

After a while of running through the woods, I started slowing down from speeding, until I went into a walking pace, still carrying that guy in my arms.

I think I lost those police officers after I ran inside, carrying him along the way without having any troubles.

When I was up to where I could place the person down, I placed him down on top of a log that was on its side, as he released his grip on me.

I carefully placed him down on top of the log, as he glanced up at me, as I looked at him.

He is a tall, slim man, with parted jet-black hair, but a little ruffled from maybe running too fast.

The man also has dark brown eye color and fair skin color, while he is wearing a black suit, with white hems on his V-neck collar, and has 6 buttons on the front of him, 3 on each side.

He has a pocket on left-hand side of his chest, and has a white undershirt, as the collar was poking out a bit from his neck and a black tie.

He also has small silver cufflinks on the ends of his hemming on his sleeves.

The man also is wearing a pair of black pants that reach down to the bottom of his ankles with black polished shoes, some shine is worn out from the sides of his shoes, maybe from running away from the police officers.

"L-Lovely day for it?" he stammered, sounding confused and startled.

"Lovely day?" I asked, placing both of my hands on my hips and repeating what he asked me. "We ran away from those police officers and almost got ourselves beaten to death! And you are lucky I met you."

"T-True." he stammered, pushing his glasses into place with his right hand, as he sat up a bit from his position.

I paused for a moment, before noticing something with his hands.

The tips of his fingers were trembling a bit, as I remembered the handwriting on that letter.

Without saying a word, I took his right hand after he had pushed his glasses into place and felt it, as I thought to myself for a moment.

"What are you doin'?" he asked, sounding confused as I held his hand in mine, feeling them shaking.

I didn't reply to his question, as I was thinking to myself, thinking about the shadow of the person that wrote the letter, before noticing that they are both the same figures!

"Did you write a letter?" I asked after a few minutes or more have passed.

After I asked him that question, a surprised look appeared on his face, as if I asked him about someone who he missed very much.

"Y-Yes." he stammered, as I released his slightly shaking hands. "How did you know?"

"I know because of the writing of the paper and your hand matches." I pointed, as he glanced down at them in thought.

I paused for a moment, thinking to myself for a moment and wondered about why those people were acting quite strange and creepy.

"Hey, uh, nothing' harsh to ask, but what happened to the town?" I asked, shuddering a bit after asking. "They looked like they came from a circus."

He glanced up at me and sighed tiredly, placing his hand on the side of his temple.

"They are acting like that because they are taking Joy," he explained, as I paused.

"Joy?" I repeated in confusion, before remembering the pills they took. "You mean those little pink pills they take?"

He nodded his head yes and pushed his glasses into place, before glancing up at me from the ground, with worry written on his face.

"Did you take some?" he worriedly asked.

"No!" I exclaimed, looking disgusted and creeped out. "Why would I take Joy? It looks like they are taking drugs! And I don't take drugs, I only take medication for any illness!"

He stood up to his feet, as I was only two inches taller than him, but he was still taller than anyone else I could remember.

He took my face in his somewhat shaky hands, which they felt soft and smooth, which was interesting for him to have that and reminded me of my sibling again.

Mentally, I felt like I wanna cry, but I kept my feelings instead and patiently waited for him to see something on my face.

"Let me see your eyes." He spoke, pushing my glasses up so that he could clearly see my eyes.

I didn't say anything to him as he checked my eyes, observing them like I was sick or something.

But, I didn't want to yell at him for no good reason, so I instead fell quiet, letting him look at my eyes.

After a good minute of checking, he sighed and released my face.

"Okay," he sighed, sounding relieved. "You are okay."

"What happens when you take Joy, though?" I asked, sounding curious but confused.

"Your pupils will shrink and starting to hallucinate with fantasies and see things that I couldn't see," he explained. "Even trying things that could scare me."

"Like what?" I asked, sounding a bit worried.

"When I first remembered what happened in my past..." he paused as he glanced away, looking a little sad, before continuing talking to me as he glanced back at me. "We had a party to celebrate and had a piñata in that party. I was next to hit, it but after hitting it..."

He trailed off as he was turning a little pale and looked like he wanted to puke.

But he shook the memory out of his head as the color slowly returned to his face and finished what he remembered, "But, it was a dead rat instead."

"Ew!" I exclaimed, looking disgusted as I imagined the reaction of him and everyone one else. "That is fucked up!"

And disgusting to add!

"Yes, it is." He agreed, nodding his head. "And it also fucks up your memory too."

"Then, why do the people take it if that shit does that to them?!" I exclaimed in disbelief, horrified at what they did.

"Because of what happened in the past, when I was young," he responded quietly, not even looking at me in the eyes.

"What... did you do?" I slowly asked.

He glanced up at me with a sad and scared look on his face, but he sighed and pushed his glasses up again.

