

Daughter

I woke up to find my window parted open, making the white satin curtains go wild. I was in the Republic, which was rebuilt after the Colonies attacked years ago. The Republic decided to build a private suite for my family just outside the Capitol.

I sat up and looked in the mirror across from my bed. My long brown hair was frizzy and tangled after another night with no sleep. My blue eyes were just like my father's. Everyone told me they were beautiful, but I thought they looked like the sea after a storm hits.

I've only been to California once or twice to see the ocean, but I've seen enough pictures to know what an ocean looks like.

The capitol to the Republic is in Denver, Colorado, so I don't see the ocean view from my window. With the capitol of the Republic being in Denver, when my window is open, it's freezing inside my room.

I swing my legs over the side of my blue fluffy sheets and onto the white carpeted floor of my bedroom.

I stood up, and looked at myself in the full length mirror. My hair was still a mess, eyes still piercing blue, but there were other reasons I didn't like my appearance. My legs were too long and thin, which my parents said was ok, but that didn't help because they used to scale buildings as tall as 14 stories with their legs.

All of the sudden, a voice broke into my head. It was yelling my name. "May," my mother called, "Come downstairs, we have a visitor!"

I quickly ran a brush through my unruly hair, and threw on a fuzzy sweater and black leggings. When I got down the stairs, standing in the doorway was the Elector.

The Elector is the ruler of the Republic. He was very handsome, with bright green eyes and dark curly hair. What I noticed next shocked me. He had a boy standing by his side.

The boy looked about my age, 15, with blonde curly hair. He was taller than me, and was wearing a green striped shirt that brought out his eyes. His eyes were a vibrant green, even brighter than his father's.

I realized I was staring, and my mother quickly said, "Elector, this is my daughter May. May, this is the Elector and his son, Aiden."

I introduced myself. "Hi. I'm 15. How old are you?"

"I'm 15 too." Aiden replied. My mother sat down on the couch.

Today, my mother was wearing a tan shirt with gray jeans. Her brown, straight hair was in a high ponytail, and her eyes looked alive. Her eyes are brown, with flecks of gold to separate the brown. You couldn't tell she and my dad were 30. They always looked energetic.

My mother sighed, "Why don't the Elector and I go out back for now, and you two can get to know each other!"

I sighed back, "Ok."

As my mother rose to go outside, I quickly whispered to her, "Why is the Elector in our house?"

She replied with a simple, "I'll tell you later." She then winked at me, and stepped out the door.

I swiftly took my mother's spot on the couch, and patted the spot next to me, inviting the boy to sit down. He moved from the doorway, and sat down next to me. We sat in an awkward silence for a while. I stared at the carpet, until the boy finally asked, "Do you know why we're here?"

I giggled, since I had asked my mother the same thing. "I think they are outside right now, laughing at us," I replied with a laugh.

Sure enough, when I looked out the window, my own mother was stifling a laugh. I stuck my tongue out at her, not caring if I looked mature or not. The boy laughed. "You really aren't royalty, are you," he said in a teasing tone, but that statement made my back stiffen.

“What do you mean?” I asked cautiously.

“Nothing,” he replied nervously. Another awkward silence swept through the room.

“How do we our parents know each other?” I asked, desperate to change the topic.

“My dad hasn't told me much,” Aiden replied. “However, I think my dad used to be in love with your mom. When the Republic was almost destroyed by the Colonies, your mom was running for the Princeps Elect. However, when the colonies struck, she dropped out to fight for the Republic as a soldier. Once the war was over, your dad was in Antarctica, and my dad dated your mom. Pretty confusing, but then your dad came back to town and your mom broke up with my dad. Then, your mom and dad met once again. That's all I know.”

I sat back on the couch. My mom had never told me she had dated the Elector! “My mom has never told me much of her past, or her relationships with people,” I replied nervously.

“Well then,” Aiden said. “When I leave, why don't you ask her? Then, when I come back, you can tell me what you know.”

My mind went berserk. This guy my age was going to come back to my house? “Sure,” I replied nervously.

He grinned at me. I squirmed on the couch. Aiden then proceeded to get up from the couch, and walk out my front door. I sat, frozen on the couch, as Aiden walked around the back of our house to get his dad.

I waited until Aiden and the Elector got in their car to breathe a sigh of relief. My mom walked in. I was going to ask her about her past. I let out a breath of air and started. “Mom, I want to know about your past.” I kind of blurted it out without thinking.

My mom turned around, startled. “Why, May?” she asked.

“I feel like I know nothing about your or dad's past.” I stated clearly.

She sighed, and sat down on the couch. “May, my past is very complicated. Are you sure you want to hear about it?” I nodded. My mom began to tell her story. “When I was a little older than you, my older brother was a Republic soldier. He soared through the ranks, until he

commanded a whole army. I always looked up to my older brother. However, one day, there was an attack at a hospital. Your father was in the hospital, stealing medicine for his younger brother, Eden. There was also a killer in there. When my older brother, Midas, went in to stop the killer, he was stabbed in the shoulder. In the meantime, your father was stuck in a hole. Midas tried to pull him up so he could be arrested. But your father didn't want to be arrested. He jumped out of the hole and knocked Midas to the ground. Then, Midas's best friend had been ordered to kill him. So his best friend, Thomas, took the chance to kill Midas, while he lay panting and injured in the middle of the street. Thomas pinned the blame on your father, whom I immediately hated for killing my brother. I was sent on a mission to find your father, Day. I found him in an alley, but I was I undercover so he didn't know the I was with the Republic. I got to know him, and I couldn't bring myself to kill him or arrest him because I fell in love with him. I hid him from the Republic until he got sick. He was so sick he would get awful headaches that would knock him unconscious. When the Colonies were attacking the Republic, Day tried to carry his brother to safety. However, a bomb detonated behind him, and Day was knocked unconscious and not expected to live. He did live, but he didn't remember anything from the past year. So he didn't remember me. He was sent off to Antarctica for treatment plans. I dated the Elector, because Day didn't know I existed. One day, Day came back from Antarctica and found me. Apparently, he remembered me and that's how this family came to be." My mother got up from the couch and walked to the kitchen.

I sat on the couch trying to process this new information. I wasn't sure what to do with this story. However, I knew, when Aiden came back, I'd have a story to tell.