

Part 1:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Qaf7CI0dq_E2Fe-TL0ART-MRraG0EoQ0IXDu2TufJg0

Tears still streaming down her face, Anora lost her balance and the three fell to their knees. Megan looked over in awkward silence, unsure what to do. Trying her best to bury her face in the one hand she had, Anora cried.

"I don't even understand what's happening." She said, "Why are we like this? What the fuck happened?" As Anora cried, Megan stared at the wall, the same thoughts rushing through her head. In this moment, Chelsea spoke up.

"Neither do I. None of us do." She leaned her head against Anora's, the only way she could show affection given her lack of limbs. "But we'll get through this. Why don't you two get the phone plugged in? Then let's try to figure out what happened to us." Anora reached her arm over and hugged her two friends as best she could, Megan attempting to return the favor.

"Ok..." she said, wiping away tears. She then reached up to the desk and grabbed her phone. "The chargers just right there," she told Megan, pointing to the charger plugged into the wall nearby. Megan reached over but couldn't quite get it, forcing the three to awkwardly work together to shift their torso. With the charger in hand, Megan and Anora got it plugged in after a few failed attempts.

"There!" said Chelsea, "Now, Anora, do you have a computer we can use? Maybe we can find some info about this online." Anora nodded, and the three stood up. Still needing to count down between steps, they managed to work their way out of her room, went through the hallway, and found themselves at the top of the stairs.

"Shit," murmured Megan, "This'll be hard."

"Keep your cool, we got this," Chelsea responded. With Anora's arm grasping the hand rail, they slowly went down the stairs, step by step. Anora wanted to panic, but Chelsea regulated their breathing in their shared lungs. Upon reaching the bottom, Anora guided them to the computer and sat down. Reaching down, she pressed the power button on the tower. When the prompt to enter the password showed up, she tried to type but clearly struggled.

"Sorry," she said, "used to having two hands." Getting online, she tried to find what happened to them. Granted, it was a difficult situation to explain, and typing one handedly didn't help.

"Here's something..." Megan said, pointing at the screen. Clicking on it, an article appeared on the screen describing a couple in the DRC that had woken up conjoined.

"Looks like what happened to us," Chelsea said, "let's see if they found a way to separate." Skimming the article, they didn't find anything until the very end...

Anora's eyes widened as she stopped scrolling. An awkward silence prevailed amongst the three as Megan and Chelsea also saw it.

As is known right now, there is no way to separate them. Research, however, continues as more cases happen worldwide.

For a moment, no one spoke. The room was silent aside from the fans of the computer, as the three remained wide eyed and slack jawed. Anora looked down at their body.

"So we're just... we're just..." she stammered, starting to break down again. Chelsea leaned her head into Anora's in an attempt to comfort her. Megan remained staring at the computer screen. The three sunk into the office chair as Anora and Chelsea wept, all of them leaning into each other for any form of support.

Part 3:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/14TPXjOsaWLqQNO67SkU_3G6dmsPd2lbk4ha56bQGkT