

1st Prize – Librarian’s Choice Award

Breaking the Chains

“Patient A: 1732. Height: 6”10. Weight: 130.3kg (287.26 lbs.). Blood pressure is normal. Let us increase the input,” Old Dr. Baldwin growled out his instructions in his usual monotonous voice.

I blinked helplessly as I lay strapped to the stiff chair. The harsh lights from the ceiling hurt my eyes. I could feel my muscles tense as the liquid passed through my veins. I drifted in and out of consciousness, only hearing the casual beep of the heartbeat monitor. The sensation of numbness spread throughout my body, making it difficult to distinguish reality from the dream-like state I was in. Dr. Baldwin's words echoed in my mind, a constant reminder of the experiment I was involuntarily a part of.

“The first technologically augmented super soldier, we will call you Alex,” Dr. Baldwin said with an unsettling grin. “You will be faster, stronger, and smarter than any human alive. A perfect weapon for our government.”

I had been abducted from my basic life to become a pawn in their twisted game of power. How could I have known that agreeing to a simple medical trial would lead to this nightmare?

Yet, amidst the chaos raging within me, a flicker of perseverance ignited. I refused to be reduced to a mere weapon, a tool for their campaign. Somewhere deep within the conciseness of my mind, I clung to the remnants of my humanity, a beacon of hope in the darkness surrounding me.

With each passing moment, I fought against the constraints binding me to that cold, terrible chair. The restraints dug into my flesh, a constant reminder of my situation. But I refused to surrender to despair, drawing upon reserves of strength I never knew I possessed.

Dr. Baldwin and his colleges had underestimated the resilience of the human spirit, believing they could mold me into their perfect soldier without consequence.

They were wrong!

With a surge of determination, I mustered all my remaining strength and flexed against the bonds that were restraining me. The metal creaked in protest. I felt the shackles loosen their grip until, finally, I broke free.

Freedom tasted sweeter than I could have ever imagined; every step brought me closer to reclaiming the life they had stolen from me.

Darcy Jafari

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