

12. Emily Marie J.

Ashes Before Colors

Misty didn't want to talk to the librarian. *Why would anyone willfully talk to a teacher?*

Finally, after finding the courage in her BLT sandwich, she got up from her seat. Since it was Misty, it had to make a horrible sound. She winced at the sight of metal balls vibrating, stumbling to the librarian's desk as a result.

"Do you have any relics from World War 2?" inquired Misty.

The librarian gave Misty a suspicious look but went to the section of historical documents.

Being alone with only books as your friends must make one grumpy.

Dust enveloped the air as a sudden thud echoed throughout the spacious library. Misty peered into the box, which accommodated black and white photographs and newspapers.

"Thank you," said Misty sincerely as she could.

The library gave her a curt nod before walking away.

Misty departed the library and started the journey back home, making sure the papers in the box didn't fly away. Driving was always a problem for Misty as every time she saw street signs, she would get distracted by the colorful letters and words. *No wonder mom forbids me to drive.*

Once she reached home, she knocked on the door only to find it open.

"Why are you encouraging Misty to be so logical and stubborn? Not everything in life is related to business," snapped Mother.

"And what are you doing? Pressuring her to become an artist just because you're an artist? Because both of you have the same stupid condition?" ranted her father.

"A condition! It's a gift, Haruto. Not a medical disease. Misty has many skills because of it."

"I love that her gift allows her to suffer in math. What more can a father ask for, Aya?" her father jested sarcastically.

She sprinted up the stairs to avoid confrontation and retreated to her bedroom to find six intruders, her friends. She would have asked how did they get into her room, but she was used to it by now.

“What’s in the box?” Raven questioned, his violet eyes full of curiosity. “Answers.”

“Misty, we hear what happened downstairs-“

“Never mind that. What did you find out about your countries during World War 2?” asked Misty, changing the topic.

Isla’s gray eyes reflected hurt before answering. “During April of 1944, the remnants of the royal family of Denmark sent a letter to a secret ally of Hitler. It’s not a country, but an organization. I deciphered most of it. Only one member of the Rosenholm survived all of this; my ancestor.”

“The letter was sent to America, Britain, Germany, Ireland, Italy, and Japan as well. All of us have pieces of the letter for our countries. Angered by the letter, the Prime Minister of Japan ordered it to be dipped in the blood of his enemies,” spoke Teddy.

Gruesome. Luckily my country isn’t who I am.

“The guy had major anger issues. Just like someone we know,” piped Phoenix, smirking at Henry.

“I will have you know that Ireland was under England’s rule at the time,” Henry shot back, glaring at his mentor.

As the two continued to argue, Misty looked out her door to see if her parents were still arguing. While she was walking, a faded brochure fell from her pocket. She picked it up and decided to skim over it, even though she memorized all the words.

“Synesthesia is a neurological condition is when one of the five senses stimulates another sense. Most people with this condition have Grapheme-color synesthesia, which allows individuals to associate colors with letters and numbers.”

Mother said it’s a gift. Father said it’s a curse. If only my world was black and white.

“You okay, Cherry?” Sebastian asked, using his nickname for her.

“Mad as always,” said Misty, with her Cheshire grin.

Sebastian rolled his eyes. “Come on, we recreated most of the letter.”

Misty walked back into her room. Then her synesthesia overwhelmed her. Seeing auras was not new to Misty; she encountered them when a pivotal moment was occurring. Auras of rich colors danced across the room.

It was a multitude of colors.

People were trying to communicate with her, but she couldn't understand them. She could sense her hand was in motions, but she couldn't control it.

Then everything became black for a moment.

When she opened her eyes, a pair of worried eyes looked back.

Henry was the first to speak. "You never cease to amaze me. Or scare me in this case."

Misty tried to recall what happened, but her head hurt.

"We don't know exactly what happened, but you seemed to sense something strong. You started writing frantically. It was like you didn't have control over yourself," responded Teddy.

Raven went to her desk to get a piece of paper. "Read it for yourself."

The war between us will never be over. You may think you have finished our royal bloodline, but our family will be restored. Using our country for heinous acts to cover your deeds, the world will know your name, your organization, and what you have done to us. You will find traitors among you and your allies.

She blinked. It was a piece of the letter that was destroyed. "But how did I do this?"

"We don't know. After recreating the letter, we realized something. This wasn't just a letter of vengeance, it was a plan of the uprising against the organization. The letter was created to get information to the traitors in the Axis of Powers and the organization," replied Raven.

"What are we going to do?" whispered Misty.

"Find justice for the Rosenholms. To finish the uprising. To get through each of our tragedies, we have to be done with the past. To finish what the world thought was over. Our ancestors probably didn't think their descendants would be on the same side of this war."