

There's something inexplicably soothing about sitting at the edge of a windowsill, twenty-five storeys above the ground, towering over the rest of the city. It feels as though you're floating above the lights, as though you own them all and are simply taking a moment to sit and admire your possessions. It's exhilarating. Everything stands like ants below your feet, as though you could squash them all in a second.

I've been reading a bunch of books on psychology, and I suppose that with my newfound knowledge, I can conclude that these thoughts are those of someone who longs for power, someone who longs for control over their life and others. Someone who resembles the villains in just about every work of fiction ever written, although I prefer to think it more resembles the anti-heroes. Or the tragic characters. I mean, it's not too difficult to long for power in a city where you have none of it – at the very bottom, the only way you can go is up. It's not as though–

My thoughts were interrupted by a glint in the distance, over a window a few storeys down. I stared at it for a few moments, before snapping myself out of the awestruck gaze I had found on my face. I've been told multiple times that I get too easily distracted, and while I like to think of it as perceptiveness, it does get me into trouble, at times. The fact that I had unconsciously scooted to the very edge of the windowsill was proof of that. Deciding I had spent long enough watching over the city I longed for, I went to bed, eyeing the stars and the glint that seemed to accompany them.

The moment I woke up, I knew something was wrong. I could feel it, even before I had fully regained consciousness. If there's one thing living in a city like mine teaches you, it's how to survive. And my survival instincts were telling me I was in danger.

Almost as though it had heard my thoughts, a voice hissed, "*Get the girl!*" Suddenly, there was an iron fist on my arm, and I was being pulled somewhere. My eyelids wouldn't open, and I couldn't hear any voices, only scuffling. From the sounds of it, though, there were at least two people, but the same person was gripping both of my arms...with a grip that was strong, but lacking technique. Realizing this, I lashed out, elbowing my assailant in the stomach and making an escape towards what I assumed was the direction of my door. Looking back, though, that was probably not a very smart move, as just as I was sure I had escaped, I felt a small stab at the back of my neck, and then there was nothing.

I awoke in a prison cell, this time fully aware of my surroundings. It was as though I had not slept, but I had no recollection of how I got to where I was. Slowly, I tried to crack open my eyes, and I found I could do it perfectly fine. Whatever they had done to me, it had worn off of my eyes, bringing forth the question, *How long had I been here for?* Determined to find out more about my situation, I opened my eyes fully and looked around.

Almost immediately, I heard a voice filtering through the bars of the cell I was in. I assessed the voice: it sounded as though it belonged to a woman, and by her tone, it seemed she was rather important.

There are a surprisingly large number of forms of entertainment in a city where you are supposed to be working for 90% of your waking hours. I didn't make that up – it was from a study from a few years ago. I suppose this knowledge was the only thing keeping me sane in the small cell where my captors were

keeping me. A drone brought me food and water twice a day, but other than that, my captors seemed to have forgotten I existed, and there was nothing in the cell to keep me occupied. Well, nothing that they had deliberately set up for my entertainment, although I had taken to scratching on the wall with my nails in an effort to do something. It hadn't been very effective, as the deepest scratches I made were barely noticeable, but it was better than nothing.

I've learned that sometimes, you don't want a memory, you just want the ghost of a memory. Just enough so that you can remember the emotions, but not enough to stop the edges from blurring. Sometimes, it means you have to avoid something for months at a time, because otherwise, you will be forced to realize the ugly truth it is enshrouded in.

- Somewhat dystopian?
  - A large city that is relatively run-down, but not completely
  - Narrator is not very reliable