

My Life

By Leatha Faon MaqiOmani

Greetings to you all. I bring you all greetings from Welauneqi, by whom I've settled when you read this. My name was Leatha Faon, and I was a collector.

I used to travel through Illte collecting social currencies from stores all over the kingdom. My oldest, the treasure, was a Llunduz signed by Olyanu MaqiWabe. It was almost 200 years old. It cost me an arm and a leg, but it was worth it. It was created in 925 a.Q, when Olyanu was 12 years old, when paper currency still was in use. She didn't even have a Ziron yet. Most of the early history of the note is lost, but when it was picked up by a collector in 947, a pedigree was finally collected together. It was one of 30 issued by her, and was initially used to pay for some help with her schoolwork. According to the collector, Sunomi MaqiBii, it was part of a set consisting of, in addition to the Llunduz, 15 Fumi, 10 Qeull, and 5 Qibri. Olyanu told Sunomi that she had cancelled the Qibri when the intended boy had collected all five and asked her for the kisses she had offered up. The pedigree tells that she had gone steady with the boy for almost 3 years afterwards. When asked about the end of their relation, Olyanu refused to be interviewed further. Sunomi notes that the woman teared up over the boy, even though it was almost 20 years later. It was obvious that something had happened that broke Olyanu's heart.

But this story isn't about my collection, but about how I ended up being collected by Welauneqi before my time. It's 1108 a.Q. now, and in three days it's the 1109th Day of Qaromatze. But I will never be able to celebrate the new year. The healers are going to inject me with the poison today. They tell me it will be like having a surgery, just that I will never wake up again. My body will be destroyed, burned, and the ashes dumped in Tejmor. This is the story of how I was sentenced to death for violating King Zara's Law of Unlawful Suffering, the only law people are still sentenced to death by, 700 years after it was written and passed by the Sowiet.

I was stupid! It's that simple. One act of a dried-up head, and my life has come to an end. I was stupid!

It happened in Tellmarsh, a few months ago. I was up northwest, in the Tripoola lagoon, collecting social currencies, when I saw this beauty, an inclusion girl. You know, one of those with extra genetic material. If she was a normal child, she might have been Included. She was of the Age of Inclusion, though being an inclusion girl, she hadn't taken the test yet. Her two middle front teeth were of full size, but the side ones were only half sized. I guessed she was 7 or 8 years of age, pretty, and she was walking alone. Incredibly enough, the girl was alone, standing a few Walls away from the crowd I'd gathered around me.

Stupidly I asked about her. My first act of a dried-up head that day. My first of several. The crowd told me she was a Follower of Leisha, and that her parents forbade her contact with the rest of the local community. I was told she lived near the farm, in the outskirts of the local community. She often came to watch the other children play in the square by the school, they told me, and she had to pass through the farm's orchard on her way home.

It was perfect, my predatorial instinct told me. She could easily be cornered in the orchard, bought, and silenced. As an inclusion child, she wouldn't be able to tell the lawmen about me too easily, and if I left my Ziron away from the farm, and cleaned up after me, she would be mine for a while.

As I said, I was stupid! Genetical material cannot be cleaned up so easily after all. I left enough anyway.

So, following the plan of my dried-up head, I went from being a peaceful and respected collector to becoming a predator. I hid my Ziron, and went to the orchard, waiting for her.

As she came near me I offered her most of what I had collected in the Lagoon over the past days, if she only granted me some of her time, her hugs, and her kisses.

Seeing the riches, she was offered, she granted my request immediately, and accompanied me to the small forest beside the orchard. It was easy, and my dried-up head told me I was a genius.

Entering the forest, I picked up a stone, and hit her right upper cheek with it. She never knew what hit her. She went down like a log felled in the forest. Nothing could stop me now. She was mine.

I removed her dress and her loincloth, finding her hair mound clean and soft, and her protection mounds equally. The road to her Enjoyment between the long mounds was the road to my enjoyment when my Blessing was to enter her Slide.

And what an enjoyment it was! I had slid through the Slide of a 12-year-old girl once before. And even though we had been disturbed by her younger brother, it was the most enjoyment I had ever had, until now. Sliding through that girl had almost turned my soul, but this little beauty almost put my soul to sleep, just as if she had hit my upper cheek with a rock too.

In my dried-up head I thought I was a genius. Yet, I was so stupid. I thought I had left no genetical material, but I was wrong. Dried-up head wrong. The kind of wrong that you wish you were an inclusion child yourself, or even a pet. Just a pet. One of those bodies mentally sick parents keep because euthanizing the soulless body they've created is too painful. I was just as stupid as a pet.

But I had a soul...

I've heard about predators before. These people who appear in the news no more than once a year, or so. One predator, one man, one out of almost 300 million people, less than one time each year. Since Olyanu signed her Lluduz, 183 years ago, 147 men has been sentenced to death for violating the Law of Unlawful Suffering, because they've become a predator. I am, I was, 148. 148! 148 souls collected by Welauneqi, euthanized by a Court of Law for violating not only the Law of Unlawful Suffering, but also for violating a child's right to have sex with whomever they like.

While no Court of Law would've ever sentenced me to anything for having had sex with the 12-year-old, no Court of Law would've ever sentenced me to anything but death for having had sex with that inclusion girl. She wasn't Included. She was off-limit. She was Protected. The 12-year-old, was of the Age of Knowledge. She was willing. She enjoyed her experience. It just wasn't supposed to happen. She didn't have the right to vote yet. But still no law was broken, and her brother silently left us alone when he disturbed us, not wanting to violate our right to have sex with whomever we liked to, not wanting to end up being prosecuted for rape, being Included as he was.

So, I went home. Having had my enjoyment, and cleaned up after me, I went home, reading about what I had done on the news. "A predator in Tellmarsh", "An inclusion girl raped", and so on. The

children in the local community was interviewed, telling she was a Follower of Leisha, that a lawman had interviewed them, that they had never seen a lawman before, that even some of the parents hadn't seen a lawman before either. The lawman was interviewed too, not that he told much of importance. "No clue of the predator" seem to be the more common story. I had made no error, my dried-up head told me.

A week ago, it all changed. A lawman picked me up, the first one I'd ever met. I was to be brought before a Court of Knowledge, accused of having been in Tellmarsh that day, and having raped that girl, causing her Unlawful Suffering.

The evidence presented for debate in front of the Court showed that my Ziron had been in Tellmarsh on the day, that I had personally used it at the store in the local community, that I had personally bought the boat tickets into and out of the Tripoola Lagoon, that I had most likely talked to kids from two different bunches that had crowded together while that girl had been watching, and most likely had asked about her, finding her road home, hid my Ziron, waited for her, attacked her, raped her, left her, and cleaned up most of the genetic material.

There wasn't much debate. The Ziron doesn't lie, neither does the genetic material presented to the Court. The Court of Knowledge ruled that there were virtually no chance that I wasn't the predator.

I was stupid!

The day before yesterday, the Court of Law heard my case. It was simple. It ruled me guilty on all charges, with no evidence in my favor. I was to be executed today. The lawman and the judge were brought before the Court of Law yesterday, accused of causing me Unlawful Suffering. No evidence of the crime was found.

I'm dead.

"The first component of the lethal injection was administered at the local Lahaina Noon. The second a quarter of an hour later. Leatha Faon MaqiOmani's heart stopped half an hour after local Lahaina Noon, three days before the 1109th Day of Qaromatze. He was 38 years old."