

# How The Sun Rises

By : **David Bethlehem**

This is the first part of a small collection of stories. This part tackles one character who is in law enforcement and another who leads a "normal" life, but both of their worlds are rather different than our own.

Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/David Bethlehem](http://booksie.com/David%20Bethlehem)

Copyright © David Bethlehem , 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

# How The Sun Rises

## Arcadia's Morning

The sun rise brings light into darkness, order into chaos. It divides the times and orders the day and brings the morning heat to dry up the dew upon the grass. The birds sing praises to it as the eyes of a thousand faces open to move forth into the streets of the city and the paths of the forest. Though behind it comes the night, it leaves its two younger sisters as judges and an army of constables to remind the world below that the darkness will never return to rule the day. The sun brings joy to the mountain tops that have cried from their snowy submit down the base surrounded in sprawling villages and flourishing cities. Green pastures are grazed by herds of mammals near open fields of farm land where agriculturalists plow and sow their seeds.

The day comes; order arises for Karim Jo-Hasoon. His eyes open revealing a dark pupil which blends into its black surrounding iris. Jo-Hasoon sits on his bed and stares at the hard brown wall covered in sporadic paintings of symmetrical scenery. Balance and order dictates life. Each morning he rises and moves to his washroom where he purges his mouth with a light burning liquid that removes the stale metallic feel of mouth. He moves into the large high tub and sinks under the bath prepared by the house's computer just an hour earlier. A special chemical diluted into the bath breaks down the sweat and dust left over from the bed and is filtered away as the water cycles.

The steam from the water's warmth slightly rises with a dance and clouds the ceiling. Jo-Hasoon closes his eyes and counts the seconds once he submerges his head beneath the water. A simple thought activates a remote chip tucked neatly inside his cerebral cortex that connects to a system of analytical sensors spread throughout his frontal and occipital lobes. The cortex chip sends a signal outside of his spine into the computer interface implanted where his appendix used to be. A message is received by the house computer, the bath is drained and Jo-Hasoon breathes in the fresh oxygen that his lungs desperately desire.

Bak Sae-Sanhee walks into the washroom just as Jo-Hasoon stands. She's already dressed in her brightly seamless and sleeveless dress covered by floral designs. Its line of buttons flows from the right of her neck down diagonally down below her left armpit and down her side. The dress has slits on the sides revealing her long legs covered by knee length snug fitting leggings. He smiles at his wife who returns the same enchanting smile that imprisoned him in her heart five years earlier. As harsh warden that has refused to let her prisoner free from the bonds that so tightly hold a new family together. She removes a towel from her raven black hair and hands it to Jo-Hasoon who receives it.

“Lai-Hyesu prepared our breakfast today,” Sae-Sanhee says with her soft morning voice, “Get dressed quickly, or it'll get cold.”

## How The Sun Rises

“Why did you let me sleep so long?” Jo-Hasoon asks as he puts on his white undergarments and moves to select his Constable’s blue robe with black belt and holster. He ensures that the Constabulary’s badge is on the left breast and straight as well as his rank insignia of two six pointed stars giving him the title of First Constable. The robe itself is a long sleeved fabric that fits tightly at the waist by tapers off down the legs to give way to loose fitting pants. The left flap of the robe extends over the right flap covering it. The edge of the left flap is connected by series of buttons that begin right at the neck and flow down towards the belly. The bottom of the robe parts into slits. Unlike Lai-Hyesu’s dress, the slits are at the front and back of the robe as opposed to the sides, and they are wider revealing Jo-Hasoon’s legs.

“You seemed tired last night,” Sae-Sanhee answers.

“I have no demerits in my record, being late could risk that,” He says while sends the command cold to unlock the drawer that holds his gun, night stick, restraining cuffs, and other equipment.

“Half the Constables have a demerit, that’s nothing new,” she argues, “They go away after a few months.”

“Not if you want to join the Judicial Police Force,” he counters and walks out of the room down the steps and across the guest center into the dining room. Sae-Sanhee passes him by to help Lai-Hyesu serve plates of warm noodle soup and a cold fruit salad.

