

The year 2045, waiting in line for the doctor, she has known for a while that she wants a baby girl. The room next to the gender picking room is surrounded by glass windows. Looking through the glass, there are test tubes on every table. Beginning at A and ending at Z, with numbers all the way up to one billion. Every single inch of the room is covered in the CRISPR logo – a tiny white man in a tiny white atom holding genes surrounded by tiny nucleotides.

Every day is the same, and everyone looks the same. My name is Mindy, and my life is a pattern. After generations, I am still alive. All my grandchildren are genetically modified. When I was 23 years old, the law for every baby to be genetically altered was passed across the country. I didn't want to change my baby, but it was too late.

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Waking up at 8:30, walking down the bright white hallway with white handlebars to get my daily breakfast pill every morning is the most tiring exercise I don't need. Going back to see what's new on my holographic TV attached to the tall white wall every morning hurts my eyes. Everything is white and modern.

The only interesting part of my life is when my daughter comes to visit. Or when I get to see my granddaughters. Even then, however, everything is monitored. Men in white direct anyone who enters the building. I am trapped inside the nursing home. I can barely walk around or "go outside" just as it is because I am so old.

I am a member of the last generation who is not genetically modified. I am in the last "normal" generation, as I have my own features, a unique name and have once seen the world both for what it truly was and what it has become.

“Hello, grandma! I'm assuming you didn't take your pill today. The man in the white told me to make sure you take it. He's reminding everyone about the meeting at 1:30 today,” C139903 says curiously.

“Hey C139903, what pill?” I responded, confused. “I just took my morning pill about an hour ago.”

White man, dressed in all white? Who was that, and what meeting? After my granddaughter left, the rest of us residents gathered on the 1st floor, in another large tall white room. At exactly 1:30, the same man seen on all the posters walked into the room, dressed in white, just like my granddaughter had said.

“You may have seen me on TV, you may have seen me on billboards, I am everywhere. Today I will be proposing my idea that will change the world for the remaining non-genetically modified people. That's you guys,” said the tall skinny man named GM1.

Let me say this. I do not believe in altering my babies genes or traits. I wanted to love my baby for who they were, no matter what. I was devastated through the whole process to modify my baby. There were so many rules I could barely keep up. I started to write my thoughts in a journal my grandmother gave me when I was younger. I have written in it since I was 12 years old. I plan on giving it to my daughter, to share with my granddaughters someday soon. I wish I could turn my journal into a book.

“Since my law has been passed and you are the only remaining non-genetically modified residents alive, I want to study you. So I am taking over this nursing home. You will listen to my rules and do as I say.” GM1 says in a harsh tone. “You don't have a say. In fact, over the next few weeks, you will become my experiment. You will be the people I test my new inventions on, you ...”

I have never wanted to see this man. I never wanted to come into contact with this man. He has taken away the meaning of life. I couldn't listen to another word of what this man had to say. I struggled to get out of my seat and began to walk away.

When I got back to my room, I sat in silence. Then I took out my fat book and started desperately writing.

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*Page 492. You have heard about all my stories and all my childhood memories. This will all be ending soon. I know I'm old, but now I know for a fact that my time has come now. I never got to name you Clemencia. This name came from my sister, who passed away from a head injury when we were both young. You are known as D139902 because that is what the system named you. Page 233 explains the history behind my sister and her name. I believe you can change the world. You are my only daughter. When I was young, I didn't have much of a voice. Given the circumstances this world is in, as your mother I hope you get a chance to read my journal. In the past, the world was so much more beautiful, and we had more freedom. Things weren't perfect. Everyone wasn't the same. We had our differences, and we had our flaws, but that is what made this world so interesting. I hope you can spread the word, as this world is in desperate need of what we used to be. Get us out of this simulation!*

*-Mindy Paul*

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It's now Wednesday, the day my daughter comes to visit me. When she gets here, I hug her like the first time she was taken away from me.

That was 34 years ago, when she was 10 years old. She was sent to the CRISPR property so "they" could do tests on her. When I was able to get her back they informed me that they

knew I was trying to find an alternative option so she didn't need to be GM. Ultimately I messed with some of the test tubes and took out the modified part they wanted to have for my child. They actually figured out which of the test tubes I altered. We agreed to never speak of it again because D139902 was partly a normal human.

“Hello, mom, would you like to go outside today?” D139902 says happily.

“Of course I do sweetie,” I reply. “anything for you.”

Outside isn't actually outside. My “outside” is a room in the basement filled with trees and plants. There are no windows, and barely any color. Just green trees, white walls, white floors, white benches and white cameras that blend into the walls.

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Weeks have passed and I've noticed that my neighbors in the nursing home are slowly disappearing. Word on the street is that it's because of the “master mind” GM1.

My skin is wrinkled. My memory, eyesight, and hearing have all faded, and I am very much aware of that. There is nothing I can do about it because I am 86 years old, rotting away in a building where I feel trapped.

All this time in the nursing home has made me think over and over again. I think I have made it this far because I am able to relive my memories as a child. I stare up at the white ceiling every day and night and just imagine life before. Even though we aren't allowed, I have still been sharing little slivers of my life with my family.

My daughter knows how sad I am because I've shared parts of my journal. I always thought my generation would be the ones to change this world for the better. We can't keep going in this direction; something has to change. That's why I've been thinking about it ever since that man came into the building.

I've decided to share my stories publicly, to bring memories and life back into this torture chamber. However, I can't let the wrong people get their hands on my journal. My hope is that it will awaken my folks and switch their vision back to reality.

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It is Wednesday, 12:23 PM. Plastic copies and digital files of my journal are ready to be shared. I'm fearful, since I know that if these stories get in the hands of the wrong people, something bad will happen to me. But that is a risk I am willing to take. I need to do my part to share my truth and help get this world back on track, even if I am only one person.

My daughter is aware of everything that is happening. She has agreed to take some of the plastic copies and share them with her friends. I am relying on her, since it is hard to communicate with the other residents in this building. We are all so old, we can only comprehend so much.

It is now 6:12 PM, and my daughter and her kids are leaving.

"Good luck Mom, I'll come back in three days and let you know if anything has happened," D139902 says worriedly, "please be safe.

"Bye, Grandma!" C139903 says.

"Love you Grandma!" C139904 says.

"Love you guys, be good for your mom!" I replied.

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Two days have passed, and it is now time for dinner. Once again. I am alone. I go to my table and, as usual, my pill is there, waiting for me. I try to start a conversation with Polly, who sits next to me. I try to get her to talk about her childhood, but she reminds me that we can't speak about it. So I walk back to my room alone, once again, and fall asleep.

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I wake up to flashing bright red lights and sirens going off. It is 5:30 in the morning, and announcements are blaring overhead.

“WE’RE GOING INTO LOCKDOWN. NOBODY LEAVE THEIR ROOM. WE’RE COMING FOR YOU!”

Loud footsteps come close to my room, followed by heavy knocking. White men kick open my door and grab me by my shoulders and arms. I am pulled from my bed. I try to scream, but white gloves cover my mouth. As I am dragged from my room, I see on the floor torn pieces of my journal.

I am carried down an unfamiliar hallway, and soon find myself in front of a black door. A man dressed in black says, “It’s over.” and violently pushes me through.