

# Misery

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Submitted: August 7, 2006

Updated: August 7, 2006

*Not sure why I wrote it, maybe because I take pleasure in other people's pain.*

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**Chapter 1 - Misery**

**2**

# 1 - Misery

## Misery

My arms were numb from holding up the weight of my body for hours. Chains were wrapped around my black-and-blue wrists, blood dropping from the links. My black hair looked like a rat's nest, the huge tangles making it look matted. Dreadlocks hung down in front of my face, blocking any light that my dim, brown eyes might be able to see. The pale skin on my body hung like rags off my thin skeleton; any vessel in my body was visible. My calloused feet hung just inches above the ground.

I groaned quietly as the hooks sank into my back again; I tasted blood as they were ripped back to their mater. I retched again. The hissing, hateful voice finally said "One-hundred" and then I fell to the floor like a rock. He screamed at me to get up, but I was too weak and a kick landed on my side, breaking and bruising ribs. I heard him gather up the chains and he pulled me forward, the sharp stones below ripping my paper-thin skin.

I was thrown into a black, damp room and bound there, my shallow breathing hardly creating a whisper. After some time, someone entered my dank cell and poured a lukewarm, foul-smelling gruel down my throat; a crust of moldy bread was pressed into my hand, but was snatched instantly by the rats that had been licking at my wounds. I hear their angry squeals as they fought over scraps of loose skin.

Thunder rolled across the sky brining salty rain that flooded my dreary prison. The water rose a few inches and I was forced to turn myself over so I wouldn't drown, even though my back turned to fire as soon as it touched the rain. I listen to the agonized screams of other victims and laughed bitterly till I choked. I swore over and over into the wind, the curses never reaching the ears they were meant for.

The heavy wood door opened suddenly and a man entered, grabbing me by my hair and lifting me to my feet. Stop bloody screaming! he yelled into my ear, pounding my head against the wall once & twice & three times and then threw me to the ground, slamming the door closed behind him. Warm liquid ran down my cheek from the gash in the side of my head. It even came out of my ears just as I passed out.

I awoke as someone grabbed my ankles and started dragging me down the hall. What type of torture would I have to endure now? I was hung up on hooks like a dead fish waiting to be gutted. With a grunt, the one who brought me in here tore my feeble dress off my body, the fresh scabs being opened; a new pain and a new torment. I looked up at his fat, well-fed body and he looked back smugly, a smirk twisting his lips.

I ignored the man as he exploited my weakness while he took advantage of his undeserved break. After all, what rest does a fat man deserve when starving, tortured victims of one man's hobby surround him? The man was eventually satisfied and I was thrown back into my small room. All I had to do now was keep breathing, hoping one day that someone would discover this legal act and take pity on those involved. But then again, no one cared about someone so miserable and weak &

