

By: Robin B.

8th grade

Running Courage

Its cold, the kind of cold that marks the first day of fall after a long summer, an unexpected blast of cool sweet air. I should welcome it, but I find it difficult to welcome in the things that mark change, its change that brought me to this point now. I stop running once I've reached the house that I was told to come to in need of help. I have surprised even myself by coming here, I find it hard to trust anyone anymore, yet I'm putting myself and others at risk by coming here. I knock on the door faintly.

Almost right after I knocked an old lady swung the door open. She is holding something in her hands. I try figuring out what it is until she interrupts my train of thought with a strange raspy voice, "Quick, take it, you have to", she looks at me with pleading eyes, but nonetheless determined. Somehow she knew it would take a while for me give in. I locked my eyes in hers; frantically searching for something real to hold on to, something I could trust. I could see her wispy gray hair falling into her intelligent green eyes, eyes that radiated Shrewd. The Shrewd people cannot always be trusted but I had no choice, I took what was in her hands. I looked at the old lady for probably the final time and ran. My legs brushed past each other with tremendous strength, but as soft as a whisper. I was amongst the fastest of my people and getting faster. The Society marked us by name, the robust, were called. I am fast, that's my enhancement. I ran as if my life was in danger, but it wasn't my life I was worrying about it was my brother and my friend. They were free too but Alma officers rounded them up and now I have to free

them. Taban and Calix wouldn't want me to come back for them, but they know me enough to know that I was coming back for them life endangering or not.

Long before this world became sick and twisted there was a scientist who wanted to create a superhuman. The problem was that the "perfect" paradigm of his idea backfired. Which leads us to our present situation: corporations designed to round up enhancements like me.

I reached the facility in five minutes; the facility is five miles from the shrewd woman's house. When I am close enough to see the headquarters I marvel at its appearance; open and welcoming, yet I know that the inside contains nightmares, the kinds that stick with you. I make sure that my face looks unemotional, a blank slate. If I want to do this right I must look like a normal person, a habitual citizen.

My mind wanders back to the meeting with the lady and I take out the thing that's supposed to "help" me. I look at what the shrewd woman has given me; a fake Locator Identification Card, also known as LID. Having an LID will be useful; it definitely beats a security breach. As I step inside the grounds of Alma Headquarters I am suddenly overcome by a sense of hope. I reach guards blocking the entrance and before I say anything four voices boom in unison, "Identification"! My hands shake as I pull out my LID but I right myself and repeat my memorized line, "I'm from an Alma corp. in Ohio I've come to observe". The guard I handed the card to eyes me suspiciously. My stomach turns and I'm ready to take off if he realizes what I am, but all he does is say, "Welcome", gives me my LID, and lets me in. When I enter I beam as I see they

have only been shackled against the wall. Taban uses his super strength to free them and when they're out I grab them and start running. I accomplished my goal, I saved Taban and Calix. Though there are no more words to this story I will still fight against Alma Corp, and I will not stop until they are destroyed.