad I have your attention, Derek. I was seeing if you were still paying attention." Gustav laughs.

"Ah man, well you got it now!" Derek says.

"Excellent and who knows maybe I do have some more gruesome stories to tell you but let me first begin with the very line just before the assembly line as well as the window to the left."

"Really you're gonna tell us about a line on the floor and a rusty old waxed window?" Derek asks.

As everyone turns their attention just slightly to Gustav, Jeremy notices a shadow figure out from the corner of his eye. It swiftly runs along the wall before disappearing into the window. He takes a step back and lets out a soft gasp

but no one notices. He composes himself before joining the group.

"I know it doesn't seem like much Derek but this line is what separates us from the very fabric, the divine interior of the Wax Factory. After we cross this line we shall feel as though we are taken back in time, a simpler time to when man enjoyed the finer things and working was looked upon and people looked forward to it."

"When you put it like that it does sort of give it a majestic feeling," Melina says

"Exactly! You will get just that kind of sense when we cross over and further into this building. As for this window, it holds a very interesting history. You see the frame on the inside here? Go on and touch it." Gustav says

Each of them touches it but don't feel anything out of the ordinary until Lady Viv notices the oddity of the window.

"It's made of wax"

"Right you are Lady Viv. Do you see the work station near this window? Well, one winter in oh let's say 1883, there was a bad storm and there was a tree on the land right near the window. Well, the tree came right through breaking the window and even somehow managed to damage the work station. Well, while the station could be easily fixed or replaced the window not so much."

"So your great grandfather sealed it with wax?" Dmitri asks.

"At first Edward wanted to fix it himself but Ghyslain said he wanted to give the building the makeup of its internal self so he told him to touch it up with a wax-based substance. It's so authentic that most of you didn't even realize it was made of wax."

"What about the glass?" Dmitri asks again.

"Regular glass I'm afraid. Ghyslain thought about using glass similar to the ones he used in the chandeliers but he could never figure out how to make such a substance of glass made of wax that big."

"I bet a window company could do it if you asked them," Derek says.

"Perhaps so but I thought it was a fun story to tell. The reason he sealed this particular window with wax is that it always seemed to open on its own or had some breeze coming through it despite being cold. But let us return and are we ready to cross into the assembly line?"

Jeremy's eyes linger on the window as he runs his fingers along the frame. He remembers what he saw just before he came over. He thinks about the figure and he wonders if maybe it has some significance to the window. He then tries to assure himself it's probably nothing and that it's just wishful thinking to see something creepy.

Everyone says nods as Gustav slowly brings his foot up, over the white line on the cold floor and brings it down followed by his other with a hop in his step crossing into the assembly line. He walks a few steps further and motions

for everyone else to walk over. One by one each person crossed into the assembly line.

"I know you young minds must think of me as an oddball of an old man with his strange dramatics but I just want you to enjoy yourselves and really understand how much this factory means to me just like how much it meant to my great grandfather."

"We don't think your odd Mr. Vandadrake we can see the passion in your eyes of how much you love this place even though wax seems really boring," Tasha says.

"Yeah like the passion in your eyes every time you eye a guy in the hall," Derek says.

Tasha hits Derek in the shoulder as everyone laughs at the comment.

"As you will see this is the assembly line where many men and women worked long and hard at their wax craft. Some made candles, some made wax based materials and others made unique items never before made of wax." Gustav says.

"What kind of items?" Dmitri asks.

"Well aside from the chandeliers I keep telling you about there were utensils, chairs, tables, tools, doorknobs, ottomans, men's fashion items such as belt buckles and cufflinks, oh so many unique items made of wax."

"Why would anyone need a wax doorknob?" Jeremy asks.

"I suppose no one would need any of these items Jeremy but the fact that they could be made and a person would be happy to own it would make for interesting conversation starters. Also, you'd be surprised by the strength of these items, they're so durable that you'd almost forget they were made of wax."

"Do you have any of these items left in the factory?" Dmitri asks.

"Well most of the items made here were sold many, many years ago but I do believe there's quite left over on the second floor possibly or down in the basement. Also in the brief time, I've been here and re-opened the factory I've been tinkering with the building of some items and even some more modern day ones in hopes to make them out of wax."

Gustav slowly guides them past each working station only stopping if he knew of any unique history behind them. When he reached the middle stations he stopped to speak.

"Fun fact about these. My grandfather told me that Ghyslain would remove the two stations on either side here in the middle and they would have fun by dancing. He did this every once in a while." Gustav says.

"Dancing? Really? That seems odd and kind of silly." Derek says.

"Well back in the day you had to keep your employee's spirits up and have fun with them somehow and so they had fun little dances here."

"We have reached the final workstations of the assembly line. To your left, you will see two ordinary workstations only the people that worked behind them were to of my great grandfathers best workers, both women." Gustav says smiling over at Melina and Tasha.

"Oh wow, that's awesome!" Melina says.

"Yes, they mainly made candles but if I remember correctly I was told they came up with the concepts of two very interesting items," Gustav says.

"What were they?" Melina asks.

"I won't tell you but I will show you when we get to the second floor as they are there. Quite the specimens they are."

Gustav slowly turns around and faces everyone. He carefully steps back and his feet cross over and out of the assembly line. He then points to one room after another, four in total.

"From left to right you'll see four rooms. The first was the office of my great grandfather and Edward Langston. I'd show you inside but I am yet to find the key. The room next to it was the storage and supplies room, I think I may continue to make that so. The third room is where the cleaning supplies are, I bought way too much cleaning stuff so luckily I have a spot to store it all without having the place look messy. The final room was and will continue to be the wax storing room." Gustav says.

Gustav walks them over to the storage room and opens the door. Inside the rooms lies candle racks, shelves of nails, screws, tools, buckets of paint and other miscellaneous items all covered in cobwebs. He then goes to the third door and opens it and inside is as Gustav said. Tons of cleaning products, mops, brushes, bleach, and many other cleaning liquids. He reaches for door number four but it won't open.

"Hmm, this one appears to be locked as well. I really should find those set of keys. My apologies. I'm sure they'll turn up somewhere. If I find them I shall open this room as well as the office so you can see that as well."

"This is really cool Mr. Vandadrake. Are you sure you don't mind showing us the entire factory?" Melina asks.

"My dear, It's my pleasure and my honor to have you all here as guests. After all, anyway I can help you with your project would give me the most joy. Even if it includes showing you mere storage and cleaning rooms."

Yeah definitely. I'm just glad the place was open, we really lucked out. I thought for sure the place was abandoned."

"Well, I'm glad to surprise you all and give you a grand tour of this historic building," Gustav says back.

"Now I'm the one with the question but exactly what kind of project did you say this was again?" Gustav asks Melina and the gang.

"Well, we're college students over at BHU, Bartholemew

Halbriar University. Dmitri, Tasha and I are all in the same class which is a history of the city, it's kind of like an elective. Basically, our professor told us to find a historical place in the city, learn about it and present it to the rest of the class as a project and seminar."

"Ah, I see and you came across this place?" Gustav asks.

"Yeah, Dmitri said he came across it from the recommendation of Derek oddly enough. Turns out he was good for something after all. Dmitri looked into it and when we found out the place was reopening we thought it'd be the perfect place to do a project on."

"Splendid! I'm so delighted you chose The Wax Factory. I only put out a few flyers but such a coincidence that you stumbled upon one, it must have been fate." Gustav says.

"Yeah, totally. Derek's here because as he told you earlier he likes abandoned places and has to go everywhere with Dmitri, well most of the time anyway..me and him do need alone time." Melina says hitting Derek in the shoulder.

"Uh yeah and because I'm the one who told you about this place in the first place," Derek says.

"True Derek, but seriously if you didn't have to follow my boyfriend around all the time I seriously wonder how you'd even manage," Melina says.

Sensing the tension Gustav interrupts them with a cough and then points to the corner of the room.

They all look to the corner of the room in astonishment to the large container which once contained a large amount of wax. Just off to the container on the left side and after the wax storing room are stairs to the basement.

"Ah, I see you've noticed the large wax container. Quite the site isn't it? It used to contain pounds and pounds of wax and it was refilled every other week." Gustav says.

"How the heck did anyone get that thing into the building?" Dmitri asks.

"Good question Dmitri," Gustav says back.

"I'm not sure how many pounds exactly. It used to store the basic wax you know of that's used to make candles however I heard on occasion they sometimes put synthetic wax types in there as well although that also meant they didn't need to refill it every other week."

"But how did it get in here?" Dmitri asks.

"I'm afraid I don't know, I just know that it was here when I first came in the building. I wonder sometimes myself. "

"How do you get wax in and out of it?" Lady Viv asks.

"There would be a hose that connected from the back or go out from the top and it would fill whatever was needed to be filled. There's an extra long hose that extends all the way down to the basement. There are also three wax pits made of brick in the third room of the basement. Don't ask me how but I imagine they had a tube in one of the pits going

all the way into the basement, up the stairs and into the container here. I'll explain it further when you will see the pits a little later on when we adventure down to the basement.

"That's crazy and sounds like a lot of work," Dmitri says.

"Yes, I am unsure if I want to use it again, at least not right away. There's so much wax stored in the basement in oil drums and in those pits so I may not even need to use it." Gustav says.

"Speaking of the basement the stairs you see before you lead there. We will explore the basement but I am going to save that for last and take you to the second floor. We shall use the freight elevator."

Gustav slowly directs everyone to the elevator as they walk behind him. Despite the possibility of it being worn or aged with caking wax, the elevator is like an other usual elevator. It looks just as it did centuries before.

"Uh, is it safe?" Jeremy asks.

"I had a feeling someone would ask and yes I assure you it is within working order. I had it fixed up a few days ago and I've been using it on and off, although just for my own benefit because a man of my age can only endure stairs so many times." Gustav replies back.

"It is safe to use however I would like it if three or four of us got on at a time. I don't like packing the elevator unless absolutely necessary." Gustav says.

Everyone agrees as Gustav gets on followed by Dmitri, Melina, and Tasha.

"If you three could just wait here for a moment I will send the elevator back down. If you thought this floor was great just wait till you see the second."

Gustav closes the inside door and then tries to close the larger of the doors but has a bit of difficulty. Dmitri walks over and helps him. Gustav thanks him and he then presses the button to go to the second floor. They ascend up slowly and after a few brief moments, they find themselves on the second floor. Gustav presses the button and gets out and Dmitri closes the door for him as the elevator goes back down to the first floor. The elevator makes its way back down to take Jeremy, Derek, and Lady Viv up. They all get into the elevator but before the door closes Jeremy stops for a moment.

"You two go ahead and let Gustav know I stepped out for a moment. I want to go outside and make a phone call, see if I get any service." Jeremy says.

"Sure thing." Lady Viv says as she flashes Jeremy a smile then presses the button to the second floor. Derek closes the door and they begin making their way up. When the elevator reaches the second floor Lady Viv and Derek step out. They are greeted by Gustav and the rest of the gang.

"Did we lose Jeremy?" Gustav says.

"He said he was going to try and make a quick phone call outside. See if he could get some service." Lady Viv

responds back.

"Oh, I see. He may, he may not. The service is come and go around here. Very well we shall proceed without him for now, I can easily catch him up." Gustav says.

Back down on the first floor, Jeremy has made his way outside. He reaches into his pocket and taps his phone screen. It lights up and he looks at the top to see if he has any bars, he has only one. He shrugs his shoulders and goes through his contacts and tries to make the call anyway. The phone rings once but then he hears static followed by three low sounding tones and the call ends. Jeremy tries one more time but again it does the same thing.

"Oh well, back inside I guess. I'll try later" he says to himself.

He looks up at the building taking it all in. The structure was just as Gustav said. As Jeremy looks he gets the nostalgic feel but at the same time, he gets a dark gothic and creepy feel to the building. It stands four stories long and is made of brick. The color of the brick changes to a lighter shade of red halfway up the third story from age. The windows were both hit and miss. Some looked like regular windows you could see out of whereas others were chipping away and had age and fog on them. The building was clearly built to be a factory and its stature stood tall like a Roman building in a modern mortar sense. Jeremy shakes off any ill or unsettling feelings he has as he looks at it thinking he's just letting his imagination get the best of him.

He makes his way back in and begins walking through to the assembly line and towards the back of the factory to the elevators. As he walks toward the assembly he catches what appears to be another shadow figure in the right corner of his eye near the basement entryway. He stops for a moment and looks dead ahead at it. It appears to look back but he is unsure as it's only a shadow. Jeremy reverts his eyes over to the elevator for a split second and then back to the entryway of the basement but the figure is gone.

Jeremy feels goosebumps on his arms and a chilling sensation run through him and down his back as he slowly walks down the assembly line. It's as though he can feel the hairs on his arm sticking straight up. He walks over to the entryway and looks in but doesn't see anything. He shrugs it off as nothing and then walks over to the other side and opens the elevator door. He closes the door and then presses the button to go up. The button doesn't light up. He presses the button again and this time it lights up and he waits to go up. He hears the elevator running but doesn't feel it taking him up.

"Ugh, I had to ask didn't I?" He says to himself as he presses the button two more times.

Suddenly Jeremy hears a loud sound almost like gears grinding and turning. He then looks down and notices a yellow substance permuting through the elevator door. He reaches down and runs his finger through it and brings it up to his nose to smell it. It has no odor but then he tries feeling it with his fingers.

"What the hell?"

He picks up more of it and rubs it into his fingers. It has a glossy and smooth feel to it. He looks around and then looks back at the substance in his hand. He again notices the smooth glossy texture and how it dissolves and goes into his hand upon rubbing it. He concludes that it's wax.

"Where the hell is it coming from?" He asks himself.

The wax appears to be coming out faster through the bottom of the elevator door as it hits and surrounds Jeremy's feet. He then feels drops on his head and as he looks up he sees yellow drops coming down from the elevator ceiling. He squints his eyes as if to take a closer look at the drops coming from the ceiling but then a huge mass of wax begins pouring out and goes all over him. Jeremy falls back and onto the ground and into a corner of the elevator. Soon wax begins pouring down from the ceiling and the inside doors open as wax begins pouring out from both sides in between the two doors.

"Ah, shit! What the hell is going on?!" Jeremy says beyond freaked out. He manages to get up and presses the button over and over rapidly about twelve to fourteen times. He then begins banging on the door and the walls of the elevator.

"Please! Somebody help me! Please! Anybody?! I'm trapped in here! Help!"

His sounds go unheard by all except the wax which almost seems to start pouring out faster into the elevator upon his cries and pleas.

"For the love of god, please!! SOMEBODY HELP ME!!!"
He screams.

The wax rains down and pours out faster as it begins filling up the elevator. It has reached above Jeremy's knee's and soon it becomes harder for him to move through it. The ceiling appears to cave in and break as tons of wax begin filling the elevator. Jeremy falls over and into the wax. He tries to help himself up by placing his hands on the wall but it's too slippery and he falls over and back into the wax. Jeremy soon finds himself submerged in the wax as it completely fills the entire elevator. He tries to hold his breath and keep his mouth closed but his mouth opens and he begins ingesting wax as it fills his lungs and he begins choking.

The wax makes it's way to the top as it completely fills the elevator. Jeremy is trapped and stuck at the bottom unable to breathe and unable to escape. While the wax has filled the elevator it seems to somehow keep coming in as Jeremy; now barely conscious feels it getting tighter and the wax presses into him and into his skin. His mouth, ears, and eyelids are soon filled with wax as it enters his body. The wax completely takes over as Jeremy slowly fades away.

The wax soon begins to lower bit by bit as if being taken in by a drain. A thunderous gurgling sound is heard as if the wax is breathing and absorbing itself back into wherever it originally came from. Soon the once wax filled elevator is back to normal with only a small pool of it left inside. The elevator makes a sound as the door opens and the pool of wax flows out the door with Jeremy's lifeless body. After he's out the elevator door closes all by itself. Only small

remnants of wax remain on the floor in a slick greasy texture that's unseen to the naked eye.

Jeremy's body lies outside the elevator door on the first floor when a pair of hands reach down and grab his arms. They begin dragging his lifeless body away from the elevator then over and down the basement stairs. Back up on the second floor, Gustav has begun showing the group the rest of the factory. Right away they notice two machines to the left side wall which look like they've been significantly damaged.

"As you will notice there are ten candle machines here. This was one of the two things I wanted to show you. The second floor was mainly used in the making of candles however they also did a lot of other things such as organize, mold, melt and sort wax items at the far end of the room which is the second thing I wanted to show you up here."

"What happened to those two machines?" Derek asks pointing to the two machines closest to the wall.

"I'm not sure. They were like that when I inherited the building. I'm just afraid I won't be able to use them, there's just too much damage done to them." Gustav says.

"Yeah, it looks like something fell on it, like an anvil or something," Derek says.

"Yes, rather unfortunate. Oh well, there's still eight others which seem quite functional."

"Whoa, guys check this out!" Derek says examining one of

the broken machines.

"What did you find Derek?" Gustav asks.

"I don't know, it's some kind of cloth or piece of torn clothing and it's covered in wax. Looks like it's really wedged in there"

"Hmm, well don't touch it. I don't want you cutting yourself." Gustav tells Derek.

"It looks like there's a lot of space up here but also really messy," Tasha says.

Tasha notices as there's quite a bit of space in between machines and unlike the first floor, the second floor is messy with chunks and globs of wax on the floors and windows. One of the windows are broken and there's also debris and trash on the floor. Also right below the window are several dead birds who apparently got in through the broken window.

"My goodness, it appears your right. I never noticed until now. I'll definitely have to do some serious maintenance on this floor." Gustav says.

"Well, it doesn't look as bad down at that end but we'd still like to see if you'd be willing to show us," Dmitri says.

"But of course. You are my guests. Let's continue shall we?" Gustav asks.

"Right on!" Derek says.

"Hmm, I guess Jeremy must've left. He has yet to return."
Gustav says.

The group carries on walking behind Gustav as he shows them the other machines as well as the large build-up of wax on the walls and windows. Most of the wax on the walls have formed to it giving it a dirty but creepy look. Some of the wax looks as though it came from out of the walls.

"Oh my! Look out, everyone. It appears there's a hole in the floor. I really should look into getting this place fixed up."

Gustav warns the group as just after the machines and just off to the middle of the floor a large crack sits awaiting doom for anyone who steps into it.

"I wonder what happened," Melina says.

"Maybe someone dropped a whole bunch of wax and it ate through the floor!" Derek says.

"That's ridiculous Derek, you're such an idiot," Melina responds back

"You know he may not be wrong. While I don't think it was wax it could have been some kind of compound or chemical." Gustav replies.

"Ha! Suck on that miss I think I'm so goddamn intelligent and smart." Derek says.

"Derek! Don't talk to her like that!" Dmitri says as he gets

in Derek's face.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, please. Let us not fight. Now, let us carry on, shall we?" Gustav asks trying to ease the tension between the two friends.

After they carefully walk on the side of the crack in the floor, the group lead by Gustav makes their way to the stairs.

"What were those things back there?" Lady Viv asks.

"Candle molds, presses, and containers," Gustav says.

"Here you will see the stairs that we didn't take from the first floor. Also on this side is the second thing I wished to show you which is the abundance of items made from the other side of the room. Here they would organize, arrange and sort the items and one reason they were kept here would be because of the glare the sun gave through this window here. They felt it made for better lighting. You'll see two rooms to your left and oh god.." Gustav says before he stops mid-sentence.

Upon the floor along with building materials and wax sits more debris such as boards, wood, and other things all broken in a heap.

"Watch out everyone," Gustav says.

The group one by one carefully make their way past the debris. As they all make their way past the trash on the floor they see two large crates of all different types of wax

as well as two more giant wax containers. Also sitting on a table and desk just near the wall are a bunch of items. A bowl, utensils, a clock, lamp and can opener all lay open the table and desk. Just of to the side of the table and up against the wall sits an old slanted shelf with four rows. On each row are a bunch of items including an old broken pair of glasses, a hat, broken candles, an old telephone, as well as small pieces from the machine at the start of the room. All the items are covered in dust from years and years of not being touched and cleaned.

"If you will notice here, you will see a good quantity of items here, all made of wax," Gustav says.

"You're kidding me. All these things are made of wax?" Dmitri asks.

"That's kind of neat" Tasha says not really impressed.

"Indeed they are including the desk to which some of the items are on. All entirely made of wax. Quite durable for such a material. Also, the shelf over there, as well as a few items on it, are made of wax. The shelf appears to have melted but has just become warped from the age and air."

"Feel free to pick up some of the items but just be very careful," Gustav says.

"Whoa! There are two more containers but they seem smaller than the one downstairs. Is there any wax in there?" Derek asks.

"I don't imagine so. Given the current state of this room, I

bet if there was wax in those they'd put more holes in the floor and go right through and down to the first floor. In fact, perhaps that's why there's a hole in the middle here."

Gustav taps the container to his left with his cane. The cane to the container makes a hollow echoed sound meaning it's empty.

"I apologize for the mess on this floor and the lack of excitement here. I honestly thought there would be more here. As I said I haven't really been up here" Gustav tells the group.

"Feel free to pick up a small box of wax here. These by the looks of it have been here for years but the wax inside is still intact." Gustav says.
Everyone picks up a small box out of the crate.

"Consider it a souvenir, compliments of the Wax Factory," Gustav says.

"Oh, Gussie darling you have been quite the host if I do say so. Your exquisite charm and lengthy history of this place has been most enjoyable. I just wanted to tell you that I am enjoying myself. I bet you're a hit with the ladies." Lady Viv speaks for the first time since coming on the second floor.

Gustav's cheeks turn a rosy red as he forms a humbling but blushing smile.

"Oh..well thank you Lady Viv. I do try my best and you all have been such gracious guests so thank you for the kind

words. As for being a hit with the ladies I'm afraid you're mistaken. Unless she's made of wax I haven't much interest as my priorities as of late have been here." Gustav says.

Tasha feels unsettled by the last comment Gustav makes about only if the woman were made of wax. Her expression changes and she looks away to hide it from everyone. She gathers her thoughts and then rejoins the group.

"Yeah about that, didn't you say Ghyslain and Edward wanted to start a wax museum? Are there any figures here?" Melina asks.

"I did say that and yes they had a vision of one day opening their own wax museum, yes but I'm afraid it never got to happen and to my knowledge, there are no figures here," Gustav says.

The group makes their way back past the debris and to two small rooms just off and away from the crack in the floor.

"What's in these rooms Mr. Vandaldrake?" Melina asks.

"I'm not quite sure Melina, why don't we have a look," Gustav says.

Melina opens the door and stands in the doorway to look in as a rancid and foul odor hits her nostrils. The odor is so strong that despite not being in the doorway everyone is hit with the odor.

"Oh my god, I think I'm going to be sick," Melina says as she quickly runs away from the doorway.

Chapter 4: Dwelling Deeper

A stuffed mutilated moose head hangs on the wall dripping wax and blood on a table where the rotted body lies. The body leaks vile liquids and the room reeks of spoiled meat and an odor of death so potent that even the grim reaper could probably smell it despite having no nose to take in smells.

"Oh dear god!"

"Oh my god, what the fuck!"

Gustav and Dmitri express their discomfort as the smell hits them hard. The rest of the group back away from the door as Gustav and Dmitri linger near the doorway holding their mouths.

"Mr. Vandaldrake what in the hell is that thing doing in the room!?" Melina asks.

Gustav tries to speak but then remembers he has his mouth closed. He removes his hands and motions them for Dmitri to move away from the door. He holds his breath and closes the door then slowly backs away from it.

"Oh! Oh dear god. I haven't the slightest idea how that got in there but if I was a guessing man I'd say some punk kids managed to break in and thought it'd be funny to put that sick thing in there.

Oh God! Unfortunately, I get a few vandals every now and then who like to break in and as for the moose, well moose

are known to roam in the back from time to time. "

"That's some serious fucked up shit man! Who in the hell would kill a moose chop it's goddamn head off its body and breaks into a building and leaves it there?! I know I asked you earlier if there were any crazy stories back in the day but coming across this? This is fucked up!" Derek asks.

"I'm afraid I don't know Derek but I'm sure that must be the case. I sincerely apologize for this mishap, I am embarrassed. I should never have brought you up here." Gustav says

"It's alright Mr. Vandraldrake you didn't know. What are you going to do?" Dmitri asks.

"I'll make a call to have someone come in and take care of it. In the meantime, I think it'd be best if we get out of here and back down to the first floor." Gustav says.

"We didn't get to see what was behind this door though," Derek says as he reaches for the doorknob of the other door.

"Derek, NO!" Dmitri cries out but is too late as Derek turns the knob and opens the door.

As the door is opened they see nothing inside but a bunch of old dusty boxes stacked on top of each other with a mop leaning up against them.

"Damnit, Derek what the fuck is wrong with you? After what we just went through! And you're the one who freaked

out just now wanting to know why that was in there! You're a prick man and I'm really regretting bringing you." Dmitri says,

"Don't forget who found this place hotshot, oh yeah that's right, me! I was just curious and besides what were the chances of there being two rooms with stuffed dead moose heads in them anyway?" Derek asks.

"Hey, maybe whoever cleans that room can use the old crusty mop in here" Derek laughs as everyone glares at him.

Dmitri just shakes his head as everyone else gives Derek a look of disapproval. Derek too dense to sense the hostility and ridicule just shrugs them off and closes the door.

"Let's make our way down to the first floor shall we?" Gustav asks the group.

He walks toward the elevator as the group follows him as Derek lingers behind. Gustav presses the button as the door opens.

Dmitri, Gustav, Melina, and Lady Viv get in the elevator as Derek and Tasha will have to wait for it to come back up.

"I apologize again for the hideous display in that room, I never would have brought you up there if I'd known," Gustav says with concern in his voice.

"It's alright, you didn't know. You looked just as horrified as us. That was quite a sight and that smell! Woo!" Dmitri says as he manages to make everyone laugh.

"Yes, right you are. Well, again I'll make a phone call for someone to come by and clean that up when we get back down." Gustav says.

The elevator reaches the first floor as they all get off. Gustav smiles as he closes the door and presses the button sending the elevator back up to retrieve Derek and Tasha.

"You know, you and I could stay up here and fool around a bit," Derek says to Tasha.

"You have got to be kidding me. First off this place is disgusting and dirty and I barely want my shoes walking on the ground, and second I wouldn't touch you or do anything with you if you were the last man on earth."

"What about if you were drunk though?" Derek asks.

"Ugh..keep dreaming!" Tasha says as she walks toward the elevator and Derek follows behind as he checks out her ass.

"Derek, get your eyes off my ass!"

"Sorry.." Derek says sadly.

"Tasha turns to her side and leans up against the wall next to the elevator so Derek no longer has a nice view of her luscious behind.

The elevator reaches the second floor and the door opens. Tasha walks and Derek follows her after. Derek closes the door and presses the button and the elevator brings them down to the first floor. As the elevator is going down a

figure emerges from the stairs on the other side of the second floor. The figure lingers on the stairs for a few moments eyeing the room before slowly creeping up the final steps as it walks toward the room with the dead moose head. The figure turns the doorknob and steps inside.

With everyone now downstairs Gustav apologizes again as he tells the group to excuse him for a moment as he goes to his office to make a phone call. As Gustav is putting the key inside the door Tasha realizes something.

"Hey, didn't he say he didn't have the keys earlier when we were here?"

"Yeah, he said they were probably downstairs and that when he found them he'd show us these rooms," Derek says back.

"Well give the guy a break he's old and probably forgetful. Besides, it's his own personal office and the other room's probably just got crap in it or cakey wax stuck within it." Dmitri says

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Tasha says back shrugging it off.

As everyone talks amongst themselves, Gustav now in his office goes to make a phone call on his still working rotary phone. He calls the extension to the basement phone. After six rings someone at the other end picks up.

"Hello, it's me. There's a mess up on the second floor of the factory that needs some serious cleaning up. I expect it to

be cleaned thoroughly. I have a group of guests here at the moment so, go up there a bit later to clean it up."

Gustav asks the person he's talking to, to tap on the wall to indicate that he understands then hangs up. He looks for something on his desk before he makes his way out to rejoin the group. He closes and locks the door behind him.

"Sorry for leaving I had to take care of the matter upstairs," Gustav says.

"It's alright. Say, you said earlier that you didn't have the keys to these rooms yet you had the keys the whole time." Dmitri says.

"Did I? Oh, I am forgetful I apologize. Not much to see in my office I'm afraid, just desks, papers and personal mementos. Let us carry on by seeing the rest of the first floor here shall we?"

"Mr. Vandraldrake you already showed us the first floor," Derek says.

"Yes...I did, didn't I?" Gustav says as he stops as if he were going to say something but forgot. He scratches his head as the group looks at him confused.

"Everything alright Mr. Vandraldrake?" Melina asks concerned.

"Hmm? Oh yes, yes. I'm quite fine it's just that mess on the second floor has me all out of sorts."

"It's okay. You were going to take us to the basement right?" Melina asks.

"Yes indeed I will but first I would like to show you this side of the floor and tell you a bit more about this giant wax container."

The sigh in unison almost if on que as they walk past the machines and over to the giant container of wax. Dmitri glances up at it and for a moment feels as though the color of it has changed since they last saw it. He shrugs it off.

"As I mentioned earlier this contained tons of wax back in the day and while I know not the number, pounds or anything like that I would say that it is definitely a specimen for the ages is it not?" Gustav says.

Everyone nods as Gustav goes over to where the container is against the wall. Where the wall and container end is a small crevice to which Gustav takes his cane and pokes at a hole on the container itself.

"This was where they took the giant tube that ran from here all the way down the center of this room. However, they realized it was a huge hassle to get the tube in between the machines and how it was blocking worker's paths. Also, one time a hole was punctured in the tube while the wax was oozing through it. The wax leaked out all over the place, it was like the great molasses flood of 1919. I imagine it was quite a cleanup."

As everyone listens to Gustav, Lady Viv who is the furthest back from where everyone is standing notices a shadow

figure from the corner of her eye. She quickly glances around to see it but it's gone as quick as she glanced at it.

"I could've sworn I saw a figure just now."

"Really, where?" Derek asks.

"Ah, yes you may see some things in here from time to time. Just ignore them." Gustav says.

"But you told Jeremy there wasn't anything creepy in here," Dmitri says puzzled.

"Hm, I do recall him asking me that. Funny, I don't know why I told him that. I probably did not wish to scare you all. My apologies."

"Well, what are they?" Lady Viv asks.

"Simple old factory manifestations that tend to creep into the surface of our brains upon too much exposure to factory dust I suppose," Gustav explains back.

Some are taken back by his jarring explanation and feel Gustav is acting strangely. Ever since the discovery in the room on the second floor he's been off, more then they were accustomed to when they met him earlier in the day. He bursts into hysterical laughter after making his comment and seeing the looks on everyone's face.

