

"No, my dear, you will serve me better here. But for now, you will rest," he started, "you need to be in perfect condition for my project." He turned on a light in the dingy room, which dimly highlighted his lanky body.

"Follow me," he said, with a chilling tone in his voice. I had no choice. I lifted one foot off the ground after the other, and made my way through to him. I trailed closely behind him through a series of short corridors, until he came to a halting stop.

"Make yourself at home," he said while opening the door. My eyes were looking at a grimy room with one small, cot bed, and a small sink, as well as an old-looking toilet. It was practically a jail cell. I walked in tentatively.

"Goodnight my dear, I will see you tomorrow morning for the experiment," he said. He closed the door, and I heard it lock from the outside. It didn't seem like I was getting out of there any time soon. I walked around the small room, and sat down on the cot. From where I sat I looked around the room, hoping to find some tool I could use to possibly pry myself out of there. There was no tool, but as I continued to look around, I saw that a small piece of paper with a photograph attached was on the edge of the bed. I reached out and grabbed it. On the photograph there was a picture of a dead girl with a white mask plastered over her fragile face. On the back of the photograph there was writing. It simply stated, "A photograph of our latest experiment. Great working with you, see you next time, --Lorraine Kent." An electric shock of fear raced through my body when I read the name on the end of the paper --my mom's name. I scrambled for the piece of paper that was attached to the photograph and read, "Dear Lorraine, it has been my utmost pleasure working with you. Your finesse with the masks has been of much needed aid to me, and my sincerest thank you for everything you have done. I wish to continue working with you; the \$10,000 you asked for is attached." The letter wasn't signed. I was