Karim Lai-Hyesu walks in with her mother carrying the plates in her hands. Her father bows respectfully to her thanking for the meal she prepared. She has the same dark eyes and long black hair as her mother. Her skin is just as pale with a trace of yellowish tint to it. Full lips become a smile as she sits to the left of her father. Her small nose, puffy lips, high cheeks, she shares them all with her mother. Jo-Hasoon wonders for a moment while Lai-Hyesu recounts the story of Arcad San-Sookai bringing order to a world of chaos, the first of the Judges to bring life into a land of death. She sits at the table wearing a similar ensemble as her mother. Her voice is a bird’s song that brings honor to a father’s heart. Her eyes betray a hidden strength, and the movement of her hands announces a skill and control worthy of praise.

He wonders if his son will have his short spiking black hair. If his eyes will be the same long and narrow ones as his father’s. Will jaw be wide and strong? Will his nose point down as it comes from between his eyes? Will he too be a brave and walk the line that divides chaos and order to keep the darkness at bay? Lai-Hyesu already has shown signs of such courage, she makes him proud. One day she too will be a Judge. She is stability, order. Will he be change and growth?

The meal begins. Sae-Sanhee takes the first bite, followed by Jo-Hasoon then Lai Hyesu. The three taste the flavors entering into their palate and savor the aromas from the soup. The hot dish next to the cold dish, the spicy soup and the bland salad, order and balance are maintained.

“Will you be home late today?” Sae-Sanhee asks raising her bowl to take a sip from the soup.

## How The Sun Rises

“No,” Jo-Hasoon responds taking a bite from the salad using his food sticks to place the proper portion in his mouth.

“Neither will I,” she responds and looks at her daughter.

“I’m okay being here alone,” she assures them both with her daring smile. Daring for it covers her eagerness, an eagerness met by concern from her parents. “I won’t bring anyone home with me,” she says.

“Not one human being,” Jo-Hasoon adds to her promise from which she responds with an affirmative nod indicating her honesty.

He remembers his days at his daughter’s age, fifteen years old. He was too young to understand the reasons behind such a strict vigilance for order. His mind raced with impulses and his heart pounded at the sight of the slightest danger, but not out of fear. The only time it did ever beat in fear was in the presence of Sae-Sanhee.

“Your mother told me that you met someone,” Jo-Hasoon says, using his eyes to emphasize the intent behind his carefully selected words.

“I did,” Lai-Hyesu speaks timidly which catches her father off guard for she is not one to act as such.

“Who is he?” he probes further.

“Shai Ho-Junwan,” she says.

“Honey,” Sae-Sanhee intervenes, “there’s no need to worry. The Shai are a good family.”

“We met at that age, didn’t we?” Jo-Hasoon says, “Remember?”

“How could I forget,” she smiles, “you turned into a sweaty mess during our first date.”

Lai-Hyesu listens with a curiosity matched only by a child experiencing the sky and the trees for the first time. Each word her parents utter are a secret hidden by their past. She also breathes in relief that subject of inquiry against her has ended.

Jo-Hasoon finishes his meal; they all leave to tend to their duties. One to the school another to the research center, and he goes to the streets keeping an eye on the merchants who sell, the beggars who beg, and buyers who prowl for a bargain. Once every day there is a malcontent on a search for selfish ends, a remnant of days long past, who seeks to distill the calm morning breeze and laughter from the smallest of children.

## How The Sun Rises

The piece in Jo-Hasoon's ear buzzes, constables speak and acknowledge. Vigilance is key in the streets for the malcontent will strike at any moment. Ahead down the main street lined by five story high stores and restaurants exists a target for the Fifteenth Constabulary. He scans the surrounding area. The shops are lined on either side of a wide avenue that has a center divide populated by bushes and trees and a pedestrian walkway.

Large towers of about seven hundred feet in height emerge from the skyline of the avenue's buildings. The shadows cast by the towers are reduced thanks to the reflection mirrors held up hundreds of meters above that shine the rising sun's light onto the avenue illuminating the trees and the birds perched on the branches singing their song. Streams of air cars travel from one set of towers to the next occasionally expelling a few vehicles down to the ends of the avenue.

Jo-Hasoon touches the small ear piece with his middle finger to activate it. He uses a set of sun glasses that contain a special prism on the top frame that sense his eye movement. His eyes gaze at the top of the frame, and the prism projects a heads up display coloring in every building and individual on the avenue with data. It alerts him to the presence of the Special Assault Tactical and Enforcement Teams travelling to his location via five air transports, one of which carries Judge Tegask Do-Junsuk.