"Oh, I normally don't laugh so hard but you all look so frightened. I meant what I said about what you may see in here. This is an old place is it simply plays tricks on you."

"Mr. Vandraldrake are you alright? You've seemed off ever since the moose head incident." Dmitri asks.

"I'm alright Dmitri, thank you. I'm just trying to act like a more fun host to you all and yes while that incident was shocking I am doing my best to get over it. "

Everyone inches closer to the container to listen to Gustav explain a bit more about it. Lady Viv begins walking toward the group as she glances over by the stairs in the front of the room. She stops dead in her tracks as she sees a figure standing at the end of the stairs. She stands still completely frozen. Normally nothing really scares her but for some reason, this just gives her chills. She stares at it as it stares right back at her.

The figure is a horrifying display as it seems to have boils on its face with a crooked nose and barely any lip. Its skin looks morphed on its forehead and the whole face seems disfigured and off. It gives a wicked smile at Lady Viv before it runs gracefully back up the stairs. As everyone is with Gustav they turn around to see Lady Viv.

"Lady Viv, are you alright?" Gustav asks.

Lady Viv thinks about telling Gustav and the others what she saw but then she remembers what Gustav said about seeing things. She tells herself that's all it was just a manifestation of her mind and she joins the others.

"Totally fine" She reassures him.

"Okay so I've spent more than enough time on this

container but I really wanted you to know more about it because it was one of the core factors to this place. I'm just surprised it's still here and still intact." Gustav says.

"You haven't done anything to preserve it?" Melina asks.

"No, not a thing. It's as it was the day it was built. Probably has been in this spot since it was put in here. Now, are there any more questions before we head to the basement?"

"Yeah, are there any bodies in that thing?" Derek asks.

Dmitri, Melina, and Tasha all sigh upon hearing their friend's dumb question. They don't expect a response to be yes but then again with Gustav's sudden strange behavior who knows what will come out of his mouth.

"I would imagine if there were it would be as bad smelling as it was upstairs. There could be some skeleton's on the bottom of it though." Gustav says encouraging Derek's question.

"Alright Derek enough of the dumb questions, we wanna see the basement now," Melina says.

"Ah yes, the basement. I saved the best place for last. So fun fact about the basement is that it goes down quite deep and quite far. It's the biggest of any room here in the factory." Gustav says.

"Wow, was there anything here before the factory that used the basement?" Dmitri asks.

"I don't know really. The factory came into business here in 1835 but the building itself was built oh let's see..1819 or 1820 I believe."

"Wow, and it took them that long to put something into it?" Dmitri asks.

"Well I'm not sure what was here before the Wax Factory but I'm pretty sure it was empty. It was built with the intention to be a factory of some sorts I would imagine, although I doubt it was supposed to be for wax. The basement runs so deep that I have more space then I know what to do with!" Gustav says chuckling.

"So, do you do your work down in the basement?" Derek asks starting to become a bit more interested in something other than the building itself.

"Great question Derek. Yes, I tinker up here and down in the basement. I just recently purchased the place so I've done most of my work downstairs because that's where most of the wax and working materials are."

"I'm ready to see this place," Derek says.

"Very good! Before we go down I will say this. Be careful and do stay close to each other. There's a lot of stuff down there and it's quite cluttered and condensed. If you don't stay with one another I'm afraid you can actually get lost."

"Wow, it's that big?" Dmitri asks.

"My great grandfather made the most of the space I'll give

him that. Some would call him a hoarder but I call him wax revolutionary and collector." Gustav says.

"Whatever happened to Jeremy?" Lady Viv asks.

"I don't know. You said he had a phone call to make but never came back in. I guess that call was important. Shame as I was hoping to tell him about this place but at least I have all of you."

Gustav walks toward the stairs and smiles toward his guests before he slowly walks down the stone steps down to the basement of the factory. He motions with his free hand and tells everyone to follow behind him. Lady Viv enters the entranceway to the basement before looking behind her. She looks all around hoping to see that figure again but nothing catches her eye and she joins the rest of the group and makes her way downstairs.

* * * * *

The group follows Gustav Vandraldrake down the stone steps into the basement. Dmitri skims his eyes up, to the side and in front of him as he feels as though he's entering a dark and dreary castle in one of those old horror movies realizing this part of the basement is made entirely of stone. Everyone makes their way down but can't really see anything as darkness is potent within the room. They hear the footsteps of who they assume are Gustav's going somewhere further into the room. Suddenly part's of the room become illuminated one after another with flames appearing out of nowhere. One after another flame after flame lights the room up a bit more every time. Finally,

after about twelve to fifteen flames popping up, the group sees Gustav smiling as he fills the room with light by lighting candles. He finishes his illumination display by running an already lit candle above what appears to be a chandelier. A blue flame surges through a green glass base of the chandelier until disappearing and soon every candle in the chandelier is lit filling the room of light and taking away any remaining bit of darkness.

The group looks on in awe until someone finally speaks.

"That was pretty awesome!" Derek says.

"So not only do you work with wax down here but you make sure it lights the room too," Melina says.

"Precisely! And this specimen you see here in the center is one of my great grandfather's most cherished items he ever created. It's a sixteen light candle style lithium chandelier, I imagine it's over one hundred and thirty years old."

"It's remarkable! Looks brand new!" Melina adds.

"Yes, I keep very good care of it. It's become one of my favorite pieces so I make sure it stays working and looks just as it probably did all those years ago. No dust, no broken pieces, all complete in functioning order." Gustav says.

Dmitri looks over the room to get a better look and is astounded by what he sees. Below the chandelier is a long aged wooden table with several blotches of dry caked wax stuck on the table. Some of the wax is so imprinted into the table that it's practically become a part of it. Sitting on the

table are tons of wax carving tools, stacks of old papers, dirty newspapers, candelabra's, canning jars with deep yellow liquid in them, other glass jars and beakers which made the table look like a chemistry set. There were also clear and foggy bottles along the table.

In the bottle, the acids within them were long ago resolved; as the imperial solution inside had softened and hardened with time. Other miscellaneous items are scattered about on the table as well.

Up against the wall on the left side of the room near the table were two wooden shelves with five rows on each of them. The first shelf to Dmitri's left was organized to a tee. The bottom two rows of the shelf contained boxes, six small wooden crate boxes and just above those were six cardboard boxes with various words written on them.

One that caught Dmitri's eye was the last box which only had one word written on it, Langston. He grabbed the box from the shelf and took a quick look inside. There just seemed to be stacked of papers and folders with a red journal on the top. Not wanting to invade the privacy of one of the late owners of the factory any more then he already has, Dmitri puts the box back where he got it. The middle shelf contained stacks upon stacks of capers all arranged in different colors, every color you could imagine with Burgundy red ones making up the most of any other color. The last two shelves were jarring and certainly eye-openers.

On the second shelf were canned jars similar to the ones on the table only these were either fogged up so you could see inside them or had strange things inside them. Once again

Dmitri couldn't help but feel as though he were inside a horror movie. The last shelf was perhaps the most creepy of all. Sitting on the shelf were six human skulls all fully intact. They all had different colors of wax permuting out where the eyes would be and sticking out from the top of the skull were candles. An abundance of wax formed from where the candle was inserted into the skull forming an umbrella effect over the domes.

The second shelf straight ahead of him contained mostly all the same types of items on the bottom rows only many of the cardboard boxes had the name Ghyslain written on them. Dmitri once again like before looked through the box with Ghyslain's name on it. However, he decided not to as he felt how much heavier it was than Langston's. Instead of capers, the third row contained what looked like heavy globs and blocks of wax. The second row of the second shelf like the first one contained canned glass jars of odd things inside them. However, instead of human skulls on the top of the shelf, this one had candelabras without any candles in them.

Dmitri let out a small shriek as he stepped back when his eyes met the skulls. Dmitri who normally was the most prominent listener of Gustav suddenly realized he had completely tuned him out upon gazing at the table and shelves. Everyone looked at him when they heard him shriek.

"Dmitri, you okay?" Gustav asks.

"Yeah babe what's wrong? You just sort of let out a yell just now." Melina asks.

Dmitri says nothing to either of them and simply points to the shelf with the skulls on them.

"Oh my god!" Melina gasps as she sees the candle skulls for the first time.

"That is freaking awesome!" Derek says.

"Ah. I see you noticed the skulls. No need to be frightened as I'm sure they are long dead" Gustav says upon laughing afterward.

"Are those real human skulls?" Dmitri asks.

"Yes, they are. My great grandfather acquired them after they were donated to the science department of the local college. You know those anatomy skeletons some classes have? Well, my great grandfather asked if he could have some of the skulls from them and well here they are."

Dmitri, not sure of what he was thinking lets out a sigh of relief upon hearing where Gustav said the skulls came from.

"Yes, they are quite a site, aren't they? I suppose you're the first people to set your eyes upon them in over a hundred years." Gustav says.

"They look new though, like clean," Melina says.

"Yes well, I won't lie I keep them clean and make sure they aren't dusty but then again if you notice I try to keep this area as clean as possible, mess on the table aside of course."

Tasha gives Gustav a look of disgust and gets a cold chill feeling down her spine when she heard Gustav say he keeps the skulls clean and free of dust.

"That's creepy as hell, sorry not sorry," Tasha says.

Gustav laughs as he gives her a grimacing evil smile that sends an even colder chill down Tasha's back. She suddenly regrets saying what she said and feels as though Gustav saw right through her comment. She imagined Gustav saying something as he grinned evilly at her, something along the lines of "Yeah, I clean the skulls you fucking ignorant hussy what of it?"

Tasha forms a sad frown on her face and decides to keep her mouth shut although she wonders if she really did see Gustav smile at her so viciously.

"Alright everyone, are we ready to see the rest of this basement?" Gustav asks.

Everyone nods as Gustav directs them toward the other half of the room. On the right side of the room were more shelves only they were bookshelves. Tons of books filled the four shelves but unlike the other side, Gustav did not keep them clean. Cobwebs and dust were riddled on the shelves and Tasha now felt herself getting more creeped out. She could feel as though there were cobwebs all over her and spiders among any other small creature she could think of crawling all over her.

As Gustav begins explaining the books and shelves Lady Viv becomes the latest person to tune him out but only for a

moment. She steps back a bit and looks down the opening of where they hadn't traveled yet. Down the long corridor, she sees what appears to be a shadowy figure looking back at her with glowing yellow eyes. She rolls her eyes as if not even remotely impressed and rejoins the group to hear what Gustav has to say. Normally Lady Viv is not perceptive nor tuned into having a sixth sense but there was something about the factory that gave her the ability to see these figures that lingered and dwelled within the corners of the room.

"Well, not much to see here, just a bunch of old books that my grandfather and Langston read to do research," Gustav says.

Dmitri looks at the books on the shelves and realizes many of them have titles written in a different language.

"These books are written in different languages," Dmitri says out loud.

"German to be exact. My great grandfather was from Germany. Langston was not but I believe he too read the books." Gustav explains.

"Any book called, Wax Making For Dummies? Derek could use it." Melina says.

"Ha-ha very funny, slut," Derek says but then immediately apologizes after realizing his comment would get Dmitri's attention.

"Dude really?" Dmitri says.

"What? I'm sorry okay? It's a reaction." Derek says back before looking at Melina and lipping he's sorry to her.

Dmitri gives him a cold look of disgust. Melina does the same as Derek stands there looking and feeling like an idiot.

"Alright, so one more time let me explain things down here. The basement is the biggest and longest room in the factory. I will give you a tour down here but then I will let you explore for yourself. I trust you young people enough to not get lost or touch anything your not suppose to. Of course, if you have any questions I'll be more than happy to answer them."

Derek felt like he was in middle school on a field trip being lectured by a teacher about not wandering off or touching anything.

"Now let us delve deeper into the catacombs of the Wax Factory, shall we?"

Chapter 5: Oh By The Way

"Oh I forgot to mention something, there are spirits down here in the basement," Gustav says.

"There's what down here?" Derek asks.

"Oh my god, what?" Tasha says.

Lady Viv suddenly thinks that perhaps those are the shadow figures she's been seeing aside from the actual figure she saw at the door. She thinks about mentioning it but holds off for the moment.

"Yes, I'm afraid there are ghosts walking among the basement. There's also some that walk about the factory but they're mainly down here. I figured I should mention it now seeing as we are down here." Gustav says.

"Uh, ya think?" Tasha says.

"Wait, wait so your saying there's actual ghosts in here? That's crazy. You pretty much lied to

Jeremy earlier and us a second time when you said they were only factory manifestations." Derek says.

"Yes, and I'm sorry I just felt if I said something earlier I'd scare you all away and you wouldn't want to go any further. Now if any of you are afraid of ghosts I want to assure you that they are of no harm to you. Some are residual and others are active but they will not harm you." Gustav says.

"You can't possibly expect us to believe this! Your just tryna scare us is that it?" Derek asks.

"I'm not trying to scare you, Derek, I merely felt that since we are now down here and you happen to see them that you won't be scared and now have knowledge of them being here."

"I think I've seen them, well at least I think I have. I saw shadow figures upstairs and I saw a shadow figure just down the corridor there." Lady Viv says.

They all look at Lady Viv, most with wide eyes but Dmitri, Melina and Gustav seem to believe her.

"Yes, that would be them. They mean you no harm." Gustav says.

"Mr. Vandaldrake, who are they and why are they here?" Melina asks.

"Well my dear for many of the people who worked here this was all they knew and they had quite the time working here. So when they died they simply returned to the place where they were most happy, here at the wax factory. I imagine they feel they have unfinished business here. "

Everyone seems skeptical at first but Gustav's assurance and explanation make sense. Tasha is the only one who seems unconvinced.

"What if we don't believe in ghosts?" Tasha asks to make it seem like she doesn't believe.

Gustav looks at her and gives her a smile before replying.

"Well, then I imagine you won't see anything which is a shame because I bet they'll really like you, Tasha," Gustav says.

"What's that supposed to mean?" she asks back.

"I mean you have such a jubilant personality and I feel they'd really take to you," he replies.

Tasha says nothing and simply crosses her arms and gives a look.

"Just to be clear, you didn't tell us earlier because you didn't want to scare us?" Dmitri asks.

"Correct. I don't feel this is a big deal but I felt if I had told you right away that you'd have left and I would feel bad as I know you really wanted a tour of this place for your project." Gustav says.

Dmitri nods his head as he feels satisfied with Gustav's statement.

"How many spirits are down here?" Melina asks.

"If I had to guess? About a dozen or so maybe." Gustav says.

"What's the difference between a residual and intelligent ghost?" Derek asks.

"A residual ghost or haunting is when a ghost is reliving an event or action they did when they were alive. They can't interact with you and they don't know you're there they just repeat their action over and over." Melina says.

"My, my that was an excellent response and she's totally correct," Gustav says.

Melina smiles before she explains to Derek what an intelligent haunting is.

"An intelligent ghost or haunting is when a ghost sees you and knows your there and can interact with you," she explains.

"Damn babe, I didn't realize you knew so much about ghosts," Dmitri says kissing Melina on the cheek.

"Yeah, well my mom is totally into parapsychology and I may have been curious and read a few books on it," she says.

"So you're absolutely sure the ghosts down here won't try to hurt us or haunt us?" Derek asks.

"I am absolutely sure. They haven't attacked me or done me any harm in all the time I've been here." Gustav says.

"But this is your factory, they're probably used to you," Derek says.

"Good point Derek I hadn't thought of that but I think if they were harmful to me they'd have made it known,"

Gustav says.

Tasha again isn't convinced. Ever since the evil grin she could've have sworn he'd given her she has felt uneasy about him. Even just a little while ago when he said the ghosts would like her gave her a chill and creped her out.

"So if we see a ghost do we just ignore it?" Dmitri asks.

"That's up to you Dmitri. Some might have stories to tell, you never know. Also, you may not see them at all but I thought I'd at least make you aware." Gustav says.

"Fair enough, have you interacted with them?" Dmitri asks.

"I've introduced myself and said hello from time to time and even watched some of the residual ghosts reenacting their actions they did during life. I've never had a conversation with them though," he replies.

"So what are you going to show us down here besides the ghosts?" Derek asks.

"Lots of things Derek! Lot's of amazing things that have been down here for centuries. Things that Dmitri, Melina, and Tasha can put in their report." Gustav says.

"Well, I'm sold!" Derek says.

"If you would forgive me for a moment I just want to take a look at a book over here real quick. Feel free to talk amongst yourselves and then we shall delve deeper into the basement."

Gustav goes over to the bookshelves on the right side of the room. He scans the middle shelf and runs his hand across a book that's been taken out before because it's sticking out and has no dust on it. He opens up the book and begins running his hands through until he gets to the page he wants and down the page until he comes across what he is looking for.

"Ah, here we are, yes," Gustav says out loud to himself.

"What are you looking at, Mr. Vandaldrake?" Derek asks.

"Hmm? Oh, my apologies I just had an old remedy come to mind that I looked at earlier and thought I'd touch up on it some more. It's a wax experiment." Gustav says.

"Let's get this show on the road!" Derek says.

Gustav nods agreeing with Derek as he closes the book and places it back in the spot he found it only he leaves it sticking out a bit so he can find it again later on. Gustav then walks to the archway and when he sees everyone's attention is on him he begins walking into the archway and further into the room. Everyone follows and despite the first room needing to be lit up, it appears the second part of the basement is already lit up. Candelabra's and small hand made torch and candle holders are on the wall giving light throughout the room.

As they make their way into the room they stop and look around noticing a certain look. Years of caked dripping wax is found along the walls and even the ceiling giving off the look of stalactites found in caves. Some of the wax is also

in giant globs that stretch along the wall for at least eight feet. Most of the globs of wax have bumps, bubbles or slick flat surfaces but in some spots, it looks like faces are imprinted from behind the wax trying to get out. The room gives off both a cold and majestic look and feel, and like every other part of the factory, it tells a story.

"It looks like there's faces in the wall!" Derek says.

"Yes, that's what we call contorted imaging. It's when wax melts and the end results are certain images that look like they are embedded into the wax but in reality, it's just the wax itself taking on a look. Sort of like how you see clouds as certain things." Gustav says.

A quick glance of the room tells an even deeper story. In the corner of the room is what appears to be a wooden chair but is actually made of wax. As the group looks around they realize that everything in the room is made of wax. Furniture, bottles, doors, oddities, and objects one would never think could be made from wax fill the room. Compared to the things in the first room of the basement, it would seem that the first room is where the items are created from wax and then stored or placed into the second room. Two particular items catch Dmitri's eye. The items lean up against the wall yet they appear to be the only large items in the room not made of wax.

"What are these?" Dmitri asks as he approaches the item.

"Ah, that is a portrait of my great grandmother, Elizabeth Vandadrake, Ghyslain's wife and the one behind that should be of his partner Edward Langston" Gustav replies

Gustav then walks past Dmitri and kneels down toward the portraits. He does his best big bad wolf impression to blow the small amount of dust on the pictures so that Dmitri can get a better look of them. He then takes his arm and gently wipes away any remaining dust.

"I found them down here in between stuff and planned on putting them up somewhere in the factory. I thought about putting them side by side next to a portrait of my great grandfather but apparently, there isn't one." Gustav says.

"Hmm, you could always put it up with a plaque or small description telling the history behind who they were. If she helped your great grandfather in the factory then she's of as much importance to the factory then anyone and Langston contributed to this place just as much as Ghyslain did." Dmitri says.

"You're quite a brilliant young man, anyone ever told you that? I do say that makes for quite the idea." Gustav says smiling.

"She's very pretty," Melina says.

"I don't know, she looks kind of homely to me," Tasha says.

"YOU WILL NOT SPEAK OF HER LIKE THAT!" Gustav responds with anger as if a switch went off in his head.

Everyone suddenly stops what they're doing and looks at Gustav wide-eyed in shock and disbelief by his sudden outburst toward Tasha.

"Mr. Vandraldrake, Gustav..I'm sure she meant no disrespect," Melina says sticking up for her friend.

"Oh, Oh dear! I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me. I'm a bit off today or at least I feel as though I am. I apologize Miss Tasha and to everyone else." Gustav says.

The group assures him it's alright and even Tasha accepts his apology although now a small bit of shame, humiliation, and fear has built up within her upon Gustav's anger toward her. She already felt as though he despised her and now it was quite evident after her comment. She felt like curling up in a small ball and running to the corner of the room. She couldn't explain it but Gustav's disdain for her was as sharp as a knife and she could feel it getting to her more and more.

"Mr. Vandraldrake, do you want to take a few more minutes to compose yourself before you show us the rest of the factory? Or maybe we should leave?" Dmitri asks with concern in his voice.

"No, I'll be alright. I'm not an angry or violent man I assure you. I don't know what got into me but rest assured that I'm alright now and we can continue on with the tour." Gustav says.

"You know you really shouldn't have said that about his great grandmother," Melina says to Tasha.

Tasha says nothing and only looks at her friend with a scared look of someone who just had someone walk over their grave. Gustav takes the portraits and carries them into

the other room and leans them against a bookshelf. He then makes his way back into the other room and walks past everyone.

"As you can see here, everything, err rather almost everything in this room is made of wax, including the walls but only because of years of working inside here."

Lady Viv runs her hand along the wall caked with wax. As she runs her finger along a crevice a glob of what appears to be fresh wax permutes from out of the wall and onto her finger. Wax then permutes from another crevice just slightly near from where her finger is. She takes her finger off the wall and takes a step back. She sees the wall and the two spots begin leaking wax like crazy. She closes her eyes and opens them as the wall is now back to normal.

As Gustav is talking Tasha whose still shaken is staring off into the first room where they originally were. As she looks into the room she notices a figure run from right to left across the room. Tasha suddenly feels a chill run down her back and slowly turns to face the others and Gustav. She even moves in the middle of everyone so she doesn't feel alone. Gustav begins explaining how the room was when he first came upon it.

"When I first came into this room it was rather messy and many of the things you see cluttered the whole room. After a few hours, however, I cleaned it up and now you see a workshop of completed items done entirely of wax."

"Do you have a partner or assistant that helps you as your great grandfather had in Edward Langston?" Dmitri asks.

"At the moment I do not. I hope to hire a couple of people but I want to continue running this place on my own with some help. The only other people who have been here beside you are some cleaners I hired and my wife, Isabella."

"Aww, I didn't know you were married," Melina says.

"Yes, my wife and I have been married for over 40 years," Gustav says.

"Hear that babe? 40 years." Melina says to Dmitri.

"Yeah, I heard. You and I have been together for nine years." Dmitri replies.

"Nine? We've been together for seven."

"I asked you out in eighth grade on the bus during a field trip, I remember it clear as day."

"Oh, I don't count that," she says.

"Well I do, we had been friends for a few years and that was the day I realized I wanted to change it."

"Aww, Dmitri" Melina smiles as she kisses Dmitri softly on the lips.

"What a lovely story of you two's relationship. Shall your love burn like an eternal candle." Gustav says.

Dmitri and Melina smile as they embrace one another. As they are making small talk Lady Viv walks around the room

taking everything in. As she gets to the entranceway of where they all came through she looks straight down the small corridor and sees a blue mist go from the room into the corridor and disappear into the wall. She smiles now no longer scared after what Gustav told them not that she was originally scared she tells herself. The group all gather once more and Gustav explains the rest of the room.

"You know I couldn't answer you before about what this place was before it was a wax factory but I do know one thing, the factory must've been built on this basement because while these rooms are perfect for preserving wax they are just so enormous," Gustav explains.

"Maybe it was like an underground tunnel of some sort," Derek says.

"Perhaps. I mention it because, well the next room takes a bit of getting used to and getting there isn't like getting to this room." Gustav says.

"What do you mean?" Dmitri asks.

"Well, the entranceway to get there isn't straight, it seems narrow but it's not. It's hard to explain but it's as if the entranceway shifts to one side even though your walking straight ahead and it's just odd compared to what you'd see in a factory basement or any basement for that matter."

"Dude it's like Willy Wonka! Remember how they enter that one room that seems to get smaller? Or even that trippy tunnel scene where you don't know what the hell is going on?" Derek says.

Everyone laughs including Tasha who seems to be out of her sad funk. Gustav also laughs despite having no idea who Willy Wonka is.

"There is just no easy way of knowing.."

"Oh my god, Derek don't!"

"Just in which direction we are going"

"Derek!" Tasha yells.

Derek laughs and stops.

Gustav then takes his candelabra in hand and makes his way into the entranceway to the next room. The corridor starts off wide but just as Gustav said it seems like it gets narrow and shifts to one side as though they are walking more to the right side of the entranceway. They walk about two feet into the darkness until the corridor finally feels straight again and they reach the third room of the basement.

"That was rather odd." Lady Viv says.

"I'm glad I'm not the only one who thought so! I mean I know the building is old but the feeling to get to this room is just plain weird!" Gustav says.

"You know, now that I think of it, given what's in this room I wouldn't be surprised if maybe there's pipes or filters of some sort beneath the ground. It could explain why the room feels off and shifted to one side." Gustav says again

"If you think that's weird try walking around in the Winchester House," Derek says.

"Oh, you got that right!" Lady Viv says putting her hand on Derek's shoulder and winking at him.

As Gustav and everyone else makes their way into the third room they look around and notice complete darkness. Suddenly the entire room lightens up as ten gaslight lanterns light the room.

"I had to get conventional lighting in this room, you wouldn't believe how many times I stumbled in here aimlessly," Gustav says.

The room itself looked like a combination of two other rooms in the factory and gave off a Gothic look and macabre like feeling. The room looked far bigger length and width wise than the first two rooms of the basement. In the far back up against the wall were the three yellow wax pits that Gustav had mentioned earlier. They were medium in size and the foundation was made of brick and topped with a circular door with a handle and lock on all of them. Many of the bricks were stained yellow with globs of wax or just looked totally yellow from age. On the left side of the room were two giant generator and kiln looking mechanisms, the type of machine you would see in a factory.

These odd-shaped structures also had a long metal beam that extended out almost like a hand with a chute at the end. To the right side of the room inside the wall layered within the brick was what looked like a stove with a small metal

door.

"Mr. Vandraldrake I thought you said you didn't know what this place was before it was a factory," Dmitri says.

"That is correct Dmitri I don't," Gustav replies.

"Well those look like machines used to manufacture something and that looks like an incinerator on the right side," Dmitri says.

Gustav laughs loudly before replying to Dmitri.

"The two machines on the left were installed with the factory, that's according to some building blueprints of the factory back in 1860. The incinerator was also built when the place became a wax factory but oh I can only imagine what you must've been thinking! As for the three pits well I told you about them but I will explain a bit further." Gustav says

"So this is where the big items are made?" Derek asks.

"In a way yes. As you know wax needs fire in order for it to work and form but for large quantities of it, a simple candle and tiny machine just won't suffice so that's what the incinerator and the giant two machines are for. As for the three pits well they are not only used to store wax but are also used as melting pots. I know it seems a bit unconventional but some wax simply won't take to an oven, besides, being down here in a basement it seemed more reasonable for them to make an incinerator. Think of it as a giant brick oven for wax." Gustav explains.

Everyone listens and for the first time, they are captivated by Gustav's words that are both morbid yet fascinating at the same time. His knowledge of the incinerator shows that he is truly passionate about what he does and just as much as his great grandfather was.

"Have you used the incinerator yet?" Derek asks.

"I've given it a try or two, not to make something but rather just to see how it works. I do say it does heat up quite well, why you could burn anything in here." Gustav says

"Can we see how it works?" Dmitri asks.

"Certainly, who would like to volunteer by getting inside of it?" Gustav says almost serious but after three seconds bursts into laughter.

"Oh, I'm kidding, of course, I don't wish to burn any of you alive, you're my guests! Come, come, gather around and I will show you how it works."

Everyone laughs slightly but are all creeped out by Gustav's disturbing sense of humor. Tasha feels as though she's crying on the inside just completely done with Gustav's cruel and sometimes odd comments. She wants to tell Melina how she feels but she just can't get herself to do it.

"If you all stand around the incinerator making a half circle I will show you how it works," Gustav says.

Everyone stands off to the outside of the incinerator forming a half circle just like Gustav asked. Dmitri stands

with his view directly in front of Gustav whose a few feet in front of him. The line next to Dmitri goes Melina, Tasha, Derek, and Lady Viv just off to the other side of the incinerator. Gustav gives everyone a smile and nod just before he checks the settings on the incinerator and gets it started. He leans over standing on one leg and peers into the opening until he sees it light up. He then leans back so he's now standing on both feet again and grabs a few pieces of driftwood that lean up against the wall. He presses and feels the wood to make sure it's sturdy and then walks a bit closer to the opening and places the two pieces of wood into the fires of the incinerator.

"Give it a moment as it takes a while to heat up if you haven't used it in a while and I believe it's been at least a week since I used it," Gustav says stepping back and telling everyone else to step back just a bit.

After a few minutes, the group watches on as they see the wood slowly burn but then as the fire inside heats up they no longer see the wood only flames on top of flames. Suddenly a backdraft permutates out of the opening but then like a vortex sucks its way back inside as fast as it shot out. Gustav walks over to the machine and turns it off. He then takes a bow to the group as if he's just taken part in a show.

"That's how it works. Now imagine a giant glob or block of wax going in there." Gustav says.

"But wouldn't it melt even faster than the wood?" Melina asks.

"Correct Melina, however, the wax that's used for this only

needs a few slight flames for a brief moment or else it melts or burns to leave charred hard cakey wax that is unusable," Gustav says.

"Wait so you mean sometimes the wax doesn't always just melt?" Dmitri asks trying to show interest and better understand.

"No, sometimes if it's strong like an adhesive it won't melt but the flames will burn on the outside which makes the outside burnt and the inside petrified and unusable," Gustav says.

"Wow, that sounds cool," Melina says.

"Indeed, the wax process was and will be taken quite seriously here."

"Who knew wax could be such a tool?" Melina asks.

"My dear, don't you know? Wax is the future!" Gustav says with enthusiasm.

"It is?" Derek asks confused.

"It is!" Gustav replies.

"It is!" Dmitri says.

"IT IS!" Everyone says at once.

Gustav laughs afterward thanking everyone for the joyous moment in unison. He then gives the group another small

demonstration of the incinerator by placing more pieces of driftwood inside of it. Once again the incinerator engulfs the wood inside until they are no more. As everyone watches on, Tasha is distracted as she notices a shadow figure on the other corner of the room from where everyone is. She shrieks out loud upon seeing it and even louder when she sees it coming toward her. She closes her eyes as she yells out loud and everyone has soon taken their eyes off the incinerator and onto Tasha.

"Tasha, what's wrong?" Melina asks.

"I just saw a shadow coming at me from the corner!"

"Oh heavens...Tasha my dear I told you that you may see things but I assure you they will not harm you." Gustav says.

