

Underground, Genesis Branch, Year 2276

Something I forgot to mention in my last entry is how much I hate mirrors. They line almost every wall beneath The City. I learned from the others here that this is not normal aboveground. So, why are we forced to constantly look at ourselves down here? It's not a pretty sight, as we're constantly reminded by our supervisors. I guess we don't need to look presentable to do our work. Maybe the mirrors are here to remind us of just how ugly we are, how our only purpose is to work. I can't bear to see myself anymore. No wonder everyone calls the underground "Hell."

Yesterday, after a full 16 hours working the food production line, I watched the supervisors drag one of my friends out of the locker room, fighting the whole way. I say "friend," but you don't really get close to anyone down here. Everyone is temporary. When they tried to clock out, a red light began to flash, giving off a kind of buzzer sound. I've seen it happen before, but it still shakes me when someone doesn't meet their daily quota. 'Cuz it could be me any one of these days. I could be forced into a room, tortured in a way that no one has been able to describe. Only the supervisors and those who live in The City itself know what actually happens behind that door.

I don't really have hope anymore. I'm not sure why I'm even still alive, beyond the fact that there's no way to kill myself. No sharp objects or high places here. After only a few months of this life, most of us get pretty numb to the demand placed on us. But it's hard to ignore the hunger, the thing that will eventually kill us all anyway. That's why I feel like it's unavoidable that one day, I'll be the one who slips up, who underperforms, who triggers the supervisors to come marching in, dragging me to the unknown. When that time comes, will I be unwilling, or accepting? They say if we don't meet our quota enough times, we'll be made useful "elsewhere," whatever that means.

Yet, something keeps me going. Not hope, but a feeling that change is not far off. Good or bad, something's in the atmosphere.