

“Remnant”

Samson exchanged awkward, uneasy looks with the woman who was sitting beside him. Her eyes reflected nothingness, as though there was no living person within the manufactured body she resided in. They merely mirrored the world that was passing them by.

Flashes of images that resembled the brusque road they tore down that had promised them freedom.

The woman had long hair, the color of ashes - that was tightly fastened behind her head with an elastic.

When her eyes weren't obscured by darkness, they were a dark blue that was nearly identical to the depths of faraway oceans.

The woman's name was Sarah.

Sarah sat stiffly, like a regimental soldier awaiting orders. She jittered side to side from the bumpy ride in between a handsome male who was busy steering the wheel of a stolen convertible.

Samson pushed back thick strands of hair behind his ear and pursed his lips with a look of uncertainty across his feminine and dainty little face.

The driver had kept glinting at Samson, every now and then - a sullen and unsettling look in their eyes that provided little to no comfort at all.

Sarah kept sliding her eyes to her left, checking on the driver every once and again as well, as though she were doubtful of the man's intentions.

The car veered to the left suddenly, into a thicket of dark bushes and overgrown trees. At that moment, Samson knew that they had been betrayed.

Within moments, Sarah pulled a knife from her boot and forced it into the stomach of the driver without thinking - preparing to kill him on pure instinct rather than a thought out stratagem.

Blood splattered across Sarah's hand as she dug the knife more deeply into the traitor's stomach. He struggled and reached an arm up to Sarah, muttering something under his breath - depraved words of discrimination,

“You filthy sack of flesh, you aren't even human!”

With those words a gush of blood left the man's mouth as Sarah wrenched the knife upwards through his flesh, and the convertible scratched against a metal railing that had appeared out of nowhere.

Through the darkness, it was impossible to see that the little car and its passengers were headed for a very, very long fall.

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The remains of the convertible consisted of twisted metal and the smell of burning fuel and melted plastics. Steam hissed out of the bonnet, adhering to the already misty atmosphere.

The car had toppled down a steep cliff onto a thick, dark road below. The body of the traitorous driver had been thrown out of the car door in amidst the fall and had probably landed meters away in a shattered and bloody mess.

Samson called out Sarah's name, pushing hair out of his face as he clambered out of his seat, wrenching himself out of the jarred seatbelt that held him fastened inside the burning car. His voice was hoarse from invading smoke as he once again called for Sarah.

His eyes were burning far too much for him to open, so he desperately gripped at the air in hopes of catching her sleeve.

"We must leave - now." Sarah replied through the darkness. She grabbed Samson violently and tore him out of the car, staggering down the damp bitumen and away from the fiery accident that she had caused.

Samson tripped on a tire and fell to his knees, a sharp pain invading his legs.

Sarah paused, and reached a hand down to him. Samson finally mustered the courage to open his eyes, placing a hand into Sarah's. Samson's other hand proceeded to pushing more hair out of his face, so that he could see the world more clearly without the blurry hazes of barley coloured strands obscuring his vision.

Samson was only a little startled when he noticed that his hands were covered in thickly accented rubies. Once he was on his feet again he delicately touched his forehead, only to add to the blood that was already wetting his hands.

Sarah stared at Samson impatiently, which only made Samson stare back at her with inquisitive eyes. The front of her white t-shirt was soaked in blood, and there was a metal bar hanging from her shoulder. Should she have turned, Samson expected to see the rest of it appear from her back. He could only admit that Sarah was in a far worse state than he was.

"We must go." she repeated darkly, taking Samson's hand as she began down the misty road to a place they only dreamt of.

Sarah suddenly became rigid and stopped dead in her tracks. Lights were flashing in the distance, and the sound of wailing sirens was only getting louder and louder.

They were no longer alone on the long stretch of deserted country road.

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“I know what you are.” the bearded, rodent like man giggled from across Sarah and Samson.

The two of them had been shackled and forced into the back of an armored police vehicle after their rather brutal capture.

The barcodes on the ridges behind their ears had given their predators all the information and jurisdiction they needed to keep them under arrest.

“You’re remnants, aren’t you? You’re remnants,” the man was jittery and twitched every second or so which only added to Sarah and Samson’s discomfort.

He had cuffs around his ankles and wrists, the skin beneath them red raw as though he had tried to struggle free many times before.

“You got the bad end of the stick,” the man cackled staring at Samson who shifted uneasily in his position. “A grown man in the body of a little girl, it’s a little perverse isn’t it? A little perverse,” the man’s laugh grew into a shrill cacophony of yelps and wheezes as he rocked backwards and forwards in hysterics.

The guard who was standing over the prisoners whacked his baton over the man’s head and he fell silent instantly.

Samson looked to his hands which were resting in his lap, taking extra notice to the fragile body he had awoken in months earlier. He turned his face, albeit that of a nine year old child’s - to Sarah as she attempted to dislodge the metal bar that protruded from her shoulder.

Blood poured out the moment she wrenched the obstruction from her flesh. The wound was large and the blood showed no signs of slowing. She kept the metal bar tight in her hand and rested it silently on the steel seating beneath her.

Sarah looked to Samson momentarily, shooting him a look that sent a surge of warmth and safeness through his small body as he waited for her to make her move.

A deep, guttural sound pervaded the air and Sarah spat a large gob of spit towards the guard. As the drool collided with his face he growled and rose his baton above his head.

With both shackled hands tightly around the metal rod that had injured her, she turned it into a weapon and swiftly pierced the guard’s neck with it.

The redness that spurted from his throat splattered across Sarah and Samson’s faces and covered their clothes as the guard gurgled and coughed as he fell to the floor helplessly.

With her feet, Sarah deftly maneuvered them so that the keys to the door and their bindings found their way into her hands which she then proceeded to unlock her and Samson's cuffs.

They made their way to the back of the armored vehicle, and Sarah pushed the keys into the lock.

It clicked open, and she kicked the large doors open.

The bitumen was nothing but a blur as they sped down a highway. She could see other vehicles in the distance, the other police cars surrounding the other side of the vehicle they were held detainees in. Luckily for them, no opposing cars were behind them - which meant their escape could be carried out successfully.

"Wait," Samson said reaching a hand to Sarah's arm, stopping her from jumping out of the speeding van. "He knows about us."

"It doesn't matter. When we get over the border we'll find our original bodies, and we can forget about all of this." they were the most intimate words Sarah had ever spoken. She had always been few worded and coarse, even though Samson had only known her for a few weeks. "To the world, we are nothing but failed experiments, Samson. That is why we need to go home."

Samson was swaying from side to side as the wind billowed through the back of the vehicle, deeply lost in thought.

"We're supposed to be dead though. We can't just return to our old lives as though this never happened." Sarah's expression drooped into one of sympathy and concern the moment Samson finished speaking.

Sarah entwined her fingers into Samson's and looked to him with a warm air.

"Then we will make new lives." Sarah told him gently, squeezing his hand. "Together."

Samson knew that creating new lives beyond the world they had been forced to return to would be difficult and arduous, let alone dangerous. If they could just get across the border, they would be free. Samson pondered for a moment, wondering if it was worth the risk. Samson soon concluded that he and Sarah were already living their second chance. All of their efforts would be in vain if they didn't take any risks.

Holding onto Sarah as tightly as he could, they exchanged one last intimate look before speaking, they both plunged off the edge of the vehicle and towards freedom.