"I didn't do anything; it's just that in World War II, the British lost the war to the Germans and caused a very economic shock to everyone," he answered, as I listened to him. "Then... they decided to take the children away from them and... created a depression."

My heart sank into my stomach when I heard what he told me.

Did... we really do that to them?

He glanced up at me again from looking away for a moment and continued talking, "The scientists created a chemical called Joy that erases bad memories from the war and everyone took it, except some couldn't anymore and became Downers."

I remembered that moment where we were chased out of the town and shuddered a bit.

"So, they were either chased out of town or killed on the spot." he continued, before finishing, "And that is how I became one 2 years ago."

"All of this had happened 2 years ago, before I even got here?" I asked, slightly shocked.

"Yes," he answered, running his hand through his parted hair, which I thought was not going to be messy again, but stayed the same when he stopped.

He looked so stressed out and sad.

I don't blame him.

I would be like him if I remembered what happened in the past.

He glanced back up at me, his hands on his forearms.

"You... don't seem to want to hurt me since you are a Downer." he slowly spoke.

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed, shaking my head no. "If I wanted to hurt someone, I would've done it sooner or later! You didn't hurt me back there didn't you?"

He opened his mouth to answer my question, when he paused, shutting his mouth.

"True." he nodded, crossing his arms over his chest. "But you went into me."

"Because I was trying to run away from those police officers," I spoke.

"I was too." he pointed at himself. "Though, why are you calling them 'police officers?' They're called bobbies."

I paused for a moment, completely confused about the name 'Bobby.'

"Why are they called 'Bobby?'" I asked, sounding confused. "Is it one of the police officer's name?"

A confused look appeared on his face when I asked about one of the police officer's name.

"No," he sighed, trying to correct me, while I was still confused about what he was doing. "They are called bobbies, I don't think one of them has a name 'Bobby.'"

We both paused for a moment, before realizing something from between both of us.

He is British!

No wonder why he was saying 'bobby' whenever I mentioned the police officers.

"You're an American?" he asked, pointing at me.

"Uh, yes, I am." I stammered, looking a bit nervous about his reaction. "I, uh, did not notice I was in Britain."

"You just traveled from America to here from my letter, in one day?!" he exclaimed, as I flinched a bit.

"N-No, I was just staying here in Britain in a hotel far away from Wellington Wells, and I got your letter from the mail with my room number on it and-" I continued, mumbling as I rambled until he interrupted me.

"Wait, 'room number?'" he asked, the tone of his voice of disbelief gone and to confusion.

"Y-Yeah," I responded, a little calm, although a little worried about what he could do. "Someone wrote my room number on the envelope after you had placed it in the mail."

He paused for a moment as he placed the side of his slightly curled first finger against the bottom of his lip, thinking to himself as I felt nervous.

"So, someone else wrote your room number on that envelope?" he asked, after a nervous moment of silence.

"Yes," I responded, calming down a bit. "I don't know who wrote the number, but I am glad you are okay, but where were you heading?"

He glanced away for a moment and glanced back at me, with sadness in his eyes, but he looked a little determined to find someone.

"I want to find Percy," he responded, as I felt curious and confused about whom 'Percy' is.

"And who is this 'Percy' person?" I asked, asking him about 'Percy.'

"Percy is my older brother," he responded, which I reacted strongly towards to.

I looked shocked, horrified and hyperventilating a little.

All because I remember my sibling after he responded to my question about 'Percy.'

He lost his older brother from something and wanting to find him again.

I might have dazed out a bit, because I felt his hand on my shoulder, shaking me gently to snap me back into reality, as the visions of my sibling faded away.

"Ma'am?" he asked, as I glanced at his eyes. "Are you alright ma'am? You looked like you remember someone."

Panicking, I wanted to push his arm away and yell at him, "I DON'T REMEMBER ANYONE!" but I stopped myself sighing gently.

"I... remember a little..." I lied, not wanting to tell him about my past.

It is too unbearable to tell him about what happened.

He looked a little confused and worried after I responded to him that I remember some of my past when he mentioned that Percy is his older brother.

"Did one of the bobbies hit you?" He worriedly asked, feeling around my head for any signs of bruises or any scars.

I confusedly blinked, noticing that he was looking all over for any marking that I was hit by a bobby, so I gently took his wrists in my hands and moved them away from my head.

"No, I have bad short-term memory loss." I calmly spoke, as he looked confused. "I don't remember what happened to my past, but I do remember how I woke up like this."

"As a robot?" he asked, sounding unsure.

"No, as a cybernetic human," I spoke. "Or known as a cyborg."

He looked a little confused and startled, but he continued asking me questions.

"I thought cyborgs aren't real." He spoke, sounding really confused. "They are in fantasy stories, right?"

I felt a little irritated, but I managed to keep my irritation down.

"No, but you are staring at one." I calmly spoke.

