Blood, mixed with dirt, is a familiar taste to him. As the dirt blends into the blood, it forms a pasty consistency that is difficult to spit out. There is enough of the mixture present to restrict his breathing. He turns his head to the right and coughs in an effort to clear his mouth. It’s a weak attempt resulting only in a large dribble down the side of his cheek. His eyes are slow to open and his vision is blurred. Lifting his left hand, he reaches to the back of his head to inspect the pain and wetness. He uses his left arm as leverage to roll over onto his stomach. The concrete floor is cold on his face, but this position allows him to clear his mouth. A change of position brings no relief to any of the pain. It’s a struggle to get both arms out from underneath his body. With palms down, he extends his arms
and pushes his body back into a four-post position. His head feels like it weighs fifty pounds, as he lifts it to look for a way out. His vision starts to clear and a metal door appears in the distance. Right hand forward, right knee forward, left hand forward, left knee forward, right hand forward, right knee… “Aaaaahhh!” His upper body collapses. His head bounces off the floor and his vision returns to a blur. Now on his left side, he squints his eyes to get a look at his ankle. Blood streams from the rusted chain into his white socks. It’s a struggle to get back on all fours and push himself to the back wall, below the window. The air is brisk, and the sun is rising. “Where the hell am I?”