

I know who I am

She had figured it out months ago. It wasn't so hard to put all the pieces together: some memories just didn't match up.

Standing in front of the computer now, she wondered if he had planned it that way or if it had just been a mistake. But Topher didn't make mistakes like that; especially not with her. Not when he knew that she was around the clues all day, every day and could figure it out at any given moment. Then again, he'd also given her all the skills she'd need. Was he counting on her to find out?

Claire was pondering now, trying to figure out whether to open the file or not.

Alpha's return had flustered her, his questions had caused confusion.

"Did you always want to be a doctor?" he had asked and her automatic response had been yes. But, did she?

She'd tried to remember, but somehow, the memories had fled from her. The more she tried, the farther away it all seemed and finally she'd given up; given in to her suspicions and doubts.

She was one of them.

The file she was staring at confirmed it. There was a picture of her, smiling happily into the camera. Her hair, longer than now, fell down over her shoulders. So much different from now, she thought.

Absentmindedly, she touched her face, traced the scars. It made sense. Why would they hire a new doctor, when they could just use her? She'd signed the contract, hadn't she?

Open it, a voice in her head said. Leave it, yelled another.

My name is Claire Saunders, she told herself. I am a doctor. I am a good doctor. I am the best doctor I can be. I am trying to be my best.

She walked away from the computer. Her own face seemed to insult her now, reveal a dirty secret she didn't know she had. Or maybe she'd always known. Deep down, she'd always known that she was just like them.

Innocent like children, the dolls walked through the building – all of them, always trying to be their best. They still could, she thought and a twinge of jealousy pulled on her heart.

Sierra, the beautiful one. Echo, the talented one. Viktor, the... . Viktor. Viktor was broken now, just like her. Alpha said his cuts ran deeper. What would they do to him? Would they let him go? Would he be better off than her? Or worse?

She didn't notice the tear running down her cheek until she heard the door.

Still facing the window, she said: "I think you gave me more computer skills than a doctor would need." She could imagine the look on Topher's face without even turning around.

"Tell me, why was it so important for me to hate you?" She had made up her mind now.

"You didn't open it. Aren't you curious to know who you really are?" Only a fool could say that. Or Topher, she thought.

"I know who I really am." And with that, she walked out.

I am Dr. Claire Saunders. I am a doctor. And I am good at what I do.