

I wake up on the cold hard floor, still damp with blood. It must be morning because I can see light coming through a small window but I know I can't reach it. I can still taste the metallic taste of blood in my mouth. My wrist hurts so badly. I look down and it looks deformed, swollen, lumpy, and bruised. It must be broken. I wonder if this wouldn't suck so much if I hadn't fought back. It doesn't matter. I'm still here. I wonder for how long. I'm sure my roommate has called my parents by now.

The door at the top the stairs slams open and interrupts my thoughts. What now? He comes down the stairs with a small bag in his hand, humming that same creepy tune. I liked it up until now. "Got you where I want you" by 'The Flys'. It amazes me how such an innocent song can seem so sinister coming from this guy.

He places the bag on the table and walks over to the sink. He grabs a rag off the shelf with all the books and gets it wet. I force out "When can I go home?" My voice sounds so weak, almost unrecognizable even to myself. He brings the rag to me and says in his accent that I can't quite place "In good time, darling. Now wash up and get ready for breakfast."

I wipe the dried blood from my face. It stings but feels refreshing at the same time. He strokes my hair and I jerk away. He pushes the makeup bag towards me. "Go ahead and make yourself up darling. I'll be right down with breakfast."

The bag is full of bright make-up. There was blue Cover Girl eye shadow, bright red Maybelline lipstick, some other assorted makeup, and two pink hair bows. I take the compact out and begin putting the makeup on over my bruised face. If I'm going to make it out of here alive, I'd better make this weirdo happy.

A Simple Hello

The guy comes back down the stairs. I can't shake the feeling that I recognize him from somewhere. There's no time to think about that now. He places a bowl of hot oatmeal on the shelf and walks over to pick up the hair bows. "You forgot these." He grabs the brush from the bag and gently brushes my hair into pigtails and puts the bows in. "Much better Annabelle."

I almost open my mouth to correct him, but I don't dare. I give him a weak smile. He hands me the bowl of oatmeal and a spoon and says "Go ahead, I made it just how you like."

As I eat the oatmeal I remember where I know this guy from. He's that creepy guy from the diner last week. I should have never said hello.