(O, Basic skills, Y6)

Drip, drip, drip. The red liquid drips from the man’s neck . Imagine yourself trapped in there . No one to talk to. No one to help . Your friend is Silence . The stench of rotting flesh fills your nostrils . until one day you do the same to the man... or worse .

It was March 2013. He woke up in comfortable bed and made his way to work. On that journey he met a stranger, no ordinary stranger . He left work at 4.30 and was followed home. That’s how our story begins.