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120,975 words

Deirdre: Enchantment and the School

by

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September 1992, Wycombe Abbey, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, Great Britain

Deirdre Effie Calloway stepped out into the open courtyard from her boarding house, Pitt House. “What a terrible name,” she whispered under her breath, “I wanted to be in Campbell House—it fits my persona and lineage better.” She raised her hands high and almost knocked herself in the head with her new official leather briefcase. The early September air felt wonderfully fresh and clear. She stretched and glanced up at the high castle-like features of the main building. She didn’t have to exit her house building to get to her first class, but she hated being cooped up indoors around so many people. She wasn’t so certain about her house or classmates either. She hadn’t met many of them.

With her official briefcase held behind her back, she turned and paralleled the tall ancient building. Wycombe Abbey was a school—a young ladies’ exclusive boarding school. She was sure it had never been a real abbey.

She glanced around—no one else was in sight. She leapt a skip with a battu, made a perfect pirouette, and then gave a leaping entrelacé. She stopped suddenly in an arabesque, immediately took up a less refined posture, then continued under the enclosed walkway that led from the main building to Rubbens House. Even Rubbens House would have been better than Pitt. She knew they put her in Pitt to keep an eye on her—it had to have been her mother's idea. Wycombe Abbey was her mother's idea, but still Deirdre loved it. She felt so happy, she almost let a classical tune leak out between her lips, but abruptly stopped herself. This was her first real chance to get away from her family. No more sharing with Seumas, Stewart, Flora, and Mata. No more bossing from Sveta and Klava. No more sneaky stuff, and no more...well she would miss them especially. They lived in the backyard, and most of them were her great friends, at least playmates...even the Unseelie.

She pressed her free hand against her dark blue skirt and her dark blue sweater. Dark blue hose covered her thighs and legs down to her shiny black penny loafers. She thought she looked a little like a... blueberry. Her shirt was a pinstriped blue and white, and she wore a man's style yellow tie. The tie was the only bright spot in the entire uniform, and it had to be yellow, her least favorite color. Yellow was the color of Pitt House—had to be. She thought it was more like Pitt Man—yuck. She even had to endure her oldest brother, Seumas, teaching her how to tie a man's style tie—so humiliating.

Deirdre turned left and entered the building through the pair of large main doors. She came into the corridor and was almost deafened by the laughter and happy cries of energetic girls. She curled her lip. She hated loud discordant noises and boisterous conduct—it caused her...issues. She clasped her hands together on her briefcase handle until her fingers turned white, then she

took a deep breath and let it out slowly. She blocked it all out and headed toward her first classroom.

The main building appeared old inside and out, but they had done a great job hiding the Victorian dreariness or any extreme age. Deirdre found her classroom, and only paused a moment before she opened the door and stepped inside. She was well trained and wise enough not to stand in the doorway. She moved quickly to the left and the back of the classroom. She stilled her heart and took a long professional look around. The room appeared like a normal enough classroom. The walls were off-white. Large institutional type windows on the left side opened into a courtyard. A teacher's desk and lectern stood at the front side away from the windows—that forced you to keep your eyes on the classroom and not outside. Nothing extraneous marked the walls. Typical of the type of classroom where the teachers and the students weren't permanently assigned to the room. There was no personality—it was all about learning. Like reading at university. Deirdre allowed herself a slight smile—this kind of discipline made her happy.

The desks were not typical either. They were pushed together with chairs evenly spaced behind them. She didn't count more than fifteen seats. This was about the number she expected for each class. Her first class was intro to Greek, and she so looked forward to it. She would kill this class—her mother had her speaking Greek before she was out of diapers.

Deirdre focused back on the classroom. She spotted only one other person in the room. She knew she arrived early—that was on purpose. She wanted to miss the drama and unruly conduct—getting involved with drama and unruly conduct is what got her in trouble before. She couldn't properly handle conflict or unruly conduct, especially in the morning.

Deirdre stared at the other girl. She sat in the last seat next to the window. It was the seat Deirdre always coveted. She sniffed—it was already taken. She cocked her head and squinted at the girl. Something seemed off about her. Deirdre scratched her cheek. There was something strange about the girl's clothing, but Deirdre couldn't tell exactly what. She squinted a little more. The sun reflected across the courtyard and burst through the windows. Deirdre caught both a whiff and a view. As the early morning sunlight cascaded across the windows, the clothing of the girl in the corner desk suddenly changed. At one moment, it appeared like the perfect uniform: pressed, dark blue, wrinkleless, tie tied exactly and correctly. The next moment, everything changed. The skirt appeared faded black and not blue. The sweater looked threadbare and washed-out. The shirt was entirely white and not pinstriped at all. The tie was tied perfectly, but it was black and not the color of any house.

