

ALICE IN CHAINS
**YOUR
DECISION**



My wrists were bound to a chair when I came to and a blindfold was tied to my face. In the distance was the awful sound of braying laughter and scraping plates. My wrist burned and panic was rising up my spine. I struggled, twisting against the restraints to get an arm free. Slowly the straps were loosening.

When my arm was free, I pulled off the fastenings and blindfold. There was a number branded onto my wrist: 9687. The same number was printed on what looked like a menu lying on a side-table. I shuddered. Through a crack in the door, I could see men laughing with that girl, the girl who had led me here. What they were eating chilled me to the bone.

I raced down the corridors that had recently been full of partygoers. How long ago was that? Hours? Days? All the doors were locked but at last there was an open window leading onto the house's long drive. The bald doorman from earlier was prowling around but, as he turned his back, there was finally a chance to escape. Just then, there was a scream - terrible and pleading. Someone else was trapped here too. Should I run? Should I help? An agonizing decision.





I stopped dead in my tracks as I hear the wailing screams of another tortured soul, the agony in her voice is intolerable. I move towards the voice at the end of the corridor when the bald door-man catches a glimpse of me.

As I try to run past him he throws himself into me with a crashing blow, we slam into the wall. I feel the desperation inside me tear apart my fear and I fight back with all my might. I push him over the banister and he falls onto the table where the cannibals are feasting on the innards of the damned.

I head down the hall and come upon two doors, one made of steel, covered in blood, the other made of wood scarred with scratches and pieces of finger nails. Which door to take? And what could be behind them? It's your decision.



I relentlessly kicked in the steel door, desperately searching for the descending screams that previously echoed through the corridors. I found a mutilated and terrified young lady strapped to a chair, on the verge of a seemingly inevitable death. The disturbing amount of blood and contusions on her upper body sent my heart rate into overdrive.

I anxiously staggered inside the cold heavy door. The sound of my footsteps towards the macabre woman filled the vacant room, her slim hopes of survival depended on me. Next to her was a tray of rusty torture tools, including a loaded pistol.

I immediately armed myself with the pistol, but the girl's vitals are deteriorating. I hear alerted footsteps coming from down the hall, I need to move now! Should I try to save the girl, or put her out of her misery? Does shooting her make me monstrous? It's your moral decision.



I lifted her head up so she could see my face. I wanted to look her in the eyes, but they were removed. All she could do was shake. I held her hand and placed it over my branded wrist. She realized I was not her oppressor feeling the 9687 scared into my flesh.

She felt the pistol and immediately put it to her head as she whispered "Please." Fearing the others would hear the gunshot I snapped her neck like an animal instead. I raced to a set of stairs at the end of the room leading down where I startled the woman in black that had led me here.

Holding her at gunpoint I demanded the way out. She pointed left to a door leading to the moonlit backyard. She said, "Don't forget now... I know where you live... but if you kill me, it's your decision."





Sirens wailed on the rising wind. With surprising strength, she pulled the barrel between her breasts. Her fingertips grazed mine as she stroked the pistol and her breath gusted warm across my cheeks. Blood...Its thick, coppery stench made me cringe. I pulled the trigger. 'Click.' Crap. I dropped the gun and ran like a madman, her cruel laughter echoing behind me as I trampled flower beds and ghostly statues. Just ahead, tires crunched gravel and red lights flashed behind an imposing stone wall. Freedom! I glanced back at that hellhole one, last time. "They'll never believe you."

How had she moved so fast?

"They will, when I show them this." I thrust out my wrist.

"Oh?"

My skin prickled painfully. Horrified, I watched '9687' disappear. "H-h-how —?"

"I have two dead bodies inside and your fingerprints..." She waved the pistol. "They're coming. Better make your move"



I whispered, "I'll stay." With a wave of her hand the red lights vanished, and the cars exited. I looked down on my arm and saw that '9687' had reappeared.

Reluctantly, I followed her back into the house. She led me to a room with a table covered in food and seated with guests. I sat at the end, and she accompanied me on my left. In front of me sat a covered plate. The woman stood up and made a toast, "Let's acknowledge this man, for he will bring us sustenance." Confused, I removed my cover, and found a mirror. She smiled.

In the mirror, I saw the guard behind me with a pistol pointed at my head. I looked at the woman; I closed my eyes, and pushed my head into the gun. I heard a gunshot, and with it my world turned black. This was my decision.

