

Elizabeth F.

Birds With Wings Fly, and Those Without Fall.

The Wall towered over me, 2,139,134,900 cubic feet of death and oppression. I looked at it with disgust. Many people had been killed in the Kanvi war, and this wall stood as a permanent reminder that they died in vain. My parents were one of those brave fighters – they died trying to save an orphanage after it was set on fire by the Guild. Due to the minimum adult age being lowered to 13, I had seen many young children, like my sister, tried for espionage and executed.

Now, I live in one of the many miserable shacks with my best friend, Abij, who sells technology to pay the rent. I have a much less desirable way of raising money; I am part of the Guild, a group that works for the government trying to find spies. What was funny was that they never suspected me to be a deserter.

On this auspicious day, my captain earned us a 500,000Ω increase. She had found a spy crossing the street wrong and had promptly arrested her, giving our entire guild a generous bonus.

I stopped glaring at the wall and hurried home, where Abij was busy fixing a bicycle. “Guess who can pay rent?” I shouted.

“Me, because I just fixed this bike for 4,300,000Ω.” Abij smiled crookedly and turned around. “Or did Captain Edna catch another spy?”

“You got me.” I flopped down on the bed. “I only got 500,000Ω because of the size of our guild.”

Abij’s face sunk. “Any other news?”

“We have to fill out the new shack form in order to be considered.” Unfortunately for us, the form was a death sentence. I would have to list Abij’s disability which would get him executed.

Our country was harsh on any form of disability. Our motto is “Birds with wings fly, and those without fall.” Abilities, such as mine, let me fly, but Abij’s disability made him fall.

“Do not worry. We can apply for that new shack in no time. Just catch a spy tomorrow.” Abij laughed uncomfortably. Everyone knew that you could accuse anyone else of being a spy; it was just life.

But it did not have to. I could fix that. I had an important paper in my back pocket, and I held onto it tight. We could not get out the legal way, and trying to sneak through the Wall would get us killed, but maybe-

I was lulled out of my thought by a wave of sleep, and I gave in, letting the darkness fold over me.

It was 3:00 in the morning. I was taking my little sister to get some chocolate when-

“HANDS UP! HANDS UP! Little girl, come with me, you spy!” A Guildsman aimed his gun at my younger sister.

“Evalyn?” My sister reached for me in fear, but the Guildsman tore her away.

“May! Come here!” I screamed and rushed at him, scratching and weeping. “She’s not a spy!”

He did not pay attention and instead shoved her into the back of the car. There was nothing I could do for her. I watched as my sister was driven off, screaming, and hitting the windows the whole time.

Two days later, I saw her again.

Two days later, she was skin and bones.

Two days later, they killed her in front of me.

I started to stir and woke up with a start. Abij should have been awake by now- I was not exactly quiet when I had nightmares.

But Abij was not there. They must have taken him while I was sleeping; I could not believe it. First, they took my family, then my morals, and finally my best friend.

I started to snifle. There was nothing left for me now. My future was already decided for me, but the least I could do was to try and help others. Families were suffering due to lack of food and inflation; I might be prepared to set them free.

I might be able to break the Wall.

It would take so much power, though. The Wall had stood through bombs and gunfire – How could I break it? There was only one weak spot, and it was heavily guarded and on Acsa Avenue, the main street in our city. The only thing close to it was the railroad.

The railroad, a land full of 25 tons of steel that could go 90 MPH. They could break through a couple of feet of the wall, but I would first have to steal it from the operator.

My plan was simple – I would threaten the guard with the mock Taser I kept in my pocket, then get him to give me the train and get off. Getting there would be easy since I had a bike.

Everything was planned out perfectly. I hopped on my bike and pedaled all the way to the express, using the train ticket I kept in my back pocket to get on the nightly train.

No one else was onboard except for the conductor. I carefully snuck up to his cabin and held my “taser” to his head. He stiffened, then started to slump down.

“Don’t move,” I whispered. “Stop the train, show me how to direct it, and then get off.”

“Okay. Use this lever to accelerate, this wheel to turn, and this button will make you speed up to top speed.” He instructed, then exited using the emergency exit.

The maglev trains were interesting – they worked on any street. I carefully maneuvered the train onto Acsa Avenue and started blasting the horn, trying to get people to notice. I succeeded, but the guards also noticed and started to fire.

People flocked to their windows to check what was happening. Some gasped and ran outside to watch me.

This was it. The final chord in my symphony.

I closed my eyes and pressed the button.