

The woman who bled tons

Friday, 14th November 1969

The mist masked my car from view. I was parked towards the back gate of the villa. The building was circular in design. It had a puzzle like appearance; sections were twisted outwards and inwards. I could almost picture the house turning like a carousel.

As I looked on, I saw the shadow of the man. The man I must kill. His silhouette danced from part of the house to the other. I was waiting, waiting for the perfect time to strike. I saw another figure, a smaller lineation. Accompanying him. I had a feeling it was the other woman. The woman he loved. The man Loyalty lies with. The loyalty that was my husbands. I was horrified. My husband was with another woman. I knew this fact months in advance, but this was the first time I had seen it with my eyes. I finally saw him happy but with the other woman.

An hour past. The other woman remained in the house. They must be in bed together, I thought. Instead of killing one, I must slaughter two.

The house was dark. All the lights were turned off and the blinds were shut. It was time to confront them. My revenge. As I walked up the drive, I thought to myself, what should I do next? I suppose I could steal money and run to Canada. He would not have a purpose for money in the afterlife anyway, you could not come back from the dead to gamble again.

Me and my husband were married for 11 years. We met when I was twenty-two and he was thirty-three. We met in a bar, a small bar. Just outside of Los Angeles called 'the happy ones.' This name was ironic because all I can remember recently was arguing with him, I could not remember what it was but the last time I saw him was a week ago when I stormed off from a beauty clinic.

I stood in the garden, towards the patio which leads to the living room. This was where I shall enter the house. I felt uneasy even though I ran through this plan in my head many times. I needed my peace, I felt anger, anger against my husband.

I opened the door to the living room. It does not have a lock on it because we lived in seclusion. There was not another house for miles. Not a single living soul would hear the gunshots from my revolver.

As I crept into the living room, I loaded my silver revolver. It was fancy in design; I obtained it from a film set a few years ago. I wanted it to keep as a memento filming in Spain when I did that western, as a world-famous actor I had the luxuries of this.

I tiptoed around the big open space, dodging the furniture just in case I knock anything over to alert me to my position. I felt like a spy in an action film, the cat suit I wore helped me get into that mind set.

I reached the bedroom door, I mentally prepared myself for the sight. I took a silent breath and creaked the door open a few millimetres. I first saw my husband on the bed. His glasses were leaning on his nose, his eyes scanning his documents from work. Papers scattered on the bed as if he is doing an investigation. I jolted my eyes towards the other woman. She was at my desk, brushing her long brown hair. I opened the door a few more millimetres and saw her reflection. It was my face on the woman. The other woman's body was mine. The other woman's hair was mine. It was me, sitting there.

The blood rushed to my head in confusion. I crashed in. Pointing the gun towards my husband. The other woman almost jumped out of my seat. He remained in the bed as if he knew I was coming back. He asked me in a polite tone "How are you?"

I did not respond to him, the gun remained towards his head. I looked at the other woman again, it was surely me. We had the same features. I did not understand how it was possible for me to exist here and there at the same time.

The woman was on the edge of tears, the stress was building up in her brain.

My husband persisted to be calm. He took the glasses from his nose. He placed them on the nightstand. "You are not what you think you are" he said. He continued to explain. "You were constructed in a lab, based on my wife's image. You think and talk as if you were her. Even have her memories but, in a sense, you are more like a sister to her" he paused. "A twin sister in fact." He paused again and nodded to that woman on my chair. "You are a clone of her".

“I do not understand” I replied. My brain was bouncing with questions at this. I remember so much. I remember my childhood. I remember my teddy bear, ‘Robert’ who I lost on holiday in Blackpool. That memory felt real, it could not be a copy. I paused and asked, “I remember so much, I have to be real.”

“All of her memories were copied to your brain. You were only made a week ago. I am surprised your memory was still intact after seven days and you sense of direction was impeccable”. He looked pleased as if he created a new invention. I was not a toy for him to marvel at. I was a woman, a confused woman who had a big revelation. I was not who I thought I was, I was not that famous, award-winning actor I thought I was. I was a duplicate based on her. I was the other woman.

