

Blood Brothers

Where am I?

I can't see

Two voices...

laughing?

What's... happening...me?

...don't panic

Time is it?

I 'm blindfolded in a room that I know

is not my room...

Two men

They're gonna kill me

Keep breathing

Will I ever be happening again?

I don't wanna die.

Good Morning, if you don't remain calm you will not live through this...

He said as he closed the door. His last words are echoing in my mind. I blink. What's going on? These people tied me up and I don't know who the hell they are or what the hell I did to them. I couldn't begin to tell you what the hell happened. Think. If I had something to drink I would have piss stains on my favorite suit pants. It sounds like two guys are having an argument off to the left. There's a Television. Okay I'm not deaf. Where am I? The room has almost no light and the blind fold is a torn piece of a Pokemon pillow case or something, I can see Pikachu's Zigzag tail on this poorly prepared kidnap cloth. Where am I? I blink again, slower this time. I can't make out their words over the television. Or maybe the two voices are from the TV. It's probably a Reality TV show. There are so many on all day that it's impossible to know which one is playing. I wished I watched that crap, maybe I could gather some info from it. Where am I? Wait! Are there two televisions? Something's wrong. I am having trouble breathing. I don't know. Why is this happening? I am a good person. Something is wrong. Where am I? This is not the way a kidnapping should happen, or at least not the way I've seen in all the movies. I want to go home!

Where am I? This is probably one big joke. Hopefully this is just a big joke.... Calm Down... breath

I'm gonna die....I can't control my breathing. Why are my hands free? I could remove the blind-fold. Should I remove the blind-fold? This may be trick... They are gonna kill me... I can't give them a reason to kill me. Are they leading me to my own death. Or they could think that I would think that way and in return I would let fear...my head hurts...I need to calm down. His first instructions were, not to move from this seat. But my hands are not tied? My legs are free? I blink. Where am I?

I have all the opportunities a victim would ask for to attempt an escape. I feel a slight breeze behind me. I am next to an open window. It's slightly open. The air is crisp like during a spring sunrise. There is carpet on the floor and this seat feels like a leather computer desk chair. Is there a computer in here? I don't even want to know. I close my eyes. My torso is bound to the chair.

I'm holding my chest now because the longer this happens the more I think that I won't survive. I have so much anxiety breathe... My heart is beating like a kid trying to win the last round of musical chairs. There is a light scent of vanilla in the air. Did these people clean up and make a place for me

to die comfortably? Was there ever a nice place to die? Like a coffin cushion. Why create comfort for the dead? Why not create comfort while the person is alive. I guess that's what they are doing. And why not let the person the hell out of this place! I have to remain calm. This room is weird. Where am I? Are they trying to bring me back to my childhood? Or someone else's childhood. Where the hell am I? How am I supposed to remain calm when I don't know what the hell is going on? I'm nudging my nose around to slowly move Pikachu's tail from blocking my peripheral vision. I can see a bit more. Now I see a random flashing light from under the door, must be a television. I hope they're watching Matrix Revolutions, then they will fall asleep and I will be able to get out through the window. The breeze feels somewhat thinner, cooler, less contaminated than when you are near the ground floor of a dusty area, and I hear no sound from the open window. Where could I be? Should I turn my head? Let me slowly turn my head. I don't know if I'm being watched. Are they watching me? Are there any other doors besides the one in front of me? I need to turn my head and see what's in this room. There are posters on the wall; can't make anything out. There is a bookshelf with four rows almost full of books and one stuffed plush-like animal toy sitting next to one of the books. These are the outlines of a normal room. I see a desk lamp on a desk and the carpet seems to be clean, I don't see any stains and the carpet has to be a bright color, a very similar shade to the walls.

I hear giggles... Do these people actually know what they're doing? Who abducts someone and turns on fucking Nick-at-Night? I need to say something, "WHAT IS THIS? WHAT THE HELL IS GOIN' ON!" Shit! Someone's coming! This is it! I fucked up! I'm shaking... All I had to do was remain silent. I'm dead. I can't die here. Please no. I want to live please. What did I do? Why did I turn my head? Why did I move my arms? My heart hurts... They're probably going to torture me. I can't breathe. Breathe! Heaven or hell? I need more time! I've made mistakes I'm sorry. Is hell all that's left for me? The laughter's gone. Am I gonna die in a kids room? The boots are bumping the floor outside like there are wood floors in the next room. Now the slow boom grips me... It's like a countdown. The movement pattern is ogre-like. Slow, slothy, I blink, imbalanced but hard rhythm-less stomps on the floor. Now I can hear heavy breathing. He is by the door. Is he fucking tired? Tired of letting me live? He opens the door slowly and it creaks similar to an old cellar door. I have to remain still, I can see a body, tall, big and skulky. He speaks:

??? : "I promise you Mr. Rockford, you will never make it out of here if I have any say in the matter."

Rockford: "Anything you want I can get you and double it. Please don't kill me, I haven't done anything, I'll give you whatever you want!" *This one's a lackey.*

???: “This has nothing to do with what I want. You fucking scumbag, it’s what they want. I will make sure they are happy. If one of them says you die, I will stab you until you are used to the feeling of my knife.”

Rockford: “Please wait! Who do you work for? I didn’t do anything.”

???: “Stop bitching. You’re not gonna die. At least not now anyway.”

Rockford: “Please, why is this happening.”

???: “Oh, shut the fuck up. I need to smoke. If you try anything, then again, try anything!”

The door slowly closes behind her as the sound of her off-beat gait begins to disappear from my ears. What could I have possibly done to be in this situation? How many people are in on this? *She sounded like a damn man.* I thought women are supposed to be nurturing. *Who the hell is this psycho?* At least I know she has a bad temper. I might need to use her recklessness to my advantage. And I feel my cell phone in my inside pocket. Are they *that* stupid? I’ll see when she comes back. *I close my eyes again with irrational hope. I need to relax so I can live!*

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