

She stood, this much she knew because she could feel her legs beneath her, but that was all she knew. The room was dark. No, not dark, it was black. The black one somehow still sees when they close their eyes. The black of nothing yet still visible. There was no sign of light anywhere in this space where she stood.

Out stretching her arms, she was immediately met with something smooth. A wall? It had to be. Smooth, cool in all directions and it seemed to go on forever. She felt her way along this wall, taking comfort and anxiety in the solidity of it. The wall, the reality of it told her she was alive, yet the same wall reminded her that she had no idea where she was. Or how she got here. With both arms reaching she felt her way along the wall, looking for something, anything that would help her get out or figure out where she was. A light switch, even that would be helpful at this point, anything that could give her an idea as to what was going on.

As she moved along, the walls of the room remained smooth. There were no crevices, no signs of mortar that would lead one to believe that the room was constructed of bricks. Nothing! Just more smooth, cool walls. The walls as she moved seemed colder than the room. She couldn't help but to think how was that possible?

The room itself was warm, much+ warmer than she preferred when she was home. There was no breeze, that she could feel, coming from a vent or anywhere. As far as she could tell there were no windows. The strange attention to temperature made her lose focus and the reality of her situation. Snapping back to her situation at hand she had come to conclusion that she must have traveled this room in its entirety.

Where am I? How did I get here? I don't even remember waking up. It seems as if I was just here, standing in darkness. The more she traveled the walls, the more the questions repeated themselves. Confusion, simply no clue as to how she came to be.....here.

Standing within the silence of the room and the silence of herself she realized she had never even called out to anyone for help, a hello, not even a scream. Standing in silence, in the darkness, unable to see her hand. No light, no sound, no idea of what was going on.

Hopelessness started to settle in as she slowly she slid down the wall to the ground. Using her hands as a guide down the same wall she had already touched she quickly could feel the floor beneath her as if for the first time she realized there was a floor.

The floor! Maybe this is the clue or the way out? Could there be a trapdoor or even stairs leading down to something to anywhere?

With no idea of what could be waiting for her in the room she decided to stay close to the wall and inch her way out. She started slowly along the same walls she just searched.

Touching. Touching.

Feeling out in front of her and slowly spreading her arms and hands wider out with each pass. How many times had she used this same motion making her bed? Spreading out her blankets and comforter, wider and wider 'til she reached the end of the bed. Would I ever see my bed again?

Feeling. Wider and wider. Spreading further and further.

The thought of leaving the wall paralyzed her. What if there is a hole in the floor leading to something worse than this! What if there was a door that could lead to an escape? She had to chance it!

With each pass she inched away from the security of the wall.

With each pass she gained some confidence in that the floor would not give under her weight and she leaned forward each time so her arms could stretch farther out.

Still in darkness and knowing she could see nothing she still looked around for something, for anything that would help her or give her a clue as to where she was. Being on the ground looking around at nothing is when she noticed it.

Floating. A small red dot.

It can't be floating, she knew that. It had to be mounted to something... and the realization of this floating red dot became clear. It's a camera! It has to be! It is the same small red dot one sees on a camera when a recording has begun. Someone is watching me!! In this darkness, how? She stopped in tracks now focused on that light.

There are cameras that can watch and record in the dark. I'm certain of it. SOMEONE IS WATCHING ME! SOMEONE PUT ME HERE! IS THIS SAME PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR PUTTING ME HERE? They must be but why....WHO!!!! WHERE IN THE HELL AM I?

The thoughts screamed inside of her head deafening her without making a sound.

Her mind starting racing from despair to emotions and more questions.

I have to get the hell out of here!

She moved further away from wall deciding she would stay on the ground on her journey of moving, slowly, feeling. How long had she been down here in this room? Crawling around the floor felt like she had been in darkness forever when she probably had only moved a few inches from the wall and wandered for 10 minutes. Clearly her perception of what this reality was disjointed and unnerving, but she had to stay focused and keep her mind clear for when she found her escape. She had to keep her mind clear for when she faced the person who put her here.

She is not sure if she had moved inches or feet when she felt something. As fast as she felt it she retreated her hand in fear and started scrambling back to the safety of the wall.

What was that?

She was sure she felt something. The thought of touching something in this blackness made her touch her hand to make sure it was still there. She could still feel the sensation on her fingers. She crawled back away from the wall, slowly, but her heart had not received the message. She could feel her heart pounding from within her chest and for a moment she swore she even heard it.

There!

