“Why am I unable to move? And what is this damp smell?” These were my first couple of thoughts that slipped into my brain. I rubbed my eyes and tasted last night’s alcohol in my morning breath. I scrambled to try and pull the covers from whosever’s bed, but I didn’t feel one. There are no covers? Where am I? My body jerk up in confusion and I wrapped my arms around the stomach in the cold, moldy- colored green room. To my surprise, my arm felt stiff. What even happened last night?

Turning my head slowly to grasp and figure out where I am, I found a mirror to my right. I saw my reflection: Me, not wearing yesterday’s clothes, but some orange jumpsuit. Then it hit me: the overwhelming, horrible truth I didn’t want to face. I was in jail. But why? In the middle of the mirror was a message, written in red lipstick. ‘Please stand by,’ I read aloud. Stand by what? Suddenly, I feel a sharp pain in the head and buzzing in the ears. My vision blurred and turned everything turned pinkish- red and I no longer just saw myself in the mirror; I also saw what seemed to be some electronic codes? Numbers and letters I didn’t recognize? Am I seeing this? Wait, why am I seeing the codes? ‘Please stand by,’ said a voice in my head. ‘Raise your right arm.’ Terrified, I listened to the unknown and immediately regret what I did. I saw a chip inside my palm. I wanted to scratch away the chip with my left hand but my left hand fingers became scorched. My right palm created a black hole, with ashes outlining the wound. But I did feel fine, I didn’t feel the pain. That’s when I saw my leg. My legs had a gash, but I feel fine? I didn’t even feel the pain. I stood up, with a realization that I am no longer myself, but I am a weapon. A robotic, human weapon who can shoot fire out of her palms. But my thoughts were interrupted by the voice, “That’s right. My weapon. And I’m going to get you out of here.”