

mind boggled from the drugs that slithered into my drink
mouth muffled from the duct tape spread tight to my cheeks
my eyes trace around the foggy dark room,
in a frenzy
they twist and turn
wrists locked down,
to this rotting oak plank
that smells of seaweed and fresh blood
I can taste the mold seeping of this dead oak
as it travels through the duct tape

Footsteps from above pace anxiously back and forth
like a business man pondering his next move,
fearing this man means business
I tug and yank,
and jerk and squirm
in hopes of breaking free
as the oak plank moans and squeals

I crawl like an old hag across the dampened concrete
step
by
step
by
step
up the staircase I creep
just as I'm halfway up the staircase

the doors opens...

the hair standing up on the back of my neck
grew a little longer

a towering figure rises before me

step

by

step

by

step

until we are at eye level

breath so hot and horrid

it would have made a stray dog cringe

good morning honey he whispers in my ear...

that sick bastard...

I awake

finally...

I break free...

This was all part of his plan...

it opens so nonchalantly...

what a terrible first date...