

## *Lab Rat*

### Chapter #2

Just as I was starting to doze off, a flash of light filled my room. I opened my eyes and looked at my floor, only to find it covered with glowing green slime. I blinked and rubbed my eyes to make sure what I was seeing was real. When I opened my eyes, the slime was still there, glowing even brighter than before. I knew I had to get out of there, so I opened the window next to my bed and began to climb out. I stopped short when I saw the endless blackness that replaced the lush, green lawn my father had cared so much about.

Another flash of light filled my room. I was soon hurled into a tornado that was quickly filling it. Furniture flew everywhere. I was spinning around and around at what felt like a very high velocity. I started to feel dizzy and soon blacked out.

The next thing I knew, I was laying face-down on a cold floor in a small metal room, about the size of my room. Wondering where all my stuff was, I slowly rose to my feet and made sure I wasn't hurt. Then, I walked over to one of the walls and began banging my fists against it, yelling as loud as I could.

“Help! Is anybody out there? Hello?!”

I yelled for several minutes, with no reply. Just as I was about to give up hope, I heard a muffled voice coming from the other side of the wall.

“Subject 1609174 has regained consciousness. Prepare to drop walls.”

I stepped away from the walls as they slowly started to descend. Little by little, I began to see more of what lay on the other side. What I saw astounded me.

There were millions of machines covering the walls of a large, dome-shaped room. Each machine had a small, metal chair sitting in front of it. Lights were blinking everywhere. One wall was covered with TV screens, each with a kid on it just like me. They were just living their lives, oblivious to any TV cameras around. As I looked closer, I began see familiar faces. Kids I'd seen in dreams and such. It sent chills down my spine.

As I was taking all this in, I sensed movement out of the corner of my eye. I turned around to face a dark corner of the room, where I saw a strange figure coming towards me. It didn't have a very definite shape; it was just a blob. A moving blob. I wanted to run, but my legs wouldn't move. I was frozen in fear. As it got closer, I could see two antenna coming out of the top of it, and one large eye in the middle of its body. It stopped about three feet from me and began to speak in broken English.

“Hello. Me Zornox. You box be fixed soon. You wait here.”

I stared at him in fear and pure confusion. His glowing green body scared me, but his cold, black eye really freaked me out. He began to turn around to go back from whence he came.

“Wait,” I cried, my fear overrun by my curiosity. “Where am I? What are you? Why am I here?”

The blob known as Zornox turned around and looked me in the eye. “You no know much, but me tell some. This control room,” he said as he turned to face the many computers lining the walls. “This where we control. You box have problem. Control room no control box. Must fix. You wait here.”

Then, he began to stare hard at a chair sitting in front of a transparent, square machine. I looked at him, then the chair. Nothing happened for several seconds. Then, suddenly, the chair began floating toward me, and landed right at my feet.

“You sit,” were the last words Zornox said to me as he slowly slugged away, leaving a trail of glowing green slime as he went.

“That really helped,” I thought sarcastically as I stared at the chair, debating whether to sit in it or not. I decided against it, not knowing what other blobs had sat in it before me, and I began pacing around, wondering what I should do to pass the time.

After a couple pointless games of “I spy” and “rock, paper, scissors”, I started wandering around and looking at all the weird machines. Most of the buttons had characters on them I couldn’t understand, but one had a keypad with numbers zero through nine on it. Curious what it would do, I began to slowly punch in my favorite number, 1609174. I finished punching the number into the keypad and waited. Nothing happened.

“It was a stupid idea, anyway,” I thought as I walked away. I took three steps when I heard from behind me, “Transmission will begin in ten seconds.”

I turned around to face the machine. A screen had risen from the top of it, counting down from ten. I quickly sat down in the chair sitting in front of it and looked up at the screen, staring in awe at what was on it.

There was my head, blown-up on the screen. Next to it were my “stats”. Stuff like my age, birthday, favorite color, even what I had for dinner last night. Why would a whole bunch of alien blobs have, or want for that matter, any of this information?

Just then, a blinking blue button caught my eye. Wondering what it would do, I pressed it. The image on the screen changed to show a list of the major events of my life. Things like my first day of school, my first boyfriend, and the day my parents got divorced.

“Wow”, I thought as I scanned through the list. “I remember that day. And that one. Ha! That was funny. (Name) never knew what hit her. Oh, gosh. That one sucked. I couldn’t sleep for a week after that.” Each event on the list brought back lots of emotions. I sat there for a moment, looking at the list and reminiscing about each event. I found the off button and pressed it. The screen sank back into the machine, and I sat there, suddenly feeling very lonely. I began to miss my family, my home, my life. Everything I’d ever known was gone, and I had no idea why. That’s when I lost it.

I began to cry, bawling my eyes out until I couldn’t take it any more. It wasn’t fair. What did I do to deserve this? I wanted to go home, back where I knew where I was and everything had an explanation. I was confused, scared, and alone.

I don’t really know how long I cried. It seemed like forever until I could stand up straight and shout to no one in particular, “Why me? What did I do? I want some answers, people, and I want them sooner rather than later!”