

## Captured

I have been in this living hell for days, maybe even weeks. I've lost track, as my mind has been in so many different places. The man who's taken me, Phil, has kept me captive and done many hurtful things to me. I never know what he's going to do next, and just the thought of it keeps me awake at night. I just pray that I can make it day by day.

He leaves me here to wither, in what I assume to be his basement. I haven't slept or eaten in days, and my body cannot take it any longer. I've started thinking if my life is going to continue like this forever. If I am going to remain being his experiment, or if he's going to end my life.

Phil's been gone for a few hours, or what seems to be forever. I'm locked in a room, and the only light I have is from the small window. The room is cold and clammy, and has no furniture. My hands have been tied behind my back for so long I've lost feeling in them. I try to stand up off of the ground, but immediately fall back down. I get frustrated as standing up used to be a mindless act. Now it takes so much strength and willpower.

A few hours pass by, and I hear Phil's footsteps once again. I get an immediate feeling of fear and anxiety. Just thinking of what he's done and taken from me makes me nauseous. I hear the door open, and his thudding on the stairs.

“Oh Rachel!! I’m home!!” he proclaims. His steps come closer and closer towards me, as he unlocks the door and opens it.

“Hello. How was your day?” I say in a firm voice, this way he thinks I truly care. But in all reality, I’m the one that wants to put an end to his life.

“Fine. I couldn’t stop thinking about you,” he mutters with a grin on his face. He comes closer to me and kisses me on the head. I lean away from him, and he grabs me by the shoulders. He gets furious instantaneously “You are going to start listening and do what I say! Do you understand!? I can do so much to you than you even know!”.

“Yes sir,” I mumble as tears start to form in my eyes. He turns away and slams the door. I think to myself what did I do to deserve this? How can going to your friends lead to getting kidnapped. I guess they are right when they say “there are terrible people out in the world that do terrible things,”.

Many hours pass by, and it’s pitch black outside. I remain lying on the cold floor, with my teeth chattering and my body shivering. I’m starting to think that this is going to be my life forever. That’s if I even make it long. My body is already taking every morsel of fat and muscle on my structure so I can function.

I sit up from the floor and try to stand with the wall as my support. After a few falls, I am back on my feet. I look out the window and I can see the sun begin to rise. At least I have some sort of hope. My only possible way to escape is this window. But how can I do that when my hands are tied behind my back. The only way to get them free is breaking my wrist by pulling my hands out of the rope. But I’d rather hurt myself and attempt escaping, then stay in here and slowly die.

A few more hours pass by and I can hear Phil leave. His steps beating the floor with his towering figure. He slams the door upstairs, and I hear him get into his truck and leave. After hours of thinking, I've decided today is the day I take my life back and get the hell out of here. The window has a sturdy ledge, so my plan is to get my hands free and climb onto the ledge. After that, I am going to try to shatter the window. I don't know if it's going to work, as I have no upper strength. I know that it's going to hurt terribly, but I can deal with the pain.

I stand up off of the floor, and start to twist my wrists to see how painful this is going to be. I begin to pull my left wrist, and I feel an immediate strike of pain. I pull harder and harder and the pain just gets unbearable. I begin to scream and cry, but I pull harder and harder to get it out. My hand finally realises from the rope, and I hear a loud snap. I bring my wrists out in front of me, and see how lacerated my wrist and hands are. I can't stop here.

My mind begins to race on how the hell I am going to get out of this torture with a wounded wrist. I get the courage to jump onto the ledge. I jump as high as I can and grab onto the ledge. The pain is so bad but I keep it together. I use all my strength and get onto the ledge. The ledge is very small, and with any wrong movement I will fall and have to do it all again. My heart starts racing as I have no idea what to do next. I tap on the glass, and it seems to be a very thin layer. The only thing I can do is attempt to shatter the glass and fit through. I take off my sweatshirt and wrap it around my hand that isn't as wounded, I count to 3, and punch the glass as hard as I can. I hit it in one strike and it shatters into many pieces. I feel a flow of relief run through my body. I break

off all the pieces left on the window with my covered hand. I try to get them away from the window so when I get through the window I don't cut myself.

After getting all the glass out, I take a deep breathe and remind myself that I am doing this for myself. I get my head through the window, and see all the trees in the beautiful forest of Ohio. I move quick and get the rest of my body out of the window. I don't know when Phil will be back, so I can't waste any time. I stand up off of the ground and start running in the woods. I run in the direction of the driveway, but not right next to it so Phil doesn't see me. He is in a very vacant location, so it would make sense why no one has found me.

My body is so weak to run like this, but I have to keep going. I continue running as fast as I can, taking all the strength I have. I see the end of the forest, and I run even faster. I get to the end of the forest, and see a highway. I don't know if I should stay here and wait till I see a car, or if I should keep running. I don't want Phil to see me sitting here, so I just keep running along with the road.

I've been running for quite some time, and finally see a truck ahead of me. I stop where I am, and go into the middle of the road waving my hands in the air. The car stops a few feet ahead of me, and I walk up to the window in tears. I cannot see anyone, as the trucks windows are tinted. I wait at the window, as the person rolls the window down. It feels like my heart has stopped. In the car is the same bushy bearded white man that took me.

"You think you could get away huh!?" he smirks. At this exact moment, I know there's no way out.