The gun stayed still while this unfolded, my body was a statue, in shock and in fear. I saw the woman slowly truck towards the phone next to the nightstand. She dialled 9-1-1. Speaking softly to the operator, while remaining eye contact with me. I could not hear what she said in the phone. My ears were ringing with fear. The blood rushed towards my brain. I could not take it much anymore. Without hesitation, I shot my husband. I shot him in the heart. My doubleganger screamed and dropped the phone behind the nightstand. My husband clutched his chest in desperation, blood trickled down from his chest on to the white bed sheet. His head fell backwards, staring lifelessly at the statue of his wife. Petrified at the corpse now in her bed.

I heard my clone bang around in the other room. I stayed kneeling at the bed in front of my husband. Even if he was dead, I felt safe. His corpse was my shield. The shield from the rage of my doubleganger as her world shrinks. She was ripping mine and my husband's little kingdom.

My husband was a scientist, he experimented with cell research. A few months ago, he found that in a human body you can use stem cells from bone to grow another human, a duplicate of that individual. I donated my own cells for the research, and it was a success. The first experiment was not a winner, it could not maintain a memory no longer than 10 minutes however the second one, the woman who is currently stabbing holes into my sofa had a bigger memory. I was told a week ago after the test concluded she escaped the lab; she found my husband's car and drove off. We knew she would try to return home however we did not expect her to be vengeful. I heard reports of her going to my apartment downtown collecting a few things, even turning up to the film set I was currently working on.

I stayed in my room, comfortably. I was waiting for the police. I was waiting for that sound. The sound of sirens to appear. I did not know how long I could be waiting. Was it minutes? Was it hours? I could not check with the operator because the phone was smashed in this room. All I could do was wait. Wait for my safety.

She returned into the bedroom; the last one she did not completely chop up. She looked at me at the edge of madness. Her eyes were on fire with confusion and rage. She begged for the truth asking the same few questions over and over.

"Who am I?"

"What am I?"

I could not open my mouth, and I was scared. Fearing for myself. Her pupils darted across the room. She focused onto the papers on the bed. Her portrait was there, the photo of her when she was born. She was labelled as test '002'.

I did not feel connected to her. She was vengeful. Even on the film set, I could not simulate the look of cold murder. I am too squeamish. I usually made my stunt double do those film inserts.

She sat on the bed, absorbing the information on the reports. She stayed still even if the sirens came closer and closer.

I heard the door smash open. The sound echoed through out the house. It shook the furniture and both our bodies. The footsteps of two men grew louder and louder. I heard one of them shout "This is LAPD, remain where you are."

My reproduction did not react. We were both captured, as if we were a photo. The footsteps grew closer and closer. On the fourth steps she clicked. Her body jumped from the bed and kneeled down to where I was. The gun was pointed at me, I have become a hostage. Her claws grappled my arm. Her nails mined into my skin. I felt her violent aura radiate on my pores. I could not do anything but be led around by my reflection. The police officers reached the bedroom. Finally, I have glimpsed at hope.

My own revolver was pointed at my head. The police officer to the right shouted "Put the gun down." She shook her head in refusal. I was on the edge of crying, I felt bleak. The police officers took note of my face. In the moment of desperation, they fired. The bullet missed my own body and hit my twin's body in the shoulder. She fell directly to the floor. Hitting her head on the bookshelf. I ran into the arms of the biggest officer; I looked back at her. I looked back on my twin and all I saw was malice.

I felt a burning sensation on my shoulder. It was painful to move or even to look at. My eyes felt as if they were coated with acid because of the bright white light filled the room. My eyes could not focus on the walls. The room was a square in design. I did not know where I was. Was I in a hospital?

My eyes glared around; I saw a couple of meters of glass in front of my body. I had the feeling I was being watched. I toddled towards the pane of glass. My likeness appeared weary, as if I aged 20 years. I perceived the brownish colour on my head merged with the walls and floors. I felt my spirit was exhausted.

My brain focused; I remembered why I was here. I remembered who I was. I was a replica of my creators' wife. I was the other woman.

I remembered what I did. I shot my creator in the heart. I slaughtered him. I did not feel any remorse. I did not feel immoral. I sensed that I did the right thing.

I stood up from the bed, which was placed in the middle of the room. I took in more of the environment. I took in my thoughts. I felt content knowing I was a replica. I could have my own life; I could be who I want. I could be a painter or a teacher. My copy sometimes romanticizes about doing little jobs when acting becomes stressful, I could live my doubles dream.

I wish I could leave. I desire to become my own individual.

