**Thursday, 13 November, 2055**

Claire died in Tuesday. The last leaves had just given away, bowing to the coming with emphasis winter. The moon was hanging hight in clear sky, with a cynial eyesight measuring the human existence and moching the elusive of her duration. Mother sat with her, holding her hand. On her face, light, which she usually eradiate somewhere disapper. From old gramophone slow and quite seeped the melody *Clair the Lune*. Woman ceeres her hair, the soft mounth doff small hand girl. And waiting. Look forward to end. Unavoidable termination.

I approached quietly and imperceptibly. I sat close by her. In darkness. I felt like teardrops to wash over my cheeks. I looked at her. Her fair hair scattered in the white pad, maked golden halo. Spaced here and there candles gived not much light, but in her face this lighting trek, comes and go away, throwing black and white shadows. I doesn’t see something beautiful. I softly touched beating heard and finfertips I felt light tingling. My body shived, but my hand still lay motionless in her breast. In one moment, I it seemed than under eyelieds life sidled, as if sleepy dream themselves underneath flowed. I could also swear, that her cheeks blossomed delicate pink, like a flower blush. When her face covered thin layer of sweat, it happened. Her head with pain leaned back, body went through a sharp contraction and a silence filled with the sound of coughing and swig gathered a deep breath. It was hardly taken last breath Claire. She’s gone a second later. When I tore hand from her breast, all possible light, to fly away with her like steam, and mounth want to say one thing, the only word. My name. Paige.

**Monday, 29 May, 2057**

I don’t know, how it’s started.

I don’t know, why it’s started.

I don’t know anything, beyond the existence of a scream.

Scream my mother, when she understood, that is not a disease took her beloved daughter. Her pitiful lament, when doctor said, that she wasn’t sick. That his not undersnatnd why and how she died. That she’s medical mystery.

The face my mother never adorned the a familiar smile. Not when, she lived with awareness, that lives with *monster*, who doesn’t deserve for so humane treatment.

She told me, that I finished something, which doesn’t have to end badly.

That I killed Claire, since I spent with her the last times without witnesses.

She told me, that I took her happiness.

That I took her faith and this stupid hope, which makes stronger. And although, that I tried so hard to be the, be who she wants me to be, I couldn’t change it. Every time, when I left outside, when I left break from constant tension between us, watching the life that grew around me. I saw a flower, which in my eyes arose and reviced. The bird with broken wing, which seeing me wing your way, as if nothing had happened. I visited familiar vet, because I wanted to help animals as I couldn’t my sister. I wanted to touch it, took stony sorrow and painful expectation. Every times, when I close my eyes, I saw fright in her look, what I measured that night. As if afraid of me. If I made her pain. ~~If I was a monster.~~

**7, October, 2059**

I don’t know, where I am.

I only know, that some psycho in white overall in white pickup brought me here. I know, that I was enchained to sit handcuffed. Then belts to chair. I know too, that my mom didn’t cry, when I was taken.

I know, that the sky come down every day.

4 face, 1 bed, the metal door and barred window with a view to nothingness. 1,5 square meters. That's all I see.

I try to remember the facts. I’m Paige Elizabeth Sheridan. I was born in Dublin in 2042., but I rared on the outskirts on London, where probably still leave my mom, Eleanor Sheridan. In February I’ll celebrate seventeenth birthday. England overthought monarchy in aid of democracy in 2048. Four years later, my dad was execute for conspiracy, fomentation rebellion and abet to struggle. So we are told. I had a childhood, friends, plans for the future, a normal family. I also had a sister.

~~But accidentally I killed her.~~

The memory of that night, after 5 years, it is still like a wound that hasn’t healed yet. Outside the window, the sun falls into the sea, splashing in the water orange, red and yellow spots. I see barbed wire sealed borders that encompassed the area. This is prison. Over this terrible picture extends to the gray sky, cloudless sky, sad, pathetic frustrated. I look at the leaves of a million species of trees fluttering in the wind, which end is inevitable, in the end once and they will fall. Trample on them stationed soldiers. My hands begin to tremble, I panic. I want to scream, I want to cry. ~~Fright fills my veins.~~

And then the world shrouded in darkness and everything disappears.

**Wednesday, 3 July, 2060**

My sister wasn’t sick. She was a great kid, full of joy, of the will to live even beat the warmth and brightness. I was thirteen years old, and she was eight, when using the last sunny autumn day, it happened. She was sitting on the branches of an old oak, a moment later she fell heavily to the ground. I wanted to pick her up, and when I touched her arm, between us jumped some spark. Electric discharge. Three days later, Claire died, and I was dying with her. Every single day killing me feel guilty.

**Sunday, 17 July**

I spent 274 days in captivity. They keep me in a prison, feeding bland mush. Society keeps my notebook, which I took out of his pocket some nurse, her pen and thoughts. Sometimes I get the feeling that the fate clenches his bony hands on my neck, losing his breath, everything becomes hazy. I can’t look into the future, because I can’t see anything. I can’t hold a raised head, because the force pulls me down.

**Tuesday, 14 October**

William. 1 word. 7 letters. In short: Will, simply. So I call my starting point, my escape, my strength and hope. Hope. Until recently, I did not believe in its power. And now she came to me, as the old friend, as if to say, "Hello. My name is Dr. Will Blackthorn and would like to help you." The desire to escape is so painful dream. I want to get away, to speak to someone, to touch, to bring out of the thick walls and breathe air. It's so little.

**Saturday, 18 October**

I remember TVs, fireplaces and porcelain sinks. I remember the theatre, ice rink, luxury cars and parking. Beauty salons, holidays, ice cream, blinds in the windows, dandelions, women in elegant dresses and men in suits. I remember postmen, libraries, dolls, Christmas tree, boysband, Christmas.

I also remember that when I was 13 years old, we couldn’t longer ignore the deficiencies in the pantry, and everything became so expensive that people were not able to survive.

I remember the riots, guttural howls, clubs and race. Stun guns, gas masks, groans, tears and blood on the concrete. Echo complaints, the fury and thirst for revenge.

I want to remedy this.

**Monday, 20 October**

Mysterious card hidden under food sweetens my moments of solitude good day and hope.

*"New research conducted show that your skin has a remarkable heat transfer capability. Pyrokinesis? I don’t know. I only know that I can release you from here. Before you go to sleep, take two tablets hidden under the card. He can’t see any soldier, no security guard or doctor. If you don’t, we don’t go away, and then I will be forced to present research results at the Friday meeting. Everything will be fine, Paige. Destroy this letter.*

*Your friend. "*

**Tuesday, 3 August**

Wait a minute.

Even second a minute please even 1 hour maybe weekend or 2. I have to analyse, I have to think about it.

Call us *Chosen*. Chosen to fight, strategy development, healing. We defend and assist. Who? All without exception. Each of us has a gift. Control of human emotions, Telekinesis, Pyrokinesis, Clairvoyance and Healing. I count myself In this last. Healing through touch can affect the life of another human being functions: breathing, digestion, circulation, and more. So said Will. Approaching the next wave of struggles and protests, so every helping hand is at a premium. We can restore people to live, raise them, but we can also kill them. But I'm learning to control it. No longer do I make a mistake before 5 years.

Because now I have the support, protection, friends, family. Because I have a house. Our head office is in Liverpool. We live in the barracks on the outskirts of the city, train, learn, support of the government.

Everything changes, but this time I'm not afraid. This time, I know who I am. I made the right choice and play in the right team. I feel safe. Confident. Excited.

Because this time ....

.... I'm ready.