

Overture

“RUN KAWVI!”... The stiff body of a boy no older than 20, cracks from the unconscious atop the roof of an old rusted industrial factory on a clear night. Everything about him disguised within his bleak surroundings from the ragged cloak covering his body, or his dark gray eye color and even his goggles hanging around his neck. In fact if no one had told you the boy was on the roof you wouldn't have guessed anyone was up there in the first place. It was a quiet sharp gasp, an exhale that forced his body to steady his breathing while it never allowed him to relax, screeching at the boy to stay alert. The windless night played a silent symphony of madness for the next three hours as he continued to stay on edge until the exhaustion of an already tired mind pulled him to sleep. What do you think of the boy? Overly cautious? For he is me. Up there sleeping on the rooftop barely hanging on to his sanity. Similarly to the whines and grinds of the machinery being awoken by the workers, the boy's internal motor jumps to life. The boy pulled out a rather large knife as he looked over the rooftop. The knife had three horizontal split parts along the blade. When he gripped the handle each third of the blade seemed to repel the other, flipping each part in three opposing directions. Wedging the blades edges between the tin rooftop and the gutter on the edge, the boy still holding the handle clenches it and the blade pops off. A centimeters diameter of wire held the blade to the handle. The boy stands with the handle in both hands over the edge and pulling down his goggles as he covers his eyes, he jumps. “Doubt has no cure,” although those words were nothing more than a rhythmic ostinato, constantly being repeated in his head. It seemed as though everyday he thought of them. “If you want my knife to work you're going to need to Hold it tighter, Hue.” As the boy parasailed down the factory he could feel the pale-red light mixing within his irises, “COME IN, Requesting two Liq-M cocktails be deployed north-west along-!” Touching down on the gravel and racing out of the industrial area, the further and further he ran the more people crawling around. His weak confidence being crushed by the weight of being watched. Where was he going? It was a building that stood in the center of the street dividing the walking traffic in half. A “pub” more or less, “Ay you, is that you?” The instant the boy entered the pub, a bearded man in an apron hurried over and put his arms over the boy's shoulders. “Where have you been?” He spoke as he led the boy named Hue past an enormous notice board that sat next to the door on the way in. “Everyone knows by now, they're looking for you,” the man warned as he and the boy sat down. The boy took extreme notice of the nice ivory wood finish of the table, “And... They also know about those,” He points straight at the goggles over his eyes. The boy's head jerks straight to the man's eyes. “Got your attention,” signs the man. “They've put a notice about you over there too,” gesturing over towards the entrance. “And, I suggest you lay low for now, I'm sorry about what happened no one could've ev-” “Hold on what... What did they do?” At last the boy had spoken. The sound was piercing, like every word hurt to utter. It was similar to a musician who neglected his instrument, unable to control the dynamics. “Ok calm down, from what I heard, after the deternation-”

“Take, my knife-

“In the upper affluent district the enforcers found two bodies-

“Tighten your goggles don't let them see your eyes-

“On the roof wearing those same goggles.”

“Go, *RUN KAWVI!*”

I ask you again, what do you think of the boy? Desperate? For he is me, he is the ghost of my past who occasionally plays my motif. Sometimes he controls my past, and like a body tied to an anchor sinks me into the deepest parts of my memories. The ghost always plays the same song, my overture. “What's wrong with your eyes?” Amadi was the orchestral conductor, the leader whose half assed laziness caused a fair few issues. “They change color!” While Shomari was the concertmaster, he didn't put up with Amadi's childish demeanor and kept him in line. “Your eyes can change color!!” They took me in, slapped the name Hue on me and kept me around. They knew my real name of course, only later I realized the nickname was a pun on my eyes. “Do you like my knife, I stole it from the attic of that strange pub,” lying down on top of a roof. Amadi would always fiddle with that knife. “If you squeeze the handle hard enough the blade pops off, see.” “Wow, yeah useful, maybe we can butch rabbits with that, oh shit we live here,” joined the ever sarcastic Shomari. “I've got a job for us actually” Amadi counters “A three-man job, a simple distraction, inside man, thief scenario and we need this” pointing at the knife “Are you guys in?” Tacet. Silence and stillness. The moment, frozen. The ghost's eyes, black. It was the extemporization of the ghost's mind. His raven eyes were like clogged pipes finally bursting, all the built up doubt flooding out as regret like pools of ink. After all, doubt has no cure; it bleeds even when you're dry. It hurts to see, to think, to feel. “Listen kid, you can stay here at least for now, there's some free room in the attic, the customers are waiting, it's not hard to find.” The man stands up and hands the boy a handkerchief. The boy was merely a shell taking orders without any will, he didn't think at all as he made his way. The attic itself was as the man had said. There was room, there just wasn't much of it. It was compact with supplies and a random assortment of items. The instant he closed the door a crescendo of emotions burst out, an ugly mess of emotions inside and out. The handkerchief provided little solace merely slowing down not just the sorrow, but the crimson rage forming in his eyes at his own helplessness. He cried. He cried until he couldn't, until it felt pathetic to keep going, until the tears felt swollen. Slowly, very slowly the boy's mind looked for things to escape to around the room, such as the weird ratio of open to unopen supply boxes amongst other things. However the thing his eyes kept returning to was a piano woven in dust placed in the center of his vision. An inquisitive interest sparked enough strength for the boy to hobble over. A single note flew unevening in the air, that was all it took for the boy to fall under the influence. Getting drunk on music allowed his mind to be free, to be rubato. The boy didn't even hear the thud of his knife dropping to the ground. He wasn't simply pressing keys, the boy was passing his emotions through something other than his eyes. For him it didn't hurt to see, to think, to feel. He wasn't listening for the quality of the sound nor the sound at all. The boy was playing to listen to nothing.