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The Eliminate

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THE ELIMINATE

Novella



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English Department Honors

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Abstract:

My honors project is a dystopian novella centered on a quest for progress. Created by her society as a second-class citizen, an Auxiliary devoid of emotions, the protagonist, Adinamos, was designed to serve the higher class of Guardians, but she hopes more than anything else for the impossible, namely to become a Guardian herself. Immediately after the death of her lover and protector, Guardian D, Adinamos gradually starts to feel, giving her hope that she too may rise in society. As society places obstacles in her path and threatens her with death, the Eliminate, if she perseveres Adinamos must make a life-changing choice.

Cast of Characters:

Adinamos, narrator and protagonist, Auxiliary, has no empathy and no emotions, was the lover of Guardian D (previously known as Daimon) who she grew up with and who protected her until his death

D, Guardian, Adinamos' dead lover, creator and inventor

P, Guardian, interested in Adinamos and her abilities, sees her as a threat to Pro-Omnibus and order in the city, looking to weaken and Eliminate her to correct a problem he believes D created

C, Guardian, cared for D

Jerrard, involved in a rebellion, works for P, becomes involved briefly in Adinamos' life

Frisson, another Auxiliary, wants to know why he is brought before Adinamos

The Rafton, *a religious leader of the Order of the One, responsible for ceremonies related to death and birth and union*

Phalanx leader, *head of the Auxiliaries, responsible for giving commands teaching Auxiliaries, acts as an in-between person from Guardians to Auxiliaries*

Start of the Novella

“There is in every one of us, even those who seem to be most moderate, a type of desire that is terrible, wild, and lawless.” Plato, *The Republic*

When you come down with death, we, Auxiliaries, wheel the Creeker in. The gathered, you, hear as the Creeker’s heavy grey wheels chirr the ground, bleeding thin black lines on the gold floor. Watch as we curdle the Creeker’s trilling tubes up the bulbs of your own’s nose until its needle pin zings the neuro of the head. Grab a breath, you, as we enter. Plugged in, the Creeker pumps the drops of neuro out, a flood splashes into the Tank spoken for a name. If the Creeker’s coils each angle and the brain is by-the-Grace-of-Guardians-Healthy, in a few phases, we trust, the Recreate will bring your own back. The neuro will bang and cluster in blobs, building high, until you form again. Recreated to a new world.

But in truth no Guardian has ever been Recreated. The faith is that one phase there will be a Guardian whose neuro will survive and who will rise out from the rest. No Guardian has yet as I mention but every Guardian must sustain hope. The flutter is what makes death livable.

The room we walk you in to try the Recreate is the Guardian White Wing in full gold. The walls bulge with a deep yellow churn of rough rock-covered spirals and curls

against the white back. The tables, the chairs where the other Guardians sit all yellow hued. The Guardian X peters in every side and deep in every well, a constant at watch.

D came down with death, a few weeks it's been.

In the gold room, Clack, screams the Creeker up D's brain-nose now. Clack, screams the Creeker through the pink. D's too-thick neuro clacks shuck in the tubes. The gathered wait. Clack, screams the Creeker.

The tube swipes. Cuts out of D's nose, hocks at the air. Bits of D's brain glop towards the gathered. One drollop flops on my lip. An Auxiliary stalters up and curls the knobs of the Creeker closed. The tube flats on D's chest. The Creeker huffles one final breath. Then, silence. I lick my lip's crook. D's neuro faults down my throat, deep inside me now. Its taste of a slipped jelled crushed pill. His form fully mine. I think a thud of it lands in my stomach core.

The room fills with sharp, chugging breaths. Its source, a Guardian in the front row, tears falling down her blowfish face, soaking her white cloak. She racks with the feelers. A fleefing cat whinnying. My belly tightens. My shoulder shakes. But, feelers do not spread their contagion. The Auxiliary sideyes me. D is inside me. I have eaten his neuro like a Food Pill and I have felt it slipping down my throat. But I still feel nothing. I am not a feeler.

The Rafton flooshes on a float before the white stand, his silver locks fit on his head down. Calm flurries the gathered. He stands before D, water drops in his inner-eye, his white cloak, and the gold sun pendant athump against his chest. He matches what all the Guardians do in his eyes. They think feelers make them separate from us, higher. Yet,

all-same they reflect false tears out their eyes. As well as I did, no one here knew D. D was mine own.

“Guardian D served a Healthful four and twenty years,” the Rafton says, his voice shuhs on the air. “Dies a Commander of the War. The soldiers could not take his material-soul from the Southern King in the four procedure time. The Creeker cannot Save his Form. There fixed an error in the calculations. D’s neuro did not stand fresh enough. The Recreate will not happen. D will recreate now in our hums... So let all the gathered lift thy feet. One Praise to D.”

The room swoops our feet. We tap-tap the gold floor below us and it bangs. D forever gone. The Rafton’s eye covers shutter, his head racks back and front. “Praise to the Guardian’s name,” he crackles. The other Guardians follow with a soft hum. I feel my lips close to join but I don’t say anything.

“Praise to the Guardian’s name!” echoes the Praise back off the walls, stick into the skin of the gathered. My skin shakes with the Guardians. Part of the Guardians. I have consumed D’s neuro. Perhaps I grow a part of D.

“Praise to D, birth named Daimon,” followed the Guardians in the front row, the echoes zap through my throat. The rise and fall of insides. Praise to D. I vow. Praise to D.

The Rafton lifts his arms to a clap-clap and my insides lower back, as he floats down to his seat. I get up along the row of Auxiliaries gathered before the Creeker. I lift the edge of D’s head. His brown dyed-green eyes off turn towards his sliced nose. The Creeker has splayed the mouth I had kissed so often open and down the gaping hole of his throat to the pink writhers underneath I could almost hear the wishin of his words

thumper out his throat, tell me he loved me still. I wipe the edge of his nose, the neuro still there. I look at the pink. Maybe if I swallow more of its liquid stutter, he will stay in mine. He will be a parter to me. Curling my finger, I see the other Auxiliaries look away from me. Just a little flow down my throat. I lick my finger crusts and swalter the pink in my tongue. It tastes like a blurst pulse, D's beat singing down my throat as I swallow.

We lift and carry forth D out of the Gold room to the green outside, to the black whoosh hole. I crunch my eyes and the water leaks out. D's head in my hands, we drop him in. The other Auxiliaries cockle out, but I sit. I look down at D's white cloak, enshrouder to Death a Guardian pure. I close my eye covers, listen'd the other Guardians gather and they let me gather there. One's shoe hits my back in a crunch.

"The Auxiliary all wet," the Guardian with his shoe against me hissers, "Poor prospectus feeler."

His shoe lifts off my back. My eye covers open. I swish off the water on my cheeks. He is right. I expect to be a Guardian. I expect to keep D's form in me. His neuro should have altered mine, made me more akin to him, a Guardian. I pretend, but D does not fly, smile, lift off the cloak, land his shoulders on my shoulders, soft fur warm. To be with him, a Guardian. The feelers of a frush quick through my middle. But no more. I open my eye covers to the cool, my gray Auxiliaries' coat on arms, D still below.

I take a deep breath. This touch in my stomach is of the form I have never felt through before. I have never looked to this. Maybe D's neuro actually function, actually merge with mine. I half feeler. My heart dubs. Dubs down.

I look around. The wet still cripples down the Guardians' cheeks. Crunched screeches muddle out their throats at the final parting. I stand beside them. Their white cloaks flutter on birds in the wind, crackle beside me, their feelers full and real. So much more than me they stand. I say they are false but how can the Guardian lot be false.

One looks to me. He is an old Guardian, his eyes curdling up, but his face Restructured to youth's curves. His arm rests on my shoulder.

I can only feel the choke in my throat. If I a half feeler, if D alive in part inside me, what would the Guardians think?

"Sorrows to the youth who's on dead," he says. I nod back the sorrows. But D's still there in the durt, his ears listening, most of the muddlers of his neuro still in his head-cage and a slice in me. Listening.

"Sorrows," I say soft-flicks. D turns in my stomach. But, his emptiness plies back. There are no sorrowed feelers in my heart cage.

"Thou, D's paramour," he says at me. "of Auxiliary blood, yet he loved thou as the youths do love." He pats my back. "Thou feelers his death not in the slight."

I lower my head to the Guardians as we must. His fingers drop down to my bottom. I give him a smile and watch one rizz to his lips, the feelers always reciprocate that signing, muscles clicking at the response. A brief shifter. The Guardian cups the bulge of my bottom. He lets go. He walks away with all the other Guardian flock, cloak scurried out forth in the white wind. I have no Guardian now. I drop my face. My fingers twitch to curl. Grip the Guardian by his neck cover and crunch his throat in a crack pop whizz. I want but I loosen my fingers. Relax. If an Auxiliary harmed a Guardian,

Eliminate for that Auxiliary would result. That's how it is with us. There is never Recreation for Auxiliaries. And I knew then. Even if I said D in me, even if I expressed a flicker of the feelers, the Guardian lot would never believe me.

Once the Guardians flicker out, we, Auxiliaries, clutch forward. Arms aflush, we reach for the Dub-er to dig in the dirt over D in flurries and specks. D's feet gone. D's lips gone. D's eyes gone. D's hair in flat. The chasm brim covered. But I can feel his words in my head. The Auxiliaries leave. I look down at the covered body that is just once-mine now.

The water blobs I call again, bring to my eyes with a flick in my muscle fiber. Only, D's death is not a blast into my heart. I am not a feeler. Not a Guardian. I flincker. D's gone. I was never and will never be a Guardian. I stop the blobs in my eyes. In the space before the Guardian White Wing is this compound of dirt where many Guardians lie buried. A force with the soil. Back to their natural. As now D lies. Other Guardians walk over the dirt looking for the thoughts of those before them to guide their actions and lead them to a proper place.

I walk over the dirt that covers my Daimon and I move to the polka dotted red trail, the signing D created in the dirt. I follow the red signing to his room. I walk to see his words, smell his breath. One final wheeze. The branches tingle my sweat front, but I flapper through.

Right through and beside the field of the Guardian buried and dead is where D found his place. Where other Guardians look to live beside others of their lot and travel

from the city this is not so for D who looked to a place where the weight of the others of his lot held strongest.

“TO CLEAR TOM,” a white paper speaks on the door handle, its shrill peaks through my head. To clear tomorrow phase. To clear tomorrow phase. It chirps again and again. The siren ringing in my ears, pulsing in waves against me. Remind me D is gone. I push the handle down, the sensors click. I step in and clutch the door. The feathers flutter around me, one with a red beak, the other black, their eyes all beady. I had forgotten D kept birds. D’s birds feather around me, their claws clacking, screeching for D. Only the Guardians can keep animals, play with them, look at them, teach them. D talked to his birds. He would whisper to their fluttering wings the coos of his troubles and of his days, of his thoughts and they would lean in and rub his ear soft and coo their secret sorrows back flutter to him and he would pluck his finger under their feathered. I stumble and the birds fly out the caged room. Deep reds and blues and greens and yellows and rainbows into the blue-black sky, they flack their wings into the wind. The moon whistles against their wings, feathers falling to the grass.

Inside still are a group of thrushes and a sunbird. I turn the heater filter out with a click. The birds flutter. I walk to D’s wall of writing and I fling my thick coat to the floor below, let in the buzz of the heat, run my fingers along the bumps budding along my forearm.

My mind clears. D’s diary-wall is before me, there to be Cleared with the remainder birds tomorrow come. The room will soon be granted to another schilping high headed Guardian to mood-write. But for now, his words rest here.

I read D's script, *Lonely demons ping into the late night and I don't want to be alone. I needed my child.*

A bird squeaks beside me and I sputter. I almost think D has flown out the duct. The Irons tell of stories of the Dead, their chewed arms strapping in the wind. I almost see D, his insides brown shit, eaten and rotted and in the center, still on his meat squalored maggots, whitish green suckers of black mouth-holes sunk in the blood. As D would walk, some maggots would fall to the floor, flickle a phase before they go down with death but some would blurst into flies and buzz-buzz around the carcass-clump of D's lungs. I begin to say his name, his birth name, his real name, the Dai out my lips, my fingers reaching for the blood-pop, but the sounds fizz into quiet. D is not there. I turn back to the wall.

Vulnerabil? A deep, a deep, stop crying Daimon. To live on stimulation? You have to work on the strokes, the attrition. The pain pangs still deep blue sighs I think sometimes and I remember the curl of her kiss whenever I think. Why do I feel like I should've done something different when I did nothing? I know. I know. But then why do I feel the child of my dreams? What does he mean to speak to me? We all have a child we never see, raised in the Caves by the Teachers, but I hope my child finds his form matches a Guardian. This is why closeness is the one true Curse. We can survive without it. A Guardian's ward cannot consort with the fray and no one, not even you, should make you feel like a myrtle for this, for her. Can I take on all alone or would I substitute who did not love or would I despair? My needs all about me and this hiearsonous All I want to do is take a breath for one moment and find and have that one thing and be able to keep it and have it make me –

The door slams.

This time I know it must be D. Back to the phase when I first saw his wall and he walked behind me his feet shuffles on the floor, I wait for his steps like crusts and I wait to jump when he says “thou perceive the wall” in a pop, but I wait for him to meet my eyes and look a little flush, the blurs in his eye-flick, and to lift his hand to my cheek’s angle, “thou look by brimstone,” I stutter for him to say as he spingles my hair along his finger blade in a curl and tucks it behind my ear hook, my head a full blank for a phase, my thoughts ajumble, I wait to feel the burn spread in a trickle down to my center, the tingles ping and pluck and plock over my arms and legs, the breath of my lungs patter, touch his plush lips to the crooks of mine, their nearness burning and to look his face, the lids over his eyes down low, and a smile on mine and wait to see his mask crust off and to never want to stop and to keep his lips on mine, the feelers beneath bare and I know a Guardian I had, my own Guardian, and he leaned back and when he looked to me, his lips let open a deep-throat laugh, his eyes grow soft, full a smile on his lips wider, so different from his other laugh which is a stuck chuckler in his throat from when he feels the conscious of the Guardian eyes peaking at his.

But, D does not walk in now.

The door slams again and I walk towards it, thinking the wind might be spurting it around. An Auxiliary stands in the way in his gray stiff shirt and pants, no flowing cape of the Guardian around his shoulders.

“Birds are precious keep for Guardians, Adinamos. This property belongs to Guardians,” he drones. Half moon lines crawl along the Auxiliary’s face, deep cuts on his cheeks, a cut tilts one of his lips out to a yellow teeth. So close past use. He is so near to Eliminate. I feel the wet crowd along the insides of my cooling fingers. Without D, the Eliminate is closer.

“A crime of the Tenth Order thou committed blaring through a Guardian’s property rung as one of the superfluity,” the Auxiliary drones. This time D cannot protect you, he does not add. His face a blank, so much like the Irons and the Guardians, but nothing pings an Auxiliary, not in the eyes.

The Auxiliary does not move towards me. He knows I will walk to him. My feet skuttle the ground. In Pro-omnibus, there is nowhere to run. The Guardians have trackers in every field, forest, and beehive as they tell. To whizz away and flicker out for an Auxiliary is impossible.

I follow the Auxiliary out of D’s dotted signings, my eyes brush over his back, and the Auxiliary taps to the train. I know I will work, more phases serve. I look down at my fingers, my nails tiny clinches. More phases the same, more phases an Auxiliary, more phases without D, more phases in a cell, more phases until the Eliminate and nomore me.

The train comes in with chug cluck. I look up. My heart hampers stiff. Still with its wheels. Stops a brief sputter when the train lands before us. Then starts athrob in my throat. We keep the train the way the Ancients did, but no longer the huff of the smoke burns the trees and no more the howl of the clackering wheels spins control. The train is

safe now. The Irons all stumble to the doors first, the Auxiliary climbs in behind them and I behind all. My heart adub-dub in my ear cores, adub-dub down in my belly. The Auxiliary stands stiff'd until I sit next to the red satin coated wall-colors and flicker eyes at the City passing above our heads. He crowds in next, his arms firm beside mine and looks at the Irons all filling the train. The Irons' clothes, bright flowered patterings, are clean-specked. The train chortles and each image skittles by so rapidity that all is blurs of green and grey and blue. I clench my fists and dig my nails into the insides of my palm and I can feel the pricks in the curve of my palm. My breath lowers. I press tighter. My nails are not sharp enough to break the skin. I focus on each breath. Each movement of my chest cave up and each movement down. The feeling in my chest is a strange thub. I have never lived without D before. Gold still covering the Irons' arms and necks in thin ovals bunches together. As they move around next to us, their eyes gander over our uniforms, our breaths before clicking back forward.

I think to Take her form, Take her cloak, Become her, When the train slows right over Pro Omnibus' water lake, and some Guardians sit in the corner of the lake and I see her, one full Guardian working on images of the water and for a flick, I look at her white cloak behind her and I think I could clench the cloak in my fist and pull her in to the water, press her head into the waves smooth. The train puffs through too fast. My eyes crunch and she is gone. And in the next minutes phase, the city-building's square-rows are there, some crumbled and others tall. The small ones are the red-brick and grey Ancient squares maintained in their ivy with all the Ancients' Things. The tall ones are ours, white points into the sky-fall, turning the moon blank. As the doors open and the

Irons come out in a crowd, the city's taste hits my teeth for a phase, the bangs and buzzes and hums rising through, before the doors crush shut.

The train rides next to the Cave.

In a few phase hours, the train stops before the Caves. I look at the red yawn holes in the ground with walls and paths of bricks around them. I gulp. The Auxiliary stands as I walk out of the train, in the cave hole and down the paved steps. I look to the tiny Pears that light the path down. They are small round blobs the size of enclosed fingers tightened towards each other full of little fillers of round suns in them to brighten. I remember the assigning I had here a few phases past and first I saw the hanging Pears. Back then, I was taking an Iron to the cells not walking in myself.

Now, I walk into an empty cave.

The Auxiliary looks over me and nods, pulling the chain across the door tight as I sit before walking away. There is no need to chain my wrists. Irons have hope. Irons think they can run. Auxiliaries know better. There was no escape. Trying that meant facing the Eliminate now and no Auxiliary wanted to die. Not me. Not when my death would be different than D's. I would have no remembrances. I would forever be forgot, be lost. Just another Auxiliary. I shiver. Why would I care to be an Auxiliary always? This quester is new. We, Auxiliaries never talk to each and the other, but one thought we gather to share is the shake of the Eliminate, the beating heart sink to run from it, but not this deep feels in my stomach. My breath gaspers. I must have a parter of D's feelers ride in me. I know they flicker through here.

I look around the cave walls, the red dirt flecking on my fingertips. An Auxiliary grips an Iron outside as the Iron chock fits onto the ground, shoulders racking, Olympian drunk. The Olympian sun glugs out his throat in splashes and the smell of the curdled fluid fills the air.

My nose wrinkles. I close my eye covers. I take a deep breath as I fill with remembrances of fortnight phases past before the Test when I felt myself a Guardian possible. D had known even then as children in the Caves what I was. Just an Auxiliary. The Test would always say that. D had looked down at the books, his own crackling copy of the Birds of Paradise when I had no personals and his mind had clicked it long before. Everyone had known that only an Auxiliary I was, only an Auxiliary destined to be and I had no chance. The Test only proved what they knew. When I had thought different, D's eyes had held that look that so many Guardians spurted, eyes slightly hooded, lip wings parting, a look I had learned was pity.

I close my eye covers and watch the orange red underbelly of them until I fall asleep. I run for the Guardian, but I always fall a step too small.

I wake up to a curdled shake in my body. An Auxiliary's grips are on my shoulders, his face firm.

"Thou to see a Guardian comes," he says. My eyes flutter open, the light dim and my head heavy. The old man Guardian from the gathering stands in the flickering light of the Cave as he rubs his ear hole, a quick tell. I feel the frister of my heart quicken.

The Auxiliary repeats the crime as the Notary tells it to his ear from the chip, his voice and face a smooth klunk as it must be to tell, “Name: Adinamos Auxiliary. A Tenth Order law she violated. She applied too heavily into the domain that was not her own, flustered where she had little path. Already a week phase in the cell she has spent. Assigned particular notice under a Guardian D.”

The old man Guardian waves the Auxiliary away with two fingers frolicked to the side. The Auxiliary leaves the cave. The old man Guardian lifts his cloak and flicks it behind his shoulders.

He looks at me and his eyes scruffle down and up along my form.

“So Adinamos, an interesting specimen thou work,” he says. “I’m Guardian P.” He lifts his fingers and I get up with the command. He does not tell how he could know where I was or what he wanted.

“Time to decamp,” he says. I look closer at the old man Guardian. What if my fingers were to primp into the skin around his throat and pull some of the skin and feel the cracks fill with the flesh and the sucking out until he lay flat on the floor in the red durt? I can feel the Focus spark to my eyes as I look to him, but the flush rises inside my middle, the instinct for survival and I curl my fingers in.

I walk and he comes in beside me. He waves to the Auxiliary a quick comment. Outside, the moon lights the signings to the train at night. The whoosh of the wind slaps against my face as the Guardian glides the train with me, white cloak trailing the moon. The Irons cluster around and watch like they did when D was there. D creaked on the train floor and sat beside the red velvet walls of the train, eyes peaking out at the green

zooming outside, "Preparation to mood-write this?" I asked him so the Irons could hear in through the seats, one leaned back in his, his ear hole pointed crossly at D, his breath broken huffs at the Guardian's presence, but "Not mood-writing now," D said, and I turned to him, "What?" I asked soft, "One garners Fulfillment and no need to mood-write," he whispered, and the smile on D's lips was a sigh, looped and lurked, the smile he fled last on his Initiation, grafting for my hand, he hauled tight and I felt the flickered pores of his palm tingle mine, "With you, the gold is more and the gold inside me," his fingers pointed through at his chest cage, "looms brigher. This cape, this title is nil alacking you. I love you, Adinamos," his voice softened and I hoped the Irons heard, I nodded at him, brought the pulse of a flusher across my cheeks, a Guardian loved me, but the smile fell down off D's lips, "My merit skills lead me to commanding troop of the War," he fluttered on, eyes rove-filling my face to read its plain blank, "There is a way I can decline the War and stay with you," he offered, "But only the Gloried Guardians get to lead the effort," I whispered, he nodded, "I should off to War then," he said and his face held a question. Say and I will not, his face asked. Say and I will not to War. D's arm I can feel pull my shoulders in towards his form, warm and close.

