

Blue Birds

Mariam E.

The day was it's regular ,with the different shades of green glistening in the morning sun. But to her, this day was anything but typical. Time took it's toll, and the sun shifted its phase, or at least had seemed to. Katrina knew better than to take even the sun's rotation for granted. Although, if she had taken things for granted she would not have fell into the great mass of trouble she was in right now. She could just imagine the delicacies her mother was baking right now. The luscious grass around her swayed in unison to the summer breeze. The world around her continued its rotation. To her dismay, no one had come to her rescue. Not that she expected anyone to. She knew the chances of someone coming into this giant clearing were very unlikely. Katrina knew she ought to blame the bluebirds but couldn't bring herself to do so. The different shades of blue waving around in feathers fogged her mind. The sound of birds chirping, echoed in the distance. Katrina longed for even her brother's yelling as long as she was back in her warm and cozy home. The bluebirds had granted her one gift: telepathy. Which was considered as witchcraft in her small village. She was an outcast, a witch in the middle of her town. She was always different, seeking more than what something seemed to be. But to the minds of Norfolk, her village, she was offending their reputation. It hadn't helped that her father was the head chief of Norfolk. A question had stirred her up for hours. How, she pondered, did the council know about her special capability. Katrina knew she didn't talk in her sleep, and she certainly knew she had trusted no one, not her mother nor anyone for that matter.

.....

Sylvester's emotions had, once again, failed him. He had ordered his daughter to her own death. With his lack of social skills, he made judgement a breeze for Norfolk. He kept on letting judgement overpower his own feelings about the situation. Which, he said, was his main duty, to "Keep things from falling apart." That was what the previous head chief had told him on his deathbed. And so far he was accomplishing that goal of his, the goal of every head chief preceding him. He must not dwell on what had already happened, that was fate. His last head chief hadn't said it aloud, no he had used all head chief's one gift to power: "thought transference". No one who hadn't sworn to power had known about this. That was how they judged people: by their current thoughts. That was how he had known about his daughter, Katrina. How her thoughts had seemed to merge into his, just as it did with his past head chief.

.....

Norfolk's soldiers knew exactly where Katrina was hiding. However, Katrina, once again, couldn't explain exactly why. She knew she wasn't a very strong telepath, but could sense the soldiers thoughts. But still found no answers to her profound inquiry. The soldiers dragged Katrina towards Norfolk, but yet she fought. Struggling against their beefy arms, pleading almost. Finding no use Katrina made a quick decision. She might as well consume her energy, there was no point of struggling. She tried to think of a happy memory. Anything, would do. Finally, settling on one of her happiest moments, her mind calmed. It was of her, reading her first paragraph, she had found the paper in her father's office. It had went a little something like this," By the strength of Norfolk, I hereby declare to solemnly swear in the good of Norfolk. By doing so I am presented with a gift, thought transference..." Her eyes grew wide open. She knew it! She knew in her heart that the bluebirds weren't to blame. She finally understood! Having newly

found strength she stood up and pushed once again. But this time in the opposite direction: towards Norfolk. All this time the answer had been right under her nose. She ran to the court, the soldiers quickly behind her. No words were spoken. Her father had read her mind. How she thought that the bluebirds had granted her telepathy. He had after all been forced to commit to the oath she had read in her past. Having the evidence in her hands felt nice. No wonder her father had become the head chief of Norfolk. He had no labor, he just had to see whether they thought they were guilty or innocent. All she had to do was know that she was innocent. Katrina faced her father with confidence. “ Katrina, have you performed any acts of witchcraft?” he asked as soon as the court started. Pity her fellow civilians hadn’t known this special trick before they had been executed for life. Answering each question with a positive attitude, Katrina felt as though she was as light as a butterfly.

.....

It had come so fast. Faster than expected, she regretted her previous acts of ignorance. Her father had seen her plans, read them really. The blue sky seemed to mock her as they began to sack the chief’s daughter. She felt the water pore into the bag. Breathing her last gulp of air, Katrina became fully submerged under the water. She pushed at the bag with all her might, finally it ripped. Katrina swam downstream to avoid the peering eyes of the villagers. As she followed the trail of what seemed to be up, she emerged from the water gasping for air. What her father had not searched her mind for, was the fact that Katrina had taught herself to swim in her free time. Just out of curiosity. Sure curiosity might have killed the cat, but she wasn’t going to let it kill her. She checked every angle imaginable. She forgot just one. Underneath.