

Narcotopia 5-24-2015

They watched her bleed. The red-purplish blood ran down the middle of her arms, her legs, and across her forehead. While she lay helpless on the ground, her skin continued to split. Her grungy screams echoed through the once vibrant plains now covered in red-orange flames, puffy gray-white smoke, and jet black soot.

The crowd surrounded the young woman who had been rumored to be one of them, a cipher, meaning nothing. Zero was their code name, you knew because the number had been burned into the top of their hand, only the dominant hand. Ciphers were different. They were supposed to be the new human race of super beings like the old comic book heroes back in the day. Something went wrong as it always did.

The Pythia, who had been known as the Oracle of Delphi, solely took over rule of Earth and used the strictest totalitarianism rule for the new world. They created a drug to try to bring back the days of their Gods. The substances in the drug mixed to the genes of certain types depending on their eye color. Those who had blue eyes became superior. Those who had green eyes, the drug reacted to the color and refused to bond with the blood.

When the experiment went wild, the Pythia tried to cover it up. However, many Ciphers took their own way out to avoid imprisonment and or death by creating new clans. The woman, Sarah, who continued to lie on the ground was not apart of any clan yet. She remained a Zero, until a miracle appeared to them all. One man came to her rescue. He scooped her up and took her to a secret hideaway. He explained to her how the drugged worked and that he had been working on a cure.

While the young aspiring Doctor, James Madison, continued to tirelessly work on stopping her bleeding, she opened her eyes. He stared at the beauty of her unusual hunter-green color. He knew the drug called, Siphon, never mixed well with green, but to have hunter-green eyes was damn unusual for a human.

Startled at his presence and her unknown surroundings, Sarah Mitchell attempted to lift herself off the table. Her eyes darted left and right. She saw the brown leather restraints holding her to the table.

“What’s going on, where am I?” she demanded.

She saw James soaking up the blood with a cloth.

“You had a severe reaction to the drug. Don’t worry. I cured you we just need to clean this blood up. You’ve lost a lot but I managed to give your more,” James smiled.

“Why am I strapped down?”

He swallowed and smiled once more at her.

“The drug took a different turn on you Sarah,” he said.

She narrowed her eyes to him and pursed her lips.

“How do you mean?”

“Siphon did not bond to your blood like it normally should. That is why your skin began to split. The drug instead bonded to your bones. It made you stronger than the Superiors.”

Sarah continued to lay on the table with her mouth ajar and her eyes widened.

“So you are saying I am stronger than the others?” she rasped out.

He smiled wide. “Yes indeed. You can help me Sarah. You and I together can retake the world. Will you help me?”

She thought this to be a nightmare. No way could she ever be this superior. Heck, she never won a game of cards, or hadn't even been noticed by anyone she believed.

"No. This is some mistake. I can't be the one. I never won at anything," Sarah cried.

"Yes you can. I'm James by the way and together we can retake the world. Please Sarah, you're my only hope."

She stared at his amber eyes. He reminded her of her father. Sarah lost her entire family in the war of all wars. She was tired of running, hiding, starving, and living in fear.

"Yes James. We will destroy them all!" she promised.