

TWO ROOMS 2 MOOR OWT

So, they finally got me.

I knew that it could only be so many years before they would come back for me; they never were the type to forget, and what I had done to them was enough to remember for many lifetimes.

It's so loud! I can hear hundreds of trumpets and drums punching the air with noise, as if the marching band had decided to have one too many and tried to out sound each other. Of course, they choose a night with a parade, no one could hear my cries for help over this ruckus.

I can't see anything, they covered my eyes. It seems obvious that they would come at night; they knew I was a heavy sleeper. I feel cold, and gusts of wind keep hitting me from the side, it must be an immense room for currents of air to build up like this; where am I?

Each gust of wind bring along the smell of old dust; I can taste it. Each wave feels like a blanket of dust that seems to spray over me, like being tucked into bed by a dirt monster. This place must be big. My feet and hands are tied, but I feel cold stone under my bare feet. It feels smooth and worn, as if many people had walked through here, like a procession had carved a wide groove into the stone. Something wet and hot touches my foot. It's sticky like blood. I realize that my right hand is bleeding, it must have made a pool under

it already. I can't hear it drip; I can't hear anything but the *thump thump, thump thump* of the marching band.

It seems like my eyes are getting used to the darkness, I see faint differences in the darkness beneath the blindfold. There seems to be little dots that break the darkness; small flickering lights that form a linear pattern along the wall, they look like candles. Could I be inside a church? More like a cathedral by the feeling of the wind. Did they bring me to our childhood Church? Of course, they wanted revenge, and what better place to end it all than where it all began. I was to die where I had killed her.

I see the light dimming and disappearing, one by one they are hidden behind a dark outline that comes closer and closer to me, but I can't hear anything. And then, *wham!* I feel something hit my head so hard that it flings me off the chair onto the cold floor. It feels like my head landed on the pool of blood, or maybe I'm starting pool number two. My blindfold came off with the blast, and I see the room, rather, the bathroom I'm in, and there are no candles, just a sting light in its place. Who is this person? That is not my brother. I feel a gust of wind; the oscillating fan seemed to want to send me one last monster wave of dust. Now I see the flicker lights again, and then nothing.

