Hello, my name is Isabela, and I am scared of turning into a weapon. I’m currently somewhere in northern Indonesia and it is best if I don’t tell you my exact whereabouts to spare you of a lifetime of hiding as well. My life wasn’t always this hectic. I was “normal” for a short period of time believe it or not. I had loving parents, a little brother I was protective over, and a hyperactive dog. So how did my life turn into a giant game of cat and mouse where the cat in this case is the American government?

It all started when I was 6. I lived in a small town in the middle of California. I’m almost positive that there were more cows than people. Life was easy but I soon noticed that my parents were getting more and more stressed out. I soon learned that they were having difficulties making ends meet. This continued until we eventually lost the house. My mother suggested that we move in with her brother and seeing that we had no other choice, we packed our bags and left. Unfortunately, the debt followed us, the new school where my brother and I were attending had ruthless kids. We were constantly teased for wearing tattered clothes and not having the “newest, state of the art” phones. No more. I was going to take matters into my own hands.

Walking home from school one day, I saw a flyer. “Patient Wanted. Harmless Experiments. $10,000 per Dose.” I don’t know why the fact that it looked like it was written on printer paper with a sharpie wasn’t a red flag at the time but I didn’t care. I told my brother to come up with an alibi for our parents and that I was going to be home late. I followed the address to what looked like an abandoned house. A man opened the door and seated me next to a table and told me that I am going to be destined for something amazing. What happened next is a little blurry but I do remember walking out of there with $120,000 and bandages all over my arm. It seemed so harmless at the time.

When I got home, I immediately gave the money to my parents. They were overtaken with shock, joy, fright, and confusion. I told them not to worry and that everything is fine. That night however, I had jolting pains run up my arm but then it went away. The next day, I accidentally woke up late for school. I ran out of the house without saying so much as a word to my parents and my brother has a habit of leaving me if it meant that he was also going to be late. I was right in front of my school when something unexplainable happened. I ran into a random stranger and just from sheer contact, I saw a glimpse into his future. He was thinking about intruding and shooting the school. I ran as fast as I could to the principal until I thought, “I can’t tell him that, he’s going to think I’m crazy.” Instead, I told him to just call the police because I saw someone outside with a gun.

To this very day, I don’t know what I was injected with.