

I awoke in the Chamber, that's what we call our healing tent even though it's more like a manor, and everything was pitch black. I figured out where I was and realized I was alone. I cried out in surprise. In the few times I've been to the Chamber they never left my side, they always took shifts, one here and the other at Cirrus. Cirrus is my home, a manor built for three coeleste, Father, Mother, and I. I can remember what they both looked like. My father, Zephyr, had a smooth, dark complexion with dashing, bright eyes. Like all coelesti his eyes were different colors, his left eye was a warm chestnut brown and his right eye was a soft forest green. His short, curly hair was white like all the other male coelesti. The best part though was the smile that almost never left his sharp features. My mother, Chlor, was the one of the most beautiful coelesti I have ever seen. She had a warm, pale complexion and her eyes always were shining with excitement and joy. Her left eye was a bright amethyst purple, and her right eye a deep amber. Her hair was a dark but vibrant auburn. Someone came in and I calculated the distance. Once the person was at arms length I lashed out. The back of my hand connected with somebody's cheek. The person grunted and then chuckled. "Favon," I breathed. Favon Aquí was my father's brother. After his joining ceremony he took his wife's last name as was tradition. "Hey kid, you doing alright?" I nodded. "Can you turn the lights on, or at least open the curtains?" "They are on," he said worriedly, "Can you look at me?" I turned my head toward his voice. He sucked in a breath, "Bora!" he yelled. Bora was my assigned healer. She had helped my mom through labor, and when I had an accident when I was on my first flight trying to harness the winds. As well as the times when I push myself too hard trying to make a storm and many times after that. I heard Bora run in. "Look, check his eyes," I felt soft hands pry my eyes wide. "What?," I asked nervously. "It's just... your eyes... they're completely...black." I didn't know what to think. "What do you mean 'completely black'?" I say. "How can they be black?" Favon asks. "I don't know," Bora said, "I've never seen anything like this before. He's checked out and stable and I'm sure you've been to the council and filled out the papers." It was quiet, so I used the trick I'd invented once I mastered the winds. I used to use it to spy on my parents when they were talking to my tutors at the learning center. I call it wind whispering and only my family knows about it even though I haven't told them how to pull it off. I swirled the winds carefully around Bora and Favon. The winds returned and told me what was happening around me by sending images into my head. I closed my eyes and concentrated.

The pieces of images pieced together in my head and formed Favon and Bora. Bora with her short raven black hair and beautiful olive toned skin, her cherry pink lips and soft eyes. Her left is a light pink and her right a soft green. She had a look of sympathy and Favon winced and his eyes were filled with tears. "What?" I asked, my eyes still closed as I had the winds feed me more images. They rose in strength as my temper rose. "What is it you're not telling me?" "Chase," Bora said, "it's your parents, they were attacked when you were. Except the effects were more severe than yours." The images shattered and I tilted sideways.