

I MADE THIS NOTE TO WARN YOU

Hello. If you are reading this, I have to warn you. About the things that are happening that you don't know about. My mind is jumbled, and that is probably gonna be what this note sounds like too. I just have to write this down. Someone has to know. I guess that someone is you huh?

Just to clear things up to you, I am completely sane. Everyone thinks I'm out of my mind, that the things I'm telling you are not true. But they are. Sadly.

It started on a normal Tuesday. I was walking home from school or whatever by myself, and my shoe started coming untied. I told it that if it was gonna come untied, then it might as well do it quickly. (Yeah I tend to talk to inanimate objects [still sane].)

Apparently the shoe did what it was told and before you know it I was face first on my driveway. The point is that my phone managed to fly out of my pocket and shatter on the ground. Of course, with it being my phone, I freaked out. I picked it up and found that the screen was broken. Not like cracked broken, like pieces- of-glass-falling-off- your-screen broken. Like you-can't-hide-this-from-mom-you're-screwed broken.

I hurried to my house and put my phone on the kitchen table to get a better look at it. The screen had completely broken off, revealing the wiring and stuff in the device. It was really beat up. Let me tell some of the things I was thinking right then;

1. This is totally unfair. Some of my friends' phones have flown out of their pockets, and they weren't even scratched.
2. I'm gonna be grounded for, like, the rest of my life.
3. Some words that I can't really say.

I flipped my phone over and examined the back. That part was shattered too. Great. Just when I thought this day couldn't get any worse.

You might be thinking *yeah, good for you, but why are you telling me this? Get to the point already!* Chill. I'm getting there. I just had to tell you how I got there, or else you'll think I'm insane like everyone else thinks.

So anyway, I found that there was something hidden in the inside. A note. It was written in Japanese or something, cause I guess that's where the phone was made. I had nothing else to do, so I pulled up a translator on my computer.

政府の研究室で秘密を破壊する。彼らは危険です。

Destroy the secret laboratory of government. They are dangerous.

Apparently Japanese doesn't translate very well to English. Cause I had no idea what it was talking about. But I could sorta make out what it was trying to tell me by looking at some key words. Destroy. Secret. Government. Laboratory. Dangerous.

I had no idea what I was doing, but I took my phone and got out of the house. I grabbed my bike out of the garage and rode out of the neighborhood. I didn't know where I was going, but I knew that I would know when I got there (still sane).

I rode for miles, taking random turns and going down random streets. I rode to the point where I had no idea what town I was in any more. I feel a jolt somewhere inside of me, and pull up to a random store called *Rob's Tech Shop*. I had a feeling this is where I needed to be.

I strut into *Rob's Tech Shop* and slam my broken phone onto the counter across from me in front of a guy who must be Rob.

"You think I can fix this?" Rob laughed. "What you're looking for is a new phone!"

"I never said I wanted you to fix it," I say. "I never really said anything at all. I was about to talk and you just assumed that I wanted you to fix it."

"Well then what do you want me to do?"

I flip the phone over to the back and Rob spots the note. He took one look at it and his eyes get real big.

"Was this in your phone?" He asks. I nod.

"Tell me what's going on," I say.

Rob looks around and whispers to me.

"The government is hiding something from us," he said. "And if the word gets out to the public, they will release the secret and cause harm. That is why we must destroy it."

Yeah, I'm pretty sure I picked that much out from the five key words that actually made sense in the note. What I needed to know was what exactly the government was hiding that was so dangerous, where it is, and how much ammunition it would take to blow it up. I start with the first question.

"So, what exactly is this secret that's so dangerous?" I ask.

Rob lowers his voice so low that all I really hear is soft air.

"Cyborgs," he whispers.

I laugh. Really? Cyborgs? I already knew about the robotic arms and legs and stuff that they put on people. And I traveled all this way to learn that the 'secret' of robotic arms was 'dangerous'?

“Really?!” I giggle. “By the way you were talking I thought they were planning to nuke New York!”

Rob was about to say something when they burst through the door. By they I mean heavily armed FBI or SWAT or whatever bursting through the door to the shop and surrounded us. Rob throws his hands up and I do the same.

Where did these guys come from?

One of them pushes their gun to my back and walk me and rob to their armored car or whatever that was.

Being my(still sane)self, I began to think. Rob must have something to do with these guys, cause how else would they know what we were talking about?

I nearly slap myself in the face. Of course there were security cameras in the shop! How else would Rob know what the government’s plans are if he had something to do with this?

The car traveled a while and stopped at a building literally in the middle of nowhere. There weren’t windows in the back of the car, so I couldn’t tell where we were when we were traveling. The same dude nudges me towards the building and we go inside.

We walk through a long hallway and open another pair of doors. Well I don’t open it, my hands are bound together mind you, but you get the point.

That’s when I see it. People are sitting in white rooms with glass walls, just sitting there like nothing’s happening. I notice they all have at least one robotic arm or leg, but some people had like both their legs robotic and half their face or something. Like, literally, their face was metal. I shudder at the thought that crept up at me. I these people are the ‘test subjects,’ then what are they gonna do to me and Rob? Chop our limbs off? Make us completely robot except for our brains?

The man throws me in a cell and I look out the glass walls to see what is happening. An old man with a neatly trimmed shaved white beard walks up to Rob and talks to him. Rob probably agrees to something and sits down in a chair across the room. The bearded man walks over to him and touched the back of his neck. All the light goes out of Rob’s eyes.

Then I realized that there was actual *light* in Rob’s eyes.

Then just to confirm my suspicions, the bearded man just takes off Rob’s head. And his arms. And his legs. He gives them to the guard guy and he takes them to another room.

This was a trap.

A setup.

Rob must’ve signaled an alarm when he found the note in my phone.

I sit back in my cell and write this note to you, reader. Now you know that something has to be done before it's too late. I don't know how you're gonna do it, if you're gonna get help or what.

Who knows, I might be half robot by the time you get here, and maybe you will be too.