

Chapter 19: Rainbow

The eyes of the security guard were friendly and blue. Most things on her were blue, but everything was unfriendly except her eyes. Her starched blue and black uniform. The blue latex gloves that she used to hold Rainbow's arm, gently yet firmly. The badge that read “AMY” was blue with white writing. What a strange detail to notice Rainbow thought. She felt sure that she'd never been so afraid in her life, and yet still acutely aware of this small detail.

The pattern on the carpeting was swirls of yellow and orange on a blue/black background. The floor that she wanted to get to, a couple yards away from security, was black marble tile.

She couldn't hear a word Amy was saying. Maybe she wasn't saying anything. Rainbow just assumed that something should be said by someone. Someone in authority. Surely someone was in charge. Someone knew why the alarms went off. Why “Amy” was holding her arm tightly. Why the line for processing people through security had stopped. Why all eyes of waiting passengers were focused on Rainbow with a mix of frustration and accusation.

This was supposed to be one of the easier parts. The writing of the note to her Mom and “dad” was easier than this. Purchasing the ticket. Leaving her house, possibly forever. All of these things were easier. But those were on her own terms and timetable. She'd finally stepped into the real world where other people tell you what you can and can't do and what punishments will be doled out. The next steps were going to be harder, she knew it.

“You're going to have to step to the side, honey.”

“Have I done something wrong... Amy?”

“Don't you worry, we just don't want to hold up the line.”

They moved to a small cubicle walled area with a beige plastic chair and equally beige table.