

Out of here

Atemar and Daipor float out of their assigned living quarters. The dome barrier that doubles as a hologram lights up.

"Welcome Gidallians, to the headquarters for the Meet Mother holiday," Sena, the race spokesperson cheers.

"This is a big day, we get to see Mother," Atemar shrieks.

"Don't be so happy. She keeps us in this cage. Ready?" Daipor changes the subject.

They take out their Transpogoggles and put them on. Setting the location for Mother's building, they glitch and appear there.

Daipor reminds Atemar of his wonders of what lies outside their planet.

"Shush!" He grabs his arm to pull him closer, "We could be arrested just for thinking about it. Plus, everyone can see your antenna, genius."

They hover past a large scanner that checks for weapons. Atemar's yellow skin tingles as he passes through the electromagnetic field moving Mother's eggs, causing him to giggle. His attention is fixed on the tubes leading to her room. Daipor hits him.

"Ow! What gives?"

"I figured a way to get out of here."

Atemar tilts his head in confusion.

"There's a rumor in the architecture wing that a door in Mother's room leads right to the passage through the dome."

"Daipor, don't."

"You can stay, but I'm not settling without knowing the bigger picture."

Daipor pushes his way to the front and creates a shockwave, rising to the room without the tube. The guards scan his light at the entrance, and he is cleared to pass.

"Thank you children for being here. You know that you have a purpose. Every Gidallian has a duty to their land," Mother telepathically states.

Daipor drowns her words out as he scans the room for a way. He delights when he spots it behind her. Activating his cloaking device, he approaches his target. Daipor's hands are on the fingerprint lock when a voice sounds in his head.

"Stop now while you still have the chance," Mother warns.

Daipor struggles to get through. With the guidance of Mother, guards zero in on him, entrapping him in a net. It pins him to the ground and reveals his body.

"This is your third strike, Daipor. You know what's next," the head guard states, taking out his wand to zap him out of existence.

"Wait," Mother stops him, "Surely his offense is minor, and he should be presented before the court, so the citizens can decide. Thank you, Atemar, for the heads-up," she nods appreciatively.

Daipor's eyes fill with tears of betrayal.

"Sorry. Rules are rules." Atemar mouths.

"Everyone deserves a free trial. If not, we are no better than the monsters outside that I protect you from. Take him away."