Convergent Part 1, A Divergent Sequel
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Summary

Tris wakes up from the dead five years after she was shot to death. An evil tyrant named Ava Hartling. She is keeping people from emigrating to the now famous land over the seas that has more freedom than anywhere nearby.

Notes

Sorry, I made this before i understood this website, so all of the chapters are one chapter...

Chapter 1

I jolted awake. I was on a hospitable bed, it looked like one from the bureau. Right, I was getting shot at. I was shot, they took me here, and faked my death. Right after that, I believe I went unconscious. They probably finished the plan, everyone thinks I’m dead, and grieving. It all seems like the perfect plan, but all the doctors I knew are gone, It’s all new ones shouting that I’m awake! That their savior is alive! Here to save them all. I have no idea what is going on. Save them for what? “How long have I been in a coma?” I demand. All of the nurses and doctors quite down, they seem to be deciding something, while a few whispers pass around, making me feel as if it has been much longer than they assured my near dead body as the soldiers carried me away from David, dead in the wheelchair. They whispered that the serum to resist his own death had failed, right before he was about to kill me.

Although I think they might have been lying, which I realized when a man in a wheelchair rolls into the room. He would not be here if he remembered what he did to me, therefore the plan worked. He looks less injured now, but as if he is carrying an awful truth, that probably don’t want to hear. He looks older. Not much, but enough to make me really worried. David opens his mouth to speak, and waits for all the doctors and nurses to step aside so he can tell me to my face. “Tris,
um, you have been unconscious for quite some time.” His words come out calmly, but it's like he doesn't want to say them, like they are forbidden, and a curse to my every waking moment. “How long.” I say not necessarily as a question but more of an aggressive demand. David swallows hard like there is a lump in his throat the size of my scars from the bullet wounds. “Um, Beatrice...” “Tris” I correct him. “My name is Tris. It has been since choosing day and you have records of it on camera.” “Tris” David says sounding slightly annoyed by my remainder of my personality, with holes in me or not.”You have been here for five years. Five years since you were shot and five years since your fake funeral. Your friends and... brother saw your body, we did a little bit of tests to make you seem dead and that you wouldn't wake up until they had left...” David's sentence sort of drifts away or maybe it just seems that way after I interrupted him with even more rage in my voice than I personally though was possible. “You did what on me?” “We just paralyzed you, but to a slight more extreme way.” “Does being paralyzed in this context mean killed me and repeatedly used defibrillators to bring me back for the past five years?” I retort this time, really pissed off. “Um, sort of, yes. You should have waken up before now but in our experiments there were a few errors, but at least you have fully recovered!” David is trying to sound cheerful, it is very annoying, but he saw me on the cameras, and knows that even in my injured state I might jump out of this bed and kill him. David decides to back out of the room before it is too late, leaving me here in my hospital bed.

Chapter 2

Five years. Five years. Five years means I have changed. A lot. I look down at my almost entirely better body, still scarred, but relatively healthy looking. I am still thin, even thinner, but I haven't eaten in five years, that was pretty predictable. I am no longer as flat chested, which causes me to have a little party in my head. Other than that I look the same. I don't feel quite ready to jump out of bed now, so I calmly ask the doctors why I am their savior. They all go quite again with the occasional whisper. Apparently they can't tell me anything. After a long amount of staring, a girl around 20 steps forward. “Last year a woman named Ava Hartling took control of the entire country. She was the president, but when her time ended, she declared control, and ruled the country on an iron fist.” “Why did she do that?” I asked plainly. “Word was just getting out about a place called Europe.” The girl continued. “And that it had great fortunes, and all people were treated fairly, and lived long happy lives.” The girl seemed to like this idea of a place called Europe. “Ava wanted no one to leave so she created a challenge. She said that anyone who could resist all six types of serum could take people with them to this place called Europe and she would not hold them back.” “Wait a minute.” I interrupted, “Aren't there five types of serums?” She seemed surprised that I didn't know about a sixth then started to talk. “Oh right, you were, um, unconscious, the government developed a new serum for some of the other tests. They added the Barabar serum.” “The what?” I exclaimed. “The Barabar is serum that makes you go crazy, on a murderous rampage. It is called that because it makes you like a barbarian. It is harder to resist than the death.” “hold on, how am I your savior? No offense but I don’t know any of you. You are not the first ones on my list of people to bring on a magical voyage.” The nurse girl sighed like I was unable to see the truth. “Once one person has completed the test, Ava Hartling will let one family out of the nation a month for twenty years. You easily survived the death serum. That is why you are our savior.” “Alright.” I sighed. “I will go, but first, I will need a few things. Oh and where is this contest?”

Chapter 3

It turns out that competition is in Washington District of Columbia, where Ava Hartling lives. They call it Washington D.C. or D.C. there. D.C. is about 700 miles from here, but of course we have to take some long route through Boston which is about 1000 miles away. The only roads from here to D.C. are through Boston, or Montreal which is even farther away. The Bureau is driving me and everything but I insisted that I get my friends first.
The nurses name turns out to be Emma, and I agree to her coming with me. We need to head east to get to Boston, but we wont actually get farther than Chicago for a few days because I predict that it might be hard for some people to believe that I am still alive. I put my overcoat on, which was one of the things I asked for right before Emma told me where Ava was. As much as I liked wearing Dauntless black, I really was tired of wearing a uniform, and I got a tee shirt, black jeans, and an awesome coat. It goes down to my knees, and is quite simple, but the warmest coat, which I was told that would be useful in the winter in Boston, where we must stop as well for government reasons.

I step outside behind Emma, as she leads me to our car, we both slide in. The car is rather large, it is more of a van actually, with rows of seats enough to hold everyone I presume. “It was designed for the military. It was just sitting in the parking lot for ten years. Fat load of good it was until now.” she says gesturing with her hands. We start off onto the long roads that will lead me back to my friends that I haven't seen in five years.

