

Untitled

Ice blue satin dress, ivory white corset, diamond embedded jewellery. I was the image of beauty, a graceful bird taking flight. However this bird was caged, beautiful nonetheless but caged.

“Now now Vivianne, no one wants a waist over 9 inches” releasing all my breath, my stomach sinks allowing the corset to set in formation. Mother had my life planned out, I was to find a husband tonight, at the winter ball.

“You don’t write your own future silly girl, it is written for you, in expensive ink might I add. Royalty waits for nothing, nothing my dear”. A slight tap on the nose simply notifying my soul was owned, and not by me.

Whenever I had the additional second, I would get lost in the castle library, each wall filled to the brim with books upon books, each infused with a new adventure, a new idea. *Someday*, the word replaying in my mind, someday I would pursue my own adventure, write my own story. No matter what my mother said I was determined, determination is dangerous though, if you push the person far enough. On this occasion, I happened to be reading a book about murder, escape, determination. *She ran through the forest, knowing her love awaited her, wind stabbed into her like icicles, blood staining her dress a deep, poisonous red-*

“Vivianne, Vivianne the ball is in two hours we must have you looking elegant and polished, where are you?” Mothers calls echoing around the castle’s left wing.

“Coming mother” spoken with confidence, hiding the fear and isolation behind a comfortable smile.

The mirror spoke only the truth. I scanned my body looking at all my imperfections, cowering behind silken armour. I emerged from out of the grand doors of the changing room, my mother and the royal tailors awaited my entrance.

“Oh how grand Vivianne, give us a spin won’t you”, I did as she demanded, although the spin was quite pathetic.

“Oh my, thankyou tailors you have done an exceptional job. I looked at the ground in melancholy, a single tear fell down my face. A hand reached up to my face wiping the tear away.

“Oh poor sweet Vivianne”, with a contactful swing and hit followed shortly behind,

“Don’t be so stupid, you will ruin your makeup, without it you look hideous. How do you expect to find a man to wed tonight looking like a peasant, you ungrateful child”, *ungrateful child*, her voice lingered in the room, my face started to burn up as I felt the rage inside of me churn and begin to unravel, fists tightened, I dug my fingernails into my palms.

“Fix yourself up, you are required to look eleg-”,

“Elegant and polished, yes I know mother”. The door secured behind her, I crumpled onto the floor relinquishing my anger. The anger that built up inside of me was safely tucked away, locked and thrown away the key. That anger could never be touched. I allowed my hand to relax, touching my now bruised cheek, cover it up and there will be no punishment.

Guests poured in through the gates, the docks brewing with excitement. A flurry of boats aligned along the castle docks. I scoffed, proceeding down to the ballroom entrance, mother said grand, elegant and polished.

"Vivianne, how beautiful, just keep in mind, this is the start of your future" mother greeted me with that cynical smile.

"this is what you want dear," *what I want? No, this is not what I want, this is what you want.* The rage boiled inside of me, I could feel that safe full of anger trying to open, it couldn't though, I locked it. Father grabbed me by the hand and said through a polite smile

"Don't try anything tonight Vivianne, you *will* marry a rich man who can provide for the family and you *will* obey him and do whatever he demands"

"Father, I- I- don't want that", I spoke up, for myself. It felt powerful, it fed my determination. That determination was then extinguished, I looked up to see fathers enraged face, screaming, no words came out though. He then lifted a fist and threw it at me, drawing blood.

"You, stupid stupid girl. No daughter of mine is to disobey an order, you are not worthy of marriage, no husband should have to put up with such a peasant".

I ran, I ran into the library, my safe space. The books flooded my mind, polluting the kindness and forgiveness with anger and revenge, determination. The safe had been unlocked, unleashed, the anger pulsing through my veins, shooting electricity into the tips of my fingers. It felt good, powerful and tonight was my story, re-writing my future.

I waltzed down the hallway for the first time. It wasn't with pity or fear, I strutted down the castle stairs, after all everyone was awaiting my grand entrance. The music from the ball drifted through the air. I nodded to a guard, he opened the doors revealing a beautiful room full of elegant and polished women, mother was in utter bliss, *elegant and polished.*

"Father may I please have one minute in private with you?",

"Yes, you may", I led him out of the room and into the courtyard. His back turned away from me, I lifted the weapon that would shred my future into a million. I didn't even stutter, no hesitation. Father turned around as I was in the process of my... procedure. The dagger imbedded into his chest, a face of sorrow, betrayal washed over his face. A gust of regret swept over me, but I didn't give in. I felt in the right, powerful,

"I'm sorry".

The last words my father would ever hear. Placing my hand on the wound, my childhood trying to tell me this was wrong, telling me I had to help him, fix him. I had to escape now, I ran out the castle doors opening into a great big field, the darkness covering everything. The cold wind pierced my skin like daggers, icicles, the only warmth I held was my tears rolling down my cheeks. The blood on my hands dripped as I ran, staining my dress a deep... poisonous... red.

by Willow Henry (Year 9)

Inspiration: 'Gucci' by Georgina Davy (image only)