Clack. Clack. Clutter. Clutter. White smoke out of the train speckles the sky white. P looks at me as we sit on the train. I know a Guardian would say no, death might come, no I love you. I look out the train windows at the blurs and I could not say. P says nothing on the train to Pro-omnibus, his arm stays a flick breath away from mine, and leaves at the Guardian's station.

I wake up in the field of dirt over the Guardian graves to find Guardian P's shoe against my arm. The ground cuts into my back. I get up in rapidity, my eyes down, arms to the side. P walks towards me and he smells of shit drenched rain blown with Strawberry Bell scent flushing out a freshener taped to a pole.

He hands me a clutch of written notes, D's scribble, they say: *The days go fast and she stays the same, but something in her changes. Her Intellect Measure higher, her Repetition Maximum higher, her Pattern Record higher, her Scaled Leader higher, her Empath Indicator higher. Capability to Match as Guardian Higher. Hypothesis: something caused x units rise in x biochemical, make Auxiliary to Guardian, create emotion neural connections. Hypothesis: The Incident is a process of evolutionary adaptation, tests fail to Indicate/Separate Auxiliary and Guardian. If Tests fallible, how many Guardians Auxiliaries? If actual emotions, an Auxiliary could rise to a Guardian?*

My heart splashes in. Throbbled. I could be a Guardian. Could have feelers. P looks at me through hooded eye covers. D's neuro in me fixed in my form.

In his eyes, D crowds out. D who had never told me a Guardian I could be. D who knew and had hidden. D the artist Guardian with his brush in hand beside his painting of the inky sea leaking into the red sky, a sunset with bird-men yelling to the darkfall, its blue bleeding into the room, "You create the beautiful and I wish I could," I said, blood quickened as he leaned in, my palm on his back hard, curled spine twisted along the edges but firm in the center and running my fingers lightly against his spine, up to the spot behind his neck, I gently flicked my finger line along his neck's crook, breath tight, he leaned in to me against my neck's line and whispered into my lip lines, "You

may now osculate the bride,” I leaned in and kissed him. A Guardian’s fake bride I thought. But a Guardian I am.

My pulse quickens. An actual Guardian I could be.

The Feels

I estimate how the feelers crippled through D and fulfilled his form. I wonder how it crunched through in numbers until I watch their features struggling through. Maybe they burst in D like tiny blobs or even farther like strings and zigzags petering through. So that when he felt this love for me, his whole form is a color of red and blue and green zigzags all peaking out at each other. I smile. Feelers, they say, are what let the Guardians know the needs of their people. But if that is feelers then I may not be in them at the moment. I have only half a feeler stolen from D but the rest of my form is still Auxiliary. Others must have feelers too then and the Guardians can in a way feel their feelers crippling on through. How must they look at and understand each other’s feelers? How must they express the sensations they invoke? D looked at me with a flicker in his eyes. A feeler the Guardians empath. D’s slighter attempt to see through even my Auxiliary form. But how could he know? I breathe deep. The power of knowing had to be big. It seems though that the Guardians can turn on and off their slinking empath switch. If they notice how we function, how else can they use us as they do?

I had always wanted to be a Guardian because their feelers led them to stick powered. D would paint in beauty. Another Auxiliary find medicinal properties to heal. Another structure building forms. Another think to strategize. All this because they had

feelers I thought. But I didn't realize how these feelers work until I saw them in D's eyes. The Irons lost lives for the buzzing bumbling blood filling of love the Irons lost their lives for, the tinge of happiness, even the slump of the sad. I was always stuck at one neutral. No high and low. Life was a consistent without those feelers in my form.

Only once did I question another Auxiliary on the issue of feelers. After D's initiation, once I was branded as his lot, the X a forever scar on my chest, the Phalanx leader sent me on an assigning to a second Initiation. This was a new out of town Guardian moving to Pro-omnibus from his city. Once again, in the white of the room in the middle of a darkened forest scraper, I stood in the Auxiliary front row. This to-be Guardian stood crowning more a stutter than D had. He held his hands and arms tight to his body to stop the shakes from crowding his forms and turning him to mush. When the Irons came before him with the gold knife, he tilted his head, eyes looking over and away from the Guardian as he responded. When it was time for him to make his Auxiliary choice, his eyes glanced straight down the row and caught through mine in the front.

He waved me forward and taking a deep breath I stepped as I was commandeered. He raised through my shirt and he saw the scarred X on my chest left from D. His hands shook as he followed through to draw two flickering lines in an X over D's mark. He turned me before the watching viewer, waiting as the Guardians nodded their approval. His hands were too tight on. One slanting line of D's X touched the center of this Guardian's X. When initiation ended and the Auxiliaries filed back in rows, I looked at the grey unformed blank force beside me and I asked her of the feelers.

“Why would any force desire that lot?” she questered. “It is a burden to feel what all feel and channel through. A constant noise of another in your head. Better to obedience. Obedience leads to a better taste of food pills, a higher time to sleep, cures when ill we falter, and when aged, time to thy self with thy wishers and quester fulfilled before the Eliminate. Every creature must sell its purpose. We to protect, built the hands and limbs of this body state. We do our role or our structured force will falter to nothing. Even our place is firm. Thou know that. There is no need to quester it.”

“The phenomenon of the Auxiliary cum Guardian thou represent. Praise to D the Guardian gone who did not know but Auxiliaries like thou, passing as Guardians, so many of thou live in sudden emergence,” P continues. The White Wing presents a large contrast to his force. The Wing is a tall semi-circle curved structure that overlooks the rest of the lot. Not only do Recreations hold in the White Wing but other major Guardian filters including Tests.

My heart dubs to his every word. I cough. Durt in my throat. I feel its smooth touch below me. Its crinkles filter through my fingers.

The throb is loud in my ears. Not an actual Guardian. Still an Auxiliary. I wonder if licking D’s lips and tasting his flesh was what caused this brief feeler. And if all Auxiliaries too close to their Guardians shared the same brief feeler. I take a deep grasp. Now that D is gone, would the feelers fade?

“The group of you then not as D lovestruck thought, but defective Auxiliaries lot that the Test does not work for... The punishment for Defect is the Eliminate as thou must know,” he says.

The Eliminate is the final hum then. P’s eyes, I watch, are blue dyed-gold, dyed heavily deep, like D’s. They wisp feelers, shifting too rapidity for even an Auxiliary to read the emotion behind. Most Guardians dye their eyes, cover the color given by birth. The dye filters what one feels of the self. Very few Guardians especial leave their eyes brown. D hated the dark tint of his eye. I wouldn’t have dyed my eyes if I was made a Guardian. The brown always act as a remainder of what I could have been. The old man Guardian curls his hand out. His fingers had no Reconstruction therapy, the only marker of his age. They are wrinkly folds, like the peach slices Irons leave to sundry.

“But thou has an option. To find the Defect, the Guardians want Tests, to solve the Auxiliaries. Thou would Relocate to Guardian Colony, submit to Tests on the Defect, and respond to questions in honest. Or choice the Eliminate,” he continues.

I look at him from the corners of my eye covers. Test the Defect and Relocate. Any Auxiliary wishing survival would pick that.

“Relocate,” I say soft, my heart still a-beat. His finger nodes reach forward to gristle my jaw, before he backs and pulls his hand to cover the hook of my cheek. I tense the side of my face, feel him let go of strands of my hair as they slither down my cheeks and I close my eye covers.

“Correct response,” he says. He smiles, pats my cheek in a slight tap and he lets go. The ping still on my cheek. I open my eye covers to the sun’s vapor. The sun rises

fast into the sky's gasp, jittering the edges, soft in the center and deep and bright at the edge.

Guardian P walks off. "For today, thou has no assigning. Do as thou wilt. Report to the Wing in four phases tomorrow for thy new assigning," he adds. He walks out. For a few phases, I look to him and his fading back. He walks into D's place.

Then, I get up and I walk out of the Field. The Auxiliaries would be gathering there soon but I had no need to. There was no assigning today and there was only Relocation tomorrow and there would be Eliminate soon after. The dirt of the Field breaks into the cold of the walkway. I go straight, finding my feet following the walkway to the Curtained District where the Irons clutter. D loved moving through the Iron district, watching the Irons as they shifted on through to the center, the octanal they called it. In the Guardian Colony, I would have little place to see the District again. As I walk, the scrapers of the industrial fade and narrow into the Ancient buildings remade to fit the Irons. I move towards the District's center through the Irons and remembrances of D telling me of the walkways are there, the ways the Guardians 'recreated' the Ancients' buildings for the Irons. I shuffle to the center. An octagon brown top made with a hard Pyrenex with a circle dome shades the Irons beneath. One of them plays strikes on the chord of a stringer in the crook of his arm. Each sound a peal. I close my eye covers and sit down on the octanal's floor.

I can feel the warmth of D sitting on the octanal beside me. "An Auxiliary thou stand," he whispers in my ear, the warmth of it curling a feeler down my middle and his breath brushes against my cheek because D is so close. I feel his fingers a trill against my

cheeks. “Your cheeks soft,” he whispers against my ear, a small curl of his hair against my cheek. His lips land soft on my cheek. I feel the wet a flicker there as he pulls back and tags on my ear. A shutter of wind blows into my face. His nose crinkles. My eye covers open. And D is not leaning his shoulders against mine and cupping my cheek for a short quick kiss. The air rests cold.

I touch the crooks of my cheek where his lip holds had been so close. I tell D the cold in my mind’s eye. I ask him of the time I had dropped the crow in a pool of blood on the snow and handled D its fluttering body, whether he remembered what he expressed after his initial breath at my smile as I placed the crow body before his toe covers. Whether he remembered the shriver that I watched cross along his spine as he stepped over the dead crow, his feet falling holes in the snow, he touched my shoulder, fingers flipping, and I felt my back sink into his arm, my breath jutting even though of what I read in his face, his pink lips turned down, a crease along one of his eyebrows, the Test comes tomorrow, he had told me, A great Auxiliary thou to make, I had leaned away and looked at him with cinched in eyes, that he had reminded me what I was, he knew the product and he said it to hurt me still, my breath vrooms in my throat, the Test always gave all a chance, I could be a Guardian, I turned away from him, Thou would be an elevated Guardian, I said, he smiled at me, so sure’d that the Test would show a Guardian for him, what he was inside. I open my eye covers to the color of Irons one on the other.

I lean forward. A gag clutches my throat. I fall down. A white cloak flips. I watch. What is wrong with me? No Guardian crosses through. Just Irons gathered along the octanal. I shutter my eyes and I open my eyes and I feel his arms. My body flickers back and forth.

I open my eye covers. I see one Iron's tic, his fingers patting along the edges of his smile as he lies to another Iron. One gathers out for the other's hand. My eye covers shift away and the Iron on the other edge leans against the walls, her clothes deep black stand out around the others all in bright color'd. Her eyes are empty. She leans against the wall and lights a Swig. The red puffs blowing at the end in waves, bright down, crumbling in drops of ember. She closes her eyes as she takes a breath. The smoke covers her shoulders, around her cheeks.

Still, the wet slipping down her eyes, drops on her cheek, a line on her face a-crumble. Her cheeks still look rough even as her face falls. I touch my own face. I expect to come back with not a glitter but I feel the wet on the tippers of my fingers. The wet of my own tears. But Auxiliaries cannot mourn a loss like Irons. Perchance a flicker messers with my muscles. D should be full through my system now unless he stays a permanent focus in me, fixed in my blood and bones.

I pull my arms and legs off the Field, flutter up to my feet. My legs careen forward and through with the durt a swooshing storm beside me. I walk to the train, feet and arms casting to the sides. As I walk in, the station is empty, but for a gathering of Irons beside me. Their feet scuffle aloud on the ground as they chipper and scritch to each other, their noises aflutter my ear. I close my eye covers and their sound flimmers out as the clutter of the train comes in. I let the Irons falter in before I follow beside and take an empty seat in the cornered back. The train slows before the scrapers but chugs on to the Guardian's Colony. Stand after stand, the Guardians' buildings' white-gray

walkways reflect the light of the Suns. A gathering of Irons crowds before one of the domes that glimmers.

Each place in the Guardian Colony lines much like the Irons' places recrafted from Ancient buildings, except the rows here are white, their glass windows reflecting against the light of the Sun. The train slows and stops before the Center of the Colony. A gathering of Irons grows forward, Irons working for the Guardians, their clothes lighter, closer to the white around them. These Irons walk in the train. The train chugs on through the buildings.

It stops still before the Wing, the whitest corner of Pro-Omnibus' edge. Lines of fuzziest cloth along the top connects the Wing to the dome, a mass of Guardians walks before it, gold drapes across the building, the Guardian X on the wall in black.

I tap out of the train and I walk towards and under the dome over the walkways. There circle gold patterns, one, a fish's twisting hook pulling fast against the other. I walk towards the other Relocated in rows gathered in the center of the Wing, the Auxiliaries past their values. All Aged but not yet eliminated. The wrinkles on their faces appear in zooms. I shiver. They watch me. One aged Auxiliary whispers to the other, eyes lowed to rest. I shifter my eyes forward. They wonder, I know, what brings me to this work, this easy work in reserve only for the oldest Auxiliaries who can no longer lift and grunt under heavy load.

An Auxiliary stands in the front row, and starts, "Relocation is a loft-filled honor. Thou will be working for Guardians for what they order. Thou will sit on order. Thou will stand on order. Thou will do on order. Personal orders from the Guardian thou are

assigned,” he starts. He looks with blank eyes at the gathered. “Thou will not breathe on order,” he adds, “Thou will not speak, not look, not lean at a Guardian.”

Another Auxiliary approaches me and delivers my assigning. I look down and there is D’s Wing. I can feel the tight closet in my chest and dub dub. I clench the tingle away. With a wave, in a few phases, the Auxiliary at the front leaves us and one by one we, the Relocated, all move out.

I follow the slow move out. I walk over the red dirt that covers D. My breath huds. The sign that spoke “TO READ TOM” is gone now. The handles of my hand on the door. The sensors pring in my fingers, no longer open to my touch.

In a few minute phases, an Aged Auxiliary approaches silence. His lips down in groves. He holds out his hand. I place my assigning against his palm. He glances the words and nods and looks to me, closes one eye, widens the other, then nods. He turns the Crafter, a white flicker of digits in his fingers, attaches one tubed end to the scanner and flicks the other out and towards my fingers. He picks my fingers up one after one to match with the scanner. Waiting for each digit to code into the machine. He is the only aged Auxiliary that shows no surprise at my position here, noting but simply accepting my place where only the Aged in common reside in easy work. I watch his form as his fingers work. His face all in wrinkled bulges. I often misremember how the Guardians let our skin dry until our limbs are sticks and our skin is dusted and we wait for the Eliminate and can stand no more of this life force, until we call the Eliminate to come take us through and out of this. The folded bunchers of the aged skin build him inhuman,

follow our true path so the rest may see our inners in our outers at last, our unfeelers appearing.

The Crafter pings. Completed. I lean forward and try the handle now pressed into my touch. The door creaks in and I look inside. The room, the wall, the birds nomore. D's presence gone. A long seater lies on the floor with a crackling sheet and a Screen at the end. Its walls painted white. Another Guardian who favored the artist in place here then. Before I watch more, the Auxiliary slams my hand to close the door. As it falters shut, I stand out, the red aflusher into my cheeks.

I look from under my eye covers around and the rememberances of when D first took me up this way flicker to the heart. First time looking around at the white walls, sprayed so often with the stinging chemicals that keep the wall always a constant white but the durt still clinging along the edges, gathered around the wall. D had a cup in his hand, a black liquid tea the Guardians could drink that smelled of rose and cardamom. He looked at me and we stood close and the tightness clenched in my whole and I see myself in my mindeye reaching out to brush against him a little quick but I know that the punishment for that would be Eliminate. A punishment fitting an Auxiliary fiddling a Guardian's emotions.

Only I did flicker my fingers against his side, look down at his lips all soft and pink, at his dyed eyes deep in mine. I flick my fingers up to his face and I touch the edges of the sinking in his cheeks with the crooks of my hand. I lean my lips forward softly a few inches from his. He looks down at my lips. He takes a deep breath and the puff on my cheeks of his breath, ruined of someone just awaken'd. I keep my nose from crinkling

at the smell that crowns around and I just continue to meet his eyes. He pulls my fingers down off his cheek to his neck.

A rushing gathers along the dirt and I look up as Guardian P comes. I keep my eyes down when I hear his form closer to me. P waves me up and I look up slowly.

“Adinamos,” he says, his eyes a narrowed pin on mine. My eyes watch the dirt in front of my feet.

“I know thou use words,” he continues, his lips tilt into their sides with the words.

“Guardian P,” I say. The pitter in my chest fills.

He touches my face. Like D’s fingers, stroking soft. With each touch, I feel the ping in my cheeks of red. I feel the side muscles in my eyes strain’d and I lean up towards him.

“All Auxiliaries stand the same. D only rests in his grave one day and thou come on the next Guardian,” he says, releasing my chin with a pinch, his lips curdled down. He looks into my eyes, his disgust of me plain, and I see D behind them. D who hadn’t told me of the potential, of who I was. We could have transferred to another city, out of Pro-Omnibus. D who I had thought had wanted us to be Guardians together, who could have delivered to me a place as Guardian. D who was a Guardian but more of an Auxiliary than me, afraid that if a Guardian I proved into I would run and D would lose his hold over me and nothing hold me to him. I had read a care for me in his eyes and I was wrong, all a lie. I look up at P and I think if all Auxiliaries are the same then so are all Guardians. A clenched feeling, an anger settles in me as my breath quickens and pounds out. The red clutches through.

The wind builds a wave in my hair and the clenched feeling, the burning settles deep in my center. I turn and walk away from P. I need to. I do not ask his permission to leave. My feet pound down. If the Eliminate will come, let it come. Because just now, no thought, nothing but the gurgle mess of my center rising, breath harder, limbs tenser. Everything with the Guardians a game. D with me and P with me. A sport for these Guardians, who rank high on the Empath Indicator. P does not get up. P does not come towards me. I continue to thump down the road and no Auxiliaries after me. My feet falter as I look down at the dirt path where D lies. I walk over D. The wind beats against me faster and harder. I release the tie that closes the strands of my hair tight and I feel the locks of my hair against my ear in waves, almost time for their Cut but for now they fly around my face. I take a deep breath, open my eyes, the muscles below the eye balls at a slight narrow. My focus straight to the door and its white and I start to run against the dirt. I run past the Wing and the white and down the grey pavements and I stop and look at the endless rows of white and I know for an Auxiliary there is never anywhere to run and never anywhere to hide and I give one look at the white row of houses, to the Guardian walking beside me, his white cape trailing and I stop. I lower my head. Without a wave or a move my way, the Guardian passes. Then, I turn back into the white houses, down the expanse of dirt around me and I walk back through the dirt that covers D and down the assigning back to D's now P's. I push the sensors down and the door opens for me.

P is still on the Sitter. His eyes flicker up to me in a quick when I tap in. He works hard to conceal the surprise behind his eyes, but his eyes make it plain.

“Adinamos,” he musters simply.

I look down.

“Guardian P,” I begin, “My bounds limited today. Apologies. Your punishment is mine to serve.” My head lowers down.

For a few phases, I breathe deep in and out. He waves his fingers to lift my eyes and I look up to him, to the curl in his lips.

“What D noticed in thou when there is nothing in thou to match his I cannot say. Thou lack his bravery, his fire. Thou lack his persistence to stick to thy aims. Thou lack his love and care. Thou lack his beauty. Thy cheek does not curve as his did, thy lips are not as soft and thy eyes gloss plain and empty.”

P demanded no punishment of me.

As I sleep out in the cold outside his door, all he does is walk up to me. I stay on the floor. My back against the wall as a part of my feet touch the dirt ground.

“Here’s your first Test,” P says, his white shoes smacking the pavement hard.

I get up and move with him. He leads me to a room in the Wing with the brain machine, the Plopper, standing in the corner. Its insides puffed in and out and with each puff, the hiss of a snake flew out. P waved for me to sit on the Plopper. I stiffened, but lowered myself down to the small Sitter placed under it as it creaked beneath my weight, tucking its way along closed. My eye covers flusher open as the machine moves me into the dark and comes over my head.

A soft voice caresses smooth in my ear in a slow, happy murmur and I shut my eye covers. It mutters for me to “Think of happiness.” I keep my mind blank and plain, pink and orange dots crowding around behind my vision, dancing a fall. In between the dots though I try to keep him out crowds D’s face smiling, the small circle holes in his cheek covers a crinkle to the side and his eyes a slow curl look down to me through the oranges and the reds. No, I whisper in my mind and he’s gone. I feel my heart beat speed.

The sounds change and roars and screams fill my ears. “Think of fear” they say. My heart beat stays slow and firm to the noise. Silver glitters in bursts behind my eyes. The sounds shift and a shriek rises. My heart quickens and I shut my eyes, but I cannot stop myself from thinking about the last time I heard that noise keen in my ears. The woman out on the durt yowling, the Auxiliary beaten weak by the Guardians in a phase of anger. Every time she screamed, a shiver burst down me, always so close to Eliminate, always so close to nothing, D had his arms around me, his heart beating so fast and with each shriek he pulled me closer, resting his lips into my hair, he took a deep breath every few minutes, breathing my hair tendrils in, my smell and with each breath of his, I shifted closer into him until my back was pressed tight against his front, I knew he would save my form from the Eliminate, a thwack emerged from down and the shrieking yowl cut off, the screaming of the Guardians filtered through, D’s arm moved from around me, “to check,” he said softly, I moved to lightly flicker his fingers, sitting up, I listened as he walked down, his feet a beat, I got up, the peaks of dawn coming in and I slipped on my grey Auxiliary clothes and I walked down, I opened the door and walked out to D looking at the dead Auxiliary’s form, he looked back at me as I walked in, I looked down at her, they had slashed her face in half, the blood pouring down a line, her limbs stiff by

her side, “Guardian,” I began and I saw D flinch at the word “by your leave, I can dispose of the body,” I added, but “I have called the other Auxiliaries to bring the needed,” he said, he brushed past my shoulders as I waited for the other Auxiliaries, but with a slight reconsider, he turned back and he faced in front of me, blocking the dead Auxiliary, “I will keep thou safe,” he said, his hands warm against my cheek, he patted my face, shifted his hand away and walked inside, a flicker rose in my inner belly at his words but I said nothing, the other Auxiliaries came and covered the body in a haze of disposal fluid turning her into mush, but the whole way my mind was a haze.