A section of the wall discovered itself to be a door while I marched around the room followed by my daydreams. A man I recognised came out behind the white pillar. It was my creator.

We both sat down on the bed. He told me he was also a clone. He was made as a failsafe if the original died. He gave this old-fashioned grin I recognised when he explains somewhat complex ideas. I felt at peace, his voice made me calm however I felt sour. He was going to tell me something sinister.

He told me something I really did not want to hear. He told me I was made for a purpose. I was grown to aid people who were sick.

I was grown to be harvested.

Harvested for my organs.

Harvested for my blood.

He told me that my body would help supply resources in surgery across the world. In the back of my mind, I knew asking to leave this place was not an option. I asked anyway. His whole tone changed from a peaceful and caring persona to a clouded and vile one. He questioned why I would object to it. why would a clone wish to be free?

He left me in my own pity. Alone. without comfort.

Sunday, 15th November 1969?

I was informed to sleep by a nurse. Evidently, I have a big day today. I felt this was going to be my final day in fact. I was scared, I did not know where I was or who I was. I have forgotten my name. I have forgotten my creator's name. My intellect was blank. It felt empty. I keep forgetting what I was scared of. I kept reminding myself what he told me, what my purpose was. I kept reminding myself I need to escape.

A nurse and two guards came into my room. They told me to lie down on the bed. I obliged without a choice. The two men strapped me on the bed. Pinned my limbs to the cloth. They trundled me out of my cell.

I was in this large corridor. It stretched for miles. I asked the nurse if a copy of me was in each and one of them. She said yes.

We arrived in an expansive room. A conveyor belt looped and twisted around the room, like a roller coaster. The copy of my creator stood proudly above us on a balcony.

I felt the ground vibrate as if something was coming. The room shook with immense tremors. Above the nobleman's head, His creations spat out, Copies and copies of the same face, the same body and the same hair pushed out. Looking idle. Ready to be harvested. The creator admired his creation, but he should not take all the credit. He was a clone himself. A duplicate of the god who made this factory. In the back of his head, he knew he was also an experiment. We served our deceased creator. We were not made to live our own lives. We were not made to make our own families. We were not made to grow old. Our bodies are not built to last. As soon as I was born, I could feel my body decay each hour I was alive. Even if our lives were short, we should have the right to choose what we are.

The nurse wheeled me out of the room. As we were leaving, I caught the glimpse of one waking up. Their eyes opened; she was born. The first thing she saw was me in captivity, her face changed from awe to shameful. Disgraced for her own existence. Appalled for my own existence.

We met up with the overlord of this toy factory. He asked what I thought of the sight. Dolls ready to be packaged and shipped across the globe. My sisters on display for me. I felt horrified. I felt objectified. I could not respond

to his question; all I could think about was my own. What made him any different from me?

He was a clone of the creator I assassinated. Why should he have special treatment?

He paused to reflect my question, but he disregarded it. He whispered something to the nurse. In the corner of my eye, I saw her face fall. I asked what was going to happen to me however I was ignored. He strolled away, leaving us. Prepared for the torture.

We arrived back in my cell however there was a clear medium bag on a thin silver podium. It was on display for me to see. My stomach felt curled. As I wheeled past, I saw the label. It was mercury. They were going to feed mercury into my system. The nurse looked at me as if she was sorry. I knew in my mind that I was a failure in their test because I was past my expiration date, I was no longer viable for blood transfusions or organ donations. The best way to get rid of me was to poison me.

The two guards left the room, leaving me and the nurse alone. I pleaded with her. I prayed to her. She ignored my desperation. With my last effort I pushed myself onto the floor, still strapped to the bed. The nurse and the IV fell with me. My right hand was freed. I tore the Velcro straps off my stumbles and ran out the room. Before I left, I observed the woman radio in for assistance.

I found myself return in that long corridor. On the left of the long stretch, I saw two guards bolted towards my direction. My heart told me to run. I ran past all my sisters, imprisoned. I ran past the endless copies of me.

I found myself at a roadblock. I was cornered. Four men ganged up on me, pointing each of there guns at me. Each was pointing at each section of my body. I knew what they needed to do, they knew what they needed to do. In unison, they fired. They fired at my whole body. The force of each bullet that hit me threw me back against the wall. My head leaned against the red coated wall. I was motionless. Blood spilled out endlessly from my wounds.