**The Man in Black**

By Emily Martin

Immediately after the train shuddered to a halt, I was shoved through the busy door and onto the bustling platform at Kings Cross station. It had been a terribly long ride from Edinburgh and was now extremely late. This platform soon emptied as everyone hurridly filed out of the exits – everyone except me and a strange looking man at the other end of the platform.

For reasons unknown, a feeling of suspicion grew within me.

The man fleetingly consulted his watch. Then – making sure no one was looking – he started rapidly rifling through his small suitcase. I edged closer; curiosity overtaking me. A broad trilby hat was perched smartly upon his head, shadowing half of his face – only exposing his sharp chin. However, in the scarce light of the dimly illuminated station, I could still make out the glinting of a singular golden tooth in his mouth. He was dressed in a formal black suit and tie and by the way he kept glancing at the track I sensed that he was waiting for someone.

When suddenly, emerging from the darkest of shadows, another figure appeared next to the first. They had their backs to each other, yet they were still talking, pretending to look around vaguely at the same time as listening. I could see their mouths moving but could not yet hear them. I inched closer.

I could now see the second man more clearly. He almost looked the same as the first man: dressed head to toe in black formal clothing, a broad rimmed hat coering half of his face and he had the same aroma of new books. However, this man had a long, nasty scare across his eye and a menacing grin. He talked in a low, croaky voice and was over the average height.

My hand tightened around the leather handle of my suitcase.

“Have they done it yet?” asked the second man gruffly.

“N-n-not yet” replied the first man – stuttering.

I realised the he seemed almost frightened.

“Well tell him to hurry up!” ordered the man with the menacing smile.

“Y-yes boss”

The second man sauntered away leaving the other shaking alone. Eventually, he stalked off in the other direction but just before he was out of sight he looked back. Looked back right at me; right into my eyes, narrowing his.