A message trickles from the left of the HUD informing Jo-Hasoon to move in with his constables. There are five constables waiting inching towards the side entrance and three more with him. With a snap of a button and clippings sounds of weapons being drawn, he signals his team to move forward towards the entrance of a restaurant.

Hidden deep in the valley of buildings lie ravenous wolves constantly on the prowl. Their prey are those who are too weak or simple to withstand their attacks. This particular breed sells vices and worst of all they take dignity that belongs to women and men who have fallen to their trappings and sell them to the degenerate. Some are violated others forced to bidding unbecoming of any Arcadian citizen, and child of order.

Jo-Hasoon smiles for he takes great pleasure in hunting them down, in serving an end above all other ends, in providing justice for the defenseless and order for the downtrodden.

"Bravo one," he speaks softly, but his voice carries forcefully through his vocal enhancement microprocessor tucked inside the bottom rim of his sun glasses, "Cover exits, Alpha one move into position, SATE teams are in position."

"Command to constable teams," the tough low base voice belonging to Tegask Do-Junsuk makes Jo-Hasoon's heart skip a beat in excitement and honor, "Under the charter of the First Grand Justice, I

## How The Sun Rises

hereby authorize this operation.â

Jo-Hanson moves into the front door, his team mates secure his flanks. Four SATE craft hover above the building where ropes drop down for heavily armored SATE officers drop down.

â This is the Fifth Constabulary!â Air horns blare out as the Chief Constableâ s pre-recorded voice is heard throughout the block, â Prepare for a police search! Do not vacate the premise, remain calm. This search has been authorized by Judge Tegask. All appeals are to be announced in a clear and orderly fashion. Judgment is at hand!â

Windows shatter, SATE officers rush in. Only black and blue blurs are seen. The shock shakes the knees as the ground trembles. SATE drums vibrate the air and the lungs striking fear into all degenerates, and security to citizens.

â Citizens!â the voice speaks again, â Remain calm!â

The red armor passes by Jo-Hasoon as he advances behind the SATE officers. A ravenous wolf is captured by one of the SATE officers. The officer holds him down on his knees with her arms. The red armor advances towards it with his weapon ready. Several others are detained.

â Constables,â Jo-Hasoon speaks, â relieve the SATE officers.â

Apprehended individuals are transferred to the constables. Several constable vehicles can be heard outside of the building, surrounding it as more constables arrive. Most people peacefully submit, their faces are known and are simply guided to safety. Some are restrained, for their faces are known and they are to be questioned. The Chief Constable walks in to supervise her departments handy work. She scans the sight and speaks to the citizens giving them assurance that they are not to be accused.

Jo-Hasoon walks up to Judge Tegask who has removed his helmet before the ravenous wove held down by a SATE officer. He sports a scar across his left cheek, rumored to have been caused by the first person he ever judged. They say she nearly killed the team he led when the assault, that each of her cohorts fought to the better end. Luckily, this group wasnâ t motivated to do so. His dark eyes and graying hair produced a dignity Jo-Hasoon seldom saw in others. His rough skin spoke highly of his experience and strength.

## How The Sun Rises

â First Constable Karim,â he speaks, â Bare witness of this proceeding.â

â Yes sir,â Jo Hasoon says.

â Chakek Sak-Nehyang,â the Judge speaks to the man before him, â You are accused of extortion, human trafficking, peddling illicit merchandise, and disturbing the general order. Based on established evidence, I find you guilty. Do you wish to appeal to the council of Daily Jurors?â

Chakek spits at the Judges feet and with rabid bark he pronounces profanities at the Judge. An appeal would be fruitless, only the innocent and those who feel they could win sympathy appeal. But the law requires all to be given the chance of an appeal before a council of peers known as Daily Jurors.

â Do you wish leniency or a sentence hearing before a judicial committee?â he asks once more, the response is much the same, â Very well then. By the power invested in me by the First Grand Justice, I hereby sentence you to sixty years imprisonment pending judgment for execution.â

In the old days there was no such secondary judgment; the Judge would execute the criminal on the spot. But days of have changed, regardless, justice will be served. Jo-Hasoon orders his constables to restrain the wolf. Hours of processing lie ahead, the wind blows peacefully and citizens return to their regular days. The cleanup is the hardest part for constables. Finding, identifying, and assisting victims takes its toll on the hardest of souls.

