

Freesia

Freesia is a genus of herbaceous perennial flowering plants in the family Iridaceae, first described as a genus in 1866 by Christian Friedrich Ecklon (1886) and named after the German botanist and medical practitioner, Friedrich Freese (1795-1876). It is native to the eastern side of southern Africa, from Kenya south to South Africa, most species being found in Cape Provinces. We call it the flower of hope as **it signifies freedom.**

Journal entry n.34-1st may 2088

Hey Zach here. Today has been another rough day. They just add up at this point. As soon as I got off work I had to race to catch the last train. It's hard enough working until late at night but missing the only train home has got to be the worst. On top of that I hate leaving Freesia alone for so long. Her state is worsening by the day. She can barely get out of bed now. I feel so bad for her, at 8 years old I would play around the slums and there she is not even able to walk.

The 2 hour train ride today was even more horrible than it normally is. At some point a man got up, he didn't look good; he was limping and panting. I could tell with just one look that he came from the slums too. I think the drugs must have made him mad; he started punching the screens that were displaying the hideous king and queen portraits with the national motto; 'God save the Queen and King'. As if anyone would want to save them. Right after the incident, the peacekeepers came and shot him, then they left and just abandoned his body right where they shot him. It's not their job to clean up after all, other people get paid to

do that. No one reacted, as always. I just stared out the window for the rest of the trip. Sometimes I like to imagine what this city would look like if the slums would get renovated. People would be happier, life would be prettier and my sister wouldn't have gotten sick. Even though that was inevitable considering we lived beyond the third wall; the worst of all the slums. I wonder what life is like beyond the third wall; In the rich neighbourhoods.

Journal entry n.35

Freesia is now asleep. We'll have to eat cold soup from now on as the stove won't work anymore. I just gave her the last of her meds, I'll have to go buy more tomorrow. I'm dreading it. The man who sells this isn't the kindest guy ever, i don't even know if the wages i made will be enough for him this time. Supply demands have been increasing and so is the price. I wonder what he'll make me do this time if I can't afford it. I'm not a killer nor am I a guy free of consent, but this guy's clients often find a liking in me. These perverts are attracted to young pretty guys, guys with green emerald eyes and dark fluffy hair that look just over 18. Just my luck. but I would do anything to keep her alive for even just another week.

Journal entry n.36

Just as I expected. My wages weren't enough. This time he told me I had to take care of someone living in the second wall. I've only been outside of the slums once 12 years ago when I was Freesia's age. But it was under different circumstances.

Journal entry n.37

I just got back with Freesia's meds. I'd done it again. Those poor people. But it was the only way to save her, to save us from this dumpster filled, rat infested, dirt invaded and polluted city that we call home. I'm sick of it. It smells so bad your eyes tear up, but you get used to it eventually. Sometimes I think I'm going mad. With every step you take you can hear people coughing, begging, screaming, dying. You get used to it eventually.

The sky turns blue the closer you get to the centre...

Journal entry n.38

Hey Zach here. I'm in trouble. I don't know how but the queen found out about the incident over the second wall. It's all over the news and they're looking for the culprit. It's only a matter of time before the peacekeepers come and find me. I'll try to take some extra shifts. We need money. I have to get us out of here. We'll both end up dead if we stay.

Journal entry.39

The weirdest thing happened to me today. I was at work and nobody else was at the factory as it was extremely late at night. I was almost done with my extra shifts. When a group of 3 peacekeepers appeared. As soon as they recognised me they came charging at me and tied my arms behind my back. Before they could report back one of them attacked the two others. I was so confused and scared. What did he want with me? He killed the other two then pulled me aside somewhere no one would spot us. He took off his mask and asked me my name to which I replied. At first he seemed very familiar, then I realised I had often seen him on TV in the train and in newspapers. He was the king's own personal bodyguard and his best friend. He told me he knew my father. But that's impossible. Mom told me he died before I was even born. And I don't see how someone living at the palace would happen to know a thug from the slums unless he was one himself or if my dad was a big trouble maker. There used to be rumours about rebellions being plotted outside the third wall but everyone who conspired against the throne had been dealt with. Everyone knows a rebellion is impossible. People are too scared, too weak. But the man insisted, he said I was more important than I thought I was and that I had to escape before the queen could get her hands on me. He told me there was a supply train heading out of the city in 2 days and that he could get me onboard as a stowaway. Of course I told him about Freesia and he said she could come too. But why would he want to help us? Was he really that close to our father? The man told me that all peacekeeper units were looking for

me and that I would have to hide for days until the train in order to survive. I insisted on taking Freesia with me but he said she would be taken care of for this short period. I finally agreed but I wonder. How did this man know my father? I wanted to ask him but he told me it was best for my own safety if I didn't know. I don't trust him but I do want to make it out alive with her.

