

Victim of the cure

By Sam H.

I remember it like it was yesterday. The day it happened... it came without knowing. I made it out alive, but I left scarred both physically and mentally. Many weeks of thriving and hurting. 10 years of therapy. Even though it happened 5 years ago in 2341, I still feel as if I never left. I was told to look on the bright side of my situation, so on that note, at least I lived to tell the tale.

It was a beautiful day outside. Looking out the window, all I wanted to do was to go outside for a walk. No suspicious activity was shown aside from the scarcity of people. After the walk on the winding road, I managed to pull myself away from the beauty and go inside. Clatter. I panicked. Was there someone or something in my house? "Hello?!" I shouted. No response. I thought briefly that everything was going to be okay, but then the lights turned off... The drive was long. I was blindfolded. I heard barely anything, but I could hear about three other voices in the car. Two of which were captive. The last voice was at the wheel. The two that were being held captive, whispered something to me. It was hard to hear, but I think I could make out what they were saying. "Leave, run, and never turn back!" I found it hard to follow their advice.

The car finally stopped. Me being in a blindfold, made it hard to see my surroundings. All that I could feel was the cold concrete. The beautiful weather that I began with, was gone and replaced with rain and sleet. The cold suddenly disappeared, so I went ahead and assumed

that we were inside. Whoever took me, sat me down in a wooden chair, and removed my blindfold. When They took off my blindfold, I saw white walls with glass cell doors. To my left I could there were platters of needles and medicines. The glass cells had terrible beds, and a majority of those cells were occupied. You would think that if a place had white walls, it would be a nice place, but no. The walls were damp, and blood splattered. They were less white but grayer...and green...and blood red. Mold grew down the sides of the dirty walls. The only room that was still a bright white, was the lab. Chemicals and beakers were glowing in the only white light there was. The cells were a mixture of two things.... Horrifying and heart-breaking. The people inside were only teens like me. I tried to continue observing my surroundings, but my captor interrupted me. "What is your name?" he asked. I responded with "My name is Linh Provo." "Age?" "I am 16." I wondered why I ended up in this dreary, mold induced lab. "I can already tell that you're wondering why you are here." Stated the man in front of me, "You are here because you were chosen. We are heading towards world war 4, and we are creating a terminal illness that only we will have the cure to. We are testing the disease on criminals that were on death row. The cure is being tested on healthy teens like you and the rest of the teens in those cells." This sounded suspicious. "What will the cure do to me?" I asked. "The cure will do one of three things. It will either make you sick, cure the disease, or kill you." I didn't want to die. "What if I refuse to take the cure?" The man did not look pleased. "Well I guess we'll just see". Confused, I looked away and tried to rebel as much as possible. Another man came into the room. This man was different than the other. The first was tall and thin while the second was short and

stubby. They stopped talking to me and started talking amongst each other. Just when I thought I was safe for just a second, they pulled me away to the last cell open.

“Time for your first dose of the cure!” the lab technician yelled. This one was new. She seemed nicer. She came in with a syringe. I told her that I wasn’t going to take the cure. She tried to stick me with the syringe anyways, but I smacked it out of her hand. No, I did not know that she was going to call the head of the operation. His name was Dr. Alves. He told me “You made a mistake...” I looked away, hiding my fear. He hit me. It didn’t stop until he was able to stick me with the cure. This went on for weeks. I finally gave up and took the cure without the force. They started trusting me more. I finally gained enough trust to order a pizza... and I took it to my advantage. So many doses of the cure, and so much torture. It was all going to end.

The pizza never arrived, and for one reason only. I used the pizza as an excuse to call 911. It was all over. No more pain, no more suffering, and no more cure. I thought that it was all going to be fine, but they caught on. It only took the red and blue lights to give it away. They tried to make a run for it, but the police caught them in time.

Illegal experimenting. The people were caught, and I was handed over to the hospital for treatment. I didn’t think that a few weeks of torture would traumatize me for as long as it was going to. A sweet nurse came in and took my blood. Later, she came back with the results. She looked surprised, and I was surprised about the results. The

cure not only made me healthier, but it gave me an immunity in case the virus spread. It was traumatizing, but it all ended well.