

## The Gallery

Decima clutched her pen to her clipboard. She wasn't supposed to stare at the portraits. Wasn't supposed to look for longer than necessary. But then, she had never gotten in trouble before.

The girl had blue hair. She did not face forward—she stood, facing away from Decima, arms behind her back, as if moving towards something. This was peculiar. Peculiar, but not abnormal.

Decima shifted her feet, her gray suit creasing slightly. She glanced at the rows of photographs to her left, and then at the ones to her right, and then back to the girl. Her eyes wandered to the screen beneath. 11692-492. It was still strange to see another human being reduced to a set of numbers, but she was getting used to it.

**Height:** 5'4"

**Weight:** 133 lbs.

**Date of Birth:** ■/■/■■■■, current age 22

**Date of Death:** ■/■/■■■■, age ■■■■

**Status:** 1 | 2

Her eyes focused back on the portrait. Electric blue hair. Decima wondered if it was natural. Anything was possible. The corners of her mouth lifted slightly. She moved her left hand from the clipboard and to her face, reaching for a lock of her own hair. She felt nothing. It was there, of course, but in the same way that she was: barely. She felt nothing where there was something.

She heard footsteps in the hall to her right, and tried to frown, but found that she was already frowning. She brought the clipboard closer to her face. The work was monotonous, and so was everyone else here. She wondered if any of the others ever stopped to stare at the portraits. Wished they could talk to the subjects. Wished they could touch their blue hair. Had feelings that they only wished they could explain.

Of course they did.

She shifted the pen from her right hand to her left, and clicked it twice. In, then back out.

**#:** 11692-492

**Ht:** 5'4"

**Wt:** 133 lbs.

**DOB:** ■/■/■■■■, (22)

**DOD:** ■/■/■■■■, age ■■■■ *Really?*

**Stat.:** 1

**Desc.:**

Decima paused here. Clicked her pen. In, out. *Click, click*. She looked down at her nametag. *10-D*. And then,

**Desc.:** blue hair (not natural)

She was smiling, and then she was not. She glanced back up at the portrait.

blue hair (not natural), *stunning*

blue hair (not natural), *out of reach*

**Desc.:** blue hair (not natural), face not visible

**Notes:** Further documentation required.

*Click, click, click.*