

FROM THE AUTHOR OF
HELD BY A STRANGER

THE
LOST SHIP
PO1E02
KNOCK, KNOCK

CREATED BY
DAN BARKER

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**Barker Studios
Entertainment**

THE LOST SHIP
P01E02- KNOCK, KNOCK

THE
LOST SHIP

CREATED BY
DAN BARKER

Part One: Epitale Two:

“KNOCK, KNOCK”

Written by

Dan Barker

Edited by

Somalia Carty

IN THE PREVIOUS EPITALE

The GSS Nimbus was forced to activate its lock-down protocol due to a ship-wide outbreak of an unknown virus. Jodie, one of the many engineers aboard the GSS Nimbus, was locked in her sleeping quarters with no food left to eat.

The lock-down protocol seemed to have ended, freeing Jodie to explore the ship and get to the bottom of all of this, but she didn't get far! A threatening, dark figure closes in on Jodie, who locked herself back in sleeping quarters!

Who's on the other side of that door?

Boom! Boom! Boom! The heavy thuds on the door continue, drenching her pitch-black sleeping quarters with a violent, bassy racket and rattling the nerves of Jodie, trembling with fear.

She knew that the doors had a safety mechanism built in, so that if someone - in this case, the extremely frightening monster-man - was to shake the door enough it would unlock. *Obviously, the 'safety mechanism' must be disabled during lock-down*, Jodie thought to her-

Another deafening blow to the door shakes her entire sleeping quarters. The room still charcoal black, Jodie scrambles to find her tool-box. *A screwdriver or hammer could help her defend herself*, was the thought that clambered through her cluttered mind. Bumping into the little table in the center of the room and stumbling over her royal red, fluffy rug, she finally reaches the other end of her small and enclosed quarters - *It seemed to take forever*, Jodie thought. She snatched the yellow padded tool box from the cupboard, on which sat the photographs of her parents and that baby-pink desk lamp - *Wait, the baby-pink desk lamp! What if- Nope, that's out too*. Jodie concluded after scrambling around and waving her arms in the air for a good thirty to forty seconds before finding the switch and rapidly flicking it on and off seven or eight times.

After accepting that she'd have to defend herself in the pitch-black, Jodie scuffled through her yellow padded tool box, cutting her hand and fingers on- well, she didn't quite know what, she assumed it was a screw or something along those lines - she finally placed her hand on what felt like a hammer - *It didn't matter*, Jodie thought to herself, she just needed to defend herself. Now, all she had to do is unlatch it. Jodie reached for the thin, plastic catch that kept the hammer secure to the side of the tool box, the reinforced, titanium door came flying off its frame with an ear-piercing thud that made Jodie drop the tool box.

Shaking in her boots, Jodie could just about make out the figure standing in the doorway.

The man starts to walk slowly toward Jodie with a heavy foot. Jodie hadn't eaten or drank anything for around two days and she was absolutely petrified, she had never experienced such terror in her life. With all of this in mind, she began to feel weaker and weaker by the second. Even if she did have the hammer, she wouldn't have the strength to swing it. The pitch-black darkness began to become hazy - if that's possible anyway - and Jodie passed out from a combination of hunger, dehydration and fear.

She was unconscious on the floor and the dark figure was edging closer and closer to her limp and helpless body. The figure neither sped up,

nor sped down with the turn of events that just occurred. They remained calm and took every step almost as if they were treading on thin ice.

Four hours later, Jodie finally came to. *Everything is hazy and kind of aches.* She manages to slowly peel her eyes open slightly, but there is blinding light above her, almost like she was in the dentist's chair or something. It hurt her eyes, she knew that much. She could hear a beeping sound, *like a heart monitor* - Jodie didn't really know because everything sounded muffled. She was definitely put on some type of drug whilst she was unconscious.

From the corner of her eye she could just about make out what looked like the shape of someone's head, but she didn't really know. On the off chance that it was someone, Jodie decided to try and speak but tripped over her tongue, which felt fat and swollen.

Jodie began to feel like the entire room was spinning again, her heart started racing and in turn, the beeping sped too, confirming her original thought that it was a heart monitor. She struggles to catch her breath and getting oxygen to her lungs was becoming increasingly difficult. She started to see stars - though not real ones - through the haze of her aching eyes.

Suddenly the same shape from before, the one that Jodie presumed was a head, rushed into her distorted peripheral vision. Just after this happened Jodie began to feel even weaker than before. She found it harder and harder to keep her eyes open any more than the little amount that they were.