The music has shifted to a soft hum that slowly fades with pings and clicks into each other. The Plopper starts to feel heavy as it crashes down over my eyes and my head fades into a fog. Now, I know that what D muttered was the same fog. He left me an Auxiliary, open to disposal. I think of what signings I failed to glimmer. A touch here. A look there. I jump back to when I found myself pressed into D’s chest and he holding me so tight I could feel the tight in my stomach and I thought then I knew what he wanted to know, that I could lie to make him happy, that any Auxiliary would lie, but that no Guardian would so easily. “Thou don’t love me?” he asked it in a soft whisper and I could feel his body shake, tremble and I knew he flinched with an instant regret for what he had just opened. I started to lean back, to look into his dyed eyes, but he pulled me tight. “An Auxiliary cannot feel thou know this,” I said softly. “I know,” he muttered, letting a deep breath out to my neck. “Thou expect I would differ?” I asked and I can feel his heart beat faster in his chest and I had thought then that it was because he had hoped despite knowing. “But when I’m holding thou like this,” he said, pulling me even tighter against his chest. “What sense thou feel?” I shut my eye covers. I should have seen then,

connected that the last time feelers existed in the realm for me it had been the Test and I had answered incorrect, my brain made me an Auxiliary, D pulled away then and looked into my eyes to read the feelers focused in, and I felt my breath catch in the movement of his arms, “Thy heart beats faster?” he asked. I looked into his eyes and I saw a thing hidden, but I had not known what it was. “I got an Auxiliary not an Inanimate,” I said and pulled myself out of his grip. “I know,” he said simply and pulled me back in.

“Open thy eyes,” the Plopper asks me, “and keep them until thou cannot anymore.” I open my eye covers and a bright light shines in my head. Throbs. In a few phases, I blink my eye covers and the Flash flickers out from inside the balls of my eyes. For a few phases, my vision is dark. The Plopper lifts from over my head and blurry circles form behind my eyes. I wait for my eyes to center.

P stands behind the scanner reading my results. I get up and I shift along next to him and I look. P pushes me aside but I have already peaked. All the monitors said it and still I clutched to believe what my eyes were telling me. A Guardian. Brain high on every indicator.

The next day I stood outside P’s and watched his form leave through the doors. As he waved my lowered eyes to him, I got a quick look at the skew of his face. His eyes like small points narrowed to the side, his lip fluffs pucked and I know P had never thought. But the Test never lies and the Test said I was a Guardian.

“Only one Iron worker will be today,” P says and walks down the durt. My eyes follow his and I watch as the durt grows into a cloud around his white cloak but not a

speck stickers on. When the dirt falters back down and his white cloak flitters away with the wind, the crows gather back down, their black and white heads looking around, beadily bright, pecked at the ground. Their heads curl side to side and back to forth. One flies and the other flies. One lands and the other lands. When the Test proved me an Auxiliary, I had lost all but D and now D was gone and I had all, a way to escape this station where I was trapped every second. If the Test showed me a Guardian, I could pass as a Guardian in any city but Pro-Omnibus.

I sit down, my feet stretched out before me. I would have to grab the Guardian's cloak and find the path to the other city. I would have to pass through the Test and into the other land before P found me. I breathe the air in and the cold fills my lungs and brings tingles to my side. If I failed, the Eliminate would be a certain. But through the other land, in the city to the North of which Irons described the water pure and the green quivers, I could be Guardian A.

P puts a stack of paints and colors before me in the white room that is all white.

“Thou are to craft what thou feel or do not feel,” he says, “presented on the stimulus. Understood?”

I nod. He does a quick check of the white pulse monitors extending from my arm into the floor then turns and walks away. He backs towards a door and I am alone in the room. On the floor with the pencils and the paints in my fingers, twisting around in my grip. A click fills the room and then on the white wall before me is a man, blood leaking out of his center, a cut across his cheek, his pants are off and he is not whole. I look down

and I color what I feel. I take a deep breath and close my eyes. I miss the feel of the colors, the world all breathing and coming to life beneath my fingertips. I open my eye covers and I pick up the bringing black and I start to crawl lines and shapes. I pick up the purple and the blue and there in the center a large bruise. There is a loud click and I stop, looking up. The picture has shifted. Now it's an Ancient woman, her hair all tied up tight in a bun and one of her breasts shoved into the mouth of a baby. I can feel my mouth automatically twist at the globule. No wonder they raised babies away from us. I look down at the colors and I am at a loss for which to pick. I look to the orange and I start with circles.

There's a click. I look up and the image has shifted. The orange pen drops out of my hand. Standing before me is D as he was, his white Guardian cloak draped around his shoulders, his eyes a green dyed brown, a brush in his hand and a white sheet before him, and he looks into my eyes, his smile is soft and lifts his lip crooks. I take a breath, his face still behind my eyes as I look down at the colors and pick a mixture red and purple hue. I shut my eye covers and D painting but he had his white cloak off, the cave of his chest bare but his hair in straggled knots and a bird perch on his shoulders, he gripped my fingers that held the colors so bright, "easy, Adinamos," he breathed into my ear, "each stroke, a breath exhaled," he gently moved my fingers over his own painting, I had never touched or created color before, no Auxiliary had the privilege, I opened my eyes and the red I had put there stood out so bright, "Could I finish?" I asked, he had begun a simple sunset except for a sinking mass in the center, he looked at me softly and nodded, "I have a Guardian meeting. I will be back nightfall," he said and went to find his white cape, I flickered the brush from his hand and started to paint, I heard the door click as he walked

but my eyes on the canvas and the bright colors, I mixed the paints and waters all leaked into one another and I looked back at what I had created and tilted my head to the side, it needed some semblance of life, I walked out and there as always on the dirt a flock of crows had gathered to pick on the crumbs, I grabbed a rock and slammed it over the head of a crow, its blood leaked spurts onto the floor, I picked it up and moved it to the side, the other crows that had scattered around and flew off returned in place, I walked back in and got the Stripper to separate skin and feathers from bone, the crow in my hand now all pink and soft inside I flushed down the V-eleven Chute and picked up the skin and feathers of the now-dead crow and I started to cut and then I walked back with the bits and pieces of the crow I had left to the painting and placed it against its expanse, picked up the Sticker the Irons use to make Sitters and I put pieces of crow on and I step in the center of the painting and I look back.

I open my eye covers to see the mess of garnet I had splayed on the page. The slide clicks on and I look up as it shifteres from a glass of water to the Iron quarter. I take a deep breath and I can smell the Quarter as I look, feel the ruffle of the wind bring the scents in and the constant color of it. I look down on the page and I mix all the colors. That's what the Irons feel like. Colors railed together in a clang-bang, not ordered like the Guardians and not a stillness like the Auxiliaries.

The image clicks and there flickers a crying woman, her legs crumbled beneath her. I look at her and I see that she mourns over the body of someone she lost, another woman with blood pouring out of her wounds, her eye covers down. I look at her and no feeler rises in me for her. I look down at the paper to color and paint a black circle

colored in deep and full. The white door opens. P walks in and removes the white pulses from my body.

I look down and walk out with him. From the strained expression on his face as he looks through the colors and the glyphs and graphs on the monitor I can tell it's the same. The Test still passes me as Guardian.

“Adinamos, back to your post,” P gurgles out and I walk out slowly. My heart thuds on, back through the dirt over D's body and to his onceshome. As I walk over the dirt that covers D, I feel my heart beat pitter slower. I know P will check for flaws, run through the findings, so I press down the sensors and enter the room. I know that there is a Guardian Learning Hall and that is the best place to find a map. All rooms in the Guardian quarters have a map around and I look for the one in the room. I look first to where D might have placed it. Down I pat through the Sitter and across the stairs and up to the bed, but each fails. I look at the Square next to the Sitter and press the button, but it buzzes back a zap down me. I shake my finger down and through. The sensor not clicked to my touch. I hiss and walk out of the door, look again at the dirt outside. I have to get to a general Guardian location where a map would open to any touch. I look up and I would have to look without anyone noticing. I shut my eye covers and for a phase, I wish D was there to smile at me, to say that I could be a Guardian, that he and I would go to a new City together, that and they wouldn't know that I wasn't a Guardian because the Test never lies, and when I was through to the other side, he'd be there to show me how a Guardian would live. But that D was never there. This D knew for phases that I could pass as Guardian and everyday put his arms around me and kissed my neck crook so

close to whisper in my ear what he never did and even an Auxiliary, a reader of emotion, he had fooled.

It chocks on my throat. I cough but I cant effect the chocker to release it out. I felt the wet on my eyes. I cannot find the will to feel this anger at his lot anymore. I cannot scream at his now. All I feel is sorrows of him full me.

A loud blast wakes me up. I grab my fist through and I look at the city around. The White Wing is crushed in a bale of fire. P pulls out the door and he waves me off. His eyes crinkle in the red. He is not surprised. The Guardians always seem to know when an attack is to occur. I join the other Auxiliaries. Feeling the sour scent of my sweat on my lips. We get every Iron and Guardian out of the burning force and we place the fire out. We watch the last of the flames lick the sky. Another attack. The War only surfaced once or twice but when it did it burst through. The Guardians shake around us. The next morning, the White Wing looks the same as it did forever. It takes one day to rebuild and it is almost as if the War never happened and the Wall did not still stand, as if we had made paths to the South and we had saved them and torn the Wall down.

The Irons told a recount on lonesome nightlies, the cold wind blowing through the grass cusps, when the rain poured outside and their bright clothes clucked to their skins all dark and wet and black. The Irons told of the One that would come to save us all, their voices hushed and their eyes lowered and their fingers quaked. One time I had been assigned to an Iron gathering and as I watched them with my rounds to make sure no Iron

crackled through the din, fumbled on Olympian spirit. When the Iron at the front spoke, sitting himself like the Rafton, the other looked up at him and the other Irons went silent and they looked at the one at the front as he spoke and told all the secrets and borrows of the One. “The One stands a force that lurks when all else rests quiet when the curfew of the night falls and the soft breeze of the curl envelops us. The One watchers us when our eye covers close and our hearts are still and our breath draws false. The One curls in between our words and he whispers softs into our ears. The One delivers the pictures we feel at night, in the dark when we sleep. The One grabs us when we are dead and the One shakes us when we are breathing. The One watchers our future and the One watchers our past.” A group of Irons shifts in the front in their seats, some of their eyes looking out blank at the rest as if they have already heard the story of the One too often to know its truth. A woman in the front smiles at each line the Iron leader mutters. I can tell she means it in agreement of his words but her smile resembles a one-toothed sneer more even though she has all her teeth in glow. The War had killed her lover and only the hope that the War would end, that we would get far through this kept her still.

“Before the Guardians came to save us and before the first Auxiliary they crafted, the One crafted this land and the One put a Guardian robot with trellings far down and an Iron robot. Only the One crafted it so that the two so distant and afard from each other couldn’t see each other’s songs. Both with long trellings, frozen in curse day-long, their ears reached till the ground, their lips sealed tight till noontide were to come when the One would lift them once and they walk and sing and search one for the other till morn were to come and once again the frozen curse prevail. One day phase the Guardian robot figured the Iron robot and she lifted towards him but the sun risen and the morn come and

all daylong frozen she stared at the robot Iron. She wondered what the robot ate and she wondered what the robot flew and she wondered why her fiercest shinkles sparked at the sight of the robot's frozen through. When noontide came and the lights all weakened and the princess unfroze from her deadly stew she ran to the robot and looked what the robot had spoken and found the robot half a man half a woman soon. Once the Iron had met the Guardian, the One lifted the accursed. Together through, the Iron robot and the Guardian robot crafted the City, until the City tore itself through. No one, but the One can tell the happenings. But the dead and lost, the One no longer helped. The One had left us all. And the Guardians came and created the Auxiliaries to keep the peace firm. But the One still comes in the darkest of clutches and the deepest of nights. The One still comes to claim what he has left behind. The War will end. The One will give us the strength to end it."

I watch as P's working Iron clippers on through past me into P's rooms. The sensors in his palm working on the door. His arms and legs moved in and he walks in, cleans the room and he slickers on out. This Iron, the one assigned to P's room, always wears colors too mute for an Iron in grays and browns and sobers. I have never seen him in anything bright and festive as the other Irons all wear. He looks at me as the Irons usually do with their eyes narrowed and their manner brusken, pushing past me without circumstance. I look at him and I know he must know the way to the Study Hall.

P straps me into the metal seat, places the holds on my head firm and straight up, and clasps the plastic cogs of the Kwok down over my face firm. It grips my eyelashes down to my chin, and P sticks a chord in my veins and one to the inside of my palm. The

Kwok fits on like one of those Ancient smoke masks the Guardians have, built to protect you more from the outside than to close you in. The machine is a cacophony of sounds and images and smells. The first a picture quickly shifted is a woman, an Iron with a yellow dress, yellow hair and yellow gold wrapped in choking bands around her neck, the smell of yellow onions enshrines around her and her eyes are bright quicks burning into the dark where she has no pupils, a soft sight curls in the background before the image shifters and it keeps on for phases. A man, an animal, a thing, a blackness. The pulse of my beats and the shifts in my muscles all read by the Kwok as it shifters from one to the other. With a final whirr, it stops and I reach out to rub the red forming over my face from where it held and brush my eyelashes down. P looks down and through the graphs the machine prints and the pinched look stiff on his face. Another Test and I am still Guardian.

P dismisses me with a flick of his hand and I walk back to his place. I look down at where D lies in the dirt. I kick the dirt. I feel a swish of the anger. Crowd through. I breathe. I feel my form move back and forth. I kick the dirt. I breathe. I take the force back and this time instead of walking through I look down at where he lies. The wind pushes my hair and my hands start to shake the way they did when I saw D after the first time he pushed his lip bulges on me and I felt the tickle of their force on mine. The nerves and the flutters all around in my belly and over my arms and I can still only just think of him as he was then and I flutter so terrified again. My heart beats faster even now when I think how I was then, how I wanted to run away and I didn't want to see him again because this constant thinking about him, this reading of everything he did and said at each moment. Yet still as I breathe, every sigh in my brain keeps going over it and

trying to see it and understand it and sense something essential about it. I shut my eye covers and I can feel him there, his weight so full to mine, and I can feel myself rest against him, into him and I feel the anger asurge and I am always surprised by how small he feels beside me, just my size, just enough that I can rest my head front on his chest and he can pull his arms across me as I breathe in his scent and he pulls in mine.

The one thing I learned in all the time I spent with D when we were out is I do the most not mine things with him. D had left me in a frantic when he had walked around me. He hadn't spoken to me in a week after he had looked at me as I stood there beside him and I had felt it down when he had kissed my lips softly, his arms rising through my uniform and up to flicker gently, press against my breast and lean in and I had felt the flutter in my breath, the closeting in my throat before a flicker moved through the outside of his eyes a thwack of someone on the door and he had moved away so rapidity as if I'd slammed him away. And he hadn't spoken for a week to me. And for one phase, I felt unfixed about what to do, about reading him. No words did he stutter to me. And I questioned my capable. I thought I had read him so well and now I found myself patting my breast covers and wondering how it felt. He had known me for too long, but he looked at me and continued with his Guardian duties. At that point, I was an Auxiliary whose lip covers he touched with his twice and he had not told me all. The question I had asked the Information of the one all Auxiliaries were given every month was what he meant and it had not known and I felt my heart keep beating into my throat until when I saw D again and the other Guardians left the room, I pushed the door down and walked in. I felt silly for using my question to ask not of best tactics for the fight as Auxiliaries most questered but using it on D. He was standing there and he had taken off his white

cloak and his arms trailed down as he looked at me. I could see his heart beat quicken and his mask faltered and there I saw it behind his expression, the grief and the fear. D was afraid of me. He knew I had questioned the kiss and touch. "Sorrows," he said and his eyes dropped. Before he caught himself and realized that he was a Guardian talking to an Auxiliary. He met my eyes. "For phases, we rest as fellows and I foiled and faulted as with any other Auxiliary." I took a deep breath. "Thou are Guardian D and I stand not," I said and started to turn away. "From the other Auxiliaries, thou function different to me," he stattered back. I looked at him through the corner of my eyes and I turned and walked out. His feet did not tap after me. I look down where he fades deep in the durt and it's time to forget D, to leave him.

I walk back over the durt and through the signings and I breathe and although I still think of D, I can feel my breath fade his remembrances with each crunch of the durt and each clutter under my feet. As I walk towards the door, I see the Iron worker come in on her scheduled. But this time, when she looks up at me, I shifter my lips up and smile. Her face copies my smile back to me, until she recognizes who I am and a little shuffled, she turns and opens the door and walks in to do her cleaning. I look out for a few phases before I flicker my finger over the sensor and walk in.

Her arms move in quick flickers as she splays the Sucker over the Sitter and all the dust whooshes in in a blurred cloud. She doesn't look up when I walk in, the door clicking shut. For a few minute phases, I watch as she arranges the colors and tiles. Her hand capable Pear lies in the corner. A small light square that brightens the way for Irons and Guardians and delivers to them information. I've even seen Guardians use Pears to communicate with others.

“Adinamos,” I say. She looks up with a nod of her head soft, her hair falls around her face as she does so and she lifts a finger to tuck the strands behind in a quick flick.

I continue, “Thou watch the Guardian of this place? Guardian P?”

The Iron head shakes and continues on with her work, shifting through the carpet and flicking away the crumbs of dust that collect in its corners.

I add, “He stands an older, very high Guardian, a Court member.”

The Iron nods again and continues with her dusting. I notice the hair curl around her and she flicks it back and I wonder why she doesn’t tie up the thin strands crippling down her neck.

“Thou live in the Quarter?” I ask. She looks up at me sideyed.

“Yes,” she says, her voice a crackle. She clears her throat and I notice the muscles in her arm tense around the Swisher.

“The Quarter works beauties,” I say and I let her continue her work. I walk out and lean against the door, giving her a nod of my head front when she flickers out.

The next day, through the durt, the Iron walks in, her feet in flicks and bounces, and my eyes shimmer down to her form, her clothes. The brown durt forms a cloud around the flows of her skirt as she moves. Even for an Iron, her skirt glitterers with coins all tied tight, silver and glowing like beams of moonshine on a blue-pink sky. Her eyes are down on her feet flipping through under the bright waves of the skirt’s tips. As her form draws closer, she looks up at me and sees me look down at her skirt flying through

the dirt and she follows my gaze down slowly and looks back up and I can see a flusher crawl against her white cheeks and deepen into the skin. I take a deep breath and although she looks down, her eyes blink up at me in soft spurts as she crosses the dirt and stands before me and I open the door for her and she walks into the room. As she passes by me, my nose perks and the touches of her sandalwood smell creeper through the wind.

I let the smile that wants to crawl on my face come there slowly, my lips jumping upwards and curling around to the side. The Iron is taken with me I can tell. I look up at the sun that crowds down on the crows in the dirt. I lean hard into the wall, feeling its crunched exterior dig deep into my back and stab it through with tiny needles. Then, I look down at the grey uniform I'm in. I feel my hands down my form, its waves against my skin and clothes, my uniform's touch is soft against the curve of my inner palm from the latest stream of Detergents that I put in, just cleaned a few phases since. I raise my arms and take a quick look at their crooks, at the hair creeping out and I push my arms down.

I needed an Iron to get out of the City. Auxiliaries were always too dark about locations. The Guardians tried to control us so that I did not know even know my way around the Guardian colony and I had to find my way out of Pro-Omnibus and to another city, the best path through. But, an Iron knew. An Iron could help. I opened the door and I tap in. As the Iron does her usual swishing around, I take a closer look at her clothes now. The base of her skirt is a brighter pink hue than I had thought, one that colors her form from the bottom up in one shade, and the coins on her skirt fix in patterns of horizons and verticals, each blinking at the one looking, all abright posted on every

corner to wink back. She doesn't look up at me this time as I watch her silently but by the muscles tensing stiff in her arm bulges I can see that she feels my eyes on her.

"I never buzzed thou. Thy name?" I say, my voice tilted into a question so my words strumble through one after the other in a change of tone.

"Jerrard," she says swiftly, her eyes quickly jumping up before they falter back down again. Her name uncommon.

She takes a deep breath and I wait for her to speak. There mingles a stone in her eye, hard and fast, as if all her movements are a set. A practice.

"How feels it being one of thy lot?" she asks, her voice thin as a huff. Her fingers still swishing away. They're so small, the nails on them a delicate dot-dot on the surface of her fingers. I can see behind her words a purpose.

For a brief phase, I am surprised at what she says and I can feel my breath take a brief stutter.

"An Auxiliary? A not normal?" I ask her with a sharp laugh.

"No, the Auxiliary who can pass as a Guardian," she says, again her eyes look up, a slight glimmer in them that matches the catches in her dress.

For a brief phase, I can feel the curls holding my face up fall, the curves keeping it firm and stable.

"Thou sense?" I ask her and she nods at me, her eyes atwinkled through.

"I know," she says and I can hear a shifter in her voice.

“Thou watched the Tests? Heard them?” I ask her as my brain works in rapidity to attempt a response to her and to find my next step.

Her head shakes quick. “How work they? The Tests?” she asks and the curiosity in her eyes, the bright orange in her voice all pop out to me, looking to consume my lot.

I push my shoulders up and I pull them down in one quick move. I pull my feet down from under me and I sit beside the Sitter on the floor as she continues to Swisher.

“Does thou think thou could actually breathe feelers?” Jerrard whispers and her eyes stay down and look straight at the floor before me.

I switch my leg forward and the flicker causes her to look up. She meets my eyes and I hold them.

“I have feelers. I starter guess. I know I stand crafted, created and not even a natural Auxiliary but I work human and I keep feelers,” I say. Her eyes don’t leave mine and the Swiffer falls limped in her hands.

“When did thou know?” she asks.

“All Auxiliaries are exposed to the crackling viddied violence to suit us for the future so that we can protect thou Guardians and Irons who show the Auxiliaries the way of thine Progress and grant us life,” I begin. I open my mouth and stop and have my voice shake a little, my eyes looking down and I feel her lean closer though she does not move towards me.