By noon only half the work is done, but the stomach grows weary and need for food becomes nonnegotiable. At the constabulary, Jo-Hasoon joins several of his fellow constables for pleasant lunch. He sits back admits the conversation, wondering what the rest of the day has in store.

This is the sun rise over Arcadia.

## Solustiaâ s Morning

The sun rises like a mistress coming to care for her own. She flies high above the fields holding the earth down beneath her strength as she delivers life unto the barren soil. Nothing moves without her wishes, nothing stirs without her light. And then she reaches her climax high above the mountain tops. High above the earth is her place, it is the natural order she enforces. But she slowly goes back down for it is time of the night when all movement must stop. She never stops for the other side of Solus requires her strength as well. She sets calmly behind her mountains which go to sleep. Without their mistress, all must stop for not a deed is done without her say.

## How The Sun Rises

The day comes, she brings forth a new moment for Clari. Her soft brown eyes open and gaze the pale ceiling above her bed. Throwing the sheets to the side, she slips out of her bed and makes her way to the shower. The hot water pours releasing a mist which fills the room. She glares at her brown hair which descends to her shoulders but does not fall down her back. It is without order, without clarity that a comb provides.

The shower hisses, spraying on Clari's shoulders and down her smooth back. She grabs the body wash to lather it across her legs and up her chest and around her neck. The dirt and grime captured in the night's bed wash down the tub and into the plumbing sending the waste away. She steps out of her shower, closes off the water and grabs a towel which cures the dampness of her skin. The towel falls into the bin which is next to the tub, and Clari's feet walk to the sink. A minty fresh substance inside her mouth washes out the nightly breath and stale taste of the early dawn.

Clari's closet opens presenting an array of cloths for her to pick. An outfit that fits comfortably around her figure, yet saggy enough to avoid any restrictions wins the battle against the rest. Her shoulders and legs and chest and waist all covered unable to feel the warmth of the sun as she rises outside. Her arms, however, are free to taste the rays and the wind. She exits the room and walks down the hull to the dining room where her server places a plate of buttered bread, cooked vegetables, and a serving of fish meat as is customary for the mornings.

"Thanks," she says politely as he nods and pours a cup of citrus fruit juice.

"Did you enjoy your evening?" he asks handing her the towel and waiting for any new requests before he takes his seat at the opposite of the table.

"I did," she says and grabs a slice of bread and bites into it savoring the taste, "I met several old friends that I knew when I was in school."

He stands patiently next to her waiting for her invitation, she forgets sometimes. Clari is not used to being responsible for a server. Her mother had one, but it was not Clari's responsibility. She takes a sip from her drink and notices the empty chair with an untouched plate before her. She almost spills out her drink in embarrassment.

"Please!" she exclaims feeling blood rush to her cheeks, "have a seat."

"Thank you," he says and smiles as he moves around the table and fills the empty seat.

"I'm sorry," she apologizes with words what her face has expresses, "I keep forgetting. It's okay if you remind me, you know."

## How The Sun Rises

He takes his seat with a strength provided by the bulk of his muscles. His short brown hair and pale skin rejoice with the morning's meal. It is a strange sight for Clari. Although she volunteered to oversee a server in her home, as many do, each instant is curious and strange as the last. Like an intruder who does what she wishes, like the earth beneath its mistress, he moves on her command. He must prove himself before he is allowed to move on to the heights he is allowed to soar.

“Why space?” Clari asks him swallowing a piece of salted fish, “Not many men aspire to work on ships.”

“I am not many men,” he tells her and sips some juice from his all the while staring at her with his blue eyes.

“An engineer crewman,” Clari comments brushing back her hair behind her ear, “That involves a lot of studying. You sure you can handle that and be my server at the same time?” What she didn't say was that servers who attain such positions are far and few in between. Mostly the sons of women who have a mate take those high level jobs.

“If others have done it, I don't see why I can't,” he says adding a small smile to his words.

“Ha!” she mocks, “male bravado, we'll have to work on that.” He stares down at his food swallowing a response that ought not to be spoken. It is not his place to speak back, and it is hers to remind him of his limits.

