

I couldn't believe it. I was alone in this room, with blood on the floor and walls. I was scared. I did not know the place or which day we were but I had a bad feeling and I wanted to move but a pain in the back of my head hurt so much to me that I had no courage and fell asleep again.

When I woke up again, the pain had disappeared by magic but questions came to my mind: why, how and since how long I was in this room? The last thing which I could remember was the face of a person who I did not know. This person can be the one who had me imprisoned here? While all these questions turned in my head, I tried to find an exit. The door was closed, there was no window, there was only a bulb there hanging on the wall. I was alone, lost, not knowing what to do.

My head was getting better, but my stomach was empty and I needed to take a shower because the smell of the blood had got into my clothes. Moreover I also wondered where from came this blood, to who it could belong. I was curious but at the same time I was afraid of finishing like this person. After a while, I heard of a noise and my curiosity got the better of me and I began moving towards the door. I poured my ear and I heard steps. I was very afraid and I wanted to die instantly but with courage I hid behind the door holding a pipe which I had torn away when I looked for an exit. I waited for a long time in this position... When suddenly the door opened, I held my breath, I was afraid. The person who advanced in the room was not dangerous but I could make anything to go out from here, so I attacked him with the pipe.

Luckily, he did not want to kill me and explained me that it was just for taking care of me, for bringing me food and drinks. He also said that if I did not make stupid things I could certainly go out. He gave me no other information. In his second visit he changed me of room. I had a headband on my eyes and I walked in along a wet corridor, I could feel drop of water fallen on my shoulders. He guided me by holding me by the arm.

Once in the new room I was relieved. There was a corner with a shower and soap and there was a quite small window and I could see the outside. The visits of this person was made more and more often. What I learnt during these visits was horrifying. I had been kidnapped by a man who was called "sir". If I was not wise I risked to be tortured and to die but if I did not make

any stupidity, like try to run away or rebelling against "sir", I could leave in not too long.

However, one day I heard the door open, I expected to see him but I saw a big man wearing a mask, I had so much fear. This man was "sir". I was afraid, he so much frightened me but I asked him where was the person who had brought me here. He answered me with a smile: 'Ah! He? He was far too cumbersome'. I agreed by moving the head. The desire of crying was present in all my spirit but I found the strength to forget this.

Some day later I took care of people imprisoned with me, some people that I knew of and other ones not. Days passed and one day "sir" was not feeling well. I do not know why. By inattention he left fallen the keys which allowed to go out from here. I grabbed them and run, run until the exit. When I see the city, the sun, people, I warned the police about the place where I had been imprisoned. Unfortunately the person who had taken care of me had died. In all there were 12 cells and 12 prisoners, about ten of which were tortured often. Most were alive but doomed to spend the rest of their life with traumatic fears.

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