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Stole Away

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Sharp stabbing pain, wincing as I rubbed the back of my head. “What the hell?” I asked the empty room around me. Groaning I pushed myself up into a sitting position, leaning against a cold wall behind me. There was a bit of a lump on the back of my head. Someone hit me? Knocked me out? Where was I? Blinking hard, trying to figure out where I was, it was a container of some sort. A dim light ran along the high ceiling. I was sitting on the floor of a large metal container! But how? Who would do this to me?

Closing my eyes tight, I tried to keep calm. A couple of deep breaths as I searched my mind for the last thing I remember. I was in my office. I was in my office, at work, wasn't I? I was working late on the Candance Burton project. She was one of our harder to sell clients. The advertising had to be fresh, catchy and new. I was sitting at my desk in my office. It was late. I was hungry and was thinking about dinner. Yes, yes, I was. I had just turned off my computer and was calling it a day. Denise knocked on my door. Denise was our intern, brilliant as well as very beautiful. She had taken a liking to me right from the get-go. I would consider her a work friend. Denise, what did she want?

Breathing heavily, I shuddered. What happened after I spoke to Denise? It was dark. Groaning my mind refused to cooperate. What happened at the office? Denise, she came in and was talking at me. I can see her mouth moving. I can't remember what she was saying though. Was it important? Maybe not.

Sucking in the thin stale air around me I looked at my surroundings. Someone knocked me out. Why? A shipping container? Was I in a shipping container? Why? Human trafficking? Oh shit? But why me? I'm like a middle-aged man. That doesn't make any sense. I have never done anything in my life to warrant someone knocking me out and tossing me into a container. Maybe it was a case of mistaken identity? That had to be it. Struggling I stood up and held on to the wall. My legs and knees felt weak. My body felt heavy. I was moving. This container was moving. Where? Pretty sure whoever it was, wasn't driving me home for dinner.

Darkness was like the sea. There was a little light coming from above, but it wasn't much. Carefully I caressed the wall looking for a door. Finding a seam, I felt like I won the lottery! Now I just needed a handle, or a crack, I stepped to my right to find the rest of it.

The door slides open. Blinking, I found myself staring into a hallway. Looking back at the empty room, then out into the hallway. Poking my head out cautiously, I quickly looked around. The hallway went off in both directions, curving off in both directions. What the hell? Where was I? This had to be some kind of joke. A prank? Julie in accounting! She had to be behind this. She was always pulling pranks on coworkers. Okay Julie, you got me, I shook my head. Normally she would pop out, laughing at this point. I waited. Nothing.

"Hello?" I called out, but nothing. Stepping out into the hallway. The door closed behind me. Feeling a sense of dread. Whatever this was, I had a feeling I wasn't going to like it. Maybe it wasn't Julie. How I wished it was Julie. Swallowing hard, I turned right and quietly made my way down the hall that seemed to go on forever. It led to a large room that looked like a dining hall. Windows, the large windows caught my heart. I couldn't breathe.

"No, no, no," I rushed over to a window. Outside a small blue marble was growing smaller. Earth? This had to be some kind of nightmare.

“Mathew!” Denise patted me on the shoulder.

I turned and looked at her, as I was about to cry. “Wha?”

She beamed at me. “I wanted to show you, my home. You have been so generous to me.”

“Your home?” I croaked. This had to be an elaborate prank but why?

“Yes, you have been my only friend for the last year. I just wanted to show you, my appreciation. I want you to meet my family.”

I couldn’t find the words to that. I just looked at her then out the window as Earth kept getting smaller. I looked back at her again, and there she was talking again. Her mouth was moving, and I wasn’t hearing a word she said. Why was she doing this? Who the hell was she? Pretty sure she wasn’t from Vancouver Island like it said on her resume.