“So many prisoners of war work and they line each one up in rows before thou and thou pick the one thou want and thou commit to them what it takes to get them to

come to look at thou and show thou what is there. What plans, what whispers, what weaknesses they know. I picked one. He clickered terrified. All aflutter with horrors,” I pause, my eyes still down. “He looked into my eyes and I could see his feet shifter as he told me what he was thinking at that moment and I could see in his eyes his fear and I told him to tell me all he knew simple and the crack pop pang of the pain would never come but he shook his head and his breath – his breath – it curdled almost and I could tell to make him deliver the truth as it stood, to make him croak the sounds on the tip of his tongue, I would have to do more than ask it of him. They had told us to go for the nails on the tips of thy fingers first and –” I stop and continue again, “But I’ll spare thou and tell thou how it is as it stands now. I did a lot of violent tools on that man and he had blood and he was crying and he had lost control of his –” I gesture with my hand down and continue, “but I cried with him. I could feel his prickles and it all pinged along my form like cristles along and down my spine.” I take a brief look up and I meet Jerrard’s eyes as they rest on mine, the look in her eyes as sharp, focus. I take a deep breath and bring a tear to my eyes still looking into her eyes, making my own soft and widening their edges. “That’s my different from the other Auxiliaries,” I finish, “I with feelers.”

I turn my eyes back down. “Thou looked not before?” she asks.

“I felt,” I say quickly. I flitter my eyes quickly back and forth. If she stattered this much through the vine, she would perceive some more I gathered so I told her about D. “I felt it on perceiving Daimon. Guardian D. He this stage,” I make sure to gesture to the room around. “But it was so different back when he was living here and I started him from when we were children together in the Cave. He was all sobbing at the Flasher after he had had his pupils dilated, the blacks in them pulling out and in and that’s when I

met him for the first time. And then when he became a Guardian and when he left and I felt this curdling grief at the loss of him, I gathered for certain.”

“How far did thou and D progress?” she asks and I look up for a second, started by the bold manner by which she spoke and asked me. Yet as soon as she asks and says it, her face gripes all red splotches.

“As thou must know,” I respond, looking down, “the fullest degree between Auxiliary and Guardian stands impermissible and that is for the good of the Guardians lest an Auxiliary manipulate a way up.”

“But rules fail the Guardians,” she counters and I muster what she asks. Whether Daimon loved me or whether it was just mine after him. Whether he would want my death or whether he would protect me. Her questions a little forward thrust for an Iron.

“No,” I arred to her, “no punishment starts for a Guardian but D respected the rules.”

“Thou must have touched a lot then,” she says and I catch her looking down at my form. But there is no flusher on her cheeks now and I realize how wrong I’d been when I thought she was a quiet sliver when I first saw her. Her dogged strangeness in me was almost not human.

“Rules do apply between an Iron and an Auxiliary,” I say and she recoils so sharp, her face aconvulses straight.

I stand up and I walk out slowly. As I stand outside, I let the cold beat in gusts against my face. The birds all their feathers fluffed and their bodies bloated stand in the

shuttering wind, unmoving. When Jerrard taps out, her skirt tinkles and she looks at me a quick flicker before continuing to walk out.

When the Guardians initiated D, I stood there, my feet dugged into the dirt floor. I was at the front of the Auxiliary row, where we stood at the back of the Iron and Guardian rows. Another row of Auxiliary behind me leaned against the wall pillar. I know D had strung it so that I be there because I had just been initiated to an Auxiliary, still in obedience training, and I was not nearly high enough in the running of the Auxiliary lot to have the point of viewing the Initiation of Guardians as it occurred. The room for the Initiation firm-sat in the center of the forests, encaged by trees of every form around it that stretched out for fields around. Some of the branches of the trees curved around the room's outer core and others leaned into its inner form, one branch underground snaked its way down the door and in cutting out of the floor. The walls out and in were white and the room was the size of seven Sitters spread around in comfort. The Guardian's electric Sweeper kept the dust from sticking to the walls as it kept the dirt from clinging to the Guardians' white cloaks.

The walls' white shone. Pears in large white cases on top of tall black stands lit up the way to the walls. We Auxiliaries came in behind the Guardians. Inside the room, squares and triangles and circles of thin gold covered the wall, their measures full and light. From the way they glimmered the gold was real earth gold, dug from the ground, found and sung to the top by Iron hands and throat chords.

A small group of four Irons gathered around and they all looked up with eyes in a glimmering haze of deep spell. They approached the Guardians and each group nodded at the other. Although both stuttered on differing paths and their bearings gathered around them to differing ends, they flocked to each other in an assurance as we Auxiliaries formed a neat row to the side and peeped at them. Auxiliaries never looked to each other's eyes and forms and no Guardian and no Iron looked to the backbone we formed either.

A square Image-Capture stood at the front and D tapped behind it. Many watched this Initiation. I had seen my first in the Caves. The Initiation is a moment of birth of the new as one knows and accepts one's cogged path and every member of Pro-Omnibus tries to look at this momentous day to see the sword that each will follow. My palms leaked wet. I got to see the day in person and it was not me as a Guardian. I was so unknowing. Daimon, soon to be D, stepped out through the gathered Guardians. The dark black cloak he wore highlighted the dark touch of his skin and the deep of his eyes not dyed yet. He tapped, face towards the lot of us. The Irons gathered first around him ready to begin the Initiation. The Guardians with their white cloaks fluttering and their eyes high stood back, watching their will be done. There was a clicker as an Iron switched on the camera and the other Irons gathered around D even closer. D stood stiff and looked around the room at the lot. His eyes for a brief flickered towards me and his lips shifted in an almost smile before he returned back to his neutral phase.

“To over-comprehend the feelers, thou must know of their forces,” one of the Irons, dressed all in a bright yellow dress, said to D, lifting a gold knife over D's head. The Iron, then, looked to D more closely and met his eyes.

“What thou takes on as a Guardian is more fulsome,” the Iron continues, “Does thou hold thoughts on the matter?”

D looks from the knife’s eye to the Iron’s eye. “A Guardian feels the fulsome needs of his people, of his place, of his time. A Guardian feels the bleeding of the land and breathes in the joy of its wetting. A Guardian watches the others and feels more of their livings. A Guardian feels what his lot want. A Guardian watches for what his lot need. A Guardian feels the world out of the plague it’s trapped in. A Guardian protects and rules all and look after all. A Guardian crafts their feelers to know the worst and the best in us all and a Guardian can look through and see the problem and a Guardian watches through and finds a solution. A Guardian can control their feelers,” and when he says this, I notice a slight twitcher in the Iron’s cheek but he continues to hold the gold knife straight up over D’s heart. I look into D’s eyes and I see a deep still center in my own heart as if it was over me the Iron held the knife and not over D, “A Guardian crafts how to create, how to progress every feeler in the spectrum through. A Guardian can look at a motherboard and see the numbers that will fix its edges. A Guardian touches the edges of an iron board and can see the links and the ties and the full small lines that can connect the flows together and create a whole form. A Guardian will lead us out of the Wall. A Guardian will end the War. And I,” D’s voice rose to an authoritative eye and every wandering gaze turned to his form. His eyes, though, looked straight at me and the camera before me. I felt a tingle flutter down my form as he finished his sentence, “am a Guardian.”

The Iron’s hand came down a sharp quick gasp. The gold knife tore through the black of D’s shirt stopping over his heart. Dragging the knife down in a long line through

the shirt dress D wore, the Iron tore it down. Below the cloth, D was bare and plain. He rolled his shoulders and the cloak fell to the ground in one quick motion. D's eyes held mine as he dropped the front. He stood there, taking deep breaths and from the stiffness of his chest I could tell that the cold air hit him hard through. I felt my heart speed as I broke my gaze from his and looked down at his form. As he took a breath, his form lifted up and down. I could feel a slight warm flusher against my cheek as I turned to look at his gaze as it met mine again.

The Irons nodded at the camera.

“Now prepared thou stand for a Guardian and they may lead you to the Guardian lot,” the Iron in yellow moved away, dropping his hand with the gold knife and a Guardian pulsed forth. He walked behind D who stood still and he lifted a white cloak over D's shoulders and he dropped it down. The cloak settled in a quick brusher. The Guardian walked over to the Iron and he grasped the Iron's gold knife.

“D must brand through his first Auxiliary. One chosen from the lot given,” the Guardian said and delivered the knife to D's waiting palm.

“Adinamos,” D called and my heart thudded. The reason of my presence here faded clear. That's what D had told the Guardians. That's why I stood before him today in all this. I felt my arms shaking, trembling in a deep anger that fell down the tips of my toes and rose through my form. The foot of the Auxiliary beside me lightly tapped through and I jolted straight. My face a mask, my heart a paining full in my chest, I looked up at D, into his eyes. His eyes were full of sorrows and behind them I could see

his reluctance, his fear, his need to not do this. I stood still with my hands clenched behind my back as D lifted his fingers and waved for me to undo my shirt.

More than anything, I itched to voice my nay, to walk out and into the woods, to swish the Guardian cloak off his shoulders. But I ran from the Eliminate and the Eliminate was all dark and the Eliminate was all death and the Eliminate closed around me like a bright cloud. I couldn't run. I couldn't move. So I stood still and I held my breath. I didn't look away from D's eyes. He looked away from my gaze for a phase and his form shaked a flicker, but in one quick flick, he brought the gold knife down on my chest bone right over my heart and he slid the cool blade down. The sting was barely a flick against my skin. He wiped the red blood on his cloak after making one line. He went on to make a second line across. A perfect and straight Guardian X. He wiped the blood on his cloak and pulled away.

I pulled my shirt on and turned for a second getting ready to leave the area. Drops of red marks on my grey uniform, I turned back to the row when D gripped the edge of my arm cover and stopped me for a phase. I looked into his lips, not his eyes, and his head moved down at the blood on my chest. Lifting his finger, he brought it down on the X and lifted my palm. He pressed my hand over the X. "Push through on the wound," he whispered in my ear, before letting me go. The whisper sent a thrill down my form.

I walked off, my hand soaking in my own blood.

I always thought D had called me there that day, had branded me as his and that he had done it out of his feelers, to view to me where I stood and what I was and where he stood and what he was. That it was him that rose through. But as Jerrard came to

deliver me some Iron clothes, I found the truth of the matter. P had insisted I be the Auxiliary to be cut or D would not be a Guardian. P had had an interest in me for phases. Jerrard had known and worked for P a phases before I had ever been thinking of what an Auxiliary does or where a Guardian stands. P had been the Guardian among the flock the day of D's Initiation and I had never known who P was or what he did and how he worked. P had heard of the friendly pair of Auxiliary Guardian. As she tells me of P, of how pressed he appreciates his cloak and how he has adopted an interest in Auxiliary mobility, Jerrard sits with me, waiting for P. P had called her on a request and I wonder what he tells her and what he does when he speaks to her in the room. My mind jumps back to the time where I had wandered around D's grave and P had put his fingers around my back in a short cup. I shook my head in a short spurt as I could feel my form creeping cold.

When P comes in before waving off, Jerrard whispers one last murmur to me as she walks behind him, "If Auxiliaries had feelers, then Auxiliaries would invent and progress and senser the need. If thou have feelers, thou can take us free."

I felt a thrill run through my form at her words and I shivered. I knew I could say nothing to her because she was as closely tied in the Guardian, that she could be repeating P's words to me, that this could be nothing more than one of P's Tests, one of his methods of figuring through who I was and what I had gathered.

But the next phase when Jerrard walks through, she looks down and does not meet my eyes. She does not look up as I open the door for her and she does not shifter her

eyes up to mine even in a pointed glare even when I brusher my fingers along the inside of her arm before stepping back and pulling through the door. She looks more though. She looks different I can tell. Her lips tint a flusher shade of red pink. Her face and eyes down but a glimmer of silver paints across her side-eye. Her usual spark of the bright clothes muted, her skirt a deep shade of black threaded with grey and yellow stripes along its corner rim. But her lips are sealed shutters and she taps inside with a quick curt of her feet, closing the door firm behind her.

A phase, I stand outside. I look down the durt and the path to D's grave and to the white Guardian Wing at the end, the large structure in steps looming up like a white walker to the sky, that I have seen for so many phases that now when I look out at the brown of the durt, it just crushers around and curlers through in long brown patches and dots on the tips of my eyes. I blink my eye covers and shutter them closed quick, but the durt stays in small brown in the back of my eyes. I open my eye covers.

I delay. Who knows how much longer it will take for P to find a Test, a Test that will not allow me to pass for a Guardian anymore, a Test that will guarantee my place as an Auxiliary for ever more and will show the truth, a Test that will once again never fail. Jerrard must show me the maps and once I can see and once I know the way out, the way to the edge of the Guardian city and to the other side I can become a Guardian. My heart thumpers in my chest.

And for the first phase in years, I let myself think of myself as a Guardian. I let myself feel the crunters of power cripple along my arms and down and through my middle and up along the insides of my palms. I see it. Behind my mind's eye the

movement of my white cape on me, its swift krittering in the wind in waves. I feel a brush underneath the covers of my fingers, the edges of the cape agrizzled underneath. Before I can stop it, I feel D's fingers in soft flicks curling around my back in circles, gently releasing the cloak off and down to the floor. I can feel my eye covers close into his touch. He drimmles down my arm and up and down and up and I lean my back behind and press it against his front. Softly with the covers of his fingers, he lifts a strand of my hair from the side of my face and he clutters it behind my ears. I shifter to the side but I can feel his lips hold me in place as they land on my neck cover softly. My breath falls into gasps. For a few moments, he just stays, lips to cheeks until I can feel myself grow restless and I shifter firm out of his grip and I turn him to face me and he grows soft under my grip as I take the lead and I can see his eyes land on mine, their depths are a deep dye and behind the dye I can still see his natural brown and hear it soft underneath it all. He shuts his eyes and for a few phases I look at the edges of his face and the black hair in pricks growing softly along his jaws and his upper lip. I put my lips to his and I kiss out and in, but he doesn't follow my speed. My tongue mangoes out into his and still he is soft and slow in his kiss, gently sucking my bottom lip. I pull his arms off my shoulders and push them down to grip my back and I pull him along with me into his place and in the meantime, I am kissing him and I can hear the sounds of it a crush chuck repeat. I push him onto the Sitter and he stops a phase as a slid of paper crackles underneath him and when he holds my hand loose and doesn't pull me on him I know that he is the Guardian and he must lead but I can feel myself slipper on down. I sit on his knees and pull my legs around his waist and I kiss his lips fast to the crooks of mine and I pull his hand down and I push against him fast and I can feel the clicker in his face as he

grabs on and his lips become fast and ravenous and he pulls and pushes me against him in quick sputters. I can feel a tenses spread and awet –

“Adinamos,” a rough hoarse hisses.

P stands before me. I look down and I give him a nod. “Apologies Guardian,” I add.

“Thy only work is to watch for those who passers through and to protect the place and pull through the door as jimmered and thou still keep thy eyes shuttered?” he quests and his face is a red of a trouble.

He huffers on through as I pull through the door.

I look through a brief flicker and I glimmer Jerrard still swishing looks up. P nods at her in an easy shift and she stands. It strikes me that they sit in converse. The door cripples shut and I look forward, my eyes glazed through. I think back to the flicker in the curl of Jerrard’s lips, her direct question, her following my gaze. Jerrard was working for P. I sigh. The huffer of my breath loud.

Jerrard was an Auxiliary. Did they really think I wouldn’t find it? I shifter on. Jerrard wouldn’t know where the map was and just with that swish, my sights of a Guardian faded into a nothinged crater. In a few phases when Jerrard slipped on out, I tilted my lips in a smile and flicked my eyes in a wave.

“Thou know,” she says straight through, her eyes a hollow and her face bared down.

I don’t need to nod. She puts it out more as a known. She steps towards me.

“I fail the Guardian P,” she stutters on. “Thou appear to flicker emotions even to the talented Auxiliary eye.” I take the known in. So this was another Test since Auxiliaries could always see other Auxiliaries. And again I had passed as a Guardian. I let not the crook cover my eyes. Jerrard taps towards me and I can see her feet curdle against mine. She leans her hand against my face, her eyes look stark into mine, the palm of her hand warm on my face.

“Thou cannot flicker feelers and yet thou bleeds the feelers,” she whispers a gasp, a flimmer from my lips. She steps back, her warmth fading out and she walks out through the durt.

Guardian P spends the remainder phases inside and when night falls, the dark curling the blimp of the light of the day, I spill down to the floor, the shifter of a smile rising against my face again.

The next morning when my eye covers flicker open, I hold the strands of my hair in the curls of my fingers and I feel them fall against the breath of my cheek curve. I look through the tendrils that flicker on past. I pull the door through at P’s scheduled time and P flickers on past but he smells like his Iron has yet to Tumbler his cloak cleaned and its white is a little faded. His eyes a smidger down and his lips flitteringly perked. He hurtles down the durt and through to his Timing.

I suck a breath. I am ready. I know P’s scheduled is three phases lengthy and I know that if I am caught out of my place, a punishment severe will be the result if not the

Eliminate for me. The muscles in my arms tense and curl and I look towards the Guardian white Wing. The goal beats the risk. I walk down the durt to the Wing.

The Wing soon loons large before me, a blinding shade backed against the sun. I stand outside and an Auxiliary at the door grants me a clicking looker but when I show him my mark of P and I tell him my Guardian, he pulls through the door and I step into the Wing. The walls of the Wing are gold, painted in with patterns of peach roses and vines and flowers that look like bulbs and those that look like triangulars and those that look like squared and so much more. But even though each of their colors and types is different, they all fit together in a click. Inside, only Guardians flicker, groups gathered on each corner around tables crowded with the Guardian food, set pieces of fruits and chocolates and coffees. The Irons struggle in the back corners of the room, their feet, and hands in motions swift and severe and fluttering on through. The Auxiliaries gather in edges at the back of the room to make sure that no Iron rebellion and no instigation arises along the masses and the crowds. I find my feet follow the Auxiliary train along the back and I position myself firm beside one of them.

He looks at me for a brief flitter before getting back to looking straight. It doesn't take too long for one Guardian to reach out and to search for the map. He clicks the wall on the right side behind a Sitter of Gold and the Map blues on.

“The study hall,” he says loudly and I can't believe the result.

The Map delivers the instructions with rapidity. The blue zooms on a white crescent shaped building. I am too far to see where the building goes and I watch as the Guardian walks out. I stay for phase, viewing the Guardians in their conversations

stuttering through. Then, I shifter out of my stance, pull out and back through the durt before P gets back home. I stand back in my spot and I plan for the next phase to find the crescent shaped white building.

P alters the timings of his scheduled, a few days. He stays in the room. At work, all through the time. And I stand outside. Watch as his usual Guardian meetings canceled, his days apilfer with a hidden task. I stand facing the durt in silence and every few fortnight phases, my ears flicker sharp and I turn my back to the durt and my eyes clicker towards the door. I wait for him to leave. He never shifters. I turn back. Every few phases, a Guardian walks through the durt and after a bow and a look down low, every few phases, the Guardian waves me to turn open the door. Every few phases, I turn and open the door and the Guardian walks in and I catch a glimmer of P with a Reader in his hands, P tapping at his Pear, the square force that gave the Guardians light and answered the questers they asked. P looking up at the Guardian and his eyes catching mine. As the sun falls down behind the Guardian white Wing and dark scruffles, the final Guardian walks out of P's, but P stays inside. I wait a few beats, my feet ataptaptap on the floor when P stalters out.

“Go to the Wing. Go to an Iron. Bring the food,” he crumbles a soft touch before he walks back in.

A deep huffer I draw and I walk forward through the durt. Darkness encloses. My eyes widen through the black, feet crunch under the durt then tap along the stone path. I can only see small glimmers from the Guardians and Irons walking with their Pears around. Auxiliaries not human were never grafted the gift of light. We had to walk in

random lots, blind and bare. But enough Guardians are out that I can see my way and my hands reach out at first to grip the branches of the dirt colored triangle trees and then the crackling walls. I feel my way along.

As I walked towards the Guardian white wing, the lights filled the pathways brights and warm and studded on my back. All the Irons and the Guardians had their Pears on. The Irons stood in the corners, their clothes all always a flutter but still clean.

As they moved along the line, the Irons looked around, finishing their last minute cleaning to get all the specks out of the collected furniture, to check any Guardian's request for the night. I move towards one, his clothes a bright pink and black striped pair. He stands in the corner next to the edged tables, his fingers flickering, waiting for dismissal beside the other Irons and before the uniform row of Auxiliaries in the back. The curved circle dome of the Wing over his head and a bright pin-filled light beside him make his form darker.

"Iron," I say firm, looking down briefly to give him the respect owed to any normal. He nods back at me and his lips are still and his form turns up straight.

"Guardian P would a meal to his room," I add.

He nods, his face turned stiff and away from mine. For a few phases, I halter, my feet moving in wait for him to get up and start going away and searching for the food in an instant but he waits before turning off, his face still set away from mine, purposely so.

I look around the Wing and I walk out in the direction towards the edge and away from the dirt road. I look around, my face going up and down in rapid motions as I try not to look at the many Guardians around. I catch brief zooms of the white sidewalks.

I continue walking, but the Crescent building does not appear around one of the houses down and it's just rows and rows of white stretching for phases around and the houses all blur into one continuous stretch. I stop. P will know if I don't return, I know, and I start on my way back, my eyes tilted down. As I walk on for a few phases, I bump into an Auxiliary in a grey uniform. I look up, my teeth bared and ready for my ground when I see Jerrard, her lips curled up in a smile also like a growl. She looks at me and she stays firm for a phase. She looks different than she did as an Iron. Her hair short again and ties tight around to her head. She has a form about her that is a little clicked to match her hair cut back down to the Auxiliary standard length. The paint she had on her face as an Iron has all faded into black and her face is pale, her eyes deep and bare without their tint, black holes digging deep into myself. I look up and through and I see my own in her empty face.

“So what Adinamos roams the streets of the Guardian South for? P sent thou on a task?” she says and walks down out of the walkway to a white step at the Center Dome and sits down. Her feet curl around and through her legs in a bow as she crosses her feet. I look down at the step. Its white marble up close covered in pocks of gray. I look up into her eyes and I can see the black in them lined by a dark brown that glints in the air. I sit down, my head beside the carved X of the Guardian in the wall in curled patterns.

“Should I or should I not tell P I wonder,” she says and looks out away from my eyes to the street ahead.

