Eduardo 4/11/13

Cathedral Prep English 10A

 Remix of Little Brother

 I heard rumbling underground, the first thing that came to mind was the train passing underneath, I felt Darryl tapping me very hard on my shoulder.

 “Look!” he said pointing his finder outside towards the street. “Look Van, look Jolu, why are they all running?” he said.

 While he was talking I knew that he was very nervous because his voice was starting to crack. I began to worry because never in my life have I seen anything like this since I've been living here. We all gaped as we saw everyone running as if a madman was running wildly with a gun. I heard screaming and people yelling get out, get out, the streets were stentorian. The thing that really got me shaking was when I saw helicopters hovering over the buildings, they were very close to the roofs as if trying to take a closer glimpse of the area.

 “Retreat, retreat!” yelled the voice that was coming from the helicopters. We all looked up and that really got us moving. We followed the crowd, my heart sank and started to beat very quickly, my body began to feel very nervous as if insects were crawling all over me. The crowd began to gain pace after the voice had repeated the command several times. Then everybody began to run if people saw they would have thought we were running a marathon. While we were running all I heard was people making phone calls, probably to family and friends, I heard chains swinging back and forth, loose change in women purses, wheels from baby strollers and disabled people in wheelchairs.

 “Where are we going?” said Jolu.

 “The right direction, I guess, everybody is going the same way and I think it is the right way.” I said. I decided to stop someone in the crowd that was nearest to us.”Why is everybody leaving?” I asked.

 “There was just a bombing in the bridge and we're all leaving to safety.” said the stranger.

 “Did you all hear that, we were very close luckily we left the minute we saw everybody running away. I hope we all get home safe don't want to worry any of our parents.”

 All of sudden I hear Van yelling, “Wait, wait.” I turned around and saw Darrly on the floor and a puddle of blood gushing out of him, his shirt was soaked with blood. I began to yell for help, but no one bothered to turn back and help, I did not judge them because I think I would have done the same thing. I bent down to see the wound, it was small but very deep. The place began to blur, I felt my eyes getting very watery I tried not to let the tear loose, but I just couldn't hold it in, my head turned to see the others and saw the others tearing as well.

 “Go get someone!” Jolu yelled at me. I started to get annoyed because he could have gotten someone himself, but I did not bothered to argue with him because Darryl needed help immediately. I heard ambulance sirens and police sirens at the end of the block. I started to run and began jumping in order to get one of the cops or ambulance car to stop, but none of them paid any attention. I got tired and decided to go back. I carried Darryl to the middle of the road to stop one of them. A black truck with tinted windows stopped right in front of us. A man with a tuxedo and sunglasses jumped out of the truck, he walked very slowly towards us he was carrying a black clothed bag, then suddenly the lights went out.

 “Get them in” I heard the man say. Then I felt four hands, two on my shoulder and two on my feet, I heard yelling from Jolu and Van. They tossed me into the back of the truck with the others and chained my feet and arms together. The truck's engine started, during the ride my head kept bumping into the walls of the truck. It was very painful I started to get a huge headache and my ankles and wrists started to get numb it felt as if I lost them. “Jolu, Van are you there?” I yelled at them to see if they were there, then I felt a hard blow on my ribcage, which caused me to fall on my side, I felt a warm drop falling from my eye down to my cheek. I remained quiet for the rest of the trip.

 After about three hours the van began to slow down. I hoped they would take the black cloth off of my head and the chains from my wrist and ankles. They opened the back of the truck and made us jump off, this increased the pain because my feet were very numb. Once I got off the place was very cold I could see a dim of light through the black cloth. Then someone began to drag us as if I was a prisoner. I heard footsteps near I was pretty sure that was Jolu and Van, but what happened to Darryl he couldn't be right next to me in the condition he was.

 We stopped. I heard a creaking noise like the one you here on prisons. We walked in and sat down the seat, the seat was very cold I almost jumped up. I finally began to feel the black cloth bag loosen up they removed it. I saw Jolu and Van, but not Darryl. I was hoping that they were going to stay here with me, but then I saw the man exit and locked the gate. I saw as the man took Van and Julu away I couldn't get up to see where for I still had my arms and feet chained. “Where are you taking them? Let them stay here. I don't want to stay here alone!” I began to yell trying to convince them but it was hopeless.

 I began to examine the cell that I was in, the walls were all steel even the floor. The cell had an air conditioner which made the cell really cold. Every time I breathed out I could see my own breath. I also saw a metal bed at the point I began to think that they wanted me to freeze to death. I decided to take a nap hopefully that would make time pass. I woke up with the feeling of using the bathroom. The urinal was right next to me but I couldn't get up, I tried holding it in but I couldn't. “Help, Help!” I started to yell like a little girl but that didn't matter. I heard heels approaching and then a weird looking woman came with a guard she was wearing a black dress and filled with makeup on her face.

 “What do you want, little boy?” she asked.

 “I need to use the bathroom, but I can't get up,” I told her showing my arms and feet which were handcuffed. When I showed her she looked at me without care.

 “Then use it,” she said. She and the guard were both looking at me; she started to giggle as if this was some kind of entertainment. I really tried holding it in but I couldn't hold it much longer. Then I felt my pants starting to soak it was very warm I was embarrassed, as if I was three years old. They were both laughing at me nonstop I looked down because I was to embarrass to look at them in the face. As she was leaving the cell she yelled “ you better start getting used to it.”

 After a while my pants started to dry it felt very uncomfortable and smelled really bad, it smelled like a public restroom in a fast food restaurant. My nose felt as if it was rotten. After a while in the smelly cell my nose started to get used to the rotten smell in the cell.

 I began to think about Jolu, Ange, and Darryl, I wonder if they were all getting the same treatment that I was getting. The one that I was mostly worried about was Darryl I wondered if he was okay by now. After thinking for a while my stomach started to rumble I was very hungry. I don't know how long has it been since I have eaten because they had taken my phone while we were on the truck.

 Later one of those suited men came back. He removed the handcuffs from my hands and ankles. I took a look at my wrist they were red like a tomato, the same with my ankles. He went out of the cell and rolled a can of carrots. I opened it and began to eat like I have never eaten before. I finished it under a minute, it did not taste as good but it was the only thing I had and I was very hungry. I was thirsty my mouth began to dry up like a grape drying up into a raisin.

 The weird looking woman came back this time she was alone, she looked at me with a big smirk in her face. I was a slave and she was my master. She stood outside of the cell and signaled me to come to her. She opened the cell and I followed her down the quiet hallway. While we were walking in my mind I felt like grabbing her by her next choking but in my mind I also thought about the consequences of doing that, this would not end to well, so I did not dare doing this to her. I kept thinking about insidious plans on what to do to her, but I was; I there was a war between good and evil going on in my head.

 We walked into a room, there weren't any windows it seemed that the prison was all trapped and there were no escape. There were two metal chairs and a desk in between them. She told me to sit. I was examining the room and saw a a bed on the side of the room, and a water faucet near it. My legs began to shake I hope she wasn't going to do what I thought she was, water boarding.

 “Alright Marcus” she said while sitting down. “You know why you're here. You have been found to be suspicious at participating in that severe bombing at the bridge. Now I'm going to have you do something for me, once you have done what I told you to do you may leave without any worries.”

 I was nervous because I didn't know what she wanted me to do for her. She pulled out the drawer from behind the desk and out came my phone. I hoped they didn't unlocked or ask me to unlock it because I had many things on my phone that only I could see.

 “I want to see what is on your phone, there might be some information on it that will help us see who was responsible for the crime. All you have to do is unlock your phone and you will be released,” she said.