

rules:

there are none.

Kara's Korner:

wait i know

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((okay at this point Crystal has this bracelet that she uses to control her powers. Now all she can use is her powers of observation))

Crystal opened the door to find Joash, face-down on the bed, groaning into his pillow, arms pinned against his sides and legs shoved together. From Crystal's angle, Joash looked very much like a stick; a hairy, colorful, clothed, and moaning stick. His curly hair was smushed beneath his face in an attempt to muffle the sounds of discontent, though it wasn't working very well.

"What are you doing?" Crystal asked. "Other than attempting to merge with the bed."

"I'm suffocating myself in my pillow," Joash groaned.

So he's confused and frustrated at and with himself. I've seen Toby like this before, when he realized that he was in love with Jessica, so maybe it's a girl issue. I can probably help him with that. Crystal cracked her knuckles. If it was a girl problem, it was probably about her.

"Alright, is it about me?" Crystal asked him. "Spit it out."

"No!" Joash said. "It's not. I would rather you not get in the middle of this, so just go away!"

This was very unlike him. Usually, he would be glad to have Crystal help. However, she's noticed that, recently, he had been very distant with her. She didn't particularly mind. It was a lot better than him pestering her 24/7.

Danni's Thread:

Scarlet silently opened the door of her dormitory and stepped out into the hallway. She shivered as her feet hit the cold stone of the floor. Why couldn't a prestigious school for inhumans install carpets, at least?

She switched on her torch and swung the beam around, checking in case someone was there.

The hallway that always seemed so bright and cheerful in the daytime now seemed spooky and dark. The paintings of various old wizards seemed to glare disapprovingly down at her.

"Ebony?" she whispered.

The shapeshifter stepped out of her dormitory, wincing at the loud squeak the door made.

Pan's Trashcan

A Pocketful of Posies - Plot Outline

This is going to be vagueeeee as heck because that's the way (uh huh, uh huh) (i approve) I like it.

As I've already figured out, there are THREE main acts.

- Hildegard is taken to the Matreau estate (inciting incident)
- Hildegard discovers truth about posies, makes alliance with Daisy.
- Daisy escapes, Hildegard doesn't (climax).

SO, let's try and get a rough idea of everything that needs to happen between these moments. I'm not going to be tooooooooo specific, because my brain always needs wriggle room and I want to be able to discover the story somewhat as I write it. But this is also LMS, where deleting and rewriting whole plot arcs is not a thing I can do, so I need to be better planned than I usually am.

So, what happens BEFORE Hildegard is sold? I'm going to organise it like this:

- Hildegard and Dante find new clothes in the attic (main focus of the first chapter?)
- Hildegard and Dante are taken to meet Thelsadore (main focus of second chapter?)
- Hildegard prepares for her departure (or is prepared)?

-Hildegard is taken to the Matreau estate (by who? Not Paris himself, I don't think.)

- Hildegard dines with the family for the first time? Meets Daisy while on a midnight walk?
- Hildegard sends letters to Dante.
- Hildegard attends first soiree, which she and Paris leave early (because another *degas* talks to her? She doesn't understand the rudeness).
- She starts other aspects of posie training - etiquette, letter writing, painting, dancing etc. Paris teaches her, or at least supervises teaching - he's encouraging, of course. Makes her laugh.
- Dante stops responding to her letters.
- She sees Vie travelling to the tower by boat; doesn't understand why. Probably asks Paris about it and he gives a careful, almost-too-well-thought-out explanation.
- She has some kind of encounter with another posie at a party - she sees them let their guard down when nobody is looking, like they're the one taking off a mask. It puts her ill at ease.
- She finds out that Paris is destroying her letters, and then she gets *really* scared. She goes to Daisy because she doesn't know who else to turn to.

-Hildegard discovers truth

- H resolves that she has to escape, but she doesn't know York well enough - nor has any idea how to get to Cornwall, where Dante was taken. Daisy knows far more about the place than her (perhaps she grew up there??), so she needs her help. But of course, Daisy is tied to the estate, as she can't stray far from Kesec.
- Plan hatched to break the connection between Daisy and K so she and Hildegard can *both* escape.
- Getting into the tower is a significant problem for them - I imagine Paris has made a pact to prevent all but family entering the chamber(?) I was thinking a key but I feel like I should use my magic system now I've got one.
- Daisy actually knows how to communicate with magic, unbeknown to the Matreaus? Given her entanglement with Kesec, she'll have siphoned off that ability to listen to it, and it's not like she'll have had much else to do while mooching about the estate for a year. Very little distractions. When she's lying around cloud gazing or dangling her feet in the lake, she's probably just trying to listen to magic. And getting quite good at it.
- (Hildegard, practically bouncing: "That's so super cool!")