Lady Viv whose just outside of the group attending to Tasha looks over to where Gustav was standing and sees two men standing by the incinerator placing an odd object into it. She realizes she can see right through the men and that she is witnessing a residual haunting. The men continue placing stuff into the incinerator and then tip their caps to one another before they walk away and disappear. Lady Viv re-joins the group as they attend to Tasha.

"Tasha darling, if it makes you feel any better I just saw two men feeding the incinerator and they weren't really there." Lady Viv says.

"Did you really? What did they look like?" Gustav asks suddenly very curious.

"I sure did. They were standing right where you were. They were older gentlemen like yourself and they wore those old checkered caps and one of the men wore glasses and had a full beard." Lady Viv replies.

"Oh my! How fascinating. Those two could be the ones who always worked down here and tended to the incinerator and the machines. Gustav says.

"Oh! Well, they were very handsome men," she replies.

Tasha tells everyone she is alright and tells Gustav to carry on with the tour. Lady Viv and Gustav finish talking and Gustav addresses the group.

"Finally, we come to the three pits. As I stated a little bit ago they aren't just for the storage of wax but act as melting pots. Now how that works is simple. Inside is as you would imagine, a pool of hot wax that would bubble and make gurgling sounds that's how you know it's fresh. What you could do then is dip an object in it to coat it in wax or the tubes would go in and out through the second room, into the first, up the stairs and connect into the giant wax container to fill it up. I would lift the metal door to show you but it's quite heavy and after many years I imagine it's rusty and even more hard to open."

Just as Gustav finishes speaking a loud sound as if something has fallen on the ground is heard off in the distance likely in one of the other rooms.

"What was that?!" Dmitri asks.

"Something probably fell or something is making a sound, this is an old factory after all," Gustav says.

"Yeah, I guess so but we should go find out what it was that made that sound," Derek says.

"Well, that is a good idea, in fact, I think now is about the time I let you all explore for yourselves," Gustav says.

"Explore for ourselves?" Dmitri asks.

"Yes, I've given you a tour and now I'm going to allow you to see the factory on your own, let you have your own little adventure. I'll let you look around for a bit and then you can all meet me back on the first floor in front of the workstations." Gustav says.

"That sounds fine to us!" Derek says speaking on behalf of everyone.

"Alright, but are we all adventuring on our own or..?"
Melina asks.

"I'm not walking around this place alone!" Tasha says.

"You guys can pair up I'll just wander around for myself a bit." Lady Viv says.

"Are you sure?" Dmitri asks concerned.

"Oh yeah, I'll be fine. I've wondered around plenty of buildings by myself, you all adventure this place together. Thanks for your concern though." Lady Viv assures Dmitri.

"Alright then so myself, Tasha, Dmitri and Melina? Tasha, I promise I won't try anything." Derek says.

"Ugh, fine but keep your hands and your eyes to yourself!" Tasha says crossing her arms.

Everyone begins making small talk as they finish planning on who they will go with and where they will go. Gustav who was just tending to the incinerator joins them as he addresses the group one more time before letting them adventure on their own.

"My, my it seems this room was quite active as I suspected. With that, I just want to remind you all of three things. One, remember the spirits won't hurt you, Two, not to touch anything that looks like it's fragile and three, to meet me back on top of the stairs in front of the stations. If you need me for anything I won't be far as I will likely be down here fixing things up." Gustav says.

Everyone agrees and bids one another farewell including Gustav as they adventure on their own.

Gustav stays behind as he smiles wickedly and sighs upon his satisfaction of the tour going so well.

"Uh oh, I forgot to tell them about the..."

Gustav trails off in mid-sentence to himself.

"Oh well, I'm sure it won't be any trouble, I'm sure everything will be fine, just fine."

Chapter 6: The Blueprint

"New York was originally called New Amsterdam back in the 1660s, no it was nothing like Europe's Amsterdam of today and there was no Red Light District." the professor says to his class.

"You don't know that Professor Wilhelm. They could've been straight up nasty in the 1660s." Tasha says.

"Yes, well Miss Moats I highly doubt people in the 1660s were "straight up nasty". Professor Wilhelm says to Tasha.

The class full of students all laugh and chuckle to the comments. Tasha sits in the fourth row of the classroom and sitting next to her is Melina with Dmitri sitting next to her. The class is being given the roots and origins of the state of New York. While Melina was eager to be in the class, her best friend and boyfriend weren't as enthusiastic. Tasha wanted to take another class but the school doesn't allow you to switch out a class for another without a legitimate reason.

"While I will be telling you about the origins of New York I want you to find me the smaller details of the state by giving me a project on the history of places right here in Craven Hollow. Places that are either still in business or no longer exist and there's plenty of both. I want to see you all give me some top notch places around here. You may expand into Albany and the surrounding cities in the county if you wish but I'd prefer you if you could do it within Craven Hollow."

All places even in the grand state of New York has small towns. One of these towns in New York was Craven Hollow. It's a place where merry meets eerie and all is not as it appears to be. It's a rural farm area draped in the small ideals of a metropolis. Where if you thought long and hard enough about living elsewhere the city would give you a reason to stay. For all the city has to offer it also has it's strange and unsettling moments like any other. If there were a chart of how unsettling Craven Hollow could be at times it would fall in between the cannibal woods of West Virginia and the blood-stained streets of East London. In many ways, Craven Hollow is your typical small town..until it isn't.

The professor writes on the board and doesn't even turn around as he already knows people have their hands up asking questions and he already knows that Tasha has her hand up. He continues writing on the boards before he speaks.

"What's your question, Miss Moats?"

"Is this an individual project or can we like pair up with people?" Tasha asks.

"This will be a group project so you can all pair up with someone or have a group of three. Miss Moats, I want a contribution from everyone in the group so you'll need to do some work rather than just have Miss Saffron and Mr. Townsend do all of it themselves." the Professor says.

"Don't worry professor this sounds sort of fun so I'll do some work for a change," Tasha says.

"Ah, finally she wants to work!."

The professor answers a few more questions from his students before the class begins talking out loud and to each other.

"Quiet! Please remember that I want an equal contribution from all members of the group and only one group per business or place. There are plenty of places so there should be no reason for two groups to be doing the same place." the professor says.

"If the business doesn't exist anymore then how can we get information on it?" Dmitri asks.

"Libraries and the local newspaper have archives, Mr. Townsend, however, some shops that are now in place of former businesses may be able to give you some information as well."

Dmitri nods in satisfaction to his question being answered and then begins talking to Melina.

Tasha butts in halfway through their conversation.

"So we're all a group right?"

"Of course! That okay with you babe?" Melina says and asks Dmitri

"Yeah, that's fine. Do we know what place we want to do a project on?" he asks the girls.

"Uh, I don't have anything in mind but we could totally check some places out to get an idea," Melina replies

The professor finishes speaking to a student and then walks back over to the board and writes one more thing in all capital letters, DEADLINE: THREE WEEKS.

"Three weeks is more than enough time for you to visit the place or gather information, plan out and write your projects. Also, feel free to take some pictures as well to include in the report. Class dismissed I'll see you all tomorrow afternoon."

"What's up, Professor Wilhelm!" Derek yells from inside the doorway above the class.

"At least you had the decency to wait until after I was done this time Mr. Redmond," the professor says to Derek.

Derek laughs as he steps inside the room and stands off to the side waiting for Dmitri and the girls as people begin leaving their seats and exiting the classroom. Dmitri, Melina, and Tasha make their way up the stairs where they are met by Derek.

"What's up, man? Good class?" Derek asks.

"Yeah, it went well. We got a new project to do so we're all teaming up." Dmitri replies.

"Oh cool, what's it about?" Derek asks.

"We have to do a project on a business or place here in Craven Hollow. "

"Hmm, sounds decent. You know what place your choosing?" Derek asks.

"Not yet but we're gonna try a few places before we decide," Dmitri replies

The gang makes their way out of the classroom and walks over to a large glass window where the sunlight beams it's way into the room.

"Lunch anyone?" Derek asks.

"I can't I have my next class, sorry Derek," Melina says.

"Yeah, same," Tasha says.

"I guess it's just you and me then man," Derek says to Dmitri.

"Yeah, guess so," Dmitri says.

Dmitri kisses Melina goodbye and tells he'll see her after class. Tasha walks with Melina as Dmitri and Derek head to the universities cafeteria. The girls make small talk about nothing in particular while Dmitri continues telling Derek about the project. As they are talking Derek takes a folded up piece of paper out of his pocket.

"You should totally check this place out," Derek says.

"What's this?" Dmitri asks.

"You know that old abandoned factory off that long road a couple miles from here? Well, I guess it's re-opening, it's

called The Wax Factory." Derek says.

Dmitri takes the flyer from Derek's hand and looks it over.

"Hmm, this sounds really neat. I've always wondered about the place but never really cared much to look into it. It says re-opening, so it's opening again as a wax factory?" Dmitri asks.

"Yeah, I guess so. Not sure what a wax factory is but I've always wanted to check the place out since it's abandoned and all, well maybe not so much now." Derek says.

"Well I know Melina isn't always happy with places you take us but I think you may have found a good one man."

"Thanks, do you mind if I tag along? I mean I have always wanted to check the place out and I did find it." Derek replies.

"Yeah, of course, you can come. I'll just run it by Melina and Tasha and I'm sure they won't mind. Thanks, Derek this is great."

The two continue heading to the cafeteria as Dmitri folds the paper up and put in his pocket. They both get pizza and then find a place to sit down.

"So where'd you get this flyer anyway?" Dmitri asks.

"There was a few in the lobby on the bulletin board and on the windows. It caught my eye so I picked one up."

Dmitri and Derek sit together but with no one else. Normally they sit with a few other people but no one else seems to be around. A few guys on the football team sit down at the table to talk with Derek. Despite not being on the team himself Dmitri and the team are on good terms. Dmitri is a bit of a football nerd so having even the simplest knowledge and passion for the game despite not playing it makes him cool with the team. After finishing their lunch and talking to a few members of the football team Dmitri and Derek head back to their dorm.

"So when's your next class?" Derek asks.

Dmitri checks his phone for the time despite having a watch on his wrist.

"Uh, 45 minutes and that would be economics," he replies

"Holy crap snoozefest!" Derek says.

"Yeah well not everyone got a full scholarship to the school's football program you know. Some of us are here on other things."

"Hey, you're my best friend and I respect you for coming here for business but yeah sucks for you!" Derek says sarcastically laughing afterward.

"Yeah but the only reason you took this scholarship was so you and I could still hang out. Didn't you get a letter of acceptance from Notre Dame?"

"Ha! I wish! No, it was Liberty, Syracuse, Rutgers and here.

I didn't like Syracuse, Virginia is boring and I was gonna go with Rutgers but I don't know I guess I just wanted to stay close to home." Derek says.

"It wouldn't be that far away," Dmitri says.

"I know but I just liked what this school had to offer and yeah I suppose you and Melina had a little influence too. I'd say Tasha too if she ever lets me hit that."

"She still turning you down?"

"I had two tickets to The Killers concert and she said no. Tasha loves The Killers!" Derek says.

"I think she's into Lana Del Rey now. I saw her and Mel listening to her on Tasha's iPod."

"Lana Del Rey? What...." Derek says back.

"Yeah also maybe even some Amy Winehouse if I remember correctly," Dmitri says as Derek is still talking.

"I don't know man all I'm saying is if you or Melina could just get in a good word about me to her I'd.."

Dmitri cuts him off before he can finish the sentence.

"Look we've been through this before. I gave you a good word and she actually considered it. It's not my fault that when she walked in on our room she found you watching god knows what."

"I swear that didn't happen! She made it up." Derek replies.

"Look all I'm saying is I tried. Melina could but to be honest I don't know that she likes you all that much."
Dmitri says.

"What are you talking about? Your girlfriend loves me. I'm like her third best friend behind you and Tasha." Derek says completely oblivious to the ridiculousness of the statement.

"True but you two don't hang out other than when you're with me."

"So you want me to be alone with your girlfriend? That's cool. I'm down." Derek says.

"That's not what I. Ugh, you know what I mean Derek. I don't know I guess what I'm trying to say is I don't think Melina will say anything because Tasha will know that I put her up to it."

"Yeah maybe..well I'm just throwing it out there. Worth a chance."

"Alright well, I'll see what I can do okay? I gotta go or I'm gonna be late for class. I'll see you back here later and behave, will you? I don't need Melina stopping by seeing you like Tasha did."

"You said I should hang out with her more dude," Derek says.

"Derek!"

"Alright, alright. I'll behave. I may go play ultimate frisbee with the guys anyways but yeah catch you later." Derek says before Dmitri leaves to head to class.

* * * * *

As classes are over for the day Dmitri, Derek, and Melina meet up for the evening to hang out. Dmitri gets to his dorm to find Derek already there playing video games. A few minutes later as Dmitri is settling in a small knock at the door is heard as Melina walks in.

"Hey, babe. Hey Derek." Melina says.

"What's up Melina? Where's Tasha?" Derek asks.

"Not much and I'm not sure. She wasn't in our room so I don't know."

Dmitri yells heads up to Derek and tosses him a bottle. He then opens up one of his own.

"Uh, Dmitri what is that? You don't drink." Melina says angrily.

"Mel chill. It's a root beer." Dmitri says laughing as he then shoves the bottle with the clearly marked root beer label in her face.

"Yeah, most dorms load up on beer, kegs, and tequila we load up on citrus soda and root beer cause that's how we roll," Derek says.

Melina rolls her eyes at both of them before she goes and sits in the chair to the right side of the room. Derek looks over and admires Melina's smooth legs and figure before he looks back to the screen only to realize his character died.

"Damn it!" he says.

"Checking me out again Derek?" Melina asks.

"Uh..no I uh.." he says as his eyes stay on the screen but he blushes.

"I can't be mad for him looking Mels, you look amazing tonight. Is that top new?" Dmitri asks.

"Yeah, I picked it out with Tasha and Celine the other day. If you think this is cute you should see what's underneath it" Melina says as she winks at Dmitri.

"Derek whatever you're gonna say don't even think about it," Dmitri says.

Derek just looks at them both in silence as he smiles wickedly before turning his attention back to the screen. Dmitri walks over to Melina and leans toward her to kiss her softly on the lips.

"What do you wanna do tonight?" he asks her.

"Well I'm not gonna ask Derek to leave I mean it is his room after all but I actually thought maybe we could head down to the gardens and just chill for a little bit," Melina says.

"Just us two or Derek as well"

"Derek can come. I can always text Tasha so see if she wants to meet up with us there."

"Alright sounds good count me in. Let me just save this real quick." Derek says.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Derek showed me this cool place that we could look into for our project."

Dmitri says as he gets the folded up flyer out of his pocket and hands it to Melina.

Melina takes the flyer from Dmitri and reads it out loud to herself.

Attention! Long ago when businesses flourished and man appreciated the simple ways of the working life there was one place in which brought out the best in everyone.

(Picture of the Factory).

THE WAX FACTORY: A place where wax was once used as an element and will be an everyday use of life.

To soon be re-opened after years of abandonment

Wax is the Future!

Help me save the wax!

(Address)

"Hmm...The Wax Factory." Melina says.

"What do you think babe? Sounds pretty cool right?: Dmitri

asks.

"Yeah totally. Have you been there before Derek?" Melina asks.

"Nah but I've always wanted to go cause it seems like a really cool abandoned place to check out but now that it's re-opening I'll get my chance," he says.

"I told Derek he could go with us since he found it and all," Dmitri says.

"I don't have an issue with that but Tasha might," Melina says.

"Tough shit!" Derek says.

"But yeah, this sounds great. Maybe if Tasha meets us at the Gardens we can show her." Melina says.

Derek saves his spot in the game and shuts the console off as he gets up and walks over to the television and places his wireless controller on top of the console above the television. Dmitri checks his phone and sips his root beer as Melina scrolls through her recent messages to text Tasha.

"Hey Tasha, Dmitri, Derek and I are going to be at the Gardens hanging out. Not sure what you're up to but if your not busy you should come by and join us."

Dmitri grabs his keys and his jacket and Derek does the same. Melina gets up from the chair and walks over to Dmitri.

"Ready to go?" Melina asks.

Dmitri says yes and Melina heads for the door as Dmitri and Derek walk behind her still holding their root beers. As they get out into the hall a teacher happens to be walking by. He stops and stares at the beverages the two men are holding in their hands but doesn't see the label and makes the same assumption Melina did earlier.

"Gentlemen, you do realize there's no alcohol allowed on campus ground correct?"

"You do realize we know that right Mr. Grough?" Derek says as he shows the label on his root beer.

"You can sniff it too if you don't believe us," Dmitri adds.

Mr. Grough says nothing but makes a smirk to indicate he was wrong although he just won't apologize for making the mistake. The three walk past him and down the hall before Derek yells later to the teacher. The three make small talk as they walk down the corridor when Melina gets a text from Tasha.

"I'm over at Celine's dorm helping her pick out what to wear for her date. I shouldn't be too long but yeah I'll meet you guys there."

"Alright, guys Tasha just texted me and said she'll meet us at the Gardens a little later," Melina says.

After walking down the long corridor, taking a right, heading straight down a bit more they reach the Gardens.

The Garden Commonwealth Square or simply referred to as The Gardens is one of the main places where students can go to hang out and relax. The place is like a small rotary only instead of being a circular street there's stone all around forming a circle with flowers planted and a fountain in the middle of the structure. The gang usually comes here a few times a week just to relax and get away from class and their dorms.

"I'm actually kind of excited to check out that factory, is that weird?" Melina asks the guys.

"Not at all babe, I'm glad you're looking forward to it. Hopefully, we like it so that way we don't have to look at any others." Dmitri says.

"I bet you anything it's haunted!" Derek says.

"Oh god, I hope not. That would creep me out and Tasha is afraid of ghosts." Melina says.

Derek laughs at the comment to Tasha being afraid of ghosts before speaking.

"Oh yeah, I almost forgot. You guys remember her story?"

"You mean the one where when she was little up in her grandparent's attic and she saw that man in a top hat? Yeah, I remember. I believe her." Melina says.

"Oh come on Melina, she was so full of shit," Derek says.

"I don't know Derek, you don't forget something like that as

a kid and besides she's seriously scared of ghosts so that's probably why."

"I wonder if the spirit did anything to her-

"Dude!" Dmitri says taken back by his friends implied lewd comment"

"I'll just ask her when she gets here."

The group changes the subject and make small talk talking about other things in their lives.

Melina tells them about some of her other classes, Dmitri talks about one of his teachers and Derek talks a little about the football team. As they are talking they see Tasha walking up to them.

"Hey, guys!" Tasha says walking up to Melina and hugging her.

"Hey, Tasha what's up?" Derek asks.

"Not much just got done helping Celine. You should see her Derek, you'd probably fall on the floor in awe." Tasha says.

"Yeah...Celine can get it." Derek says.

"Perv!" Tasha says.

"Slut!"

"And just like that, it's started," Dmitri says to them already arguing.

"Will you two just relax? Besides, Tasha, we have some good news. There's a place we can check out for our project, it's called The Wax Factory." Melina says handing Tasha the flyer.

"Oh, I've seen this place. It's that creepy looking old building a few blocks from here right?" Tasha asks.

"Yeah, it's been abandoned for years and now they're re-opening. I think it would make for a great place to do our project on. We all are kind of interested in knowing more about it. Derek is the one who came across the flyer." Dmitri says.

"I suppose that means he's coming with us?" Tasha asks.

"I'm sorry for calling you a slut Tasha and yes I would like to go. I've always wanted to check that place out and besides, if it's haunted you'll need someone to protect you." Derek says.

"It's fine Derek and while that is a weaselly excuse to wanna tag along I have no problem with you coming with us. Sounds fun and hopefully no ghosts are there because you suck at protecting people!" Tasha says.

"Alright, so we're all down for checking this place out," Dmitri asks.

Everyone says yes and they hang out at the Gardens for a

little while longer talking about what they think the factory will be like. Derek asks Tasha about the ghost she saw when she was a child and if it hurt her in any way. Tasha tells him no but it was such a traumatic experience that it's the main reason she's still afraid of ghosts. Dmitri realizes Melina is shivering so he takes his coat off and throws it over her to keep her warm. The group talk and hang out until around 8:30 and then decide to head back to their dorms.

"So when is the tour for The Wax Factory again?" Melina asks.

"The flyer says a week from today," Dmitri says.

"Alright so maybe we can research the place before we go there? Or did you guys just wanna go there and take it from there?" Melina asks.

"Doesn't matter to me. A little research wouldn't hurt I guess." Dmitri says.

"Yeah, that's fine," Tasha says.

The group head back inside and walk back toward Dmitri and Derek's dorm. Dmitri kisses Melina goodnight and everyone says their goodbye's for the night. Dmitri and Derek make their way inside as the girls walk back to their dorm.

"You wanna help me look up some information about the Wax Factory tomorrow at the library?" Dmitri asks Derek.

"For once I'm actually way ahead of you. Looking it up now." Derek says.

"What have I told you about looking shit up on Wikipedia?" Dmitri says.

"Relax, I'm not on Wikipedia, I'm not on anything actually. There's not much on this place and usually, Google gives you a ton of results."

"Click on the first page then," Dmitri says.

Derek clicks on the first page which brings him to an old boot and shoe recording index page from 1894.

"Hmm..this is just a lot of boring information. Doesn't look like, oh wait I found it." Derek says.

"What is it?" Dmitri asks.

"It looks like an old index for a boot and shoe company. I guess they used to document who bought what materials from them and why. All the way down on the bottom under wax supplies it says The Wax Factory, quantity 135 units supplied."

"Hmm..weird but interesting. Alright, well check the other pages and see if there's anything else on the place. There's gotta be something." Dmitri says.

"Nothing on the second page. It's just an oil, paint and drug reporter from 1921 mentioning how they still have leftover supplies from factories. It says they still have the Wax

Factory supplies from 1889. Why the hell would that even be important?" Derek asks.

"I don't know. Keep looking." Dmitri says.

Derek clicks on the next few pages and doesn't find any useful information not even a Wiki page on the building or company. As he gets to the end of the page he comes across what appears to be the only known page about the company. He clicks on it and tells Dmitri to come over and read it.

"Check this out," Derek says.

The site brings him to two old articles, one from 1976 and the other from 1895. The article from 1976 gives in a small report of the everyday routines of the factory and what they made. However, there is no mention of any names, why it was written when it was and there's very little to go on. The second article is a newspaper clipping from 1895 with the big bold headline reading: **WAX FACTORY CLOSED!** The rest of the article which is also small tells of how the factory had been in business for years but had only recently fell on hard times and was forced to close.

"This is weird. I mean there's some information on the place but then again there's hardly anything on it." Dmitri says.

"Yeah, I know, kinda creepy. Then again it was a small run business in Craven Hollow, New York so whose really going to have information on it?"

"Yeah, I guess so. You know what? Let's check out the library tomorrow and see if the school has anything on it. I'll ask Professor Wilhelm if he knows anything about the place." Dmitri says.

Derek keeps skimming through his phone as Dmitri is speaking. He clicks on images and he gets a bunch of random photos of old buildings but three that catch his eye are ones of the Wax Factory.

"Dude, check these out."

The first photo is dated from October 2nd, 1959 and the building looks the same as it does today only a little more put together and intact. The second photo is dated July 4th, 1921 and the building looks nostalgic and somewhat different from the 1959 photo. The last photo shows the factory from March 3rd, 1885 and shows the factory still as it does today only in pristine condition and looks larger and bigger than it does now.

"Wow, the factory looks practically the same in every photo although it looks a little more prominent in the last one," Dmitri says.

"Prominent?" Derek asks.

"Yeah, you know, important, famous," Dmitri says.

"Gotcha," Derek says back.

"Well we don't have much on the place but these photos are cool. Can you send those to me?"

Professor Wilhelm said he encourages photos. Plus I plan on taking some when we're there to compare." Dmitri says.

"Derek clicks and saves the three photos and then goes into his images on his phone and sends Dmitri all three of them.

"Yeah, we can check out the library tomorrow and maybe tell Melina and Tasha to do some research maybe they'll have better luck," Dmitri says.

"I wonder if the reason we can't find anything is because there was a huge wax accident and the wax-like spilled all over people and killed them," Derek says.

"Okay first of all, you've been watching too many horror movies and second no man, just no. Besides if anything like that did happen then surely it would have been in the news and we'd still be able to look it up."

"Oh yeah, hadn't thought of that," Derek says.

Dmitri heads to his bed and lays down. He takes out his phone and texts Melina about what he and Derek found or rather didn't find on the factory. He also sends her the photos Derek sent him and asks her if she and Melina can do some research on the place as well.

* * * * *

"So why do you and Derek give each other so much shit?" Melina asks Tasha.

"I don't know, I don't remember. I think he hit on me once

and I was just so repulsed and offended that he and I just fight all the time." Tasha says.

"Really cause Dmitri told me the time you walked into him and Derek's room and saw Derek watching porn," Melina says.

"Oh my god eww! That's right! Yeah so like I don't normally just walk in and I'm pretty sure I knocked and helped myself in and he was all sprawled out on the couch and he was watching some disgusting porn." Tasha says.

"That's hilarious Tasha, I'm sorry. Were the people on the screen at least good looking?" Melina asks laughing.

"Eww, Melina! I didn't notice! And I mean come on, they don't make porn with ugly people."

"I don't know, I heard about this one guy in the 70's and..you know what? Never mind let's talk about something else." Melina says.

"Yeah, good idea. But yeah, I just think Derek is a creep. Don't get me wrong he has his moments but he's just a disgusting creep and I would never let him get any of this."

Melina gets a text from Dmitri about what he and Derek found on the factory. She then gets four more texts one after another while Tasha is talking.

"Damn baby girl, you're popular. Is that Dmitri?" Tasha asks.

"Yeah, sorry. He's telling me about what he and Derek found on the factory." Melina says before checking out the photos.

"He also sent me three old pictures of the factory and says you and I should do some research on the place to see if what have better luck."

"So they didn't find anything then?" Tasha asks,

"They found some stuff but they're going to the library tomorrow and they just want us to do a search."

Melina and Tasha talk for a bit more before they decide to head to bed. Tasha falls asleep and has a dream that she's a little girl again and up in her grandparent's attic. She sees herself walking toward a bunch of old boxes near an open window where the curtain blows to a swift cool breeze. Little Tasha holds her hands to her arms shivering. As she almost gets near the window she sees a tall dark figure dressed in a suit. He appears from out of the darkness and glares at her. On top of his head is a long top hat. Tasha wakes up startled. She catches her breath for a moment and then curses Derek for bringing up the ghost in the attic story.

As Melina is asleep she too has a dream. She imagines herself all alone standing in what she can only guess is the Wax Factory. While she hasn't been inside her representation of an old building makes her believe that's where she is. She's all alone and no one else is in there until she takes a step and all of a sudden she sees people working. She asks where is she but she can't hear herself

over the loud machines.

She walks further into the factory until she sees a woman. The woman is dressed in old fashioned clothing and slowly approaches Melina. She does a curtsy toward her and then has a look of cold utter despair. Melina asks if she's alright and then the woman suddenly catches on fire and spontaneously combusts right in front of her. Melina wakes up crying a bit but then assures herself it was only a dream. Before she falls asleep again she thinks to herself that the factory will be nothing like that, it was only just a dream.

Chapter 7: You Can Go Your Own Way

"You guys, I think Gustav Vandraldrake is a mad man and he reminds me of the man I saw in my grandparent's attic when I was little" Tasha says to her friends.

"What? Tasha that's ridiculous, Gustav is a little off but he wouldn't harm a fly." Melina says.

"He would if it were drinking his wax," Derek says.

"I'm serious, he gives me the creeps. You all saw when he flipped out on me. I mean yes I said something mean about his great grandmother but ever since then he's been giving me evil looks and making remarks toward me."

"Tasha, I think you're overreacting and this place is just getting to you. Mr. Vandraldrake has been mostly friendly and kind and a gracious host to us. Just give him a chance I'm sure he'll warm up to you." Melina says.

"I don't know, I mean I guess. I'm just really on edge right now." Tasha says.

"It's fine Tasha we understand, it'll be alright," Melina says.

Dmitri begins telling Tasha a story to cheer her up.

"Tasha, when I was a teenager my dad and his friend and I all went hiking up to the mountains. My dad's friend's son had died the year before. I didn't wanna go but he urged us to come along. Well just before we went on the trip I said his son was lucky because he didn't have to go on the stupid hiking trip. My dad's friend gave me the evilest look I'd ever seen. For the rest of the trip my dad told me to shut up and any time I saw my dad's friend he looked as though he wanted to kill me. Well, when we got on top of the mountain my dad's friend started to cry. He told us that this hiking trip was his son's idea but they never got to because he was always busy. After his son died he said he wanted to make one of his goals to hike this mountain for his son and he also said he really wanted me to tag along with my dad because he didn't get a chance to hike this mountain with his son. What I'm saying Tasha is that maybe deep down you upset Mr. Vandralake but he's not really mad he's just remembering something or someone special to him and your comment really made him reflect."

Tasha's mood changes and she smiles before hugging Dmitri. Derek and Melina also smile upon hearing the story.

"Thank you, Dmitri. Maybe you're right. I'll apologize next time I see him. Melina's lucky to have you and I'm lucky to

call you my friend." Melina says.

"That was really sweet of you babe," Melina says kissing Dmitri on the cheek.

"You gonna be alright Tasha?" Derek asks.

"Yeah, yeah I'm ready to get a move on and check this place out. Thanks for asking Derek"

The group begins making their way through the off entranceway to get to the second and then the first room. When they get there they see Lady Viv checking out the tables and shelves of various items.

"Oh hey, guys. Just admiring the fine things in here. Haven't seen a candelabra like this since I was over in the Red Light-" Lady Viv stops realizing she's talking too much.

"Yeah..so we're actually going to check out the second floor again so we'll let you check out the first floor," Dmitri says.

"Alright sounds good, thanks doll." Lady Viv says.

The group makes their way over to the entranceway and up the stairs and up to the first floor. When they get to the top Derek starts laughing.

"Dude looks like a-

"Really Derek?" Dmitri asks.

"Oh come on! I've been holding it in this whole time! I had to." Derek says.

"Let's take the stairs up this time," Melina says.

The group heads toward the stairs as they walk in between the workstations. As they are walking through Derek feels a cold feeling on his shoulder, He stops suddenly and turns but doesn't see anything. He puts his hand to his shoulder to get rid of the cold sensation but it lasts about fifteen seconds until it goes away. It was as though someone's cold hand was resting on his shoulder.

"You guys, I just felt a cold hand on my shoulder," Derek says.

"Whoa, you serious?" Dmitri asks.

"Yeah, it lasted like fifteen seconds. It sent chills down my back."

