

It was dark. She only could see a faint light with a loud hum coming from it. The air smelled like flowers. Flowers. She opened her eyes and a bouquet of them, daffodils and tulips. They made her feel better. She looked around. She recognised where she was, a hospital. There were no windows, but there was a visitors chair and a little table. She heard footsteps down the hall. Someone was coming. They opened the door, and she saw they were some doctor. She was hoping for a family member. They opened the door quickly, and closed it quickly too. They carried a clipboard.

"Good. You're awake," the doctor told her, "You have some amnesia; we're trying to cure you though-don't worry. You should be better tomorrow."

She felt this was a lie.

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She woke up in pain. Great pain. Aching pain. She was no longer in the hospital room. She was in a small, gray room. There were no windows. She was sitting up on a flat, hard thing that was perhaps a bed. She was not the only one in the room. Two more beds were what she could see, each with someone in them.

"Hello?" She asked. No reply. She stood up and tried walking. Her legs were stiff, but she managed to shake them out and walk to the next bed over. She took off the dirty blanket without thinking. She could always apologize, right? The person under the blanket was greenish in hue. She put the blanket back on over their back. They might have been sick. When she got examined the person in the bed's face, she nearly screamed, but her throat was dry. The eye sockets were empty, and most of the skin was rotting, though she could not smell it.

A dry voice from from the other bed called out without sitting up, "She's been like that for awhile. I would not scream if I were you- it wastes energy."

She thought she had not screamed, but did not say anything. What did she know?

"What is your name? If you have one, might I add. Most don't. They just make one up to shut me up. Quite rude I must say," the lump from the other bed said.

It then came to her senses she had no known name. She had amnesia, why did the doctor not think of telling her. She had only one memory.

She told her, "My name is Pin."

"Another liar eh? Welcome aboard, 'Pin'."

She did not know how the other person knew she was lying, but she did not care. She thought back on her one memory, let it be the one thing on her mind...

She was in a sunny field, there were wildflowers growing everywhere. Her town was right near by, so her parents had not come along. The great pine was why she was here. It was the tallest tree in the area, and she was going to climb it, sit under it stare at it... Anything really. It's bark was smooth and hard. She took out her markers and stared to draw...

She could not remember anymore. It was disappointing. Her roommate lump-in-the-bed spoke, "Are you done thinking about things to be polite? I've been waiting."

Waiting for what? she wondered. She thought back to her previous conversation. She had told her name. She guessed that the other person wanted the same done for her.

She asked, as politely as she could, "What's your name?"

From the other bed, the other person leaped up and shouted, "IT'S SHIA!"

She had been waiting for this, thought her. She had been startled by this sudden act of energy.

Shia was also a girl, which was pretty easy to tell before she saw her. Shia also had a surprising bright red hair with black streaks in it. Her hair was a bit below her shoulders in length and was rugged at the ends. She was skinny, but looked almost muscular at most, at least, fit. She had large grayish green eyes and pale skin. In all, Shia looked unnatural. When Shia opened her mouth, she saw her teeth were sharp triangles. It was kind of creepy to see, so she decided looked at her own legs instead. Her legs had gray pants on. Since there was not much to see, she looked up again. Shia was smirking. She did not know why Shia was, but she soon found out.

"I don't exactly look that weird. You should see the others," Shia told her, still holding that smirk. "Others?" She was wondering. The room seemed to have no door, and the room was small. What others could there be?

"I understand your wondering. Wait til our recess break," Shia told her before lying down on her bed again.

"Recess break?"

"just you wait," Shia said with one last grin before quickly falling asleep.

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She tried falling asleep herself numerous times, but sleep would not come for long. Of course, what did she know? There was no clock or window, for all she knew she could have been sleeping for days. Sometimes she would wake up and find some food in front of her bed. Always vegetables, because Shia 'only ate meat.' She did not care much, vegetables and water was enough. Once she woke up and there was a door. More correctly, it was an open arch leading to darkness. Shia was already awake.

"It's recess!" the red-haired girl sounded excited.

She did not know what to do, so she followed Shia's lead, which was to get up, eat bread and milk and go through the open door leading to 'recess'.

