Twitter Thread by Riot_0204

Riot_0204
@Riot_0204

Dronepunk: “Flashback”

[CW: Torture, Violence, Firearms, Waterboarding, Vomit, Enhanced Interrogation, Blood, Implied Drug Use, Military Forces, Hypnosis]
[The DronePunk Collective is a creation of @Foresgard and all work here considered non-canon]
1/

Riot_0204 came to. No, not 0204, the person who she was once before she became who she is now. She was bound to a chair, naked. Cable ties at wrist and ankle, cutting into her bare flesh. A bag over her head was pulled off abruptly.
2/

There were two others in the room. DPM uniforms, no insignia or rank marks. One male, armed with a FN rifle. The other, female, was pulling up an improvised crash cart made from a tool trolley.
3/

Through her dimmed perception, she could see the prefab walls and blackout curtains. A headache bright bulb was illuminating over her head. A uniform in tatters on the floor beside her. One eye was bruised shut, saving her half the light.
4/

The female officer slammed a fist into 0204’s stomach. Questions washed over, barely registering.
The mantra trained in came out. Name, Rank, Number… Dead Name. Dead Rank. Dead Number. Dead Person. They don’t live anymore, new life lives in that body.
5/

Back of the officer’s hand caught across 0204’s face. The officer turned to the other, “looks like this one is resisting.” Another blow to solar plexus.
6/

Name, Rank, Number, Sorry Ma’am I cannot answer that question… breathless responses to questions that seemed to come from another world, through the pounding head.

7/

The male officer grabbed the back of the chair and tilted it backwards. The other officer grabbed a cloth from the table.
8/

Dead Name… The cloth was put over Riot_0204's face.
Dead Rank… A jug of water followed.
9/

Sputtering, and holding breath but it didn't stop, the damp air irritating her nose under the wet cloth.
10/

A breath in, burning and lacking oxygen, drawing water droplets from the cloth into her lungs.
11/

The gagging started, trying to cough up water that wasn't stopping.
12/

Moments felt like eternities.
13/

Her struggling cutting into her flesh with the thin cable ties.
14/

The water stopped… damp air but breathable entered her lungs with a rush of endorphins, before suddenly starting again as she tried to take more than a shallow breath. Her lungs burned; her throat closed from gagging.
15/

She could feel her intercostal muscles ripping at her ribs trying to force her to breathe.
16/

They tipped the chair back up and started with the questions again. Through swallowed vomit, Name, Rank, Number… Barely enough thought to do anything but fall on reflex action.
17/

The female officer punched 0204 across the face, breaking her nose. Blood joined the water and spit on her face. The cloth returned, soaking in her own blood as the chair tilted back.
18/

They didn't even need to start pouring the water to start the drowning again. 0204 started to gag on her own blood.
19/

The only way she knew the water started again was the iron taste of blood washing away. Her left wrist felt slick with a deep cut.
20/

The officer tipped her up again, and slapped her across the face, the cloth flying off. The female officer had a look of frustration in her face. A knee was planted into Riot_0204's groin hard as the female officer ripped 0204's head back by the hair.
21/

A knife was put to her throat, before being stabbed into the chair, cutting along her right thigh.
22/

Name… Rank… Number… the pain of saying them worse than the bleeding wounds. Consciousness started to drift off again. The voices and questions seeming distant and further away.
23/

Riot_0204 woke with a start, in the lap of her Anarch. Her helmet-mask was alerting with health warnings, and her Anarch and several other drones had woken with a start, accidently feeling part of Riot_0204's memory un-repressing.
24/

Deep spirals blocking most vision and the air sickly sweet with gas as The Collective's responses kicked in to protect them all. The last thought she had before descending into trance was that she owed them all so much…

End

25/