

WRITING

Jade 428

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TYPE

FANTASY/SCIFI
NARRATIVE

GENRE

GRADE 6

Okay. . . Answer my question, what's worse: running from guards or running from a blown up lab you destroyed? I can't choose! They are both happening to me at the moment. Well it's nice to meet you. I'm Experiment 428, or Jade. I'm a mutated human and I have "godlike" power. The lab made me who I am today! And I absolutely regret my choice. Then again I don't. The lab fused me with a Canadian Marble Fox and electricity into my blood. Quite shocking that is. Breathe in, breathe out. I'm hiding behind a tree at the moment. Noises of buzzing flashing lights go past. "Well, the rest got five seconds to live," I mumble. I dash past the floating hoverbikes. No one notices me, I'm just a blur in their sight. Three, two, one. . . A loud burst goes off behind me. I don't look or even acknowledge what I did, no one will notice. I bet the army will though. Their weapon in training is never coming back. EVER.

I grasp my swords, the noise of buzzing fills the air again. Lights flash in every direction, soon landing on me. “We found her,” one says, “Don’t move or else you know what will happen.” Their stares creep up my back. My expression is blank, but deep down I’m lost. My eyes flash red, warning them to not come any closer. My eyes darted from left to right. I either run for it or I let them take control of me, again. Decisions, decisions, hmm. . . Neither! My eyes flash faster, footsteps shuffle, and I tense. Soon they are less than three meters in front of me, at this point my eyes have finished flashing red, warning red soon turned into deadly red. My grip tightens, every single one of their movements counts. I glance around the area. There are at least twenty guards and machines pointed at me. I grimace. Great, they made themselves obvious. Just like that, silence. My motions are swift and fast, no sound, just the cool crisp air.

I regret it, but I don’t! I’d still be in the crappy lab, which had the weirdest stench. It smelled like something died, then was becoming moldy. Yeah. . . It was disgusting. I was sent there when I was five due to my father having to escape something. I don’t really remember, but all I know is that he loved me and I loved him! My town was attacked and bombed way back when. I was the only survivor of my family, and townspeople. I was only two. But I somehow remember it. It’s like when you remember something traumatic and then forget everything else, if that’s ever happened to you. I don’t remember much of the years before it, just a man who rescued me, he always looked at me with soft caring eyes. Father, hmm.. I wonder if he’s doing okay. I miss

him, more than anything, but FINALLY I can reunite with him and life will turn out perfectly, yay! That's a lie, lying inside of itself. Well, the good part is I'm free, that's until the military finds me, and I'll be sent to another training facility. Once I get there, they'll probably all kill me. They killed the old me, the present me won't be taken away. Ever, never again will they take me down.