The ungifted

In Velthra, there was no limit to what you could achieve.

In this world everyone could float, cars could fly, and water could levitate. There was no explanation to any of this, but Silas couldn’t do what everyone else did. He didn’t start floating before crawling, instead he didn’t float at all. It was as if gravity was controlling him, and only him. He didn’t have an insane spice tolerance either, he couldn’t even tame animals with the power of his hands. In addition to this he was oddly quiet, like the type to avoid conversations and engage in independent activities instead. Although he was doing well in most subjects and had enough friends to keep him entertained and out of his room, he always felt distant, he felt different.

Every day was another walk into embarrassment, even if people were nice to him, he knew they called him names like ‘weirdo’ or ‘the not so chosen one’ when he wasn’t there, he heard them. But all he could do is stare and wonder why, he had bigger problems to worry about anyway. His mother, June, was suffering from stage 3 bone cancer and was hospitalised. The doctors had said they were doing whatever they could to keep her alive, but clearly, they weren’t doing enough.

Silas

School holidays just ended and my two friends, Mark, Michael, and I, started to take the bus. The days were warmer, and the clouds had vanished from the sky. It was a tranquil morning; the sky was a mix of light pink and a dull purple with the sun ascending from the east. The bus ride to school was loud, there was chatter everywhere, like a normal school bus on a peaceful Monday morning.

Just as I got on the bus, I got a call, which was weird because I usually never get calls. I picked up the call and heard my father say in a shallow voice, “Send me your location now, mum’s in the hospital.”

I did as he said, and in an hour, I was sitting on one of those rubbery seats that makes squeaky noises whenever you move around.

Then as I made my way into the ICU, I saw my mum. She was showing no sign of heartbeat, her oxygen levels were decreasing, her lips were a vibrant shade of purple. My life crumbled in front of me. The woman that took care of me for 14 years won’t anymore. While my dad was talking with the doctors my body felt numb, I couldn’t move, something wet was streaming down my face, but I couldn’t identify what it was because of the mix of emotions, anger, fear, sadness, disappointment, anxiety, all those feeling swelled up inside me. I felt like vomiting.

As we left the hospital, I had an envelope assigned to my name and a doctor handing it to me. She said it was from my mother. I thanked her and walked out with my father. I stayed at home that week. After wearing something a little more comfortable I opened the envelope. It read,

Dear Silas,

My death was planned as I told the government I was going to tell you everything. Firstly, the reason you’re not like everyone else who can fly, and tame water is because you didn’t get a vaccine that had an ingredient that would grant you special powers but would also let the government track you. Secondly, people will start to disappear because the government wants everyone gone. Finally, they’re coming after you because you’re the only one who knows this, and you can’t be tracked. After they find you, all hope is lost.

Love,

Your mother, June.