

GEMINI

by E. Azariah

[c] Copyright 2013 E. Azariah, All Rights Reserved.

No reproduction of this document is allowed without
express written consent of the publisher.

Publishing 2013 by W2G Publishing
Write2Grow, LLC

ISBN 978-1-304-66461-7

Visit the Author on FaceBook:
[Facebook.com/pages/E-Azariah/](https://www.facebook.com/pages/E-Azariah/)

Visit us on the Web:
www.Write2Grow.org/GEMINI

Table of Contents

Chapter One: Prediction	2
Chapter Two: Pursuit	8
Chapter Three: The Skies of Epsilon.....	18
Chapter Four: Descent.....	23
Chapter Five: Pixie	28
Chapter Six: Ambush.....	29
Chapter Seven: Flux	32
Chapter Eight: Miss Trust	36
Chapter Nine: Uh-Oh	42
Chapter Ten: Sentinel.....	44
Chapter Eleven: Meat.....	47
Chapter Twelve: Against My Will	50
Chapter Thirteen: Goodbye	52
Chapter Fourteen: Tunnels.....	58
Chapter Fifteen: Flight and Day	60
Chapter Sixteen: The Skies of Epsilon (Again).....	65
Chapter Seventeen: Venom	68
Chapter Eighteen: Protest, Pain, and Dim Lighting	70
Chapter Nineteen: By the Wall.....	73
Chapter Twenty: At the Window.....	78
Chapter Twenty-One: Me and Myself	79
Chapter Twenty-Two: Loyalties	81
Chapter Twenty-Three: Treatment.....	84
Chapter Twenty-Four: The Chapter You Can Skip.....	87
Chapter Twenty-Five: The Doctor.....	88
Chapter Twenty-Six: The Lillia Hendryck Experiment.....	92
Chapter Twenty-Seven: The Dream	94
Chapter Twenty-Eight: Waking Up.....	95
Chapter Twenty-Nine: Scientists and Doctors	97
Chapter Thirty: Control.....	99

Chapter Thirty-One: Interesting.....	101
Chapter Thirty-Two: Very Interesting	102
Chapter Thirty-Three: The Brain Nerd.....	104
Chapter Thirty-Four: History and Current Events	106
Chapter Thirty-Five: Nightmare	109
Chapter Thirty-Six: Miraculous.....	112
Chapter Thirty-Seven: Ambushed Again (No, Really).....	114
Chapter Thirty-Eight: Thirty Percent	116
Chapter Thirty-Nine: The Catpeople	118
Chapter Forty: Bad Day	121
Chapter Forty-One: Answers.....	126
Chapter Forty-Two: Nominees	130
Chapter Forty-Three: Hitting Hard.....	133
Chapter Forty-Four: Endurance	136
Chapter Forty-Five: Flux	138
Chapter Forty-Six: Situation.....	140
Chapter Forty-Seven: Wilderness	142
Chapter Forty-Eight: Visitors	146
Chapter Forty-Nine: Reunion.....	149
Chapter Fifty: The Mysterious Boy.....	151
Chapter Fifty-One: Deathday	155
Chapter Fifty-Two: Duel	157
Chapter Fifty-Three: Happy Birthday	159
Chapter Fifty-Four: Going.....	162

Part One

Kimbria

Chapter One: Prediction

"Remain calm," said Ms. Summer in her usual cool, even voice. "Line up in an orderly fashion and proceed to the Auditorium to await further instruction."

Uh-oh. The Auditorium. That meant someone was in trouble, and even though I knew I hadn't done anything- I never did, and most people never did either- I had a bad feeling, because most things that were out of the ordinary ended up indirectly affecting me.

Murmurs vibrated the whole floor as all of Level 4 approached the Auditorium. Who was in trouble now? What was the infraction? Each class exhibited various signs of anxiety and awe. Class A, as far as I could tell, displayed more of the anxiety since it consisted mostly of those who were here due to relation to, or association with, certified criminals. Class C showed more of the awe, as it consisted mainly of actual delinquents and most of these aforementioned delinquents were quite unrepentant. My class, Class B, which mostly contained those less easy to classify, like myself, showed excitement of all kinds- like buzzing particles of electricity.

