FIGHT

Oliwia Penkala

# Day 1

I heard a loud noise. I looked out of the window and saw a legion of armed figures. I could not see any details, because everything has become a blurry white spot. Announced for months, the attack on Brooksville finally came. Nobody wanted to believe me that soon the army sent by a higher power was going to attack our city. NOBODY. And now, no one has time to escape.

I packed my clothes, weapons, ammunition and a few cans of food into my bag and jumped out of the window. I'm not suicidal... I live on the ground floor, I don’t even need a door. I can go out of the window.

# Day 2

I’ve got caught. They took my gun, but not the ammunition. The charms of larger bras, smaller breasts. You can put anything into your bra. They implanted a metal plate on my arm. I suspect that this was a chip or they wanted all of us infected with tetanus.

They told me that I’d get something to eat when I signed up for a women’s fight in the main arena, which, ATTENTION, had been bulit in the middle of the city in 12 hours. I would fight with women... probably weaker than me. Do I look like a wrestler? No.

Of course I enrolled. Fights has always been my specialty.

# Still day 2

I won.

# Day 5

I was given so much food – enough for several days. I was saving as much as I could, but my stomach was calling for more all the time, and it was like a hungry child. It was hard to refuse.

As an unofficial rebel I lived in the basement of my building. I could not get back to the apartment, because as it turned out, there lived some old woman with five children. They offered me shelter, God bless them, but I could not bear the cry of five kids at the same time.

Walking through the other areas in search of food and something to wear I met a boy. I was very pleasantly greeted with a gun pointed at my head and a flashlight in my eyes.

„Dude, you’ll hurt yourself.”

„I thought that you were from the authorities.”

„And I thought you were Ian Somerhalder. Apparently we were both wrong. ”

„That is true. I have often heard that I look like him. ”

„You should be rather compared to the rat.”

He clutched at his heart, and muttered:

„Ow! You are hurting me! You should introduce yourself. I would gladly know the name of a lady who dares to offend such a handsome man like me.”

„You first.”

I do not know what guided me, but I preferred to make sure that if I died now, I would die at the hands of a guy who has a embarrassing name.

I do not know how that could help me, because I’d be dead anyway. I just hope that someone would snort with laughter at my funeral when they heard: "she was killed by Vladimir".

"My name is Daniel. I introduced myself first because you're pretty."

"And you're a fool, because I might as well belong to the authorities."

"I would like to remind you that you stink and you’re wearing torn clothes, which are definitely not suitable for anyone from *the authorities*."

"It's... a cover. And you also stink."

"I know, but I really like this smell. It's so... manly."

"More masculine is the smell of musty socks than yours."

Contrary to appearances, I really liked this guy. He may have seemed arrogant in his own way, but he was like me. Lonely, lost... stinky. Now I felt that I hadn’t taken a shower for a few days.

# Still day 5

"You tried to escape?"

"No, I’ve been sitting here for a few days smelling the succulent refreshing cellar scent. Of course, I tried. As a reward, they implanted me with a chip."

"And you won tetanus?"

"It's fun, is it not?"

"My dream."

I laughed softly and sat next to him on the mattress, a poor imitation of a bed. Anyway, still better than my blanket and a backpack as a pillow.

"I do not have a chip."

"How is it you do not have it?"

"Looks like I'm not such an extremely successful rebel so that they would have to control me. What did you do to them? Stole meatballs?"

"This is no time for jokes. You really do not have a chip?"

"No, but I do know how to get away."

"Lead the way."

"Can we go back to the beginning of our conversation first? I want to know your name."

What should I tell him? If I tell him my name he would like to know more and more information about my life, and I still do not know if he’s from the authorities or not.

"Go ahead."

"My name is Carrie."

"I know. You can tell me now what you want to do if you get out of here."

"Wait a bloody moment. How do you know my name?"

"I found your hiding place two days ago. I stole a can of pineapple from you. You really didn’t notice? I found your documents and looked through them. I wanted to know my enemy."

