It was late.

The day was drawing to a close and the faint sunlight coming from the windows were getting gradually less intense, leaving the halls plunged into the twilight.

As the dark-haired girl walked, she was being observed.

A complicate system of heat and motion sensors detected her heartbeat, measured her body temperature and analysed the pace of her breath.

She could sense the system.

It looked inside of her feelings, collected details about her thoughts and made her feel caged, like a dying hummingbird.

As soon as she’d reached the entrance of the common library, Karyon recorded her presence and activated the voice identification program.

*“Please, identify to the system*” – a metallic feminine voice asked.

“Lyra Yang, prisoner number 03-0153” – She calmly replied, waiting for it to process her request and let her in.

The automatic door unlocked with a click.

Lyra ran her fingers through her pitch-black hair in a nervous gesture, as if checking nothing was misplaced, and then pushed on the cold aluminium surface.

The library was almost empty.

The common clock on the wall ticked past eight and all the detainees had probably made their way towards their dorms, except for a sandy-haired girl on the corner.

Sam sat near the window, apart, her face visibly focused on a thick red book.

She looked absorbed in her reading and she didn’t notice the girl until the latter took a seat near her, leaning a hand on her shoulder.

“You’re shutting the world out” – Lyra scolded in a faint whisper – “It almost looks like you’re avoiding me”

Sam threw her a brief look and then focused back on her book.

“I’m not avoiding you” – She shrugged, lingering her finger on the papery surface of the volume – “I needed to be alone”.