We seemed to be going in the direction of the Level 4 Auditorium instead of the huge General Auditorium. That meant either the situation wasn't serious enough to require the presence of the other Levels or the situation was so serious it must be kept a secret from the rest of the Center.

Ms. Summer opened the door to the East Wing Corridor, which, like every door, had posted on it a "Basic Guide to the Gemini Community Containment Center," which simply explained who was on what Level, in case an official should visit. I had the Basic Guide memorized:

Basic Guide to the GCCC

Level 1- Resident sign in/out, restroom, General Auditorium

Level 2- Housing for the criminally insane or mentally unsound, ages up to 18, 2 restrooms, bedchambers, Auditorium

Level 3- Housing for delinquents and associates, ages up to 10, 4 restrooms, bedchambers, Auditorium

Level 4- Housing for delinquents and associates, ages 11-18, 4 restrooms, bedchambers, Auditorium

At the end of the corridor, Ms. Summer opened the heavy Auditorium door, which was made of actual wood. I rubbed the wood as I passed, picturing a tree the way I imagined them to be; big and strong, regal and mighty. Sort of like a huge, wooden building, but with leaves. I had seen a leaf once - a real one. It had been as big as my hand and the oddest color"

I brushed against the door, the leaf color clear in my mind....

Suddenly, I felt a pinprick of pain on my forearm, but I didn't dare look until I was at my seat, which was far too close to the stage, I thought. Wary and trying for subtlety, I checked my arm.

There was a piece of wood - a "sliver" - poking out of my skin. I pulled it out, wincing at the small pain. Now there was a sliver-shaped strip of skin on my forearm that was an entirely different color from the rest of my forearm. That was not good. Any injury, even a small one, would mark me as a troublemaker, like Lillia Hendryck. She was sort of a Class C legend. She was thirteen, and already she had tried to climb the Gemini Wall once and tried to escape the Containment Center twice. Lillia had cuts all over her knees and elbows, which we saw whenever we were required to wear shorts. Today was one of those days.

The curtains on the stage began to part, and we all stood to recite the National Pledge of Icarus. It was during the last

droning line of the Pledge that a lone figure crossed to the middle of the stage. She seemed to be of average height and probably aged somewhere between fourteen and seventeen. Her hair was long and bright red, and she wore the crisp, white garments of an important official, because - *oh, yeah* - she was also an elf.

The room fell almost completely silent. Even the rebels, troublemakers, and felons in Class C were hushed out of respect... or fear. It didn't matter which. All that mattered was that there was an elf standing on the stage in official clothing, chin tilted forty-five degrees higher than necessary, her eyes peering disdainfully down at us. All that mattered was that the presence of this elf proved my worst fears to be true. All that mattered was that I was hoping harder than I ever had that she wasn't here for me.

Slowly and suspense-fully, the elf lifted a microphone to her lips. Everyone stopped breathing. After taking a few moments to enjoy the tension she was causing, the elf said in a clear, musical voice, "Kimbria Evelyn Press."

My heart constricted, and heads turned my way. I watched my hands tremble, since there was nowhere else to look. Certainly not at the elf, who was looking at me like I was prey. But she wasn't done.

"Lillia Kirsten Hendryck."

I glanced at the Class C section, at Lillia, who stared at the elf with a most disrespectful look on her face. What did I- what could I- have to do with her? Still, the elf wasn't finished.

"Trayson Elias Kendall."

I had no idea who that was or what class he was in, but I followed the trail of the turning heads to the Class A section, where I spotted a startled-looking boy around my age with my kind of coppery skin and curly hair. If anyone could look likable, that was precisely how Trayson Kendall looked. I saw many

hands reach over seats to comfort him, and a few girls started to cry.

"All three of you, please join me now in the stage-side conference chamber," ordered the elf girl evenly. "Meanwhile, as it is quite late- (*it was barely mid-afternoon*)-the rest of Level 4 may report to your bedchambers. Ms. Summer, lead them away. There is no need to wait for the other three."

What did this mean? Nothing good.

