

It's dark. I can't see a thing. I move my hands around on the rough wooden floorboards, looking for something to grab to pull myself up from the dirty floor. The wood leaves splinters in my hands, but that's the least of my concerns. My concern is getting out.

My legs feel like they haven't been used in years. My skin is cold to the touch. Wherever I am clearly doesn't have heat. I'll file a complaint to the creep who put me here. I'm sure he'll get right on it. I hiss as I bang my hand on a sharp corner but quickly cover my mouth in fear.

I grasp my hand onto the edge and use all the arm strength I can muster to pull myself up onto my knees. My legs tingle as the blood starts to circulate again. I look around, waiting for my eyes to adjust to the darkness. I listen closely to everything around me, trying to pick up something that will give me a clue to where I am.

I hear a quiet ticking, like a clock's second hand in the middle of the night. I can figure out where it's coming from. Maybe the next room over. I hear faint dogs barking far off. I can't be that far away from home. I stay still. I hear three deep voices, and the stomping of boots outside the room. I drop to the floor and roll under what I assume is a table I grabbed earlier. I reached in my shoe to retrieve my knife. Nothing. Just cold leather. Not my shoes. Not my black converse. I feel up and down my body. None of my clothes. Who's clothes are these?

I tuck my legs under the table with me and search for any of my weapons on me. Nothing. Not my switchblade, not my gun holster, no pepper spray, no swiss knife. Nothing. They didn't even leave my lighter.

I wait for the men to pass, hoping to god they won't open the door that I can't find. I feel the wall next to me, the plaster is cracked. I shove my finger in it and start wiggling it. Trying to create a hole through the other side. At least that will create some light, and I'll see what's outside.

I keep wiggling my finger through the wall until I feel my nail give and break off. I need something to break through. I can't do it with just my finger. I roll out and stand all the way up. I feel my head spinning at the sudden blood rush. I steady myself on the same table. How long was I out? I take a deep breath to try and calm myself. What happened? Who did this?

I feel around the walls and kick around on the floor. I almost feel that all hope is lost, that is until my hand latches onto a door handle. I quietly wiggle it to see if it will open. Locked. Of course. They wouldn't want you to escape, would they?

I reach up and around the door frame, looking for a loose piece of trim, or a nail. I sigh in defeat. I reach to the left and right. On the right is the table. I slowly wave my hand across the top; I'm looking for anything to use to make a hole in the wall. I feel my hand run against something smooth and cold. I grasp onto it and pull it towards my chest. I feel around the mysterious object. The sides feel like glass. I reach to the bottom and feel a different smooth object. Ceramic? I run my hand along the top, metal, rusty metal.

An oil lamp?

No one uses these things anymore. Where the hell am I?

I feel around it, looking for a loose piece. Something that I can pry off. I feel on the bottom, along the side, the metal handle has something engraved on it. It barely clings onto the body of the lamp. The welding binding them together has rusted away. I give it a tug. Nothing. I give it another tug. Nothing.

I hold my breath and listen again for anything that might be near. I hear only the clock and the dog. No people. It must be safe.

I lift the lamp above my head and bang the handle on the edge of the table. The handle breaks off and I hear it fall to the floor. Great. I drop to my hands and knees to retrieve the handle. I reach around. I hit my head on the table before I feel the cold piece of metal in my hold. I crawl over to my hole I've started. I stick it in and rotate it like a drill bit. As my eyes adjust to the dark I can see the white dust falling in a small pile, like snow on a winter morning.

I stop every second or two to listen. As I get deeper into the wall I try and think of where I could be, anyone that I know who would take me here. Yeah, because I know psycho's who like to lock people in rooms and change all their clothes.

I feel the handle push through, jolting into the wall with the sudden give. I get my eye close to the hole. For a second I get blinded by the sudden light. I look left first. A large hall is in front of me. The walls are a dingy cream color, plaster cracked and the wallpaper peeling. There are two other doors down this hall. At the end is a wooden door with a window on it. Maybe that leads out.

To my right is a long hall with many more doors. It turns left at the end of the corridor, continuing on. The hall is dim, lit by candles with little wax. I wrinkle up my nose at the stench coming out of the small hole. Bleach? No. What were they cleaning up? I need to get out. Now.

I spring out from under the table and grab the oil lamp off the floor. I run to the door and hit the door handle with all my rage.

Clank.

Clank.

Clank.

I let out a frustrated grunt and slam the lamp on the ground. The sound of glass shattering and me huffing fills the empty room, my arms fall to my side and I look up toward the ceiling and let out a final grunt of frustration.

A deep feeling sinks in. I'm never getting out. I'll never be leaving here. Wherever I am is where I will be for the rest of my life. I look around the room again. Praying to every God I can think of that there is another way out. I look to the floor where the rusty handle is. It's half covered in white dust and bent in all sorts of directions. I pick it up and turn it over in the palm of my hand a few times.

My entire being lights up at I shift my eyes to the lock on the door handle. I shove it in the lock and jiggle it around. I move it in every direction I can't think of. Nothing. I keep trying and trying until the metal wears so thin that it breaks off in the hole and is now stuck for good.

I swallow. I need water and food. I need to get out.

I sprint to the opposite side of the room and feel every inch of the wall I run my hands all over it like a little kid frantically searching for their favorite toy. To an observer, I probably would look like a nutcase. I keep my search going for what feels like hours. I jump from one side of the room to the other hoping that when I check each wall something new will be there.

On my third lap around the room I start to lose hope. Until I touch the right wall again and feel something new. I run my hand over the spot. It's colder than the rest of the wall and

smoother. I tap it once. A window. I scratch at the surface covering the window. A layer of plaster? I keep scratching and scratching but it doesn't do much I need something sharper.

I basically throw myself into the floor as I search for the broken glass. I scavenge for the biggest shard. Cutting my fingers at least twice in the process.

I grasp it in my hand and jog back to the window. I furiously scrape away all the paint until I can see out the window.

All I see is a dark empty field past my disappointed expression.