I was not sure what I got myself into, but this guy knows a lot more about me than I do about him. It may harm not only me but also my family.

"But now I know that you are not my enemy. Together, we can overthrow the authorities"

# Day 7

„I'm supposed to hit him in the back of the head? This thing is going to kill him?”

I showed him a piece of wood, which I held in my hand.

„It will not work. This guard is three times bigger than I am.”

„You can do this” he said.

„Are you freaking kidding me? Who are you? The guy in the gym, who used to motivate me to do sit-ups?”

„I can be if you just wear this tight shorts, my dear. "

"More and more, I regret that I met you."

"If it wasn’t for me, you wouldn’t even know that the city has underground canals."

"Actually, Sherlock, I did not fall for it."

I rolled my eyes so much that they almost stalled.

"What if we get caught?"

"We will not. We're smarter than them."

I thought so once, and now I have a chip under the skin. Of course I did not say it out loud. I wanted our plan to succeed. I wanted to get out of this sick city.

When I was a little girl I may have loved it, but since all the nice nooks in Brooksville are gone, I cannot call this place my home town. Military base is a more appropriate statement.

# Still day 7

I ran away. The last thing I remember is that I hit the guard with a piece of wood, and he fell. Just like that. I was not sure if he was so weak or I hit him so hard. Maybe both. I just hope that I did not kill him. I could not live with someone else's blood on my hands.

"I cannot believe that we were able to get out of Brooksville!"

"Do not enjoy it so much. We still have a long way to go."

"You kill not only rats, but the joy in my life. Congratulations."

"Thank you very much. It's my pleasure, princess."

"I'm not your freaking princess, rat."

"And after so many days of our love you still hurt me."

"What are you talking about, man?"

I laughed out loud and headed toward the forest.

"Do not go there!"

I heard the voice of Daniel, but it was too late. When I passed the first tree a loud alarm went off. I got scared in earnest. Did I just I escape from hell to fall into purgatory? Because I do not think that this loud siren was a song of a choir of angels.

"Run into the forest and hide!"

When I looked at Daniel he was terrified. Behind him, I saw two armed guards. Apparently, I have not been seen yet. He was crying. He escaped from hell, and now he was going to die.

One minute, we were the happiest people in the world and then everything collapsed. Can happiness not last forever? Do we have a limit? Throughout my life, I was so happy that I used all of my happiness?

I ran crying into the woods and climbed a random tall tree, from which I could observe the surroundings.

I saw two guards right next to Daniel. They told him to kneel at the birch. He did what he was told, and in another minute the two guards were lying on the ground, and Daniel was holding two guns in his hands.

"Carrie! Get out!"

I was not sure if I wanted to. Overcoming these guards went too easily for him. Especially since both were armed, and Daniel did not even have a pocket knife.

At that point, I stopped trusting even myself. I took to someone who can kill with his bare hands.

I was not even sure how he did it. But that seemed impossible. He had to have a weapon.

"Carrie, come here! I will not hurt you I swear!"

"I do not care for your promises! You killed a man! And even two! How do I know that you do not do this to me?!"

"You have to trust me."

"Never in my life!"

"Good! Then you will die up on the tree, and I'll be sunning myself in Hawaii!"

"Good luck, murderer!"

"They were robots, Carrie! Please, believe me... If you do not come down now from the tree, I will run away by myself."

"Great! Go! I won’t get down! I do not even know you!"

"And yet you ran away with me!"

"You were my last hope!"

"The authorities will be here soon, you can get away with me, or give up."

"How do you know that they are coming?"

"Because... It was my father who created the authorities."

"Your father what?!"

Never in my life have I felt so bad... The only person I had trusted blew it.

"I prefer to give up, you traitor!"

"You will die."

"So let it be!"

# Day 45

„Carrie McKenzie is hereby sentenced to death in the electric chair.”

# Day 157

Guess what? I am still alive. And I am still fighting. I want to be free and I will be.