

Abigail K.

“Liam wake up, they’re coming!” my little sister Aria yells to wake me. “Okay I’m up!” I respond groggily. “Go act like you are doing something I will take care of them,” I say trying to sound reassuring. Aria had been trying to think up a way to get us out of here and I could tell that’s what she was doing, so I needed to make sure they wouldn’t suspect it. Aria goes and reads one of the few magazines they bring us, and I stand by the door waiting for them to come by our cell. Yes, I did just say cell. It started about a month ago. Cities all over the world had started to evacuate. Families drove off looking for someplace where they could be safe.

Aria and I it’s just the two of us. Our parents had died two months before things started getting wild. We were supposed to be put into the foster system, but after a ton of convincing we got out of it. Somehow we managed to stay in our home and most importantly together. Friends and neighbors would stop by to help out in between, but they are all gone now. From the very day that my parents had died I had vowed to keep my sister safe from ANYTHING. Aria is all I have left now. I’m eighteen, and I was a senior in high school before all of this. My sister is fifteen, she was just a freshman. Basically what happened is that people started getting sick... extremely sick. As I said people were leaving their homes trying to find treatments or to just get to someplace they could die happily. The both of us decided to stay put and try to fend for ourselves for some time before hitting the roads. We would have stayed home longer, but things started getting dangerous. You see when people got sick they would turn kind of insane. Like knocking on your door trying to murder you insane. They would look like completely normal people, but once they were sick there was no getting out of it. They appeared the same and talked the same, but had vicious motives. Each and every day it was getting worse. I guess you could say me and my sister are “lucky” I mean we didn’t get sick when everybody else was. But then again who in their right mind would call living in this lucky. It was horrific, people we knew and loved would come by saying they just wanted to drop off some dinner or something like that. We would let them in then out of nowhere they would try to kill us, and because of that we had no choice but to defend ourselves and “fight” or I guess you could say we had to kill to live. The virus was becoming a bigger threat for Aria and I, so we finally decided that it was time for us to leave and search for a “safe zone” of sorts. We gathered food, supplies, and any sharp objects that could come in handy as weapons in case of emergencies then moved out. We drove a good 35 miles before things got bad...

“Aria there is someone following us.” I mumble frantically. Aria being her clever self knew what to do right away. “Okay well just take this exit. It just leads to a couple of old restaurants that clearly aren’t very useful anymore. If they take it too then we know for sure that something is up. That one Liam.” She points to the upcoming exit. Sure enough the large truck follows right behind us. “Oh no... They are following us!” Aria shrieks. “It’s okay I mean we haven’t gotten the virus yet and hopefully neither has whoever is in that truck. I mean they’re probably just normal people trying to see if they are the only ones that are still alive.” I said, trying to sound convincing. Honestly I was freaking out I mean what if they had already gotten

the virus and wanted to kill us! I start driving slower and the truck starts to pull over by us. Men wearing black clothing with matching logos on the corner of their shirts immediately walk out of the vehicle and break into our car. Aria and I were terrified. It was near impossible for us to fight off all of them, but Aria swiftly pulled out two knives from the glove compartment. The men demanded all weapons to be put down. There goes our knives. They proceeded by practically dragging us out of the car. We were put into the truck, and Aria and I knew that it would be too dangerous to argue. We drove for a good one and a half hours before finally reaching our destination.

We enter what seems to be a medical facility. Lights were on, and very bright. The walls were pearl white. They took us into quarantine where we cleaned up. Then we got interviewed. We were taken into well decorated cozy rooms where there was someone waiting to talk to us. The person asked us several questions before putting us in a cell.

They forced us in here and we haven't even been able to leave these tiny rooms once! It had been two weeks since we've been cooped up in here. I stand at the door, and Aria reads a magazine. Every day they come by and take someone from one of the cells. I didn't know what happened to them, and quite frankly I didn't want to know. They come by each cell and ask if we need anything during the process of taking someone from their cell. At least they had some manners, so I stand waiting. Except this time I'm surprised to find them opening our door and taking us. They give us each a pair of the clothes the people that took us from our car were wearing, and tell us to get ready for training. Aria looks at the odd people wide eyed, and I stand there with my jaw dropped feeling shocked and confused.