Deirdre smelled it too. It was the sweet scent like honey in the comb. Like boiled down sunlight and dandelions. It could only be one thing, the scent of the power of the fae. She thought it smelled particularly like potent fae glamour. When the sunlight came back to normal brilliance, the girl's uniform looked ordinary again. Deirdre knew some tricks she could use to cut through fae glamour, but she didn't want to try them now. She examined the girl. She was short, perhaps as short as Deirdre. That was part of Deirdre's problem—she was short and very conscious of it. The girl wasn't well developed either—Deirdre was there too. The girl looked thin—almost as thin as Deirdre.

She moved her attention to the girl's face. She was trying very hard to ignore Deirdre. Her hair looked very dark—as dark as Deirdre's hair was light. The girl's complexion was pale, as pale as Deirdre's sickening strawberry light skin. Her face was heart-shaped with a slightly pointed chin and thin cheeks. Her dark hair fell long and loose. Deirdre's hair was strawberry

blond and also long. She had put it up in a tight French braid today. Deirdre couldn't see the girl's ears. It suddenly became important for her to examine them. She moved sidelong toward the back of the room and the girl.

When Deirdre came close, the girl shifted her seat closer to the window and she turned her head away. By then, other girls began entering the classroom. Deirdre didn't take her focus off the girl, but she kept an eye on the others. No one came close to her...to the two of them—that was good.

Deirdre sat in the chair next to the girl. She carefully scooted her chair slightly away from the girl—she understood this exactly about herself. She assumed others would also be uncomfortable with someone too close. She could barely stand to have her mother, father, brothers, or sisters hug her—she never wanted anyone too close to her. Deirdre checked her watch. It was an awesome pilot's watch she got from her sister, Sveta's, husband, Daniel when they sent her off to Wycombe Abbey. It wasn't a girl's watch at all—she loved it. She still a little time before class began.

Deirdre turned her head down and slightly toward the girl, “Good morning. I'm new here. Are you?”

The girl didn't turn her head. She seemed to make up her mind and hissed, “Read the atmosphere.”

Once an idea struck Deirdre, she never gave up, “I'm not used to being ignored. I'm trying to be pleasant. I'm new, and I'd like to make friends.”

The girl gripped the desk with white knuckles. She made a strange sound under her breath and said a couple of ancient Gaelic words.

Deirdre waved her hands under her nose, “There isn’t a problem with your glamour, sweet. It won’t work against me.”

The girl turned in shock toward Deirdre. She stuttered, “It...it won’t work?”

“Not a wit. I’m immune.”

The girl stood with a panicked look on her face. Her clothing flickered for a moment then came back to its visible perfection. The bell rang, and a tall smiling woman wearing a severe blue skirt suit and a poufy white blouse breezed into the room. The girl sat firmly back in her seat. Deirdre noticed her eyes were light grey, and her nose was slightly sharp like her chin. Deirdre wasn’t sure if the girl was very beautiful or just very unusual looking.

The girl quickly pulled out her official briefcase and took out a pad, pen, and her Greek book for the class. Deirdre copied her. When the sunlight touched the briefcase, Deirdre noticed it looked much too worn with broken buckles and hand repaired corners and seams. She didn’t get a very good look. The Greek study book the girl had also appeared significantly worn. Everything put together, Deirdre thought this entire meeting and this person was extremely peculiar. She was so caught up in thought, she missed it the first time the teacher called her name, “Deirdre Effie Calloway...are you present, dear?”

Deirdre called out a little overloud and late, “Present.”

The teacher gave her a slightly pained look.

Deirdre sulked in her seat. She understood that look. The teacher had been briefed on her...she was certain of it. She knew what would happen next. The teacher would ask her to stay back for a few moments after class. Then she would ask, how are you dear? Is everything all right? Anything bothering you? And on and on. If she went on too long, Deirdre could either go into lockout or she could explode. Deirdre smiled, it all depended on how well they

briefed her. Deirdre didn't want either of those things to happen on the first day, but if she was pressed too far, she couldn't and wouldn't control herself.