They keep walking till they reach the stairs. One by one they begin walking up the stairs until they get to the top. As they make it to the top Tasha asks why they're going back up here.

"Well, I wanted to check out that machine that was on the other side of the floor. The one that had something stuck in it." Dmitri says.

"Yeah, but it also has that room with the dead moose head dripping blood and wax," Tasha says.

"Holy crap I almost forgot about that!" Derek says.

"Derek, don't you dare open up that room again and wait if the machine is on the other side why didn't we just take the elevator? It's closer." Tasha asks.

"Melina said she wanted to take the stairs this time, don't worry it's fine we'll be careful," Dmitri says.

The group begins walking into the second floor. They slowly one by one make their way past the hole in the floor until they get to the door of the room with the moose head and see that the door is wide open.

"Wait where's the moose head? It was in this room wasn't it?" Melina asks.

"Yeah, cause the other room has mops and stuff in there," Derek says before opening the other door.

"It's totally clean in here. Someone cleaned it up." Dmitri says.

"Yeah and this room still looks the same," Derek says.

The group shrug it off and make their way into the center of the room. Three of them walk toward the machines to the far corner as Tasha walks toward the elevator and the first machine. She sees a string tied to one of the machines that she didn't remember seeing before. She touches the string and turns around to see that it goes up to the ceiling. Hanging from the ceiling and now coming straight toward her is the dead moose head. Tasha screams at the top of her

lungs and just gets out of the way before the dead moose head slams against the machine and the wall. Some of the residue hits Tasha in the face as she falls over onto the ground in shock of the head almost hitting her. The group begins running toward her.

"Oh my god, Tasha are you alright?" Melina says.

"How in the fuck did that thing get all the way tied up to the ceiling?" Derek asks.

Dmitri looks over and down at the dead moose head. He takes a closer look as the stench isn't as bad because it seems as though the thing has been clean. He notices the blood is dry on its head but then freaks out and takes a step back when he sees maggots crawling out of a small hole in its brain.

"Oh fuck! Everybody just back away from this thing!" Dmitri says startled.

Everyone obliges as Melina and Derek help Tasha up and they walk over to the other side of the machine where they were. Melina tries to console Tasha who once again is scared shitless of all that's happened. Dmitri tries to help Melina calm Tasha down as Derek stays on the other side and examines the moose head.

"Dude, how the fuck did that moose head get tied to the ceiling?" Derek asks.

"The only way would be if someone tied it up there but as far as I know me, you, the girls, Lady Viv and Gustav are

the only ones here. Unless.." Dmitri says.

"Unless what?" Derek asks.

"Unless someone else is here and Gustav just didn't tell us but then again it still doesn't explain if somebody else is here why they'd hang this thing from the ceiling," Dmitri says.

"Because whoever they are, they're a sick bastard!" Derek says.

"Well, I think we should ask Mr. Vandraldrake next time we see him and consider getting out of here. This place is starting to freak me out." Dmitri says

"You know what? You guys stay here and I'll go down and ask Mr. Vandraldrake." Derek says.

"What? No, it's fine Derek we'll all go together and get to the bottom of this." Dmitri says.

Tasha nods and says she's okay and the group walks toward the elevator. They all get inside and Dmitri closes the door. As he goes to hit the button to go to the first floor he notices the 3 and 4 buttons indicating the other two floors to the factory.

"There's a 3rd and 4th floor to this place I almost forgot. Hard to miss when we approached the place. I wonder why Mr. Vandraldrake didn't say anything about them for us to explore." Dmitri asks.

"Hmm, that's weird. Must've slipped his mind as usual. Remember he wanted to show us the first floor again so he must've forgotten. He does seem to be forgetful but yeah it'll be another thing we can ask him when we see him." Melina says.

The group make their way back down to the 1st floor and get out of the elevator. They see Lady Viv in the middle of the machines looking them over. She smiles and waves until she sees Melina standing close to Tasha and realizes something's wrong. She comes rushing over to them.

"Honey, what happened? You look awful!" Lady Viv asks Tasha.

"You know that dead moose head in that room? Well, the room was totally clean with nothing in it. When we made our way to the other side and Tasha touched a string from the machine to the ceiling and well..the dead moose head was hung up in the ceiling and came at her." Melina says

"Oh god!" Lady Viv covers her mouth in horror.

"Yeah, so she's really shaken up. We came down here to ask Mr. Vandaldrake who put it up there cause as far as we know we're the only ones here." Dmitri says.

"Yeah, good idea and the only other people here are the spirits maybe they-

Lady Viv is cut off as Melina looks at her to stop her from going any further with her statement. She agrees and looks down before she walks up to Tasha to apologize. The group

including Lady Viv go to walk down the stairs but before they do Gustav makes his way up.

"Ah, you're all here. How is your roaming going?" Gustav asks only to realize nobody is smiling.

"Dude, Tasha almost got hit by that disgusting moose head that was for some reason was hanging from the ceiling. She's totally freaked" Derek says angrily.

"Oh heavens! Hanging from the ceiling you say? How on earth did that happen?" Gustav asks.

"I don't know I was hoping you could tell us. You said we're the only ones here, or did you forget to tell us there's someone else here?" Dmitri asks.

"As far as I know Dmitri we are the only ones here in the factory. Now I did call for someone to come by and clean up that room but they won't be here till later. As I recall I did tell you that trespassers and vandals break in all too often hence the reason that moose head was there in the first place. Perhaps they came back while we were all down there." Gustav says.

"Are you kidding me? Who would break into a place, clean up a room with a dead moose head and then hang it from the ceiling? And just at the same time, we happen to be here?" Dmitri asks.

"Dmitri, I know you're upset and I apologize," Gustav says.

"You've been doing a lot of apologizing and to be honest

it's getting kind of tiring. Tasha is pretty much sick of this place and I'm kind of feeling the same way. Maybe we should go." Dmitri says.

"No please don't go! I really don't have an explanation for you as to what happened. The only thing I know is that perhaps whoever I called came here and cleaned and then decided to play a sick joke. I told them later because I had guests but maybe they came while we were down in the basement." Gustav says.

"Well, you hire some strange help then. This is all getting to be a bit much and I don't know that we should stay any longer." Dmitri says again.

"Please Dmitri, Melina. All of you. Look I know this looks bad but I really don't know what's going on just as you don't. All I can do is guess what happened and that's as good a guess as I have for you. Please stay."

Gustav looks at Tasha with sad eyes and pleads with her.

"Tasha, I'm deeply sorry for what you went through up there. I know you're wary of me and I can only tell you that I hold no ill will toward you nor is my factory out to get you. I'm just an old man with a dream of making wax the future just like my great grandfather used to say. I offer you my deepest and most sincere apologies my dear and I hope you and your friends will stay" Gustav says looking at Tasha.

Tasha looks at him and while she wanted no part of any more of his apologies she looked into his eyes and saw the

sadness. She felt he really did seem sincere and decides to stay and tells the group they should stay for the sake of their project.

"It's alright Mr. Vandraldrake, thank you. I guess I've been on edge ever since I stepped foot in this place cause it's creepy ya know? I know it wasn't your fault. I'm sorry for what I said earlier about your great grandmother too."

Tasha says.

"It is in the past my dear, it is in the past," Gustav says as he holds Tasha's hands to show he's sorry.

Tasha looks into his eyes and still feels a coldness about him but she shrugs it off as leftover resentment and smiles.

"Is there anything else that happened while you were on the second floor?" Gustav asks.

"No, but you forgot to tell us if there was anything on the 3rd and 4th floor," Dmitri says.

"I didn't mention anything? Hmm. I don't believe there's anything of great important up there but as I said your welcome to roam the factory and check it out for yourselves."

"Well, we plan on checking them out thanks. Is there anything at all we should know about before going up there? Seriously now is the time to tell us" Dmitri asks.

"Not to my knowledge. There could be bats but that's custom as this is an old building. As I said it's a lot of

empty space on both floors and the trespassers only seem to enjoy the second floor but if you see anything strange or dangerous please, please let me know immediately. I know your all an incident away from leaving so please if anything happens come see me and I'll try to take care of it." Gustav says.

The group all agree to let Gustav know if anything happens. Tasha says she's fine and says she's good to go with them to the other floors. Lady Viv says she's going to stay on the first floor and keep checking out the machines. Gustav goes back down to the basement as the group goes on the elevator to go up to the 3rd floor.

"I'm glad you and Gustav got everything cleared up Tasha," Melina says.

"Me too, I still think he's creepy but that's probably just because he owns his old place," Melina says.

"I'm worried about that guy, I think he's slipping," Derek says.

"I'm sure it's nothing, Derek. He's just old and at least he was straight forward with us...I hope"

Dmitri says before pressing the button to the 3rd floor.

The group talked amongst themselves as the elevator slowly brings them up to the 3rd floor.

When they get there Dmitri opens the door.

"Alright, let's check this floor out!" Dmitri says.

* * * * *

Lady Viv walks over to the center of the room where the workstations and machines are. She runs her hand over the first machine and bends down to get a better look at the bottom. As she makes her way back up and looks over to the stairs and sees a figure standing there looking right at her. She keeps looking at it thinking it's only a ghost until she realizes she cannot see through it and it's not a shadow figure.

"Oh god, what in the.." Lady Viv says as she truly looks at the figure in front of her.

The figure is a man who stands about 5'11". He is seriously disfigured and deformed from head to toe. He has a receding hairline but where his forehead should be is a glob and mass of skin that is distorted. He has two eyes but one of them sticks out as the socket where the eyeball is has become slightly collapsed. His nose is surprisingly normal but his mouth is slightly crooked. He wears a shirt that one could only assume was a white business shirt but now looks as brown as soil. The shirt goes down past his chest but then is lost in more globs of skin that make it seem as though his shirt became one with his stomach. He has two arms but one of them is mangled and deformed. His pants while old and crusty looking seem to all still be there. He wears no shoes as one of his feet are charcoal black as if burned and the other not even a foot at all but a long mass of skin that looks like an elf slipper.

The figure leans toward its left side since it cannot stand straight with the right foot which no longer looks like a foot. It stares straight at Lady Viv until it slowly walks down the last step of the stairs and walks over to the line where the workstations begin. It never takes its eyes off of Lady Viv as it tilts its head to the left.

"Oh honey, you make the elephant man look like a Greek God." Lady Viv says out loud unsure if the man even understands her.

The man keeps staring at her until he tilts his head back in an upright position. He slowly begins walking toward her as she steps back a bit. The man suddenly stops and then begins charging forward right after Lady Viv. Before he reaches her Lady Viv puts one of her feet behind her so she can take off her heel. She grips the heel from the front so the back end is away from her.

As the deformed man reaches her Lady Viv takes her heel and jams it into the bad eye of the man. He falls back with the heel sticking out of his eye as Lady Viv takes a few steps back not taking her eyes off him. He slowly gets up and removes the heel from his eye only now his eyeball is stuck to the bottom of the heel. He once again begins charging toward Lady Viv only this time he gets to her as he holds her heel in his hand. Instead of jamming the heel into her eye the man jams the heel into her lip and into her mouth. He forces as much of the heel into her mouth as he can before she falls over.

As Lady Viv hits the floor she feels her throat tighten and then loosen. While she didn't hit her head on the floor she

swallowed the eyeball of the man as it fell off the heel and went down her throat with the impact causing her to swallow it. When she fell her other heel came off. The man picks up the other heel and limps over to her. He rips the heel from her mouth and notices the eyeball at the end of it is gone. He jams the heel back into her mouth and then takes the other heel and jams it as hard as he can into her stomach. He repeats this process until he's created an opening. He then reaches his hand into her stomach and moves it around a bit. After about thirty seconds he takes his hand out of her stomach and in his hand is his eyeball. He places the eyeball back into its socket.

The deformed man looks down at Lady Viv whose now gasping for breath and continues to lose blood. She twitches and tries coughing but between the heel stuffed in and the amount of blood being blocked from her throat it proves no use. The deformed man continues watching her totally fascinated and confused at the same time. After a few moments, Lady Viv stops twitching and breathing. The man takes her feet and drags her lifeless body down the basement steps. When he reaches the bottom he looks around to make sure nobody is around. He continues dragging her until he drops her body in front of the shelf on the left side of the wall. He then goes around the table and looks at the shelf in front of him. He slowly pushes one of the sections and the shelf slowly moves inward.

The man once again grabs Lady Viv's feet and drags her into the opening from the shelf. After Lady Viv and himself are all the way in he lets go of her feet. The small space is a room about 5x9 and contains four medium size metal cages. The two cages on the right side are empty with the

doors open but the two on the left side have a man in each. One is of another deformed looking man whose entire body has a slightly minty green color to it with yellow blemishes all over. A bone sticks straight out from where his elbow should be and another bone sticks out of where one of his kneecaps should be. He wears a torn brown rag over his shoulder and sports torn but somehow still wearable pants. The man's eyes are open but he appears to be sleeping.

Inside the other cage hunched over is the lifeless body of Jeremy.

The deformed man pushes Lady Viv's body over against the wall next to the cage that holds Jeremy's body. He then goes up the shelf and pushes it back into place so that he's on the inside and the shelf is back in its regular spot. Gustav enters the room having come in from the corridor. He makes his way over to the stairs as he notices drops of blood and a slight blood trail every so often. Gustav turns around and traces the blood over to the shelves. He then turns back around and heads up the stairs. He sees the mess of blood as he reaches the floor.

"Oh goodness!" Gustav exclaims.

Unsure of what's happened and in a panic he goes over to the door next to his office and opens it. He takes out a mop and begins doing his best to wipe the blood off the floor. After a few minutes, he realizes he's not doing a very good job in cleaning the mess. He goes into his office and retrieves a small bottle of water. He pours the water on the spot where the blood is most prominent. He then takes the mop and once again runs it across the stain. He keeps

pouring a little water only to empty it sooner than he thought. Gustav continues to try and mop up the bloody floor. After a few minutes, he decides to give up. He looks over his work and is totally unsatisfied at his attempt to clean it.

"Well I don't know what the hell happened but it looks like someone dragged that moose head down the stairs and dropped it here. Then they dragged it down the basement stairs and.." Gustav says to himself trying to explain what happened.

He walks over to the elevator, gets inside and hits the button to go to the second floor. He gets off the second floor and walks out and sees the moose head on the floor from where the group had said it was after it almost hit Tasha. Gustav scratches his chin in bewilderment. As he looks down at the moose head he sees a figure come up the stairs from the other side.

"Ah, it's you! I take it you're the one who made the mess downstairs? Or put this thing up in the ceiling? Well, it doesn't matter even if your not. Take this moose head and dispose of it once and for all! I don't know what the hell happened downstairs but if that group sees that and asks any questions I'm telling them that I removed the head and it made a mess." Gustav says to the mysterious figure.

The figure says nothing and gives a small nod to acknowledge he understands. Gustav then kicks the moose head then turns around and heads back into the elevator to go back down to the first floor. The figure begins dragging the moose head over to the center of the room. He stops for

a moment and then notices the hole in the floor. Gustav reaches the first floor and gets out of the elevator. He steps out and goes to walk into his office but before he can go in he hears a loud crash in the ceiling. He sees the moose head come through the ceiling and crash to the floor as it rolls a bit till the hooves stop it from moving.

"Hmm..well I guess that'll work. Yup, looks like that moose head was dragged down here and made all that mess."
Gustav says smiling wickedly.

Chapter 8- The Floors of Isolation

As the group arrives on the 3rd floor Dmitri feels as skeptical and unsure as ever. He started to let Tasha's thoughts of Gustav slowly seep into his brain. He out of everyone liked the man but yet the simple fact of the moose head incident was just getting to be too much. Then again the fact that nobody else seemed to want to call him out made him think maybe he was overreacting.

The group peers into the third floor from the elevator door before they make their way through.

"Whoa talk about a creepy mess!" Derek says.

"Oh god look at all the cobwebs! I'm not going any further!" Tasha says.

"This is nostalgia and rusticity at it's finest!" Dmitri says as he leans in to kiss Melina on the cheek.

The group takes a look into the room and what a sight they

see. The floorboards are a worn pale gray with paint chipping off all over. The walls are stained all different colors from beige, black, yellow to a swampy green on the bottom but mostly gray like the floor. In the corner of the room straight across from where everyone is standing is a mechanism of some sort that's tilted over up against the wall. It appears to be very old and rusty and looks like it's been there for over a century. A mass of cobwebs clings to the mechanism and runs all the way up and over to the wall.

The rest of the room has odds and ends scattered all over the place but they are small meaning you could still walk around without having to worry about walking into something. Small pieces of scrap metal, aluminum, pieces of fabric and globs of wax are just a few of the things scattered about the floor's surface. A broken cobweb ridden chandelier sits in another corner of the room.

Melina, not Tasha screams as she feels something crawling on her shoulder.

"Oh my god eww!" Melina takes a step back as she swats a medium sized spider off her shoulder.

"I don't think I've ever seen a spider as big as that in person. Aside from my friend's pet tarantula" Dmitri says.

"Ugh, babe just watch out okay? Spiders freak me out."
Melina says.

"I know, Mels. I'll keep a look out from now on for ya"

The group begins walking further into the room and as they

do Derek walks over to the window which is totally fogged up with age and cobwebs. Just before he gets to the window his left foot falls through a floorboard that gives out and falls down to the second floor.

"Oh shit! Watch out, guys!" Derek says as he slowly picks up his foot to get it out of the floor.

"You guys we haven't even in here for five minutes and there's already bad things happening," Tasha says.

"It's fine Tasha we just have to be on alert. Since Gustav isn't here we can't take any chances" Dmitri says.

They slowly walk around the room taking everything in but are also sure to be careful and make sure nothing bad happens to them. Derek stays at the other end of the room away from everyone else and stands near the window. He decides to do his best and swipe away the cobwebs and uses his shirt to take away some of the fog on the glass. As Derek looks through the window he's startled to notice that it no longer looks bright and sunny outside. The bright outside now looked like a dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a whistle; it seemed slightly windy as a tree slowly swayed to a rhythmic breeze. The regular pattern of where the light and shadow met was gone.

A fog now rolled over the city in the small time an hour or so they had been there. The afternoon had become a part of the night; cloudless, and then capping it off, within the window was a small glimmer of brilliantly lit light by the full moon whose appearance in mid-afternoon could not be a good sign.

"Hey you guys, come check this out, it's become dark outside already," Derek says.

"Seriously? It was bright as hell and nice outside. There's no way," Melina says.

"Come see for yourself," Derek says.

Derek moves away from the window to let everyone get a turn looking through the window. Melina followed by Dmitri and then Tasha all take turns looking through the window. They all see what Derek was talking about, how the once crisp bright afternoon had become a dry, fog-ridden dark night without any explanation.

"The weather didn't mention rain today, this is really bizarre," Melina says.

Derek bends down and turns on his flashlight app on his phone and looks over to his side and finds an old large wooden box tipped over. He bends down and goes to touch the box and as it tips over he sees what appears to be a dead squirrel. Derek snaps his hand back but looks closer at the squirrel and notices it's stiff as if almost preserved. He puts his hand back over the box and pushes it to the side and pokes the squirrel. He picks it up and turns it so its face is facing him and notices yellow wax globs in its eye sockets. He drops it where he found it.

"Oh shit!" He gets up and walks back over to his friends near the window.

"What did you find ?" Dmitri asks.

"It was a stuffed squirrel and it had wax balls for eyes. This place just gets creepier and creepier." Derek says.

"Oh come on Derek you wanted to come here because you thought it was creepy and now you're freaking out?" Melina asks.

"No, I just didn't expect to find weird stuff here that's all"

"Do you guys hear that?" Melina asks.

"Hear what?" Dmitri asks.

"I don't know, it sounds like a low pitch sound."

"Your ears are clearly sharper than ours because I don't hear anything," Dmitri says

Just as the group stop for a moment a bat comes flying down from the ceiling and flies down going in a circle before it goes back to the spot it was at in the ceiling. The girls seem startled but all four watch it. The bat was unnoticeable because once again they aren't thinking of looking up at the ceiling and two the spot where the bat dwells is as dark and black as the bat itself.

"What is this? The animal kingdom? What's next a monkey?" Derek asks.

"I'm not sure I could deal with a monkey at this point, especially in this place," Tasha says.

"There's not much in this room you guys. Just a bunch of

junk and animals apparently. I wonder if Gustav knows they're up here." Dmitri says.

"Probably not, the dude didn't even know about that moose head. Plus the guy is clearly slipping." Derek says.

Just as Derek finishes talking they all here footsteps from above. At first, the steps are faint and in one spot but then they get louder and louder as if someone is pacing by walking to a certain point and then turning around and walking back. This happens over and over for what seems like five minutes but is only about a minute. Nobody says anything they all look at one another and as Melina goes to speak a loud thump is heard and then it repeats every three seconds. This is followed by what sounds like someone running from one end of the room to the other as if someone is up there doing suicide sprints.

"I don't care what Gustav says, we aren't the only ones in here. Either there are people here he didn't tell us about or those vandals came back and they're just trying to freak us out up there." Derek says

"Well, I want to see who is up there so if you guys are game I say let's head up there. There's nothing here on this floor and I want to see all of this place." Dmitri says.

"Dmitri, I really don't want any more surprises at this point. I'm not sure I wanna go" Tasha says.

"Oh come on Tasha it'll be fine, we'll all be together. I know you've endured a lot already but we're all in this together. If anything happens me and Derek will protect

you both. Who knows maybe it is a monkey and this place is a freaking zoo. At this point who knows what we'll find up there." Dmitri says and Melina holds his hand and squeezes it.

The footsteps and running continue all while the group was talking. It keeps going as the group make their way to the elevator. Derek runs over to where he found the stuffed squirrel. He picks up the squirrel and the box he found and runs back over to the elevator with everyone.

"Why are you taking those?" Melina asks.

"Well I wanna show Mr. Vandraldrake the squirrel and I wanna see if he'll let me have this box. This is a perfectly good looking box!" Derek says.

They all get in the elevator as Derek closes the door and Dmitri hits the button to go to the fourth floor. The elevator makes an odd humming sounds but continues working as it travels up to the fourth floor. Derek goes to open the door but Dmitri grabs his arm to stop him.

"Shh! Let's see if we can still hear whoever is up here and remember, there are no stairs to this floor so whatever is up here has to still be up here because we're on this elevator." Dmitri says.

They all remain silent and can vaguely hear movement from outside the elevator. Dmitri tells Derek to open the door. Derek carefully opens the elevator door and the group steps out one by one. As they step out they look into the room and standing in the middle of the room is a small

slightly deformed man. Melina gasps and everyone looks on in shock as they see a person despite knowing they expected to from hearing sounds when they were on the 3rd floor.

"Dude, what in the actual-" Derek stops mid-sentence as the man takes a step forward.

"Uh, Hi there. Who are you and what are you doing up here?" Dmitri asks still shaken at the man's appearance and presence.

The man says nothing and it's hard to tell if he even understands Dmitri's words to him.

"Do you understand me?" Dmitri asks.

"Who the hell are you man?! Derek asks rudely.

The man takes a few steps back after hearing Derek's tone. His appearance and stature make it seem as though there is no way it could have been him running back and forth but there is no sign of any other person in the room. He stands about 5'2" with a round pudgy face and a Friar Tuck haircut. He looks slightly deformed due to one side of his face looking slanted as if it's sloping down.

"Derek don't scare him, he seems harmless," Melina says.

"Harmless? Melina, Quasimodo is standing right before you how are you not freaked out?" Derek asks.

Dmitri asks him one more time if he understands him. The

man again looks at him and doesn't blink and stares at him with no expression on his face. Melina asks him his name but he again doesn't respond. Then out of nowhere he slowly begins walking and then runs right past the group and goes into the elevator. He closes the door and just like that he goes down.

"What the hell just happened?!" Derek asks.

"I don't know but that was weird as hell," Tasha says.

"Well it doesn't look like there's anything up here and the only thing that was is now gone," Dmitri says.

A colony of bats begins flying all over the room and they startle the group. The bats fly nonstop and at one point come flying toward everyone.

"Oh shit! Everyone back on the elevator quick!" Dmitri says remembering that the elevator will take a bit to get back up here do to the man using it only minutes before.

The group back up against the wall and keep their hands up as they try to keep the bats away from them. Dmitri stands near the elevator door waiting for the right time to push it so they can all get the hell out of there. Dmitri hits the button again and this time he hears the sound of it coming up. The elevator appears and Dmitri tells everyone to quickly get inside.

As Dmitri goes to close the door he hears one of the bats hit the door. He brings the door down and tells Melina to press the button back down to the first floor. Everyone catches

their breath and regains their composure before Derek lightens the mood.

"I just figured out what that guy was doing up there. He was totally playing with those bats."

Dmitri, Melina, and even Tasha all burst out laughing despite being freaked out just a minute ago. It was more of an okay let's laugh because that is kind of funny but in all seriousness, we needed to get a laugh out because we've been freaking out since we checked these floors out kind of laugh. They all laughed until the elevator got to the first floor. They get out of the elevator and once again are shocked at what awaits them.

Straight ahead of them sits the workstations but in between the workstations on the floor is a total mess. They look straight ahead and then look over to the other side of the room and see more of a mess as once again they see the moose head laying there. The group begins talking amongst themselves as Gustav sits at his desk in his office sipping absinthe. He hears a commotion outside and decides to go out there to confront the group. He puts down his glass of absinthe, gets up from his desk and leaves his office.

"Ah hello everyone! Glad to see you again!" Gustav says.

"Mr. Vandraldrake what the hell is going on?!" Melina asks.

The group notice the mess and the moose head on the floor but don't really focus on it as they are more interested in hearing what Gustav has to say about what they found upstairs.

"Yes, I'm afraid there was an accident. I was having the moose head removed from the second floor and as you can see it didn't go very well." Gustav says.

"Yeah, we can see that. So we went up to the third and fourth floors and Derek found a stuffed squirrel in a wooden box, then we went to the fourth floor and were attacked by a ton of bats and there was a man up there!" Dmitri says clearly angry.

"Oh my, it sounds like you've had quite the experience on your own," Gustav says.

"Did you hear me? Who the hell was the man we saw up there?! You said we were the only ones here."

Just as Dmitri asks him the question the man appears from atop the basement stairs with a creepy smile on his face.

"There he is!" Dmitri says pointing to the man.

"Oh! That's Rogi, my assistant. He helps me with some of the stuff I've been working on and he's been helping me clean up the place. He's the one who tried to get the moose head out but he accidentally rolled it to the middle of the room and it fell through that hole." Gustav explains

"You told us there was nobody else here and earlier you also said you don't have anyone working for you. Just you. You lied to us again." Dmitri says demanding to know the truth.

"My, my such suspicion upon me, eh? I apologize Dmitri. It

is true that I do most of the work around here however from time to time Rogi here assists me. As you know my memory tends to be rather forgetful so it merely slipped my mind, please don't hold it against me." Gustav says.

"I'm sorry Mr. Vandraldrake, it's just we keep coming across all this creepy stuff and it's like you tell us one thing and then something else entirely ends up happening," Dmitri says.

"My apologies again, I seem to keep saying that, don't I? Okay, here it is. Rogi is my assistant who comes in every now and then to help me out, the moose head was likely placed there by vandals, I wasn't aware of the squirrel in a box and yes there are bats all over this factory as the place is old. Are there anymore questions?" Gustav says in a simply tone.

The group all look at each other and after agreeing no they each say no as they are satisfied with Gustav's answers. Dmitri goes to speak before he realizes he doesn't see Lady Viv in the room.

"Hey, where's Lady Viv?"

"Hmm, perhaps she's down in the basement. I didn't see her come down but then again I was buried in that German book I showed you earlier." Gustav says.

"Well after what we've been going through I just hope she's alright," Dmitri says.

"I'm sure she's fine in fact we can go look for her if you'd

all like. I get the feeling you're done adventuring on your own?" Gustav laughs.

"I mean we have no problem adventuring on our own as long as we know what to expect," Dmitri says.

"Well, Dmitri I'm as in the dark about some of the things in here as you and I thought that was part of this experience? To get a little scared at the unknown." Gustav says.

"Yeah true but there's a limit," Dmitri says back.

"You are all far younger than I so if I can tolerate whatever lurks within here then surely you can," Gustav says.

They all reluctantly agree but ask that Gustav tell them anything else he may have forgot to mention. Dmitri also asks him to introduce them to Rogi. Gustav waves Rogi over as he walks over to them.

"Rogi, this is part of the group I told you about. They are being given a tour of the place." Gustav says to his assistant.

Rogi smiles and nods to the group as he is apparently unable to talk.

"Can he speak?" Melina asks.

"No, he's mute," Gustav says.

"I don't mean to sound rude but why does he look funny?" Derek asks.

"Rogi was born with a disorder of some kind that affects his ability to speak and his appearance," Gustav says.

Rogi shows no expression upon Gustav's explanation of his deformity to the group. His face shows no trace of sadness however there is a slight sense of anger.

"Very nice to meet you Rogi, we're sorry if we frightened you upstairs," Melina says smiling.

Rogi blushes and bows to Melina as he acknowledges her apology and accepts it. Rogi then looks at Gustav seemingly awaiting his orders on what to do next.

"If you could head to the back and retrieve the wood you carved earlier and bring it in that would be great. Bring it down to the basement and leave it in a pile next to the wall in the last room." Gustav says.

Rogi nods and smiles to him and to the group before he heads to the front door to go out back.

"What a creepy little man," Tasha says.

"I think he's sweet," Melina says.

"So would you all care to go up to the third and fourth floors together? That way you can show me anything you're unsure of." Gustav asks.

"I think we're done upstairs Mr. Vandraldrake Besides there wasn't really anything up there," Dmitri says.

"Oh, nonsense! Come and let's take a look together, shall we? I insist." Gustav says.

"Alright, I suppose so. Should we look for Lady Viv and tell her? I know she hasn't been up there yet. Also what about this mess here?" Dmitri says.

"I'm sure Lady Viv will be fine and she'll find us if she wants to and I'll have Rogi clean it up," Gustav says.

Gustav leads the way with the group as they all head to the elevator. Unlike last time with separating everyone, he allows all four of them including himself to get into the elevator. He goes to push the button but Dmitri stops him as he notices something off. He notices the moose head in the middle of the floor but also notices that the mess on this side of the room has a blood trail that seems to go all the way down to the basement steps. Dmitri tells everyone to get off for a moment as he walks over and past the mess and then follows the trail to the beginning of the steps.

"Why does this mess and blood trail look like it goes all the way down to the basement?" Dmitri asks.

"My, my you're quite the detective all of a sudden, aren't you? I like this, it's like a mystery! Well, Rogi came from the basement, poor little guy must've stepped right into the mess and brought it with him." Gustav says.

