

*Asan had already set,
and Kent was in eclipse.
It was pitch dark the
night my life changed.*

MAIA!

MAIA,
WAKE UP!

HUH?

WE HAVE
TO GO.

*I thought I might
still be dreaming...*

*Until I saw the soldiers.
Then I knew.*

*The sweeps were supposed to
stay to the north for a lot longer.
That's what we'd counted on. It's
what Perry kept telling us.*

*Good thing Arthur was
prepared, or we might have
been caught like the others.*

*Even so, none of
it felt quite real.*

*Until I almost
tripped over it...*



I mean him.

Even when he was alive, it was hard not to think of George Penny as a thing. A force of nature, maybe, or an illness.

MAIA,
COME
ON!

And to see
his body lying
there...



If the soldiers could kill a man like Penny in cold blood, what chance did we have?



It didn't occur to me until a long time later that maybe it wasn't the soldiers who got to him.

WHAT'S
THIS--

TAKE IT!



LOOK
OVER
THERE!

HANDS
UP!



HEY!

WE'VE GOT
TWO MORE.
SOUTH OF THE
MAIN BUILDING.
IN THE FIELDS.

*The farm was like a labyrinth.
The channels wound around
each other, even crisscrossed
sometimes.*

*One of my jobs was keeping
the flow-through clear, so
I knew which were flooded
and which were dry.*



*No way those soldiers could
follow us once we got deep
enough into the paddies.*

*The outlet took
us to the beach.*

*From there we
just walked away.*



*It amazes me, looking back,
that there was only a year
between our escape from the
farm and that party at Nica's.*



*Time has a way of
stretching to accommodate
all manner of improbable
things when you're young.
It's the corollary of what
happens later.*

AS THINGS
STAND, IT'S MY
BELIEF THAT
PEOPLE HAVE A
RIGHT TO BE
ANGRY.



BUT I'M NOT NAIVE.
DIRECT ACTION AND
CERTAINLY VIOLENCE
ARE NO LONG-TERM
SOLUTION.

SURE. OF
COURSE. BUT
WHAT WOULD
YOU SAY TO--

ARTHUR.



I NEED
TO SPEAK
TO YOU...



PRIVATELY.



LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE STILL PISSED AT ME ABOUT THE MARKET ACTION BUT...

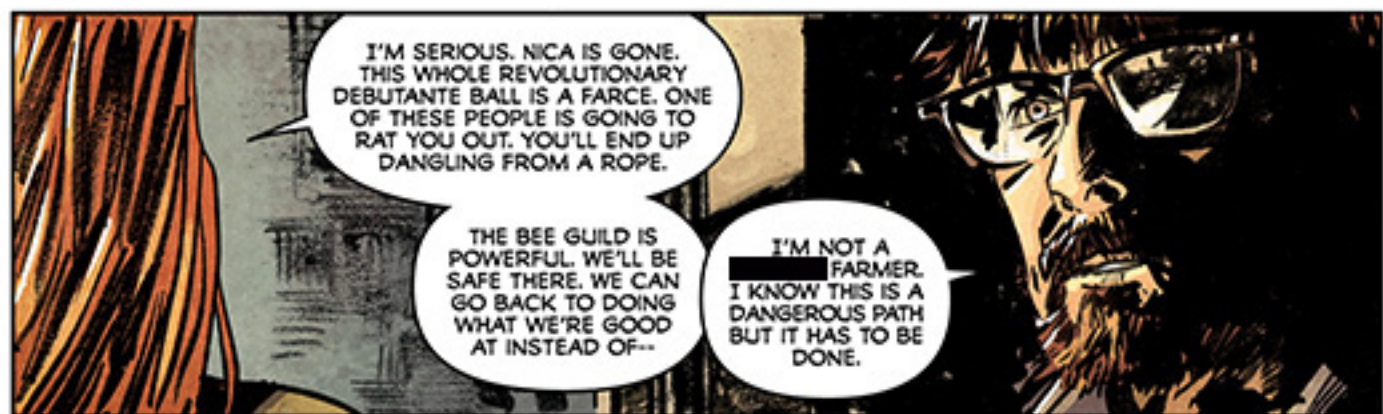
ARTHUR, I HAD TO TALK TO YOU.

OKAY.



I'M GETTING LUIS AND WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE APIARIES. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU SHOULD COME WITH US.

MAIA...



I'M SERIOUS. NICA IS GONE. THIS WHOLE REVOLUTIONARY DEBUTANTE BALL IS A FARCE. ONE OF THESE PEOPLE IS GOING TO RAT YOU OUT. YOU'LL END UP DANGLING FROM A ROPE.

THE BEE GUILD IS POWERFUL. WE'LL BE SAFE THERE. WE CAN GO BACK TO DOING WHAT WE'RE GOOD AT INSTEAD OF--

I'M NOT A FARMER. I KNOW THIS IS A DANGEROUS PATH BUT IT HAS TO BE DONE.



WHO ELSE IS GOING TO STAND UP?

STOP WITH THIS CANNED SPEECH!



ARTHUR, YOU'RE TALKING TO--



This is where first hand knowledge fails me...



*Because someone knows the
secret to what happened next.*

And that person is not me.