“Is the fish good for you?” he asks. She nods and the meal continues with little conversation.

The plates are cleaned and Clari sends the man upstairs to tidy her room while she clears the hard wood table. The kitchen releases an aroma of a meadow at the side of a forest. The tapping of her shoes against the hard kitchen floor resonates across the still room. Running water interrupts a momentary silence once Clari places the dishes and silverware inside the washer after dumping the excess food into the bio-reclamation.

Once the dishes are in their proper place, dried and clean, Clari moves out towards the front door. Footsteps creak down the wood floor of the hull. A masculine hand grabs the keys and their owner waits beside the door to hear any final instructions.

“The garage needs to be cleaned. I expect everything to be organized in there. Anything that isn't on my list of frequently used items should go into the basement,” Clari informs him.

“Will you want dinner when you come home?” he asks her.

“No, I think I'll give you time to study,” she answers.

## How The Sun Rises

“Thank you ma’am,” he says.

“Don’t get used to it,” she tells him, “I’m not really supposed to make things easy for you. It’s just that we should start slowly.”

“Of course,” he says.

Clari smiles at him as they both walk out to their respective vehicles. He must run off to the academy to study ship routines, technical systems, and protocol during the rest of the morning while she works. He’ll be home before she is; she won’t have the house to herself that evening. It’s hard getting used to living with man she only met a week ago. But she did ask for a server, like most women do.

Her ground car travels out of her driveway down the road past the flat one-story homes that glisten after a late night shower. Little girls run out into the streets splashing the puddles upsetting the mothers. Servers tend to the gardens with their prunes, dry off the porches, and drive off to their academies. A few of the houses Clari drives by has some women who have taken a mate. Their mates wave them off happily. The morning symphony composed by the brilliance of a hundred women passes through the open window and softly pounds against her ear drums.

The houses give way to open fields which disappear behind countless trees. Kind creatures eat leaves to the melody of the choir of birds hidden amongst the leaves. A large shield of rock and metal stands before Clari’s vehicle. Hundreds of towers can be seen stretching above the wall. They give testimony to women’s ingenuity as they reach towards the clouds and scratch the sky. Each day their majesty continues to captivate Clari, born and raised afar in the depths of fields of wheat and corn. Through the protective shield, she emerges on the other side where the road leads to dozens of entrances to underground networks of roads and parking garages and transport stations. Surrounding the entrances are fields and parks and small clumps of trees and bushes interlaced by creeks and streams.

Inside one tunnel through the bends and past the machines and booths, Clari parks her car and is greeted by a security officer. She waves to her and reports to the tram that takes her to the nearest station. The sounds echo off the walls of countless women, and a few mates arriving into the city. An air bus opens her doors accepting Clari and fifty others inside, each key in their destinations, different towers that serve as centers of districts of towering apartments and offices and green pastures of parks and plazas.

The sound of metal interrupts the small murmur of voices, and G forces sway everyone left and right. Light from the sun invades the inside of the bus as the city outside becomes visible to all. Tower after tower passes by until bee lines of air traffic that interlaces the buildings becomes visible. The vastness of the city excites her mind. Numbers run across her thoughts as she activates her contact lenses to display public schematics of each building. The microcomputer tucked gently under the skin behind her right ear begins to access the plethora of data.

## How The Sun Rises

A smile spreads across Clari's countenance as she accesses the data from the morning stream. Her contact lenses feed information from the micro computer tucked beneath the skin behind her ear. The weather reports are much the same, always changing in moment's notice. Another Councilwoman takes a trip to an orbital station high above to meet several colonial officials to discuss progress towards statehood. Several teams of different sports claim their victory all the while a new model finds himself in the spotlight after claiming victory in the most recent contest of strength and athletic prowess. A singer releases new songs, and actress claims a new award, a scientist receives her hard earned recognition, a Captain brings her crew home from a far off world.

The air bus drops Clari off at her office, and development firm working endlessly with new plans and technologies to give birth to a new city in a distant desert. Clari passes by her coworkers and mail server with his cart filled with paper letters and notices as well data pads the beep ever so slightly. Lessarea works at her computer inputting geological data from her microcomputer that she received last week when she was on sight.

