21st century public parks

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by pilcrowtudinous

Summary

She had appeared in a park: grass, trees, roses and children. It had been a knee jerk reaction to indulge the kid who talked to her. Are you a superhero?

Notes

Weekly Challenge: Smell the Roses

She had appeared in a park: grass, trees, roses and children. It had been a knee jerk reaction to indulge the kid who talked to her. Are you a superhero?

She'd responded before she could interrogate the fact that the girl wasn't scared of her. Kids were inquisitive. Open-minded. Less likely to completely shy away from her than the adults with them. But they'd still point. Furrow their brow. Ask her why she had metal on her face.

And she couldn't blame them.

This little girl was... smiling. Delighted. Attributed her appearance to powers of good, not evil.

Seven shook it off and focused on the task at hand. But even focusing was different. She was herself, she had a mind that was sharp and capable... but the capacity was different. The clarity of memories was faded, and the memories themselves weren't immediately within reach. She'd never been a superhero, but now, less enhanced than she had been at any point in her adult life, she was being labeled one. It felt incongruous.

But she didn't frighten kids.

And that was something.

She took a moment to take that in, soak in the feeling, before setting off to find Raffi.

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