



## Above the Sky

by Anthea Sun

She woke up to darkness. Pure and total darkness, the kind that envelops you, the kind that swallows all light. But she wasn't scared, no, she was happy. This dark was different to her. It was as comforting as a mother to her child; as content as curling up with a warm mug of hot chocolate on a cold day.

“Wake her up.” The voice was intrusive, piercing through the peaceful black.

And all of a sudden, there was light.

---

“Hello there!” A soft voice broke through the barrier. I groggily opened my eyes, the harsh lamps foreign to my eyes. I missed the darkness, it was comforting. It was safe.

“I'm Dr. N. How are you, Subject-003?” The doctor poured a glass of water, then handed it to me. I tried to open my eyes, escape the darkness, but there was nothing. Nothing, but white. This most definitely isn't right. There... there were things here before. Panicking, I tried to move, scream, anything. Nothing happened.

“Shhh, it's okay. Everything is okay. This is a part of the process. Trust me.” They handed the cup to my unmoving hand. I heard the click of a door opening, and then the sound of air rushing into the room. *Where am I?* I took a sip of the water, despite all the warning bells in my head going off.

“Alright 003, we're going to try and help your eyes, is that alright?” Dr. N's voice echoed over the intercom, magnified and scratchy. I nodded. The thing that had prevented me from moving earlier seemed to have disappeared. I slowly slipped back into darkness, the black comforting. Then the colors began to arrive.

You know that feeling when you see something that you're so familiar with, like you've known it your entire life, but you just can't seem to pull up a direct memory of it? Imagine that, but continuously. A spiraling loop of remembrance. That's how I felt when the memories began. I saw a family of four at a park, the children chasing each other around the grassy fields. A group of three with boba tea in their hands, laughing in the library. A girl, studying with a clock reading 1:35 AM. The memories flashed,



# 威斯学院

## WELLS ACADEMY

colors swirling together into one mess. They smashed into each other, creating an unrecognizable mix of things. And then one sharpened.

*“So. You hacked into a super secret government facility that nobody knows about, then failed to tell us?” The girl crossed her arms, annoyed that the brunet had woken them up for a matter that was so obviously faked. She brushed the blonde curls that had escaped her hastily made ponytail away. Next to the girl, her brother sat on the bed still trying to rub the sleep out of his eyes.*

*“Uh... yes?” He nervously said.*

*“And why didn’t you tell us?”*

*He shrugged, “It didn’t seem important at the time.”*

*“So why are you telling us this now?” The male broke in.*

*The brunet smacked his head and smiled, as if he had forgotten something, “Oh! Because there have been men in black vans watching our house for a few days now, and we live kinda close so...”*

*“What?” The two both said in unison, staring at the brunet in shock.*

*“Toby, I love to listen to you rant about bees and stories you made, but-” She started, but was interrupted, “Oh I do love bees!”*

*“But we really do need to move on.” The brother finished.*

*Loud knocking and persistent rings of the doorbell rang through the house. Toby’s eyes widened in fear, as he came to a sudden realization.*

*“Wait Tommy! Don’t op-” But it was too late. The blonde had already gone to open the door, despite it being 3 AM. The girl walked over to the staircase banister, and peeked over the ledge to catch a glance of the unexpected visitor. A man was there, brown eyes looking over unnaturally darkened sunglasses. He had a crisp black suit on, and was standing impatiently.*

*“Hello. We’re looking for a Toby Smith. We have suspicions that he may have come here.” He spoke in a low, unwavering tone.*

*“Uhh, nope! No idea who they are, sorry!” He quickly shut the door in the man’s face. Sprinting up the stairs, he met up with the two again.*

*“They’re asking for you Toby.”*

*“O-Oh.” He staggered back, clutching his backpack closer to him.*

*“Ok, so we can get through the window, but that window leads directly to him. If we can get through silently, we might not be noticed. Maybe.” Noticing the boys bewildered looks, she quickly explained, “You guys get into a lot of stuff. A LOT. So I’ve been planning, knowing that someday you’ll have committed arson or something, are wanted in 27 different states, and desperately need help- so I’ve made little escape routes.” She paused, grappling with the window latch, “And because I was bored and didn’t want to do maths. Consider this a favor from me, the only adult here.” She grabbed a big floppy hat and a suitcase, dragging it towards the now open window.*

*“I- thank you Amari?”*

*“Thank you will work.” She deftly jumped out, reaching to the tree next the window. She gestured to the boys to follow, ignoring their still-confused looks. They all climbed down, landing softly on the ground.*

*Only to find the same man at the door waiting for them. He held a small device that was beeping obnoxiously and flashing.*

*“Get them.”*

*Fwishhh. A small feathered dart lodged itself into the small of Toby’s neck, followed by more that landed in the arms of Tommy and Amari. Then everything went black.*

*That girl. I was that girl. She was me. That happened to me.*

*“He- hello?” I whispered into the darkness, “Tommy? Toby?”*

*“Oh what a shame. Another gone!” A muffled voice said.*

*“Dr. N? Hello? Where am I?” What had happened to Tommy and Toby? What had happened to*



威斯学院  
WELLS ACADEMY

me?

“It’s the memories, it’s always the memories!” It continued yelling into the void.

“Dr. Novae. She is awake.” Another voice joined in. It was deep, like the man in black in the memory.

“Oh. I see. Hello there Subject 003. Prepare for termination.” Her voice was monotone, almost bored. I felt something being injected into my neck.

---

Darkness. Pure and total darkness, the kind that envelopes you, the kind swallows all light. This time, she was scared. The darkness was no longer a safe place. The dark was now a place of shadows, of deceit, of *death*. Then it changed. It was no longer dark, instead a supernova of colors. Bursts of color swirled together to create a mesmerizing display of space dotted with the small diamonds of stars. And there she was, in the middle of it all. Floating through the stars. Hundreds of thousands of questions rushed throughout her head, unanswered questions chasing each other as fast as bullet trains. The floppy hat the girl, no, she had grabbed before everything had happened was still on her head, the suitcase still there. Death is a merciful god, if one truly does believe.

*Memento Mori, Omnes una manet nox. In Perpetuum et Unum Diem*