The recess yard was not a recess yard. She thought it looked a bit like a child's playground, but also like a prison yard. All around her were various... things. She saw monkey bars next to a murky pond. Beyond that, a vast swimming pool. A dense forest grew in a exact circle next to a swing set. A fake sky was taking up only a forth of the ceiling. All around this jumble of environments were children and teenagers. It was creepy, like Shia had promised. Next to a tree she saw a boy with fur and a tail. Swimming in a pond was a little child with emerald green scales in patches around their body. They had no hands, but flippers, and a strange lump that must be some sort of shell. In a fire pit was a girl with fire for her hair. Some kids had wings. She stood there, struck by what she saw. Who and what were these things? Just then it occurred to her to check if perhaps she was one of them. She looked over herself. Everything looked normal.... But she had to be sure. she ran over to the nearest thing that could be reflective- the murky pond. She could not see her face very well so she looked around for something better. Finally, she saw a metal slide. Running up to it, she saw her reflection for the first time in her memory. She had a thin kind of face- below her nose-line was rather triangular. She had bright blue eyes that matched the patch of blue sky visible in the slides reflection. The only weird part of her was how white her hair was. It was not snow white, but even whiter. When she turned her head, the light caught it and almost made reflections off her hair. She was unsure if reflective hair was odd, but felt it was better then being part turtle. She wondered where Shia was, as she had left before she had arrived in the recess yard. Looking to her left, she was surprised to see a young man in a white coat

making notes on a clipboard. He had a surprised look on his face when he noticed her staring at her, but he set back to his note-writing without a second glance. She walked up next to him and read his notes. They were about various people like 'Icy', 'Roko' and 'shiramin'. The one he was currently writing about was 'spectrum'. Spectrum. A range of colors. A rainbow. Perhaps that was.. her? She looked at the notes. Apparently, Spectrum was Female, white with prism hair. Curious, with a average react time. She seems confused easily or afraid of crowds/open spaces. Unknown if she can talk.

"I can talk!" She said. She was sure she was spectrum. Unless she had an identical twin. Or maybe a clone. It seemed anything was possible here.

The man did not look up. Instead he erased 'unknown if she can talk' with 'she is able to speak, unsure of fluency, grammar and knowledge of words.'

She, now calling herself Spectrum in her mind, walked off aimlessly. She gave up with any communication with the man.

Spectrum found Shia in a dark. forest. Shia glanced at her before looking back at where she had previously been staring. Spectrum was going to leave, but then

Shia finally said something. She said, "Congrats, rainbow girl. Now leave before you reveal my location. I'm playing tag with some prey I don't want to lose." Shia then suddenly dashed off without warning.

Spectrum left, looking for something to do. She walked over to what looked like a carnival. There were tents and even a fake little river that lead through 'The tunnel of Love'. Looking for something to do, she went to the colorful fun house with all it's mirrors. Some children were running around or making faces at mirrors, but some were trying to camouflage or disappear. Because she had nothing good to do, Spectrum leaned against the colorful yellow and red stripes of the tent. Almost at once, the color drained from the stripes and what was once color was now the dull gray of her pants and shirt. Her shirt however, was now yellow and her pants, red. She realized she had just switched the colors. In a hurry before too many people noticed, she tried switching the colors back. No success. It took her three tries before giving up. She sighed and sat down against the gray and noticed the colors had changed back. The few people that had been looking turned they're heads back to focus on whatever was important to them.

Color switching... Spectrum was glad it was a harmless ability, even though she might end up wearing an odd assortment of colors in her lifetime.

A man came into the room. She did not recognize him. He wore a white coat like the note-taker. Spectrum knew he saw the tent's color change. By the way he did not stride in, but speed walked. He looked directly at her, probably guessing she was the culprit. Spectrum noticed he carried a long rope. Spectrum decided to be cooperative as She did not like the idea of being whipped. The man took the rope and tied it around her hands without looking at his hands. He had obviously done this many times before. He lead her out of the tent and back to the main entrance of the recess grounds. Instead of leading to her and Shia's room, the arch lead down a hallway made of soil and plaster walls. He lead her to a room that looked completely normal, it had a sickly green paint on its walls and several armchairs around a wood table. Spectrum sat down in one of the chairs with some prompting from the man, and everything went black.

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When Spectrum awoke, it was like when she woke up in the hospital room. The air smelled like flowers and the room was dark. At least the dim light was not buzzing. She knew she would sleep soon and wake up in the room that she and Shia shared. Since she knew she might as well skip the amount of time she would spend doing nothing, she got as comfortable as she could and feel asleep.

