

## **Flirting with freedom**

**from Taryn**

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# Introduction

In a world with a universal language called Civil and a worldwide classless society freedom is limited. The people with the most freedom are seen as socially unacceptable. They are called uncivils. They speak the uncivil tongue of their region and are left alone by the government in reservations. Only the Chooser and his army of 194 dictators no the uncivil tongues of their regions. Join Anastasia Marinova, daughter of Kholodnom Mestye's dictator and self taught uncivil speaker as she flirts with freedom.

# Chapter 1

The cold air bit at my pale face. I didn't mind. You get quite used to it when you live in Kholodnom Mesty. Its name literally means cold place in the uncivil tongue. Its a fitting name considering eight out of the twelve months in a year are bitter cold.

No one any where speaks with their cultures uncivil tongue anymore. Ok maybe the uncivils and the chosen one hundred ninety-three but other than that no one else, except me. My father's one of the one hundred ninety-four chosen. He had a lot of uncivil books laying around so I taught myself how to speak it.

My father rules this region and sometimes goes away to go to a meeting of the Chosen with the Chooser. I wish I could go to one and actually see the Chooser himself. We learn about him in school. Not all the background stuff but about his awesomeness.

Speaking of school I used to be homeschooled but when my mother died of pneumonia three years ago I had to start going. I haven't made many friends. Just the teachers. I like to talk to them. They get things kids my age don't. They tell me I'm really bright, the brightest tenth yearer.....

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