Captive

I was a pizza guy, and it was my last run of the day. I was aware of a sense of uneasiness, danger, but I still walked to the door trying so hard to concentrate on every step.

Left.  
Right.  
Left.  
Right.  
  
The house was made out of old cracked bricks of unknown color and was very dim, as if nobody lived there. But nonetheless, I knocked on the door, which wasn't so old. It looked l like it belonged on a new townhouse, which was strange since this was out in the country. I took a look around.  
  
“Can I help you?”  
  
I turned around, startled.  
  
He was average. That was the only thing I could think of to call him. Brown, longish hair, some build in his body, square features in his face. He stared at me in a way that made me sick. Uncertainly, I said “Uh...did you order...?”  
  
His steady stare didn't change. He turned around and shut the door. Not sure what to do, I waited for a while, assuming that he went to get money to pay.

----------------------------- STOP!!!!!!! --------------------------------

Ten minutes passed. Nothing.  
  
I started to walk down the long overgrown pathway, but I felt like I was being watched. So what did I do?  
  
I ran.  
  
I heard the door fly open suddenly and quick, heavy footsteps following it. I felt myself fall slowly to the ground, almost feeling like slow motion and the pizza splatting into the ground as well. Grease spilled all over the place as I felt average hands grab my legs and attempt to drag me back towards to the strange house. I felt helpless, like I had all of my life, so I put up a small fight and finally fainted right on the spot.  
  
I woke up, my skull pounding without much memory of what had happened. I felt like I had been dreaming, but I ignored it, deciding to look around, soon realizing that there was something terribly wrong.

----------------------------- STOP!!!!!!! --------------------------------

Without thinking, I tried to get up but I realized that I couldn't feel my arms or legs, much less move them. Although my head was foggy, many questions ran through my head. Too many questions. I wasn't aware of my surroundings. Just dark and dreary, the smell of must sinking into the walls of my nostrils.  
  
“What's your name?”  
  
For once in this whole incident, I wasn't so surprised. There was nothing to be surprised about anymore. It took me quite some time for me to answer; my mind and vocal chords weren't cooperating.  
  
“I think.... my name is Rick.” I heard myself say, slowly.

----------------------------- STOP!!!!!!! -------------------------------

One again, I could feel his steady stare behind me. Every once in a while, I heard some chewing noises, like he was eating something; out of the blue I smelled a hint of greasy cheese and the sloppy red sauce, I could just picture it in the cloudy smell of the must.  
  
  
“Well, Rick. You sure delivered some good pizza. Now, you’re probably wondering why I dragged you back into this house, but I cannot answer this for you right now. All I can tell you is that you may try to escape, but I can tell you now, you will never succeed.”  
  
  
Yes, that is what he said to me in this horrid basement (or who knows, maybe the whole house was like this). My reaction to it? I became irritated, it seemed like there was nothing to be scared of…yet. So I said:  
  
“Look, I don’t know who you are and what you want from me, but I will call the cops on you.”  
  
Now that I know wasn’t a very good threat, but my head was one big fog and I clearly wasn’t in any position to fight.

----------------------------- STOP!!!!!!! --------------------------------

“That’ll be some task seeing that you are tied up, if you haven’t noticed.”  
  
Right then I was aware of everything. The scratchy feeling of big, yellow, ropes around my arms, legs, and waist; tied to a chair. And the voice that was talking to me was actually clearly right in front of me. Wow, was I even sane?  
  
Had this happened before? I was feeling slight DéjÃ  vu…  
I pushed those thoughts away, seeing that this situation that I was in was a pretty strange one. So I tried to get my senses back and focus on Mr. Average.  
  
But he disappeared.  
  
Yeah, this has happened before. Or has it? I felt my heart start to race. Panicking. I can’t panic now. No. Fight it, Rick or whoever you are.

----------------------------- STOP!!!!!!! --------------------------------

My body started to thrash; I couldn’t control it. The chair I was tied to started to fall. I could feel myself fall like I did earlier. Wait, how did I remember that?  
  
Blackness…  
  
I woke up, my skull pounding without much memory of what had happened. The only thing I remembered was my dream. I tried to hard remember it because it seemed like it was important…