

Indigo: Genesis

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Prologue

From the journal of William Akwynde
April 17, 1998

Today, I was sent to the residence of Paul and Sarah Norris, to examine their child. They live in the Garret Road Complex, In Auburn, New York.

It was a quiet and peaceful day, or at least it was, compared to the usual hustling and bustling of the city. I approached the front door and rang the doorbell twice. A woman in a gray vest, and gray slacks greeted me. Real Estate agent I thought.

The woman, Mrs. Sarah Norris, age 32 seemed to be somewhat in a hurry, and briefed me (I do mean brief) on their situation. From what I could decipher of her hastened speech, her and Mr. Paul Norris, age 36, lead very busy lives, and scarcely had time to kiss their child goodbye. (Poor thing) She told me that their child (Thomas Norris, age 4) was left at their place of residence for hours, until a family friend, Alex Hart age 29, was able to pick young Thomas up.

When they had called my office earlier on, she seemed desperate. I wanted to do the best I could to help her, but my business The Axelwood Academy, would only allow a certain type of child to be enrolled. I told Mrs. Norris that I would have to do an examination of the child before I could allow him entrance to the school, and she agreed. (Hastily, I might add)

When Mrs. Norris allowed me into her home, she quickly showed me around the house, and then, she left, again, forgetting to show her child any sign of affection.

Thomas was in his room. And oddly enough, he was reading. Not aloud, as you might expect of a child his age, but silently.

I walked over to him, and asked: "Can you read that book, Thomas?" He barely recognized my presence, just giving a slight nod. I, being a skeptic, was reluctant to believe that he could really read the book. (The book in question was titled: Mary Sue, 120-page count. Lower third grade level.)

So I asked him if he could read a random page in the book. Aloud. He, reluctant to part from his current page, slowly handed the book to me. I flipped to page 12, and pointed to a particular paragraph. Thomas sighed, and read: "Mary Sue did a dance for Fred. He smiled at her and clapped when she was finished. 'I wish everyone could dance so beautifully as you Mary Sue!'" He stopped reading, and asked me: "Are you the man from the daycare?" "Yes," I replied, a proud grin on my face, not for my school, but for Thomas. "Are you going to take me away?" I paused. "How long do you wait for Mr. Alex here?" I asked, changing the subject. "Until the big hand gets to the three." He said, innocently. I smiled. He could read, but he could not tell time. "How do you feel about you parents leaving you here?" I asked, taking a page out of a psychologist's routine. (I have a Masters degree in Psychology) Thomas walked over to a drawer, and said, absent-mindedly: "Kinda scared sometimes . . ." Thomas was rustling through various papers with interesting Drawings on them.

I walked over to Thomas, who was still struggling to find whatever he was looking for, and picked up one of his drawings. It wasn't very good, (as a 4-year olds art usually isn't) but what was on it intrigued me. It was a crude drawing of a woman in gray colored pencil, and a man, who was also in gray. They seemed to be angry, fighting, even.

“Did you draw this?” I curiously asked. Thomas moved to another drawer, and continued his search, glancing at the picture for only a second. “Yeah . . .” He said, just as absent-mindedly as before. He rustled through more papers. “Who are the people in the picture?” I asked, carefully. “My Mommy and Daddy.” He said, frowning. His nose and forehead scrunched up, as if he were about to cry. Then his face returned to normal, and he stopped ransacking his drawer.

“What are they doing in the picture?” I pressed, even though Thomas looked upset. He went back over to his bed, and sat down. “Fighting . . .” he said, and once more, his face scrunched up. I began to feel sorry for Thomas. My parents divorced when I was 7.

I went over to Thomas, and sat by him, sympathetically. “Do they fight often?” I asked, even though tears were streaming down his cheeks. As it said in one of my psychology textbooks said: ‘even if the child is near Breakpoint, you must press further.’ And so I did. “Y-yes! B-but I don’t like when they do that!” I decided not to press any further, as the child was becoming more and more volatile.

Then the unexpected happened. Thomas rested his head on my lap and said: “Don’t leave. Please?” I stayed, and Thomas cried, his head still rested in my lap. And then we sat in silence, and waited for his parents to come home.