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## Destination (Part One)

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## Destination (Part One)

*Katherine Haynie*

The sun threw its pink and orange rays across the white, reflective sky. The clouds caught the light and glowed, almost from the inside outward, with the morning's color, shimmering and fading through shades of magenta, yellow, and crimson. Off to the west, the faint outline of the Beta moon still hung above the dark shadow of the forest perimeter. She woke up slowly, as the light of the rising sun penetrated her eyelids and announced that morning had come. She rolled over, half awake, and reached out her arm, expecting to find Calia's body lying next to hers. Her arm fell instead on the hard dirt, and she suddenly awoke completely and looked around. For a moment, she had forgotten where she was, and why she was there. But then it all came back to her. The image of Calia's face hung in her mind for a moment, but she pushed all the memories, all the longing, away. That part of her life was over. Besides, she didn't have time to worry about that.

She stood up and brushed the dirt and pine needles from her clothes, and looked around, trying to decide what to do first. A pain in her stomach reminded her that the last meal she had was the handful of gribble she grabbed in the Centre kitchen before she left. Hopefully there would be some wild plants growing somewhere nearby she could eat to get by on. She didn't want to open her stash of kelatose until it was absolutely necessary. It was a great source of instant energy, but it didn't last long, so she knew she had to conserve it.

She returned to her makeshift campsite after a few minutes of gathering, sat on a log, and nibbled on the roughage she found and on half a piece of lenta fruit that she pulled from her bag. Her mind drifted backward for a moment, to Calia, to the Unitan, to everything that had led her to this moment.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Calia woke me up that morning, as she usually does. On the edge of sleep I felt her gently pulling my hair out of my face, bending close to*

*my ear, and suddenly shouting, "Good Morning!!" I jolted out of sleep and batted my arm at Calia, who had anticipated the swing and was already out of range. I rolled over and grunted a complaint. "Why do you always do that? That is so incredibly annoying." I would have loved to roll over and go back to sleep, but I knew Calia would never allow that. I didn't bother to get up out of bed; I just rolled off and landed hard on the floor. Calia sat on her own bed cross-legged, playing with those gorgeous amethyst locks of hers, and smiled at my laziness. I walked over to the dresser beside the bed, and started to dig through the drawer but suddenly wheeled around and hurled a shirt at the back of Calia's unsuspecting head. She wasn't as unsuspecting as I thought! She whipped around, caught the shirt and dived at me with it in hand. So we tumbled down in a laughing, screeching lump of arms and legs and flying shirts.*

*Exhausted from our morning wrestling match, Calia and I composed ourselves, put on slightly less wrinkled shirts and went out to the main room of the Centre for breakfast. We were on school rotation this season, so we didn't have to worry about getting out to the field or the factory on time. I despised those early mornings last season when we had to get up at dawn to work the gribble fields or the kelatose processing plant.*

(to be continued...)