

## Telling a story

My eyes opened slowly to see a burning bright light shining on to me, my eyes squinted at it and after a few moments the light dimmed enough for me to see. I was laying on a cold, hard, metal floor, in a room with metal walls and a metal ceiling. I sat up off the ground and looked around for an exit or anything. I saw that one of the walls was made out of metal bars; I believed that I was in some kind of cell. Suddenly I realized that I have no memory of who I am or any memory of any kind. I looked out of the cell searching for someone to help me or tell me what's going on, why I am in here. I called out hoping someone would respond, at first there was nothing but after a few seconds someone said "They won't answer you. They seem to enjoy our screaming and agony and pain."

I could clearly here the voice but could not tell where it was coming from. "Who are you? Where are you?"

"In the cell next to you, and my name is Christina Halloway."

"Who are you talking about? Why are we here? What do they want from us?"

"They want us dead."

"Why?"

"So they can take our planet." We were both silent for a second and she asked, "Did any of your family make it."

"I don't know, I can't remember anything from before this conversation."

"What about your name? Do you remember your name?" I just sat quietly clearly giving her then answer to her question. For the next few hours we were completely silent not even the sound of our breath could be heard. I went to sleep in wait for something to happen and had a dream. I saw a women crying and holding her both closed, to try and silent her tears of fear. I could hear banging against the ground followed by a tremor in the ground. Something was on the

other side of the wall from us but I dared not look over at what it was. Things were silent for a second and suddenly a massive metal hand came crashing through the wall grabbing the women in front of me and dragging her away, she looked back while screaming something, "Mira! Help!" I jolted awake in a great breath and fear, after a few seconds I steeled my breath realizing it was only a dream.

I asked myself in my head, "*Was it a dream or a Memory?*" I said to Christina, "I think my name is Mira." She never responded but I knew she heard me.

After a few hours someone came to the cell with a tray of food for each of us. I went to the cell bars and begged them to help us break out, he responded by throwing my tray of food at me and said, "Better shut up you alien scum, otherwise I'll make sure the torture that's coming up for you will be more excruciating than the usual torture. He walked away and I asked Christina, "Why did he do that?"

"He is one of the aliens that threw us in here." She responded.

"They are of our own species?"

"Yes"

I was confused, "I thought that this was an alien invasion?"

"It is, they are aliens to our world, they are from another. Our look alike species indicates a definite common ancestor."

"We are them?"

"Yes" I was so confused on how they could share a common ancestor with us if not born on the same planet. More hours passed and three of them came to my cell and dragged me away down so many halls and corner after corner. They beat me, they cut me, they stabbed me, and filleted me, then they put me in cylinder made of glass filled with water that helped me heal faster until I was better so that they could start again. They tortured me so many times and

never once did they ask me a question. It felt like I was their prisoner for months but to be totally honest I lost count of the time that they had me in there and only every so often would I be able to see Christina again.

One day during my torture red lights started flailing followed by a loud and obnoxious buzz. Someone started talking over an intercom, "Code Red, Code Red, All personnel report to designated decks and stand by for orders. This is not drill, I repeat this is not a drill. The Indigenous forces are moving in, in attack formations." My tortures dragged me back to my cell in a hurry. When I got there Christina was not behind me.

"Do you know what's going on?" I asked her,

"I think our Space Military is moving in with an offensive on this ship."

"Are we going to die?"

"No, Judging by the fact that these aliens know of there presence and the fact the this ship is still flying I would say that this is a rescue mission, or a mission with different purpose than just annihilation." She explained,

"How do you know all of this?"

"I am an Officer of our Military." She articulated,

Suddenly the whole place started shaking like as if it were falling apart effortlessly and the voice of the intercom came over again, "Decks three and seven have been breached. All available and reserve fighters launch and provide cover for the ship." Without warning all of the cell doors started opening one after the other and people began flooding out into the halls looking for shelter or a way off the ship, though christina remained.

"Come on! We need to go." I yelled at her,

"Trust me Mira, right now this is the safest place to be."

"How do you know?"

“The intercom said that decks three and seven have been breached, that means that our military took them out. Those two Decks are fighter launching decks. If our military wanted to destroy this ship they would have already.” She explained,

“Well then what are they doing?” I asked,

“They are trying to immobilize the ship. They do not want it destroyed, they want it wounded. In a few moments our space fighters will neutralize this ships engines and our military will begin boarding procedures.”

Not a minute later the intercom again came over and announced, “The engines have been destroyed. Enemy boarding ships are in bound all infantry, security, and capable fighting forces prepare to repel the enemy.” I decided that I would believe her since she clearly knew exactly what she was talking about. So I sat down in front of her with my legs crossed she had her eyes closed, she looked as though she wasn't even there, like she was watching what was going on every where at the same time, which was the only explanation I could come up with for how she knows exactly what's going to happen before it does.

We sat for a while, with each passing quake in the ship, I became more anxious that she was wrong. Suddenly she opened her eyes and said, “Time to go.” We stood up and walked out of the cell and just kept walking, I wondered if she even knew here we were going, or if she was just making it up as we went. After a few minutes of anxiously walking through the ship we started hearing gunfire almost always followed screaming. We got closer and closer to it, and made me consistently more nervous.

We made a corner and saw a group of people wearing uniforms from our military. They were standing above a few bodies that were wearing the uniforms of our rival. There must have a small engagement between the two and that was what we were hearing. When they noticed

me and christina they raised their guns at us so fast it almost looked like there was no transition between their movements.

“Hands up!” they screamed at the bottom of their lungs, Christina and I instantly obeyed.

“Don’t Shoot! We are on your side! My name is Christina Holloway. I am a Combat Adviser in our Military.” They lowered their guns in shock,

“Christina? Intelligence believed you were dead.” One of the Soldiers said,

“Yes well we all know how much intelligence exaggerates don’t we.” Christina asked rhetorically,

“Ain’t that the truth.” We need to get you off of this ship.”

He looked over to one of the soldiers and told him to get command operations on the radio. After he gave that order I realized that he was the commander of the squad.

“What were your orders?” She asked,

“Move to the cell decks and free any civilians we could find. Are there any besides you two?”

“The rest of them took off when the cells opened they could be anywhere on the ship but not in the cell decks.” I said to him,

“Damn it!”

“Sir, I have Operations Command on the radio.” The Soldier said,

He took the radio and started relaying the information we had just brought to him. After a few minutes had passed he shouted “Get ready to move! We are moving to extraction and standing by until the other units finish their objectives!” When they were ready, we ran as fast as we could