

March 24–March 28

I tried to ask what was going on but it was like my vocal cords didn't want to cooperate

so all that came out was “mlaaahhh!”

“I think he’s trying to speak,” said a doctor. “He may be ready.”

Since I couldn't ask what was going on, I had to see for myself. Without thinking I pushed myself up to a sitting position and absorbed all the information I could. I was in a lab/hospital room that had no windows, so I was guessing I was underground. I looked down at my hands and was horrified by what I saw. My body is different. I'm still Caucasian but I'm more tan and I don't have freckles on my hands. That explains why I can't talk right now. I still have the same brain but not the same organs.

“What did you do to me?!” I finally managed to scream.

“You almost died, but we took your brain and inserted it into another body,” a doctor explained with a shocked face.

“Why would you do that?! I yelled. Wow. My voice is more stern and ^(not ready) **all ready** to command, but completely different. In fact, everything about me feels different.

“If you would like, we could change you back and you will be dead again,” the same doctor said.

"You still haven't answered my question!" I yelled. "Why did you change me?!" With every word I scream, I feel more and more powerful. It's strange; I feel heat in my body *(not ready)* **all ready** for something.

"The world is in war. Longer and fiercer than we imagined. We need a super soldier," he stated. "We need you."

Me? Why me? What is so special about me? "Why me?" I asked.

"Because you are using 90% of your brain," said the doctor with a stern look.

90% of my brain? But, humans only use 10% of their brain.

"You have powers unimaginable. You must learn how to use those powers against our enemies, or else we lose the war. You, and of course our nuclear weaponry, is our only hope."

"What if I'm not ready to become your 'super soldier!'" I said in a serious voice.

The doctor's hand slipped into his pocket and pulled out a . . . gun!

"Then we will have to unalive you, if you know what I mean." The doctor cocked his automatic pistol and pointed it at me.

"When do we start?!" I suddenly felt *(not ready)* **all ready** to go.

—E. J. Easterly
Grade 6