

## Project Rica

I walk down the hall from my barren room and get looks from everyone in the hospital. Why? Where were the doctors? Where was I? I looked at myself, and I asked a simple question, “Who was I?”

I saw a window at the end of the hall and ran to it. I ran from this strange hospital, from my troubles, and most of all..... myself. I look outside and see doctors, and a little flower bud open up. As I turn my head from the eye-catching scenery, I see a flight of stairs that lead to a dark abyss.

I tiptoed down the stairs, carefully examining every step as I proceeded. I looked at the sheetrock and the splatter of worn-out paint dried on the ground. The only thing at the bottom of the steps was a door. I opened the door, slowly, with a creaking sound that introduced a heart-attack feeling. My heart dropped at the sight. “Who are you?” I said to the organism. I got no answer. I sprinted up the stairs and went for the window, but it was tightly locked.

My gut feeling kicked in. I decided to ask someone where I was. I peered around the corner and saw a doctor.

“Hey excuse me----,” I said with a pause as the “doctor” sped through. These doctors... are robots! I wonder why the hospital is so flustered.....

Then, a human doctor came in and said, “Have you found Project Rica?”

“Who was that?” I asked myself.

“No? You useless robots!” he said. “She is a one-of-a-kind medical achievement!”

As I turn the corner, I hear someone yell, “There!” a robot said while pointing at me. Everyone turned their heads.

They ran towards me at full speed. I tried to run, but they were too fast. As one robot grabbed my arm, it flew back 20 yards and hit the wall. What is happening to me? They all stopped and looked. The human doctor said,

“Hello. My name is Dr. Logan and I am the administrator of this facility, and you, Project Rica.” I stood there in silence and confusion. Is my name Rica? “You are the first out of one million people to have the transplant of the eyes work and still be breathing. I didn’t know it would have these side-effects, though...” he said, with a questioning face.

Now is a good time to talk about what I witnessed in the basement door. When I opened the door, I saw a million glass cylinders, filled with a special fluid, and a body. Body after body, I stared in disgust. Who would do such a thing? Now I know who would. The terrible man, Dr. Logan.

“Project Rica?” he said, checking if I were to be body one million one.

“Don’t talk to me as if I were an object,” I said, “I am still a living thing that has a name, “Dr. Logan.” That was the most attitude I’d ever given to a stranger. If Mom had heard she would have scolded me. Mom? Where is my mom?

As he started to talk, I cut him off to say, “Where is my family? How old am I? Where am I?”

“All that information is in my office, Rica. Come take a look.” he said with a smirk that annoyed me terribly.

“No, no, no! I know you know all of this!” I yelled, “Tell me where my family is!” As I said this, I started to feel really hot. I was so confused, so many things, one after another. Everyone backed away slowly.

“What have you done to me?” I said, with tears in my eyes as I spoke. He now felt the urge to tell my history out of fear of the girl on fire.

“Your name is Rica and you are 14 years old. Your family died in a plane crash 3 years ago. You are in the Logan Research Facility in Sedona, Arizona. You are here because you were diagnosed with an eye disease in which you went blind. It was strange, though, because you weren’t just blind, but partially deaf for an unknown reason. So we did an eye transplant.

“That means I have a different brain, too?”

“Yes! Very good.”

“I am not that immature, though. A plane crash is rare.”

We stood in silence for 10 seconds before he said anything.

“Come to my office. I will explain everything.” I followed him through the halls with his robot escort. And there I saw. The office of Dr. Logan and it was huge. There were tubes coming in, swerving, and leaving. There were computers, paintings, and cylinders. Why more cylinders? These people looked familiar, but they were too far to check.

“Wow. Having a medical achievement right in my own lab!”

Ouch. That gut feeling again. I need to have an escape plan.

“I need some water,” I said.

“Of course!”

As I went, the robots followed. I went in a stall. I figured out my powers only worked if I had a lot of emotion. So I started to think of my family, my troubles, and my life in the Logan Research Facility. I started to sweat from desperation, but it just wouldn’t work. Why wouldn’t it work?

“Are you ok, miss?”

“Yes!”

And then, I cried. If I can’t recall my memories, how can I feel emotions? Then I remembered, it isn’t the memories, it’s the people you make them with. Now a surge of power went through my body, restoring every part of me. I bursted through the wall and I was in the room. The cylinder room. All these innocent people being used for these purposes is wrong. I grabbed a metal rod and broke every cylinder, one after another, glass after glass. Dr. Logan and the robots came rushing in to see what happened. And then I saw, mom, dad, and brother.

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