How did I get myself into this mess? I thought to myself as I pulled against the ropes that bound me to the chair. I looked all around me, the walls were made of large cinderblocks and a small light bulb on a single cord hung directly above my head. It flickered on and off which was somehow making me more nervous. I tried moving again, obviously no luck. There was a window on the wall to the left of me and the view provided me no information. I could see nothing by dirt through the glass. They are keeping me underground.

The door on the other side of the room opened slowly and a man in a black suit came out. It was silk, much too fancy for the kind of work he was about to do on me. I knew him. His name was Larry; he was the guy they brought in when something big needed done. I knew what I was in for. He snapped on a pair of rubber gloves he pulled from his pocket and took his jacket. He walked