

# Sapphire Eyes

by Olivia S.

I was created with warmth at my fingertips. My mother gave birth to me and then passed away, so I never knew her. Something extraordinary happened that day, or at least, that's what my father told me. My mother's warmth was sucked out of her and put into me. That warmth, that spark, flooded down my arms and into my fingertips. I have always felt a tingle that was pulling me toward it. Something deep in the ground that called to me.

My father found out about my power when I was 5 years old. He was a bitter man, and he liked to take his anger out on me. I was playing with dolls in the yard of his house, when I thought of what my dad had said to me the night before. He had told me that I wasn't worth my mother in a fit of rage. The words stabbed like little knives. I felt something rush out from inside me. It was a vibrant blue flame that flooded out from the palm of my hand. I screamed and screamed until Father stormed outside.

"What is—" he started to say before he saw the blue fire burning my dolls.

"Help!" I squealed.

He brought the fire extinguisher, and the raging fire stopped. It had done its damage, though. All that was left of my dolls was a pile of charred ash.

## 10 Years Later..

I wake and bump my head on my cramped ceiling. My hand tingles, and I duck because green flames have just risen in my hand. I calm down and force my way into an emotionless state. Like usual. Over time, I have come to accept my power. Bright orange flames mean I'm happy. Blue is deep sadness. Red is anger. Purple is fear. Green is horror or surprise, and White is nothing, nothing at all. I have experienced all of these except for one. That one is the bright yellow flame. It is pure happiness. I'm turning happy just thinking about it. I shake my head and crawl out of my brick shack. My father has kept me away from the house when I'm sleeping, fearing I might burn it down in my slumber. Pink fire erupted from my fingertips like a laser. Pink is a mixture of anger and nothing. Nothing is the concept of being alone. I have experienced it a lot lately. I let out a deep breath and walk into the house with a monotone expression on my face.

"Morning," I say in a robotic voice.

“You are late,” he replies in a sharp scolding voice.

I sit down at the table and inhale my eggs. I hurry for my backpack and head to school.

I am not allowed to have friends. I ache inside all the time, like something is missing, but it could just be the lack of sleep. I slither into the classroom, 15 minutes late, and prepare myself for the worst.

“Oh, look, it’s the robot,” snickers a voice even worse than the teacher’s accusing voice.

Molly Patterson is your stereotypical popular girl. She picks one person to bully the entire year, and that person happens to be me. I sigh and walk to my seat. Mrs. Olive isn’t in the classroom, but I bet she could tell I was late. I brush a strand of my fiery red hair out of my face. Everyone thinks I’ve dyed my hair, but it’s natural. Or rather, I was born like that.

Mrs. Olive stalks into the room, looking at me with the death stare.

“Ms. Hinote,” she began. “Why are you-“ she looks at her watch. “15 minutes late?”

I gulp. “Well, my father didn’t wake me up, and I can’t have an alarm clock,” I quiver.

“Mmm,” she glowers. “Very well. Get out your textbook and flip to page 76.”

I sit alone at lunch. I, as you know, am not very popular. The opposite, actually. I sigh. No miracle happened today. Not one person sat down at my nearly empty table. I could hear people making fun of me, whispering, “Look, there’s the robot, all alone.” Or they might say, “Why is Ember such a loser?”

I don’t quite know the answer to that myself.

## Later that day...

I trudge home in dismay. Not one other student had the heart to speak to me. They could only whisper about me. I guess this was the way of a fire wielder. It would seem that we could only play with fire, not play with others. I feel a tingle but stronger. It is pulling me down, not up, and it’s sucking away my emotion. I shrug it off. I am used to feeling alone—after all, my own father doesn’t even love me—but not this alone.

I walk into the house. Father works from afternoon until midnight, so I only see him in the morning.

I walk out the back door and into the yard. My shack seems like a dog house. It is pretty cramped inside, and I can't stretch all the way out when I'm sleeping. That's an example of how much my father loves me. I will never be good enough to be my mom or anything close to human in his eyes. I feel a tingling again. It makes me dizzy and sick. I crouch on the ground in pain. Sparkling blue fire comes swirling out of my mouth. I cough and sputter. When I open my eyes, I see a blue creature. It has small wings, sharp claws, and dragon scales hot to the touch. It opens its blue baby eyes and coos. It smiles, its eyes full of wisdom, understanding me, reading me, and I know that I'm not alone anymore.

Other kids might push me and call me names, but I know that I never was alone. And, I will never be alone again, for Sapphire, my dragon, will always be with me.