The teacher went through all the names, and the girl beside Deirdre didn't respond to a single one of them. Deirdre thought about saying something. She glanced at the girl. The girl frowned at Deirdre. When Deirdre motioned with her head toward the teacher, the girl curled up her lip and made a scary face. Deirdre smiled and flipped her hair. She didn't say anything—not yet anyway.

The teacher wrote her name on the board: Mrs. Power.

Deirdre whispered, “It's so simple--she didn't have to write it out.”

The girl made a snickering sound.

Mrs. Power announced her name and began to explain about the particulars of their Greek class. She seemed a little pretentious and overly effusive to Deirdre, but Deirdre could get over it—she knew Greek already. Mrs. Power went on to explain, “This Monday is special. We wanted you all to have the opportunity to get to your first class on time. For those who are returning students, this is a late day. For those who are new to Wycombe, Monday is usually one of our chapel days.” She paused and looked around the room, “How many are returning students? Please raise your hand.”

Most of the girls raised their hands. The girl beside Deirdre didn't move.

“Now look around. Please help these new girls to find their way to chapel on Wednesday and then back to our class.”

The girls who held up their hands looked smugly around at the few newbies. Deirdre knew that look too—it said, find your own way to chapel and everywhere else for that matter.

A buzzer announced the end of class. The girls immediately began picking up their notes and books. The girl beside Deirdre did too. As Deirdre picked up her briefcase, the teacher stepped toward the back of the room and blocked that avenue of escape.

“Curses,” Deirdre hissed, “She must have been given the full briefing.”

As Deirdre turned, she noticed the girl turned completely away from her and the teacher.

Mrs. Power stepped right up to Deirdre, but not too close, “Ms. Calloway, I’m so happy to have you in my class.”

Deirdre nodded.

“I need to speak to you for a few moments. I promise not to make you late to your next class.”

Deirdre nodded again. She looked Mrs. Power directly in the eyes. That was the way her adopted sisters, Klava and Sveta, taught her.

Mrs. Power faltered for only a moment, Deirdre had to give her credit for that—this teacher wasn’t easily intimidated. Mrs. Power continued, “How are you, dear?”

Deirdre nodded.

“Is everything all right?”

Deirdre knew exactly how to end this conversation. She squinted at Mrs. Power and lifted her lip. If she had the full briefing, she would back off.

Mrs. Power put out her hands, “I don’t mean to pry. If you need anything, you should ask me.”

Deirdre cocked her head and made a motion to the side. Mrs. Power moved quickly out of her way. Deirdre stepped past Mrs. Power and out of the classroom. The girl followed closely, but not right on her heels.

The yelling and motion in the hall caught Deirdre a little by surprise. She paused with a start. The girl almost ran into her. Deirdre heard a quick intake of breath behind her. She started off at a quicker rate. She felt the girl right at her back now. They seemed to have the same destination. The next class on Deirdre's schedule was mathematics—calculus to be exact. They walked in together. Deirdre moved directly to the last seat next to the window. The furthest seat away from the teacher's desk and lectern. The girl stopped just before Deirdre. She gave Deirdre a very evil look. For a moment, the sun touched her and turned her pristine appearing uniform into the old and abused clothing she was actually wearing. Deirdre noticed the girl wore patched-up dirty Plimsolls.

Deirdre stared. The girl blushed to the roots of her hair. Deirdre wrinkled her nose and turned toward the front.

The girl flopped down in the chair next to Deirdre. She turned to face away from Deirdre. The classroom slowly filled with girls. Deirdre coolly spoke out of the side of her mouth, "What's your name?"

The girl turned an astonished look at Deirdre.

"Come on. What's your name?"

"I'll tell you if you promise not to speak to me again."

"I'd never promise anything like that. There are many more questions I have for you."

"Please. Please don't. If you do that..."

"If I continue, they'll figure out that you're what?"

The girl pursed her lips, "Just don't."

"Why didn't Mrs. Power call your name during Greek class?"

The girl looked away, "Don't ask."

“Of course I’ll ask. You have the stink of the fae about you. You’re using glamour, sweet.”

The girl reached over to Deirdre and grasped the sleeve of her sweater, “Don’t bring attention to me. Please, whatever you do—don’t bring attention or they’ll see through it.”

Deirdre stared at the hand that held her sweater. The girl slowly released her grasp.

