

# THE PROMISE

“Willie died. Maybe if I use more water, I’ll revive him? What If I give him more sunlight?”

“I don’t think he can be revived with water.”

When I was half my father’s height, I witnessed Willie shrivel up on my windowsill, the blazing sunbeams sucking the life out of the plant corps. I realized that my hands are capable of creation as well as destruction. I never wanted to accept this demon again, I wanted it to disappear, leaving me with the purity. “How about we get a new one this afternoon?” I remember his smile always true to his eyes spilling happiness into the dark world.

“There is a fine yet blurred line of being right and wrong because our society has created legal rights and wrongs. It is not black and white. So there's being wrong as a human and as part of a society or religion. That is why we have ethical wrongs and rights. Breaking a promise might be morally wrong, but maybe ethically right.” I

stand tall, planting my feet in the ground to stop my pacing. My classmates are staring at me blankly. My teacher is scribbling viciously in a binder. The timing of the project couldn't be worse: a new law telling everyone that Supernaturals exist and must be imprisoned has been announced. A hand reached toward the sky. "Yes?" The boy replies, "My dad is a police officer and he says that everyone should follow the law and everyone should do the right thing. The law determines if you go to jail or not." he leans back, proud of the giggles circling around the room. The students know that the boy is wrong and just wants attention, they know exactly what I'm talking about, but they're too scared to ask something wrong. Wrong, meaning ethically wrong and offensive to me. The room is quiet, I watch their thoughts ponder my statement briefly before going somewhere else. I frown underneath my skin, these children are the same age as me and they only have a fraction of the thoughts I have.

“Hey, Eden. How was school?” Dad’s voice drops. “Good.” I spring into the backseat. Inside the car, the air is thick from soaking in the sun.

“Hey Dad...”

“Yes?”

“Is doing something not wrong, right?”

“It depends.”

“If I keep a promise, is that right?”

“It depends on what you think.”

I gaze into the rear view mirror. It always irritates me that I have to make decisions.

Knowing the population of the world, it doesn't matter what you decide if it does nothing for others, so when it's for yourself, it's like leaving a light on for nobody. Does that mean I'm wasting energy to be kind for no one?

My life leading up to here, I've made a million mistakes, yet I'm willing to make infinite more just for Simone to be in my arms. Sunday morning, the young officer number forty-four in training, knocked on the red door a year, 7 months and 2 days ago without a hint of

emotion. Simone's face morphed into terror, her eyes were wide behind the pile of tears, her breath came in short, loud puffs. Time suddenly had no shape, it was zigzagging into chaos. Her voice cracked as her shoes dragged along the rough pavement. I made a morally nor right not wrong choice: lingering behind the safety of the door frame shadows, not daring to cross.

“Promise I'll see you again! Promise me!”

Simone wailed in between the blood of her knees anchoring to the ground. Underneath my breath, I whispered to her, “I promise.”

*Dear Eden,*

*Write to me! I've been miserable! All day is a cycle of eat, get poked and zapped at, sleep, repeat. I miss walking to school, I miss the silly jokes they tell, I miss the grass, the sun and the sky. I haven't seen the sun itself in about 5 days. As soon as I get out of here, I'm going to just lay in a field, in the sun. It's not fair. If I have powers, then why am I the one trapped? I guess they're just scared of someone being in a position of power, as Ms. Bird would say. Do*

*they think I'm a witch? Again, it's not fair.  
Eden, you know how when you wake up from a  
nightmare you look around before remembering  
where you are? Every night, I try to wake up out  
of this lab, but instead I wake up to a nightmare.  
The skin on my arms has so many scratch  
marks, I look like a tiger. Please write back.  
I can't wait for the time I get to see you again.  
I'm losing my mind  
-Simone.*

I scan the letter over and over as if I was missing something. Only few in this society know about these people being torn away from their families. The rest cluelessly think that these citizens are as dangerous as the government informs them.

The clock is stubbornly at 8:58 pm. I gaze around my room drained of life. The rays of dusk meander into the restless night. I have a heart and it is important that everyone knows that. I breathe just like everyone else. It's all in my head, it's just my thoughts, I'm not a monster - it's the exact opposite actually. I don't

want to be responsible for all the plants I've slaughtered. The pain demands to be felt. It can't be my fault I'm like this. *Beep beep*. My watch vibrates. There's no turning back. After today, the world will know me as a criminal. Wrong. There are so many definitions, which one do I follow? I'm following the one that leads me down the dark forest trail. The sun filters through the thick bark. Lying is wrong, morally, because it's misleading. What if lying to others or yourself was for a good cause? Only a few hours ago I marched out the door calling, "I'll see you later" to Dad in the doorway. My converse sneakers take the impact of the fall, but not the mental damage breaking down. Shards of glass are thrashed into the rich dirt by gravity. The flashing red lights mirror off the tears relentlessly plunging only Simone's frail skin. She lays limp in my arms as I outrun the aches of my muscles. Even through the strife around me, her heart beating is the only noise in my brain. Just as expected, hollers come racing after me. They're aiming for my mercy, but they

already took away the human part of me.

Breaking into a lab is legally wrong, but can it be justified? What if the government was committing a moral wrong by adding legal rights? What if I miss my best friend?

Breaking a promise is morally wrong, so I guess keeping a promise is morally right. But was it too late?