

Bound to take my memories

I live in a world where they learned how to take our memories. Selling them so they can live in a place of royalty, while we live in destroyed houses with destroyed people. Destroyed families.

Regular checks on our minds are done, to check if everything is normal. At least that's what they tell us. Nonetheless I see them in the dark, selling them like they are worth nothing. They are overcome with greed.

I hunt them at night, our perfect royals. During the day I act like the perfect girl.

Today is check day. I'm currently waiting for it to be my turn. My shoes, squeaking in the mud underneath me, the sky a dark grey. My younger sister turns around to face me. "Letha, do we have to do this?" I look down to see her already looking up at me, worried. Guilt shoots through me. I wish I could help her, but she is too young - they would notice.

"Yeah, I'm so sorry it's obligatory. I promise everything will be fine" I wish my promise wasn't a lie. She isn't going to be fine; she destroys herself to help them. Thinking it's normal. But they don't care, it gives them power.

When it is my turn. I concentrate on my breathing, I focus on my rhythm, the inhale and exhale, I create mental barriers around my memories, I lock them in my mind. The machine hums and pulses, but once again, it finds nothing.

Dinner was later than usual tonight. Nonetheless, when everyone is asleep, I slip out of bed. Grab my bag that I hid and climb out of the window stepping where I know the wood won't give me away.

Once I'm out of the house I walk along the roads. The smell of rot and decay fills me. The houses that once stood here, are not to be seen. Instead, walls are crumbling, roofs caved in, and windows shattered. The road doesn't look better. Our world is falling apart, and nobody knows how to fix it. I can't call this home even if I wanted to. I continued my path to the place. Everywhere I walked we had been abandoned.

Dagger in hand, I sneak into the palace library, scanning through the books to find a way to kill the royals, to destroy the machines, anything to help. I can't tell people about my method. They would just change the machines. "Oh, hello what might you be doing here?" Startled, I turned around. Her. "Guards!! I found a know-it-all." I try to fight but they hit me until I feel broken and there is no blood running through my veins. When I am restrained. They begin to take my memories; I try to concentrate my breathing but it's useless. Inhale, exhale, my vision blurs and I have been stripped of my past, my family. Forced into slavery.