For a few phases, I just wait for her to say something and when she mutters nothing, I look away from her and follow her gaze to the street. The Guardians with their

Pears lit pass along in a succession like spooks curling along the length of the passage way. The streets are all dark in the night and a deep black, the sky a shade not like the deep blue it often is but a color that makes the world fade. In brief flickers as a Pear lights, you can still see the Whites of the building, dusting their own selves and clearing themselves to stay all awhite. The step feels cold and wet under my bottom. I press my fingers into the marble.

“Thou chose. I awandered. I tooked the wrong path, but I’m back to P now. Maybe thou should come along if thou have no other assignings for the day,” I say and sideeye her aquick.

She laughs. Even her laugh is different. More of a crackle and a crinkle than the light tinkle it was in her as an Iron.

I get up. “Thou are free to follow me awhile more if thou wishers,” I say and I start to walk back. I stumble a little when I get up and I feel Jerrard’s finger covers on my back firm steadying and holding me up.

“What P up to?” she says, drawing her fingers away.

“P works all day,” I whisper to her. She nods, stops walking as I continue and I turn back a brief flicker to see her looking at the sidewalk. When I look, she meets my eyes and a smile critters up to her lips, a bold and broken stutter but still a curl before she turns back and goes still, looking straight at the sidewalk with a focus. I turn back to the way to P’s and I continue walking.

On the way back, I think of all P does. I know that the reason why he has stayed in the room with other Guardians visiting through is the Test. That I keep passing as

Guardian aflutter him. He can no more know the path to find what I am. He has all specialties of Guardians tell him different ways he can find me, different ways he can show that I am what I was made. Just an Auxiliary. The anger racks. Croiling in me in boiled waves and for a few phases, the area around blurs and all I see is the whites of the Pears in circles gathered around and the Guardians in their white cloaks all collected deep and firm. My finger covers close together and my hand balls into a round egg. I shove my fingers into my pockets and let go and I feel a little smidge prick my skin softly.

I reach and pull the black square out. My breath fastens. Jerrard must have snuck it in, but I know I can't watch it here. My breath still comes in gasps. I run back to P's and through the dirt and I wonder if the Iron has already come. But I don't see him and so I stand outside the door, my breath coming in short gasps. I wait just a few phases before the Iron turns to me and he does not still look at me. In his hands is a covered dish.

“Auxiliary,” he says, “The door.”

I nod and I push the door open. I look in for a second and P looks up at me, staring straight ahead with papers bunched around him.

“An Iron with this food,” I say, making sure to look down and away as an abnormal must. He nods and I hold open the door as the Iron walks in, meets P's eyes and delivers the plate in his hands, removing the covers. I look down at the piles of a strange cylinder all covered in coats of red and orange sauce on the circle plate.

“Praises, Arian,” P says and with that dismissal, Arian leaves, but before I can close the door, P looks up at my direction and he says, “Have thou taken the Sustenance Pill for the day?” he asks.

I nod. “At the common meal phases, the pill delivered,” I say. My fingers acclammed.

“Exceed once,” he mutters more to himself. “Walk here Adinamos and feed on this with me and thou look at my face, not necessary to look down,” he adds.

I take a deep breath and I step through.

I look around and I sit on the floor before him. He looks at me, his eyes bloodshot and tired, but still pointed and focused. He drops from the Sitter to the floor to sit beside me and puts the plate in front of us. I feel the thud of my heart cage louder. I sit down. I stretch my digits so their hooks do not shake.

He grabs the cylinder and breaks through it in half and all the red and orange sauce encasing it falls all around in blobs on the plate. He gives me one half and holds the other in his own hands.

“What works this?” I ask P. He licks the red off his fingers, his tongue aslimed and long.

“D never delivered pleikan?” he asks and I shake my head.

“D could not resort the adenineine,” he continues, nods, and adds to me, “It is a crafted flesher of animal, a combination of a group of clusters.”

I look at him. D was not allergic. He just dismissed the idea of the manufactured. But I nod and I hold the pleikan up to my lips and I bite. The taste is sweet and salt and green all crowding in my mouth in a jumbled and tumbled liquid toss. The cylinder cuts

through soft and smooth and melts in waves in my mouth. I hear myself gasp. The sound an echo in my ears.

I look up after taking another bite and I notice that he watches me, P's cylinder still full up to his lips and the look in his eyes flickers bright before he hides it and the look tells me that the surprise, tells me he has started to think I might contain feelers and I may be able to look through. I feel my breath stop and he looks down and chews into his pleikan. We continue the meal in silence.

Once it is complete, P waves for me to take the plate to the nearest Iron. I pick it up and I nod, waiting for a formal dismissal from his fingers before rising to my feet.

"Did thou love D?" he asks.

I look away and my eyes turn towards the door.

"Perhaps. I fail to say," I whisper out, a tone he wouldn't see as a lie when there is no might because I know that is a fate impossible for me. P gets up and falls to the Sitter. He dismisses me with a wave of his fingers.

I walk out and stand outside the door, I wait for the flashings of all Guardians' and Irons' Pears to fade and when all else are in their beds, I pull the black rectangle out of my pocket. I move away from the door and lean towards the durt. I put the chip to my ear.

"Adinamos," Jerrard's voice says breathy, "If thou look at this suitable to thy purpose, stalter to the Caves one night of the many. Under the trains is an underground car that will transport thou to where thou need to go. I hope thou come with us."

I pull the rectangle out of my ear hole and drop it to the floor. My feet crushes it sharp.

The next day, as P kicks me awake, his boot halting over my head. I can see he has convinced himself he was not at a fault. He tells me that there will be a Test later today and this is the first time he has told me when he plans to grant me a Test. I look through his eyes and he knows I know there is a reason. I can feel the anger digging a hole through my center again and it crowds in me. As I watch P leave, I push my fingers into the floor. My face screws. All I can think is the way he pushes and pulls and the ways D did that. I can see him look through at me and I think of the ways that he created a deep filter in my heart and my form. Think of the times the anger, the only feeler we Auxiliaries could get surfaced and consumed. Until I could breathe it out. Convince myself that I did not want the Eliminate. That I did not want to kill D with my own hands, my sharp pink nail covers digging into his neck covered in his red. Once I breathe, I think of Jerrard and what she hopes of me, of her neuro concealed in her ever more depths.

As night locks and P stalters back, “not today,” he says before walking in. and I know this is a Test before the Test.

That night, my eyes stay awake again. I walk through the dirt and out to the train no longer stationed and I go down the Caves to the underground Car I have taken before. But then I stop short. I had followed this Train almost in a daze, almost as if Jerrard ghosted me towards. But these cars I knew were run by the Guardian lot and they would

know when they were gone and I wonder if Jerrard and P were locked in another Test of me and I wonder what they expected. I started to walk back. Then, I stop and think of what I would fail. P would not kill me and he would put me through the Eliminate the phase he found a Test that could identify my Auxiliary nature.

I sighed. Did the thing really matter about Jerrard or her us?

I turned back and walked through the dirt and to the door. I leaned my feet out and as I do every night, I slept outside P's door.

In the morning, another loud blurst woke me through. I look at the dirt blow in waves and crumble back down, pressing my form far to the wall of P's place They hit nothing but dirt on this road I see. Nothing but the Guardian's graves, crushing where D lies.

The next day when night fell, again I waited for all the Guardians' lights to clicker out and I started my walk back to the train and down to the Underground Car. This time, I followed to keep my ears and eyes hooked to look through and to hear. They always watch.

But all was a silencer and again I thought to try this Test of P's. I creepered down under the train and all around is black except I feel the red dust of the Cave rise to my nose and through the line to my throat deep. The steps rattle under my feet. I walk in and take a left sidewalk, my fingers feeling along the rough walls, their inner groves caught in the hooks and crevices of the wall.

When I enter the room with the Car, it is bright lit with a Pear hanging from the wall. I smile at the large circle blob, a bright yellow color on large iron rails, with one hole for the passenger to sit in and cartel on with rapidity to the Destination. The rails curve and curl and rise all around. Those assigned the Car often praise the Guardians for the honor of the mechanism so structured in perfection and so curveful that one can feel its inching behind thy spine and rising through thy stomach a bubble of light and a fullness.

I sit in the Car and I cover the top above me. I hold all corners of the Car ball to prepare for the next impact as it comes. The Car moves with rapidity and all the room shakes. I can feel the warm red liquid of my body fall and fill my head and back. My heart beats fast and I am sweating as if I am moving the ball. When the Car stops and the door opens, I realize I never gave the setting for the Car to move. Someone was controlling through.

When I get out of the Car, the light blurs my eyes and I shut my eye covers, feeling my way out. My fingers touch a hand and my eyes open fast and as my pupils settle I see Jerrard smiling at me. I grasp her fingers and steady myself. I look around. There are groups of Irons gathered around everywhere. I look around and I see that Jerrard is in her Iron form, wearing a bright green pair of pants and a yellow shirt tied with glitters that sparkle off the light of the room.

“This Auxiliary requesters to join us,” she yells out at the crowd and all the gathered cheer loud with some huffles and murmurs and grunts. She leans in my ears and

whispers blood silver soft so that none of the Irons can hear, “Don’t worrisome. This occurs on the Guardian’s orders.”

“They know thou stand here,” she says before I quester it. I know as she says it who the they she speaks of is, the only they who would know, the Guardian lot. All the Irons have left and the Caves flicker empty. A light over the Car still shines. We sit on the red durt a few ways from the Car, our feet crossed. Jerrard flicks at the edges of her balcoony yellow shirt.

The round ball of heart in my cage still dub dubs aloud as if all the Irons still gather around with Jerrard waving with a Guardian flicker to me to sit, with me stepping out of the Car, my form still all ashaking, with Jerrard pushing me down and my feet curling into a kneel, my fists crunching. The anger a side digging into my skin cover. But I had seen the look in Jerrard’s eye. It was all a trick of the Guardian, a truck I was filled in.

My eye pupils settle and I pull my feet and I sit in a flurry.

“Thou have to figure the Irons picture that they have a hope to win, that they can overthrow the lot. They can't even tell that thou are no Iron,” Jerrard mutters and breaks into a laugh. “The Guardians keep all i containers. Little boxes is us. They even master our rebellions.” Her voice tapers off near the end.

Jerrard gets up as I remain seated stiff and she walks closer to the Car. She flicks her fingers behind the Car door, listens as it creakers on, and pulls out the Auxiliary greys.

She slips off the yellow balcoony shirt and pushes it to the floor. Her skin below is bare, plain and straight, her back acurved in a tilt. I look down and away from her form as she pulls the grey shirt over her head. She pulls down her pants and swishes the grey pants on in a slow. She turns back to me and the hair enshrines her face all in a disarray and I don't see a tinge of flusher in her cheeks. She shifts her hair back and comes up to sit beside me.

“Thou commit this every week?” I ask her, “On the Guardian's order?”

Every time my eyes flicker to her face, I see her as she was addressing the Iron crowd, as she was changing the way they functioned. Her eyes narrowed a sharp flicker and the smile on her face widened through her teeth. The light on the Car behind her sharpened her teeth into a brightened curdle pointed down. Her form straightened and her face narrowed and her arms held herself tight in. She looked out at the Iron crowd and her eyes steadied firm and stable on the lot, a glimmering in their centers. But this Iron hero was an Auxiliary in league with Guardians.

The Guardians are few and rare around, but while Auxiliaries are unable to collect and in a twitcher betray our own, the Auxiliaries have no chancer at the rebel. I always gathered this. But I expect the Irons do. They possess the feelers to rebel. But here the Guardians crusher these tries.

“In not a few terms we will have more as I promised and once we rebel and we teach the Auxiliaries to know that we are more worthy masters than the Guardians, they will turn away from their spoken lot and they will look to us and we will lead them all and we will be the Guardians new. The Irons will rule,” she said and as she spoke, the

Irons' faces changed sharply until when she stopped their lips spewed the liquid and their eyes bulged through as big round bugs, the voices that come out of their throats animalistic shrills and shrieks as they lifted their rancor firm through. Now, as she sits beside me, her face is plain, still, not a whisper of the feelers cripple through, not a huff of the Iron in her. She is just her self with me.

D was always the reverse. With others, D had on a mask, his face would fall flat and he would tell nothing to the Guardians. But with me, his face chandeliered a bright field of trees and branches and wet green leaves trumbled one on each other in a stacked forum through. When he looked at me, his eyes were soft and stuck and they looked as if in that moment, I was the greatest of all the creations that stood, as if I had taken his life from his breath and his breath from his insides and his insides from his limbs and I had tangled through them all. A part of him so full that his smile filled his face and a part of him so fallen that the curve of his eyes drooped low. I bite my lip. I shut my eye covers. I can feel my fingers shaking through.

Jerrard responds, "Yes every few phases, I hold a meeting and hundreds of Irons come to listen to me," and she smiles. She licks her faltering lips and her cheeks puff up like little globules and they peak through at me in tiny apple balls. I feel a little of her exhil beside her, the rack of controlling Irons.

"Come into this thou how?" I ask her. I wonder if D had known of this way of the Guardians.

"My potential," she says simply.

"Thou call me here for what purpose?" I continue.

“Fail P does not. Yet thou he cannot stand the idea, cannot get a Test to reveal thou, but a smart man he rests. He feels when to accept defeat. He wants thou to express the form I gather. A quester he has,” she says.

When I return back to my post in the morning, I walk through the dirt, seeing P feet crossed on the ground. His Guardian white cloak trailing on the floor’s chemicals swish off the brown dirt that floats around him in tiny dirt rounds and curls against his corners.

“How passed thy talk with Jerrard?” he asks.

I look down and I ask him what I needed to, “Does an Auxiliary have a choice?”

He shakes his head and a smile creepers to his lips. “Thou will have thy assigning tomorrow,” he says simply before pulling to his feet and leaving the space.

I fall into his space. It still smells of the Guardian scent that filters in busts out of the cloaks. The smell is a sweet stinging that crinkles my nose, some mixture of flowers. I look behind at the door. P left this one thing that D had picked. The door is an orangey fading brown that sinks into the skin of the firm surface. On it flinkle deep lines carved of holes smoothed down. Their patterns stretch through and down in large oval spirals that kiss each others’ edges. I remember when D had grabbed my arm and had pushed me against these doors. His arms on my neck pulling me to him close. Like he couldn’t take, couldn’t have enough of me, but he always had the fullest control. One flicker of my wrist, one breath I gasper through and he would stop. He would back and his dyed green eyes would meet mine, glowing in a shimmering touch with a star in its center.

I take a deep breath and I push my finger into the door until I hear the joint snap straight through. The pain of it fills my finger full and through. Cracks. The whole of my form freezes, stills. But I still see D behind my mind. I still miss D more. He's gone and I know I won't see him again. I feel my finger limp and the pain slowly fades as the rush fills my system. I open the door and I look down as I converse with P who surprised looks up at me from over the cup of bitter black he drinks. He looks into my eyes and I can see his fall down around me. I raise my fingers as I continue my eyes down.

“The Nursers I ask,” I say. “Mine finger's abroken.”

He looks at me and I can't help thinking of the way D would look at me if I had walked in to him with my finger all unfeelingly fallen down, his eyes would meet mine and he would ask me what had happened, his soft fingers would wrap around mine and I would feel his soft breath on my face as he put his arm around my back and he pulled me into his side and he took me to the Nursers himself. P looks at me and he just nods his head, waving me away with the flick of his wrist.

“I cannot gather where the Nursers situated,” I say.

P sighs and walks to the Map. He asks it for directions to the Nursers. I listen as the Map tells me to go the direction opposite the White Wing as I had done before and straight down until I reached Crescent Hall where I was to take a walk at the right of my palm until I got to the edges of the crook road and there was the Nursers. My heart murmurs. Crescent Hall.

I take a deep breath and I nod, my face stiff and I walk out. I walk through the door and down and the whites, the Guardians ablurred, now blinding bright in the day,

they reflect of the sun as I walk on, my broken thumb forgotten. I look up at the eyes of the Crescent Hall when I reach it. The building is open with walls of glass peaking into Study Hall at the walls of books looking like a tombish cascade of brown and green. My breath stutters. The Map out of here was in there. The Map out of Pro-omnibus.

I huffer, pull my eyes away and walk on to the Nursers office through the crooks and the curves of the trees and the pavement roads and I try to keep my breath still as I stand at the edge of the long line of bleeding, hurt and angry Auxiliaries. The Nursers office is a small square building and the line to it extends far out into the Sun. I look up at the bright ball of the Sun. Blurs and circles of grey filling my eyes full with their tendrilled thrills. The Auxiliary standing before me is a huge man of a burly proportion; his arms bulging through his large coat like big hooks crook through. A large red scar runs down the side of one arm. He has the wound covered in red and I wonder for a flicker how he got such a wound, whether he was still in practice and fighting other Auxiliaries because no Iron, no matter how trained could have hurt him that intense spur.

The line moves in quick progression through and before I can tell, I stand before the Nursers. The room leaks a dank blue and smells of cleans. I show the Nurser my thumb and she looks at me with the stiffer of a lodge. She sprays a cool blue on the tip of my finger and ties it through with a plain white scraggly cloth. Once she is done, she waves me off. Shuttered off outside in a rush, I slow and walk back carefully. When I reach the Crescent Hall, I look at it. I look at the tiny insect Guardians flittering in and out the doors in their large white Cloaks. My breath huffers out. To be a Guardian, to be free I quest. I walk towards the Crescent Hall's tall glass doors.

The Crescent Hall inside is rows and rows of white, of books shinning around in a circle around me. I touch their spines through with my finger tips. They feel rough and coarse against my skin, brrring into my ears. The Guardians around pull them down and flip through them so used to having these books in their hands as they walk and sit and read and flip and learn. One looks at me side-eyed. Once he sees me though his gaze doesn't move. I know he recognizes me though I can't tell who he is. I flip my eyes down and I curl my shoulders in and crunch back. I hope to blend. But he moves towards me and waves his fingers for me to stop and I must obey.

“Adinamos,” he says simply, his voice is a familiar short trill, a high pitch one wouldn't expect from a man of his size. He waves his fingers and I lift my eyes to his dyed black red ones and I remember him now. I remember the way his fingers hung on D's.

“Guardian F,” I say softly. He was back from the War then I gathered.

“I heard about D. Sorrows for our loss,” he says and I nod at him. “Thou work under P now I hear?”

I nod slowly. I wonder how much he knows.

He looks at my finger and I follow his gaze down to the white bandage wrapped around it.

“P did not send thou here, did he?” Guardian F asks me and his eyes enter a filter of dark red disgust portion and I can see he does not like P and I wonder if it's because

of how P changed D's room, removed every breath, every smell, every huff of his from the area. I shake my head. There is no sense lying.

“What does thou commit here?” he asks.

The lie comes to my lips effortless and easy as I look up to him, my eyes round, full and the muscles over my eyebrows slouched down and through. “D came a lot. I stood full of sorrows for him,” I say and I look down. But before my eyes shifter away, I glimpser F's face change a flicker, a sadness rising deep in the buds of his eye falls. I look into his depths and I see a sorrow flicker. The words he whispers back to me, though, are harsh.

“Auxiliaries cannot feel,” he says.

He doesn't question me more though. He just flickers his fingers and waves me off, getting back to looking down his golden book, its covers full of crepuscules.

“F,” I say before leaving even as I know an Auxiliary could suffer for such clear faults, for calling on a Guardian name, for letting a word through after a dismissal.

“Why did thou return from the War?” I ask him.

He looks at me and his eyes are a soft touch when he meets my eyes. He looks at me the way I had seen him look at D so often with eyes all crowned down. His lips are full form and his looks fumble through and straight. He takes a deep breath. I know he loved D and cared for him with deep racks more than I ever did. He looks away.

“That's Guardian work,” he says, curt and firm in his second dismissal.

I nod, back, and walk out slowly. I look down at the sidewalks as I walk to make sure I don't accidentally meet a Guardian eye. I know F will not say anything to P. I could see F's hate for P in his eyes and his feelers for D would save me for this phase I felt.

As I walk back, I look close at the walkways under my eyes, their gray is a deep contrast to the white buildings all around and when I look to the white flicker I start to see grey dots before my eyes. The floor is still smooth, not a crack, not a speck on any chord. I could never be caught back in the Crescent Hall again I knew. Soon, the Guardians would ask P what he was asking me to drag to him and whether it was best for me to gather in the Study Hall and P would know in rapidity that all I wanted was a Map to escape and he would enclose me and he would Eliminate me. My value was not worth the cost. He must want something grand from me for him not to Eliminate me yet.

When I got back, crossing through the dirt, P was gone but Jerrard stood on the steps. She looked up as I crossed through and she met my eyes through a little flicker and kept her eyes fixed on mine with a short laugh that seemed to rise from the depths of her form.

As I move closer, she starts, "P commanded me to picture you some of the ways to get around, some of the measures of this area as you enter."

I nod and she waves for me to sit down beside her.

"Well, if thou are going to pass as an Iron first thou have to show some feelers on thy face, thy form. Thou have to move with the limp of the Irons and thou have to stalter with the uncertainty of a normal. Thou have to look into the Irons' eyes and thou have to

show that thou have a sparkle in thy eye, that every word they say thou care for and it fails to echo in a large cavernous space around us. Thou have to become one with them and their feelers,” she says. As she speaks, she demonstrates, effortlessly shifting the expression in her face through a hundred stages from anger to disgust to happiness in quick flickers and I admire the movement of her face. When she makes the comment on the eyes, she looks into mine deep and long and she feels my eyes fall to the depths of her circles as she flicks my fingers soft.

Then she lets go, gets up and waves me up with her. I get up and she waves for me to push open the door which I do and we step into P’s room.

“Let’s start easy,” Jerrard begins, “with clothes. Every Iron needs a look, one that tells you who they are as a person, a colorful flourishing fresh.”

I look to the Sitter and a pile of Iron clothes lie on it in a stacked up form, one pushed up on top of the other. Jerrard waves me towards them. I look at her briefly and I decide to comply. I gasp when my finger touches the cloth. I had forgotten how soft touch the Normals’ clothes were. The colors are all bright and bringing. Some reds, some blues, some yellows. Some with animals curled on them, some with flowers. I pull out a shirt with a quick flicker through. It’s red with a crow patterned on its front in a deep black line, a silver band runs around along its waist. I pull up a skirt a dark orange. I don’t wait for Jerrard to ask this time. I pull off my gray uniform, feeling the cold hit my bare skin for a flicker before I put on the clothes I picked out in perfect form.

I turn back to face Jerrard who is just looking at me her eyes narrow, no expression on her bare face.

“Does thou approve?” I ask her, spinning a brief flicker in the dress.