She felt it, again retreating, but this time she did not scramble back. This time she took a breath and put her hand back on whatever was in this room with her.

Cold! Hard! But no idea of shape. What is it!?

She kept touching, finding that whatever it was, was also attached to something that went up. Something on the groundmoving up, just as hard and cold as these walls and the very floor she was on. By now she was using both hands. Up along the smooth surface. Even in blindness she could tell that this object was almost round but not completely a circle. She could feel that it was getting bigger as she moved up.

What was it!? How far up did this pole, because she could not think of any other word, go?

Frustrations setting in and for the second time she realized she still had not called or screamed out.

With that moment she screamed not sure if she screamed in fear or just making sure her voice still worked.

The scream moving her body as if in control forced her hands further up whatever she was touching.

The pole, this form..... was becoming wider.

Not sure of her place in the room, she started frantically looking around for the red dot again to make sure it was still there and for the first time since finding herself here, she spoke.

Directly toward the red light. She spoke: Who are you? What do you want? Where am I? WHAT DO YOU WANT!!!!?

Nothing! Silence! No response!

Standing there yelling at a floating red light holding onto God knows whatand she felt a bump or something as the form got bigger. Something in her told her the bump almost felt like a breast.

She knelt back down and started feeling again from the bottom. Up the pole again.....now she noticed there was another pole next to it as she moved closer... wider, fuller it became and the lump again. How did she not feel that before? What is going on here?

She knelt again and started over. Her mind was racing but she was sure of what she is feeling. It was a leg! What she felt before was a breast. What she felt at first was a foot. This is a body! But it's not a body! What...a body....legs.....what.... She could not even finish her thoughts.

The realization sent her back again. Down towards the ground crawling back to find her wall, her security.

A body!

Not possible!

It was not flesh. Even in darkness anyone knew what flesh felt like. She had never seen let alone touched a dead body, but she was certain that even a cold dead body still felt like flesh. She had to try again because whatever it was it wasn't flesh and bone.

Starting again at the bottom and working her way back up she could see it. A foot, a leg, hips, hands, arms, and breast..... just past the breast, a head. She could feel a face and lips. Silent, closed, hard lips.

She refused to allow her lips to become as these are, permanently closed.

Holding onto the human form as if it were the only thing keeping her tethered to the Earth she yelled again at the floating red dot.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? WHAT IS GOING ON? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? WHO ARE YOU?

Her questions, her screams floated away into the darkness that surrounded her.

Suddenly with no sound, no warning a flash. It flashed so quickly and brightly that she was immediately blinded. She swiftly covered her eyes. Amazing how total darkness and immediate brightness have the same affect, blindness. Stumbling to cover her eyes yet holding onto the human form she could only help but wonder if this was it. The way she died, her end. In some room, with no recollection of how she got her or who put her here. Slowly she registered that she was not dead and with keeping her head lowered and her hands over her face she started to open her eyes. Allowing time for her eyes to adjust being in darkness and this brightness that had suddenly overcome her.

With her head still lowered she allowed her eyes to trail in some direction, any direction that would help her figure out what was going on. There she saw a wall, the walls, just a few feet away from where she stood. She let her lowered eyes trail back and she remembered she was still holding on to the form, realizing that what she touched on the ground was a foot. Slowly moving up she could see what she saw in her mind. A leg, hips...the curve and widening she felt before. A waist, a flat smooth stomach and yes breasts.

Adjusting to the brightness of the room, just above the breast was a face. It was the face of a mannequin. Even in the light confirming the shape of a human she never once thought it could be a mannequin.

Eyes still blinking back the sudden light, still struggling to focus beyond what was directly in front of her. Slowly seeing the face that she was holding was not the only face in the room.

She isn't sure if it's the light or confusion that is not allowing her to comprehend what is beyond the mannequin she is holding.

In this solid white room with no windows or doors, which could not have been any bigger than her bedroom, stood more mannequins. What seemed like 20 or 30 naked mannequins, all women.

Frantically looking around and noticing that she was just touching one of the 30 that stood on the perimeter of their grouping, she could still see the damn red dot. However now she had confirmation that the floating dot was indeed attached to a camera.

With full focus finally granted back to her, she looked over at all the doll like figures that stood perfectly aligned in this empty room, except for her..... Before she could form words to scream back at the camera and to whoever was watching her.....

She zeroed in on one face. Then another.

Each mannequin revealing the same thing as the one she was holding.

Every single mannequin, which all seemed to be staring directly at her, had a face she knew. A face she recognized all too well.

The faces staring back at her were her own.