

Earthborn

I am not a part of your kind. For the past few weeks I've been having dreams, signifying how different my body knows I am, but how I am refusing to believe so.

Night after night I have dreamt of this beautiful, small android girl. She's perfect. Unluckily, her metallic limbs convey that no matter how much she tries, she's bound to be discarded sooner or later; as her state now has proven. Why? It's illegal to create and buy things like her.

She wanders the street, her tiny android feet scraping against the pebble stones on the ground. She keeps on asking people if they've seen her parents, but no one knows. Even if they did, they wouldn't want to talk to her, for no matter how pure and adorable she looks she will never be human. This might seem strange at first, but it's not a big secret that androids are frowned upon in our society: they are corrupting the beauty that is human race.

Soon she forgets what parents mean. Asking it so many times and not getting a response has made the logical, achromatic cogwheels inside her head decide that she *must* be imagining there is such a thing called "parents", thus erasing it. This does not solve her problem however. Someone *must* have made her.

- *"Have you seen my maker?"*

Finally someone responds, directing her to a church. At the door she asks the same question, but is not allowed to enter.

- *"The maker does not accept your kind, for he did not create you."*

- *"But who did?"*

- *"He's probably dead by now for having produced you."*

Yes. *Death to those who try to corrupt the cycle of life, trying to create life themselves by playing God...* The silver inside her head nod at her statement. *It does make sense.*

She sits down. There is no one she can ask for guidance. Her creator dead and knowing that she herself is an abomination. This is information she'd rather not have. Her cogwheels agree. *Erased.*

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She's forgetting more and more, asking passersby if they've seen... Hm. She ponders. Who else is there?

- "*Have you seen me?*"

They look at her puzzled, but their proud and prejudiced minds refuse to let themselves talk to her. She soon forgets the question itself and sits quietly, awaiting death.

I wake up wondering if any creature that is not human understands what death actually means. Better yet – life itself.

Today, I got my answer.

I've been seeing a doctor frequently. As I do not know where I come from – and everyone in this society has to prove they're 100% human by carrying a paper with their family tree in their pocket – I need to be certified.

Today, the verdict came. He told me I was flawless, I was a female human being – except for one *tiny* little detail...

My body has no sign of a uterus.

I am a clone. A perfectly crafted clone, but a clone nonetheless. Just one step above androids but one disastrous long step underneath the human race.

I would have lived a normal happy life as my creator must have intended for me, if he hadn't robbed me of the one thing that makes life worth living: the ability to create it.

It is a cruel joke.

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