

## The Musings of Queen Deyvat

Deyvat leaned against one of the posts on a futon, staring at a half-covered painting. She didn't want to pull away the curtain to reveal the entire portrait. There were still people in the castle who had not completely forgiven her. Every time she lost her temper, the looks on Mulua, Cassry, or some of the other old servants would remind Deyvat of the time in her life when the loss of her temper had cost the life of her dearest friend, Lady Laryn.

Deyvat thought of Ayre, Laryn's daughter, who had been kidnapped the night before. What a horrifying experience! Yet what brave children Deyvat had. Enneth, Ruth, Blaze, and their new friend Galace had been so quick to respond to the situation. No sooner had Deyvat heard of what had happened than her children and Galace took off after the kidnapper and brought back a seriously injured Ayre. The abductor had smashed through Ayre's bedroom window, and the flying glass had wounded Ayre in several places. It was hard to watch Ayre suffering from the piercing pain, but thankfully she was now bandaged up and resting.

The kidnapper's death was baffling. The children had told Deyvat that Ayre had been thrown off the kidnapper's speeder, and that they had followed the kidnapper, who turned out to be a woman, into a cave. Deyvat shivered. Her children had told her the cave was so dark and quiet that they had lost their way. It didn't take them long, however, to find the abductor who had just been mysteriously killed. Deyvat was glad she hadn't been there to see the sight.

The children thought the kidnapper was most likely a bounty hunter, but they had no clues as to whom the abductor's murderer was. Deyvat had her suspicions. Perhaps there were people in the planet who after eighteen years were getting their revenge on Lady Laryn through her daughter for Laryn's having destroyed their plot to kill Deyvat. Was it possible? If it were true, would Deyvat make the same decisions she did eighteen years ago? She thought she had learned from her mistakes, but she couldn't trust herself.

Tears streamed down her face. She suddenly longed for her husband. He had left the planet ten years ago on a trip to the Senate and had never been heard of since. Many search parties had been sent out, but they had been to no avail. It was supposed that he was killed by a group of radicals. She, however, always had hope that he was still alive.

Deyvat thought of her son Blaze. For years he had desired to go on one of the search parties. He was eighteen years old now and still as passionate as ever to search for his father, but was this the right decision?

Deyvat started. Someone had just entered the room. Whoever it was, she could not let the person see her crying, so she quickly wiped her tears away.

"Oh, forgive me, Your Highness." The voice said, "I have entered the wrong room."

It was Galace, Deyvat's children's new friend. There was something strange about Galace that puzzled Deyvat, but she wasn't sure what it was.

"Your Highness," addressed Galace, noticing how Deyvat's face was as red as the dress the queen wore, "it something wrong?"

Embarrassed, but happy that somebody cared for her feelings, Deyvat turned to Galace.

"I am perfectly fine, my dear."

Galace breathed a sign of relief and smiled. A short pause ensued in which Deyvat resolved to discuss the search party situation with her son. She asked Galace to find Blaze and then turn back to Lady Laryn's painting. It was covered enough so that Galace would not have even noticed it. Suddenly, Deyvat looked at the portrait quizzically then turned to watch Galace leave the room. What was it with tat girl?

By Esther S  
Vacaville Public Library Town Square