Trayson and I stood and waited for the classes to exit. Lillia didn't. She followed the rest of her class all the way to the exit door before Ms. Summer located her and dragged her out of line. All the while, the elf waited patiently on the stage. Once the last person was out of the room and the door clicked shut with an air of grim finality, the elf turned, not even sparing a glance in our direction, and strode toward the stage-side conference room. The three of us hesitantly followed, each deep in thought. The Auditorium was silent but for our trembling breaths.

Trayson was the first to reach the room, but Lillia was the one to open the door, sighing loudly. The elf girl was already seated at the huge, round conference table, waiting coolly.

"Take a seat," she insisted.

Trayson and I sat in the swivel chairs offered to us, but Lillia remained standing, her arms crossed insolently.

"Lillia, I am referring to you as well," the elf said.

Lillia muttered something that sounded like "Don't call me Lillia."

The elf cleared her throat. "Ms. Hendryck, take your seat now."

Lillia sighed again, and sat down, arms still crossed. She propped her feet, also crossed, on the tabletop. A guilty part of me was glad; now the elf would focus on her.

"I am Agent Anthea Trace, Chief of Covert Espionage and all aberrant affairs regarding youths," said the elf.

"So I guess we're the aberrant youths?" Lillia asked in a clear voice, tilting her head.

"Indeed," Anthea said coldly.

"Look, I didn't do anything wrong," Trayson blurted out.

Anthea placed on the table a blue folder, which she opened to reveal several papers. She flipped a few pages, examined one, and said to Trayson, "Besides being half mountain pixie, which, in itself, is a crime against nature, you were caught stealing extra rations at the age of four; you were caught wearing sleeves on shorts day at age six, and you refused to eat your vegetables at age seven." Anthea sat back, her countenance radiating smugness and self-satisfaction.

"I meant recently," Trayson said quietly.

"I haven't made any recent infractions, either," I chimed in.

Anthea turned her icy blue eyes on me, and I shrank back. Then, she smiled slightly and said in a strange voice, "Not yet."

...

After the meeting was over, we were sent to our bedchambers. Everyone's bedchamber was connected, only separated by the transparent walls. Even the doorknobs were transparent. The bedchambers were arranged in two columns - one for boys, one for girls - and we could see that everyone else was sleeping. We were very late. The teachers who monitored the bedchambers for nighttime mischief or unsound sleepers eyed us coldly.

Trayson was the first to reach his bedchamber. He removed his identification card from his pocket and scanned it. The door clicked open quietly. He mumbled, "goodnight," and entered his room.

It wasn't until Trayson closed his door that I reached mine. I scanned my card, and my door clicked open. After entering, I closed the door behind me and went to my computer to send in my required Nightly Report, typing in a summary of all that had

happened today. I had much more interesting things to report tonight than I had last night.

No matter how tired I was, I always completed my Nightly Tasks. Once, when I was on Level 3, a girl named Julianne had gone to sleep without completing her Tasks. No one spoke of her anymore, because she'd been sent to a place no one liked to think of.

After my Report, I began my Nightly Diagnosis, taking my computer's scanner and scanning each of my fingers, my toes, my bellybutton, my eyes, and, since it was shorts day, my arms and legs.

Oh no!

The splinter mark on my arm... was gone? *How?* I had just received it, but now it seemed to have disappeared.

I sighed, having finished my Tasks, and climbed into my bed, which was the only piece of furniture in my bedchamber, not counting my desk and swivel chair. All of it was white, almost identical to everyone else's. Actually, it was perfectly identical.

All the white lulled me into a state of rest, to the very last pre-sleep stage, until the thorn of one suppressed thought rose to the surface:

What did Anthea think I was going to do?

I clutched my pillow closer to my body, burying my face in it and inhaling the clean scent. I wouldn't think about this now. It was time to sleep. I would ponder this in the morning, during the ten minutes of relative-leisure time between early-morning ablutions and lessons.

Still, it took a few roll-overs and several temperature-controlling pillow-flips before I was comfy enough to drift off.

Cliché as it might sound, that was my last night in the world as I knew it.