Her heart rate gradually slowed and slowed and as it did, Jodie's eyes became even heavier, until they finally shut, along with Jodie's consciousness.

TO BE CONTINUED

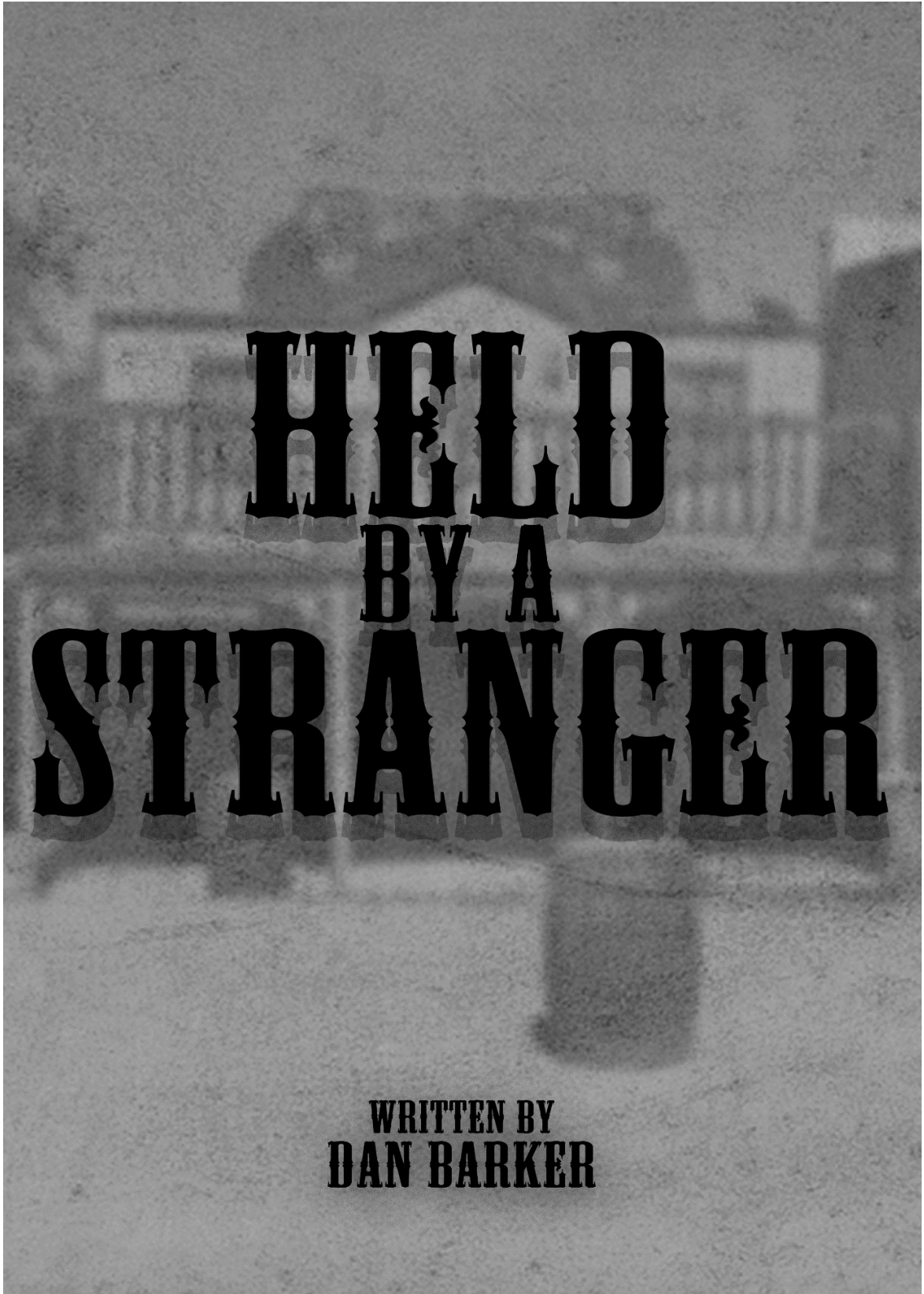
*Where is Jodie?
Who has her under the drugs?
Is she alive?*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dan Barker was born in Nottingham, England on January 4th 1999. Dan has always been imaginative and creative but it wasn't until he discovered writing that he was able to actually create the worlds and characters he wanted. Dan started as screenwriter and still remains, though writing stories and books are his main focus right now. Dan writes many short stories and books a year with the help of his editor and partner, actress and writer, Somalia Carty.

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