Deirdre flicked the place where the girl had touched her, “If you were wise, you won’t touch me like that ever again. Don’t threaten me—it’s dangerous.”

The girl shrank back.

Deirdre sniffed, “Now, tell me your name.”

Before the girl could reply, the teacher rushed into the classroom. She wrote on the board: Ms. Steel. Then she spoke, “Good morning, girls. I’m Ms. Steel, and I’ll be teaching your calculus class. Let’s start with a roll call.” She called each of the girl’s names. Deirdre listened carefully. She answered when her name was called. The girl beside her didn’t acknowledge any of the names.

Deirdre whispered out of the corner of her mouth, “Should I ask Ms. Steel why she didn’t call your name?”

The girl hissed back, “Don’t...don’t do it.”

“Then tell me your name.”

“After class—at lunch.”

“Very well. Do you promise?”

“Promise.”

“By the one and all.”

The girl looked like she was about to blubber, “Don’t ask me to do that here.”

“Do it.”

“Very well—if it will shut you up. I promise, by the one and all.” There was a sound like the far clap of thunder and the girl’s hair puffed up like a shot of static electricity ran through it. The girls’ chest was heaving.

“Thought it was like that.”

Ms. Steel called, “Ladies in the back. We are discussing our study schedule and the tests. Please don’t interrupt again.”

Deirdre twitched her lips. The girl bent over her notebook.

At the end of class, they both walked to their next classroom. They both seemed to have the same, if not a similar class schedule. Deirdre entered the room first. She immediately went to the last seat near the window and sat. The girl made an angry sound, but she flounced down next to Deirdre. This room had similar desks but computer monitors sat before each seat. The teacher came in and read the roll. The girl again did not respond. It was their computer class. Deirdre took surreptitious peeps at the girl—Deirdre’s eyes blazed with excitement and interest.

At the end of class the teacher released them to lunch. Deirdre sat up, grabbed her books, stuffed them in her bag, and stood, ready to go. The girl slowly gathered her things together. She picked up her briefcase and stood. She gave a snarky look out of the sides of her eyes and headed out of the classroom. They walked outside. The girl headed toward the dining hall for a while, then she cut off toward the open areas and woods. Deirdre caught up quickly, “Where’re you going?”

The girl stared at her, “If you continue to interrupt my life this way, I will not be responsible for the consequences.”

Deirdre pressed her lips together, “You promised to tell me your name.”

The girl let out a hiss, “I was compelled, but I will keep my promise...”

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“You must keep your promise...”

The girl snarled, “My name is Claire Angela Weir.”

Deirdre pounced on that, “Claire Angela Weir reveal your true self.”

Though the girl stood in direct sunlight and Deirdre spoke her name, she didn’t change. Her clothing looked the same, like blueberry Deirdre.

Deirdre cried out, “That wasn’t your true name. I demand you tell me your true name. You promised...”

The girl started to complain, but her face suddenly turned green.

Deirdre laughed, “That’s what happens when you don’t follow the letter of your pledge. Now, tell me your true name.”

The girl sounded desperate, “I shan’t tell you. I shan’t.” She covered her mouth, and her face turned a shade paler than it already was.”

“You’ll hurl if you don’t.” Deirdre watched the girl’s face fill with despair and discomfort. She thought a moment and said in Gaelic, “Is your true name, Sorcha Aingealag Mac an Uidhir.”

The girl covered her eyes, stomped her feet, and replied in Gaelic, “How did you know?”

Deirdre laughed and danced a little step, “Each of your names is Gaelic. If you change the names you gave me for their Gaelic, you must be Sorcha Aingealag Mac an Uidhir. Therefore, Sorcha Aingealag Mac an Uidhir, reveal your true nature.”

Sorcha Aingealag Mac an Uidhir suddenly stood in front of Deirdre in her faded back skirt. It was more threadbare than Deirdre remembered. Sorcha’s stockings were filled with holes. Her sweater was an ancient version of the official one. Her shirt was a dirty yellow-white without stripes of any kind, and her tie was black. She wore rotten filthy Plimsolls on her feet. She held a horribly worn book bag in her hands. Sorcha gave a wild cry and pressed her hands

over her eyes, “Why did you do that?” She stomped her feet, “You are the most hateful person I’ve ever met.”

“Hateful? Why are you sneaking into Wycombe? Who are you really?”

