

When I was asked to write about myself, I immediately said no. I've lived in this cage my entire life, this zoo is my home, and it didn't make sense to me that someone like you would care. But Ben convinced me to share. Ben is my best friend, and he's constantly reminding me that I need to open up and communicate with others. He's like the dad I never wanted. This sentiment is funny since I don't even have parents.

Besides, I talk to Emery and Kara; beautiful, voluptuous Kara. It took me a while to come around to her. Jealousy is such a nasty creature formed out of self-preservation due to a lack of self-worth. I sound so snobby; blame all the books I've read. The fictitious book I lose myself in is better than my reality. Why wouldn't I want to reside there? Away from the prying eyes of *them*. The viewers we call them. They stand above us with all their cleanliness, full bellies, and nasty words.

We can barely get fresh clothes and clean water. What does that matter, though, if we entertain, right? Fight, fuck, and strive to be better. It's the boredom that is the worst. The endless sucking at your soul this bottomless pit does. Of course, they call us animals. What else do you become when your humanity doesn't even have an outlet to do good? What else are you supposed to do when you are bound except fight to get free?

So many answered questions with no salvation on the site. I'm rambling now, Ben just told me. I looked at him and stuck my tongue out. He's beautiful, my Ben, with his bouncy curly hair, darkened skin, and eyes. We all look alike down here. We're placed with our 'type.' The only difference that makes me is my eyes. But I'm not Kara. Ben and Kara, such an unsuspecting match. Ben just nudged me again. *Stop rambling; it's my turn*, he said to me with a whine. He's such a pest sometimes. I love him, though.

He's not wrong; I am rambling. I guess the only question left to ask is, what do you even know about me? Did I say enough to convince you to help me out?