

Who Am I?

The first thing I ever felt was the sun as it shined on my face. As my eyes adjusted, I realized I was in a small white room that had an eerie feeling to it. I don't know what it was about the room, but some sixth sense was telling me I had to get out of there. After a while a person wearing a gas mask and suit entered.

"How are you feeling? Have you experienced any strange symptoms yet?" they said with an unidentifiable voice?

"I'm all right", I responded with a dull, lifeless voice (now that I think about it, I'd never heard my own voice before). With that they gave a small nod and turned on their heel towards the door.

"Excuse me, but would you mind telling me who I am?"

They turned around slightly, replied, "Jay Fern", and shut the door behind themselves.

It went on like for many days, strange people in costumes entering, asking how I was doing, then leaving just like that.

Until one day when the person who came into my room got an emergency call and forgot to close the billion locks on the door. I stood still contemplating what I should do. I had always wondered what was on the other side of the door and it would be cool to find out, but on the other hand, would it be worth the risk? At last I decided it would be worth it.

As I crept out the door, I realized I had made a terrible mistake. There were people running up and down the hallway everywhere you looked. Strangely enough though, no one noticed me. In fact it almost seemed like someone ran right through me. I came to the conclusion that I was probably just delusional from all that time stuck in a room alone.

There were many other small white rooms along the hallway. My curiosity won me over, and I decided to take a peek. What I saw in that room was a monster, a foul, ugly, scary monster crying out loudly in pain. I looked in all the other rooms and it was the same in all of them. Creatures that looked like they would kill you in an instant were what inhabited those rooms. So then,...what am I?

"Subject AZO117 is not detected in his cell, sir?"

The sudden noise snapped me out of my daydream. They were screaming about some escaped test subject.

"Oh, God! Who else could that be but me?" But still no one noticed my presence.

"Then use the radar to find him," another voice screamed.

What would happen if they found me? Would they kill or torture me? Either way I needed to get out of there. Fast.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a door, one that didn't look like the rest. As I opened the door, I felt a cool rush of air hit me along with the strong smell of disinfectant. Oh, it was just a bathroom. I needed to cool down after all that excitement, so I washed my hands and threw water on my face. When I looked up, I saw...nothing. Nothing! There was a mirror above the sink, and yet I saw nothing. I stumbled backwards expecting to push up against the wall, but instead going right through.

I fell down on a grassy field; there was no building in sight as if it had just disappeared. I stood up dumbfounded, and took a small step forward. Little did I know at the time that this small step forward was the first step in a long journey of finding out who, and what exactly, I was.