

Title:Open Chariot One

Location:1.1

Start time:11.03.2014

End time: 7.04.2014

Song: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RkSf98rrvyA>

It was a warm early autumn afternoon. Birds were chirping and children were playing, crops growing and livestock was making stock noises. No, not here, somewhere else. Hopefully. In the currently tiny world of Violetta Copperhead the only sound that could be heard was the noise of cart wheels jumping on the bumps of a extraordinarily bumpy road. The only thing she was seeing was the blue expanse of the sky covered in clouds like it was badly spread white butter on blue bread. Pretty disgusting thought. Violet shook her head to get rid of it and hit herself in the nose with one of the many sacks of onions she was lying on since early morning this day. She was told to practice patience during the trip and she sure did. The bumps wedged her between the sacks of surprisingly uncomfortable vegetables and she had no choice but to wait patiently for the cart to stop. Preferably in a place with mining equipment.

The cart actually went past a gate at least half an hour ago, so the destination could not have been far away. And just as she thought that the cart stopped. She began gathering the strength to cry out for help but before she managed it she heard someone say in a deep but definitely female voice:

-I ordered a redhead for today, you seen her?

-She's in the back m'lady – That was her "driver" responding.

-Call me a fucking lady again...- the voice didn't actually sound very angry, almost like a formality actually.

-Yea, yea, just get her out so I can unload. - the man didn't sound particularly threatened either. I got to get these here onions onto the market in like - he paused for a second, and looked at the sun- I mean like now.

He did spell m'lady with his lips but how would I make the protagonist notice that I have no idea.

Someone jumped onto the cart and said: -There you are! Tucked in like some fucking baby, aren't you a goddamn cutie.

Violetta raised her arms towards the voice and was quickly pulled out of her tear inducing trap. Now sitting, she finally saw the owner of the voice, a muscular women wearing a sleeveless leather jacket seemingly made exclusively out of pockets, and a hood made of cloth, apparently attached to said jacket. Her arms were probably the most muscular Violetta ever saw on a women. Maybe men too actually.

-So you're Viola Copperhead, eh?- She said as she lifted Viola's bags from the cart- I got to say I did not expect the name to be this fucking literal- she pulled out something from her vest and put it against Viola's hair- Literally copper hair.

It was a small copper ingot she was holding in her hand.

-Excuse me, who are you? - You have to have your priorities straight. And as a recently recruited agent of the most elite taskforce you need to know who has just touched your hair.

-Oh, please forgive me my fucking manners, I'm very sorry. My name is Jane Sandler, everybody calls me just Jane. Except this ladyloving fucker here... -She gave a death stare to the man who just started unloading his cart.- I'm here to pick you up, miss Copperhead, such an obedient little fucking girl I am. We should get going, Ran has been really impatient lately.

-Who?

-You'll meet her soon enough, no fucking point explaining now.-She lifted the bags from the ground- These all you got?

-Yes, this is all I was allowed to keep at...

-Shhh, not on the fucking street, silly- Jane barely managed to stop her from saying a top secret name right there where anyone could have heard it. Violetta covered her mouth and blushed very brightly, terrified she almost committed treason within five minutes of arriving.- Don't freak out girl, you'll get used to it. Let's go.

Jane put an arm over her shoulder and pushed her towards the street going uphill. The push was gentle only in Jane's book.