

Life finds a way

The color of freedom

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The black fly, that had been circling Tom's head long enough to become a nuisance, finally decided to land on the stainless-steel table. Immediately after touch down, it began to run across the surface as if this was covered with a thin sugar coating. Tom could hardly follow its frantic movements but he did notice the completely white compound eyes of the little bugger. Mister Snoweye, Tom thought, you are one lucky bastard. Black skin, white eyes, free to go wherever you want and last but not least, the prospect of a long and disease-free life. At least, as long as you stay out of my reach. Apparently, the fly read Tom's thoughts, because it suddenly stopped its futile sugar quest, briefly gazed at Tom and took off to continue its annoying moon-like orbit around his head. Tom grinned as he considered the irony of the situation; in the left corner we have Tom, the dark-eyed white guy who is awkwardly aware of his misfortune. In the right corner we have Snoweye, the white-eyed black fly who is as fortunate as it is ignorant. The first round was clearly for the ignorant ones, Tom thought. It was amazing how fast the artificial trickled through into the natural. Exactly as the cynical guy in that classic dinosaur movie predicted, 'life finds a way'.

"Well Snoweye," Tom said out loud, "you are definitely living proof that life indeed finds a way. Unfortunately, I am not sure if it is the way we wanted to find. Just look at where it got us." Somewhat embarrassed for having a conversation with a bug he quickly looked at the one-way mirror in the opposing wall. With some luck, nobody was watching from the other side. But then again, it was unlikely that he was being observed. It was not like he was arrested for murder or something equally bad. They were probably checking his credentials in the CriCa-database right now. On the

other hand, it was already an hour ago since they locked him up in this interrogation room. Usually, it took them only 15 minutes to upgrade him from white trash criminal to upstanding citizen. Apparently, there were more urgent matters at hand today and Tom could only hope that they had not forgotten about him.

After ten more minutes of utter boredom, Tom heard footsteps in the corridor and a few seconds later, the two officers who arrested him stepped into the room. Tom didn't recall their names, but the young male officer stayed at the door while his middle-aged female colleague, who appeared to be highest in rank, sat down



in front of him. He couldn't tell if she was born black because of her sunglasses but her younger colleague was definitely in transition. His skin color was patchy and his irises still showed some rudimentary spots of what once must have been blue eyes. "Well dr. Van Rign, we checked and you are indeed listed in the resistant-database, so I am happy to say that no further action will be taken and that you are free to go."

As if these last words were a kind of magic activation code, her younger colleague stepped forward and nervously unlocked Tom's hands. He was definitely embarrassed about the whole situation.

"We apologize for the delay but we had some trouble accessing the CriCa mainframe."

Tom rubbed his wrists and groaned while he straightened his back. "That's okay, I had time to make a new friend," he said.

The female officer took off her glasses and briefly looked him straight in the eyes as if he were a rare species that needed further investigation. Green eyes, Tom noticed, so unlike her colleague she was definitely lucky to be black by birth.

"We also noticed that this was already the third time this year that you were pulled over, so we strongly advise you to always take along your genocard."

"I was just reaching for it when your colleague decided to taser me". They were not going to blame him for their mistake.

"Well dr. Van Rign, given the increased crime rate in your neighborhood you can imagine that my colleague got somewhat agitated when he observed a white individual driving around in a iTesla Z3. Nevertheless, I agree that he reacted somewhat overzealous, our apologies again."

Tom looked at officer Overzealous. Based on his transition state he couldn't be much older than twenty-five. Poor guy, twenty-five, in the middle of his transition and then, during what was probably his first day at the job, tasing an innocent citizen because he was white.

In the worst-case, Tom would file a complaint against him. No wonder he was nervous.

"I completely understand," Tom replied, "I was probably the wrong man in the wrong place at the wrong time. Fortunately, no real harm was done so let's pretend this never happened. I would just like to go home now if that's okay?"

"Of course, as I already said, there is no reason for us to keep you here."

Ten minutes later, Tom stepped into the blazing sunlight and headed for the parking lot to retrieve his impounded car. He didn't notice Snoweye, that skyrocketed over his head into the great white open, only to get caught by a white-eyed raven. Life does not find a way for everyone...