“A rich little prince-ass like you wouldn’t understand.” She carefully put down her briefcase and launched herself at Deirdre.

This was the kind of response Deirdre was really used to. She fought her brothers and sisters. She fought her classmates. Fighting was one of the main reasons she was banished to Wycombe. This happened to be one of Deirdre’s favorite activities.

Sorcha grabbed Deirdre’s hair with both hands. That was a mistake. Deirdre’s hands were free, and little damage could be done by hair pulling—that was just a distraction. Deirdre drew her fist back and popped Sorcha directly in the face. The feel of soft flesh under her knuckles and the response of Sorcha to the blow moved Deirdre to lung forward and make another hit. Sorcha let out an angry and hurt cry. Deirdre followed the right with a left then a kick. Sorcha roared. She’d fought in the streets and against groups. Privileged girls like this one were supposed to give up immediately—they weren’t supposed to fight back.

Sorcha stepped back to recover and plan, but Deirdre didn’t give her a chance at all. She moved quickly with her fists raining right and left at Sorcha’s head. Sorcha screamed and struck back, but she couldn’t get a hit in anywhere. Suddenly, Sorcha was on the ground. She covered her head and held her hands over it. Deirdre stopped punching, “Do you give.”

Sorcha cried out, “I give. I give. Please don’t hit me again.”

Deirdre smiled, “On your surrender. I insist that you answer all my questions...” At that moment, someone grabbed Deirdre from behind. She almost twisted away and struck her new

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assailant. A voice behind her cried out, “Ms. Deirdre Calloway, you will stop this instant.” It was Mrs. Power.

Another voice at her left side made her cringe. The voice displayed a slight French accent, “Deirdre, I’m so ashamed at you—fighting on the first day of school.” Deirdre turned toward Luna Bolang. Luna Bolang was an extremely beautiful woman. She was petite where Deirdre was simply small. She had lovely black hair also in a French braid. Her skin was the color of cafe au lait. She was from France and related directly to Deirdre’s adopted sisters, Sveta and Klava. She was thirty-seven, unmarried, incredibly beautiful, and absolutely confident. Deirdre really liked her and really feared her—she had her mother’s ear and respect.

“Curses,” Deirdre exclaimed. She didn’t move, then she yelled, “Sorcha Aingealag Mac an Uidhir run. Run. Run or they’ll catch you. Run and I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Blubbering, Sorcha leapt up from the ground and began to run. She only took the time to grab her old briefcase. She ran and was quickly lost in the trees. Mrs. Power didn’t seem to see her or notice that she was gone. Luna stared out into the open for a long time. Then she turned around toward Deirdre.

Deirdre gave Luna the look, squinty eye and curled lip, and Luna hauled back her hand and slapped Deirdre. Deirdre’s eyes opened wide. Luna’s French accent seemed to disappear, “Your mother ordered you—no fighting. I can’t believe I find you fighting with a girl the first day. Who was she?”

Deirdre didn’t say a word.

“Deirdre, you can’t go around injuring these students. The school will expel you. If that happens, where do you think you will go then?”

Deirdre mumbled something.

Luna got in her face and grabbed her jaw, “If you are expelled from here, your mother told you she would make you return to Rosewood House in London. You will be required to attend at Grey Coat following your brothers and sister. Is that what you want?”

Deirdre mumbled again.

“Answer me straight, Deirdre Oighrig Calloway, or I’ll tell your mother.”

Deirdre dropped into Gaelic, “Dunna use my full name, especially here.”

Luna answered in Gaelic, “I’ll let the heavens know your full name unless you promise me to stop fighting.”

Deirdre snarled, “She attacked me first. I didna have any other recourse.”

“Who attacked you and why?”

“I willna say.”

Luna’s face turned hard, “Then you will go to your room for the rest of the day and not leave or return to class until tomorrow. Tomorrow, after class, you and I will have a heart to heart. Your mother’s admonitions were obviously not enough.”

Deirdre let out a low growl.

Luna squeezed Deirdre’s cheeks, “None of your lip. I’ll not put up with any of it.” Luna glanced at Mrs. Power and returned to English, “Escort her to her room. I’ll tell Pitt’s headmistress.”

“Ms. Bolang, you struck a student. Is that really allowed?”

“She was having one of her fits—it’s the only safe way to bring her round. It’s in her dossier.”

“Really? I must have missed that part.”