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"Are you awake?"

Spectrum opened her eyes. Above her, a girl with orange hair was looking down on her, with an expression of concern on her face. The girl had a dark purple glow to her tan skin, which clashed horribly with her orange hair.

"No, I'm fine," Spectrum sat up while speaking, "I'm just fine..."

The ginger-haired girl looked pleased, "Good! 'Always help those in need!' That's what I follow."

"Shut-up!"

Spectrum just noticed Shia on a bed. It was also the first time Spectrum looked at the room. It was certainly not her old one. The beds were clean with white sheets and blankets. The floors and walls were wooden and what appeared to be sunlight was coming from a hole in the wall.

Before Shia could say anything, Spectrum cut in. "Where is this? Is that daylight? And.. who are you?" She pointed a finger accusingly at the orange-haired girl.

The girl answered casually, "Me? I'm Nife. I have no last name but who cares? Not I. The light you see is not sunlight, but merely a light bulb. I suppose it's to calm everyone down when then come back to this room every night. And, as for location, we are in a school. I can tell this is your first time here, so I'll explain as well as I can. See where you just were I assume, was the cells. Am I right?"

"Yes," when Spectrum thought of it, the barren room did seem like a cell.

"Well, that's where they store us when they need to do something and can't have us in the way. 'They' of course, are the scientists. I guess you've seen one? They are rather common on the grounds."

Spectrum nodded.

"The scientists are rather rude, you see. They have changed all of us into experiments, as you must have guessed. So, whether or not you know it, you had a family at one point."

Spectrum's heart raised. She felt that a family is what she really needed.

"But...", Nife's voice intruded once more on Spectrum's thoughts, "Your family won't really miss you. Wipe that expression off your face, it's true. Everyone's family threw them down a well in the village square. At least, I think we all came from the same town. I'm a bit unsure."

Nife turned hopefully to Shia, maybe thinking she had any idea. Shia made no comment.

"You know what? At one point, kids are taken out of this place. Where do you think they go? I think they-"

"They are recruited into the army after a quick test. If not, they are sold or given to other countries armies. This happens when experiments reach around the age of Eighteen," Shia suddenly said this with a bored voice. It sounded like she was reading off a card.

"And you know this... how?" Nife questioned. For some reason, that Spectrum could not think of, Nife did not like Shia's knowledge.

"Oh, a little bird told me," Shia said sarcastically, before lying down on the bed. She obviously thought this was a good way to end the conversation, because afterwards, she sat back up and had an expression on her face like nothing had happened. There was a period of silence followed shortly by Shia breathing, because she had fallen asleep in such a short amount of time that Spectrum was surprised by it. Nife had laid down, but had her eyes open and Spectrum herself was still sitting up, unsure of what to do. When Nife had finally closed her eyes, Spectrum followed suite, made herself as comfy as possible on the bed and fell asleep quickly.

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Spectrum woke when Shia shoved her on the ground to the words of "time for school!" before leaving her to stand up and make her bed. Nife had apparently already left, so Spectrum was the only one in the small room. Since she had fallen asleep in her clothes, there was not much else for her to do. There was a door to go through that was previously not there to Spectrum's knowledge, so she decided to proceed, as there was not much else to do anyways. The door was already ajar, and Spectrum could not see ahead but while walking through it, but she did not fall down into a pit or get impaled by an arrow, so she was sure the hallway was safe. In fact, the dark tunnel was beginning to look like a hall of sorts. Bright blue tiles had started to appear instead of dirt and now and then, Spectrum thought she could see a doorway. Pretty soon, Spectrum was surrounded by a hall with fluorescent lights, a continuous floor and white tiled walls. She noticed cameras cleverly arranged so that there was no blind spot. At the next door she came to, a tall woman stood in the doorway, holding a clipboard.

"Come in, We were waiting for you," she said.

"Me?"

"Yes you. Now come on!" Said the woman sharply, shepherding her through the door.

The room was white and smelled like anti-bacterial spray. Around it were several machines, as well as trapeze and a trampoline for some reason. She could already guess what she was going to have to do. She'd have to use everything in the room in some way while the women took notes. She really did not want to do this, but probably would be forced. Some of those machines looked dangerous... she could never lift those weights... and she doubted she was fast enough to even stay on a treadmill.