“What do those colors, those forms, those feelers mean to thou?” Jerrard asks me.

When I look down at my clothes, I take a deep huffer.

“Irons always have a purpose, a meaning, a form behind the clothes they wear.

They all have to fit in a certain pattern and look a certain shade and they always tell a lot about that particular Iron on that particular day. They speak of that Iron’s feelers. They speak of what that Iron misses,” Jerrard continues, but I stop her short.

“I have felt more feelers up close than you seem to imagine. Guardian D loved me,” I spit out. Then, I swallow, uncertain about where the sudden fire of anger had come from. “Of course I know how Guardians think and I inspected this through before choosing this path. These crows, they’re the birds of lost love. The red and the orange is my force of color and force of a happiness I cannot feel inside.”

I twist my face through and I give her a deep look of sad mourn.

She nods.

“I gather I have very little to teach thou then. I will inform D of our proceedings,” she says. I take a deep breath.

I am most afeared of the Eliminate.

When we Eliminate, we grab some of our own lot, some Auxiliaries creeping through in the holes on the corners of our forums and we rush into their forms to bring them down to the ground before us. We always grab the Auxiliary in the cold heart of

night when the room is fading black. We always hold them tight and through as we take them to the Eliminate room. I had Eliminated before. Every one of the Auxiliary lot had Eliminated before. The room we dragged you to was called the Fueler and the walls were painted a deep black and we closed you in and you may try to convince us otherwise. You may plead for your life. You may stutter. You may talk. But the black room shuts your voice to the rest of the world. The room creepers out. We wait and once you know that soon the Eliminate will come and you can do nothing and soon you are gone and all in your life lost. We look around the black room at the knobs sliding on through and we turn them and the gas fills the room and it burns through your skin and your lungs and your stomach and your form and you are nothing but ash and bones you gone and all is gone and you resemble nothing and you do not exist except as durt at the bottom of the lot and that's why they call it the Eliminate, they say and then we Auxiliaries come in and we pick the ashy durt of our Auxiliary fellow and we float the ashes up to the wind. This is how every Auxiliary dies. This is how we all end our lot in life. This is my future in the ash and the wind and the durt. There is no Recreate for the Auxiliary. There is only a deep and full Eliminate. Only a creeping Eliminate and this is all we have to live for and to work for and to go for. The Eliminate will consume us all and follow us through to the next side.

I knew that I would be Eliminate if I did not do as P bid, that if he caught me trying to leave Pro-Omnibus, P would Eliminate me himself. But the end of every Auxiliary was Eliminate now or later and I could go to the end of that Eliminate and see my own form. I walked to the Crescent Hall and as I walked to the first aisle looking

away from the Guardian masses and all in a tumble to fit through, I crashed into a body a few feet ahead of me. I look up and there crushes Guardian F.

“Adinamos,” he says, “Thy job here is what?”

“Just crinkled with the loss of D,” I try a second time, but I can see in his eyes that isn’t a function. He looks at the section I am peeping through and his eyes widen.

“The way out of Pro-Omnibus,” he mutters, “That’s what thou quest.”

I look at his wide certain eyes and I know there is no point denying what is fact and he takes my silence as assent. He grips my hand and pulls me hard out the Crescent Hall. He waves at me to follow his path and I dare not disobey. He walks down in the direction of the Nursers and past it is a row of white house. He stops before one and pulls me in.

There was only once where I could feel the Eliminate so close around my throat as I did now with F breathing hard, shuttering the door behind him and me looking with wavy eyes at the room around a bright red covered in groups of furniture sets that I thought for certain I would now be disappeared. The last time when I thought Eliminate was close, I still knew I think that D would never hurt me, but with F there was no such flicker. F only let me live because he loved D and how long could D’s memory maintain him guilty. I expected not much longer. I had known when D considered Eliminate because of his face, when I looked up at his lips and I could see in his form the whole of the cold because of what I had said and what I had brought.

I stutter to remember it when F says nothing, locks the white door behind him and walks out and I know there is no escape. Every door, every window is proofed and none

would recognize my prints. I'm trapped. After a few phases and with F still gone, I look around a brief stutter. My heart centers. I shutter my eyes. Maybe they will not Eliminate because I had thought D would and he never did.

“Sing in the morning and sleep in the dawn,

The Guardian's rusk rise dusk to dawn.

There stands a few of sharp wit and might

And one with a ball. That might fright.”

D used to sing to his birds, his voice would go all sweetsong into the night as he murmured the words. He would caress the birds and but Fire was always his favorite. Fire was a bright red gaggle of feathers fluttering in the wind in a crazy commotion. Fire had two black beady eyes and a form all full from huffing through. When D would paint, his shoulder muscles and his fingers rising and falling in sharp motion swished on, Fire would sit in his shoulders and in a sweeeeeeping whisper all her stories to him. She told him of her death and of her birth and of her continuing form. She told him of the other birds. And D told her of his. He whispered her name into her ear. He would look at her with eyes that glimmered in the bright shifts and his fingers would create spreads and colors that covered the room and lifted us all from out our bright gloom.

When D would leave, Fire curled on a corner branch D had placed for her and looked around at the other birds, at me, at the land she ruled.

One day, when D was gone, I reached up and I saw Fire. And the flutter. And the image appeared. Fire with her head crushed in flat. Her body limped through. Broken into

splinters. The tiny bones jutting out of her at the sharpest angles. In one quick flicker, I had gripped the bird by the neck and I had pulled her down. I twisted her neck in my fingers and I heard the crack. Fire had no time to fight. I had Eliminated Fire and she lay limp and dead in my palm, as my fingers reached up to stroke down her head.

A smile curved my lips before I found what I had done. I felt angry at D. My fists clenched and I bruised the bird in my fist and dropped it on the ground before D's canvas.

After D walked back, I stood with him and as he entered to lower his lips on mine in the room, he had a smile on his face that fulfilled his grasp.

I backed him into and through the canvas and pushed him over the bird. He heard a crunch click under his feet boot and stopped. He pulled me to the side in a gentle swish. His fingers were always soft and kind with me, always in short motion.

He looked down at Fire dead on the ground, covered now in the dirt of his boot. A loud gasper escaped his lips, a soft whinny.

"Fire," he murmured, "Someone killed Fire." His voice became tender soft as he lifted the bird and cooed to it her name in soft whispers, lifting her up into his palm.

"I," I said before I could stammer the urge.

When D's eyes turned to me then, they were filled up with a surprise, a processer, then a deep burnt hatred of what I had done. He said nothing as he took off his Guardian white cloak and he shrouded Fire in its lot.

His eyes had a steeled anger.

“Why?” he asked.

“I wanted to,” was my fluttering reply, my breath held in my throat.

“Thou hide thyself behind thy birds. Thou hide that thou never really wanted to be a Guardian. Thou never really wanted this. Not the way I did. Thou wanted to be an Iron and thou know it. Thou hoped that lot would save thou. Thou thought Irons were the future of this flittered land but the Test made thou a Guardian and now thou still pretend thy hazards a connection with nature, with these filthy animals thou sing to but thou are never an Iron instead thou are cursed to rule us all and –“ I begun in a burst. I figured if the Eliminate must come at least I could control its edged flows.

“Stop,” D said and he gripped the top of my arm hard before letting go. His voice was silver soft and pulled as he said, “Thou perceive I could Eliminate thou with one clicker.”

I nodded but I said nothing. Of course, I lived in this world beside him.

“Wait out while I decide thy lot,” he said.

D buried Fire in the dirt, the shovel rising in spurts as he placed her stiff rigor mortis body in and covered the whole with a quick Farewell glimmer.

Once he was through with the bird lot, he looked to me and he said, “Back to the Auxiliary lot thou will go for some obedience training.” I let out a deep breath.

My brows furrowed.

Every Auxiliary loved obedience training. It’s where we shone the highest and I had killed D’s bird and all I delivered was obedience training.

A whistle of the wind pulls me out of D's eyes and back to the grey walled room around me, F's house where I wait for the Eliminate, and its purple tendrilled paint coating the walls in bright and beautiful colors and shapes and forms of yore.

I look around the room and I think if I am to Eliminate, I might as well stand a Guardian courage for a brief flicker before I fade out into the deaths. I get up off the floor and I approach F's lush red Sitter and I plop down on its covers.

I shutter my eyes and I think of the room, the phase with D, the memory I play in my head on a repeated stutter. He had lifted up his arm and pulled me in and said straight through we are going and I had looked at him in a haze and I thought for a brief pause in my heart, he was sending me through and away or to the Eliminate and I began to plead my sorrows when he gripped my arms and nodded that we were going to a room away from this place, we, he said again and gripped my fingers and pulled so I followed him out through the durt. He did not let go of my arm hold around the Guardians outside and their gazes stopped for a phase on something never seen. But more than the Guardians' shock the Auxiliaries stared at me with their plain gazes, the Auxiliaries with no feelers, all looked straight so direct at me that I wondered what the lot D was expecting. No Guardians halted their path though. None would comment on another's actions that clearly. D pulled me through to the Train and we stuttered on. He sat next to window and only now I realized he was trying to hide the outside from me, where we went. A smidge of late-anger cripples down my back. His form covering the window, his smile against my face, my ashaked surprise covered. He put his finger softly on my cheek and his fingers trailed down my cheek edge. I lifted my finger and stopped his trail pulling his finger off my face, all-feeling the Irons in the Train peeking at us a Guardian and an

Auxiliary on with them. “We traverse where?” I asked him. “Thou I never see. Not as I would like,” he said, waving away my question. I shook my head. “I stalter here now. Before thine eyes,” I said. “I stalter in your gaze for ages evermore past.” My voice a whisper soft. D’s voice an opposite rumbled storm, facing the Irons, the Guardians, the Auxiliaries, all that would listen, that would hear his voice come through, “Others always watch. They watch when I plucker my lips on yours, my fingers tightly coiled in yours. Their gazes overflow in me and thou are only for my gaze. Only what I want. Their gazes cannot speak, cannot halt. But I little bother nomore. A Guardian can do anything that he wants and have everything that he desires. I want thou away from them.” He looked at me, the circles in the center of his dyed eyes filled even more, so wide they hid the edges of his colored lines, his lids dropped down and he did not look away. He had a slight unconscious smile on his lips. He looked so calm and relaxed when he looked at me. He lifted his finger and curled it along the edges of my cheek bone. His eyes so soft in a contentment firmly spread. Even when I looked to the side, trying to figure out how this functioned, I looked back and his eyes were firm on mine, their pupils wide in my looks. Almost all black now. I grasper a deep breath. “What if I falter no?” I asked. “What if thine eyes I do not desire on my form?” He looked into my eyes. “A Guardian chooses his wants and his desires,” I said, nodding and look away. “If this does not please thou, say no and thy will be done,” he said simply and I looked up. His pupils revealed a flicker more of their dye, less wide, waiting to see less of me I gathered and when I looked into his eyes, I saw his form gather around. I leaned into his ear and my breath was warm against his ear and I felt his form shake a smidger under my palm. “Thine eyes are pleasing,” I whispered, “but even so a Guardian stays unthreatened. But an Auxiliary. An

Auxiliary is never safe. And this. This makes the Auxiliary even less safe than. This picks the Auxiliary's form for all Guardians to see and makes the Auxiliary an attack." He shook his head, gripping my arm hard. "I can protect thou," he said. "They cannot hurt thou if I stand before thou." But his voice was soft. "I am an Auxiliary," I said back and we sat on in the train in silence. D's face afallen through and when the train reached its last stop and jumped to start on, we kept sitting in the train empty of all Irons that slowly filled as we rode back to the Guardian quarter. Once at the Guardian area, we looked out and walked through slowly. I saw his form peak out at me and his lips were full as he placed them firm on my lips before walking back into his room, into his quarters. The Iron parted to let him through and I stood outside before walking back to join my Phalanx in the Auxiliary field, the opposite way.

Jerrard told me that after D had done that, all the Guardians had gathered and asked him what he meant. He had to know that a Guardian and an Auxiliary could never mix, not as the same. They could never glitter sparkle in completion the way a Guardian pair could. They had to make sure that the Auxiliary was not manipulating D, that he remembered that I could never and would never have any emotions. D had told them he knew. D had shook his head while rubbing his fingers. D had lied and told them that I was an Auxiliary and he had Tested and knew. D had never told them that he suspected anything otherwise or thought for a phase a different response appropriate. I realized that D had protected me and in that moment, the anger coursed through me harder and more powerful than I had ever felt it rise before. Now, he was gone. I clenched my fist. The anger rose in waves and I took a deep breath and I looked at the Sitter and my nails dug into it but the anger still rose, my teeth clenched tight.

The door clickered and F walked in alone. I swallowed. The anger fled in a cold. He had no Auxiliaries to drag me off.

He looked at me and I knew he had known all along that I might be growing feelers.

“Why did not he just steal me to another city?” I ask him. F gets on the Sitter beside me and he says nothing as I look into his eyes straight off. He knows of who I speak, my voice a weak shaker, not the voice of an Auxiliary in control.

“He did not want to risk thou. If the Test still revealed thou an Auxiliary on the border, and thou tried to pass as a Guardian, Eliminate would be instant,” F says, clickering his fingers. I feel the anger once again cloak through in my throat, stuck there.

I take a deep stuttering breath and I ask F the second question I needed to. “Why have they not Eliminated me yet? What is P waiting for?” I ask.

F sighs and looks down. “Before D died, he asked one pact that thou be kept from Eliminate until thy age in natural calls it and every Guardian holds the pact as firm as possible but if thou were to go to an extremity and finger the order and the perfection of the system with an indication that thou, our Creations, that we form for the aim of sending to fight and die to protect us, our whole society would rest on a deceit. The Test could lie. Auxiliaries could change and Irons would demand more and nothing be fixed or work the way it should. If thou try to cross and someone who knows thou Tests thou or if thou fail the Test, thou will be the Eliminate without a second thought to the opposite,” he says to me.

“Leave. P shall not know from me what thou try to function. But remember the risks before flicking any further. The Eliminate is close to thou and P at the mark,” F adds.

I nod and I get up. My feet all ashaken and unsteady.

I walk out into the cold and I walk through the white and through the rows of Guardians and I don't feel anything rise. I can feel the anger a choke in my throat. I walk back and I don't know what to do, whether I am ready to risk the Eliminate, whether I can do something else. When I walk over D's grave, I kick the durt through and my breath comes in gasps. I crawl to the floor and the durt is brown and the brown a whole and the whole a fold and I dig through the durt and it falls in deep dark brown spots around me all in a blurred haze of the whole and I keep on digging, my fingers clench the ground, half moon darks deep into my nails and my lips and my legs and every breath I take is covered in durt in the form and I dig through and my hand taps against D's cave. I take a deep breath and back. If P saw me it would be the Eliminate. What was I doing? I cover the durt in a quick flicker.

When I walk back all covered in durt, I stand outside for a phase. P walks out in a phase and sees me.

“Thou were with F I hear,” he says.

“Thou must inform of these facets,” he adds and his face scowls at the thought of F, all in a clear curious suspicion. His blue-dyed eyes sparkle in suspicion and he runs his fingers along his mangled blond hair in need of a Cleaner Pill.

“Thou will be in my path the next few days and thou cannot keep fluttering off to other places to F’s,” he adds, “Thou will restart obedience training tomorrow.”

View a gaggle of Auxiliaries all gathered together to follow orders automated. Away from people other than each other. In obedience training, all was to follow orders in a maze of green trees away from the city, away from the Guardians, the Irons. We Auxiliaries preferred it for brief spurts. It gave us a chance to follow our minds to the finish. To not listen or think or expect or keep in mind, to not look at rows of white buildings. Each order in obedience training rests simple and curt and most orders involve the delivery of spurts of pain and blood and cruel hearted and hurt in impunity was all an Auxiliary could whisper most for. Each time you crunched a bone and each time the satisfying gurgle of a closing throat scratched all the internal pain the fleeting foolhard of the Auxiliary phases. The release of the anger the tender laser all faded. A power was ours.

Auxiliaries know that the only method to get through to survive is to live this life under the Guardians. They created us in our genes for most of us. They knew how to bring this about. Every Iron and every Guardian every Normal would hunt and kill us for fear of one of their own if we were free so this is all we have.

The structures work and why break it if it's fixed. The Guardians know how much Auxiliaries love obedience training. They say that no punishments just incentives work on our lot.

As I sit in the one train full of the Auxiliary lot with no Iron on sight I release a breath. Finally I will be lost of all thoughts of D. I will not hate him to the core of my form for what he did or feel the warmth of his in mine or wait to talk and have him there. I will not dig his grave in a crazed. I will listen to orders and I will hurt and I will cook and I will run and I will spend my lot in this maze until P sees fit to take me from my heavenly lot.

That's the catch hook of obedience training. The Guardians still hold total control and power.

I look out the window of the train and the outside passes in zooms of blues and greens and bright whooshes blurs I can't see. I don't know where I go. The Auxiliaries all straight faced stare straight on ahead, their expressions complete blanks. I stare ahead with them all in one long look forward. I can see their expressions as they echo mine so closely and I echo all the others and there's a peace in our similarities in our stiff faces that lack a tinge or a specker or a flicker of any sort.

The train stops in front of the Obedience station and in a stable single file we gather on out. The space is an empty forest compound a ways forward from the Iron colony. One wood built building circular sits. Each of us has rooms around the edges of the circle and we can take any room but the camera at the center of the circle would reach us all. The Phalanx leader files us out and informs us the basis of obedience training and when it is our time to leave he will come and bring us out. He passes through and watches as each puts on the crux. I put the black band around my wrist. I bite my lip and I feel the stickle as it digs in deep into my flesh. Now I can't remove it. If I do, if I cut off

or do anything with my arm they will know. The crux is soft feather touch on the other side and I flick my finger along its top as I wait.

Auxiliaries don't talk through but there are stories of those forgotten and left in obedience training for even ten years.

I take a deep breather as does everyone around. There is no Guardian no Iron no one to pretend for. All our faces are empty, muscles firm. I walk towards a side room and walk in. The room is bare. One pile of uniforms and a waste disposal is the only things in the corner.

I lay down on the floor and I look up at wood edges all crusted together. I map out their dots and their jagged ends and before I can think it my eyes shutter.

When I awaken the next day, the siren voice rings loud in my ears. As soon as my eyes shifter, I look up. The start of the training, getting in zone with the rhythms is the hardest. They always wait to build up to the point where an Auxiliary can start to hurt.

The siren stops.

“Dress,” the voice says. The voice is a scraggly crunch in my ear surrounded by a buzzing low pitch.

I get up, take the Cleaner pill and feel my body release toxins. I take off my uniform and wipe the wet budding off and soon I'm clean. I get up and slip on the greys lying in the corner in a quick swish on.

Once my uniform slippers on, my crux pings. The voice says, “Go out. Run for 10 phases and do not halt or thou know the consequence.” I smile. Challenger accepted. I take a quick bite of the morning food pill first and I walk out as I swallow.

I move, pump my feet through. I can hear the sounds of the dark trees echo through. There's crunches and crackles and feels all over and I can hear the bunching of their forms around. The crux on my skin feels heavy.

I pull my hand through my form and I can hear a clicker on through. I look up at the sky and while I move my feet in a jog, I stand and I look up at the sky that peeps down at me. The sky is a blue I've never seen. The crux on my hand clickers. It can tell that I've stopped walking and in moving through, that I lie to its movements. I take a deep breath and keep moving. This should be easy. No thought but that of moving. No thought but that of following the orders that delivered my way. No thought but of going on and on. I shut my eyes a brief flicker as I run before I open them straight. The forest is silent except for the crunch flicker of the leaves under my feet. The animals long disposed by the Guardians into alternate locations for the safety of our lot and gone for the time through.

The green of the leaves on the trees as they mesh with the brown of the bark are so bright and clear and pull through in their wholeness and vibrancy that I don't notice the way each leaf looks through to me and sees the crisp form of my lot so clear and apparent in its self and then I realize my thoughts and I wonder how. I had never thought so of a leaf looking at me, its edges peeping into my form and through to my inners but as I looked at the leaves now it looked like even they, this creature, had a form. I shake my

head and I pump my feet harder into the ground. I look to feel the pain of the flicker. The pump in my feet so hard I flip my feet through and I trip over a branch. My feet sprain through. I fall to the ground on my knees and stop moving. At my disobedience, the crux goes off in a buzz straight to my head and I take a deep breath and it sends wave after wave of curls to my brain. I get up and start moving and the crux slows its movement. My feet falter through, I try to focus on the pain in my ankle but soon the pain fades to a distance and becomes nothing. The white hot glimmer up my spine turns to cold day. I take a deep breath with every move of my feet, focusing on the rhythmic thumps of the crunch under my feet and the grip of my sole.

I keep walking, my mind on the sound of the crunch and the crux in my hand a smidger left through. The sun falls down and the sky changes to pinks and blues and oranges of the crumbling yellow dots. The leaf studded trees cluster their limbs drooping. I notice the form of the light flutter through once the greens start to dull before my eyes and I run back to the location of the forest. I look out onto the glimmered forum of the light as it leaves its one last huff. Once I enter the room, the voice says, "Off with the uniform and to bed." I pull out my meal pill and after I bite through the contents and I feel it slimmer down my throat, I understand that this is how this works. I take off my costume in one quick flicker and I slip into the bed. The light turns off and I stare out into the dark. The crux a constant monitor for my movement passes a stutter through to my brain in waves. I close my eyes and it fades and soon my body shutters off and through.

I wake up to a blaring siren and I jump out of bed in the ready. As before, I take my meal pill and my cleaner pill and I put on my uniform. This time the voice asks me to run again and every day I am there for phases she tells me to do the same and everyday I

do. Soon when I run to stop thinking of the leaves and the forms and to stop seeing D blood soaked through the woods all crunched down to a crisp, I start to think instead of what the voice might sound like, what her words would whisper in the hush of the room.

I think her form would be firm and straight. A rod. She would be flat through with only a tiny bump where her breast and her back might be. Her skin, eyes, hair, clothes all a deep brown, an ochre filtering through the ashes to its final force. Her voice a powerful sound, echoing through as all the world stands before her commanding force.

She would look into my eyes and her eyes would not be dyed and her cloak would not be white but she would have that tint, that Guardian glow that only that blessed lot ever have. She would be able to look into your eyes and tell you all your secrets and all you ever hoped would be all yours and she would wake up the next morning and she would feel you close. I take a deep breath every time I think of her and hear her voice. Even though everyday she tells me only to run and only to sleep, even though I know she has a Guardian controller who might not even be a she I can feel the curl of her hand on my back, her words telling me to further on and so I listen and I keep on walking and I keep on running and I wait for P to drag me out of this.

