

Blue

There was something about little Rhys that was different to the other children. She had a slightly longish face with round eyes that looked right back at you, almost beyond you. I caught a side glimpse of those strange eyes one night. They flashed white at me and then regressed into a fine, luminous purple rim, which vanished when she turned to look my way. It was slight but visible. The first time I saw this, I thought I was going mad, thought I'd been watching too make reruns of Orion's Belt. The next time I saw it, when the twin-suns were setting into our indigo dusk, it was striking. I still thought I was going mad, but I was intrigued by our friend and studied her at every opportunity. She would sit along the ancient stone wall, which was built by the humans in 522, by the gate along Barricus Ridge, and watch the suns set at the end of each thirty-hour day. On my way home each night I could see an unmistakable silhouette hunched over in the same position, staring upward into the distant night. I couldn't begin to understand what her loneliness was like.

The youths in my sector told me Rhys's parents disappeared one day, just after she had learned to walk. It was as if it were her moment to fly. She wandered into a landing station, dressed in her capsule jumpsuit and a cadet fuelling tanks found her clutching the railings of a C4 Super Carrier. She must have been ready to fly.

What was so difficult knowing Rhys was although I knew she held much wisdom and was aware of herself, she rarely ever spoke.

My friend Cheu told me that Rhys's grandmother and mother were born in the Leha Belt, one in a cluster of green moons that circled Blue. The women from Leha were typically quietly spoken but intensely great thinkers. It was the Leha colony that designed our home, Blue; a replica of Earth constructed over a five hundred Blue-year period. Cheu later told me he thought maybe Rhy's father was part human. He was careful when declaring this to our group; it would bring silence amongst our friends. The group liked Rhys, so we promised not to openly discuss blood-lines. Eventually however, the word spread to an elder in the twenty-fourth sector.

'A Lehan and a human? How can that be? I thought the Great War wiped the humans out,' said Cheu's grandmother, Blare.

'No one really knows if she is part Lehan and part human,' Cheu had replied.

'Lehan women were bred androgynous a century ago, Cheu. It's impossible,' Blare continued.

When I discussed this with Cheu, I felt an overwhelming sense of sadness for Rhys. I wondered who she was. Did she know herself at all? If she was Lehan, maybe she could foresee a world waiting for her. Maybe her parents were there. No, I thought, they abandoned her when she was so small. It was from this moment on I became determined to find the truth, and to get Rhys home.

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