

*This writing sample is a cut out conversation from my novel project. The conversation is played out by the two deaf friends Maja and Violet. They live in a predominantly deaf society and are discussing the disappearance and abduction of the hearing.*

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Someone waves their hand in front of my blurred out vision. My eyes drift up from the water. I know that bright smile, always accompanied by worried eyes these days.

“Violet, how are you?” I smile and stand up to give her a hug.

She embraces me tightly and I scent her old-lady-perfume she insists on wearing despite her age. I’ve grown to like it though.

“Good, what are you doing here?” Violet signs and looks out at the park. “Are you here alone?”

“Yeah, I just walked by on my way home and my legs felt sore so…” I pat my leg and sign.

It’s an excuse but she’ll buy it.

“Well in that case—” Violet grabs my hands and sits back together on the bench with me. She releases me and her bright smile fades to match her eyes. “Did you learn about Martin? You know the one in the law programme?”

Another knot adds to the ones in my stomach.

“He’s gone too?”

“Apparently he didn’t show up for an exam yesterday. Considering what it takes for a hearer to even get in I doubt he would just not show.”

“How many hearers are they going to take away before someone does something about it?” I look at Violet as she would have an answer but she just shakes her head.

“I know,” she signs.

“Can’t we do something?”

Violet doesn’t even bother to reply.

“I’m serious! There must be something,” I continue. “You know the rumors about the hearer shelter, maybe we should try to find it and help them out!”

“Yeah, I’m sure they would want two deaf girls to help them out with what we know nothing about. If we would show up at that shelter they’d probably kill us.” Violet signs big and her cheeks start to fluster. “They obviously want nothing to do with the deaf if they’re hiding out.”

“I just mean that they’d probably need us deaf to—” I begin but don’t get to finish before Violet interrupts me.

“What’s this even about for you? Improving your poor self image by getting praise from the outcasts? You just—” Violet stops herself mid sentence, clenching her fists. “Whatever,” she fills in and shakes her head.

Fist clenching didn’t help, she signed enough.

“We don’t even know if those camps exist in the first place,” she eventually adds and turns her face towards the park to end our conversation. I turn as well and we sit side by side, looking at the pond together. After a while I dare a subtle look her

way and detect her expected bitten lip and crossed arms. I pat her shoulder and she faces me.

“How did your seminare go?” I ask.

“Good.”

I nod supportingly.

“For me at least,” she therefore decides to add.

I answer with a confused face.

“I just can’t believe how it’s not common sense at our age to be able to form a decent opinion. Half of their arguments didn’t even make sense.”

Violet is insanely smart despite failing to realize it. She’s just always amazed about how stupid everybody else is.

“I bet.”

Violet nods a couple of times, eyes drifting as if she’s contemplating. She directs her eyes back to mine.

“Look, I didn’t mean to get annoyed about the hearer shelter stuff,” she signs.

“Yeah.”

“I just know how once you get an idea about something, nobody can get you out of it.”

I cock my head.

“And that’s normally a good thing you know, but not when that idea is something I don’t want you to do,” she signs and smirks lovingly. “I’m just worried, that’s all.”

“I know.”

“If there was anything we could do to help the hearers I’d be the first in line, you know that. I just don’t believe there is.”

“I know.”

“Good.” She search’s my eyes with her own for a while to make sure I’ve accepted her apology. When she’s sure, she’s ready to switch subjects. “Alright so what else is new?”

“I’m going to a party tomorrow,” I sign after a bit of thinking.

“Is it at your moms house?”

“No, a party.”

I almost laugh at how well she knows me. Violet puts her one hand to her chest and gasps jokingly.

“An actual party, that’s nice.”