

The secluded school was shadowy and filled with distant, moving shapes. Light shone through the dirty windows, covered with mud; the ground was being smothered with filthy footprints. Thunder echoed around the concrete playground; lightning danced around the sky. Alex felt isolated, as if he were trapped inside the remote school for all eternity. He stuffed his young teacher Mr Oliver's keys into his back pocket as he scrabbled for the vintage light switch. As he flicked it on, a damp light burst into action.

"Wow," Alex wheezed. "This is ... different." He had expected shiny, wooden tables, plastic stationary holders overflowing with pens and the lead tips of pencils - just as it used to be. He had even went into the modern staffroom which, when he was a child, children were forbidden to go into. "So this is what the teachers were hiding from us!" he gasped as he spied on outside through cracked, glass windows. However, as he explored the Victorian school more closely, he realized that his decrepit school could not be more different than it used to be decades ago.