Dmitri who only seemed to notice the stains and streaks going to the steps that he totally missed the footsteps which are also prominent to the basement steps.

"What were you thinking Dmitri?" Gustav asks.

"Huh? I don't know, I just thought it seemed odd that there were blood streaks going to the basement and over here when the moose head is all the way over there but...I don't know." Dmitri stops now having confused himself.

"You're very observant I like that. Keen to detail. Rogi is a little unorthodox in how he does things. He goes back and forth and steps in things, forgetting and all kinds of stuff. It's part of the reason I hired him because I don't judge him and while he may be odd and off a bit, he eventually gets what I ask of him done." Gustav explains.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. I don't know why I got all Sherlock Holmesy all of a sudden I guess this place is just really getting to me." Dmitri adds.

"No worries my boy if anything you've made me more alert and given me a reminder to step things up in getting this place as spick and span as possible for its grand opening," Gustav says.

"You may be here a while Mr. Vandadrake, this place is a mess all over, no offense," Derek says.

"Yes, I suppose your right but all in good time I suppose. Now, are we going to the third and fourth floor?" Gustav asks.

"Yeah, let's go," Melina says.

They all go back over to the elevator and step inside.

Gustav hits the button and they go back up to the 3rd floor. They make small talk as Gustav asks them how they are enjoying the place so far. Melina says it's a bit creepy but very nostalgic and offers for them to help out in cleaning the place.

"Ah, Melina what the heck?" Derek groans.

"What? It's the least we can do. If we're doing a project on this place which I don't know about the rest of you but I'm sold on, I say we chip in and help Mr. Vandaldrake clean this place up a bit." Melina says.

"Oh, I couldn't ask you to do that," Gustav says.

"You aren't I'm offering on the behalf of all of us. At the very least we can clean up these top floors for you as there isn't much to clean up." Melina says.

"Oh, splendid! Thank you all ever so much!" Gustav says smiling wide.

They reach the 3rd floor and Gustav takes a step in first. He looks it over and realizes he hasn't been up here in a while. He forgot the walls were different colors, forgot about the window and the bats. He kneels down and traces his finger along the floor and picks up a ton of dust.

"Ah, I see what you meant about this floor."

Derek tells Gustav about the squirrel in a box and walks with him over to the spot he found it and then shows it to him as he'd be carrying them this whole time.

"Oooh yes look at that! Well if you're into taxidermy Derek then be my guest." Gustav says.

"Nah man I just wanted the box, you can keep the creepy stuffed squirrel," Derek says laying down the squirrel where he found it.

"Ah, I see, well in that case you may have the box seeing as I didn't even know it was here," Gustav says.

Derek smiles and puts the small box inside his coat pocket.

"If we're going to clean this place we'll need brooms and mops," Tasha says.

"Ah, that's right. Derek, could you go down to the second floor and grab them from that room?" Gustav asks.

Derek takes the elevator to the second floor grabs some brooms and mops but trouble carrying them all. He carries three in one hand and two in the other as best as he can. He returns to the third floor and drops them as soon as he steps out. Everyone grabs a mop or broom and begins cleaning the floor or debris, dust and anything else on it. Gustav does the same as he whistles.

"I know this must seem ridiculous to you all but I appreciate the help," Gustav says.

"Oh yeah, it's fine. I totally wanted to spend my day dusting an old creepy factory, it's fine." Tasha says sarcastically

After a while, they all stop having cleaned and dusted the

floor up and it looks way better than it did.

"Thank you all again very much," Gustav says.

"It's really no problem. We're glad to help." Melina says.

"Shall we go to the 4th floor?" Gustav asks.

"Yeah, so Mr. Vandraldrake, why do the stairs only go up to the second floor?" Derek asks.

"You know I'm not sure. I imagine back in the day they didn't think they would need to have tons of flights of stairs going all the way up so they just made it easier by having the elevator. I'm not complaining!" Gustav says and laughs.

They take the elevator up to the 4th floor and Gustav once again gets off first and looks in.

Gustav realizes they were right about there being nothing on the floor as he looks in and sees a totally empty room. Gustav walks the length of the room by himself while the group stays by the elevator. He looks around and takes in all the emptiness until he gets to the end. He notices the only blemish in the room which is a medium sized yellow and black stain on the wall. He figures the yellow stain is wax residue but isn't sure of what the black is. He runs his hand along the stain and then walks back over to the group.

"Find anything Mr. Vandraldrake?" Melina asks.

"Indeed I did. I found a wax stain on the wall." Gustav says.

"And that's weird or important why?" Tasha asks.

"Well to me it means that something was up here or something was done to this wall. I'm sure it's nothing lets continue on." Gustav says scratching his chin.

"It's alright Mr. Vandraldrake I'm sure it'll come to you," Derek says.

"Thanks, Derek. Well, I've pretty much been given a tour of the entire factory but I feel I didn't really show you the details of what's in the basement and all the creative things that were made. You may have realized there was a lot down there aside from what was on the first and second floors. If you're up for it I'd like to show you all the wonderful things made here that I happened to find and some of the things I've started to create myself since I took over here." Gustav says.

"That sounds great Mr. Vandraldrake perhaps seeing some of the things created will be helpful with our project," Dmitri says.

"Just what I was thinking as well Dmitri. Say didn't you say there were bats up here?" Gustav says.

"Yeah, but they must be hiding in the dark corners of the wall so we should be quiet," Melina suggests.

Gustav says nothing and nods as he signals for them to all quietly go back to the elevator. As they go into the elevator back over on the wall, wax begins oozing out of the stain that Gustav came across. The wax oozes out of the wall just

like it did in the basement.

The group go back into the elevator and go back down to the 1st floor. As they get down there they see the last of the moose head being moved into the entrance door to the factory as Rogi is moving it all by himself. As the group walk over to the steps, they look down at the floor and see that Rogi has tried to clean the mess.

Rogi drags the moose carcass out the front door of the factory as the door closes behind him. He then looks over to his left and begins dragging it to the side of the factory. Rogi stops for a moment and looks out into the open streets and up at the sky. The street was very solemn and, in spite of the low faint whispers of Craven Hollow from all around, it was still very silent. Small sounds carried deep from afar; mechanical sounds out of the factory were clearly audible from either side of the factory as well as the streets if you listened hard enough.

A field of street lights dimmed the now nocturnal city as the only trace of light amid the grayish skies beside the fogged city moon within the creeping afternoon night.

Back in the factory, the group reaches the stairs as Gustav has an expression on his face as though he's just remembered something.

"Ah! Now I know what else it is I forgot to mention!" He says.

"Oh great, another small thing he forgot to mention," Tasha says.

"It isn't exactly small in fact I think you'll find it quite odd and I just know you'll have questions," Gustav says as he smiles wide.

Chapter 9- The Slumbering

"There's a somnambulist down in the basement," Gustav says with joy.

"A what?" Derek asks.

"A somnambulist is someone who sleepwalks" Melina explains

"Mr. Vandraldrake are you sure you have the right term?" Dmitri asks totally confused by the statement.

"Oh yes, Dmitri I'm quite certain. Although I use it lightly. There is a somnambulist down in the basement. They've been asleep for quite a while but I imagine they should awake soon." Gustav says.

The group look at each other stunned and bewildered unsure of what to make of Gustav's comment.

"Mr. Vandraldrake would you care to explain this further? No pun intended here but either we all have wax in our ears or your really telling us that someone is down there and they sleepwalk." Derek says.

"I thought you'd all enjoy the idea but I see I've confused and frightened you all. It's sort of a riddle if you will" Gustav says

Melina thinks for a moment before she thinks she understands what Gustav is saying.

"Bats. You're talking about bats! Bats can't see so technically they're asleep and they are more alert at night than they are during the day"

"Well done Melina! Well done!" Gustav says clapping.

"Wow, babe that was impressive. I had no clue what was happening!" Dmitri says.

"We'll play a game later and I'll have more such statements for you to figure out and perhaps more," Gustav says.

The group makes their way down the basement steps as Gustav leads the way. As they reach the bottom Gustav looks over and notices Rogi has cleaned the mess on the left side of the room however the group is oblivious and don't think to look down at the steps anyway.

"Now I showed you what's on these shelves and this table but I don't believe I showed you what's on the connecting table next to it or that table over there as Gustav points to a medium sized table against the wall to the right which nobody seemed to notice before.

"Was that always there?" Dmitri asks.

"It was but it's rather dark in here so that's why we missed it," Gustav says.

Gustav brings them around the table but makes sure he

stands with his back to the bookshelf just a bit away so that the group's attention doesn't go past his feet to the stained floor and near the shelf. On the table are items very similar to the ones on the other. A quick glance and one would think the room was a laboratory. The table had a chemical apparatus that had a small hose sticking out of it and into a beaker of liquid that was on the edge of the other table. It was a large table, fitted round with glass bowls and jars, with a cheval-glass and what could only be described as a rectangular looking fishbowl with yellow liquid in it. Looking out past the table on the other side of it were three dusty bottles barred with a brown iron material. A small blue flame burned underneath it.

Finally on the end of the table was a small cutoff cardboard box that normally looks like it held a twelve pack of soda. Inside the box were phials that contained crystalized iodine and a pile of white powder , a blood-red liquor that bubbled at the top and had ripples going through it at the bottom, a neon green phial containing phosphorus, and one of ether that despite being colorless has a faint foggy smoke coming out from the top of it.

He brings them over to the table covered in cobwebs where everything on it is made of wax including the table itself. On the table sits elaborate things no one could ever possibly think could be made of wax and also some things highly questionable. On one end of the table sits cups, vases, plant holders, A ton of wax squares that look like floor tiles all stacked up, picture frames, globes, and even the cover to an old radio.

On the other side of the table sits strange abnormal and

even hazardous items. Vile liquids in beakers and flasks, alembics as well as vessels of potent unknown powder. In containers similar to the ones on the table on the other end sit jars with chemicals in them, some that resemble and look like industrial waste, others with black foam in them and to top it all off in a mason jar is a heart with alcohol brine.

"Oh my god is that a heart?!" Melina asks freaked out

Everyone gasps at the specimen before them.

"Ah, that it is. A pig's heart I believe. Don't ask me what it's doing down here, it was here when I was going through things. Quite a ghastly site isn't it?" Gustav says.

"That looks human! What on Earth is a heart doing down here?!" Dmitri asks.

"Well Dmitri, while I told you my great grandfather was an extraordinary man he was also apparently quite a puzzling and mysterious man as well. I haven't the faintest idea why the heart or any these chemicals are here but if I were a betting man I'd say he used them to test with his wax compounds." Gustav says.

"Is that safe?" Dmitri inquires further

"Well, probably not but my great grandfather must've known what he was doing as did Langston. They kept journals and have tons of records of they're findings, tests, and experiments." Gustav says.

"So some of these items may not just be made of wax but hazardous materials?"

"Perhaps but they are over hundreds of years old so they cannot harm you," Gustav assures Dmitri and the rest of the group.

"But what about that table of liquids we just looked at? It looked like a live ongoing experiment." Dmitri asks.

"I myself have been trying the liquids out. Remember that German book I read? Well, I've been reading that along with one of my great grandfather's journals to try and do my own experiments. I've been very careful to not start a fire and I don't think I will as my great grandfather's notes are quite neat and precise."

After everyone is skeptical but somewhat relieved Gustav goes into detail about the items they see before them. He explains how his grandfather would take an item and actually recreate it using the tools, chemicals, and machines they see in the factory.

"Are there any items just coated with wax or are they all made entirely out of it?" Tasha asks.

"Excellent question Tasha. It's always been my belief that all items are created of wax however there may be some other small items inside to base and support them such as wood, metals basically your everyday fundamental types of support for items. I also came across a small book that shows how to make something out of wax without the means of any other material. So to answer your question, I

believe some items may have other means of support in them, others may be entirely made of wax but it's hard to say what unless they broke and we certainly don't want that." Gustav says.

He then begins explaining the chemicals as best as he can. He says that while they may look hazardous some such chemicals are needed in order for the wax to set and some work well with the wax. Gustav explains that while it seems practical, his great grandfather and Langston were professionals of their trade and knew what they were doing.

"Have you ever used any of these hazardous chemicals on the table, Mr. Vandaldrake?" Dmitri asks.

"I'd attempt it Dmitri but I'm afraid I'd make a mistake and boom next thing we know the factory is in flames so I've kept my distance. I think I'll stick to the chemicals over on the other table as they are more my speed. One day perhaps."

As the group continues to listen to Gustav speak Derek catches a glimpse of a spirit as he sees a blue mist floating out of the shelf next to him. He takes a step back as the mist circles around his head before it turns into a chubby face of a man whose mouth is open and it comes toward Derek then disappears right before it reaches him.

"Holy shit dude! Holy shit!" Derek jumps and stumbles back trying to gain his balance.

"Derek, what's wrong?" Dmitri asks.

"I just saw a ghost man! A freaking real ghost! It came out of that shelf there and then it was this blue misty ecto stuff and then it turned into the face of a man and came at me!"

"Fascinating!" Gustav says.

"You're alright Derek " Dmitri assures him.

"Remember what I said, they will not harm you," Gustav says.

"You don't technically know that man! And it still doesn't stop them from scaring the shit out of us!" Derek says still clearing freaked out.

Just as Gustav goes to speak shadow figures emit from the floor from across the room and walk toward the group on the other side. They get to the middle of the room before they go back into the floor and zoom into the corridor. Everyone was turned facing either Derek or Gustav so they didn't see it. The shadows return from the other room and once again stand up and walk across the shelves as the entire group sees them.

"Uh, is everyone seeing this?" Dmitri asks.

"Yeah babe, I see them. There's two shadows walking across the shelves." Melina says.

"Remarkable! They must like you because I hardly ever see shadows present themselves in such a manner." Gustav says.

The shadow figures eventually disappear after they reach the stairs simply dissolving into the air. The shadows only send Derek into a frenzy and have once again upset Tasha. Dmitri and Melina seem totally fine while Gustav is the happiest to see the spirits than anyone.

"No! No! I thought I liked the idea of seeing ghosts and shit but after this, no way man!" Derek says proclaiming he's done with the place.

"Well, then Derek I suggest you either make a run for it or suck it up because they are only going to be more prominent the more scared and upset you are," Gustav says almost defending the spirits.

"He's right Derek, try to relax and calm down," Melina says

"Easy for you to say, you didn't just have one come at you!" Derek says.

"Please Derek, you'll only anger them and then who knows what will happen," Tasha says

"How about I finish showing you some things and then we can continue on to the next room?" Gustav suggests trying to lighten the situation.

Dmitri puts his arm around Derek to try and calm him down and they all gather once again near the table and near the back shelf. Gustav finishes explaining the items on the table as well as the many shelves filled with books. He asks Derek if he's okay to which Derek says yes. Gustav then tells them to come into the next room as that's where some

of the items he created are.

Once again the group finds themselves back in the second room of the basement where the wax is on the walls. The group remembers the various items but now they wonder which of them Gustav will tell them he created himself.

"The first time we were here I told you all of the items you see in this room are made of wax what I didn't tell you was that I created them myself," Gustav says proudly

"Oh wow, that's amazing! Especially this rocking chair," Melina says carefully rocking the chair only to remember one of the rules.

"I'm sorry Mr. Vandraldrake I forgot the rule not to touch anything," Melina says.

"It's quite okay Melina, some things you can touch and I mean a rocking chair is meant to move right?" Gustav says smiling.

Dmitri scans the room and realizes while the room is scattered with items that the room itself still seems pretty spacious. He comes across a piece of what looks to be a large map only it's very large in weight and is broken off missing the other half.

"Mr. Vandraldrake what is this?" Dmitri asks.

"Ah, that is a map of Europe! I hadn't noticed that before" he says,

"So you didn't make everything in here then, eh?" Dmitri says back.

"It would appear not, let's have a look see. Yes, that's Europe alright. Hm, I wonder when my great grandfather made that or went to Europe for that matter. I know he was from Germany but I had heard that was as a boy. "

"It seems to be missing a piece," Dmitri says.

"Oh yes it does, doesn't it? Well, I'm sure it's around here somewhere." Gustav says.

Shadows and spirits aimlessly roam the room making sounds and moving objects. The group soon begin to take notice and all gather together.

"It's like we're the reason they're out," Dmitri says.

"That's exactly the reason," Gustav says.

"GOTCHA!!" A strange unknown echo like voice says as it grabs Derek and rams his head against the wall hard.

Derek falls to the ground as the blow to the wall knocked him unconscious. Everyone rushes over to him as Derek is out cold.

"You said they wouldn't hurt us!" Dmitri says to Gustav.

"Yes..I..I," Gustav says almost unnerved.

"Mr. Vandaldrake! Don't just stand there get a rag or

something and help him!" Dmitri yells as he holds Derek's head against his leg to elevate him.

Melina rushes over to a small desk on the other side of the room and grabs a dirty old towel. She does her best to dust it and clean it off before returning to Dmitri as he holds Derek. Dmitri wipes Derek's forehead and looks up at Gustav.

"Well, why did they attack him?" Dmitri asks.

Gustav stands there fragile and frozen stiff in place saying nothing.

"ANSWER ME!" Dmitri yells.

"I..I don't know. I told you if he angered them.." Gustav says softly.

"You said they were completely harmless!" Dmitri says angrily.

"Yes well, I've never had this many people in the factory so I merely told you they were harmless to me Dmitri! Please don't be angry with me I only told you what I knew." Gustav turns away now suddenly feeling guilty.

Derek slowly awakens from his head bash against the wall. He looks around and then tries to move and suddenly feels his head pounding.

"Uhh..fuck what happened?"

"An unruly spirit decided to take your head and bash it against a wall." Dmitri says

"Uh...I thought...they were...ow, my head" Derek says.

"Listen I-

Dmitri cuts Gustav off before he can speak any further.

"No, you listen. Things have gotten very strange and now they've gotten hostile. I know you mean well Mr. Vandraldrake but now my friend has been hurt after you assured us no harm would come to us. We're leaving." Dmitri says.

Gustav looks up with his sad somber face and speaks.

"I've never known a spirit in this factory to act so violently. I know Mr. Redmond didn't provoke them but we did tell him he needed to calm down. Perhaps he angered one a little while ago. Please, I apologize and while I cannot take back what's been done I will suggest we all stick together and tend to Derek. Please don't leave." Gustav says.

"Mr. Vandraldrake, how did you know Derek's last name was Redmond? We never told you our last names." Melina asks.

"Did I? Oh, well you must've told me them when you introduced yourselves." Gustav says.

"No, we didn't. We told you our first names and the name of our college but never our last names." Melina explains to

him further.

"Ah, well then I suppose Derek must've told me then I truly don't know. You know my memory escapes me but I am quite sure Derek told me." Gustav says.

Melina now becomes the third person to find Gustav acting a bit off. First Tasha then Dmitri and now her. Gustav had a way of getting himself into small binds similar to the creepy corners of the factory only the cobwebs kept in their corners while Gustav always seems to be able to get out of the binds he creates. Dmitri helps Derek to his feet and has him lean on him while throwing his arm over his shoulder.

"He may have a concussion we need to take him to a hospital," Dmitri says.

"Nah man, I'm totally fine. Just wrap this up." Derek says.

"What? Derek no we're getting out of here and taking you to a hospital." Dmitri says.

"I don't have a concussion believe me I play football so I would know," Derek says back.

"Count to fifteen," Tasha says.

Derek counts correctly to fifteen.

"Say the alphabet from E," Melina says.

Derek recites the alphabet correctly from E to Z

"Who's the president of the United States?"

"Uh, a tangerine with a dirty mop hair cut that spews nonsense and can't stay off social media?"

"He doesn't have a concussion," Dmitri says.

Gustav approaches Derek and apologizes profusely.

"It's fine man, I know you told me not to flip out but that's probably what did it," Derek says.

"Are you kidding me? How do we know they won't attack us again?!" Tasha asks.

"We don't but for whatever it's worth, I'm sorry ghosts!!"
Derek says still finding humor despite his injury.

Everyone gathers together as Gustav asks if they wish to keep seeing what he's made or if they should play a game as he suggested earlier to lighten the mood and take everyone's mind off things. Derek tells Dmitri he can walk on his own and he walks over to the wall and leans against it. Everyone remains silent ignoring Gustav except Melina who stops and asks him something.

"Uh, Mr. Vandraldrake do you have any other disfigured assistants working for you that you failed to tell us about?"

"No, my dear, only Rogi I'm afraid. Why do you ask?"

"There's a man standing in the corridor," Melina says.

The group look at where Melina is and see the figure standing there. If Lady Viv were alive she would recognize the deformed man as the one she first saw by the steps on the first floor. He looks on at all of them not saying a word and not making any movement.

"Mr. Vandraldrake?" Derek says.

"Um...Hello, there fellow. What can we do for you?:
Gustav yells out to the man.

He stares at them for only ten seconds but it feels like much longer. After a brief moment, he slowly turns around and walks back into the shadows of the corridor to the first room.

"Wait was that a person or a ghost?" Derek asks.

"He looked quite real to me Derek but that wasn't Rogi so who in the hell was it?" Gustav says suddenly frightened.

"Should we move? Go to another room?" Tasha asks.

"No, let's stay here and not make any sudden movements or anything. Let's just get up against the wall and talk for a bit and plan what to do next then we can go adventure out further" Gustav says.

The group become weary of Gustav at this point and decide they are leaving. They stand by the wall for a few moments to gather themselves and their composure. After a few moments on Dmitri's lead, he tells him they've had enough.

"Mr. Vandraldrake, things were fine earlier why now all of a sudden is crazy shit starting to happen? Honestly, we're done, we are leaving. " Dmitri asks.

"I'm afraid I don't have a concrete answer Dmitri however if I were to guess I'd say that perhaps I was wrong about the spirits, perhaps they don't like visitors in their home walking around. As for that strange man I assure you Rogi is the only other person here and I cannot stress that enough. Perhaps the vandals have made themselves known." Gustav says.

"Hey whatever happened to Lady Viv? Didn't she come down here?" Derek asks.

"I thought she had come down here when we were all on the first floor," Gustav says.

"Great so now she's missing. Should we go look for her?" Derek asks.

"Derek you just got your head bashed against a wall by a spirit, Melina just saw a possible figure and you wanna go look for a guy who dresses in woman's clothing that you hardly know in a creepy factory?" Tasha asks.

"Fair enough but we're gonna leave this room at some point and I'm just saying it'd be nice if we were all together," Derek replies back.

"I shall go look for Lady Viv in the next room. Please don't be alarmed and do not move from this spot as I will only be a moment." Gustav says.

Dmitri goes to speak to tell him not to go and that they are leaving but Gustav only puts his finger to his lip and turns around and makes his way to the entranceway to the third room of the basement. The group all keep leaning against the wall and stay as they try to remain calm.

"You guys I really don't know what's going on but Mr. Vandaldrake isn't making things any better. I wanna trust him but he's just so forgetful and he's strange sometimes. Dmitri is right we need to leave." Melina says.

"I know. Look, when he comes back we'll tell him. " Dmitri says.

"Sounds good, I can't take any more craziness in this place!" Tasha says.

As the group is talking they soon hear faint voices in soft whispers and echoes. The words sound like gibberish and are too low to understand what's being said if anything at all. The voices talk over them but soon the group stops talking so they just hear the other voices.

"You guys remember the movie Poltergeist?" Derek asks.

"Damn it Derek can't you just not make a reference just once?" Tasha says.

"I'm just trying to lighten the mood but yeah, They're here!" Derek says.

Gustav returns a few minutes later with no expression on his face and also no Lady Viv walking with him.

"She's not in there?" Dmitri asks.

"Afraid not. This place is rather big maybe she just went up to the other floors after we came down here or maybe like Jeremy earlier she just left." Gustav says before shrugging his shoulders.

"Mr. Vandaldrake, we wanted to find Lady Viv and know she was alright but since we can't find her we're gonna go. This is just getting to be too much. I hope you understand." Dmitri explains.

"Getting to be too much? My dear boy, you ain't seen nothin' yet!" Gustav says.

"Mr. Vandaldrake-

Gustav cuts him off before he can speak.

"I know things have got a bit chaotic but this factory is history! You've all had a good time up until recently so please just bear with me a little longer and I promise not only will you have all your information for your project but you'll feel rejuvenated to have stepped foot into such a place." Gustav says.

"You're quite the salesman Mr. Vandaldrake, I'll give you that. Alright, we'll stay a bit longer then we're going to go but please let's do our best to not run into anything? If one more thing happens we are so out of here." Dmitri says.

"The salesman I get from my great grandfather and thank you, Dmitri, thank you. All of you, here's the plan. We

carefully make our way back up to the first floor and I will take you all to the workshop up near the front door and you can all make your very own wax pieces, what do you say?"

Gustav says like a kid in a candy store.

"Oh wow really?" Derek asks.

"Absolutely! It wasn't in the plan originally but after everything you've all been through I want to give you something back to make up for it and what better way than to experience the wax than to actually work with it?" Gustav says.

"Alright, that actually sounds good," Dmitri says.

"Yes and then perhaps afterward we can play a quick game and then you can take your findings and creations back to your university."

"That sounds like a good way to end this day Mr. Vandraldrake," Dmitri says.

"You know you've all been so formal, please call me Gustav."

"Alright Gustav, shall we get going?" Dmitri asks.

"Yes now remember, let's all stay together. If you see or hear anything you let the rest of us know. When we get up to the first floor I'm just going to retrieve some supplies from my office for you all to use. I will also see where Rogi is and tell him to look for Lady Viv." Gustav says.

The group begins walking back slowly into the first room. They reach the room with no sights or sounds of anything. Everyone looks at one another and smiles as no one is missing and everything is in order. Gustav leads the way as he grabs his bifocals off the table to his right. He places them into his pocket and walks up the stairs with Dmitri, Derek, Tasha, and Melina all behind him. The group reach the first floor and walk over to the middle of the workstations. They notice Rogi has been here as the floors are cleaned having been messy from before.

"Rogi must be around somewhere. If he comes in through the front just tell him to come and see me in my office as I won't be long and remember if you see or hear anything you tell one another then tell me when I come out." Gustav says.

"Alright, and thank you, Gustav," Melina says with a kind smile.

Gustav smiles and heads to his office as he opens the door and quietly closes it behind him.

"Well guys I'd say we make it break for it now but I think the worst is over. This has been quite the tour that's for sure." Dmitri says to everyone.

"Ugh, you got that right. I'm so taking a shower when we get back. I feel so sticky and gross." Tasha says.

The elevator door opens as Rogi steps out and smiles when he sees everyone.

"Hi, Rogi! Gustav is in the office's getting us supplies. He wants to see you and talk to you." Melina says.

Rogi smiles and nods at Melina as he knocks softly on Gustav's office and turns the knob and walks in and closes the door behind him.

"He definitely likes you, Melina," Derek says.

"Yeah, well the poor guy was frightened by us earlier so we have to show him some hospitality. Besides he seems nice." Melina says.

In the office, Gustav has taken out small wax carving tools out of one of his desk drawers. He places them on the table with the rest of the tools as he goes into a cabinet to get some basic wax the group can sculpt and mold.

"Ah, Rogi, have you seen Lady Viv? She was the..oh dear..she was the very well dressed woman with the boaa very elaborate looking?" Gustav asks him.

Rogi scratches his head before shaking it no as he doesn't remember seeing any such person.

"Ah, I see. Well, I don't think she would just up and leave without telling us, she seemed rather enamored with me. You sure you haven't seen her?" Gustav asks him again.

Rogi nods yes and shrugs his shoulders.

"Oh dear, well if you haven't seen her and she's not upstairs then that means one of them got to her. Oh, how

unfortunate.." Gustav says.

Rogi looks at him and gives him a smirk indicating he knows to whom Gustav is referring.

"Tell you what, go back upstairs and check all the floors and all the rooms. If she isn't there then go down to the basement and see. She's around here somewhere." Gustav says to Rogi.

Rogi nods and bows before exiting the room.

"Oh, and Rogi, if you see any of them please let them know however you can that I would like a word," Gustav says.

Rogi nods once more and exits the room as he closes the door behind him. Rogi looks at the group before he takes the elevator to the second floor.

After Gustav has gathered all the wax and tools he places them in a small box and places the box and anything not in the box on a gray work tray. He then sits down at his desk and reaches for his almost now empty bottle of absinthe. He pours the remaining liqueur into his small glass and drinks it down in one shot. He then gets up and kneels down to a cabinet and shelf. The shelf is made of red mahogany.

He opens the doors and inside are two shelves both filled with bottles of absinthe. He picks one up and closes the cabinet. He pours more absinthe into his glass, puts the bottle down on his desk before he sits back down. He smiles before he looks it over and then takes a sip. He takes a few more sips until he finishes it and then sighs before

getting up. He goes and opens the door and then he goes over to his desk grabs the gray tray and then walks to the door and scoots it open with his feet.

"Oh! Let me help you with that Gustav." Dmitri comes over to get the tray.

Gustav thanks Dmitri as he hands him the tray. Gustav then closes the door behind him and joins the group.

Down in the basement, the shelf with the hidden room slowly opens. Jeremy and Lady Viv's lifeless bodies lie in the same spot. The deformed man who killed Lady Viv and placed her in there emerges from the room as well as the other grotesque looking man who was in the second cage. After they're out they move the shelf back in place so it's back to normal. They then walk over to the other side shelf adjacent to the one from which they came. They push on the shelf and it too moves open like the other one to show another hidden room. Inside the room are two more cages with deformed and disfigured looking women inside. One wears an old blue fashioned dress from the 1800s but it's torn to shreds. She has bumps all over her body and her skin like the men is morphed and grotesque looking.

The other woman wears a dirty looking tan work shirt with a tan apron over it. Her faces seems clean except she's missing an eye. Her body looks as though it's shifted prominently to one side and one of her legs is twisted in the opposite direction which makes it difficult for her to walk. The men open the cages and the women walk out. The two women look at the two men and they all make their best smile toward each other. Laid out next to the two cages

from the wall and all the way to the opening of the shelf
snugged perfectly in the room sits a coffin.

Chapter 10- Wax Build Up

Gustav picks up a small glob of wax off the tray and takes a bite out of it. He then takes a small votive that's now fully melted into liquid and brings it to his mouth and downs it like a shot. Like the worm at the bottom of a tequila bottle, he swallows the wax at the bottom of the votive.

"Gustav what the hell are you doing?!" Melina asks having just watched him eat and drink wax.

"My dear girl, wax is as healthy for you as a drink of water and as tasty as a protein shake. What is it they say? Bottoms up!" Gustav says before he downs another votive.

Everyone now looks up and sees Gustav drink the wax and they appear shocked.

"There's no way that's healthy," Dmitri says

"It actually is. It acts as a protein. I don't always eat and drink it, just on occasion." Gustav says.

