

Mind Over Matter

I watched in awe as the hole in the iron door widened...crumpling and spreading like so much rice paper. It was me...I did that, I could scarcely believe it, and I wouldn't have if it didn't feel like my brain was sweating. I wanted to pant, to put my hands on my knees in the universal stance for exhaustion, but it wouldn't help; this kind of fatigue was not so easily remedied. But there was no time for sleep, God knows I had more than enough already. My capture and interment by the dread pirate Robert Moore was ninety percent sleep, and now, ten percent escape.

Those machines, a row of them fifteen or twenty with no vacancies. I didn't recognize any of my fellow detainees when I woke up, but they all had the look of rich kids. Nothing but smooth skin, manicured nails, looks of distasteful superiority on their faces even while they slept. Most likely all of them were being brainwashed by the machines like I was, Robert Moore the savior, Robert Moore, the dear friend.

'But of course I'll give you my fortune, there is none more deserving.'

We weren't supposed to wake up yet, and I was the only one who did. Some electric shock, a short or something, jolted me into confused wakefulness with all the knowledge of Moore, but none of the fuzzy feelings.

So, there I stood in a dark room filled with trust fund brats and blinking sleep machines. They were all still having sweet dreams while I was tearing a hole through a bulkhead with my mind. It was better this way, no questions from curious and fearful onlookers. I admit I was tempted, standing there on the precipice of the portal to my salvation. It was patiently waiting, indifferent to morality but damn it, I couldn't just leave them there to pay or die. I couldn't leave them to succumb to the machines or to be murdered by Moore. So, one by one I pulled their plugs, it wasn't until I had unplugged six machines that I realized I was killing them.

Fuck.

So much for morality. The hole I tore sat there gaping at me with some inanimate grin like it knew all along, and it was saying "I told you so."

I tore the hole a little wider.

Six kids were dead, laying in silent peace, the worst part was knowing they died with their last thoughts being of Robert Moore, so I stood a few moments longer before survival trumped guilt and I left them. I condemned a row of people to become unwitting slaves, but...they were alive, right?