"Okay then," started the women, "We will tell you what to do, and watch. It's very simple, so you should not have any trouble. Any questions?"

In truth, Spectrum could think of many questions, but did not say anything.

"Good. Let's start with the treadmill. Get on it and tell us when you're ready."

Spectrum got onto the treadmill, fearing the worst. She just knew she would fall off it or get stuck in it. Something bad would happen to her. She got on and gave a thumbs-up sign to the woman, who had a remote in her hand. Spectrum then had to turn around, so she did not see what had happened, but suspected the remote had a button for starting the treadmill. When the treadmill started, she was surprised to find herself keeping up fine with the treadmill. However, she soon grew tired and had to stop, which she did by jumping off the treadmill, which ran for a few more seconds before the women turned it off.

"That's all for today. Try not be late next time. Do you know your way back?"

"Yes," she said, even though she did not. The last thing she'd want would be to follow that woman around. Spectrum left the white room and went into hallway, hoping to find her way back somehow. She knew that around the door to her room was just a dirt tunnel, but everywhere Spectrum went seemed to always have a floor and walls with fluorescent lighting that was starting to hurt her eyes. No one was in the halls, and she doubted she'd want to ask anyone in the halls anyway. They'd all be scientists or something. But still, she WAS lost, which is never good. She decided to ask the first kind looking person she met for directions. This was rather hard as no one was around, but she did manage to find someone after a while, leaning against a door. They were an experiment by the looks of it, Dark hair with some sort of over sized animal ears sticking out through his hair. He had his clawed hands by his sides and had a dog-like tail sticking through a hole in his pants. His ears twitched and he stood up tall when she got near, probably hearing her footsteps on the ground.

"Good day," he said, "or actually night. What would someone like you be doing out at a time like this?"

"I-I'm lost." Even though he talked politely, something about him intimidated Spectrum.

"Lost, huh? Good thing you found me then. I know this place like the back of my hand! Or rather-" He scowled, "most of it."

"Most? Good enough to me. Just get me back to my room."

"That's how you got lost? Geez... here, follow me."

Spectrum did follow him. No matter how intimidating he was to her, she felt drawn to him. He was polite, which Spectrum truly appreciated. Shia was not too polite and Nife was too polite. She almost felt as if this unknown stranger was her best friend. She followed his steady pace and soon he led her to a door which she could not recognize, but trusted it was the right door. Before opening the door she looked at him, his eyes showed he wanted to get going, so she said thanks and turned her back to him as she entered the door. She never even heard him leave.

Entering her room, she was oddly unsurprised to see both Nife and Shia still awake.

Nife was first to speak up as Spectrum expected, "Where were you?"

"Me? I was around." Spectrum felt oddly disconnected from them.

Shia spoke next, "You got lost, huh? Who saved you?"

Spectrum did not know the strangers name, so she did not feel like responding.

"I said, who saved you?"

Spectrum was feeling faint, so she told them, if only for getting some sleep.

"A person with ears, claws and a dog-like tail."

There was a pause. They were probably hoping she knew who found her and guided her back.

Then Shia spoke up, "Dark hair? Part hyena? I know him, his name is Lachen, and he is totally awesome. He is always so calm! It's amazing!"

Nife looked crossly at Shia, "you and your Lachen," she said.

"Well he is! Don't you agree Spec?"

It was like Shia had read Spectrum's mind. Spectrum had never told either of them her name she refereed to herself as. Maybe it was a coincidence. But currently she had to answer Shia's question. She had to admit, this Lachen was calm. Maybe even awesome like Shia said. She did not like picking sides, but she faced Nife, "He really is."

"Not you too!" Nife made a frustrated face before lying down.

Spectrum faced Shia, "I need to sleep," she told her. And within a few minutes, She was fast asleep.

When Shia woke Spectrum up the next morning, Spectrum immediately got up and managed to follow Nife around, or at least, keep her in view. When Nife went in a door, Spectrum went on. Though she did not admit it to herself, she was looking for Lachen again. The halls were all the same, so she had no trouble getting lost, but the problem was getting lost where he was. Luck seemed to be on her side, because she soon found Lachen-leaning on the same door as before. He seemed surprised to see her again.

"Done wandering at night? Lost again? Or is it... another reason?"

