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The raging waters of the North Atlantic sea reflected Victoria's emotion. Like clashing titans, the water's surface ^{at the mouth} foam foamed like that of a diseased dog, ready to attack even an innocent child. The waves beated against the ship, each blow of the tempest hitting Victoria's heart deep with anger-fuelled and despised hate. And while the potato sacks proved ^{on her soft hands} uncomfortable below deck, the kicking and mighty fist throws did nothing but to let her feminine ways escape through her tear ducts and collapse to the floor. As the only woman aboard, she was humiliated, and utterly alone.

The hesitant creaks from the steps belonged to her brother as he made his way down the wet wood of the ship to find his sister, he gripped the grimy poor excuse of a rail down to the depths of the deck that even hid the darkness. Upon the last step, Victoria watched from behind the rum barrel as Samson awkwardly and ~~stata~~ disorderly slipped against the splintered floor. She could not help but giggle at the one she so despised. Samson quickly stood up to ~~and~~ ^{and wiped} the broken ^{upress} ~~back~~ of off his knees. He had heard her. "Victoria?" He ~~sa~~ called out, but it is ~~isn't~~ wasn't worried, just inquisitive. Victoria ~~stayed~~ knelt beside the barrel, feeling it ^{shake} ~~shift~~ ~~next to her~~ violently next to her as the storm continued to beat its mighty fists against the weak and fragile wooden ship. Samson came closer towards the ^{direction} ~~sound~~ of her laugh until he was a few meters away, the lantern behind him flickering against his silhouette and outlining his broad shoulders, narrow face and ~~satted~~ sand-salted unwashed hair. "What are you doing?" he asks. "Why would he ask that thought Victoria, I'm obviously sitting here, huddled to avoid you. Dub. what a stupid question. Victoria mumbled an answer, "just waiting out the storm" she replied. She would not dignify him with ^{eye} ~~eye~~ contact lest he saw the reason lying under her glistening tear streaked

face. Samson made his way over to her and knelt beside her, holding the barrel that threatened to squash Victoria, ~~seeing~~ ^(confirming) that there was nothing wrong he sat down comfortably knowing she had forgotten about the dispute earlier on.

How can he sit here all smug, he knows I'm angry at him. Victoria thought. They sat in silence with the exception of Samson making small talk. Can't he tell I don't want to talk to him?

"Will you join us this evening when we arrive in Illyria?" he asked.

Samson had noted she was very quiet, she answered him previously with inaudible squeaks like a mouse. Before she answered, Samson swore he heard something above all the howling of the storm and above the shackles shaking in protest on the walls of the ship, a snuffle. "No" she replied. ~~Seeing~~ Samson had noted that she was not in the mood for talking and in the hopes of not sparking another disagreement he responded with a safe "OK".

With that Victoria erupted, with the ~~storm~~ tempest outside begging and banging the rattled walls of the ship, Victoria could have silenced it with her ~~stark~~ unexpected shriek that could have deflected Medusa and her snakey ladies at the same time. Utterly shocked Samson thought she had seen some insect or ~~best~~ small but beastly creature that perhaps tickled its way along her sensitive skin and frightened her. "I can't believe you" she wailed and cursed. Victoria flew insults his way each un-called for and panging his chest and causing his head to throb. ~~What~~ What! she was just fine! He thought. "You weren't there when I needed you!" she exclaimed. When! Where was!

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needed Samson thought quickly, this time he could hear her crackled voice escaping through protesting breaths required for her tears. "Over everyone else, I never thought that you would hurt me!" What did I do! How did I hurt her! "I don't have a strong male figure in my life, father hates me because I'm not a boy. You don't have any idea what it's like! I thought I could trust you!" Victoria's ramblings had resorted to gaping holes in her voice and a change of tone could be seen in Samson's face when it got too high. She had said all that she needed to say and knew that he had to understand her now.

I don't understand! Why is she crying, what the hell was that about father, what has that got to do with anything, why is she picking a fight, unless... She means to undermine me in front of the other sailors. She wants to rob my manhood! No way is that going to happen. I must exhibit my power, I have to remain dominant.

Samson stood and heaved in a deep breath, making his chest appear bigger and towering over Victoria, reminding her who the male was. Victoria looked at him and laughed, the girlish and quite obviously false laugh did enough to confuse Samson upon her means. As she kept laughing, she started to contort her body as she bent over holding her stomach, she attempted to stand but fell, probably because of the unbalanced rocking of the ship, probably because something was so funny that she wished to break Samson's spirit. And then she stopped, stood there and equally held Samson's gaze. She stared at him through nothingness in her eyes, as if shadows were dancing behind them in her head and she was momentarily distracted. She pulled something out from behind her, a piece of dishevelled parchment, stolen most likely with sea-transparent water and oil stains, folded and untied. She handed it

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it to Samson, to which he took and began to open. Victoria stepped him and said only "when I leave". Confused, Samson held the note, and Victoria made her way up the staircase. When she exited Samson read the note only to find,