Chapter 4

Emma tells me more about the world after I went unconscious. “You see, people from the fringe started coming to the bureau, and everyone from the Chicago experiment was told on what the world was like, and they all lived in Chicago, all over the town. There were no more factions or factionless.” “What about Evelyn, did she rule the city or did Marcus, or did they both have their memory wiped?” I asked. “Tobias didn't wipe either of their memory. Evelyn left town and stopped the war on a condition that Marcus would never rule. Later she moved back, without violence, right after Marcus died. Then Ava took over.” Her explanations weren’t giving me a clear picture. “What about Tobias? What did he do?” I was really curious and wanted him to be happy, but still miss me enough to be single. “We know very little about him. The bureau stop watching the security footage of the city. We only know what we know from news.”

After that we didn't talk much, just driving. After a while we reached the farms that the Amity used to farm, now it was people who wanted to farm. Emma didn't seem to care that we were driving over the farms, but the crops were all dead from the cold, so I pretended not to notice. With in a matter of minutes, we reached the fence, but it wasn't really a fence anymore. Every 100 feet or so, it was like an archway was cut into the fence for cars to drive through. Emma sighed. “We're here.” as the car went under the former barricade between the city and the outside world.

Chapter 5

I don't know how Emma did it. She navigated through Chicago like she had lived here her whole life. And it was day time.

Despite it being night, we were welcomed into the Inn, by a tall woman who was dressed like it was half past noon. She was wearing blue jeans and looked like she used to live in the fringe. Things sure have changed since I lived here.

Emma said we should get some sleep, so we both lied down in our own beds. I must of fallen asleep fast because I opened my eyes at what seemed a few seconds after I closed them, and sunlight was shining through them. Emma said “We should head out soon, your friends will be heading to work soon.” I put on my new clothes, and we walked out, as Emma was already dressed.

Chapter 6

Our first stop was Tobias. Emma had gathered information that he had walked to that old fountain in the center of town everyday at eight thirty before work where he stood for around ten minutes before leaving. When we arrived I realized that she must know some pretty well informed people, because at eight thirty exactly he had walked up to the fountain. My plan was ready. I walked up to him, and leaned against the fountain next to him, and tried to start suggestive small talk. “It's a beautiful day, it sort of reminds me of an old friend or boyfriend.” he didn't say anything but
appeared to have a disturbed look on his face. “The sky makes it seem like I came back to life.” He seemed really disturbed now, like I was trying to mock him. He turned towards me and said “Look I don't know who you are or what you a...” he stopped dead in his sentence, sort of blank for a moment, then leaned in and kissed me. I kissed him back, and I could here Emma squealing in the background like my life was one of those “guy gets the girl” love story. He leaned back and said “wait, you are dead. You were dead. I touched your dead body. You had no heart beat.” “It is a long story, but they basically killed me, but left some part of my insides alive, and used defibrillators to bring me back to life. I woke up just two days ago.”

Chapter 7

After we got Tobias to come with us, we headed out to get Christina, who lived on the opposite side of town. She was rumored to be one of the richest people in town. We walked to her apartment, and Tobias knocked on the door. My plan for her was going perfectly. Christina answered and told him he could come in. This plan was less abrupt than with Tobias, but still effective. Tobias walked in and said “Christina, I want you to meet my girlfriend.” I walked in and with a few seconds of Christina's mouth open so low it looked like she was trying to catch fish, then a gasp, and soon she ran towards me and gave me a hug. “But, but, your dead! You were stone cold!” she stuttered, overcome by me walking this earth. “I had some serum that basically killed me but not really so I seemed dead, then they used defibrillators to bring me back to life, however there was an error so it took five years.” I raced out, already tired of explaining this process. “Hey that is not what you told be! Do you trust her more or something?” Tobias demanded. “No, no.” I insisted. “I just knew I would be tired of repeating this story over and over again. I already am.” We all ran out the door to get Caleb. The others seemed hesitant, but I insisted. It turned out he lived right in the center of Chicago, and worked as a guard, but today was his day off. I told the others to wait in out mysterious black van. I walked up to his door to his apartment after climbing up six flights of stairs. I knocked a couple of times. A man about Caleb's age opened the door, but it wasn't Caleb. This man was more muscular, and wasn't wearing a shirt under his black vest. He had short dark hair and side burns. Like David Tennant side burns.

“ Oh, uh, sorry, I must have the wrong apartment number. I am looking for Caleb Prior's apartment?” I said, a little creeped out by the man in what had apeared to be the right apartment.

“No you're at the right one.” He said. “I am Kian Talbet. Come on in.”

Chapter 8

I walked inside behind Kian. I saw Caleb sitting in a living chair and reading the newspaper. He was wearing normal Caleb clothes. “Oh hi Tris.” he said without even looking up. “What? Your not surprised?” I stuttered. Apparently a lot of stuttering had happened that day. “No of course not.” Caleb replied calmly. “When we got to see your body, you had an internal body temperature of 85 degrees. The room was 65, and no one had toughed you for hours, nor were there warm lamps pointed at you. Also, though you had no pulse, I notice that your heart was still beating, yet not as much as one would expect on a fully living person. Therefore I concluded that you were actually still alive, and they would try to resurrect you. I am quite surprised though that it took you so long to come back.” “There were a few accidents in the process.” I stuttered. “Caleb, can I talk with you outside for a minute?” I said, and lead him out to the hallway. “Who the heck is that!?” I shouted at Caleb once the door closed. Kian opened the door, stuck his head out and said “I can hear you.” then popped back inside, and closed the door. Caleb rolled his eyes and said “That is my boyfriend. Who do you think he is?”

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