"Can I try?" Derek asks.

"I knew he was gonna want to, I just knew it," Tasha says

Derek takes a small bite and starts chewing but spits it out seconds later. He then starts coughing and gagging trying to get the taste out of his mouth.

"Ahh! That shit taste so gross! I'd rather eat rice cakes and shredded wheat before that stuff. Oh god, gross!" Derek says still trying to get the taste out of his mouth.

"Well, I guess it's not for everyone! Perhaps you should stick to using it to make something yes?" Gustav says before laughing with everyone.

Everyone goes back to working with the wax in front of them. Dmitri is burning his wax slowly with a candle, Melina is picking out what she wants to use, Derek is carving his with a tool and Tasha has found she's actually quite good at creating with wax as she's made a large base of a bowl.

"My, my Tasha that is very well done," Gustav says.

"Thanks, Gustav. It's kind of like clay and I'm good with clay. I took art and pottery class in high school so I guess this is just natural to me." Tasha says as she finds herself smiling for the first time in the factory since she got here.

Everyone continues trying to create with their wax. Dmitri has somehow made a candle with another candle, Melina has created a small wax plate in the form of a star, Derek still has a glob of wax in front of him that he can't seem to do anything with and Tasha has made an elaborate wax bowl with small etchings at the top.

"I'll tell you one thing Tasha, even I haven't figured out how to get small tiny ridges of patterns into wax at least not as you've done it. Marvelous job!" Gustav says praising Tasha's wax work.

"Wow, thanks, Gustav," Tasha says.

As the group keeps at their wax crafting Rogi walks up the basement steps. Gustav sees him and walks over to him as they meet each other halfway. Rogi looks right at Gustav and points down to the ground and nods his head no.

"Ah, I see. And did you see them?" Gustav asks.

Rogi nods yes and waves his hand around and then back down.

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

Rogi puts up four fingers and then gives the motion of his fingers going upstairs.

"They're coming up here?" Gustav asks.

Rogi nods yes before he motions four fingers points down and raises three fingers.

"They're in the third room? So you stalled them?" Gustav asks.

Once again Rogi nods yes.

"Go back down and make sure they stay down there. I don't want my guests being frightened anymore than they already have been. I don't want them to leave yet." Gustav says.

Rogi looks at him with a sad expression as if to say he doesn't want to.

"Don't give me that look Rogi! You know damn well if they come up here chaos will ensue. I don't know why we don't just chain them up to their cages." he says to Rogi.

Rogi points to his wrist.

"Oh right we already did that and lost the chains I forgot. Well please just do this for me. I can't have my guests freaking out again. I'm sure they're already suspicious of me enough as it is. I trust you can do this?" Gustav says.

Rogi nods yes in approval and puts his head down before he slowly walks back to the basement entrance. He turns around and sees Gustav walking back to the group and then he looks toward the group and looks at Melina. He smiles and then goes back to his sad expression and walks down the basement steps.

Gustav stops for a moment and holds his head before returns to the group as everyone has pretty much finished up creating with their wax. He looks over everyone's creation.

"Volcano Derek?" Gustav asks.

"Yeah man, I couldn't really get it out of that shape so I just went with it."

"Gustav, did Rogi find Lady Viv? Melina asks.

"I'm afraid not. Apparently, she left without telling us which is rather odd because I thought she was having a good time." Gustav replies.

"Figures that she leaves while we were having bad luck downstairs," Derek says.

"Yes, quite unfortunate. Has this creating activity at least made up for things and put your minds at ease?" Gustav asks the group.

"Yes definitely. I feel more relaxed and now I see why you have such an appreciation for wax and for this place." Dmitri says.

"Oh, splendid! I'm so glad to hear that. I felt so bad for everything that's transpired so I felt this would help. Wax is an underrated material and it certainly does help calm one down when they are transfixed on it." Gustav says.

"We're sorry again for lashing out on you Gustav, you seem like quite the wax historian and you're a nice man. I take it your feeling well now?" Melina asks.

"Yes Melina my dear I am feeling a bit better, in fact, I think I am slowly becoming myself again.

My memory is in order and my mood is quite sufficient. Perhaps it was the absinthe in my office that did the trick" Gustav says.

"Absinthe? Wasn't that banned?" Tasha asks.

"They lifted it in 2010, realized it was totally safe," Derek says.

"Yes, I've been drinking it for years, it's quite soothing,"

Gustav says.

"Wax and absinthe, you have quite the pallet Mr. Vandaldrake," Dmitri says.

"I suppose I do, don't I?" Gustav replies

Gustav then tells the group to leave their creations on the work station so they can set and they can take them home when they leave. He then goes over to the room next to his office and retrieves a broom and begins sweeping up and dry wax or excess debris near the station from the group working there.

"Gustav, you don't have to clean now," Melina says.

"If I don't do it now I will likely forget later so better to take care of it now," he says smiling and whistling away.

"So what's the plan now?" Derek says.

"I kind of want to make another creation out of wax. It's like the one thing I've enjoyed since I've been here." Tasha says.

"Nah, I'm done trying to make wax. I'm better at working with metal and wood." Derek says.

"Ah, a wood crafter very nice. You know wax and wood make quite a pairing if done correctly?" Gustav asks.

Just as Gustav is speaking a strange looking man makes his way down the stairs. Everyone is just off to the side of the

work station but they turn when they hear footsteps. The man is large in size and like the rest of those wandering down in the basement he is deformed. He's bald in the front but has hair that sticks straight up in the back. He has yellow stains and bumps going down his arms. He wears a white tank top with brown work pants and black shoes to which are totally worn in the front as his toes stick out of them. His face is abnormal looking somehow twisted and distorted and his nose is so messed up it's in the shape of the letter S. He makes his way down the stairs and glares at the group.

"Who the hell is that?" Derek says as everyone including him back away from the work station.

"So you're the vandal who's been messing with my factory eh?" Gustav says.

The man stands there and stares at Gustav and the group not making any movement.

"We don't want any trouble, the door is right behind you over there. You just walk out and be on your way and I won't call the authorities." Gustav says.

"UGGHHHHHHHH!" The man yells something at the top of his lungs before he begins charging toward the group like a rhino.

The group begins running and luckily just get out of the way and get cover by hiding behind some of the workstations. Dmitri, Melina, and Derek are hiding behind the station on the left as Gustav and Tasha are on behind

stations on the right.

"Is everyone alright?" Gustav asks.

Everyone says yes one by one in unison before the man looks around and spots Gustav and smiles. The man walks toward Gustav whose shaking in fright. He looks up and makes eye contact with the man. The man grabs up by his shirt and lifts him high in the air.

"Oh my god, Mr. Vandaldrake!" Tasha yells

The man suddenly stares at Gustav for a moment before putting him down. He looks at him again as Gustav stands still like a statue. As he stands there and just stares Dmitri slowly walks around the workstations on the other side and grabs a wax carving tool. He slowly walks near the man who is still staring at Gustav and then over at where he heard Tasha. Dmitri manages to get to the man silently until he walks on a creaky board and the man turns around and chest pumps Dmitri backward.

"DMITRI!!" Melina yells.

The man walks toward Dmitri whose now on the ground. Dmitri slowly goes to get up before the man grabs up tight by the shirt and throws him as Dmitri crashes into the floor right near the steps from where the man came.

"Dmitri! Oh my god, we have to do something!" Melina says.

"Mr. Vandaldrake!" Tasha says.

Gustav is rolled up in a ball behind a station holding his head before he hears Tasha and stands up to look over at her.

"He's quite large and I'm afraid it'll take all of us to stop him. We have to try and knock him out and get out of this room!" Gustav says.

Dmitri lays on the floor now hurting from being thrown across the room. Derek manages to rush over to Dmitri to make sure he's alright. Melina yells at the man trying to provoke him. He looks at her and smiles before he begins charging toward her. As he comes toward her Melina grips the carving tool she used that she never let go of and jams it into the man's neck. The man screams out in pain and holds his neck yet no blood is permuting out. He begins wobbling around holding his neck as he crashes into a work station but regains his balance. The man stops screaming and pulls the carving tool out of his neck and throws it across the room. He then looks back and puts his focus on Melina. He begins walking toward her. Melina whose now out in the open begins walking backward as the man approaches her. She falls backward on her behind and begins scooting back until she gets to the wall to pick herself up.

Just as the man approaches her, Rogi who had just come up the stairs and had seen most of what was going on, saw him coming toward Melina. He stabs the large man with a metal prod used to pull and push things in and out of the incinerator. Rogi stabs him as the prod goes into the man's stomach and he falls over. Rogi now with a look of anger on his face walks up to the man and pulls the prod out and

then jams it back into his stomach even further and twists it. The man makes a face and screams out in pain before he stops breathing. Rogi sighs and then turns back and walks up to Melina and reaches his hand out to help her up.

"Oh my god, Rogi! You saved my life!" Melina says as she hugs the little man.

Rogi pats her on the back and holds her. After she lets go he looks at her and points to her and his mouth forms "are you okay?"

"Yes! Yes, Rogi I'm okay thanks to you!" Melina says.

Dmitri is helped up by Derek and they begin walking toward Melina and Rogi followed by Gustav and Tasha. They walk around the large man who now lies dead on the floor. Melina runs to Dmitri as they embrace. Gustav goes over to Rogi and Derek goes up to Tasha to make sure she's okay.

"Is everyone alright?" Dmitri asks

Everyone says yes one by one and Rogi nods. Gustav walks over to the dead man on the floor and kneels down to get a good look at him. He gets back up on his feet and once again holds his head before he walks toward Rogi.

"Thank goodness you came when you did Rogi. I don't know what would've happened."

"I seriously can't take any more drama from this place, I just can't!" Dmitri says.

Gustav grabs Rogi and begins berating him in front of everyone.

"How could you Rogi! How could you kill so suddenly!"

"Mr. Vandaldrake! Gustav! Let him go! He saved Melina's life." Dmitri says.

"Yes, I suppose he did but he still murdered someone in cold blood in my factory!" Gustav says.

"Gustav, you just thanked him and said if he didn't come along that you don't know what would've happened. He saved Melina's life we should be grateful." Dmitri says.

"Melina I am glad you are safe however it doesn't make up for the fact that there's a DEAD MAN ON MY FLOOR!" Gustav says now furiously with a sudden change in his demeanor.

"Gustav..calm down. If Rogi hadn't come who knows what could've happened to any of us. I'd have done the same thing" Derek says.

"Would you Derek? I wonder oh how I wonder. What it takes to take a life without a thought, without an ounce or shred of a single second. I wonder, oh how I wonder indeed if we all have such an instinct." Gustav says.

Gustav lets go of Rogi and holds his head and tries to calm down.

"Listen, Mr. Vandaldrake this has been a great tour and all

but there's been as much madness as there's been good. It's more than any of us signed up for. Between getting hurt, the vandals, the spirits, your random mood swings and now this, it's all just too much. If you want we can call the police to come and get this man and we'll wait here until they come and take our statements but after that, we're out of here for sure." Dmitri says.

"Police? I have no need for you to call the police." Gustav says.

"Gustav there's a dead body right in front of us. Somebody needs to come and take him away and they need to know what happened." Dmitri says.

"What happened was a freak accident. This man is a freak, an abnormality. Rogi killed him so Rogi can dispose of his body in the back of the factory." Gustav says.

"What?! What?! That's insanity Mr. Vandaldrake you can't be serious. You can't just cover up a murder by burying someone in the back of your factory." Dmitri says.

"Dmitri, I really don't want the police here they'll just ransack this place and look everywhere for more vandals and they'll be invading my privacy and my things and my great grandfather's things," Gustav says.

"Mr. Vandaldrake we can't and won't be a part of covering up a murder. There's no way in hell." Dmitri says.

"I'm not asking you to cover for me but I also don't want to report it to the police. I want to open this place up on good

terms not with a bad reputation right off the bat." Gustav says.

"Then what are you gonna do? You can't seriously just bury a man in the back of your factory." Dmitri says.

"Do you know him? Does he have I.D? Didn't he attack you and throw you across my floor? Did he not try to kill your girlfriend? Dmitri, I would think you of all people would think absolutely nothing for him." Gustav says.

"God! Do you hear yourself?! He's still human! This is too much. You know what we're getting out of here. Melina, Derek, Tasha we're going to leave and we're heading to the police station so we can tell them what happened here." Dmitri says.

"You can't report a man who looks like that anyways. I'm sure nobody is looking for him" Gustav says.

"What the hell? Do you hear yourself? You've lost it, Gustav, you've lost your mind now." Dmitri says.

"Look at him. What do you see? He's deformed, he's grotesque looking, he's an abomination. He's a savage vandal who wandered in here, he's an absolute nobody!." Gustav says.

Everyone suddenly looks at Gustav with wide eyes in total disbelief about his comments on this man now dead in his factory and total disregard to involve authorities.

"Yes, you know the tale of Frankenstein I take it? Well, this

man looks like an experiment of Dr. Frankenstein himself. Look at him! He probably broke free and escaped from someplace and wandered in here. He's a vandal, he's a walking freak show, a monster!" Gustav says.

"You know Gustav, I was willing to go to bat for you when Tasha said she wasn't sure about you. I even let you convince me to stay after what happened with Derek but now..now you've just totally lost your fucking mind and if I had to guess it's from eating wax and drinking too much absinthe." Dmitri says.

Gustav claps and smiles suddenly changing his mood once again.

"That was quite a speech but unfortunately the part where you said I've totally lost my fucking mind I believe it was? Yes, well that part is wrong. I tell you now that this man lying before you is not worth reporting to the police or worth a proper burial. He's dead and he deserves to be dead here and now and he was likely wandering and causing mischief on this earth long before your parents had a speck of thought of creating you. I'm not insane Dmitri, I'm just a man with far too many skeletons in his factory." Gustav says.

"Let's say we do just forget this, what then? We keep quiet about all this and just leave? We'll take your word for it and you'll take ours not go to the police?" Dmitri says.

"Are we bargaining now Dmitri?" Gustav asks.

"Mr. Vandaldrake what happened to you? Why are you

acting like this?" Melina asks.

"He's not acting any way babe. This is who he is. This is who he's been all along. A crazy old man in a creepy factory with an unhealthy obsession for wax." Dmitri says.

"Sticks and stones Dmitri, sticks, and stones. But you see I know you're not going to tell the police because I'm afraid I can't let you leave, at least not yet. Now before you go asking what does he mean he's not going to let us leave? Well, I'll show you." Gustav says.

Everyone stands there in shock and silence as Gustav reveals a totally different side of himself. Tasha was right about him all along but even she at this very moment wish she wasn't right especially after they bonded over the wax crafting.

"Gustav, what happened? Dude, you were laughing with us and showing us around just an hour ago and now you've cracked wide open like a pistachio." Derek asks.

"You've all been such wonderful guests and for that I thank you but it would seem that the lines between reporting a murder, covering a murder up and believing an old man's story is far too big a gap for me to just be jolly about. But to answer your question dude, I really want you to truly experience the wax factory for all it has to offer," Gustav says.

"Mr. Vandraldrake, we'll just go okay? We will pick another place to write a report on and we won't say a word to the police." Tasha says.

"Oh my dear sweet Tasha on the contrary, I want you to write about this place but the better question is will you still want to after I allow you to leave?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Dmitri asks.

"Well you see I wasn't going to have them come up because we were all just having such a great time but now that some stuff has come to light I feel that perhaps I should bring them up. Rogi go tell them to come up and join us won't you?" Gustav says.

"What are you talking about? Whose here?" Dmitri asks.

"You shall see soon enough. Now, remember, I said I can't allow you to leave just yet because we haven't played that game we were supposed to play." Gustav says.

"We're not playing any games with you Gustav, we're done with this place!" Dmitri says.

"Yes, I suppose you probably feel like we've been playing a game huh? Well, even so, I just want us to play one more and then you can leave if that's what you wish. Now I was going to have us play this one game with wax but now I think I've changed my mind and we'll play another." Gustav says.

"What game?" Dmitri says.

As Dmitri asks his question the four deformed looking people, two men, and the two women come up the stairs. They all come through the basement entranceway and then

stand next to one another side by side and stare at the group. The group looks on in horror as they look at the deformed people for the first time. They realize all of them look even more hideous than the dead man lying on the floor. The group looks in shock at the figures standing before them. Dmitri despite his shock manages to speak to Gustav.

"All those times I asked you if we were the only ones in the factory, all those damn times and you lied time and time again."

"Yes well if I had told you I had walking abominations in my factory you'd have run for the door the second you got here and I couldn't have that now could I? This is why I flipped out about the dead man on the floor. This is why I cannot have the police here. Now listen, I like you all very much and I truly am glad to have shown you my factory and I hope it'll make for a smashing story but I think this game will really be quite the touch to end a beautiful day." Gustav says.

"No, we are getting the fuck out of here. We aren't playing any games! We're done!" Dmitri yells but Gustav ignores him.

"What are they? Why do they look like that?" Melina asks.

"I'm afraid I'll have to get back to you on that because right now it's time for our game. It's called secrets and fears and staying alive. The reason we're playing is because you know far too much about my secrets so it's only fair I know about yours. I'll be your host of course and you'll be playing

against these four. Now, who's ready to play?" Gustav says smile wickedly.

Chapter 11- Let's Play A Game

I'll take I wanna live for \$500 Alex! Derek thought about making an awful game show pun but even he had no words for what stood before him and this was no laughing matter.

The group stood in silence and awe at what stood before them. There was no logical explanation for it at least not that they knew. An hour ago they were having fun and laughing, ten minutes ago they were fighting for their lives because a deformed man was going to kill them and now four more deformities stood before them. The Wax Factory clearly had a problem differentiating between dreadful and seriousness.

Dmitri decided to do his best to get some answers out of Gustav.

"Gustav, we aren't playing a game. What are those things and what the hell is going on?"

"Ah, Dmitri you've become quite the vocal valiant haven't you? It suits you I'll give you that. It's as I told you, my dear boy, I want us to play a game and we shall play with these people you see before you." Gustav says.

"I don't get it, Gustav, just moments ago you were telling us what an abomination the dead guy on your floor was and now you've had four more people who look even worse come up from the basement," Dmitri says.

"Your point?" Gustav asks.

"My point? You just denounced the dead guy for even being a man and yet now it's okay to have four more of them whom you apparently know play a game with us? I'm just really confused." Dmitri says.

"Yes, it is a bit of a conundrum isn't it? Well, I stand by my words for the dead man before us and I could say the same for these active live ones as well but for the sole purpose now they are your opponents so that is why I hold my different demeanor toward them."

"Opponents? What exactly is this game we're going to be playing?" Derek asks.

"Have you ever heard of the phrase Survival of the Fittest?"

"Only the strong survive!" Derek says

"Yes, precisely Derek, only the strong will survive," Gustav says.

"A game of life or death is that what you're saying?" Dmitri says

"Is that what I'm saying, Dmitri?" Gustav asks

"Stop answering our questions with another question!"

"My apologies. In a way, I suppose it could be considered life or death but only if it were to get to that point. Assuming you all have the will and the gamely instincts

then perhaps there will be no deaths at all." Gustav says.

"So tell us about this game. What is it and what do we have to do?" Dmitri asks.

"Well, I think we'll start off this game with you all telling me your fears and your innermost secrets," Gustav says.

"That's it?" Dmitri asks

"Well yes, it's quite simple. Each of you goes around and tell us all one of your biggest fears or secrets preferably one of each from every one of you and then well we shall see where it goes from there." Gustav explains.

"What's the catch?" Dmitri asks

"Catch? Why none. I told you I wanted to play a game with you. As I said before you know my secrets so it's only fair you know mine. Now as for my four friends here well they are for the small game afterward and they are perhaps tied into the one we will play but in the meantime let us play shall we?" Gustav says.

Dmitri thinks about making a break for the door but he doesn't know if it's locked, how fast those things are and what awaits on the outside so he decided along with everyone else to stay put and play Gustav's game.

"Alright, Gustav but when exactly do you plan on letting us leave?" Dmitri asks.

"Shortly, shortly I promise I am not keeping you from

leaving but I just want us to finish this day up, get some things settled and you can be on your merry ways," Gustav says.

"Alright well let's get this over with then."

"Splendid, let us start with our already most spooked guest Tasha, shall we? Tasha, what is it you fear the most?" Gustav says.

Tasha looks frightened already just thinking about it but then decides to speak without getting choked up.

"I'm..I'm afraid of ghosts and dolls. Those are my biggest fears."

"No Tasha those are not your biggest fears. I can see it in your eyes your keeping it from us. If I had to guess I'd say your nothing but a two cent whore whose biggest fear is caring so much about what people think of you. Your fear is that society and your friends think your worthless and nothing but a hussy." Gustav says.

Derek gets in Gustav's face surprising everyone including Derek himself.

"You know I thought you were cool man but what you just said wasn't cool at all. You need to chill out and stop making assumptions and just let us play the game."

Gustav backs away from Derek before speaking.

"Be mad all you want at me for speaking what you know is

true. Now Derek since you are the big man on campus why don't you go next and tell us your biggest fear."

The group notice that the four deformed figures are gone and nowhere to be found.

"Where'd those people go?" Dmitri asks.

"Oh, they'll be back shortly, in the meantime Derek tell us your biggest fear," Gustav says.

"Well, I guess my biggest fear is getting injured really bad and not being able to play football again."

"Hmm, can't argue with that it's a noble and reasonable response," Gustav says.

Tasha is crying on Melina's shoulder before she puts her head up and says she's okay. Melina looks at her and smiles and then turns to look at Gustav and her mood and expression change immediately.

"Melina my dear, what is your biggest fear?" Gustav says.

"Being buried alive and not being able to have the future with Dmitri that I want."

"Buried alive? My, my that is quite a fear and yes I suppose your potential future becoming shattered dreams would be a big fear. Alright, Dmitri your turn but you can't say not being able to have a future with Melina because she's already said it." Gustav says.

"My biggest fear is that I'm going to go to jail for killing an old man with a wicked mouth and sick sense of humor," Dmitri says.

"Vocal valiant again eh? Dmitri please, threats do not suit you and besides, you got mad when a deformed man was killed in front of you and you wanted justice so I hardly believe you would kill although I did say I wonder." Gustav says.

"Fine, you wanna know my biggest fear? Not living up to my potential in life. Not being what I should be." Dmitri says.

"A fear of not living up to your potential? Well then Dmitri it seems I underestimated you, it seems you and I have more in common than I thought." Gustav says.

"How so? You and I are nothing alike." Dmitri says.

"You thought we did earlier but your response hit me. I too once thought I wouldn't live up to my potential but I did so you see I can relate to your fear." Gustav says.

"This is reaching your potential?" Dmitri asks

"Well, yes and no. It's a bit complicated but for the most part yes. Making wax the future like my great grandfather wanted and being a hard dedicated worker was my potential"

"Is that living up to your potential or your great grandfather's?" Dmitri asks.

"Hmm, I suppose that's a good question. Both, I guess. I wanted to make my family proud but at the same time I wanted to be proud of myself and although you may not understand it right now in a way I have." Gustav says back.

"But what's your biggest fear, Gustav? I mean if we all have to share then you have to as well but you can't say not living up to your potential because Dmitri already said it. Your rule" Melina asks.

"You're absolutely right Melina we do all have to share and I will and your also right about that so I must share another fear. Well, I guess my other biggest fear is losing my wife. I did this all for her so she and I could have a future. If something happened to her.."

The group feels slight pity for Gustav's response but then again they can all relate to it in one way or another.

"So what's next?" Derek asks.

"Your biggest secret revealed," Gustav says.

"We could easily make something up," Dmitri says.

"You could but I mean we've come this far. I'm not diabolical Dmitri. I'm not going to use your fears against you and I certainly can't use your secrets against you either. I'm merely an old creepy man with a wax obsession wasn't that it? So humor me, tell me for the sake of me just wanting to know."

"Fine but I really don't get all this," Dmitri says.

"It's as I just told you. All I have is this factory so I don't get out much and when I do it's for this place so I get my kicks out of knowing a couple of young people's fears and secrets. Now, who wants to go first? I bet these will be good. Something like, Tasha slept with Dmitri once or Melina isn't the goody goody she makes herself out to be or that Derek favors the company of gentlemen over a beautiful woman." Gustav says smiling afterward.

Everyone's expression changes to a stern cold look toward Gustav.

"They're nothing like that you son of a bitch," Derek says wanting to berate Gustav.

"I've never been unfaithful to Melina ever and Tasha is my friend we both respect Melina," Dmitri says.

"Oh I know I was just thinking devious, please forgive me. Now, who wants to start? Dmitri why don't you go first."

"I cheated on a test once," Dmitri says

"That's it? Oh please, surely you can do better than that." Gustav says.

"Alright, I cheated off Melina and she didn't know."

"Dmitri!" Melina says slightly shocked.

"What? I really needed to pass that test." Dmitri says.

"Melina how about you? Secret?" Gustav says.

"I own a gun. I bought it a few years ago."

The group looks at Melina in shock as none of them knew she owned one.

"Interesting! Derek?" Gustav says.

"I once stole money from one of my teammates."

"Ah, stealing is always quite a secret reveal. And last by not least. Tasha?"

"I have feelings for Derek," Tasha says.

"Oh really? Derek, did you hear that? Tasha likes you!" Gustav says.

Melina puts her hand on Tasha's shoulder as Dmitri looks surprised. Derek raises his eyebrows but puts his head down as he's unsure if the statement is true or Tasha is lying just to give Gustav the satisfaction as his response was a lie.

"Well that was fun wasn't it?" Gustav asks.

"What about you Gustav? What's a secret of yours?" Dmitri asks.

"Hmm well let's see, you know I guess it would be that there's a somnambulist down in the basement as I told you earlier. Someone who's in deep slumber but will soon awaken and no it's not one of those hideous beings or bats as I said earlier." Gustav says.

Melina goes to ask him but Dmitri stops her saying he's tired of all the strange happenings and responses and at this point just wants to go home. As Dmitri is talking the four deformed beings make their way up the stairs and the two men grab Tasha and run downstairs with her. The two deformed women make their way back down the stairs as well.

"Tasha!" Melina says.

"You son of a bitch this was your plan all along," Dmitri says.

"Hide and seek? Yes, yes it was. Did I tell you I like games? I'm a Gemini!" Gustav says.

"What are you talking about? I meant it was your plan all along to take Tasha so then we'd have to go and find her." Dmitri says.

"Yes, hide and seek. Also, I just threw that last part in." Gustav says as he holds his head.

"Will Tasha be harmed?" Melina asks.

"I'm afraid I can't answer that. I haven't the slightest idea what those freaks have in mind for her. I won't stop you though so, by all means, please go and find her" Gustav says.

Gustav steps out of the way and Dmitri, Melina and Derek run down the stairs to find Tasha.

Gustav slowly walks to his office and opens the door. He grabs the absinthe on his desk and pours another glass and drinks it down. He repeats this process two more times before walking out and closing the door behind him as always. He slowly walks over to the front door but stops at the work station with the groups wax creations. He picks up Tasha's wax bowl and looks it over before he brings it up to his mouth and takes a bite. He chews until he swallows the wax then takes another bite and puts it back down on the table.

Gustav opens the front door of the factory and looks out while standing inside the doorway. He sees that it's become dark and foggy out. A gray mist consumes the streets and has formed a circle around the factory. Light rain is the final aspect of gloom weather as it falls from the abyss above. Gustav takes it all in for a moment and smells the rain before he steps back inside and closes the door. He locks it from the top and then just before the door handle. He finishes chewing and swallows the second batch of wax in his mouth. He smiles for a moment before he puts his hands behind his back and slowly walks and begins humming. He stops in the center of the work station and begins dancing while humming away.

* * * * *

The group make their way down the stairs and look around in the first room. They see everything is as it was the last time they were in there. There's no sign of Tasha or any of the deformed people. They make their way into the second room and look around and see something strange to the right side. Part of the wall which is caked in wax appears to

have a hidden door which was unnoticeable due to the tons of rock and wax upon it. Dmitri runs his hand gently across the wall.

The wax seems to melt and the building seems to cry upon his touch.

"Guys, there's a door here. Someone must've just been in here otherwise we wouldn't have noticed. Looks like Gustav has more than one secret." Dmitri says before opening the door.

As they step inside they see a strange and gravely site. The room is small in size laying in the middle of the room all bloodied and bruised is Rogi. Laying next to Rogi on both sides and hanging on a wall are human skeletons.

"Oh my god!" Melina says as she's startled by seeing Rogi in the room and seeing the creepy skeletons.

"Gustav wasn't lying when he said he had skeletons in his closet," Derek says.

Melina kneels down to attend to Rogi who is badly injured.

"Are you alright? Did those things do this to you?"

He very slowly nods his head yes, pauses and nods again.

"Rogi, did you see where they took Tasha?"

Rogi nods his head yes and very slowly puts up three fingers indicating he saw them take her to the third room of

the basement but then he puts up four fingers.

"I don't understand," Melina says

Rogi rolls over in pain and is unable to tell Melina anything else.

"Poor guy is injured we need to get him some help," Melina says.

He rolls back over so he's facing Melina and reaches out to her. He points to himself and then gives a thumbs up that he's okay. Then points to the entrance and then points at all of them.

"I think he's trying to say he's okay and he wants us to go find Tasha," Melina says

Rogi nods his head yes.

"Okay Rogi, we'll go find Tasha but we're going to come back for you and get you out of here too."

The group then make their way back to the second room and then head to the third room. As they are walking through the long strange corridor to the third room they begin hearing voices from all around. The voices are faint echoes and words can't really be placed however through the voices

Melina manages to hear one cry out help me. She stops for a moment and hears it again.

"Melina come on!" Dmitri says.

The group makes their way to the third room and they find two of the deformed figures a man and woman at each end of the incinerator and Tasha is tied down to a wooden board ready to go in. They see Tasha and don't think to look around for the other two.

"Oh my god, Tasha!" Melina yells.

"Back away from her you freaks!" Dmitri yells.

The two stare at him and make no expression until the woman who is the closest to them on their side begins running toward Dmitri however before she can reach him Melina decks her right in the face with a powerful forearm clothesline. The woman's head jerks back and she falls over.

Melina then begins stomping on the woman's face repeatedly making sure she doesn't get up.

Dmitri pulls her away from the woman.

"Baby, baby, calm down! It's alright, you got her!" Dmitri says holding onto Melina before she relaxes and he lets her go.

The other figure, the man comes from the other side of the incinerator and stares at Dmitri. He holds a metal prod in his hands that he raises high above his head before he comes running toward him. Before the guy can reach Dmitri however, Derek tackles him to the ground and rips

the metal prod from his hand. He takes it in his own hand and hits him in the head with it twice.

Dmitri and Melina rush over to Tasha and untie her from the board and get her off the incinerator. Derek remains on top of the deformed man waiting for him to strike again but he remains unconscious.

