

MAGICAL REALISM

She awoke at 6am. She didn't have much to do, and did not start work until 9am, but she always woke up early to sit on her balcony with a cup of Earl Grey, and watch the sun come up. She gave herself an hour to do this every morning; a time to sit and think. She attributed this practice for why –she felt– she was so ahead of the curb in many areas.

As she sipped her tea and watched the sun creep up, casting dark shadows over the city below, she braced herself for another day in her new job.

She'd been working at the telecommunications company for just under a week, and seemed to be fitting in nicely. The staff had been more than hospitable, and when she was introduced to her team, she made a concerted effort to remember each of their names. She knew that she would be expected to remember them all without question from that point on.

Her new job was Head of Operations. The remuneration package was incredibly attractive, with great bonuses, healthcare, insurance, the lot. As she finished her cup of tea, she made her way to the bathroom. She

took her clothes off and stepped into the power shower. In seconds, bursts of soft water massaged her skin at a perfect temperature. After she finished showering, she hit the button marked 'Dry', and basked in the warm air which blew down from above, drying her skin in moments. Finally, she stood in front of the sink, brushing her teeth and hair and preparing her face. She took one last look into the mirror, looking at her left eye, then her right. Her eyes were a brilliant purple, with darker shades across the top of the iris.

When she arrived at work, she quickly went through her team, expertly remembering each name and acknowledging them. As soon as she walked into the room, everybody in the room seemed to stiffen up slightly, before relaxing again. This reaction had become normal to her; it occurred almost everywhere she went.

Soon after, she was called to a board meeting with the other heads of the company. As she entered the room, she looked around the large oval mahogany table at her colleagues. Their purple eyes turning to her; she smiled warmly, before taking a seat at the table.

The meeting dragged on, as the minutes from the previous meeting were read out.

“I would like to put forward a suggestion.” A man spoke.

“Go on,” nodded the chairperson, “what is it in regards to?”

“Supervision.” He spoke. “As many of you know, being a seer gives us a great advantage when it comes to supervision, however, our constant headache is that we must be constantly present in order to ensure that everyone is working professionally, honestly and diligently.” He said, “As seers, we have become accustomed to reading facial cues and body language that reveals information we already know. My suggestion is that we give our underlings training in reading such paralinguistic features, so that they too may possess a crude form of seeing.”

“Preposterous.” One of the colleagues said, “You cannot train someone in the qualities we have, this is simply a waste of resources.”

“If I may,” She interjected, “I believe that he is not suggesting that we can bestow our abilities on others, but rather simply give them training that they might make an adequate replacement when we are not there.”

“Exactly.” The man spoke, “Well said.”

After work, her colleague Julia invited her to a local wine bar just down the road. Seeing no reason to decline, she went along. Sitting at the table, the bartender approached the pair of them with a bottle of vintage merlot, leaving it on the table, telling them it was on the house and thanking them for choosing his wine bar.

“Can you believe that?” asked Julia.

“It happens a lot.” She replied.

“He’s fiddling his taxes,” Julia said, “He thinks I care.”

“Yeah,” she chuckled, “It doesn’t mean a thing to me. He’ll be caught anyway, the Inland Revenue is chock full of Seers.”

“Too many!” Julia said, “We’re only 1 in 10,000 in England, and that’s much higher than other countries.”

“Well,” She said, “They offer a lot of money for Seers don’t they.”

“With good reason,” Julia said, taking a sip of the Merlot, “Seers help to make the world safer. We keep the world open, honest, less corrupt. Europe has more Seers than any other continent, that’s why it’s the

safest continent on earth.”

“I don’t know,” She countered, “Seers cannot read each other. Seers can be dangerous if they’re not regulated. We can’t allow ourselves to use our abilities for our own personal benefit.”

“It just kind of happens,” Julia said, raising her free glass of Merlot.

When she returned to her apartment, she made her way to the bathroom once more. She looked into the mirror once more, sighing deeply.

She looked into her purple eyes, and one-by-one she removed her contact lenses.

She had no idea why the Seers couldn’t read her, but as long as they believed she was one of them, they would trust her.

Q: Why –during the meeting– do they talk about supervision?

A: The entire story is about the enhanced vision of the Seer’s, they all possess ‘super vision’, though this has two meanings in the story.

Q: What are the main idea of the passage?

A: That over-arching surveillance can be a dangerous thing.

Q: Why do people seem to fear the narrator?

A: Because they believe she can read their minds.



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