

The Mark of One

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Young guy and a young girl discover what the "green mark" is and what the weird things are going on in and old, dark school.

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Chapter 1 - Coming Known, Young Man

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1 - Coming Known, Young Man

“Ah! You have made it. It’s so nice to have a few new men come and join this lovely school of ours.”

“That’s nice to know. I was hoping to unpack right now and take a small nap. I am very tired at this moment in time. I and the others had a long journey to get here in the forest of nothing.”

“Ah yes, I am sorry. I shall have Ms Merly take you and the others to your rooms. If you please follow her, that would be great. Also Ms Merly, make sure you tell this young man about his room and the rules on where he is sleeping. Not many would come to such a school with that room next to hers.”

“Yes Mistress.”

I and the other men looked around a bit, not really caring what this place looks, but it is pretty clean and nice and cheerful in the oddest way. I’m in the East wing I guess I was told. Not much here but just a few chairs with flower patterns and a few coat racks. Many pictures are hung here too. One is right in front of the door, the way we entered in. This lady I am guessing is the founder of this deadly school. Many said this lady killed her husband for being a snuff. I guess because he liked many girls. No one really knows the main story. All I know is that her name was Mrs. Farnboarn. I will only mind of that. But I’m sure I should be more careful on what I say around her if I ever get the chance to talk to her.

I was promised to meet this young lady here as well as the other men I’ am with on this dreary day. I must not tell you though of what of this young lady. If I was to tell, then you would never read this, would you now?

The lady that opened the door was one of the mistresses of the deadly school. Found out to be as Ms Merly. Not a common name though as I say. She seems about seventeen years of age with her skin that seems to glow when the right light hits her. Her dress seems to be old but yet new. It has little blue flowers with little pink roses, now that I look around. All the girls have the same dress on. All of them have their hair up in little tight curls with buns. Even Ms Merly seems to not like it. Everyone seems to stare at us men. I do not blame them; we do look odd to them. We are men of course. You can really see into one’s mind on what they think of you. No question about it. Just look into their eyes hard.

“Sirs please follow me to the lobby. There, many of the maids that work here will take you to your rooms and were they will tell you of this school and the rules that are with held here. You then can change into your school uniform and join us for supper. This will be in an hour from now. I thank you for coming here to Maple Leaf for Ladies. I hope you learn as much as you can here, thank you.”

Ah yes, she said that right. You ask yourselves why are men at a women’s school. To learn as much as we can. Learn why everyone happens to seem all cheerful and learn of what this young girl that seems to scare everyone away and of what the real story is of Mrs. Farnboarn. Mrs. Farnboarn asked ten men to come and learn at Maple. She had said in a letter that she wishes to see if this will work for the ladies of this school. See how they may react of it. To me, seems like these ladies are alright with it. They all mind their own business.

“Ah sir, please follow me to your room.” Ms Merly said with what seemed like this was going to kill her just taking me to my room.

“Alright.”

“Another things sir, since you came here I was told to make sure everything is smooth. At midnight you are to report to the office on the West wing to talk to Ms Janki. She is the main authority around here then just Mrs. Farnboarn. You will need your coat though. You are to go to the grave that with holds Mr. Farnboarn.” Ms Merly said.

She seems really determined for doing this job. Well ladies do have to with hold their manners when a guess like I, is here. She seems cheerful at heart. Have to like a girl like that. Well I do anyways. So later tonight I get to see a dead mans grave, how lovely.

“Right.” What else should I say? I’m only eighteen and I rather listen then talk and get some answers around here before I become food for the ladies.

“Right, umm if you please follow me to your room now.” She said.

Ms Merly does look at peace though. On the way up the stairs, I noticed on her left lower wrist there was a mark. It could have been anything though. The stairs twirl up to what seemed for ever. Each step I took, it creaked under my weight. I place my hand on the railing to get a better grip just incase. I could feel the dust run up my arm like it was alive. How annoying. Ms Merly got the hint of my unmanliness about this.

“Sir-“

“My name is not “Sir,” It happens to be Hans. I do wish you call me that. That would be nice. "sir" is just so old to me.”

“Sorry si—Hans. I notice that you are afraid about these stairs.” She stops and turns around with a huge smile, nothing like I have seen on anyone that I knew. It was a bit scary. Its like her eyes became bigger and her smile, I just can’t describe. She took hold of one of my shoulders and bent down to my eye level.

“Hans, these stairs are very old. With so many memories of ladies in this school. You are afraid that you may fall through. Even if these stairs did break under you, you would not fall through.” Her left eyebrow went up ever so slightly. As she turned around, again I noticed her left wrist. It had a mark for sure. It was hard not to miss.

As we went up the stairs, I thought what she said. *"Even if these stairs did break under you, you would not fall through."* What is that suppose to mean? I looked over the edge of the railing. For sure I saw that we were just about eight feet. *"You would not fall though."* I am sure that I would fall through. The only reason I'm afraid of old stairs is because my younger sister was just about ten feet from the ground on some old stairs. She had died when she took her last step. She ended up snapping her neck on the way down. She was only ten at the time. That was just about 5 years ago.

