They say life is a matter of perspective. I find it a bit different. Life is a matter of how you decide to live. You choose one path and you're on your way towards happiness and joy. The other path is not so blissful.

~~When I woke up in that shallow grave, I figured I was on that other path. The not so blissful one. It was going to be a long day.~~

George woke up in a shallow grave. His first instinct was to panic and panic he did. George wiggled free from the dirt that had been dumped on top of him. First his upper body then his legs. A gag prevented him from screaming. Probably a good thing considering he wasn't out of the woods.

Once out of the grave, George looked around. He was in an enclosed room. A basement of some sort. Concrete lined the walls. A light flickered in the corner. Standing up, George wondered what hell he had managed to get himself into.

One thing was for sure, George couldn't remember the past twenty-four hours. How he got there, in the basement, was all a blur.