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# SUMMARY

## PROLOGUE

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I.

Questions

10

II.

It

14

III.



The man in the chair watches those glowing screens that surround him, he steps into everyone's lives simultaneously, takes away your freedom and privacy, even though you can't see him, he's there, lurking, and all that is left is to figure out how to escape those electric eyes.

- How is it going? – A man pops in.

- I was checking out 1301. He is sitting there it's been a while. Should I ask him what he's waiting for?

- Go ahead.

- 1301, what you're doing? You've been sitting there since she entered the room. You were supposed to lay on the stretcher, so the Mrs. Lux could examine your physical conditions on the operation lobby, like said before.

At the room, a blonde tall women with freckles spread over her body, she seemed to be 38 years old, she had large pink lips and was doing an uncanny smile. There was a man too, called earlier by the security monitor as, 1301. He appeared to be younger than the woman. He was tall and brown, had a long hair too, his dark circles only enhanced his serious look, since the woman got in the room, he had stared at her while she kept smiling.

*Four guards outside, a strange woman, a collar in my neck and twelve meters square. The man thought. Too many questions, but no answers. Other than that, "Who the hell they are?", "Why I'm here?" and... apparently... "Who am I?" still the most important ones.*

- Guards, make the man proceed. – said Mrs. Lux with a lazy voice.

1301 was diving into questions since the moment he woke up, his room was a weird one, painted all in white it had no windows not even mirrors, it just had a bed where he was laying, not a long time ago. The man didn't know what was happening and neither had seen his own face to give him at least an idea of what all of that was supposed to be. Nevertheless his perception was strangely keen, since the woman got in, he kept still, observing her and the guards. Because of that peculiar behavior of his he knew that the answer of who he was would be a difficult one to respond, as well.

- Who are you? – He asks to the woman.

- NO QUESTIONS!!! – The guards yell and proceed to hit the man who fights back and knock one of the guards with a precise move. The fight goes on, but then, he got a shock by the collar, the woman was with something in the hand. The man... fall asleep.

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A security monitor in his daily job in a mexican penitentiary, watches over the prisoners cameras while having lunch and then, he got to see one who he already checked before and he thought that something was weird.

- What are you looking at? – A policeman comes in.

- I was checking out Lacroix's cell. – The monitor says – He is sat there it's been a while, I thought it was weird. Should I ask him what he's doing?

- Go ahead.

- Lacroix, quick check, respond.

- . . .

- Lacroix, what up? Give us a signal. Hard time with number two? I gotta call your mom to wipe your ass off? Hahaha.

- . . .

- It seems to me he didn't like it. Hahaha.

- Nah. He stills shocked due to that incident caused by Bernardo's henchmen at the dining hall.

- Oh, I knew about that. It was 13 against one. Massacre!

- Yeah, but he got a lot of energy. By the way, even if he's afraid of something, he's a way too serious to let people say this. How long has he been sitting there?

- I don't know. Let me ask Mario next to him.

- Mario! How long has Lacroix been shooting?

- Aahh... about... two hours. – Said Mario, another prisoner, who was reading - I think that he just fell asleep at the throne... Haha. Still, I don't know someone that would take a nap there, these toilets are tiny and it stinks a lot, you guys should at least clean up these. You hear me?

- May it have something to do with that supposed drugs German was selling? – Said the policeman.

- I dunno... Anyway, you should take a look at him. – Said the monitor.

- Yeah, I'm gonna mess his sister this time, if he has one. Hahaha.

- I'll be watching... Haha.

The policeman, Charles, with a hand in a club, whistles as he goes down on the prisoner's cell. Lacroix was a freshman, he was imprisoned about 2 months ago, apparently he got into fights with the other ones, the reason for that seemed to have something with the German men messing in Lacroix's stuff. The German, as he was called, was a drug dealer who was caught up at a whorehouse after a complaint, about 3 years ago. After German's denial on giving back Lacroix' things, the freshman started to beat the guy's crew one by one, precisely.

