

# Darkness



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

I was a sleep; I remember when I started to feel a sudden chill around me and the surface beneath me. The uncomfortable chill made me want to curl up in a ball to save whatever warmth I had left within me. However, for some reason I couldn't find myself to fulfill the need. My body just lay in a place, put and disobedient. The cold around me grew into a chill and crept through my spine and I woke up with a start. It is dark and my eyes find no source of light that they start to long for more and more with each passing second. I can't bring myself to remember how I wended up here.

The strange hollowness of the place reminds me of the sounds of a shell when kept on the ear. As my dull senses start to come back to life I find my nose wrinkling to the strange sulfurous stench. I start to feel the texture of the surface I lay on. Is it rubber? It feels awfully strange. Although the unforgivable biting cold is constantly attacking my skin I feel a trickle of sweat go down the round of my face and vanish into my hair. I start to grow restless and feel the urge to desperately rub my hands; against my bare body which is under a cloth?

Where was I? I try getting up. My hands are strapped! I am terrified now. Why am I strapped? My body struggles underneath what seems to be a thin cotton cloth to get out of the straps. I feel like a fish on land struggling to get to the water. The bed shivers and rattles making a metallic noise against what is assumed to be ceramic flooring. I try focusing on my surroundings in the vast darkness ahead of me as my heart suddenly decides to accelerate. My breathing fastens and fills the hollowness that existed before.

I scream but only nothing comes out and I feel the foul stench's infecting my taste. The taste in my mouth makes my throat sore. I suddenly feel the thirst. The smell is suffocating. I struggle harder but this time with my mouth shut. It's becoming difficult to breathe. My eyes scan the darkness. There is absolutely nothing. My head starts to feel dizzy and I feel my body giving up as I search to find my voice back. I stare ahead into nothing while I let my heart slow its pace and the breathing copes up when I realize I can hear a faint dripping noise of a leaking pipe?

I concentrate harder. I can now hear footsteps of many people. I scrutinize into the darkness holding my breath to estimate the numbers. The footsteps grow louder and faster. I freeze. I can hear a voice. Only one. The voice was of a woman but it is strangely soft, clipped. It is almost a mumble at first but it is growing clearer. The voice seems to speak a language only foreign to me. However, I hear harder and hear my name in the bargain. My body starts to struggle for a reason my brain fails to recall. A tear trickles down my face and its trail burns through my skin.

I let out a silent scream when I hear a door's knob being opened. My muscles begin to contract. I hear them approach where I lay. There is a noise like putting a heavy thing down when the footsteps suddenly stop. I try struggling but I am too tired to do so. Two hands grab my arms and the other two my feet. They pick me up and I feel my head too heavy for the neck to hold up. My head seems to wilt like a wilted flower. I try to ask them what is happening, where they are taking me and what is happening to me. But my mouth is just hung open with saliva dripping.

The two people seem to be placing my half conscious self onto a flat wooden surface. The person lets go of my hand they fall right beside me. However I feel a wall on both sides. Have they put me in a box? Do they think I dead? With new presence in my dark room I find a faint voice sobbing. I feel tensed and feel the urge to stop the stranger from sobbing. I can't see her! I listen to her voice, the sorrow in it and a trickle falls. Cant they see I'm not dead! Her sobs become fainter and I hear her footsteps turn into heavy long strides and feel a lid on top of the box in which I lay.