Her red tunic and neutral dress with matching belt match the brightness of her golden hair and light blue eyes. She smiles at her friend as she approaches and hands over a white data pad with soil composition. Her bulk complements her concentration, like a ship on her course, she cannot be detoured. Clari is fond of her, of fierceness and the weight she throws at her work. Her experience is denoted by slight wrinkles around her eyes, and grey strands of hair scattered about the blonde.

"What's this?" Clari asks taking the smooth instrument into her hands.

"We might be able to terraform the land outside the wall," Lessarea says entering seismic data into her computer.

"Do we even have the resources for that?" Clari asks.

"I sent a request to financial," she answers, "for now I think you should start planning an irrigation system outside of the walls."

"The city is designed to capture solar power, that's its raw resource," Clari counters, "It'll depend on other industries after that. Agriculture isn't needed."

"You're not thinking big enough," Lessarea says looking at her with a patient smile, "Think the farmland that can be reclaimed around a temperate city."

"But that's not our choice," Clari continues to protest. Lessarea sighs in resignation, how could such a brilliant mind be so slow to realize what lies ahead? It's youth that clouds her foresight, which is a shame in a woman, a creature built to think ahead and take the lead.

## How The Sun Rises

“I’ll take a look at it once I’m done with compiling an inventory on the building materials needed for the irrigation system inside the walls,” Clari finally gives in.

“Thank you,” Lessarea says, “Any luck planning your vacation?”

“I think I’ll go on an interstellar cruise to Rangoria,” Clari tells her.

“Rangoria?” the lines on Lessarea’s forehead wrinkles, “How many vacation days did you save up?”

“Two weeks,” she answers.

“That doesn’t give you much time there,” Lessarea says.

“I heard that my sister’s ship came back,” Clari says, “They met some trouble out there. I want to go see her.”

The morning passes by; the clicking and beeping of computers replace the tick of an old clock. Dodging mathematical problems, making sense out of measurements and advanced mathematic equations eats up the time like child starving for her meal. Clari sits looking at Lessarea’s information and closes her eyes to the world that could be in a barren desert. A woman with eye for crops and genetics graduating from the Academy would spot new development. She’ll take her belongings and her server and move there as the city is constructed. Days will pass as she teaches her server his new duties and in a year she may bring about a daughter or two.

The crops will grow and new servers would be allocated to her. Her daughters will run off to be picked up by the air bus every morning after receiving breakfast. They mix with girls and some boys in school and learn about the universe around them until the sixth year. They will be divided, the boy sent off to learn the proper etiquette as servers and girls to learn the roles that nature has given women since the dawn of time. Perhaps a young boy at the house would be appreciated at that time, as the woman’s young grow into their ninth year and receive a class server each to guide through their studies.

The Academy years will come; the Mother will have fruitful farm and young daughters running off into far cities to learn their sciences and arts. They will return at the end of each season and one might even seek a mate while the other will seek no such thing, although chances are both will choose to be without mates. They will graduate, the mother will celebrate. The eldest with her mate, if she picks one, will divide the land with her mother so that the farm may grow. The son may even become someone’s server nearby, perhaps in a borough just outside the walls. The younger daughter will move on into the city to live with no one, for she wants to be herself. She’ll explore her freedom and engage in every activity within her grasp. She’ll invite her mother to meet her friends and enjoy life.

All the while the mother shares the joy of her work, the fruits of her labor at the farm. An agriculturalist enjoys best the growth of the plants, the solitude the quiet fields. The birds that arrive while they migrate from

## How The Sun Rises

lush land to another will sing pleasurable songs to her. The nights will be calm, and days will be fast. And every once in awhile she'll leave the farm to enjoy all the Solus has to offer. Her books and open fields are her life. The machinery is limited, most of the work is an art for self to exert. She subdues the earth beneath her feet as the Sun claims her dominance over the land. She's not passive even in her passivity, she is complete in her joys, her dreams are simple and complex. She will not rest until she sees and does all her heart desires.

A buzz and an indicator projected by her contact lenses alerts her to the hour that has arrived. It's time for lunch and stomach agrees with complaining grind. The longing for nourishment pulls her away from her daydreams and her science.

Thus is the sun rise over Solustia.

## How The Sun Rises

## How The Sun Rises

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-03-06 19:15:47