“Just ask the Headmistress.” Luna headed up the way toward Pitt.

Mrs. Power looked at Deirdre then after Luna. She grabbed Deirdre by the arm and tugged her toward the boarding house.

Deirdre tried to achieve an innocent and repentant look, “I haven’t had any lunch.”

Luna threw over her shoulder, “You won’t have supper either. I’ll see to that.”

Deirdre pouted and slouched all the way back to Pitt. Mrs. Power led her to her room.

Deirdre unlocked the door and went inside. By that time, Luna had brought the house headmistress, Ms. Beckworth. Ms. Beckworth was a full-on headmistress. She looked matronly and acted matronly. The only difference was that her English was perfect and Oxford. She had read for History there and found little province for employment as a historian. She loved working with girls, but never had any desire to be a mother to anyone especially girls—and especially girls like those who attended Wycombe Abbey. Deirdre had found her pleasant, but that was when Deirdre had been pleasant.

Ms. Beckworth stopped at the doorframe, “Oh, it’s this one.”

Luna nodded to Mrs. Power, “Thanks much, Susan.”

It took Deirdre a moment to figure that Mrs. Power must be Susan.

Ms. Beckworth stepped one stride into Deirdre’s room as Mrs. Power departed at a rather quick rate.

Deirdre sat on her bed. That was a mistake.

Ms. Beckworth gave a long sniff, “Stand up, Ms. Calloway.”

Deirdre slowly stood.

Ms. Beckworth let out a breath, “Ms. Bolang tells me that you were fighting with another student.” She moved forward and grasped Deirdre’s shoulders. Ms. Beckworth turned her left and right, “You don’t look too much worse for wear. Who did you fight?”

Deirdre lied, “I don’t know who she was. She launched herself at me and tried to pull my hair. I was just defending myself.”

Ms. Beckworth released Deirdre’s shoulders, “Ms. Bolang, your tutor, recommends that you be isolated in your room until tomorrow’s breakfast. I am in agreement. You may exit only to use the bath.” She walked back to the door, “I’ve read your dossier, Ms. Calloway. Your mother said that Ms. Bolang or I may apply corporeal punishment as necessary to encourage your compliance with school rules. This is what I consider the first degree of this type of punishment. I also keep a wide belt and a broad paddle in my office for the purpose of further encouragement. I don’t often need or get the opportunity to provide this type of reinforcement of our rules.” She whipped a piece of paper from her apron pocket, “This is a copy of the house rules. To ensure you don’t spend this evening in any other activity, I insist that you memorize this verbatim. You will come to my office with sufficient time tomorrow morning to take a blank paper test. When the test is complete and correct, you may proceed to breakfast. For each error, including grammatical, I will adjudicate you one swat with my paddle. Ms. Bolang may attend the proceedings if she is so inclined.”

Luna smiled at Deirdre then more sweetly toward Ms. Beckworth, “You may beat her as you see fit, Ms. Beckworth. Fighting is definitely grounds for expulsion. I think you should put a letter in your records, and keep track of her repentance.” She glared at Deirdre and switched to Gaelic, “Deirdre, you know what it means if you can’t cut it at this school—don’t you?”

Deirdre turned her head away.

Luna put her hands on her hips, “This is a very serious matter. I want to hear it from your lips, Deirdre. Tell me...”

“I understand.” Deirdre sighed, “If I can’t cut it, I shall be sent back to Rosewood House and to Grey Coat. I shall endeavor to control myself. I promise.”

Luna’s eye twitched, “By the last and all?”

“Very well. I so do swear, by the last and all.” A sound like a distant clap of thunder reverberated through the room, and Deirdre’s hair puffed up like it was shot through by static electricity. Deirdre glanced up, “There...are you happy now?”

Luna glared, “I’m a bit more mollified, but happy...na, I’m not happy at all. I know you made such a promise to your mother about fighting, and still you broke your vow. I’m not certain how you could break such a vow, but the exact words have much to do with it.” She switched back to English, “Ensure you accomplish Ms. Beckworth’s assignment. I’ve half a mind to give you a swat for every mistake as well.”

Luna and Ms. Beckworth stepped out of the room. Ms. Beckworth closed the door with a snap. Deirdre glanced at the page of rules. It was an entire sheet of tightly typed text numbered from one to twenty. Deirdre gave a huge sigh, sat at her desk, licked her pencil, and began memorizing the entire page.