Each step I took I could hear the floor boards creaking under the pressure of my weight. We finally get to the top of the stairs. As I took my last step, I just about lost my breath. There was this huge picture with a golden frame. It looked like Mr. Farnbourn. He had a short beard, tall rugged man. Eyes big and round and short gray hair. To me, he looked pretty scary. I guess though he could be handsome in his own way if he was well liked by many girls as it has been a myth. He had gotten Mrs. Farnboarn, so there it is settled. He is well liked by, well ladies.

“Ah yes, Mr. Farnboarn. You are correct. As well as he is very handsome for his old age. Also do you mind not *thinking* that he was well liked by ladies? That is not true at all. He did get our respect, but even then it was hard to give it to him.” Ms Merly said as she looked at me with such hatred that I swear there was steam coming from her ears! How bizarre!

“Wait just a minute! Did you just hear my thoughts!? Don’t tell me you heard my every thought since I got here?” Yeah I was a bit spooked! Would you like knowing someone is reading or hearing your thoughts!? I didn’t think so. You could be exposed for something that you didn’t want to be known for. Like maybe the fact that you can’t stand one of your friends. Then they find out what you are saying behind their backs, just by reading your thoughts. Yeah pretty spooky.

“Oh no! How the heck can I do that!? No one possible can do that. Stop saying such nonsense and please can we move on or do you wish to know a little about this photo?” Well I guess it wouldn’t hurt to know a bit more about this photo. I mean, I need to know ever little info about this school. I don’t know why.

“Actually no. I must get some rest before supper. Please take me to my room. Now!”

Ok.Ok. I know I said earlier I was going to listen. It’s true though. I must get some rest before hand and unpack.

“Farley well. I will take you to your room and explain a few rules. If you please follow me.”

“Ah yes, mum.” Ok. Maybe I was a bit rash. Though it sounds like she’s taking care of me. It’s going to be the other way around.

I happen to not be this cold to anyone. I can’t stand being cold. I must though. To only make sure that I or anyone else gets attached to me or as well as the other men that came with me. We all have to make sure we don’t like or love anyone at this school nor them. It will just make our work a lot harder. Which just happened to be very hard. The only reason it’s so hard is because we actually really don’t know why we are here besides the fact that Mrs. Farnboarn asked us to be here to try to see if any of the ladies react to us.

As we walk down the great big hall I took notice of the big portraits of what seems to be people that owned this school years before. No, they were the ten ladies of this school that I heard so little about. They have nothing to special about themselves. Not one bit. Hmm kinda weird I think. Have pictures of ten ladies that are long gone. Well I guess to honor them in their own way.

"No! Have you not read anything about these great people! Ahh! I can't believe it! Men can be so stupid sometimes! Ms Merly spins around that made me go off balance and tumble to the ground.

"I really do must say that you are such an idiot. Seeing you on the ground just like that. What a fool. What a fool. How could you not know these people!? They are the ten ladies! Ten ladies that brought this school up so well. Brought it up to what it is known for today! As you just sit there looking blank fully at me, their history moves about in ways no one can ever think of. Nor even see. The only mark they leave is the "Green Star."

"Wait a second, hold it up! What gives you the right to speak to me like that and also say that I may not know any of these people! Is it because I am a guy and I am new to this school? Is it? I didn't think so! Now if you please just take me to my room. Thank you." I was just getting fed up with all of this! I just wanted to go to my room and sleep. Is that so hard to ask for?

"Why should I take you to your room? Yes I was told to, but really, we are all human beings. I do not need to be told what to do. If I was to take you to your room, all I would say about is, the rules and a little bit more about this young lady that happens to be next door to you. From there you are free to do whatever till ten o' clock. I can easily just tell you what door yours is and I shall be on my way. Would you like that or not Hans?" She turned around facing me on the ground, "Which is it going to be?"

Well let's see, I can go with her and get some info then on my own and have the fun of it. Or I can just have her tell me and I can just look for myself. Well to be honest, I rather have her come with me and point my room out and tell me some information.

I started to get up from the ground when she held her hand out to me. I looked at it like it was like some disease. I took hold of her left hand and when she lifted me up from the ground, I saw that mark again. I must not have her catching me looking at it. That might come against me sometime.

"Ms Mer-

"If I can call you by your first name, I should let you. My name is Angaly. I am also very sorry for how I am acting. Just a few things have been happening that no one can answer for. They are just at random times; we have no idea when one shall come up again. Now what was it you were going to say?" As she held her hand out to shake and I took it and smiled. Ah yes, I love being a guy. If one lady is scared, they run to someone more manly like. This of course is me.

"Yes, there is a problem that must be solved. But as for right now Angaly, I wish to go to my room and unpack and get ready for supper and hear the rules and ask some very small questions. This is taking a bit longer than I wished it to be. Which I am sorry for. I do seem to be holding us up with my stumbling. Now please, let's just get to my room and we should or shall be safe." Yes, Hans did it again. Smooth talking with a small smile at the end to make sure that all is well.

Angaly is such a pretty name. But with her attitude. What ever shall I do? I must get answers from her and this is not working if we are 'dancing' in the hall. As we went on our way, I noticed her left wrist again but this time it seemed to 'glow' green. How ironic.