"Are you alright Tasha?" Dmitri asks.

"Yeah, just freaked out!"

"Where are the other two?" Melina asks.

"There's a hidden compartment on the other side of the room on the floor," Tasha says.

"But we're already underground," Dmitri says.

"Yeah well, apparently it goes down way further. I don't know what's down there but they've been down there since I was tied to the incinerator." Tasha says.

Derek rejoins the group and hugs, Tasha, letting her know he's glad she's alright. Just as the group is talking the woman gets up and runs toward Melina and grabs her by the hair and drags her over to the incinerator. Melina elbows the woman as she backs up against the wall. Melina then grabs the woman by her thin frail bony shoulders and throws her as she tumbles onto the incinerator. Tasha's eyes widen as she sees one of her captors now vulnerable on the incinerator in the same position she was. She runs over to Melina and looks at the button on the wall and pushes it.

The woman whose on the board stomach down begins moving as she feels herself going into the incinerator. She tries moving and getting up but her body placement on the board confuses her and she is unable to get up. Tasha puts her dangling leg from off the board and onto it so her whole body is now on the board going into the incinerator. The woman manages to get up from her knees but not before she feels the fires on her feet and the pressure brings her back down and she slowly goes into the fires of the incinerator. Her screams fill the machine as she burns.

"Burn in hell you fucking bitch!" Tasha yells to her satisfied to have gotten rid of her.

The deformed man slowly gets up and Derek did a number on his face. What was already crooked and deformed has become a blob of a cheek. The man's left cheek has pushed over to where his mouth and nose should be as his mouth and nose are now on the other side of his face and his cheek has drooped down.

"Holy crap he looks even worse! How is that even possible?!" Derek says.

The man charges toward Derek who manages to jump out of the way. The group watches on as the man stops and turns around. Derek picks up the metal prod he used to hit the man the first time and waits for him. The man looks at Tasha and guns for her. Dmitri steps in front of Tasha before the man can get to her. He moves his arm back as if he's going to swing it into Dmitri but before he can Derek hits him with the metal prod. The man pulls his arm back as Dmitri punches the man in the face. Dmitri's entire fist is

absorbed into the man's face which has become total mush. He's able to retract and remove his fist and looks at it and sees skin, tissue, and an odd substance that appears to be wax. His nose shatters and detaches from his face completely as it flies off into the air. His face muscles or what was left of them have also shattered upon impact. His eyes drooped down and have also flown off his face from the impact.

The man falls to the ground and covers his face or rather what's left of it. The skin has been taken clear off his body along with his facial features which now sit on the ground in a blob-like heap.

The man yells out a somber cry as he continues to hold his face.

"Holy shit dude you took his face right off!" Derek says.

"No, it appears his face had wax and other chemicals in it. My knuckle is covered in it." Dmitri says back.

"What do we do with him?" Tasha asks.

"I mean he can't see, smell or taste anything so I mean let's just let him sit here and suffer. Let Gustav deal with him." Dmitri says.

As Derek rejoins the group the man hears his movements and manages to grab him by the leg. Without a single second of thought, Derek still with the metal prod in his hand drives the prod through the man's neck as it goes in and out the other side. The man now holds his neck gasping

for breath before he falls to the floor dead.

"You remember that thing Gustav said to Rogi about killing so suddenly? Well until your in such a situation you really don't know how to feel about it." Derek says.

"I've seriously had enough of this place, let's get the hell out of here," Dmitri says.

Before the group head back to the second floor, they go over to the small door on the floor. Dmitri puts his head in and looks but it's too dark to see anything.

"What do you think's down there?" Melina asks.

"Well seeing as we're already in the basement this must lead down to some kind of tunnel system," Dmitri says.

"Well, who knows how far it goes down. I'm not curious so let's just get out of here." Melina says.

"Dmitri move out of the way I want to at least get an idea of what's down there," Derek says.

"Derek no, come on let's get out of here," Tasha says.

"It's fine Tasha, I'll only be a minute and if anything happens I'll yell," Derek says.

Derek then begins crawling down the latter and into the tunnels of the basement. Dmitri reminds him to use the flashlight on his phone and they all tell him to hurry up. Tasha begins shaking as she's afraid of the whole situation

and just wants to get out of the place. After what seems like forever Derek comes back up and dusts himself off.

"What did you see down there?" Dmitri asks.

"Not much, just stone walls that look like they go on and on forever. It's definitely a deep tunnel system. I did see a skeleton sitting up against the wall but that's about it. Wherever those things are they are down there quite a ways. I also saw a torch up on the wall about fifty feet down or so but to be honest I couldn't see shit down there."

Back in the second room Gustav has made his way down and has found the injured Rogi on the ground. Rogi groans before he turns his head and sees Gustav.

"Oh Rogi, you were always the best of them. You've been a loyal servant to me and for that, I am forever grateful. It is because of you that I am alive today. I cannot see you suffer anymore my friend and I hope that unlike the spirits that roam this place you will find peace." Gustav says.

Gustav then takes a carving knife and jams it into Rogi's stomach. He twists and turns it as Rogi groans and looks like he's in incredible pain.

"Goodbye my dear boy, you truly are one of a kind," Gustav says.

As Rogi lies on the ground he feels his life withering away. Just before he loses breath he grabs

Gustav by the arm and looks into his eyes and for the first

time he speaks.

"Maaaasssssstteerrrrrrr...."

Chapter 12- Game Over

A man smiles brightly while scratching his beard and then taking his glasses off to clean them next to the incinerator. It was one of the more pleasant residual hauntings in the factory and the same that Lady Viv had seen earlier.

"I think that's the guy that Lady Viv said she saw earlier! The guy who likely ran the incinerator here." Melina says.

The group smile at the residual haunting and take it as a nice thing to see given the recent events that have taken place. They see the man light a match and then he brings the match up to his pipe to light it and smokes it while smiling away until he disappears. After the man disappears the group decides to head back into the second room of the basement to go get Rogi. As they get there they notice the door is now slightly closed. Melina rushes over to the door and opens it to find Rogi is now dead.

"Oh no! He's dead!" Melina says as a tear goes down her cheek

"He said he was fine a-" Dmitri stops mid-sentence as he looks at Rogi's stomach and sees the wound.

"Looks like he was stabbed. It could've been by another deformed figure or it could've been by Gustav himself." Dmitri says.

"Yeah, it was probably Gustav who saw it as a mercy killing. Poor Rogi." Melina says shedding more tears as she wipes her eyes.

Melina slowly gets up as Dmitri then consoles her. Derek looks around the room trying to see if he notices anything he didn't the last two times they were in here. Tasha rubs her arm as she's developed a slight bruise from when she was placed on the board.

"Everyone double check to make sure there's no more hidden doors or secret compartments. The way this place has revealed itself to us lately I want to make sure we don't miss a single spot." Derek says taking action.

All four of them break up and look around the entire room. Derek kneels down in front of a small table that had always been there but what they didn't notice was the small box underneath the table. Derek clears off the huge mass of cobwebs blocking access to the box. He shakes the cobwebs off his arm and then pulls the box out. He looks inside and sees a bunch of rings and wax stamp seals. He picks up a few of the rings and realizes they are made of wax.

"Hey guys, check this out," Derek says to the rest of the group.

The girls walk over to Derek to see what he found but Dmitri didn't hear him as he sees the spirit of a young woman over by the far doorway of the room Rogi is in. She's wearing an old fashioned Victorian-era dress and she's smiling at Dmitri and waving him over as if telling

him to come to her. She fades away as Dmitri feels chills run down his spine. He then gets out of his trance of seeing the spirit and then turns around to see everyone else is kneeling down. Dmitri walks over to them.

"What did you guys find?" Dmitri asks.

"Derek found a bunch of wax rings and wax stamp seals," Melina says.

Derek takes a handful and puts them into his pocket.

"Derek!" Tasha says.

"Does it really matter if I steal from this place at this point? Besides these things are kind of cool." Derek says.

Tasha makes a gesture to Derek indicating he made a good point and she then sticks her hand in the box and grabs herself a handful for rings and stamps. Melina does the same and so does Dmitri.

"I love how through all of the crap we've been through we have found a small silver lining of souvenirs," Dmitri says.

Derek places the box back under the table and gets back up. The group then give the room one more look as Melina looks over near the doorway at Rogi's body.

"I'm sorry babe, I know he really liked you," Dmitri says to Melina.

"Yeah, I know he liked me and I thought he was such a nice

and polite man. I wish there was something we could do for him I hate just leaving him there." Melina looks down.

Dmitri puts his arm around Melina as the group take one final look and then head to the first room of the basement as they hear music playing.

"Do you guys hear that?" Derek asks.

"Sounds like music coming from the next room," Melina says.

The group make their way into the first part of the basement and look to their left and notice the shelf up against the wall has been opened up revealing another secret room. As they look inside the room they notice the room is big in size, in fact, it's not an add on but is another room entirely. The roof is much like the one in the second room with a high ceiling. To the left, they see a giant Grandfather clock likely made of wax as well as a beat-up metal shelf with a ton of gentlemen's walking sticks on them on the right side. Straight ahead they see Gustav sitting in a Victorian-era style chair playing a giant organ.

The music plays loudly as the sound emits from the pipes which are covered in and dripping wax. A closer inspection of the organ reveals that it is made entirely of wax with only the foundation being wood and as Gustav plays it, the wax seems to come alive from the top of the pipes as it slowly drips down.

"You have got to be kidding me.." Derek says in awe.

"If he turns around wearing a phantom mask I'm gonna lose it," Tasha says.

Gustav finishes playing the organ as he hears talking behind him. He slowly turns around and smiles as he sees his guests.

"Ah, there you all are I was beginning to get worried. Tasha, I see you well and unharmed."

"Yeah, no thanks to you. We're so fucking done with this place and we're beyond done with you." Tasha says.

"Yes, I suppose our tour has come to end hasn't it? Do you like the organ? My great grandfather and Edward Langston built it. They both enjoyed organ music so they thought why not try to build what they enjoyed with the thing they loved?"

"Yeah, it's swell. A lot of hidden rooms in here I noticed." Dmitri says.

"Yes, there certainly is isn't there? Of course not as many rooms as H.H Holmes' Murder Castle but still quite impressive."

"Yeah well speaking of murder; your deformed friends tried to murder us but the two of them were unsuccessful," Dmitri says.

"By God, did you kill them?" Gustav asks.

"Well one of them tried to put Tasha in the incinerator and

burn her alive so Tasha did it to her and one of the guys was coming at Derek so drove a metal prod through one of the men's heads. Not like they had a choice"

"Ah, so you do have the instinct to kill within you. See you aren't so different than them." Gustav says.

"We aren't having this conversation again Gustav, it was self-defense. Anyone with a brain would have done the same."

"Perhaps your right but two of you have killed people in my factory although they certainly aren't the first or even the second or third deaths in the factory today."

"What are you talking about?" Dmitri asks.

"Go check out the shelf on the other side of the room to the right of the table. Just push it in and it'll move, you'll see what I'm talking about."

Derek walks over to the shelf and pushes it forward as it moves to show the hidden room. The rest of the group walk over and Derek takes a step back and Melina and Tasha shriek as they see the dead body's of Jeremy and Lady Viv.

"Oh my god! Lady Viv! Jeremy!" Melina exclaims

Everyone shows a look of shock upon seeing the lifeless bodies but it's Dmitri whose shock that suddenly turns to anger toward Gustav.

"Are you fucking serious right now?!" You knew they were

dead this whole time and you just let it happen? Who did it? You or your deformed freaks?!" Dmitri asks question after question now furious.

"Calm down, calm down. If you must know I only came across the mess in there a little while ago so it wasn't me. I imagine it was one of them. Poor Lady Viv looks like she was the mess on the first floor. Poor guy..err woman got it pretty bad." Gustav says.

"You're unbelievable," Dmitri says.

Derek thinks about walking over to Lady Viv to see the carnage but he gets half way and thinks it's close enough as he sees all the blood and gore coming off her.

"Oh! Do you see those cages? That's where I keep them. They come and go as they please but they always know their place and end up back inside the cages."

"I'm kind of curious but at this point, I don't even wanna know. I just wanna get out of here so you know what Gustav if you're done with amusing yourself we're gonna get out of here and report you for several counts of murder and several counts of attempted murder." Dmitri says.

"Ah, there you go again insisting to bring the authorities into all of this but I assure you, Dmitri, no man or woman of even the highest rank of authority will believe you. The factory has been closed for years for one and second the story in itself sounds far-fetched especially if you really knew the truth." Gustav says.

"What truth is that?"

"Well, there's a lot and I do say a lot I haven't told you and I haven't exactly been truthful about," Gustav says.

"Well then spill the beans for us, Gustav, what are you waiting for? Do tell." Dmitri says.

"Oh I will but not just yet but I'll start with what I told you earlier about there being a somnambulist down here in the basement."

"Oh right, the sleepwalker," Melina says.

"Yes, Melina won't you do the honors this time and go move the shelf on the other side where I keep my books and where you saw me get that German book from."

Melina walks over to the shelf and does the same thing Derek did and pushes the shelf as it goes forward and opens to reveal a room. The group walks over and they all see two empty cages and a coffin inside the small room.

"This is great! Now he's got frickin Dracula in there! This place is a horror movie!" Derek says amused.

"No, no, nothing like that" Gustav says.

"Well let's see who's in there then," Dmitri says.

"Not just yet. I would like to reveal other things to you first."

"No, too late you wanted to show us so let's see who's in there," Dmitri says as he walks over to the coffin and tries to open the lid but he can't.

Derek joins in and tries to pry the lid open but it's too tight and won't budge. After a few minutes, they give up.

"Alright Gustav well whatever you have in there I guess we won't get to see and I know you won't tell us," Dmitri says.

"No because what would be the fun in that? Besides you know I love games so you can all play the guessing game with whose in the coffin? And whose the somnambulist down in the basement?" Gustav says.

"We don't care at this point we just wanna get out of here!. How many times do we have to tell you that?!" Tasha says.

"Well then Tasha let us go to the first floor where I will allow you to leave but before you do I have a feeling you're going to wanna hear what I have to say," Gustav says.

"Why's that?" Dmitri asks.

"Well, I am going to tell you the truth about The Wax Factory and the reason behind all of the pain and suffering you've all endured while being in here."

* * * * *

The Wax Factory, 1888

Ghyslain gets ready to sign his John Hancock on the document which will give Thom Brockington the rights to

the factory but before he does Brockington notices the large wax container in the back.

"What in tarnation is that?" Brockington asks

Ghyslain doesn't sign and turns around to look at the container.

"Ah, you must mean the giant wax container. They put that in here oh about ten to fifteen years ago. It's an easier way to store certain kinds of wax rather than order it all the time. There's actually a funnel that connects to the bottom and goes all the way down the basement steps."

"Fascinating. Do you still use it as such?" Brockington asks.

"Oh yes, yes. I actually just had it filled last week." Ghyslain says.

"Do you mind if I take a closer look?" Brockington asks.

"Not at all, let us go check it out," Ghyslain says.

Ghyslain and Brockington walk side by side into the workstations and down past them and over to the wax container. Brockington looks up at it in awe totally taken by it.

"Most people would see a plain old container but I've worked with something similar to this and I gotta tell you it's quite a tool to have in a factory."

"That it is, it makes things so much easier," Ghyslain says.

"I just wonder what I'll need to for I mean I don't plan on keeping the wax in there since I'll be working with steel but wow, it truly is quite a site."

Ghyslain suddenly snaps back into reality and remembers that he was about to sign the paper in his hand selling the factory over to him. He looks at the large container and then at Brockington. His expression goes from joyous to sad as he hears Brockington mention steel.

"Say, you think this thing could store other things? Like steel beams? Metal shavings? Maybe a glue or other type of substance?" Brockington asks.

"Steel beams?! Mr. Brockington this container you see before you was made for wax, not for steel. You couldn't hold anything in there and you definitely couldn't use the funnels, they'd break from the sheer material and feel of steel going through them." Ghyslain explains

"Hmm, that's a shame. I guess I'll have to dispose of it or I'll put it in the back and use it as a place to put trash and scraps." Brockington says.

Ghyslain's sad expression suddenly turns to anger upon hearing Brockington's last statement. The anger comes full circle and everything Brockington has said to this point to upset Ghyslain has made him reach his boiling point. He grips the pen tightly in his hand and as Brockington is still looking at the container Ghyslain jams the pen into the side of Brockington's neck stabbing him.

Brockington yells and immediately holds his hands to his neck. He begins wobbling around holding his hands to his neck where the pen is. Blood permutates from his neck.

"What the hell did you do?!" Brockington asks still yelling in pain, gasping for breath and wobbling around.

Ghyslain sees that he is fairly close to the basement stairs. With a look of pure evil in his eyes, Ghyslain kicks Brockington in the knee and Brockington loses his balance as he falls and tumbles down the basement steps. Ghyslain stands still with a cold evil look on his face. He suddenly snaps back to reality and looks at his hands and is unsure what's just happened.

"What...what...what have I done?"

Ghyslain now trembling with his hands shaking slowly begins walking down the basement stairs. He talks to himself as he walks down each step more and more confused by what he's just done.

As he reaches the bottom he sees Brockington on the floor on his stomach completely motionless. Ghyslain stares at him for about ten seconds before he again he snaps out of his trance and rushes over to him.

"Oh god Mr, Brockington!"

Ghyslain kneels over Brockington's body and see's the pen still sticking out of his neck. He decides to check for a pulse on the other side of his neck but doesn't feel one. Ghyslain's face turns to shock and disbelief as he realizes he's just killed, Thom Brockington. He then looks in his hand and

remembers he's still holding the contract. Ghyslain now remembers why he stabbed Brockington in the neck and no longer feels bad for the murder he's just committed. He walks over to the table where there's a lit candle. He takes the candle and runs it over the edge of the contract as it begins burning. Once it's fully burning Ghyslain drops the paper from his hands as it burns into a pile of nothing.

A young man walks into the room from the second floor and see's Brockington's lifeless body and Ghyslain standing there.

"YOU! What are you doing down here?! I thought I made it clear that no one was to show up for work for another three hours!"

The man says nothing as he's in total shock at the display before him.

"What? You've never seen a dead body before? Well, he deserved it, he wanted me to sell the factory over to him! He kept trying to tell me that steel was the future and he was going to use the wax container as a place for scraps! Can you believe that?! Scraps! I had to do it, I had to stop him." Ghyslain says to the man completely disregarding or caring to ask the man why he was there, to begin with.

The man walks over to Brockington's body and checks for a pulse.

"Yes, yes he's dead I already checked. Now I know you're in shock but I need your help to dispose of the body." Ghyslain says.

The man looks at him but before he can speak Ghyslain does.

"Oh don't give me that look, young man! You're in my factory before work hours in the back doing god knows what so the least you can do is help me in removing this body."

"Okay...Mr.Vandaldrake sir..." The man says.

Ghyslain looks down at Brockington's body and he remembers when he said he was going to use the container for trash and scraps. He also remembers Brockington saying how steel was the future. He hears it in his head over and over again before he yells out.

"NO WAX IS THE FUTURE!"

The young man becomes startled as well as frightened to add onto his shock.

Ghyslain now once again fully enraged goes over to the other room where there's a giant organ. He goes over to a table and hanging above the table is a hatchet. He grabs the hatchet off the wall and goes over to Brockington.

"Steel is the future eh, Mr. Brockington? Not in this factory!" Ghyslain says as he drives the hatchet into Brockington. He then begins stabbing Brockington with the hatchet over and over as blood splatters onto his face.

"THIS IS MY FACTORY! WAX IS THE FUTURE! WAX IS THE FUTURE! LONG LIVE THE WAX!!"

Ghyslain keeps driving the hatchet into Brockington's body until he's too tired to do so. He looks down at his work and then at his hands covered in blood. He drops the hatchet next to him and begins sobbing. The young man watched the entire thing and is huddled next to the bookshelf in complete shock and what he's just seen. Ghyslain stops sobbing and looks at Brockington once more and smiles wickedly. Again it's as though he hears Brockington in his head telling him to give up the factory. Saying wax is the future. Ghyslain hears the chatter in his head of Brockington nonstop. He gets up and looks at his work. Seeing as he's only sliced and hacked at

Brockington's body Ghyslain grabs the hatchet and begins hacking off parts of Brockington's body.

He removes his arms, legs, part of his scalp and his feet. He looks up at the young man almost forgetting he was there. Ghyslain now covered in blood from head to toe looks speaks to the young man.

"You will not speak of this to anyone do you understand? DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!" Ghyslain berates him.

The young man says nothing and simply nods yes to him in total fear.

"Good, good now you're going to help me clean this up and dispose of his body. In fact, I have an idea."

Ghyslain walks back into the room where he got the hatchet and retrieves a wooden ladder and puts it up against the wall near the entranceway. He then goes back into the room

and gets a tin bucket. Ghyslain begins putting Brockington's limbs into the tin bucket and tells the young man to set the ladder upstairs right near the wax container. Ghyslain carries the bucket upstairs carefully. He then hands the bucket to the young man and tells him to hand him the bucket when he's in the middle of the ladder. The man hands the bucket to Ghyslain who carries it up the ladder and then dumps the limbs inside of it into the batch of potent hot wax. The limbs stay afloat for a moment until they sink into the wax and disappear as the wax bubbles.

"Turns out I was wrong Mr. Brockington, you can put other things in the wax container and since you liked it so much you can now forever be a part of it," Ghyslain says smiling before he slowly comes down the ladder.

Ghyslain and the young man walk down the stairs as Ghyslain grabs his hatchet and looks at what remains of Thom Brockington.

"Well, only two things left to do at this point," Ghyslain says.

Ghyslain pulls the pen out of Brockington's neck and brings the hatchet to his neck as he begins cutting his head off. After a few tries, he manages to separate Brockington's head from his body. He runs the head over an open candle flame to stop it from bleeding and to close up the opening. He then places the head on the corner edge of the table.

Ghyslain then sees an incision he made on Brockington's chest where his heart is. He makes the incision bigger and then puts the hatchet down and reaches into his chest and

pulls out Brockington's heart. He tells the young man who is now shaking uncontrollably to get him a few rags on the table next to him.

Ghyslain takes the rags and wipes the blood from the hatchet. He then takes the heart and puts it in the remaining rags and brings it to the table. He hangs the hatchet back up where it was and looks down at what remains of Thom Brockington, his torso.

"Let's go put the rest of Mr. Brockington into the incinerator shall we?" Ghyslain says to the young man.

The two men return to the first room of the basement having taken Brockington's torso to the incinerator. Ghyslain then gets a large piece of cloth along with some more rags and wipes off the heart. He then reaches over to the middle of the table and grabs a mason jar with brine in it. He opens the lid and places the heart into the jar and puts the lid back on it and seals it tight. He smiles as he looks at the jar and looks around.

"Ah, now that's more work then I've done in quite a while," Ghyslain says.

The young man stands there looking at Ghyslain shaking totally mortified and shocked.

"I thank you for your help young man. I'm sorry for what you must be thinking and what I've made you do but you must understand that this factory means everything to me and I simply could not and would not allow Thom Brockington to take it all away from me."

The young man says nothing as he's completely traumatized.

"I suppose you can't speak because you're in shock, I'm sorry. If you promise to keep quiet about all of this I promise I will reward you handsomely and give you a very good position here at the factory."

The young man looks on but again says nothing.

"Still nothing, eh? Well, I'm going to need to know you accept my offer and you'll do as I say and not speak of this to anyone."

The man says nothing and keeps shaking.

"Oh for heaven's sake stop shaking! At least tell me your name. What's your name?" Ghyslain asks him.

"Rogi sir...my name is Rogi."

"Well Rogi, do you accept my offer to you?"

Rogi nods yes to Ghyslain's offer.

"Well Rogi, I have a feeling you're going to be going places around here."

Chapter 13- Facade

"My name isn't Gustav Vandrdrake, it's Ghyslain Vandaldrake"

"What the hell are you talking about? That's not possible."
Dmitri says.

"Oh, but it is possible and it is true. I am not the great-grandson of Ghyslain because I am Ghyslain."

"You said you were going to tell us the truth and this sounds like the most ridiculous thing you've come up with yet," Dmitri says.

"I understand your skepticism however the truth is almost everything I told you earlier when you first got here as part of my introduction was a lie. I knew if I told you the truth hours ago you'd have made a run for the door. I'm sure you've heard some stories but I assure you this is the truth, I am Ghyslain Vandrdrake."

"That's impossible! That would make you over one hundred years old." Dmitri says.

"One hundred and ninety-eight to be exact. I was born in 1820." Ghyslain says.

"But you said the factory was built in 1835."

"The building was built in 1820 but it didn't truly become the Wax factory until 1835. Back then people started working at a young age. I came to this factory when I was

fifteen years old as a simple menial laborer doing whatever was asked of me. It was until five years later that I became an apprentice to the owner who was my father and five years after that of which I became the owner and caretaker of the Wax Factory."

"You can't possibly expect us to buy any of this."

"Dmitri I have no reason to lie to you anymore and think about it, why would I make this up? Hmm? Why would I keep you here just to tell you a fake story? I wouldn't. I want you to have the knowledge of this factory for your project so now it's time that you shall get it." Ghyslain says.

"But you've already lost your mind," Derek says.

"I could've killed you, I could've had you leave but I've didn't do either. This, my young guests, is my confession of truth, of knowledge to you about the factory so that you can have the greatest report of all time."

Dmitri gets ready to flip out again and accuse him of lying but something in Ghyslain's eyes stops him. He looks at him and then all his friends and he realizes that there's nothing left to lose but to hear him out.

"Alright, Gustav or I mean Ghyslain. Tell us the truth about this place and about you and how it is that you're still alive after all these years." Dmitri says.

"Thank you, Dmitri, I shall tell you all you've wondered and are wondering. Let me first finish off by telling you that when I was 25 when I took over the factory where I would

admire, become enamored with and love this factory for another fifty years."

"But you said your great grandfather er you sold the factory to Thom Brockington," Dmitri says.

"My second lie. I never sold the factory to Thom Brockington, it stayed in business until 1895 until I was forced to close it as the death of Edward Langston five years prior proved to be too hard for me to keep it going. Also business started to dwindle, more and more people came in demanding to buy the place and I myself was becoming tired and ill."

"So did Thom Brockington even exist?" Derek asks.

"Yes, he did Derek. The part of where I was going to sign the factory over to him was true but what I didn't tell you was before I signed the paper he wanted to see the large wax container in the back. We walked over there and he made some wise remark about how he would try to store metal scraps and garbage in there since he had no reason for the wax. After I heard this along with his steel is the future comment I snapped and realized I couldn't sell the factory to him so I stabbed him in the neck with a pen and he fell down the basement stairs where he died." Ghyslain says.

"Holy fuck dude!" Derek says.

"After I got down the stairs I saw his lifeless body there and I began to weep. I knew not of what had come over me but then I kept hearing his voice in my head saying steel is the future over and over and I snapped again. So I went over to

the large room where you saw the organ and grabbed a hatchet from the wall and returned to his body and hacked him into pieces."

Everyone looks on in shock and horror to Ghyslain's disturbing confession. Tasha squirms and feels uneasy as she hears him telling them this. Everyone, especially Tasha take a few more steps back from Ghyslain upon hearing his murder confession and throws up a little.

"Derek, do you remember when you asked me if there was a body in the bottom of the container? Well, you were sort of right. I hacked off Mr. Brockington's arms and legs and threw them into the wax container. They were absorbed by the wax and went to the bottom of the container. I imagined they must've dissolved over time because my workers never mentioned seeing any limbs floating in there!."

"I know I'm gonna hate asking this but what did you do with the rest of him?" Derek asks.

"Well his torso was placed into the incinerator and as for his head well Dmitri knows what happened. Do you recall when you came across those skulls on the shelf down in the basement?"

Well, I didn't acquire those from a university no they are all people who've been killed and Brockington's skull is the one with the candle sticking out of it. Great mantelpiece if I do say so." Ghyslain says.

"Wow, I knew you were sick but this is unbelievable," Dmitri says.

"You're a fucking monster!" Tasha yells

"And who are the other skulls?" Melina asks.

"Other people, employees or perhaps people who came in looking to buy the factory. Brockington's murder is the only one I remember as if it happened yesterday. I really cannot recall the rest I'm afraid, although Rogi may have known."

"Rogi?" Melina says.

"Yes, Rogi has been with me since 1888. He was my first success if you will." Ghyslain says.

"So Rogi is as old as you?" Derek asks.

"Oh no, Rogi I believe was in his early twenties when I performed the experiment on him."

"Experiment?" Dmitri asks.

"Yes. This is where I am probably going to confuse you, baffle you and simply blow your young minds." Ghyslain says.

"Alright let's hear it."

"Very good. Well, I'm sure you're wondering how is it that I am standing here before you at over one hundred years old and look as I do well it's as I've been telling you since you stepped foot in that door I believed that wax was and is the future."

"So wax is the reason you're still alive? Are you saying wax is the fountain of youth?" Tasha asks.

"In a sense, yes but unlike Ponce De Leon I didn't set out to discover it I created it. You see after Langston died I truly didn't know what to do. I wanted to keep the place open but Langston was also such a big part of this place's success and no one could fill his shoes. So I thought to myself what if wax is the future? What if wax would become more important in the distant future? Well, I was determined to find out so I began experimenting."

"Hold on, you only said you thought wax would become bigger in the future. What made you think it could make you immortal?" Dmitri asks.

"When I first started experimenting by mixing the wax with the chemicals it was really just to see how the wax would take. I had no thought of immortality when I first began, it was simply to see if I could make wax stronger, more useful and if this would be what was to become of wax in the future. Edward Langston was a pivotal reason for when I began thinking that perhaps wax could be used as a solution beyond the normal as he had made several attempts himself and even talked about it in his journals. I knew I wanted to be there in the future for when wax could possibly be bigger than it was; of course I knew I couldn't possibly be there to see if it had. I also knew my factory would not survive so I was willing to take a chance on things which is why I began thinking a little bit out of the box if you will. So I began mixing wax with many of the chemicals you saw down in the basement on the tables."

"Oh my god, I just realized that heart in a jar was a human heart wasn't it?!" Tasha asks ready to vomit.

"Yes, my dear I'm afraid you are correct. Thom Brockington's heart to be precise."

He gives them a moment to digest the thought and then he continues to speak before Tasha vomits yet again. Melina holds her hair back.

"So I began mixing wax with all those chemicals and solutions down in the basement. I also began testing out all the types of wax as well as whether or not it mattered if it needed to be hardened or in liquid form in order for it to work." Ghyslain says.

"When did you have time to do all this?" Dmitri asks.