- Daisy, motionless: 'It's something to do.')
- So perhaps she puts a request in: What do we need to do to gain access to the tower?
- I like the idea of this coming back with something impossible that would require them to go to, like, Norway.
- (Thought: she first asks what she'd need to do to break the connection, but gets a similarly impossible response. Maybe she asks how to end Kesec's life? But maybe not. Maybe they consider it, but something in Daisy holds her back from asking).
- So she tries a different request: what do we need to do to bring Kesec out of the tower?
- And this one is doable, but still difficult and potentially incriminating. I like the idea of it requiring Hildegard to slip out of a soiree and do something in the city. Maybe at a very important event? The first Rosen event that the Matreaus have been invited to since Kesec ruined everything.
- What does Hildegard have to do? Break into a house with double numbers. Take something from them? And give something to them? Get caught, but also escape. If she does that, Kesec's body will leave the tower.
- (Another thought: his body is preserved in limbo thanks to Paris's magic. He's not on any literal life support).
- She gets back to the estate, maybe alone? They spend ages dithering about killing him. Hildegard can't bring herself to (the kid's THIRTEEN, for chrissakes). Daisy knows it should be easy, because she can't feel anything, but she remembers that when she could, she cared about him more than anyone. And he, in his way, cared about her.
- Paris and the others arrive. Not sure how it turns out. Don't know if Daisy will kill Kesec softly, quietly, without anyone noticing until it's done. Don't know if Hildegard will kill him in a mad rush (Daisy might have eased his mask off by then, and it makes it easier that he looks so inhuman??) and set off running.
- But they'll split up so at least one of them has a chance to escape.

-Daisy escapes and Hildegard doesn't

- Epilogue shows a blank, older Hildegard walking around York with Paris. She sees a blonde girl and a boy about her own age watching her from across the street, staring as if they know her. Paris interrupts her train of thought and asks if she's ready to leave. When Hildegard looks back, they've melted into the crowd.

(edit: Hi it's Beth from 02/08/2018 popping in with some new thoughts)

-Hildegard is going to think that Daisy is at the estate because she is a rival vying for Paris's posie position. She thinks this because (a) Paris is the only degas in the estate without a posie (b) Daisy's presence otherwise makes no sense, as she is not a proper servant and (c) Daisy will say something nasty to Hildegard about what Paris really thinks of her, and H will decide that it's due to competitiveness. I don't think it'll be a solid certainty, more just a worrisome itch at the back of H's mind, because she doesn't want to lose out to someone as beautiful as Daisy and be sent back to Penbrook House. Paris will tell H that Daisy is staying with them to become posie to another Matreau out in France who will come to collect her soon, but as said Matreau does not materialise, H becomes more suspicious.

Thought: perhaps Paris and Daisy spend time together fairly frequently, as Paris may examine Daisy to determine how Kesec's health is faring. Not sure about this yet, but it's a thought.

I think this will accumulate in H blurting out that she saw Daisy 'crossing the lake' during the night, in the hopes of getting her in trouble. And it will work. The family, unbeknown to H, will think that Daisy was attempting to kill Kesec, and behind the scenes they will burn her as punishment (physical pain is one of the few ways an emotionless posie can be manipulated). Hildegard may notice a mark and feel really uneasy and guilty. Then she'll find out that Paris is destroying her letters, and the penny will drop and she'll be terrified. And she'll go to Daisy for help.

(edit: Hi it's Beth from 10/08/2018 popping in with another new thought)

-I think the ending might be a bit of a downer if it just ends with H seeing Daisy in a crowd, and I want her to get more of a bittersweet ending than anything. It's possible that I might show H being rescued? It's years later, but Dante and Daisy actually pull off a plot to kill Paris and they escape with her. Perhaps they meet her in York, and Daisy puts some kind of poison into Hildegard's hand and tells her to put it in Paris's mead? And then to leave and meet them at the gateway to the estate.

Maybe they get her away. Her memory is still completely gone. She doesn't know Daisy or Dante, but she guesses that they must be people who care about her. Maybe in the body of the novel Hildegard tells Daisy that she'd love to see the mountains or the sea, and they take her there. And looking out, she feels the first bit of happiness that she's felt in years.

Demeter's space! However I'll be writing in a different document!

Tuckster's Space oh and by the way joash is a stick. are you okay you just stopped typing

Alexander stared out across the castle. What had previously been a great feat of architecture was now reduced to a smoking pile of stones, wood, and bricks, collapsed pillars and crumbling staircases. Several towers had been burnt down to the point where they were only a heap of rubble where a spiraling tower had once stretched into the sky. A smile spread across his face, and he folded his arms across his chest with a smug smile on his face.

"We await your orders, Commander." Alexander turned to face his commander, Nathaniel Dukinworth.

"Hold your fire for the time being. I will report our progress to King Oswald." Nathaniel turned and marched away to find his superior, the king himself. Alexander turned around and watched another catapult launch a ball of cotton that had been lit on fire into the castle, where it landed and immediately began to burn. Flames shot up from the castle, and he could hear the screams of those inside. Many had already fled, hoping to escape this siege alive, but King Oswald had been waiting for them with foot soldiers who had either taken them hostage or killed them on the spot.

"This will go down in history as one of the shortest sieges in history," he informed his men, who were starting to show some signs of boredom. "I suspect they'll surrender soon after dawn tomorrow. It will be a spectacle the world will never forget."

