

The Accident

Cold. Dark. Wet. I sat up and a raging headache took over me. My hand shot up to my head, only to reveal I was bleeding. Memories of the accident started coming back.

I remembered the strange feeling I got on the plane. The feeling of death. Everything had been fishy, even the crash. I stood up and looked down at my clothes. My gray tank top was splattered with red and my black sweat pants were torn to the point that they were more like shorts. My once curly hair was now a frizzy, sticky mess.

Suddenly, I felt a small prick in my arm before the darkness took over. I woke up in a dimly lit room, with nothing but the chair I was tied to in it. A woman in a white lab coat entered. "The accident, what do you remember?" she questioned. "Nothing really, it's all a blur." I lied. Something just wasn't right and the fact that her lab coat was stained with blood wasn't making her anymore trustworthy.

It had been two weeks since I woke up in the dark room. The woman entered the room and untied my hands to begin the tests. Something came over me and I started running. I did not stop until I was in a crowded place. I looked around me and saw I was in the center of this vibrant city, bursting with life and colour. Free at last! ... Or so I thought. A handsome man in a suit stood in my path. He reeked of power and spoke with such too.

“Welcome to Zenatonia, Mrs. Danvers.” He said bowing slightly. “You need to come with us.”.