"You?" he asked, as I nodded my head. "I thought the wires were a part of a wig."

"Nope." I sighed, as I reached up to the wires and gently tugged one, revealing that it is permanently stuck to my head. "It's all a part of me."

He paused for a moment, thinking to himself about what I said, as I released the wire strand that I used to gently yank to show him that is it on me, permanently.

"You mentioned that you have short-term memory, right?" he asked, as I nodded my head once, answering his question. "I thought cyborgs have a storage file to keep memories?"

"I..." I started talking before drifting off, thinking to myself for a moment and about my past.

After being silent for a moment, I continued talking, lying to him about what happened when I "woke up like this."

"I was blacked out after something happened and I woke up like this after that, not knowing of what was in my past." I lied, as he looked disbelieved. "And... I don't remember what happened to my sibling either."

He paused for a moment, looking concerned about me and I glanced down at my feet, feeling really sad about what happened in my past.

Then, I remembered what happened earlier when we slowed down to walk, is that we both forgot to introduce ourselves.

I facepalmed myself from my own stupidity with my left palm, luckily above my glasses and not using my metal hand, or else I have to fix them, again.

"What's wrong?" he asked, noticing I facepalmed myself after he was thinking to himself, changing the subject.

"We didn't get to know each other's names," I responded, which he noticed too, sighing a bit. "Besides, my name is Stephanie, Stephanie Nova Rose Allen."

I held out my right metal hand for a handshake, as he hesitated for a moment and staring at my arm.

I mentally knew he didn't trust me.

Yet is the keyword, though.

After a moment, he took my hand, as I gently grasp him, shaking once.

"Arthur, Arthur Hastings is my name," he replied, responding to me.

"Arthur Hastings." I repeated to myself thoughtfully, as he looked a little confused. "I like that name!"

A light red blush appeared on his cheeks as he glanced away from me, looking a little shy.

I giggled from his expression and released his hand, noticing he hasn't released mine.

"Uh, Arthur?" I asked as he glanced over at me. "You can let go of my hand now."

He glanced down at his hand after I had grabbed his attention, noticing he was still holding onto it, even though I released mine.

It seems like he doesn't want me to leave him alone.

"O-Oh," he stammered as he released my hand, pulling it close to his body and looked a little ashamed of it, as he glanced away from me. "Sorry."

"Nah, it's okay!" I assured him as he glanced back at me from looking away with a slightly confused look on his face. "I had a couple of people doing the same thing too, and wasn't that bothersome either. It's nothing wrong to apologize for too."

He paused for a moment and glanced away again, as there was that sad look on his face, which made me feel a little worried and concerned about.

So, I glanced around for a way to maybe brighten up the poor guy.

When I noticed the forest pathway, an idea instantly sparked in my head.

"Would you like to walk in the forest?" I asked him, as he glanced back at me. "It could help you relax a bit."

He was silent as he glanced away from me again, before finally responding, as he was rubbing the back of his neck, "Sure, I could take some time off my mind."

A slight smile crept on my face, but I instead smirked a bit and took his arm, leading him down the pathway, finally walking because my legs were aching.

When we reached the paved walkway through the forest, I released Arthur's arm and walked down the pathway along his side.

He was quiet as we both walked, and I wanted to talk to him, although he didn't look like he wanted to.

"Uh, are you fine with me blabbering?" I asked him, turning to him.

He was distant, and not looking at me in the eyes, as he had his hands on his forearms, thinking to himself as the same sad look was on his face.

I placed my hand against his that was right near me and snapped out of his thoughts, glancing over at me.

"If you are still worried about Percy, I'm sure that he is okay," I assured him. "Maybe he is trying to look for you too."

"Are you sure about that, Stephanie?" Arthur asked me, the unsureness in his voice crept a bit. "What if he doesn't?"

I opened my mouth to respond, but stopped, thinking about my sibling and the unsureness of mine of meeting her and seeing how she would react, as I closed it for a moment.

"...I don't know yet," I finally spoke, as he listened to me. "But, I have high hopes that he is still alive, and waiting or searching for you to be together again."

He was quiet for a moment, glancing away again, then back at me.

"Alright, let's find him." he sighed.

"Great!" I chirped, before hugging him around the chest. "I can't wait to see your older brother!"

He didn't hug me back for a moment, before slowly wrapping his arms, as I could feel he was full of insecurity and doubt.

After a moment, we both released each other, and I wrapped my arm around his.

"Do you mind if we talk for a moment while walking through the woods?" I asked, repeating what I said earlier while he was distant. "By the rate we are going so far, it might take a few hours or more."

He paused for a moment, before nodding his head, quietly answering my question.

"Okay!" I slightly smirked, trying my best to brighten him up from his sadness.

So, while walking through the forest, I told him about my adventures around the world, but I didn't notice this earlier when I mention Germany, he flinched slightly as we both walked.