

Those Blue Eyes

By Irene J.

GUIDRY

Naiza Ali huffed as she ran toward her hideout. It was almost curfew, and she could just hear her mother, inside her head, scolding her for being late.

“Naiza, you can’t sneak out like this! What if the police found you?” was what her mom always told her. Naiza was born with blue eyes, which was considered a curse in her country. It meant she possessed magic like none other. According to government law, she was supposed to have been given up right after she was born, so scientists could “fix” her.

Her parents had been heartbroken, but resilient, and instead hid her for 18 years, in their basement. Soon, though, they realized that Naiza had a severe case of wanderlust. She wanted to go everywhere, discover everything.

Naiza was too caught up in her thoughts to realize the blue and red lights flashing behind her. Not until she heard the shout of “Stop right there!” did she realize something.

She had been caught.

Naiza quickly sprinted down the road. As the police car drove after her, she tried to call up her magic.

“Come on...” she urged herself as the car drew closer.

Finally, some ice frosted over her hands, and she pointed them toward the car, aiming for the tires.

Then she realized she was too late.

The officer stepped out of the car, holding up a gun.

Naiza held her hands up.

“Oh Mom....” she thought. *“I’m so sorry...”*

Sanith Artino headed for the Chief Officer.

As he opened the door, he was greeted with a “What’s up, bro?” by a guard, John.

Sanith grinned back before standing in front of the Chief Officer. “Good morning, sir.”

“Good morning to you too, Sanith.” Chief Officer Alakh replied.

“Sir, I was wondering if I could interrogate the new blue-eyed criminal we caught.” Sanith asked.

“Why not?” Alakh replied. “I’ve had my eyes on her...she is good-looking...”

Sanith smiled and shook his head. Alakh had always been looking for girls, especially after he had been turned down by Princess Sneha.

After bowing, Sanith walked down the hallway to the interrogation room. He scanned his ID in, and entered the room, only to meet the angry gaze of a very, very pretty girl.

Sanith could feel his face heat up. "Hi-I'm S-Sanith..."

Naiza had expected some guys here.

But none like this.

Already her hate glare was beginning to wane as the cute boy stuttered out his name.

"I'm Naiza," she replied curtly.

The interrogation ended too quickly for Sanith.

As the days went on, he tried to get closer to Naiza, become friends with her. But he knew that he really wanted her to like him back.

Weeks later, they became friends, and then, this happened.

Sanith opened the door to see Naiza smiling at him.

"Hey Sanith!" she exclaimed.

"Hey Naiza, I'm bored, but guess what I found out..." he replied.

"Well, what is it?"

"Look, I just found out...Alakh really likes you, and I think he wants you to be...his girlfriend."

Naiza was speechless. "ALAKH?? That JERK??"

"Yeah," Sanith replied.

"No! I don't even like him! I like someone else!"

Hope started burrowing in Sanith's chest, but he quickly pushed it down. It was probably some guy in her hometown or something.

Sanith smirked. "Oh, who's the lucky guy?"

"Um...it's someone you know really well."

"Alakh? Oh no, wait, you don't like him. Well, I don't really know a lot of people here..."

"Oh really? Let me just point out that you know this person's every thought." Naiza said.

"That's not possible. Only I know my every thought...wait, is it me?" Sanith asked hopefully.

Naiza tried her best to hide a smile. "Yeah, it's you."

“YES! Oh wait, no, that’s bad...”

“Why?” Naiza questioned.

“Alakh’s going to be really mad! We need to get you out of here.”

“Wait, you like me back?” Naiza asked incredulously.

Sanith grinned and placed an arm around her shoulders. It felt right. “Of course I do.”

“Ok, here’s the plan.” Sanith told Naiza three weeks later. “You’re going to sneak out through the tunnels tomorrow, and I’ll resign today. Once we sneak out, we can hide.”

“Let’s hope this works,” Naiza whispered.

Sanith smiled and kissed Naiza on the cheek. “Of course it will.”

John stepped into Sanith’s quarters. “Hey Sanith, Alakh is calling you.”

Sanith got up from his work and walked down to Alakh’s office, only to see a chained Naiza and a smirking Alakh.

“What’s the meaning of this?” Sanith yelled.

“Oh, Sanith.” Alakh said. “You’ll find out.”

Alakh stood up from his chair and began pacing.

“You see, Sanith, you are one of the most talented officers this force has ever known. So I find it funny that you decide to quit after you met this blue-eyed girl.”

“Sir, I can explain-” Sanith started to say before Alakh cut him off.

“Sanith, Sanith. Do you forget that I can see everything? It’s the point of security cameras.”

Alakh grinned. “I’ve seen every encounter, every hug, every kiss, Sanith. I find it hurtful that you decide to date the girl I have feelings for.”

Naiza glared. “You just ‘like’ me for my looks! Sanith loves me for who I am, not for what I wear!”

Alakh slapped Naiza across the cheek. “Quiet, my girl. Soon you will find that this love does not matter.”

Alakh continued, “Naiza, if you kiss me, I will spare your life. If you do not comply, then you will die.”

Sanith’s heart thudded. He knew what Naiza was going to say.

Naiza raised her chin and looked Alakh in the eyes as she said, “I will never fall in love with you, you heathen. My heart belongs to Sanith.”

Alakh glared at her and proceeded. “Very well, then.”

The guillotine started, and before Sanith's horrified eyes, it cut off Naiza's head.

"What have you done, Alakh?" he yelled, heartbroken.

Alakh glared. "Leave, Sanith. I told you love is useless..."

One year later, Sanith walked up to Naiza's grave.

"It's been sad without you, Naiza. But I've adjusted."

As tears streamed across his face, he turned away.

"Love isn't useless, Naiza. It was what we shared. It-it was you."
