# The Lab

# It was like any other Saturday night, town was busy with crowds of young people gathering round to have a good night (the weekend was finally here) no more work until Monday and everybody was just getting started but for some, work was still carrying on. As Becky sat in her lab a sickening thought popped into mind, she was going to create an unstoppable potion where even the smell was deadly, she was finally going to be recognised with power and strength. As she looked out of the window, she could see the heaving bars lined up with a river of people, deafening beats of music playing in her head over and over again, like a never ending disk of sound.

She was an evil genius who never liked to be proven wrong, and if you answered back or told her a mistake which she had made she would give you an eye piercing stare and make you look into her eyes waiting for you to give up. Her mind ran like clockwork, always turning thoughts around in her head and even when she was sleeping she was thinking, Becky knew everything despite her being clever her personality was boring and rude she didn’t care about others she just wanted to make herself rich and famous. So far her plans hadn’t worked, she wasn’t rich and no-one even knew she existed, suddenly booming shouts came from the quiet road where she was ”What is that?” she said her heart thumping.

Then the shouts stopped, and became whispers in the distance, her pulse calmed down and she got back to work creating her evil potent potion. It wasn’t very usual for people to come down her road, she never even left the lab then there was a knock at the door who was it?