Often when I run, I meet an Auxiliary on my way and we give each other a gaze and sometimes we even talk, but I have nothing to say.

I can always feel the Auxiliaries forming a closed group around me and I can hear their clicker and when I feel their form I turn and cross an alternate corner because I see that an Auxiliary there is not what I wanted there, not what I wanted at all.

I find myself leaning for Jerrard more than anything or anyone else. Jerrard with her laugh in the distance stumbling through. Jerrard who knows all of P.

A few phases later, P ends this constant hole of the obedience training that every Auxiliary but now I enjoy. I wonder if after a few tries it becomes harder to listen and not think and not picture and not escape and to look to a flicker of a person to understand.

P calls me back and straight to task. The job he has for me is heart-whole and I can see in it a desire for a constant watch over me to see how I mistake and how he can come in and he can call an Eliminate and how no one can contest his call because I will have failed the task. The task: P wants me to present as an Iron to new Auxiliaries who are like me but brought from other cities, Auxiliaries with feelers, Auxiliaries turning Guardians and he wants me to find the Test that would condemn us all by experimenting on these my own. A Test that would reveal me an Auxiliary not a Guardian, that would reveal us all as without feelers. An Auxiliary cannot refuse a Guardian's orders and if a mistake occurs through, I can only hope I can look through and I can see the way up above the source, that I can see a glimmer in the light of the form and if I cannot the Eliminate is ready for me and even D cannot protect me.

P starts me on my new assigning the first day. I put on an orange shirt with red stripes along its edges. And I look into P's eyes. He looks at me and nods and I go on to the white Crescent building. I walk into the halls and in one of them, I see them standing there in a row. The hall is white with curves and zig zags painting along the edges and I touch its edges and I feel the bumps under my fingers as they rise to the touch. I look at

the row of Auxiliaries before me waiting for me to deliver the verdict to determine where these few would go.

Seeing them there an anger surges in me as fulsome as the time when D had become distant and I could never figure why and so I had responded how I could with a lasting anger at all those around me. Every Iron to be condemned and every Auxiliary to be Eliminated I was there for the firm shaking, my teeth bared plain.

I breathe it in and down. The experience with D has made me better at controlling these surges of rages that rise in me like a burst.

I look at the Auxiliary list but to my eyes they all look the same. They all breathe the same colors and I look up into their eyes and I see them slipping through there. All the same. All seeming Auxiliaries of the common lot without feelers.

I look to P.

“I wish to see each individually to draw my determination,” I tell him.

P looks at me.

“As thou desire. Simply commander the Auxiliaries what to do and obey they will as is their right. With thee I will check for progress as the phases pass,” P says simply and with a flicker of his cloak turns. But before he walks out he turns towards me.

“Thou must comprehend, Adinamos, that unluckily placing another to rule is the fault for not looking to rule in thine own image,” he adds. His words stutter strange in my head as I turn away from him and I look up at the Auxiliary row. Which to pick. Which to train? Which to stutter on through? Which to hurtle on out?

One Auxiliary catches my eye after a look through and I wonder if such is because he looks so much like D. His eyes a deep shade of brown like D's were before he dyed them deep and when he looks at me with a firmer gaze, his lips curl straight, hiding, the same way D did. He stands at the end of the row, closest to the lighted Pear.

"Thou," I point to him and he starts on forward. He stops before me, his eyes looking away granting me as much as he can the respect of a Normal, what any Auxiliary would owe to an Iron curling forward. I feel a flush through my cheeks at the brief power.

"Thou, look through and up at me. Deliver thine name," I ask him.

"Frisson," he says.

I nod at him. I tuck my shoulders up and I pull my arms through and to the ready go. My eyes glance steady at the remaining few gathered.

"Thou are housed in certain rooms I gather. For the next week phase, thou should remain there and only leave to exercise once a phase. Thou can work through your forms as thou stalter. Stay within a select four score phase of thine resting location at all phases. The other Auxiliaries will lead the way to thine resting places," I tell the other Auxiliary-Guardians and wave the usual Auxiliaries forward to take their brethren to place.

Then I look to Frisson and I wave him to follow me. His eyes still so much signal like D's as he walks beside me.

I do not yet feel what to do with Frisson. As I walk out with him, I think along thoughts of what it would do to focus on the task at hand. How would showing feelers

work for an Auxiliary. Gathering such a fact is stark. The whole lot is so difficult that I crumble back and I fall through the crackers rising in the dawn's soft hues and I go where I want to take him with no more thoughts.

I walk into the Auxiliary gym and all eyes turn to me there and I forget that for the timer through I am an Iron and that Irons do not belong among the Auxiliary lot and a cruncher forms in my belly at the thought so I stuffer still and I think on the thoughts of the Auxiliary lot and I cannot move here. I take a brief glancer at Frisson.

“Build thy form, that is thy first task,” I tell him and he looks up at me and nods as is his command.

He proceeds to walk into the gym and the other Auxiliaries now fully aware of my presenting gaze on theirs make ways to let him forward and he passes on through ahead.

He goes straight for the gun shots, pulls the folds of his uniform over his hands, his choice a signal to me I sense.

His muscled fingers grips the black body of the gun bud and it fits firm in his arm. I notice the edge of his bulge under the gun's firm form. He flicks his fingers into the hooks where the gun's crooks lay and he pulls on. He pushes the hook through and the gun echoes the shot out. The room fills with the loud of his shot as it rings through and when he smiles and turns through to look at me, the faint glimmer in his eyes shows me who he is. Thou would never see it if thou weren't looking, but now that I know what I look for I can see it as apparent as small in his eyes, a flicker of emotion and a rush flushes through me.

When he looks down and loads the gun again, his eyes fall back down, back empty, the glimmer gone but I know what I saw. After Frisson takes his second shot, I wave for him to stop and he halts, putting the gunner down.

I wave him to walk beside me and take the current standard Test, the one I took that determined I was an Auxiliary once and that D found I had started to pass through. Frisson scores in a lower Normal range in the Empath indicator. His feelers are more reckless, less controlled, more Iron. He would be categorized as one of that form.

I take Frisson to the next Test and I put him through that and I take him down through all the Tests that P had determined for me to find and in each Test, I note Frisson scales different from me more along the range of an Iron, but also in each scale he is not an Auxiliary. Each Test notes he has feelers.

I let Frisson go after the Tests back to his resting place, commanding an Auxiliary to take him there. Then, I carefully walk back to P's. I remove my Iron clothes and put on my uniform and I knock on the door.

P orders me in and permits me to meet his eyes so I look up at him and I ask him all the questions that had filled my form the whole day.

“Can I have your and D's journals on me? Other information on any Auxiliary with suspected feelers you have?” I start straight off.

I can see the surprise in this face. I know he had expected me to refuse the project and to instead have to face the Eliminate soon through, but he nods and says he will collect the information for me tomorrow and I know why he does it in the crinkle of his eyes. It is because he notes something about me, because he wants a challenge, because

he knows there is no way I will discover the right Test, because he wants to stand over me as I fail and put the Eliminate. And I will have failed not because he kept me from the necessary information for the project, but because I could not find the method through. I could not stop the curser from filling me through.

“Any other quester?” he asks as I stand in silence.

“The other Auxiliaries know that I am one of their form. They have seen me as one of their lot before and now they see me dress as an Iron. Isn’t that a problem for this case?” I ask.

“The Auxiliaries in the city are used to me fluttering such requests and if they fear the Eliminate there will be no questers. Just a wish of a Guardian. Any other questers?” he asks.

I shake my head and turn to head out, but he keeps me forward. I am not yet dismissed.

“Just as thou has this new project does not mean thou can neglect thy duties as my Auxiliary. Thou needs to protect my door,” he says.

I shiver and he waves me off and I walk out with a quester of how I would do it.

I stand outside and I look down at my palms. P was making this ever impossible. I did not expect this to be the method I would go, but I guessed this would be the final form if I did not learn an escape.

After a few phases of waiting there, I watch as a shadow creepers through in the dark. I get up, all set to flicker open the door and I see Jerrard walk through. She gives me a soft smile.

I let her in and when she walks out a flimmer, I ask if she will on occasion watch P's door for me so I can run the Tests. An elder Auxiliary she has a few phases off. She smiles at me and nods and I look into her eyes, but I don't see the same flicker as Frisson. She is not Normal. She has no feelers. I wonder what she hopes to get out of this pairing, what she thinks my contributions will be. I shrugger the thought off. Her ready is enough for me.

The next day, I flicker through D's journal. Each word in his is a slicker, a call that raises a tumble in me.

Her scales fall with irenic effulgence, perfect Guardian every time. And I know. I can see the feelers plain as all day so brightly clear in her eyes. I can see her form shake, tremble, plodder on and I know that she feels the curlers of it deep in her walk. I can see in her eyes that she is yet incapable of love. I wonder if all the Auxiliaries can and do is stop, halt at this inbetween feeler phase where they pass the Tests, but little do they have feelers like us.

Next to this D's paragraph in his smooth blue script are P's green markings and additions. In the corners of the pages in small P notes,

If the halt is at an inbetween phase, then possible to create a Test that again separates Guardians from the Auxiliary lot. Auxiliaries, it follows through, are NOT and canNOT be of the Guardian lot.

I shifter my eyes up when I hear a brief flicker of a movement outside P's door but there is no one there and there is no more time to waster through like this. I pull into the Holder that P allowed me and pull out my Iron clothes and slipper them on.

When an Auxiliary walks by, a man I knew, looking at me in my Iron clothes, I wave him over. I wonder what orders P gave them. Never enough to have the full power of an Auxiliary or an Iron I bet, but enough to perhaps call the other Auxiliaries I am to Test out.

The Auxiliary comes over as commanded and although I can see the tinge of mock in his eyes, he bows his head as he would to any Iron who had called him through. I ask him to call Frisson over and he nods through.

Once he leaves, I turn back to the journal. If Auxiliaries cannot yet feeler Love and are in that inbetween phase then what could be a measure of Love to calculate from? I shake my head. I was getting too into this project, too interested in finding a Test, in finding what I was becoming, but I had lost my aim that is to leave this location and flitter on to another space to BECOME a Guardian. But the Study Wing is now an off-zone for me.

When the Auxiliary returns with Frisson, I try something. If the report falls back to P, if he watches me through, he will know what I got and he will gesser through. I decide to try first with a placebo and see how the pieces fall.

I wave Frisson to the side and tell the Auxiliary.

“For my aim, I need a load of books. Find a way to the Crescent Building to deliver me a copy of one of the Love plays,” I ask him.

The Auxiliary nods and backs. When he leaves, I look at Frisson and I can see a glimmer of a rebel hope in his eyes. I wonder what I stutter for. I ask Frisson to sit beside me. I know the Auxiliaries listen and I know the Auxiliaries watch so I hand Frisson a cruncher paper and I tell him to draw what he hears. I set a recorder to the ground and wait for Frisson to respond and to draw through on my form. I sit beside him and I write out what I must.

Frisson obeys to a line and as the music change from loud rasps to gentle hums to pleaching falls, he alters his drawing.

I am an Auxiliary like you, an Auxiliary growing feelers. A Guardian trying to Eliminate me gave me the tasker of finding a Test that would prove the Auxiliaries with Feelers were still Auxiliaries and not Guardians nor Irons. The current Test labels us Normals.

Once the sounds stop and I work to control the breath in my throat. I hand my piece to Frisson and I grasper his drawings out of his hand. As he reads, I level my breath and my heart and look to mark his work. P had created a Test for the patterns and markers from studying the works of thousands of Guardian, Auxiliaries, and Irons. Frisson’s strokes were clear Iron, not a smidge of Auxiliary in his curves.

Once I settle that, I take the paper I gave to Frisson from him. He looks at me and I look down to see he has written something on the paper below my words.

That's the defect in us. That we have feelers?

I keep my surprise from my face as well as I can. These Auxiliaries do not even know why they're here. They think they're just of the defective lot. Tested until they become useless and then Eliminated. I take a deep breath and I know they are right in thinking in a manner as such. Soon they will all be the Eliminate.

I wonder how many of us feeler Auxiliary in betweeners are there. I wonder why P revealed so much to me, why he has me in so much knowledge and in so much control.

"Time for another Test," I told Frisson. I praise how firm his mask is, how blank. I wonder how they found he had feelers.

"Do thou know a flicker about the Irons, Frisson?" I ask him. He should know what he comes as. He should know of his Iron lot. I gather that because of D, I am the few Auxiliaries in so much interest with the Irons, but that Frisson might be away and not.

"I come from the Flucker Colony on the edges. I was assigned thither since I was Tested as Auxiliary," he says and I nod my head in knowing. The all Auxiliary training colony. He was in the War then. I take a deep breath and I cannot help but think of D's death in war and his survival.

I look up and I see Jerrard walking through with a smile in her own Iron garb. She looks at me and glimmers. I wave for Frisson to stay seated as I walk over to Jerrard and I look into her white teeth then her brown eyes.

“Here for thou,” Jerrard nods, “for a few phases to spare before P calls me to task.”

Then I say something that I know Auxiliaries have never whispered to one another in our histories.

“Praise be to thine and thy lot for this aid,” I say and she moves back a flicker but then nods with a soft smile.

She walks forward with me and I wave Frisson up.

“We should to the Iron Colony,” I starter.

Jerrard takes down in my place and I walk with Frisson over the durt, over D’s grave to the train to the Iron Colony.

The train we enter is empty of Irons and Auxiliaries all already at their posts and ready to work, but it rolls on straight as always. Frisson looks around closely, eyes in a curious flicker as if taking everything around him for the first time, as if seeing everything for just a brief moment in the moment, as if soon it will be gone and he cannot believe this is where he is at, that he could be an Auxiliary with actual feelers in his form, a Normal.

He sits inside the train stall next to the window and he looks out at the faded in zooms of greens and blues and whites that clutter on together. He says nothing and I say nothing. I try to keep the expressions on my face still look like an Iron, keep from falling into the blank Auxiliary pattern that is so easy to settler into.

The train stops in a few phases before the Iron Colony and I begin to step the way out. I see him follow me on through and I look into his eyes as we step out into the Iron colony, but his eyes wide he looks around at the quarter. Most Irons are at work. The few who have later shifts are skalking about, their clothes all bright patterned, talking, laughing and I walk with Frisson through the Iron Colony.

“Describe thy feelers at this clear sight,” I order him.

He is silent for a phase. “A rush,” he whispers soft touch.

Then he looks away and I see him softly lick through his lips as he continues to take in the colors. The bricks are red, but each Iron has made the place his or her own. They have painted over. They have hung colors. Yellows and pinks and glitters sparkle and one is different from the other with no care for whether they match all in one full chaotic mess. The whole lot is a burst of senses. The smells from each building so different flicker too. The sounds shift loud and soft and full through. I look at Frisson’s glimmering amaze and I wonder if this brush is how D felt when he led me through the Iron Colony my first time through.

After a few phases, we stalter back right in time for P to enter. He delivers to me the Love plays I requested. Taking my position back, I sigh. I cannot get the Maps through command. It all goes through P. I need another method of escape.

Dut. Dut. Dut. He walkes through the room ataptapping his stick. A white blob moving against the dark and only his stick a clear black line drawes. The stick’s head stirs under his palm, a haired animal face mask in black wood and he slitherins with the

head in his palm, swishing, humming, tuck-tucking his stick around. A disgust slowly diffusers the room. The smell crouches in and covers every form even me. He turns his eyes to my form and his eyes are clear, full white, only two full stop tiny dots in them as pupil holes. My breath flutters in too loud gaspers. The man shifts towards me and with each step, he falls closer and his form grows more firm. And his arms are curled, bones jutting through, the crackle of his veins peaking stark against the pale of his skin. He likens an aged Ancient Auxiliary but he wears a Guardian white cloak. The cloak stays stiff and still, building the white blob's form, and its white is so bright it glimmers off even in the dark.

“Adinamos,” the voice sparks and its teeth yellow spread, like any Auxiliary, with some bare. Its voice is a curdling rasp and it breathes warm in my ear.

I shiver and I step back, bumping into a body. When I look to see who I crashed, out of pattern keeping my eyes down lest it be a Guardian, my breath catches when I see the ancient hands and the white stiff cloak. I look up and the thing's dot eyes flicker into mine.

It smiles with all its teeth a show.

“Thy feelers soontime had thou gained, a Guardian, one of our lot would thy be by,” it says and breathes into my face. Even as the smell who leaks from his cane is of a rotten fruit filled murdered maggot, his breath smells differing, a plain cooled fresher breeze. I touch my face and I feel it cold. My fingers close into a fist.

“What -” I try to ask it what it is but only the what comes.

“My form amiss in thyne eyes, sweet sweet Adinamos,” he says and his bony fingers come to pinch my chin through as he racks in a laughter and I shake him off my form and hiss in his face.

He looks into my eyes and his gaze is so firm, his muscles lower a bit, his pupil extends and grows larger and his deep form shakers aslight through. I look into his eyes and I can feel his breath again a cool breeze. My eyes falter down before I can hold them up.

“Knowing, known, knowtice, know, Adinamos, me, thou know. Auxiliary, Guardian, Iron all me they knows,” it says, racks another laughter.

“No know,” I say shaking for his features though in a flood of wrinkles and bunches and folds of skin were ones we all knew. I knew.

“Hmmm,” the thing says with a laugh that snartles into a cough, “Of our lot, the first Guardian.” It pauses and adds, “By thy service Adinamos the Auxiliary.” It lowers its head soft but splays its eyes on level with mine, one lowers quick fluck.

“P found thee with the Maps, the papers, the Escape,” the thing mutters.

“The Eliminate,” I answer. So it rests not in the end.

“Not Eliminate,” the thing craters.

“Life cannot for thou,” I whisper.

The thing bobs his head and says to me. “Not life. Not truth. A room this darkened. Not fall. A cloak this stiff. All in thy head, thy faltering, fluttering brain.” The thing pokes my head and I back. Its touch smacks so real on my head.

“So Adinamos, the feelers keeps thou,” it asks.

I look it closer. “P? Lying at the back? Is it his work that clutters up through?” I look around the room. Maybe this was one of P’s Tests.

It looks at me. “No, this is thou. No Test.”

I wake up all in asweat. I look around in the dark but it is gone. I touch the door behind me, P’s door, D’s wood. All still here. I was at guard.

I swallow a deep breath when I salter what had just passed. It was a thing Auxiliaries never possessed. It was what Irons celebrated, what Guardians craved. I had had a dreamer.

The pulse of my heart abeats faster and faster and I look around and I know what passes. My lips curl although I do not commander them curl and I senser a smile. We Auxiliaries not simple pass for the Guardian lot now, we are of the Guardian lot now. We are full to the tipper of feelers. We have dreamers. As the morning clutters on, I let the Auxiliaries with feelers building in my charge still one day. No Test to glimmer their real forms as Auxiliaries and soon I know they too will cross the inbetweener state to the other side and become full Guardians or Irons like me. My mind races so fastened that when Jerrard walks by to get her assigning from P, the smile on my face is so ever wide, she stops and questers on its form.

And I must tell. I pull Jerrard quick close to me and she takes a deep breath as I pull her through. I lean into her ear, my arm against her arms.

“I saw a dreamer,” I whisper into her ear, feather soft.

She pulls herself from my hold, steps back and out. Her face is a mask. A pure Auxiliary blank. She says nothing, just waves for me to pull open the door which I do. As the door's slot opens, she walks in and I glimpse P waiting for her.

I can feel a deep in the pit of my stomach, and I gasp breath. I feel a stranger. Bad. Sick. As if something deep is crawling into my form and flickering on through but I can't watch the crawling force. Only feel it.

I need to go to the Nursers.

I tapper on the door to P's and I ask to let me go. P looks at me in a slickering side-eye but waves me off and through. I feel the whole jumble mess in me and my breath filtering too hard as I rush through the white my eyes all down to the Nursers. Behind the Auxiliary line, my feet tap through and shake and I hear the flicker.

Once I reach the Nurser, I talk to the flicker in my belly form. She tests me, pokes with a needle and runs a blood scan on the Scanner, looks into my eyes, flutters my reflexer nodes. All functions perfect and healthy and proper in its places. She says I have no falter but she must report my force to P, my Guardian Keeper.

I walk back in a dazer. I know I can feel this creeper in my entire form and yet how can the Nursers found none.

P is waiting for me when I return. He looks at me as I walk in and stop my form before him. Jerrard fumbles on the side. I look to meet Jerrard's widening eyes. Her eyes have a deep black center and a full outside as they meet mine. Her expression is bitter and angry and I feel the thought creeper in my mind. What does she mean by this stutter I think and I feel the twinge get shaper and I shake, placing a finger on my stomach curve.

P watches the tilted look on my face and waits. He waves my eyes up to his and I look to meet his eye folds and his lips narrowed through.

“A dreamer? Jerrard learned me of a dreamer thou has,” P says to me.

I flicker a glimmer at Jerrard. How could she tell P? I had known she was an Auxiliary only aiding me with a point of her own but what had I done to remove the motive with such speed. What could I have pushed through by telling her about the dreamer? Did she think I was telling an untruth?

I meet P’s eyes straight up and firm.

“Jerrard spake honest,” I say.

“What filled the dreamer?” P asks, his face asmirked.

I open my mouth to tell him but then I breather and remembrances of its full form falter off me. Remembrances that lift the dreamers of my mind, remembrances too late of what D had done to keep the dreamers in his grasped. The first time D had a dreamer with me there, he pulled me through in his arms and he told me the story. The best remembrance of your dreamers is to relive them the phase after they final. His dreamer was a full of a frozen appearance. He founds hisself frozen as a statute with his tongue peaking out through his teeth and lips. His mouth is half wide open and he is tuck there fully unclothed as the Guardians move his form around in a cart and pull him through the entire compounder. He described the feeling as if trapped in a grave top with the oxygen leaving the top and him unable to break free but his breath coming in grasps as he attempts to tear through the top. He had laughed into my ear as he told me, his breath warmed when he said of course I will become the Recreate. My body shakers through

now as I think on the force but I can feel the shaker rise to my eyes and now when the water curls down my cheeks, I reach my fingers up and I touch the wet and I flicker the drops slowly off my cheek covers. The anger, the filtering red burning in my limbs to attack and to Elimiante D full is gone and now only the teared edges appear through.