"Another reason," once more she was scared slightly by him, even if there was nothing scary about him.

"Thought so. Since your skipping class anyways do you care to hear a story? Or actually, about a group I'm in?"

This was weird to Spectrum, he did not seem to be one to just blab about a stupid club. Trusting this, she decided to listen. She nodded her head, letting him talk.

"You will? Thanks, I believe your friend, Shia is also one. This group I'm talking about is not really a 'group' but more or less, a race. We're called demons, which is insulting really, because we're really just powerful beings. I'm on too, as are many others in this building. The leader of the demons sent people

here to create demons from the experiments, with these enhanced powers the experiments can overrun this place or at least escape it."

Spectrum had to cut in just then, "sorry- but what did you say? Create demons?"

"Yes, some strong demons have the power to spread power to others... until they run out of power to do so. Either ways, I'll continue, so the demons are really a good group. Becoming a demon does not really change your appearance and you still look the same and everything- usually. But still, it's good."

"I have the feeling I'm hearing an advertisement."

"In a way you are. You see I'm a 'recruiter'. It's my job to enhance experiments to demons while also spying a bit if I can," He glanced at the nearby door, "I'm having little success with the latter however. So... do you want to join? It'll be great you know, even if you don't decide escape."

"I want to leave."

"So yes or no?"

Somehow, Spectrum found herself nodding yes.

"We'll pick you up tomorrow."

Spectrum could not wait. She did not tell Nife or Shia about the conversation with Lachen and instead told them she was very tired and had to sleep, even though she could not sleep at all. She had a feeling Shia knew anyways due to her able-ness to know what Spectrum was thinking, and Nife was not interested anyways. Nife hadn't spoken to her recently, so it would be unlikely she'd care now. When she awoke the following morning, she was surprised to see she was the first one up. She made her bed for the heck of it and then left to find Lachen. He was not that hard to find this time in the same spot as before. Spectrum did not even need to pretend to get lost to find the spot. His ears twitched as she walked in front of him. He started walking down the hallway before remembering Spectrum and called back to her, "Follow me. We need to get out of here first."

Before continuing. Spectrum loyally followed him until they rounded a hard to see corner. "Here we are," he pointed at what appeared to a normal section of the floor. He reached down and pulled up a hidden handle and opened a trap door. He held it open while waiting for Spectrum to climb in. She did and followed the hidden path down, then upwards until she could smell fresh smells of grass and flowers. It smelt wonderful. Behind her, she could hear Lachen walking up the stairs.

"Now. Turn me into a demon," Spectrum felt ready now. The fresh air promised a new life. Just what she needed.

"Alright. Hold still," he said.

Starting at her back, Spectrum felt a prick, like a needle.

"That's all," he told her.

It was not what spectrum had thought it would be. But still, she felt stronger as she ran up the remaining steps and opened the hatch of a trapdoor. Wind hit her face and a bird was singing. She felt like crying. Crying of happiness. It had never occurred to her she had hated being underground, but now she knew. She ran a circle around the small hill the trapdoor lead to before Lachen emerged.

"Oh.. sorry about your hair. It doesn't always happen, you know," he said looking a bit embarrassed. Spectrum looked at a bit of her hair in front of her face. She hadn't noticed her white, reflective hair had turned a Blackish purple. It still seemed to be reflective, as an arch of dark purple was shown on the ground, presumably from her hair. But she did not care.

She ran down the hill and let the sun catch her hair, and a black rainbow followed her to freedom.

PART TWO

In the dazzling sunlight, things were fine. Spectrum loved the smells and the sounds, while Lachen strode around sniffing the air. Eventually the sun started feeling like a oven and pollen was making her sick. She needed to rest.

They choose a large oak to rest under, "So, what now?" Asked Lachen, leaning against the bark.

"I was thinking... I could meet my family."

"They don't know you. You are a stranger to them now as they are to you."

"I'll try."

Lachen sighed, stood up, and muttered something. "Let's get to the village. Not much farther."

"We've barely rested!"

"Whatever." Lachen sat down again and slumped against the tree.

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The next day, they reached a cliff onlooking the village. It really wasn't much, with some small houses and a few larger buildings. Spectrum could see farmland around the area. She also saw a large well in the village center.

"I thought she was joking..." She murmured to herself. Lachen still picked it up.

"The well? No joke. These villagers are psycho."