Journal n.40

It's been a day since i've been hiding in a warehouse the weird man has led me to. I'm worried sick about Freesia. Especially with all the patrols that have been happening in my ward. What if they found her? I wish I could go check on her but I can't. There is an old television in the warehouse though so I'm able to keep up with the news of my search party. But I wish I couldn't. I've seen footage of people getting executed and fires taking over entire buildings. And it's all happening very close to where I live. I feel horrible, all those innocent people suffering because of me. Freesia must be so scared and confused. I'm slowly starting to lose my grip. The only thing keeping me sane is writing in my journal. I hope Freesia and I will get out of here and have a happy life outside and then I could come back to this journal. Even though I think I would want to forget everything, I believe the past makes you who you are. No matter how painful it can be, I don't want to forget. I hope Freesia and I will get out of here and have a happy life outside and then... oh nevermind I said that already. I have to pull myself together.

Journal entry n.41

Freesia and I are supposed to leave tomorrow at dawn, but I haven't heard anything back from the weird man. The Queen gave a speech about me this morning. She was talking about how I would get justice and she wouldn't permit this kind of behaviour in her kingdom. How selfish of her. I wonder why the king never does anything. It's like he doesn't care. Does he even know about me? Does he know about anything that's going on in his kingdom? They put up a picture of me on

the news and then the broadcast ended with the familiar picture of our beloved rulers. That's when I noticed, the king's eyes looked an awful lot like mine. Back onto the queen, I feel like something's not right. The way she was looking at the camera, it almost seemed like she was targeting me with her speech and her grin. She's up to something.

Journal entry n.42

They have Freesia.

Journal entry n.43

It's been a while since I wrote anything here. It's been a week since Freesia was taken by the peacekeepers and the weird man who was helping us escape was executed live. His body is hanging over the palace walls as a display of what happens to traitors. So much has happened. I live in the warehouse now, I have to keep hiding but I also have to save my sister. The queen has demanded that I surrender myself to her and she'll spare my sister. But I don't know for a fact that she will. I don't know what to do. I'm so lost. I tried to come up with a plan to go rescue her but the palace is heavily guarded, I'd never make it out alive. And the train has already left days ago. I don't think I have a choice, I'll have to give myself up. But how do I save my sister? I don't know what to do. I'm so lost.

Journal entry n.44

Today is the day I'm surrendering. I'm about to leave for the palace wearing a disguise. I still want to try and see if there's anything I can do. I don't even know if I'll make it to the palace alive. Everyone is looking for me. The queen has offered a huge amount of money in exchange for me dead or alive. There are wanted posters of me everywhere in the city and my face is always being broadcasted live. People are getting killed by peacekeepers just because they are suspected of having to do anything with me. I believe this is the last letter I'll ever write. I still ask myself, how have things escalated this far. So many people get killed

everyday and the queen hardly ever does anything about it. It makes me wonder, is it because of my father? Was he someone important? Is he still alive? Will I ever get to see him before I die?

Journal entry n.45

My hand can't stop shaking as I write this. And the papers are all wet. They took her from me. They took her. An 8 year old sick little girl. They're monsters, every last one of them. I was on the train, heading towards the centre and there it was. On TV, her live execution. She couldn't walk at all so they had to carry her to the stand. They put her on her knees with a gun to her head. And the prince gave the order. As soon as his hand went down the bullet fired, and my sister drew her last breath. But she didn't die for nothing. Now my work begins. I will spread rumours about a messiah coming to save us from our tyrants, I will get the people to follow me, I will be their messiah. And together, we will bring justice to every single person that has died in vain. They won't be forgotten. And neither will my face. I now know who my father is. I now know that I have a brother. A younger brother identical to me that killed my sister and his own half sister. My father is the king.