

“The Slave’s Tale”

That’s a good story about a king and a prince. Now it’s my turn. Please keep in mind that my story is not autobiographical.

Sitting slumped on a bench while guzzling down a few of god knows what, Troy deeply thought about where she belonged. Looking into her red Dixie cup, she seemed to be lost in thought. Or maybe Troy was under the influence of alcohol and simply could not concentrate. I am not really sure which one it was, but I’m certain she was looking in that cup. Anyway, the tale isn’t about the red cup, although it would be a cool tale if it was about a red cup, but its not. I wish it was, but that’s beside the point.

Oh yeah, then some really conservative lady wearing an Omega symbol on her sweatshirt tottered up to Troy and asked “Are you alright?”

Troy looked up from her red cup (that rhymes) and responded “Nah, I’m just having a good time. That’s all.”

“Oh, I guess that’s cool. I’m Lorraine.”

“I’m Troy.”

“Why do you look so sad Troy?”

“I just got kicked out of that house over there because I’m stupid.”

The stranger responded “You don’t look stupid!”

Troy swallowed another mouthful from her drink, stood up on the bench, and exclaimed in a drunken voice “Well just because my Mama is in prison for beating up my Daddy with a spoon doesn’t mean I’m stupid.”

“If I were in your circumstances I would probably be a hopeless drunk, I mean I would have fallen into very unfortunate times.” Loraine replied as she smiled uncomfortably.

“So I guess you don’t have to place to stay, huh?” said Loraine. Troy shook her head. “Well, as a member of the Omega Sisters, I graciously accept you into our um . . . convent. Follow me.

I have no clue why Troy decided to join the Omega Sisters. Maybe she was just desperate to find a place to sleep for the night. I think that’s the reason. Anyway, Troy’s pupils dilated and she responded “Oh yes! I would love to join!”

Five hours later, the girls approached a house with an electric gate. A five hour long walk, that’s a pretty long walk. I failed to mention that the house was in an isolated daunting place that by no means resembled a convent. I think you can guess where this story is going.

As I digress, there was a gate. On that gate was a key pad on which Loraine punched in a code; the gate opened.

Troy then questioned “Why do you have such a creepy looking gate?”

Loraine startled, quickly answered “Umm . . . Oh it’s just to keep intruders out because you can never be too safe. It’s not meant to keep people in! Am I right?”

As Troy was coming out her drunken state, she realized that Loraine was acting mildly suspicious. Well not mildly suspicious, she was really suspicious. I mean, who offers a complete stranger to live in their house forever. At least no one in their right mind would! Plus, who gets so paranoid about a gate? That Loraine is acting pretty weird if you ask me and you should ask me because I am the Narrator. Umm . . . I wish Troy had runaway from that house right then and there.

Humph . . . when Troy and Loraine opened the front door, sixteen girls neatly filed out in a straight line. They too were all wearing the same Omega sweats. Why didn't any actual nuns come to meet Troy you ask? The answer: there weren't any nuns in that house to begin with. Before I give away the story, Troy anxiously giggled and said "Do I get an Omega suit too?"

The sixteen girls all smiled and nodded uniformly, saying "Of course! You are our new sister." All the girls introduced themselves to Troy. What's weird is that each and every girl claimed that her name was Loraine. Not even a few minutes later, the girls strongly asserted that Troy should change her name to Loraine too. Although Troy resisted their control, she finally gave in. I wish Troy had come to her senses and realized she was in over her head.

The head of the Omega Sisters then entered the room and said "Let me show you your sleeping quarters." Troy entered a fairly large room with two bunks. The leader said "You will be on the bottom bunk. And from now on I will address you as Loraine. You will come to call me Mother, Mother Loraine."

Troy was speechless and very hungry. Her loud growling stomach upset Mother Loraine. Mother Loraine abruptly responded “There is no eating in this house. In this house we only make jelly and peanut butter.”

You have to admit Mother Loraine is a wacko. I wonder why Troy didn’t pick this up. Seriously dude, wouldn’t you be freaked out if people weren’t letting you eat?

Later, Troy said that she had to use the bathroom. Mother Loraine responded with “No! Bathrooms are unacceptable!” Then she walked away. So far I bet you think this house is full of crazy folk and you’d be right. Anyway, then Mother Loraine walked back to Troy. Forcefully taking Troy by the arm, Mother Loraine threw her into a closet.

I don’t want to remember how long Troy desperately tried to stay alive in that closet, but when she got out, I remember she was a very different person.

I’m wonder why the first Loraine we met told Troy that she lived in a convent. Hmmm . . . I wonder. That’s beside the point. The next morning Mother Loraine woke up all the girls bright and early to go to a surprise camp. That morning, the girls seemed so demoralized. Something had happened the night before, leaving all seventeen girls mentally shattered. Mother Loraine guided each girl onto the bus, saying “Don’t think anything; I will do all the thinking for you.” I remember her voice echoing in the bus, but my mind was blank.

Driving up to the camp, Troy saw barbed wire on the gates, whips, and guns, only some of the many horrors she would experience as a slave. I remember as she got out of the bus, she felt a strong hand move up from her lower back, grabbing her shoulder and throwing her violently against a tree. Without food she was so weak, vulnerable to anything. She fell to the ground and tried to get up. Staring at the earth below her, gasping for air, Troy felt the same hand fiercely gripping her hair and driving her face into the mud. Gathering the strength to look up, Troy saw her new master. Her heart stopped. She studied her surroundings, finding that all the other girls were being abused.

A slave driver shouted “Get up or you will be shot!” Two minutes later only seven of the seventeen girls were alive. I remember for the six years, we endured beatings, rape, and depression. Throughout it, I felt like dying, just dying; I didn’t want live. Troy finally came to idea that would resolve all her problems, though she had been avoiding it by maintaining hope.

She had to wait a whole week to put her plan into motion, because she was only feed once a week. Once she entered the dining hall (it was by no means a dining hall), she took a metal fork and jumped onto the shaking table. She announced as cried “My fellow slaves, for years I have endured so much, but no longer do I have the strength or the will to do it anymore.” Slave drivers were quickly running towards her so acted quickly. She took the fork and stabbed herself in the heart. As she died, she said smiling “You can have my body, but you will never have my soul!”

For those of you who are curious, the Omega Sisters were not a religious organization. They were actually a slave labor cult, luring irresponsible young girls to do slave work. Learning that Mother Loraine was the head of this slave foundation, I was devastated. I really wish Troy hadn't drunk that night.