

FREEDOM FROM TURRIM

M. McNeilly-Edgar

Dear Tifaine,

I hope this transmission finds you well,
I survived, I escaped from the aerial city Turrim alive. And you need to escape as well, as soon as possible. The city will fall into havoc soon.

A lot has happened since I last saw you. I'm sorry about my abrupt departure. I know we planned to leave together... but those people started chasing me again, I had nothing left to do so I threw myself down the trash disposal. They actually wanted to kill me this time. I still hear their voices screaming atrocities at me, feel the bruises on my body as though they were fresh, and taste the metallic blood in my mouth. All because I'm not the "woman" they want me to be.

Enough about that, I don't want to think about it. It's more important I tell you about what life is like below. It's not like what they told us. When I landed at the bottom of the trash disposal I was knocked unconscious. When I regained consciousness I was not at the bottom of the dump though, I was lying down on a mat in an old, breezy, wooden shack. The first thing I noticed was how the air was different, it felt like it was tugging at my throat. Harder to breathe, probably as a result of what happened in the past. Having an excruciatingly painful head wasn't helping the breathing either. When I tried turning my head, I saw a boy on a chair staring at me intensely. He was about our age, with these purplish-blue eyes, and messy long hair. Even though his gaze was intimidating, something inside of me said I could trust him, and that he was like me. His name is Abaddon.



Abaddon lived alone before I turned up. I don't know why, but he seems to get a bit standoffish when I mention it so I'll respect his privacy. He spends his days rummaging through whatever trash we throw down. He's like a racoon, that furry little creature from the picture books... but I don't think he eats trash. I mean I hope he doesn't. He collects tech pieces from the garbage and makes things from them. It's cute to watch, he's really cute... not that I like him or anything. He just looks so focused and passionate, his heart is burning strongly, even if he acts coldly from the outside. I think he was scared of me when we first met, he knew I was from Turrim, but he still chose to save me. I think that he's kind, even if he tries not to show it. People down here have a very different perception of Turrim than we do. That gets me back to what I told you earlier. You need to escape Turrim because we are going to overthrow the city.

You see, the council has lied to us for a long time. Turrim is not self-sufficient with just the efforts of those who live there (like us). It relies on slavery. Below Turrim there are labor facilities where people who live on the ground are forced to work in. This provides our city with power. I didn't believe it was true until Abaddon showed me himself. So many people, some younger than us and others older than the leaders of Turrim working day and night, working harder than either of us have in our lives, all for nothing. No food, no water, no rest. We need to free them. Everyone deserves freedom to live, to be who they want to be. I think you and I know that pretty well.

In a few days time, me and Abaddon are going to use his gadgets to break in and help everyone escape. But when that happens, the city will no longer function. Turrim was not designed for the masses to flee all at once, so you need to leave quickly before there is nothing left to sustain life there. Escape using the trash disposal... and wear a helmet please (concussions are not fun). Me and Abaddon will find you there.

Until then stay safe.
From your closest friend,
Liridon.

