



TOGETHER

By: Nicole C.



WORD COUNT
1000

“How long has she been there?”

I don't know how long she's been there. She entertained me as a baby when no one else would. She held a book by my crib every night and told a story. *Once upon a time...* She would say that no matter what, even if it didn't flow with the next few words. *Once upon a time.* It always makes me laugh. She makes me laugh. I guess a better statement would be: I don't know how long she *hasn't* been there.

“Anika,” A voice interrupts my train of thought. “You aren't answering the question.”

I stare at his chest, where it states in golden letters, *Dr. Boyle*. His clothes were a vibrant white that doesn't contain a single wrinkle. I look down at my own clothes, that are too small for me and is sandpaper rather than cloth. My gray shoes turned to brown tatters from all its misuse.

Behind me, she floats around absentmindedly. I shrug, “I don't know. Trinity's been there since forever, I guess.”

“Is it-,” he corrects himself, “Is she here right now?” Dr. Boyle asks, crossing his legs. I turn around to look at her, she gives me a half smile and waves.

Don't worry, you can tell him, she reassures me that she wouldn't be mad about being “exposed”.

“Yes,” My mouth moves slowly, resisting the urge to yawn. “She's always here.” He nods and writes on a clipboard that he struggles to hide from me.

He raises an eyebrow “Can you prove it?”

Trinity, knowing what to do, quietly creeps behind the scientist and reads silently over his shoulder. Her face scrunches up and smacks the clipboard away from him. Dr. Boyle gasps as he leaps up from his chair in surprise. He hurriedly goes to his clipboard.

Tell him that he won't ever be able to do it.

“Do what?” Trinity lips pressed into a white line and her eyebrows furrowed. Disregarding me, she goes over to Dr. Boyle and raises a finger toward his clipboard. It shakes ferociously until it bashes into the window, shattering it.

The room erupts into chaos, everything rapidly shooting across the room, and several objects thrash the scientist. His body grows limp against the wall, while his nose bleeds onto the floor.

My mouth refused to open, it refused to scream. All the muscles in my mouth no longer functioned, so it was stuck in a permeant ‘o’.

I stagger backward against the wall, and sirens start to take place, covering the sound of the crashing objects. On the wall, the words N E V E R were written in an odd blue liquid.

Everything around me was wrong.

Trinity would never, *ever* hurt anyone. Dr. Boyle's body thudded next to my legs and I let out a horrified, ear-piercing cry, “STOP!”

The world became dark.

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A bright, shining light causes my eyes flutter open, allowing me to see scientists pricking needles into me like a pin cushion. A sharp pain strikes up my spine, and I bite my lip.

“What's happening?” My voice slurred, which made it sound like I had said “wathshappemen”. The scientists disregarded my question and completely ignored the fact that I existed. Well, not completely ignored. They were still jabbing needles in every part of my body.

Anika! A voice frantically cries, ***they're trying to take me away from you! Please, you can't let them! That's what was on the clipboard!***

My senses heightened, and any feeling of fatigue disappeared. I strained to shift my position upward due to the straps on my ankles and wrists. “You guys need to stop!” I shout, “Trinity stays with me!”

They ignored me still, so I squirmed as much as I could so they wouldn't be able to poke the needles in the right places. But the needles prodding me dug deeper than they should go, making my semi-plan useless.

"Trinity," I murmur in a way the scientist can't hear, "You need to do something – you need to make objects fly around the room again." Images of Dr. Boyle's lifeless body flash into my mind, "Just without killing anyone."

I can't! If I could, I would've done that already. This room is preventing me from doing the stuff I usually can, including leaving.

Somewhere inside of me, I sensed a tugging sensation that felt like something was being torn away from me. I longed to press my hand against my chest to subdue the feeling, but I couldn't wiggle my hands from the leather cuffs. "Stop!" I beg again, "She's my friend! You can't take her away!"

Anika...

I ignore her, still trying to plead, feeling sorrow in my throat. "Please, she's the only one who cares for me!"

Anika...

"You can't do this! You're stealing my friend – no, you're stealing my *family*." I take a deep breath – the lump in my throat swelling. Tears prick my eyes, threatening to stream down my face. All my distress turned into a rage that could scorch anything.

"You aren't listening to me!" I swung my knees upward smacking a scientist's needle out of his hand.

ANIKA!

Startled, I turn my head toward Trinity. My face was deprived of all color, and tears finally spilled.

"Trinity." The words stumble out. Trinity's body had partly disappeared. Her arms and legs completely vanished. All that was left was her head.

I was forced to watch as her head faded away slowly, ***don't worry, I'm going home***. Her voice cracked, ***I love you***.

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The latches on my wrists were released. I stumble to the open window and gaze outside.

"Get back here!" I heard several voices from behind me.

I pressed my hands against the ledge, I took a glance back at the scientists to see them hurl themselves at me.

I'm coming home to find you.

I swung my legs over the ledge and leapt. I was going to be okay. ***We were going to be together, Trinity and I.***