

They were coming to me, I knew it. The government was upset because of the video I posted on the internet showing the bombing that had happened ten years ago. It showed how the bombing of Brownstone High School wasn't just a random event caused by terrorists, but an event constructed by our government to start a chain of incidents similar to start the war with Saudi Arabia. They were coming for me and I only knew one place to hide, in plain sight. I walked to the remains of the abandoned building, one I hadn't seen in years. Slowly I walked up to it and touch the old paint and crumbling bricks. It really was amazing that the orphanage was still standing after all these years.

I walked in, and all the memories came rushing back; I was sitting up in the bleachers at school waiting for the award ceremony to start when I knew I had to get away, to run as far as I could. I silently slipped out of the building and waited for something I knew was going to happen no matter how much I denied it, no matter how much I pretended it was not real. I had overheard the conversation while snooping.

At first I had convinced myself I had misheard, and it was only minutes before the attack when I realized the truth and ran out to save my own life. I pushed myself on a swing across the road at a park when I heard a deafening boom. I didn't look up to see what happened; I already knew that an airplane came out of nowhere and dropped a bomb on the school. I already knew everyone was dead, and I knew it was my fault. Soon I heard the whining sirens of police cars and fire trucks so I left and went home, home to a foster family that had never wanted me in the first place.

As I walked to the kitchen I saw t, the heavy metal door embedded in the ground. I picked the lock and grunted as I lifted the door.

“God!” I say, mumbling to myself, “Could they have made this any heavier?”

I was never a very athletic person, and lifting this heavy thing had given me quite the workout.

When I finally lifted the door I feel like cheering, until I saw the small rickety steps leading into the darkness. I fished out my flashlight, turned it on, and sighed when it revealed nothing promising. Mold grew on the walls and rust on the rails.

“Suck it up,” I tell myself, “This is all you've got.”

The room here had been built for tornadoes in case there ever was one. I was counting on this structure hoping it would be stable despite the building's years. I walked in carrying a bag containing clothing, food, a toothbrush, and other essentials. There was a worn couch, emergency radio, and sink there. I sighed as I collapsed on the couch and sleep.

When I woke up, it was to a murmuring of voices. I groaned, rolled over, and started to fall asleep when I remembered that the building was abandoned, and unless I was hallucinating or the dead had come back to haunt me, someone was there.

I jumped up, grabbing my pistol, and hastily packing my bag. I ran up the stairs and waited until I heard a lull in the conversation before I jumped out startling a couple of teens drinking a bottle of whiskey. I pointed my gun at them and told them,

“If you ever tell anyone about this, I will hunt you down and kill you.” And with that I ran into the night.

I couldn't stay there, not after they had seen me. Even if they were too drunk to remember, there was still a chance of one of them saying something. And I couldn't afford to let that happen.

Finally, I got to an old warehouse. I broke one of the windows to get inside and decided that it was a satisfactory hiding spot for the rest of the night. Before I got to bed I ran my fingers through my long hair only to find dirt, grime, and other debris. I didn't care much anyway; I should have chopped it all off a while ago.

An hour later and I couldn't seem to sleep. I still could hear the conversation repeating over and over in my mind.

“We need to keep quiet about this project, you know that, John.”

John was a foster kid at the time. He said,

“You know how important it is that this stays unnoticed by the general population. If they figure this out they will overthrow the government. It will take forever to get back the power we have now.”

“I know that, John, but just imagine what we could do if we started plan H. We could take over the whole world. Think about it, we start a war with Saudi Arabia, win, and then we hold power over more than 50 percent of the world’s oil. Then we start a war over the oil and boom, we own the world.”

By this point I was shocked into silence. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

“I still think it’s too risky... we’ll talk it over at the council meeting tomorrow.”

“Okay, John”

This was right about the time that I decided I didn’t want to hear anymore. I ran upstairs as quietly as possible and pretended to be asleep when my foster parent checked in on me. That was the night I ran away. At first, I crashed at my friend’s house for a couple of days. That was before I knew that the police were looking for me. Then, I had a fake I.D. made that said I was twenty-one and went to Ohio. I had been living there peacefully, that is, until about two days before the government had put pictures of me all over the news saying I was a traitor and to turn me in if anyone found me.

I snapped back to the present, frustrated because now I knew that I would never be able to sleep. Instead, I studied over my plans until the wee hours of morning

I woke up with a throbbing headache and pain in my arm. I blindly reached over for my bag to grab a bottle of aspirin, and then my hand collided with an arm. I gasped, waking up to see that I was in a van with about ten other people who were staring at me expectantly. One of them tried to introduce themselves, but when I saw the tattoo they all had on their shoulders I freaked out and reached into my combat boots to pull out a small gun. I shot at them and jumped out of the car running away.

When I stopped to rest someplace next to a bridge, I finally had time to take stock of my injuries. My hands and knees were scraped and there was a big bruise on my right arm. While drinking a bottle of water I bought from someone on the street, I tried to match everything together. How did I go from sleeping in a warehouse to being stuck in a van with people from the Illuminati? Then I saw the smiley face band aid stuck in the middle of my bruise and thought,

“Aren’t these the types of Band-Aids doctors put on you after they give you a shot?”

It all made sense now; they gave me a shot to ensure that I would sleep while they kidnapped me and could hand me over to the government for questioning. That’s why I had such a big bruise. I got up, exhausted.

“The drug is probably still in my system,” I think. “I should go get some rest”

I walk about half a mile until I come upon little park with a lake that seemed perfect to take a nap in. I layed down and my mind drifted as I slowly fell asleep. I woke up with a gentle hand shaking my shoulder.

When the lady sees that I was about to panic, she quickly says,

“Hello. Don’t worry, there’s no need to fear us. We are from the Anima. We are a secret team that fights the Illuminati and the awful ways that they control the world. We understand that ten years ago you found out a bombing before it happened and managed to survive it. We would like you to consider joining us as a spy of sorts. By the way, my name is Jessica. It’s nice to meet you.”

I stand there, shell-shocked from what I had heard, and after an unknown amount of time, I nod my head and slowly smile.

I got into an SUV with them and they started talking to me, telling me things I would never have figured out before. All of a sudden, Jessica says, “Goodnight, Isabella”

I think, “Wait a second, how did she know my name?” Right when I was about to ask her a flying fist came out of nowhere and knocked me out.

In retrospect, I really should have been more careful about who I trusted.