Alone, shifting on the uncomfortable blue seat as I look down the almost empty hallway waiting for my response. The long white coats of the men and women moving around the small rooms barely visible through the tiny door windows. The sounds of spacious beeping on the small black screens as the soft clatter of various metal tools gives me discomfort.

The third door from the reception desk swings open and a tall lean man steps out and ushers me into the room. My knees shake and my forehead starts sweating like crazy, as I enter the room I look blankly around the room and back at the surgeon as he starts to put a mouth cover on… I see him smile.

 He holds up a small needle tells me to sit down on the oddly shaped bed. He injects the needle into my arm and the yellow tinged serum flows through my blood stream like a dead tree branch floating just on the surface of the water. I try too close my eyes but my eyelids move further up my eyes. This feels weird I feel like I’m drifting off to sleep but I don’t feel tired I feel drained like my soul’s been remove from my own body.

I awaken to find that my feet being scraped by the raged stone floor I realise I’m not where I used to be. My shoulders rise and I look to the two men in grey uniforms who have their arms hooked uncomfortably under my armpits.

I turn my head forward and look at the bare stone cell that looks like it carved into the side of a mountain. I’m chucked violently across the room as the thick rusted metal door slams behind me. I move around the small sell and its almost completely empty apart from the small dirty mattress hidden in a corner of the cell just behind the large door.

I grow weary of trying to entertain myself so I just drop down onto the mattress and try to sleep but loud whispers keep me awake so I sit up and look around the room, I have no Idea what time it is but the sun is setting and it’s still light. The whispers don’t stop, it’s driving me crazy I scream and start to panic turning around and around in circles looking for answers in the blank room. I stand still my mind racing I feel like I’m going insane so I stand still and then I hear breathing.

The whispers have stopped but the breathing is harsh and rattling. I turn and stare right into the face of a tall thin man, his body painted blue and the wooden mask he’s wearing sparks fear in my mind. My limbs freeze and my body go’s rigid I whimper quietly as he approaches me. He pulls out from behind his back what looks like a handmade knife carved out of stone.

He circles me and slowly closes in bit by bit and eventually puts his bone cold hand on my shoulder. Then putting the knife on my throat and causing a thin trickle of blood to run down my chest. He moves his covered face up next to my ear and whispers “There’s no escape!” in a rattling harsh aged voice. Then I see is a flash of grey close my eyes and then open them to see a harsh yellow light burning into my eyes. When I turn my head I see another man that looks like he could have been a doctor except his wrists are bound and his mouth is taped.