

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

10:23pm

by Melody Bertucci

When I wake up the other side of the bed is cold. Chills rush through my skin as my leg's greeted by emptiness instead of the usual manly warmth that caresses and reassures my sleeping limbs.

Maybe he's just momentarily gone, but the house lays still and quiet only my heavy and concerned breathing is audible. I start to feel panic rise within me, and images start to fill my head.

It's dark and cold and there's drips splashing on my face bringing me round, where are they coming from. Pipes. I'm so disoriented.

I want to wipe the wetness off my face, but my arms are bound behind my back by what feels like a rope, who's tension's shredding the layers of skin on my wrists. Duck-tape is firmly fixed on my mouth, withholding any attempts of communication my lips may want to part.

I try to stand, but my legs are restricted by another rope and I quickly collapse on the floor. My sight's foggy as if I'd been blindfolded far too tightly that my eye sockets have been pushed to the back of my skull, or have I been hit? All I can make out is darkness and one small window in a corner. Maybe I'm in a basement, I can't be sure. I can hear people talking upstairs, but I can't make out the words.

Back in bed and through a shaky voice I call out for him. But he's not there.

Suddenly, like flashbacks more images come to me.

I'm awakened by a masked face placing some cloth over mine despite my attempts of fighting him off me with all my strength. Frantically I look to his side of the bed and I see another figure do the same to him.

Then everything goes black.