*Yeah, that fight was completely lopsided.* The cop thinks about the incident while scretching the head. *I didn't say anything, but actually there was another man in the cameras who seemed to be crouching at the corner. Isn't that how Lacroix was when I got home yesteday? Anyway, it's not like they had consumed something that would kill them.* The cop gets closer to the cell and waves to Mario who kept the reading. Charles was a fat man who had a hairstyle that he did to hide his early baldness, actually was a rookie too, being a policeman of course. He had worked at the same penitentiary a time ago as a janitor. By his appearence it would

be given at least 30 years old, even though he was just 22. The young man was shy but the alcohol was his courage pill he used to have, especially when it comes to talking with the girls, he had absolutely master skills and that's how he got to know his actual girlfriend, Jane who was a pretty pretty girl that he didn't know yet, but she was Lacroix's sister. The young man looks inside the cell, and he sees a nosebleed.

- Jack! Open up Lacroix's cell!!!

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A great feeling the man felt while opening the eyes against the light, the inspection gone a little too far. The woman didn't notice the man had wake up, she drops back that, then turns around and writes down something on a clipboard. 1301 was with a patient gown, he sees some surgery scars on some parts of his body. *What the hell happend with me?* - He thinks with himself. 1301 looks around and realizes he's in a different place, it seemed like a hospital room, his bed was surrounded by curtains and the feeling of beeing tired just enhanced more and more. Mrs. Lux leaves the place and the guy immediately pulls out the needles that were plugged in his arm. He listens the woman talk with another person, the voices were quite similar, despite the intonation of one and another.

- What about him? – A voice says.

- He can provide seeds, but his mental state is unstable yet. He questioned me at his room. He gotta be moved to the pharmacy center.

- Not yet, our store lacks the components used on the medicine composition. You have to find a way to maintain him quite and tamed 'till the loads comes up.

- Ok, but let me show you his situation right now.

The guy closed his eyes, but not his ears. Both women got in the little space inside the curtains.

- Look, the acceptance of the body to the parasite is a little above the average. The instability we were having since that incident dropped about 20%. Of course it doesn't seems that good, but in a few months the assimilation are going to be close to... 80 persen – Hey, what you're doing?

- I'm a... just... y'know... examining his... body.

*Wow, this woman... is a little dirty huh. Still, it's a weird feeling... Wait... What about these hands maam'?* - The guy thought

- What if he wakes up?

- If you did put him to sleep nothing is gonna happen.

The woman slowly, try to open the eye of the man to see if he's really sleeping. But then... a security alert?

- EMERGENCY ALERT! EMERGENCY ALERT! HEAD TO THE NEAREST EXIT! EMERGENCY ALERT! EMERGENCY ALERT! HEAD TO THE NEAREST EXI... bbrzz.

- Here is Tomás, leader of the Composite Parasitosis' research. A guinea pig run out of control! I repeat! A guinea pig run out of control! Evacuate to an emergency exit now! 10 minutes to containment.

- Oh Shit! Let's get the hell outta here.

Both woman leave the room as fast as possible. The man... is now alone.





- Now this is going mad. – The man says while getting out of the bed.

- I believe for now I'm free of people, but the thing outside... – 1301 looks to the monitor by his side, his vital signs were just a little slow, about 61 bpm.

- This is weird – He says.

The man stands up and now he is able to see something in the ceiling, it seemed to be light being reflected. *A ceiling of glass?* He thought. Being a little bit dizzy he peeps by the curtain. The place was very large, there was too many bed divisions.

- Santa Madre! – The man mutters surprised. He turns his head to the right and turns to the left and how quickly he turns to the right again almost cracking the neck is intriguing. Actually, a light is what he saw coming through the curtain of the division right next to his. *This might be the another person's monitor.* He thought as he slowly moved the curtain. There was a man laid on the stretcher, he looked familiar. It didn't take much time to notice whose face that was, despite the lumps. That guy laid on was one of the guards that was with Mrs. Lux before, according to the monitor, his heartbeat was a little unstable, being hooked up to the that medical stuff was what kept him alive apparently.

*I wish I could get outta here too, but being caught by the cameras, based on the heck this place might be, is not a good plan. – Haha. "The man laughs." In spite of whatever this thing outside is, it's probably not going to be a piece of cake dealing with it. With that said... How the fuck am I gonna make it?*

1301 proceeds to walk by the divisions avoiding the cameras, he counted at least 3 of them. The room...

The room was now very dark, but at the corridor outside, there was a flashing light. The man walked into it.

Where those gorgeous women