P's eye centers space through at the tears in my eyes and the silence. Jerrard's hands curled into fists are shaking as she watches and she as well as P can tell the truth of the falls. I wipe the wet away quick and turn back to the few before me.

I stutter a brief flicker of what I still have remembrances, "A man. An aged Guardian. A skin cold form..." I search for the word to explain the sense, "feeler." I conclude, looking up.

Guardian P's face has dropped down and through. He believes my story. His eyes flicker in worried portions and Jerrard's eyes are wide as she looked at P. I wonder if she was working for P this whole time. I estimate that she might have followed that form.

"The Test," P says softly "The time arrives for the Test." He waves Jerrard to follow.

I step out. The other two follow me firm outside. We altogether form a file and walk out towards the Guardian white Wing. Inside the Wing, we walk straight for the Machine. I lay down and the sounds play and the brain scans my processes.

Once it's final, I tap out and look to P as he looks at my numbers. His face struggles to place on a mask to hide the way his lips and his eyes form in a sudden droop. The numbers are high. Jerrard looking over him behind, her face amasked but with the widen of her pupil through I know there is no doubt that I be a Guardian.

P snarls at me. “That lovestruck fool D taught thou to fake,” he whispers at me, his fingers clenched into bunches. I look down waiting for the hit but it does not come.

“If the Truth falters this, then, no way thou could be born an Auxiliary. No way a created Auxiliary can become a Guardian. The flicker is out on that light,” he says softer touch.

P looks at Jerrard and clickers at her with his fingers in the full shape. I narrow my eyes. What does the clicker mean? But she has a sense of the meaning and she moves towards me all in a quick flutter. She waves the other Auxiliaries and I take a deep breath. Time settles. D could not save me from the Eliminate. I could not save me from the Eliminate. And now I am trapped here.

The Auxiliaries grasper and pull me and I don’t fight. They always find you. There is no escape. They enclose me in a black room and I shut my eyes waiting for the gas to settle.

Except it does not. The door opens. I hear a flicker of a few waltzer in. Except they never Eliminate Auxiliaries together. Another Test?

“Who else is here?” I ask into the room.

“Adinamos,” I hear Frisson’s voice murmur.

All the Auxiliaries with feelers all together.

The light of a Pear shines and I look around to see the rest. Frisson’s eyes tinker a surprise when he watches my Auxiliary uniform and my lack of Iron garb.

P walks in.

“It is proper if all of thy lot stay out of the public until we figure through a purposes of thy lot. Tests occur. Alive thou stand. Light thou keep. Thyselves thou possess. Run out of these grounds and the Eliminate is thines without a quester,” P says simply, his eyes meet mine when he says the last. He turns to walk out, his cape flickering in the windings.

Before he exeunts, he looks back, “Nothing more than obedience training this works.”

Dut. Dut. Dut. The first Guardian crinkle laughs before me, his eyes small black dots, the white so full and bright. He grasps my arms and still his white cloak stays firm, a nonshifting rock as I crush my arms to plucker my form out.

“Did thou think to be free of me that simple?” it asks, voice a standard between a cough huff.

“The Geist filters in me. I cannot be that easy lost,” it adds.

I wake up with a gasper in the dark of the cell. I feel Frisson’s foot beside me. We collected together after the closure. I shut my eye covers, taking deep breaths through, waiting for the morning light and the flicker of another day in this place. The air is colder than I had thought. The cool of it cuts against my skin in sharp waves on my cheekbones’ curves. The air has a flicker of the cutting edge around its cursers. I rub the crooks of my fingers against my arm’s covers, the shivers filtering through. I feel a gaze on my form. I look up to glance at Frisson, his eyes on mine, two glittering beads that narrow and crunch.

I drop my fingers off of rubbing my arms. Frisson taps towards me. I look to the other Auxiliaries but they look away from mine eyes. I know they blame me acleared for their lot. I can see their distaste for my form in their eyes.

I look to Frisson.

“They express, thou cause our trap in this place,” Frisson says.

I meet his eyes and I say loud enough that in the small silent room I know the whole lot hears me, their ears lean towards us.

“Showing feelers is thy own error,” I say and when I do, all the Auxiliaries turn to me.

“Feelers? Jabber about feelers?” one woman whispers, her black hair cut short around her rough features as her teeth octupused wide at me in white lines. “Auxiliary form?”

“The Guardian’s interest in our forms arises as we forme feelers. Why they select us through and put us in this locator place, why their eyes flicker to us, is all acauser of our growing feelers. Our feelers the Tests present. Auxiliaries, thou are still only in the inbetweenner state, still adeveloping but I have full become and I am a Guardian and now I say the truth, that feelers fluck within you,” I say to her, holding my chest up straight.

She bursts out with a rack laugh scream.

“Perhaps the neuro lacks in your compartment? Become one of the Olympian lot,” she says, “To think thou were a Guardian. No,” she pauses and turns to the lot but does not look them straight. No Auxiliary looks for such a deeper feeler and connection.

When I look her straight in the eye, she looks away and at my forehead as she says, “I know what the truth of the matter is. I know what happened to lead us into these perilous holing homes. This Auxiliary is one of the rebelson flutter and she looked to the rebelson lot to pretend to be an Iron. But the Guardians caught her form and they know she is not an Iron, but simply an Auxiliary in the looks of an Iron and now they are checking the rest of us to make sure that we aren’t all rebelsons like her, but soon they will know.”

For a phase, I am silent, backed by her glimmer. I look at her closer, her eyes narrow firmer and she looks at me as if through a flickering lens, as if she does not see me, but there’s something a stutter with her form look.

I shake my head. Back and forth in quarrel with her has no point. These Auxiliaries can think what they want. I was surprised they knew about the rebelson flutter. I only knew of the flutter because Jerrard was their leader. I think how these Auxiliaries even did not know that the Guardians controlled the flutter and an Auxiliary in the looks of an Iron was its pure hidden leader. As thoughts of Jerrard clutter, I filter a twinger in my body.

When I stay silent, Frisson looks to me quick and away.

“Adinamos speaks the truth. We grow feelers,” Frisson says. He turns to me and his gaze is afrolickering off my form as he quickly turns back to the Auxiliary lot.

“Thou a part of the rebelson flutters aswell?” the Auxiliary accusers, looking firm into his eyes. He looks straight up at her and his gaze is stright on her as he shakes his head.

“You know well enough to not make that accusation to your Phalanx leader, Salema” Frisson hisses. His teeth curls and the top of his tooth peters out at us.

Instantly, Salema quitenes and backs, drops her head.

“So the feelers?” Frisson asks and turns to me with the same bare on his lips, “Tell us Adinamos in how depth does thy gather.”

“All I gather is what a Guardian in love with my form taught to me. All I senser is his soundings on the quest. All I speak is a dreamer I fluttered, following P to lose his form over us ful and complete,” I say to him.

Frisson’s eyes narrow but his mask shows none of the flickers leaping through his mind.

He turns away but with a narrowed look that assures me he will be back to look firm into my eyes and tell me of the form we are to take.

He stays silent and falls down, leaning his back to the wall, his face scrunched through.

A few phases pass,I lean back against the wall and again I feel my limbs cold. I rub my arms. I push my head between my arms and press together but the cold still crowds through. My fingers crunch. I get up. I look straight to the Watcher on the wall.

“P it is cold,” I tell it.

All the Auxiliaries look to me. Frisson shakes his head but before we can move or breathe another sound. There. The room starts to heater through and the warm crowds and fills the place corner to corner. The whole is warm. I sit down. Breathe. Feel the cold fade from my limbs slow.

Now when the Auxiliaries look at me their eyes are spaced. I have changed. I have gained the deck of status. I am one of the Guardian chosen.

If only I think they knew how much P hoped to kill my whole through and why I knew the only reason he did not end me where I walked was because I might be a Guardian and he could not Eliminate a Guardian. The books of Progress of Science would always hold against him. If there were more of us Auxiliaries growing feelers as I thought there were an ever-increasing amount of us he needed a collective decision. Could they Eliminate all of us? Just have no more Auxiliaries roam and remove the full process?

But they could not. Because we were the obedient silent fighters who they felt no judgement for using, who would always follow, who they created to follow their form.

P would need to create a large change. P would need to Eliminate our feelers somehow. For if we had feelers, Pro-Omnibus could stand nomore.

When the light falters through the door, I look to the side at its crusted edges. The sun shining through overlights the glimmer of the Pears shining inside. P walks in and calls Salema to the fore. She raises her head straight and follows him out the cell. The rest of our lot watch as she leaves and the light fades and only the Pears dim glows cases

our faces oncemore. I can see every face but Frisson's fall ever more against us and in belief of Salema's theorem on our imprisonment in this path. I look away from the lot as they keep their eyes on the door expecting another to be taken or Salema to return. Long eyes stuck.

Instead I look at the Pear. Its light crinkles into my eyes and tiny white drops form in zigs before my eye. I look away to let my pupil dots fit to the surrounding. As my blurred eyes stutter into a deepened focus, I hear the drum rolls in my stomach before I feel it a slight gnawing at my stomach center. I reach my hand to my pocket firm for my Feeder pill. I take a deep breath at the forgotten remembrance of my scheduled. I grasper the pill and I put it under my tongue, feeling it melt.

The crunch in my stomach does not fade in an instant as I almost look for it. I shut my eyes and wait for it to crumble. The stress rises in me at this shock. I quester myself could something be wrong, a problem flutters inside my form. I feel my breath fasten and the stress crowd deep in the center of my stomach curve. What if not feelers but a new Virus cause feeler like symptoms in Auxiliaries?

I shake my head. No form could cure you of the feelers. I had to logic.

The door stutters open and P brings a space-eyed Salema back in. She looks at the lot. P looks to me and waves me up. I feel the crunch in my stomach. Now I know it's a fear. I can feel the Fear flicking into my force. I look straight at P for a phase and do not rise through from my form where I stand. I grasper the floor in a tough hold with my fingers all acurled around. I make a quick nod to P.

I follow P out into the bright of the sun glow.

I look around at the sun and its bright light atwinkles as P leads to the creeping edge and look straight into the fornices of the forest. The edged trees and the branches curl around and their lot, full of mingled forces. P takes me straight through to the Guardian White Wing. He pulls me straight to the Test center, draws a Sitter forward before the screen. I stand waiting to see if I would go in the Tester chamber, but he waves for me to sit down on the white Sitter beside his form. I stutter down. He keeps looking through me. A smile acreepered on his lips. I don't quester. Perhaps he has failed and gone Olympian drunk.

"These are Salema's scores over time," he says and I look towards the screen. He waits as I catch a glimpser of the graphs on the screen rise and filter through their. I see the slight peak of her empath consistently rising. She is turning into a Guardian with empathy. "We did an additional brain Scanner and we found this." He twists his fingers and the screen shifters to the order.

"Do thou watch that white piece on her brain?" P asks pointing.

I nod.

"That's not neuro," P says, his fingers shivering through. "No it's a mass installed through," P continues. He shifters the image and the image is a clear grey black small square device.

"As it appears, D placed these devices into a select group of Auxiliaries after it functioned in thou. The device functions in looks to the section of neuro that delivers feelers, giving some Auxiliaries feelers. D kept this factor a loss for us all. D wanted to

keep it hidden from his Guardian forces. He knew if we knew about the feeler device we would rid you of it,” P says. I can hear the smirk in his voice at the realizations of the form that he had finally found the riddle of the Auxiliary Guardian and it was not that we had feelers or that we grow feelers but simple enough it was that our feelers were false crafted. Science had created us correct. The Guardian system would continue. The Auxiliaries still persist without their feelers commanded by their master Guardians. He had found what would be my fault, what would be the fault that would remove our lot from our positions and put us in our proper places through.

My breath comes faster and breaks in the center and every gasper I draw is cut with breathers and forces. I feel P’s arm on the crouch of my back and I look up to him but my eyes are all abblur as the wet falls through and the room switches through and the crunch in my stomach center is louder and stresses its look to the rest of the collected and I look down and I shut my eyes but the noise, the rush in my ears is too loud and every fall is a filter and it all makes sense through and D did not tell me because D would have to explain because D was making sure I would get feelers, and D had probably prepared a whole lot for us, for us even to leave and to be able to end through in another city and now P had found it all out, now P knew what would spoil our whole lot and remove our form from their stature and soon he would make it so that the feelers would leave and before I even knew or could feel their whole lot – and I take a deep breath but I can hear the keen of my throat.

“Adinamos,” P says sharp and I look at him.

“I senser these feelers are new to thou and thou have a choice. After frittering our knowledge after the Tests, we can inspect D’s creation, we will return thou to thy natural as we’ve repeated known thou to be a stable with. Thou will be an Auxiliary again alacking all feelers. But for thou, Adinamos, thou, the first and the last of the experiment. Thou can choose Eliminate instead once we are complete. A Guardian saw fit to use his neuro for you so you have this choice,” P says.

I hold my breath through. Eliminate and I would be gone but could I live the next few years without feelers, failing remembrances of this flood in my throat because even this tumbled mess that I was was better than being a Creation, a following Auxiliary all attained to the realm of obedience. I look to see P’s face and he can barely keep the slinking edges of the smile off his face. Would I give him the smile of the Eliminate?

P lets me think to wait my decisions. He leads me back to the Auxiliary filled room and I join the rest. The forest passes by in a quick blur. The other Auxiliaries curl their sad lot through. They had learned the basis from Selema, Frisson told me. They were growing feelers. A Guardian experiment they were chosen for but soon the feelers would be lost.

I sit in the corner. I look out the air. I thinker it.

Maybe the final point through would be smooth, maybe Eliminate is not the empty the disappeared, maybe I will get to see D, maybe the Irons rest through when they say our essence form cannot fade and now that I had feelers maybe I had an essence that would not fade but flow in droplets through the natural for the centuries to cruster through. Maybe there was never any choice. Every Auxiliary face through the Eliminate

but mine would not be a surprise but as thought. But what if the Eliminate was a black, what if with a breath I was through. Living without feelers was gone now that I could see the world glower through these varied forms. Now that I know I can think of the forms of others and even of the earth. Now that I can create. Now that I am a Guardian. I cannot go back to where I started through before. I could not feel the obedience of an Auxiliary and I know I would not feel so I would not miss but the thought fluckers a crinkle to me. D improved me. He created for me my full form and I could not now let go of this form. I take a deep breath. If only I had escaped before. But I had not. No sense in remembrances of what did not and cannot come to pass.

I know if I think as an Auxiliary I would process the illogic of my thoughts here and my decision and my statement. The longer one can live the better. Survival is all and obedience is only and out duty to society's forms holds through over anything and everything else.

I flutter the thought off. It is not worth. I am no Auxiliary nomore.

My option is plain. When P comes in, I tell him to Eliminate.

Appendix

The following document found by members of Pro-Omnibus was the start of the society to come:

Appeals to Recreate Society: Musings of Freeline an Aspiring Philopophe

Preamble

To the Alive,

Crusting through the wind and water of the rain in his hair, the Philosopher arrives before us. His eyes ablaze and he wipes wet dots from his head top. He informs us of our lot: "The man who finds that in the course of his life he has done a lot of wrong often wakes up at night in terror."

On the eve of 2100, I write this from a room that is no room because it lacks a roof and though it has walls, the walls are painted with coal black lines, and the scent of burning hair crowds-still in my lungs. Many of us are men waking from scream-dreams where dark yowls reside. This is to save you from our perdition. This is my gift to you. Ye Children of the Phases to come. This is the claim to Heaven I gift you.

By truth, I know I have no claim to your eyes. You, the special, the chosen, the survivors. But I have read the Great Book, the Philosophers, the Fathers, and I have seen the One tear our Land in two. I have lived through the worst of the Years of the Wall. The One has looked into the Depths of our souls and the One has shown me the way out of the Abjection and the Horror of Our people after the separation of the Continents. The One has shown me our Salvation from over the Wall.

I do not know how many phases may pass before these words come down to red warm hands, but the world has turned back the Times when I am alive. In this world, man has no end towards which he works. Laws have fallen to the Ruins. Science has sealed her Lips. There is no Virtue, but a ripped through marble, and there is no Happiness, but a mountain blitzed. There is no Sin and there is no Hell. There is only Death. Killing thy Brother has become the Order of the Day and Rape the daily

ascetic. Emotion, Empathy, Feeling are at the lowest forms ever present. Even when Science shows us that feelers at the end of every insect head are as important as the feelers on the souls in our chest, we kill and we fight without a thought for the other of our lot. And it is we that turn to ‘unreasoning animals, creatures of instinct, born only to be caught and destroyed, and like animals we too will perish.’ We started the flick of the War and We built the Wall.

On one side, we look at the world and we crumble under its weighted edges and on the other, they look down at us and see us falter, the yellow bile spewing out our throats in thick spurts of sunshiny gold.

But. We can make that rich mean rich and we can make that poor mean poor if we just go on through to the other side, if the Time will just bring the Guardians and they, these king men of white and gold fallen through, will come and they will break this Wall and they will end the War and they will Bring us the Feelers. But I get ahead of myself. If ye future children will please me, I now list the Articles the One has sent me, the Articles that thy must follow close, the Articles that will make thy the white cloaked Guardians to save our lot whole.

Article 1: whereby Justice should be our Order of the day for the part we play.

Justice, the philosophers murmur, is nothing but “right reason commanding what should be done and forbidding the opposite.” Right reason is the rules that should order our land and make us whole. Rules that put us all in place. Every man, woman, thing, and baby has a place. If they deviate from their place, the body of our world would fail for a body cannot function without its heart, its hands, its legs, its soul each

in its proper order. Sometimes, then, when man, woman, child and thing try to break order and harm the body, that rotten member must be sundered off and through. One guiled part infects the lot.

Article 2: whereby the Guardians are the soul of the body and rule us all and the Irons help its function

“‘Lord behold there are two swords,’ he replied, ‘it is enough.’” Two swords has been enough and in the blessed land, we are divided in two. And so, we will have the two Normals, the Guardians and the Irons. The Guardians will rule the Irons. They will be our soul. The Irons will run our body. They will be our heart, pumping the blood to keep us alive.

To determine the Guardians from the Irons, we must determine the purities of each man, woman and thing’s inner thoughts and emotions when they are a children. To do this, we must use a Test. The Test will tell us if their hearts are gold for Guardian or silver for Iron. The Test will never deceive. The children will be distant from their reproducers so that they may not be corrupted under their influence. After the Test, one’s clothing will determine who is a Guardian and who an Iron. The Guardian will never wear gold of no use value and will dress in pure and plain white. The Iron will wear gold and may dress in any shade but the white of the Guardians. One must remember “that the State will be ruined when it has Guardians of silver or bronze.” Guardians will create and they will build our society. Irons will clean and they will cook and they will grow and in turn, Guardians will provide them with the fruits of their Progress.

Each city will have Guardians placed by letter. To maintain the purity and ensure the separateness of each force. Only twenty four Guardians need stay stationed at one locale. The numbers of this lot will be few but enough.

Article 3: whereby the Auxiliaries are created and separated to protect us all

Science, the mix of metal and gray, the glasses under the eyes, the move to rise, has progressed to a new stage. Today, we can create men for our purposes, men without souls and without emotions. The not-Normals. The inhumans. These men have always existed in small numbers throughout the centuries, but not until now have we really understood the functioning of their minds and not until now has Science created so many of one unfeeling mind. These inhumans live with us, a barbarous lot. Seeing the soul drain out of their brothers, all they feel is the sharpest bliss. Not until now have we come to realize that we must spit on their lack of emotional feels and we must recreate and realize the importance of emotional and feelers. Whereas we have made ourselves brutal and cruel, these men were born naturally so or created by us artificially but live naturally so. These things are little worthy of the appellation human and these are the things the War, Wall built and Science allowed. I know the first inclination, oh blessed survivors, would be to destroy this lot of things, to swipe them out with brimstone and fire and turn them to salt as would be to abolish Science for creating their form. But, Science always follows a purpose, an aim. So hear this plea humble Freeline delivers, these men, like Science, have a use value that is worth an effort at preservation. In the society that will save us all from this post-Wall state, these unfeeling men, the Auxiliaries, if we can control them tight and keep our creations firm within our grasp, we can end the War.

These Auxiliaries will be our fighters, our police, our warriors. The brunt and the cruelty of War will not affect these men for they are created for its pain and brutality of war and it pleases these things. The Philosopher tells us in clear voice what must fall here. He tells us that we ask our people for champions to protect our lot. He tells us that this lot, these Auxiliaries, will be missing a sniffer but be full whole in all else measures but this sniffer is essential to human. This lot will “see a plurality of beautiful things, but not beauty itself,” will “see many moral actions, but not morality itself,” will “only ever entertain beliefs, and do not know any of the things they believe” and this lot, the Auxiliaries, will only ever serve the Guardian troop.

Our Guardians will ensure the separation and the maintenance of the Auxiliaries, maintain their status and determine when to create more. They will determine what these Auxiliaries do and tell them how to Win so that the Wall may once and for all be torn down and our worlds freed and the War over.

Article 4: whereby Science is free.

Science is set to be Free. Science produces the good. Science saves us. Science builds us weapons that are unseen. Science solves us of all the problems we find in this society. The Guardians will invent and create and lead us into Prosperity and breathe into us Victory. They will use the rules and the means and the ways of Science to bring us out of our past and present.

Article 5: whereby language is remade to its grandeur

Our language illustrates more than anything that we have dropped to a position even below the worst brutes in history. Today, language is a nod or a shake or one word.

But the language of the Guardians, our Saviors, the language that I saw in our future when we were free of the Wall, that language is a beautiful flake of simple sounds and long curls of words and phrases that fade into the night. Excuse the poetics. I feel I must explain its beauty so that you might understand. This language brings us back to our history and to the works of the likes of Shakespeare. It touches our souls and props our feelers into a position of smooth content. It allows our Emotions, our Empathy, our Creativity to breath into our Reason, our Science.

The Final Word

I have delivered to you an honest account as I have it of our way out of the Wall and back into the World and now I can rejoice and be glad for great is my reward. In these five articles, I have shown you how we can create a society that functions, how we can end the War and let Peace reign again. Thy blessed survivors, now it is up to thy to protect us all. I thank you, ye Survivors, for I know my vision will soon be real. I know that you will makeit so and now I can close my eyes and I can die in Peace.