

Emma T.
Catharsis

Chapter 1 Know

"NO, "I gasped as I woke up from my nightmares. They were the ones that I had woken up to every day with that familiar feeling. Every waking moment-that lingering feeling haunted me...Like something was missing. Looking in the mirror-that same feeling nagged me...Like someone was missing. It was almost as if a stranger was staring back at me in the mirror.

But for all the 17 years of my life, I had never had it rough. It just seemed like something was missing... and I wanted to know what.

I shook my head and freed myself from my thoughts when I overheard voices. And not just any voices-my parents! Their voices were strangely loud-and were they arguing? "I just think he needs to know-" my Dad was saying just as I walked into the kitchen. "Know what", I probed. Mom shot Dad a look and replied, "nothing John." They sure were acting suspicious for *nothing*. The day passed and I slept. When I woke up the next morning, my Dad was gone. Gone, vanished, disappeared-like he had never been there.

"Mom," I called out. I found her in the kitchen, arms cradling her head and rocking back and forth. Was she wearing a white lab coat? That was strange...She looked up and she looked-empty. The vast blue ocean of my mother's eyes looked all dried up. "I'm sorry John," was all she said before she burst into tears. "Your father is *gone*." "*I know*," I mourned. "No," she said. "Your father is dead. *They* came for him."

Chapter 2 Questions

My head swam with questions. My science teacher once told me it was like my brain was a Petri dish-thoughts multiplying exponentially. *Is it my fault? Who came for him?* I was destroyed. "John, I have to tell you something." My mother spoke. The racket of my thoughts stopped for a second if only to process the words she spoke next.

"John, you are a clone."

I WAS A WHAT? "What did you just say, mom?" I questioned.

"John, you have to follow me. We have no time to lose. *They* will come for us soon."

I had no choice but to comply. We raced out of the house in our Ford and soon we came to the forest at the edge of the city. Our car came to a stop and we got out of the car.

"If I am a clone, then who are you and Dad to me?" I asked. She stared me in the eye, seemingly pitying me. "Every clone is assigned, two scientists. They can pose as best friends, siblings, or family."

Every clone...did that mean there more clones out there? I decided it was too much to process. My Mom and Dad sure weren't the most loving parents, but we did have some good memories together. "I sure won't call you *Mom* so care to introduce yourself?"

"That's not important," she responded. Out of the blue, she touched her hand to my forehead and said these three words: *primum regem ortum*. And then the world went black as my brain struggled to process the flood of memories that came.

Chapter 3

Memory

I remembered when I was born, my duplicate self-screaming in pain. I remembered the testing's they did on me. I remembered my name- KPrime. And most importantly I remembered John Amber, the man whose life I replaced. Were all my memories his? Or were all his memories mine? I felt like a sinner, replacing the perfect life he once led. I opened my mouth and made a silent promise. John Amber, I will find you. I owe you at least this much.

Well,

Now that I knew my name, who was I?

Chapter 4

Identity

I woke up with a start. The scientist I once knew as "Mom" was gone. And I, was in a completely different setting than I remembered. The forest was gone, and I was in a pristine white lab. Then I looked down, only to find my hands in chains. I panicked and tried to fight my way out, but it was of no use. "Whoa there buddy," a grizzled man in a white lab coat said. As soon as I saw the white coat he had on, a deep rage that I never knew I had inside me flared up. My body felt remarkably hot, and I realized I was on fire! My body was lit up and producing a lot of smoke. The man in the white lab coat quickly pressed a red button and the water sprinklers immediately activated. Soon, my small flames were doused out. "Where am I?" I growled. The man answered, "you are safe. That what matters. I was in no mood to talk, but my curiosity got the better of me. I had so many questions. "Why was my father taken away?" I asked. "And where is my mother?" He sighed. "Your *scientists* both developed an emotional connection to you and were trying to help you escape. I am a friend of your scientists... I tried to get to them before *they* did but I was too late. I could only save you. I can tell you the truth about who you are. Do you want to know?" He proposed. I wanted to know. Now, everything made sense. "You are an experiment of the United States." He told. "They were afraid of world war three, so instead of making nukes, they began to make clones...with metahuman powers. You are the 11th attempt and 5th success. I can teach you to use your powers...and avenge everyone. You have to find the other clones and free everyone." "Okay, but first who are you?" I asked. "My name is John. John Amber." What I had suspected was right. I owed this dude. And I owed the world. "Then let's get started." I grinned. A catharsis of power was beginning. "The government can't prepare for what will hit them next."