

Date: Sunday, October 16th.

Year: 2231

Time: 18:34

Place: White Sparrows HQ.

Dustin *should* be doing a lot of things. He *should* be paying attention. He *should* be watching the contact monitor in front of him. He *should* be checking in with the undercover agent that he's supposed to be covering for. He *should* be worried about the fact that he hasn't heard back from said agent in over half an hour. He *shouldn't* be sitting with his feet lazily propped up on the wooden desk in front of him and a half-finished book laying open on his lap. And he *definitely shouldn't* be staring out the window daydreaming about colors. It's finally starting to feel like Autumn, though, and he can't help it. The air is becoming cool and crisp and the leaves of the oak trees are growing thin and brittle. It's about now that they begin falling to the ground, foreshadowing the barren winter to come.

Apparently, they used to change color, shades of yellow, gold, bronze and orange. He understands the science behind it and all, but he's not sure he believes it. How can something that's dying be as beautiful as the history books say? It's not like there's any proof. Even photos taken back then appear as black and white as the rest of the world is now.

Dustin blinks and turns back to reading his book, reminding himself that colors are illegal and that he has to be honorable. After all, he is one of the most respected White Sparrows and he has to set an example. It's a special honor considering the fact that he can't weave magic. The ability to see and weave magic is a genetic trait, you either have it or you don't. It's not a required skill but it is favored, making people such as Dustin unlikely to rise high in the ranks.

He's the exception not the rule. It probably doesn't hurt that he's a direct descendant of the first White Sparrow. The one who started this all.

A little over two hundred years ago the world died. It died and it would have remained dead if not for a man named Oliver Wyatt Sparrow. Sparrow was considered to be a lunatic by most. A modern-day mad scientist who was constantly blowing stuff up, himself included. He had always been full of dreams too big for his head. Brimming with half-thought-through plans and over-excited schemes. He'd grown up being treated like a child with an overactive imagination.

Oliver claimed he knew how to fix the world. Then again, Oliver claimed a lot of things. Dustin doubts people actually believed Sparrow at the time but he's glad they listened anyway. Honestly though, if he'd been forced to choose between impending doom or trusting a mad man, he probably would have picked the mad man too. That's the strange thing about desperate people, they're really good at desperately clinging to hope.

Still, he can't blame those that laughed. When Oliver Wyatt Sparrow stood before them and announced that there was an invisible web of magic that coated all surfaces, from dust to wind to sea, they must have thought he'd lost his final screw. Especially when he proposed getting rid of colors in order to use that magic. How could you trade color for magic? How could Sparrow know it existed if he couldn't see it? Yet for some unknown reason they listened and Oliver turned out to be right. Thus, creating Dustin's world and his life as a White Sparrow.

"Dustin? Dustin, are you there?" a crackling voice calls loudly, and abruptly, from the monitor. Startling him out of his chair.

"Holy tints of sapphire and navy blue! You nearly gave me a heart attack!" Dustin cries, resettling as he turns to face the contact monitor.

“Nearly? Aww that’s too bad. One of these days I’ll succeed,” the voice smirks.

“Ha, ha, ha, I’m laughing hysterically,” Dustin remarks dryly, picking his book up off the floor and flipping back open to the folded page. His parents hate folded pages and are always yelling at him to use a bookmark. That’s why he keeps folding them. “What’s the news?”

“What do you mean, what’s the news?” the agent asks. “I sent you, like, three hundred updates on my progress!”

“None of your calls came through,” Dustin says.

“None of them were calls. I messaged you via the communication tab like I’m supposed to! I’m only calling now because you haven’t been answering me.”

“You know I don’t read,” Dustin smirks, licking his finger to turn the next page.

“*You know* I can hear that book in your lap,” the caller answers with an exasperated sigh. “Although I’m sure you don’t care.”

“You’re right, I don’t care,” Dustin says teasingly. He isn’t usually this annoying, but he knows this agent so well that it’s practically a crime not to be. He can audibly hear the eye roll on the other end of the line.

“I’ve got the distraction in place,” the voice says, ignoring Dustin.

“Great! I’ll tell the Head Sparrow. Prepare for phase two.” That’s when Dustin hears muffled footsteps in the background.

“Shamrock! Someone’s here,” the agent hisses. “Just a second.”

“Language…” Dustin drawls with another smirk.

“Don’t give me attitude, young man. The first words out of your mouth a second ago were sapphire and indigo.”

“Sapphire and navy actually,” he corrects.

“That’s supposed to be better?”

Dustin shrugs. “Better than shades of green.”

“Oh, green is too explicit for you now? What if I said ‘Scarlet! Someone’s here!’ How’s that?”

“Perfect.”

“I hate you,” Dustin's coworker laughs.

“Wouldn’t have it any other way.”

Click The mic switches off and Dustin knows they’ve gone into hiding. He stretches and folds the corner of his book again. “The rebellion dies today,” he smiles to himself. In the distance, an explosion sounds.