"I started this type and series of testing and experimenting in 1892 which by then the factory had seen a rapid decrease in sales and so I stopped creating and focused my time on wax for preserving life."

"And it only took you three years? It takes most scientists a lifetime to come up with groundbreaking discoveries." Melina says.

"Ah, forgive me I began testing while Langston was still alive in 1889 but he knew nothing of any of this. I mean yes he knew I was doing something down in the basement but he had no idea I wax mixing was and chemicals together. I can't even imagine how he'd have reacted if he found it. It wasn't until after his death that I became curious by the

thought of creating wax to preserve life so I devoted most of my time to the cause so I spent hours down in the basement."

"So you wanted to use the wax to bring Langston back?" Dmitri asks.

"No, I knew that was a bit of a stretch and besides Edward was already dead and buried and it wasn't until after that the thought crossed my mind. His passing made me realize that you truly don't know how long you have and sometimes we take life for granted. His death also made me realize that I more than ever wanted to live and not only just live but to live in the future and see if wax could truly be the future."

"Your experiments were on the deformed people you had come at us," Dmitri says suddenly realizing.

"Yes, you are correct. You see I admit to you right here and now that I have killed over a dozen people back then. Let's say between twelve and fifteen people and it wasn't until those deformities that I realized that I was one step closer to achieving my goal."

"So you just started killing people just like that? What could make someone just do that?" Melina asks.

"I can only tell you this. When I killed Thom Brockington I regretted it deeply. Despite my change in mood I was different and I made sure nobody knew but the truth was eating away at my brain. I never told anyone not even my wife or Langston."

"Okay but why did you continue to kill people afterward and what made you do it?" Melina asks again almost demanding.

"Brockington was my only kill when Langston was alive," Ghyslain says as he's cut off by Dmitri.

"Did you lie about Langston? Did you kill him next?"

"What?! Dear god no! I would never kill Edward, he was my business partner and my best friend. He died of consumption and to be honest I never got over it. It was part of the reason I killed I suppose. A mix of his death, the haunting reminder of Thom Brockington, the pressures of the business and the fact that more greedy people wanted my building was the reason I continued to kill. It turned me into a totally different person."

"And no one ever knew?" Melina asks

"Not that I know of. If they did they surely would have turned me in." Ghyslain says

"But didn't your employees start to wonder when less and less of them came to work?" Dmitri asks.

"No, because after Langston died and business started to fall I began laying people off so no one thought anything of it. The deformed ones in the factory now were my most loyal of employees who stayed on even after the factory closed. They helped me around with things and with the closing."

"So how exactly did they come to look like that?" Derek asks.

"When I first started testing it was on rats, rodents, small vermin that dwell within typical basement walls but one simple taste of a chemical and they would keel over and die almost instantly. In one case I gave a rat a small sample of wax and well I managed to stuff him without stuffing him I just froze all his insides because the wax caked them up."

"Kind of like that moose head?" Derek says.

"Derek, will you forget about that fucking moose head already?" Tasha yells.

"After small animals proved to be unsuccessful I decided the only true way to find out if my idea worked was to test it on people."

"So that's why they are deformed?" Dmitri asks.

"Yes, but they were not my first test experiments. My first experiments were employees whom I had said I laid off and well it didn't go so well. They were alive when I began the experiment but I knew it was a failure when they died. It took me at least a dozen tries before I got it right and the deformed ones were both a success and failure."

"How so?" Derek asks.

"Well, the good part was they didn't die and their longevity looked promising, however, their looks were drastically altered hence the reason they are horribly deformed and

disfigured. Each of them suffered different types of deformities to which I could not have foreseen happening. I don't remember the year for each of them but after they survived for a year I had hope." Ghyslain says.

"This is insanity. You mean to tell us you performed experiments on people, your own employees and kept them alive but made them look hideous? This really does sound like Frankenstein." Dmitri asks.

"Yes Dmitri, I know it's hard to believe but if you consider my detail and explanation of it all I'm sure you see that I am not insane when I speak of it to you."

"It's out there man, it's really out there," Derek says.

"So what about Rogi? How was he a success?" Melina asks.

"Because Rogi always looked the way he did from the time I first met him until the present day. He was always slightly deformed with a hunch back along with his other small issues. So when I performed the experiment on him and noticed no new blemishes, alterations or changes I knew that I had successfully used the wax with the chemicals to create everlasting life."

"But you didn't know Rogi would live on until you did it to yourself and woke years later," Melina says.

"In a way yes, it was a big gamble but as I said with Rogi showing no new deformities and healthy as the day he stepped foot in the factory I had a good feeling that he was

immortal and wax had preserved his life. I also looked at it this way, if Rogi died then it would be good riddance as he was the only one who knew I was a killer and I'd know it didn't work but if he lived well then there would be success and Rogi would never tell a living soul about what I had done. It was then that I began to create the same batch I did for Rogi for myself. With Rogi's help, I had what would be my preservation of life."

"Okay, so you took the serum or whatever you want to call it but then what? You all just walked about the factory for all these years?" Tasha asks.

"No, we all slumbered. Remember I told you there's a somnambulist down here? Well, they don't walk about but they are the last of us who are in slumber and they will awake whenever they awaken or when I do not know."

"So how did you manage to create a way to sleep for so long?" Dmitri asks.

"Well I'm sure by now you know I'm not just a creator of wax but I'm also a bit of a chemist. Upon reading many books I was able to add the solution that would create a coma-like state within the serum. This state was performed on Rogi, myself and the one who slumbers. I gave it to the deformed ones but they had an odd reaction to it."

"What do you mean by odd? What could be odder than how they look?" Derek asks.

"Have you ever heard of the hypothetical experiment of Schrodinger's Cat? It was devised in 1935 by a doctor of

the same name in which he purposed that a cat in a box is both alive and dead until someone opens the box." Ghislain says.

"I remember hearing something like that in science class but what does it have to do with the deformed people?" Melina asks.

"Well, I use this because the deformed ones were both asleep and awake at the same time. They were in their cages but they did not move and while their eyes were open they were in slumber and they were also awake yet unable to move."

"It sounds like a type of paralysis," Melina says.

"Yes, I suppose that's how you could put it. Also, the one person left who slumbers could also be considered like Schrodinger's Cat because until someone checks the box they are both alive and dead."

"You must've recently come across that theory since it came out in 1935," Dmitri says.

"You would think so but I was awake in 1935 because I wanted to be alive for the 100th anniversary of the opening of the wax factory," Ghislain explains

"So you've been awake since 1895?" Melina asks.

"No. I had no way knowing when I would wake up and there was no way I could make myself wake up at a certain date. So what I did was I gave my somnambulist the wax

serum but I left out the part that creates the coma-like state. So they would be proof of if the serum really worked and sure enough it did. They lived and did not age for forty years and when 1935 came along they woke me up so that I could honor the factory for its 100th anniversary of when it first opened."

"Who is the somnambulist down in the basement Ghyslain?" Dmitri asks.

"I'm afraid that's one secret I'm keeping Dmitri. Everything I tell you will be the truth but I at least want one thing to myself. Besides, I have a feeling they may awake very soon so perhaps you'll get to meet them." Ghyslain says with a mischievous smile.

"Whatever, continue with your story. So how did the celebration go? How did you pull that off?"

"Well, I simply told people I was the grandson of Ghyslain Vandraldrake much like I told you all I was the great-grandson of myself and from there we opened the factory and celebrated. I told them of course that I had plans to open the factory again but I didn't want to right then and there because I felt not enough time had passed."

"So how long were you awake after that?" Melina asks.

"Just a few months of 1935. After that, I gave myself and my slumberer the serum and there we slept until I awoke in 2015."

"So you've been asleep for.," Derek says but is cut off by

Ghyslain

"80 years yes or 120 if you count the first time I was asleep."

"That's insane you're like a real life Rip Van Winkle!"
Derek says

"Yes, I suppose I am," Ghyslain says.

"So you've been awake since 2015. So what have you been doing all this time? Because parts of the factory look like they haven't been touched." Dmitri asks.

"Well I did a lot of exploring in town, I read newer books and caught up with how things are today. The very first thing I did however was see the progress of wax and I must say I was not disappointed. There's many candle outlets, many uses for wax and so many amazing things that I could not have dreamed of back in the 1800s."

"Alright well, anything else you want to share with us?"
Dmitri asks.

"Well let's see..oh there are some minor things such as I never misplaced my keys they've always been on me I just told you that I had misplaced them just to sort of throw you off and make you believe that I'm more confused then I really am. Ah what else, oh the window over there made of wax. I believe I told you that one winter a tree came through it? That was a lie, I threw a man through it and poured wax down his throat until he suffocated and died."

Dmitri's eyes widen to the size of saucers as he gives a look of both shock and awe. The rest of the group are chilled to the bone by the confession.

"Yes, you probably wondered why I even told you about the window earlier. That's why. I believe it was my second kill and I had snapped once more. The young man really pissed me off so I threw him through the window."

Everyone remains silent and keeps letting Ghyslain speak.

"I knew the spirits could harm you but again why would I say anything? I wanted you to believe I was a tired old man with no idea of his surroundings."

"They could've killed us," Derek says.

"Heavens no. They cannot kill you they will just harm you. Believe me, if they could kill you they would have done it by now."

"Anything else?" Dmitri asks unimpressed.

"I believe one of you asked me what was the factory was before it was a wax factory and I told you I didn't know. Well, I actually do know. It was supposed to open the same time it was built in 1820 as a wax factory however there was a minor setback a fifteen-year setback to be exact. They ended up using this place as a safe house for slaves. You may have noticed the tunnel in the third room of the basement? Well, that was for them to come in and out from. That's about all I know on the matter."

"For fifteen years it was used to keep slaves safe?"

"As far as I know yes. Either that or they stopped using it for a period of time and they finally opened it as a factory in 1835."

"Why didn't you ask your father more about the factory and what it was before? I thought you knew everything there was about this place?" Dmitri asks.

"I did ask him but at the time I was never truly interested in knowing why the business aspect stalled. I was only told that it kept slaves safe but I don't know the number of years it was and all I do know is that by 1835 the place was ready to become a wax factory. I did try finding out many years later but people either didn't know or didn't want to talk about it."

"What's down in those tunnels? You must know." Dmitri asks.

"That's also something I wish to keep to myself. I suppose if you truly want to know you can ask the somnambulist if you ever get the chance" Ghyslain says.

"I have to figure the person sleeping down there is either your wife or Edward Langston," Dmitri says.

"Or it could be a third person, it's really hard to say but again I'm afraid I cannot tell you," Ghyslain says as he smiles wide once more.

Dmitri rolls his eyes as does Melina as they stand there

processing all this.

"Is that it?" Tasha asks.

"Now that you mention it no Tasha I'm afraid not. You see I know you've thought I've hated you and you would be right. While I don't hate you, you remind me of someone whom I wish I could forget. It was a time in my life I'm not proud of and when I see you I see her and it just makes my skin crawl."

"Wait so I remind you of someone that you hate?" Tasha asks.

"Yes, that is why I have such disdain for you but it's not your fault it's just my own personal thoughts and feelings."

"So who do I remind you of and what did they do to you?"

Ghyslain is unable to answer as the two remaining deformed people have returned and are standing behind the group. They all turn around and see the woman and the man standing there.

"Oh shit, they're back," Derek says.

"Stand down you two. I'm just telling our guests the truth of myself, this factory and how you came to be." Ghyslain remarks to the two people.

"Do they understand you?" asks Derek

"Yes and no, sometimes they do and sometimes they don't.

I gave up trying to figure it out but sometimes they do as I say and sometimes they stare at me in confusion."

The two deformed people slowly walk by the group and stand next to Ghyslain. He smiles and greets them as he even pats one on the head.

"Do they have names?" Derek asks.

"They did but their names are no longer important."

"I have a question," Dmitri says.

"And what would that be Dmitri?"

"What's your plan for this place now? You said back then that wax was the future and you went out and explored and saw all that wax has become but what exactly do you plan on doing with the place really? Surely it's not to re-open the place as a business like you said so I have to think there's more to it."

"You're getting to know me quite well my young friend and your right. I have three plans for this factory. The first is as I told you originally that I wish to re-open the Wax Factory as a business. The second plan is to open the place up as a wax museum. Perhaps I'll remodel this floor and scatter figures about or devote one of the other floors solely to wax figures. My third plan is to inject more people with my wax serum so that they too can become immortal and if they become deformed along the way oh well so be it. My great gift to the world!"

"There it is! I knew there was some twisted agenda. No way you're doing that." Dmitri says.

"Dmitri it is merely an idea I have who knows if I will truly capitalize on it and besides if you're thinking of stopping me why would you? I can make people immortal!"

"Have you taken a good hard look at society today Ghyslain? Our generation doesn't deserve such a gift as you call it, they'd abuse the privilege worse than you have. Besides immortality clearly isn't all it's cracked up to be I mean look at you." Dmitri says.

"What about me? Do I not seem happy to you? Joyous? Stupendous?"

"You're missing the point Ghyslain, your proof that immortality or living forever or whatever it is you want to call it isn't for us. You became a monster, killed innocent people and created a serum and for what? All so you could honor your fallen partner and find out if wax was big in the future? Newsflash buddy, nobody gives a fuck about wax and it isn't the future"

"How dare you! You've been around me long enough to know not to insult me by saying wax isn't the future because it is!"

"Babe, please don't get him upset again, he was somewhat sane telling us all this," Melina says to Dmitri.

"No Melina I need to say this. Ghyslain Vandarldrake thinks he's created the end of all our troubles but he hasn't.

He's just a crazy old man who gets off on wax.
Ghyslain laughs before speaking.

"I see what you're trying to do Dmitri but it's not going to work. You really should listen to your beloved girlfriend because she's right. I have calmed down to my normal self after I went off on you earlier and yet for some reason you are trying to anger me again."

"I'm just trying to make you aware that your delusional and your plan isn't going to work whether we stop you or not. The normal you? I don't even think you know which side of you is normal anymore." Dmitri says.

"Perhaps your right. You see it as a delusion I see it as a dream and you wouldn't be stopping me you'd be stopping my creation, my vision but I doubt you could. Don't forget I want you to do a report on this place and despite all the troubles you've endured here I still strongly hope you will write about the Wax Factory."

"The weird part is you seem to care more about our project than we do. I forgot all about it and I really don't know what we're going to do but I mean it would make for a killer story but after all is revealed here it may be off limits to us." Dmitri says.

"Ah, still plan on telling the authorities? Very well do as you wish but I know they'll lock you all up into an asylum and throw away the key."

"Whatever Ghyslain. Are we done here? Because I've had just about enough of you." Dmitri says.

The two deformed people standing next to Ghyslain walk past the group and go back down into the basement. The group watches them as the two give them evil soulless stares. They turn around and focus their attention back on Ghyslain.

"Melina, you truly do have quite a remarkable man here in Dmitri. He's fiery, he's vocal but I wonder if he can really get you off." Ghyslain says.

The group stood there in disbelief at his remark.

"Excuse me?" Dmitri says.

"Now I may be old fashioned but I know my way to pleasing a woman. Dmitri, I bet Melina has never experienced dripping hot candle wax down her body has she?"

"You son of a bitch!" Dmitri yells as Derek holds him back.

As Derek is holding him back and Melina is squirming at the comment the two deformed people have returned and covered Tasha's mouth and slowly dragged her back down to the basement.

"Relax, relax I'm just trying to have a little fun," Ghyslain exclaims laughing afterward.

Melina turns to her side only to notice that Tasha is gone.

"Tasha?"

"Where did she go?" Derek asks.

"Oh, the two deformed ones came back and took her into the basement."

Dmitri picks Ghyslain up the collar of his shirt and glares into his eyes.

"I've had just about enough of your games. We're going to go get Tasha again and then we are getting the fuck out of here once and for all."

"Put me down!" Ghyslain says

Dmitri continues holding onto him and Ghyslains expression changes from anger to confusion.

"Welcome to the Wax Factory! Huh? What are you doing with me young man? Put me down this instant!" Ghyslain says.

Now confused himself Dmitri puts Ghyslain down and lets go of his grip.

"What the hell was that? Why are you acting like you don't know us?" Derek asks.

"Why did you grab me? Who are..oh Dmitri, Derek, and Melina. I'm sorry I must've gotten confused." Ghyslain says as he holds his head.

"You were just making comments toward us and insulting us and now you act like you don't remember?" Dmitri asks.

"Remember? Remember what? Oh, that's right my men took Tasha, that harlot, that hussy that two-bit whore!" Ghyslain says.

"No idea what's going on and don't care. Let's go get Tasha." Dmitri says

"Wait! Before you go get your friend there's just one more thing I need to know." Ghyslain says.

Chapter 14- The Final Flame

"Have you ever heard of a human candle? Ghyslain asks before grabbing the candle on the table he was using as a light.

He takes the candle and brings it up to his head and lights himself on fire.

"MR. VANDALDRAKE!" Dmitri screams as he sees Ghyslain light himself on fire.

The group stops freaking out when they notice that Ghyslain isn't engulfed in flames and the flame isn't reacting as it normally would when someone is on fire. While Ghyslain held the candle at an angle, the flame went right to the center of his head and began to create a flame as though his head was a wick and the flame burns just as seen on that of a candle.

"I don't understand," Dmitri says in disbelief. Ghyslain laughs before speaking.

"Don't worry, I won't engulf into flames because I'm a human candle! You see I have enough wax in my system that a flame is drawn to it like a mosquito to a light. I suppose it's from the serum and from the abundance of wax I've ingested over the years. I found out about it one day a few years ago when I was experimenting downstairs and spilled a highly flammable chemical solution on my arm. I thought I had wiped it but when I raised a flame to the thing I was holding part of my hand caught on fire and it went up to my arm but stopped. I found that the flames carefully and slowly took to my arm and it was as though my arm was a candle."

"That's crazy. So you can't be burned alive?" Derek asks.

"Well I don't know about that but I believe I am so pretty, oh so pretty." Ghyslain stops talking about himself burning and drifts off.

"Ghyslain?" Dmitri asks confused.

"La, la da da la da da la da da!" Ghyslain hums out loud.

"Ghyslain!" Dmitri says again.

"Hmm? Oh right! No, I won't be burned alive in fact I will slowly melt away like a candle. As the flame slowly burns, inch by inch, eventually over time just like a candle I shall melt away." Ghyslain says.

"We should really put you out," Dmitri says.

"No! Noooo! I'm fine! See? The flame isn't going anywhere

and it doesn't hurt. Hurt? Is that right? Hurt? I feel there's another word I'm looking for."

"Ghyslain you're trailing off and sometimes your not making sense," Melina says.

"Yes, my dear I'm aware. The flame is toasting my brain and I was already insane so I guess I'm just slowly becoming unhinged. I feel fine though, just fine." Ghyslain says.

"You guys he's losing it and we need to go get Tasha. Let's just put him out and then deal with him after. He's clearly not going anywhere" Dmitri says to Derek and Melina.

"Mr. Vandaldrake we need to put the fire out," Melina says.

"I am fine! Fine, I tell you. Please, after all, I've done to you I'm telling you to go find Tasha and save her. Just let me be. I shall be here when you get back and we shall bid ado." Ghyslain assures them.

Dmitri looks at Ghyslain and then at his girlfriend and best friend unsure of what to do. He decides the hell with Ghyslain and that Tasha is more important.

"Alright, guys let's go get Tasha," Dmitri says as he grabs Melina's hand and they go down to the basement to find Tasha.

He looks back one more time at Ghyslain who is shooing him away with his hand insisting he's fine. After they are down in the basement Ghyslain smiles and begins singing

to himself.

*"My head roasting on an open fire
With wax dripping from my nose"*

Dmitri, Melina, and Derek make their way downstairs and look around. They don't see anyone so they run into the second room. They stop as they find the last of the two deformed people and they are holding Tasha.

"Tasha!" Melina yells.

"Melina! Help me!" These freaks won't let me go!" Tasha says.

As the group walk toward the three, one of the deformities holds up its hand telling them to stop. The group stop and look on as Dmitri tells Tasha to nudge them and try to break free.

"Don't you think I've tried that? They have a vice grip on me and I can't break free." Melina says.

"Let her go or me and Derek are coming straight for you," Dmitri says to the deformities.

They look at Dmitri and tilt their heads but say nothing and don't release Tasha. They make no motion other than tilting their heads in bewilderment.

Dmitri and Derek look at each other and then nod in agreement as they turn back to the two holding Tasha. Just as they begin to move the deformed man stabs Tasha in the

back with what appears to be a small knife or wax carving tool. He drops Tasha as he and the girl then turn around and begin running into the third room.

"TASHA!" Melina screams and runs toward her friend. Dmitri and Derek get to her first and kneel down. Melina follows and kneels down next to her.

"Tasha! Tasha baby stay with me!" Melina says holding her in her arms.

"I'm going after those fucking things! They aren't getting away with this!" Derek says as he gets up off his knees and runs into the third room as Dmitri and Melina stay behind with Tasha.

"Wake up Tasha!" Melina says now crying uncontrollably

"Melina takes the thing out of her back," Dmitri says.

"But what if that makes things worse?" Melina asks.

"Take it out and then cover it with your hand to apply pressure," Dmitri says.

Melina takes out the knife and does as Dmitri told her to.

Derek makes his way to the third room and sees the two deformities. The deformed man is near the door on the floor and the woman is near the incinerator. The woman crawls into the incinerator which she had already turned on and begins burning. The deformed man smiles at Derek and then jumps into the opening of the door. Derek kneels down

and sighs as he puts his head down. He thinks for a few moments before he gets back up and starts to turn around and head back to join the rest of the group but before he does he catches something at the corner of his eye.

Near the incinerator he sees a spirit standing there in old fashioned clothes. He thinks to when Lady Viv saw something similar so perhaps it's the same spirit. The spirit looks down at the incinerator and then presses the button as if he's turning it on or off but it does nothing. The man then fades away. Derek walks over to where the man was and presses the button to turn the incinerator off. Derek thinks maybe that was not only the residual haunting that Lady Viv saw earlier but perhaps he was just telling Derek to turn off the incinerator after the woman turned it on and jumped in. Derek then walks back to the second room to join the others.

* * * * *

Back up on the first floor Ghyslain has moved some of the workstations and is now dancing in the middle of the floor singing away as he slowly burns like a candle. Ghyslain barely has any more hair and his forehead is now slowly dripping down his face.

*"Remember me, remember me
Just keep me in your memory"*

Ghyslain keeps singing and keeps dancing slowly as he sways back and forth with his hands out as if he's dancing with someone. One of his arms goes limp and he slowly shifts to one side unable to move.

"That's strange, I wanted to keep dancing but I can't feel anything anymore," Ghyslain says as his face and the rest of his body slowly begin to melt away as the top of his head continues to burn bright.

Down in the basement, everyone gathers around Tasha as Melina holds her in her arms. Tasha opens her eyes for one last time and tries to speak but is unable to as her head turns to the side and she loses breath.

"Tasha!" Melina cries out as she holds her now dead best friend in her arms.

"I tried to go after those things but one threw itself into the incinerator and the other jumped down into that door on the floor," Derek says.

"I hate this fucking place!" Dmitri says.

Melina doesn't really hear them as she's crying uncontrollably while holding Tasha close.

Dmitri looks at her and goes to console her but he just can't find words or a motion to do so.

"Babe, I'm sorry. I'm sorry we ever stepped foot into this place." Dmitri says to Melina

Melina sets Tasha down and throws herself into Dmitri's arms crying. Derek looks at Tasha's body and a tear drips down his face and he too begins crying.

"We gotta get out of here once and for all. Whatever

Ghyslain is doing up there let him do it. I don't care if he's burning or melting I just want to get the hell out of here." Dmitri says.

Melina lets go of Dmitri and wipes her tears and looks at him and Derek before speaking.

"Okay well we gotta bring Tasha, we can't just leave her body here."

"Are we taking Rogi's body too?" Derek asks.

"No. I know I said earlier we should but after hearing Ghyslain's story, Rogi belongs here." Melina says.

After Melina speaks she looks over into the room where Rogi's body is. She sees his spirit standing in the doorway smiling at her. He nods toward her as if thanking her for her kind words and being so nice to him. He then fades away.

"Babe? Everything alright?" Dmitri asks.

"Yeah, hopefully, it will be. Let's get Tasha and get the hell out of here."

"I got her," Derek says as he picks up Tasha and carries her.

Back on the first floor, Ghyslain continues to dance and sing as he sways from side to side around the middle of the work station. His facial features are straight out of a horror movie as half of his face is nothing but a skull with wax and flesh meeting in the middle of where the cartilage once formed his nose. The other side of his face is still intact

except the top of his forehead which is dripping wax and it has coated itself into his eyebrow which is now partly stuck off his skin.

The rest of him is totally fine just his head and face were feeling the results of the flame which still burn brightly on top of his cranium.

"I do say it is getting quite warm in here"

He continues to dance away and sings to himself as if nothing is amiss. As he's dancing four spirits emerge in front of the beginning of the work station; two women and two men, they walk toward him. At first, he doesn't notice them as his eyes are closed while he dances away. He opens his eyes and sees the spirits standing there glaring at him.

"Ah, splendid! You've come to enjoy the party! Come my friends and let us dance. After all, I am a fun boss am I not? Dance I say, dance, dance!" Ghyslain says to the spirits who say and do nothing but stare at him.

"What's wrong with you all? Why aren't you dancing? I told you this is how we celebrate on breaks. Don't make me dance alone." Ghyslain looks at them with sad eyes totally oblivious to the fact that they're ghosts.

"Your time is at an end," says a spirit

"The wax shall drip for you no more Ghyslain," says another.

"La, la, la! I can't hear you because I'm too busy having fun!

If you won't dance with me then I shall dance alone. Now go away!"

Three of the spirits repeat their words to him over and over until they fade away as one stays behind. The spirit walks over to Ghyslain and grabs his throat as he begins choking.

"You are fading Ghyslain," the spirit says as it disappears and the grip on Ghyslain's throat goes away.

* * * * *

Two Hours Earlier

As the group has separated to tour the factory on their own Ghyslain remains downstairs in the basement as he said he would. He smiles and looks over the third room of the factory. He grabs a few pieces of old wood up against the wall and breaks them apart before he does his best sidearm throwing and chucks them into the incinerator. After a few minutes, he walks over to the button on the wall and presses it to stop the machine.

He then walks over and brushes dirt and dust off one of the doors on one of the wax pits. He undoes the hinge and opens it and then takes a look inside. There inside the pit is a hot fresh batch of yellow wax bubbling and gurgling. He smiles and walks away leaving the door open as he heads into the second room. He stops in the middle of the room and looks at the portraits of Elizabeth and Edward before he heads to the first room of the basement. He enters the doorway and then turns toward the bookshelf on the left side. He opens the shelf so that the small room is revealed. He looks at the cages and then steps inside the room and

approaches the sealed coffin inside.

"Hello. While I don't know when you'll awaken I imagine it will be fairly soon. I know you can hear me just as I heard you when I was asleep and you woke me in 1935. I was right, wax is the future! Wait till you see the wonderful things this century has to offer! I wanted to tell you of what you'll be waking up to though. The factory is in good shape. Needs a bit of dusting and up keeping but I'm sure you'll have no trouble. The plan we discussed is still in order and it's what I want for this place going forward. You'll find four college students who are doing a project on the factory.

They are a bit of an issue and will need some correcting but I want them to write about this place so do correct them but to a point. You'll also find a dead body in the next shelf over. There's only one there now but I imagine it's only a matter of time before the man in drag will be joining him shortly. If you can't dispose of the bodies yourself just ask the rest of the abominations we have running around here.

I left the door in the third room open so the others may come through the tunnels and into the factory. They will follow your command as I have gone over who you are to them. I left my office keys on Rogi's dead body in the small part of the second room, you'll need them. Remember, I told you that you're on your own but I have the uttermost belief that you will keep this place going just as though I were running it myself.

I wish I could be here when you awaken but I imagine it just simply won't be possible. Who knows though, perhaps I will come back and join you. Goodbye for now and good

luck.

Ghyslain walks out of the room and moves the shelf to cover up the room. He then walks over to the table on the right side of the room and grabs a glob of wax and places it into his mouth and chews. He then grabs a candle he can walk around with so he has light. He then begins walking upstairs to the first floor.

* * * * *

As the group starts heading toward the first room Dmitri becomes the last of them to see a spirit. He stops walking for a moment and see's what appears to be a young man in his early twenties with an old vest, long shirt, and work pants. He walks straight ahead a few feet before he stops turns and Dmitri sees him walk right through the wall.

"Guys I just saw a spirit walk right through that wall," Dmitri says.

"Yeah, I saw Rogi in the doorway over there smiling at me just before you asked me if everything was alright," Melina says.

"I saw a guy standing by the incinerator. I think it was his way of telling me to turn it off." Derek says.

"Sounds like we all saw something. At least they weren't malevolent." Melina says.

Just as they begin walking all three of them hear a faint-sounding voice whisper something to them.

"Sleeeeeeep no more."

"Did you hear that?" Derek asks.

"Sleeeeeeep no more"

"Yeah and I just heard it again," Dmitri says.

"It sounds like they're saying sleep no more?" Melina says.

"Hmm. I don't know but I'm done with everything here including the spirits so let's go." Dmitri says.

Dmitri, Melina, and Derek holding Tasha's dead body head back into the first room of the basement. As they stop near the doorway they are all hit over the head at the same time horizontally by a long skinny metal pipe that was on the ground near a wall. The figure drops the pipe to the side as it hits the concrete floor loudly as the sound echoes throughout the room.

Dmitri, Melina, and Derek lay unconscious on the cold floor. Tasha's body lies in the first room and her feet at the doorway. When Derek was hit he fell forward dropping Tasha's body and it went into the first room. The figure slowly walks over the bodies that lay before them and into the second room. The figure walks over to the table to examine something before walking across to the left side and peers into the small room looking at the empty cages and empty coffin. They then walk toward the room with the organ but don't go inside.

Dmitri wakes up but still lays on the floor out of it. He

slowly drags himself into the first room until he gets to the table. He holds onto one of the legs with one hand and rubs his head with the other. As he's trying to become more aware of his surroundings the figure walks past him and stops at the steps. They take the keys out of their pocket and look back at Dmitri who groans.

Dmitri still holding onto one of the table legs manages to lift his head up as he looks ahead at the person standing at the steps before him.

Dmitri sees the person and gasps before speaking.

"Oh my god! It's you!"

THE END

About the Author

Justin Bienvenue is an author and poet from the New England area. In his spare time he enjoys watching football and is fascinated by UFOs.

Other books by the author:

-The Macabre Masterpiece

-A Bloody Bloody Mess in the Wild Wild West

-Like A Box of Chocolates

-Opium Warfare

-The Macabre Masterpiece: Repressed Carnage

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