

Ella Roberts was born in South Africa, moving to England when she was nine. She started taking an interest in the supernatural, spirituality and self-development when aged fifteen. She read widely on the subject, and started to put what she learned into practice by working on herself, doing meditations, keeping journals and channeling information. She has always loved reading books, but only began to write when she was twenty. *The Run: London's Secret* is her first novel.



ELLA ROBERTS

THE RUN:  
LONDON'S  
SECRET



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## CHAPTER ONE

'Where is the damn place?' muttered Kelly to herself.

She was walking along Oxford Street, looking for the building where she had an appointment to register at an employment agency, but for ten minutes, had been searching and hadn't found it.

'Excuse me? Do you know where this place is?' she asked a stranger.

'Yeah, it's over there.' He pointed at a discreet white door, with an intercom, and labels for the different businesses in the building.

'Thank you,' she said, feeling relieved.

Walking towards it, she pressed the buzzer, announced herself, and pushed open the door.

Ascending the stairs, Kelly tried to remember what floor the Agency was on, and failed, but continued regardless. Reaching the second floor, she noticed an old chipped sign indicating the 'Benign Employment Agency'.

A flickering light bulb barely illuminated the dark corridor, and not another soul could be seen or heard anywhere in the building. Just a total, eerie silence, accompanied by shadows at the corner of her eye. When she looked properly, there was nothing there.

A slow shiver crept up her spine, and for a moment, she considered leaving, but stopped herself because finding a job was that important.

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She knocked on the door of 'Benign Employment Agency', but no one answered, paused, knocked again, and still no answer. Disappointed, and beginning to walk away, Kelly remembered that she actually had an appointment to attend, and decided to knock one more time in case nobody had heard her the first two times.

Still no answer.

She tried the door knob – and it opened. Casting a glance along the deserted corridor, Kelly then peered into the room; a spacious office suit, with windows that were painted black from the inside, allowing no natural light into the barely furnished space. It was illuminated only by candles at the far end.

Leaving the door ajar, Kelly took a cautious step into the room and slowly crept towards the light. As she got closer and noticed that in between each candle were wads of cash labelled £5,000, stacked neatly in piles of five, alarm bells went off in her head. But something kept urging her forward, like someone under a spell, she was transfixed.

Closer still, Kelly took notice of what was actually inside the circle, and gasped.

A dead body.

Naked, and in an awkward position on the floor. It's knees had been bent unnaturally away from each other, creating a 'W'. The bizarreness continued; a giant pin, engraved with a 'W' symbol, had been plunged deep into the corpse's chest, and underneath the pin, on the stomach, was another 'W', that had been etched with something sharp enough to draw blood.

A satanic ritual, thought Kelly, and the spell was broken, she had to get out!

Grabbing a few wads of cash and throwing them into her bag, she ran towards the door and checked that nobody had suddenly appeared, closed it behind her, and ran down the

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flight of stairs, careful not to trip and fall.

Pressing the exit button and letting herself out, Kelly stopped running, but kept walking briskly towards a bus with its doors open. Producing her ticket, she found a seat and tried to slow her breathing.

Because Kelly hadn't seen anyone, anywhere on the second floor, she had no reason to suspect that somebody was following her.

## CHAPTER TWO

'So you found a grand in cash on the bus?' asked Mischia.

'Yeah, in a brown envelope on the floor at the back,' Kelly replied, tiredly rubbing her eyes.

'So what are you going to do with it?'

'I don't know.' She shook her head.

Mischia's mind went into overdrive.

'Let's spend it. We could go shopping, to Romford...'

Kelly felt a headache developing, and Mischia was irritating her, she instantly regretted telling her about the money. Now there was no way back, she had to keep it, or at least the thousand pounds she'd already told Mischia about. What would she do about the dead body and the ritual? The rest of the money? Why hadn't she told anybody straight away? The police? The authorities? Wouldn't they ask her the same questions if she decided to tell them now? And what would she say? How would she explain herself? Should she even tell them? What was she going to do? Kelly shook her head and rubbed her face with both hands, she felt so miserable and confused, but Mischia didn't notice, she was rabbiting on about how to spend the money.

'We could buy shoes, clothes, accessories, some stuff for the flat, and then do lunch like in Sex and the City. Oh my God, I've always wanted to do that! Then we can get a cab home with all our bags...'

Kelly was a slightly heavy girl in size but quite small in



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height. With smooth brown skin and shoulder length hair (always tied back), she had the sort of ordinary face that people wouldn't remember.

She was the type of person who only did things when she had to, generally lazy, Kelly liked life to be easy, unchallenging and uncomplicated.

Mischia, on the other hand, liked to be active, and couldn't sit still for very long; she would work her way around the flat every Saturday and Sunday, looking for something to do. During the week, she would put much energy into her job as a trainee chef, to the pleasure of her employers.

Mischia had simple brown eyes and freckles around her nose, but didn't like either, so she covered them with glasses, her skin was prone to spots, but her complexion was lovely, and her hair was an unruly mass of curls. She was also slightly heavy in size, but that was made up for by her height.

The girls had an easy relationship developed at college, after an incident with a boy.

Kelly had been pursued by a boy she later found out was Mischia's boyfriend. Mischia had found out about this, and confronted Kelly, only to learn that it was her boyfriend doing the pursuing, and not Kelly. The girls had joined forces and plotted revenge against the offending boy, successfully managing to humiliate him in front of everyone that mattered.

They had become friends after that.

At twenty-two, Kelly and Mischia had decided to seek independence and move into their own place, where they split bills, rent, food, etc, and life was good as far as they were concerned, despite the ordinary ups and downs.

'...Remember that top you wanted but couldn't afford?'

'Mischia stop, plea-'

She was interrupted by the sound of a breaking flowerpot. Mrs Phillips from upstairs had an annoying cat that would 'meow' at the same time each night and knock

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things over, inconsiderate of the people it was disturbing. They had complained to her, but all she would say was 'Cats are independent animals dear, you can't keep them locked up'. So, there was nothing anyone could do, save killing the cat, of course, but they grudgingly put up with it instead.

'It's back. You know, something needs to be done about that cat,' Kelly complained.

'I know, but you know what she says...' Mischia looked at the ceiling sarcastically.

Kelly sucked her teeth 'You know I was trying to sleep the other night-'

'-And it scratched at your window and meowed?'

'Yeah, how did you know?'

'It did that to me.'

'Stupid cat,' Kelly hissed at the window. 'Maybe, we should pour hot water on it?'

Mischia nodded, uninterested, then said 'Anyway, back to the money. Are you going to give some to your mum?'

Kelly could have slapped Mischia for reminding her of her dilemma, and shook her head, then went on to thinking about how she would actually explain such a lot of money to her mother, and also debated telling Mischia the truth, but decided against it.

Fatigue enveloped her, and she wanted to sleep forever, or at least until this whole situation had gone far away or didn't matter anymore. Since that was impossible, she decided, instead, to get some rest, and then maybe tomorrow, she would know what to do; people always thought better in the morning, feeling so tired, she was not thinking straight, and nothing good would come out of making decisions in her this state of mind.

'I'm off to sleep now,' she stood up, stumbling a bit 'Goodnight Mish.'

'Night girl.' Mischia waved her off.

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