His men just stared back at him, and Alexander turned back to the castle. He would never tire of the sight of victory, and he relished in the sight of the castle slowly burning to the ground. If they continued their attacks throughout the night, there would be nowhere left for the soldiers to station, and they could close in on them slowly and then kill them all, one by one.

Until then, however, they stood ready to launch rocks, balls of cotton that had been lit on fire, arrows, or anything else that Commander ordered him to fire. He stood here, watching the castle burn with a strange sense of satisfaction. He had been waiting his entire career to be at the head of one of these attacks, fighting for his country. Once they secured this land, it would be a base for King Oswald to operate out of, meaning that everyone in their land would enjoy safety and protection.

Alexander heard footsteps behind him, and he turned around to see Commander Nathaniel approaching him. He snapped to attention, and his other men did the same.

"Start firing arrows at them. Don't stop until I command you to."

"Yes, Commander." Alexander saluted him, and nodded at his men. "You heard him. Load our

catapult with arrows, and then we will fire at will. Move!"

His men scrambled to fill the catapult with arrows, reaching into quivers and drawing out handfuls of arrows. Alexander loved to fire arrows; seeing the destruction rain down on the castle was almost as satisfying as watching it burn to the ground. Once the catapult was reasonably filled with arrows, he helped his men to fire the catapult. Muscle straining, they heaved on the end of the catapult, pulling it down as far as the ropes would allow them to, and released it.

The arrows flew through the air and landed inside the castle, where the roof had been burnt away. The arrows hit the ground with a satisfying thud, and Alexander allowed himself a small smile before signaling to his men to reload the catapult.

They continued to reload and fire, reload and fire until the entire structure had been punctured by arrows. Small holes riddled the walls, and Alexander could only imagine what the inside must look like. He would hate to be trapped inside the castle right now, for there was no way they would make it out alive. He was eagerly anticipating the order to charge in the castle and capture or kill anybody they came across.

It was almost dawn by now, and Alexander's hands were blistered and sore from handling the rough arrows for so long. His arms ached from the strain of holding down the catapult, and he knew that his men were also tired and in pain. Soon, he would have to rally them to continue fighting, but so far they had impressed him with their persistence. He made a mental note to give them a small sum of money to reward them for their perseverance.

Commander Nathaniel approached him, and Alexander snapped to attention. Nathaniel shook his head slightly, and Alexander relaxed. "What is it, Commander?" he asked quietly.

"I don't have any official orders yet, so keep this to yourself, but I believe that King Oswald will give us the order to storm the castle in about an hour. Start to prepare your troops without saying anything about this conversation, understand?"

"Yes, sir. I won't say anything to my men," he promised.

"Good. As you were, Alexander."

"Yes, sir." Alexander turned to his men and decided that in about forty minutes, he would gather them together and present a short, heart-felt speech to gather the last bit of their energy for this final push.

"Fletcher and Payne, you can take a rest. Rolfe and Ward, stand guard for a while, and then you can have a turn to rest. Thank you for all your hard work today."

"Yes, sir," all of them mumbled in reply. Fletcher and Payne, the two men who did the hardest work, immediately stretched out on the hard ground. Both of them were asleep in seconds.

Alexander started to pace, his hands clasped behind his back. He looked up into the sky, which had lightened slightly, showing hints of a beautiful sunrise. All through the night, he had watched balls of fire and arrows rain down mercilessly on the castle, and he had found himself wondering who was inside. Perhaps there were innocent children inside, who couldn't figure out who was outside and why they kept attacking the castle. Maybe there were grandmothers and grandfathers inside who were too weak and old to fight and instead had to sit in their room and wait for one of the arrows to pierce them through the heart. So many innocent people were being killed just for a building. Surely there was a better way to protect the citizens of Northumbria.

Before he knew it, it had already been almost 20 minutes, and he returned to his own catapult and woke Fletcher and Payne, who rolled over sleepily and stood up slowly, rubbing their eyes.

"Rolfe and Ward, go ahead and rest," Alexander commanded.

Rolfe and Ward were all too grateful for the opportunity to rest, even if it was only for 20 minutes. They both half-collapsed on the hard ground and fell asleep in whatever position they landed on. Alexander suspected that they had all been close to falling asleep on their feet.

"Tell you what," Alexander said to Fletcher and Payne, "I'll keep watch. You two continue resting. You'll need all your strength for the morning." Immediately he cringed, wishing he hadn't said anything about what might come in the morning. Fletcher and Payne didn't seem to even notice. They both mumbled their gratitude and sprawled on the ground.

Alexander found himself holding back a yawn. He was usually unable to sleep during campaigns, even if they lasted for days. The sheer adrenaline of fighting for his life kept him fully alert at all times, even when he knew he was in no danger. There was no possible way the castle's soldiers would be able to

mount an attack. He doubted there were more than fifty people still alive in the castle.

He allowed himself to sit down, easing himself slowly into a sitting position so he could rest his legs. It felt good to shift his weight off of his legs after so long of standing and walking back and forth around the hillside where they