

- [CONTENTS](#) **The Island of Varos** [Be for e Pa ph os](#)
 - [Art Gallery](#) **By Severna Park, illustration by Janet Chui** [Pa ph os](#)
 - 2 June 2003
 - [Article](#) [s](#) Early in the Occupation when the Conqueros came, my mother painted her birds by in secret. Materials were scarce so she resorted to the old technique of distilling Lo
 - [Columns](#) color from the night air. Glass tubes ran from the single window in her studio to the rett filter jars in the middle of the floor, leaking droplets of yellow, red, and green. She a
 - [Fiction](#) only had a bit of blue, since it was the hardest color to extract, even under a full Ca
 - [Poetry](#) moon. ste
 - [Reviews](#) She painted on vellum, as it was more conducive to a lifelike appearance. Jays with en
 - [Archives](#) gray-blue feathers, sparrows all dowdy brown, and magpies in black and white. 8
 - [es](#) When the paint was dry, they would pull themselves from the paper like damp Jan hatchlings, then fly off into the dark. The creation of life was her act of rebellion uar
 - [es](#) while so much was being destroyed. y 20
 - [ABOUT US](#) I would stand transfixed and silent while she worked and she would pretend she 07
 - [Staff](#) didn't see me. When she was done she'd put away her brushes and smile. It
 - [Guidelines](#) "Remedios," she'd say, acting surprised but secretly pleased. "Have you been there sta
 - [Contact](#) all night?" rts
 - [Awards](#) As a child I thought everything she did was magical. As a grown woman, I know I ag
 - [Banner](#) should have asked questions and learned more. ain
 - [s](#) The news of the massacre came early one winter morning, six months after my .
 - [s](#) mother's death. That there had been a massacre was no surprise. The Conqueros Th
 - [s](#) destroyed us regularly, by families. You could tell who had fallen out of favor by e
 - [s](#) whose close relatives had been killed. This time, when they listed the names of the ba
 - [s](#) dead, my cousin, Tortola, was one of them. by
 - [s](#) Tortola had been a flighty, silly girl, no more dangerous than a flower. be
 - [SUPPORT US](#) I put on my clothes and went to see my Conquero soldier, Huitzle Pochtli. to
 - [Donate](#) At the beginning of the Occupation, soldiers had been on the banks of every canal, co
 - [Bookstore](#) on every market corner. Now they were quartered just outside the city, where, ug
 - [Merchandise](#) except for the killing, they kept to themselves. h
 - [s](#) Huitzle was a commander and had his own house, built of metal and concrete. His an
 - [s](#) pennants waved over the plain metal door and his guards. They recognized me and d
 - [s](#) let me in, leering, the way they always did. There was no shame for them in ch
 - [s](#) consorting with the conquered, only shame for me. ok
 - [COMMUNITY](#) Huitzle sat naked on the edge of the bed with a flower in one hand and money in [Lo ck ed Do ors](#)
 - [Forum](#) the other. [Do ors](#)
 - [Reader's Choice](#) "Which would you like first?" he said. by
 - [s](#) I sat next to him, wearing only my long fine hair. His bulk still amazed me after all Ste
 - [Choice](#) these months. Where my people were thin as wind, his were broad, thick with ph
 - [s](#) muscle, furry on the face and chest. I felt expressionless compared to him when we ani
 - [Choice](#) had sex. His grunts and shouts. My breathless silence. e
- He slid his hand up my leg but I stopped his hot fingers. "Something terrible

