

CONFIDENTIAL TRANSMISSION
FRAGMENTED MEMORY LOG - SUBJECT: E. GRANT

WARNING: CLASSIFIED FILE

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BEGIN TRANSMISSION:

The first thing she noticed was the silence.

Too perfect. No distant sirens. No hum of failing neon signs. No static from hidden surveillance feeds.

Just... absence.

Evelyn sat up, only to feel her limbs resist, as if they weren't entirely hers. A sharp sting laced through her skull, memories colliding like broken puzzle pieces.

She inhaled. The air was sterile, metallic. This wasn't where she had fallen asleep.

Then she saw the door.

Her name was written on it.

But it wasn't her name.

It was Evelyn Grant's name.

And the person staring back at her in the polished metal surface wasn't Evelyn Grant.

Her breath hitched. The reflection moved with her, same stance, same posture, but the face wasn't hers.

Smoother skin. Eyes that were slightly too bright. A mouth that didn't feel like hers.

Who am I?

The thought came unbidden, panic flaring behind it.

A screen flickered to life on the wall.

A voice, distorted but familiar, crackled through the speakers.

"Good morning, Evelyn. Or... should I say... Version 7?"

END TRANSMISSION

Your access to this file has been logged. Further details will be revealed soon.