

You Can't Run Forever **By Mikkie Smylie**

It was cold and damp. My room smelled musty. I never asked for any of this. I never wanted to get into an accident. I didn't want powers. I didn't want to be kidnapped. But it's not like I have a say in that. From what I know, it's been six months. What used to be an unusual resistance to cold turned into being able to freeze water molecules in the air with my mind. I can't use them at will though, a metal collar around my neck stops me. I've been playing with it for ages. Sometimes, I think I'm almost close enough to opening the side of it and ripping the wires out. Even if it electrocuted me to death, which would be a better fate than now. If I could just wriggle my thumbnail into that little crevice and get it. If I could just use whatever weird powers I have now, I could get out easily. Then I could get my freedom back; I could run away and never look back. It's been so long; my parents probably think I'm dead.

Maybe today's the day, maybe if I can wedge my nail under that panel in just the right way... CLICK!

It happened. With the panel open I feel around for wires, there's one thicker than the rest, so I tear it out. There's a shock on my neck but it's not too bad. Not as bad as anything else that's happened in here. My fingertips immediately feel colder than before. I decide that it's all or nothing and try to freeze the heavy door that locks me in. The Titanic didn't do well against an iceberg, neither does the door. It froze and shattered open. Now it was time to run. I didn't plan any of this out. I didn't think I would ever need to escape from a secluded lab. I hear all sorts of alarms sounding, dozens of feet clomping down on the metal floors coming for me. None of them can stand up to my ice

though. I must keep running, I don't know where I'm going but the stairs up seemed like the best bet.

I cannot see anyone else in the stairwell. The further I climb up the stairs the warmer it gets, like there's sunlight at the top. My lungs are burning from running and I'm getting tired, but I reach a point where there are no stairs left for me to climb, and what seems like the final locked door faces me. I try to freeze the door until it shatters open again, but it doesn't work, it just freezes. I must be too tired or something. I start to slam my body against the door to break the doors open. I can hear heavy boots running up the stairs behind me. They're coming for me.

I can see the heads of the guards coming up the stairs by the time the door finally gives in, and I manage to scramble outside. I must run, there's no time. I can't stop and take in everything around me, not the feeling of dirt on my feet or the fresh air. It's raining hard, I have no idea how it might affect my abilities.

I can hear voices behind me, shouting at me that I can't run forever. I know I can't run forever; I only have to run long enough to get enough space between them and me to breathe. Maybe the rain will make it easier, maybe I can freeze them all. I try to pick up the pace to get away. I can hear the closest man running behind me, but I turn around and freeze his feet to the ground. The ice is only just strong enough to keep him in place for a minute. I keep running but I know I didn't stop all of them and I won't be able to. They all know the area better than me; I'm completely lost. Even if I don't stop running, I'm starting to slow down. They must have orders to catch me at all costs.

Suddenly I feel a searing pain across my upper arm. I hear myself scream aloud uncontrollably. I look down and see red. This was not how this was supposed to go, I was supposed to get away. Instead, I feel that same searing pain in various places. I know exactly what's happening as my vision goes spotty, and I hit the ground. Cold hands grab me and drag me off before I black out completely. They were right, I couldn't run forever.