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The White Cloud

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Illustrated by Athina Apazidis



(Continued from last issue)

"Now there's no such thing as a white cloud! Your Mama sure did tell you some funny tales," he replied, closing the door. "White clouds! And pigs can fly!" he laughed.

The computer screen pulled her from her thoughts and she bit back a yelp when she saw the face on the screen. It wasn't ugly, quite the opposite in fact, she had luminous milky skin with curly golden locks and warm doe-like brown eyes. She smiled at Hamartia and the room was suddenly filled with the scent of warm milk.

"Hello Hamartia Ada-" the face began.

"You know my name!" she interrupted in awe. The face looked startled by the abrupt words, but quickly smiled.

"I do know your name Hamartia Adams, I am Goner." The face, or Goner's voice was like bells, church bells in fact! Mama always said that church bells were angels singing.

"That's a funny name," Hamartia let out a giggle. She liked Goner, almost as much as the Nice Man. She looked over at the door, and let out a shout of joy, it was the Nice Man again! He wiggled his eyebrows in a funny way, making her laugh even more.

"Now Hamartia, the reason why you are here today is because you cannot benefit our society's need for healthy procreation nor can you aid through manual labor. At the age of six, I'm able to determine your genetic makeup as an adult and those of your children. However, your arm and eye will hinder the abilities of any children you may have, therefore we-"

"When can I see Mama?" Hamartia interrupted. Goner pursed her lips and looked towards the Nice Man.

Hamartia was confused, but most of all she wished that Mama was there too, Mama would make everything better. Hamartia didn't understand what Goner meant about something called genetics, or flaws, but she understood the needle. She screamed as the Nice Man picked up a needle, gleaming in the white light.

"I wanna go home! I wanna go home! Mama! MAMA!" The smell of warm milk turned sour, and the Nice Man pinned her arms before she could run. "We have a runner don't we? Don't worry you'll see your mama soon."

Hamartia could hear Goner in the background, her voice like church bells, "We're saving the species, don't you get it? It's for the good of the rest, they must go."

Hamartia could hear the Nice Man's chuckle as the gleaming needle entered her left arm, three centimeters and eleven millimeters shorter than the right. Everything began to turn fuzzy, what little she could see was blurred by tears. She began to seize in pain, her lips were numb with sour milk, her blood was on fire.

Yet, in that moment, Hamartia saw the white clouds. ● ● ●

