Kerkera and the Phantom of The Opera

By Kerkera

Submitted: May 14, 2006
Updated: May 14, 2006

Kerkera, a young orphaned child is left in the care of Madame Florie, the Paris Opera House Mistress. But when she receives a black ribbon rose, the mysteries of the old Hall being to take hold. Has some new songs and some original. The names are differen

1 - Getting settled

"This will be your new home whilst you study, Miss..."

"Sun, Kerkera Sun." I said.

I was about ten years old when I arrived at the Paris Opera House, already 5 foot, with long dark brown hair and the potential of a good figure. I normally wore a small blue chequered dress and a white blouse, with my hair tucked into two plaits.

"Well Kerkera," smiled Madame Florie, `I hope everything you see and do in the Opera house is pleasant, and I trust that, in time, it will grow on you."

"I hope so too," I sighed, surveying the hall, with its many boxes and seats that rose almost up to the grand chandelier. It seemed a million miles away from my departed father's country house.

"Have you ever been in such a beautiful place, Miss. Kerkera?" asked Madame Florie, dropping her formal air to glaze with pride at the grand hall with it's beautifully patterned banisters and exquisite domed ceiling.

"I can assure you Madame," I smiled, "I have not,"

"Nay," continued the manger, "There is nothing quite like it,"

I watched the lady, her black hair pulled back from her face into a tight, neat bun, and her long black dress that shimmered in the spotlights.

"Have you lived her all your life?" I asked

"No," smiled Madame, "But since I was a little older than you, twelve, thirteen. And I've had the pleasure of performing in it on a number of occasions. Never a main role though,"

I glanced up at this. The woman's face expressed a deep sadness.

"I'm sure you will one day," I insisted,

"Thank you child," smiled the mistress, "But I am able to lie to rest in the knowledge that the crowd shall never chant my name,"

I looked away, not wanting to see the sad smile on Madame's face. Instead, I continued to gaze about the stands. My eyes rested on the furthest box. It was different to the rest, the walls and furnishing a dark red, and the curtains so deep that they appeared black in a different light. Even the wood edging it was a shade or so darker than the rest. It had a foreboding and yet grand element about it. I tilted my

head to stare at it more, when suddenly a face appeared where I watched. I had tried to cry out, but found my voice to be gone. The face, from what I could make out, had a Spanish quality, with thick black hair smoothed back from the face and a slightly chiselled jaw line. But the object that was most apparent, most noticeable, was the bright white mask that covered half of the man's face.

"Miss. Kerkera?" Madame's voice drifted in to clear my state.

"Pardon?" I choked, my gaze still fixed on the man in the box. Slowly, he raised a finger to his lips. Then, in a blink of an instant, he was gone. I blinked. What was that?

"Miss. Kerkera!" insisted the servant, "Madame. Florie requests that she takes you to your room."

"Oh," I said, tearing my eyes away from the spot, "Yes, al-alright,"

Madame. Florie was waiting patiently behind the stage backdrop as I came rushing towards her.

"I'm sorry Ma'am I was just… lost in the beauty of the place, forgive me," I panted.

"There is nothing to forgive," the mistress smiled, "As I've said before, it is the most beautiful place that could be seen by any, not just royalty. For, any person with talent, rich of poor, can make it into the Paris Opera House. And, by the sound of your father's death wish, and the words of your previous governess, you have a talent that could take you far."

I shot her a look at the mention of my deceased father.

"I am sorry for your loss, Miss. Sun. Your father and I were dear friends."

I looked at the floor as we walked through the many corridors and stairwells.

"I saw you looking at the far box, am I correct?" said Madame. Florie after a whiles silence, as we climbed the small wooden spiral staircase.

"Yes you did," I smiled with a nervous laugh.

"I also assume that you noticed its individuality from the other?"

I nodded, not really wanting to answer. The man I'd seen had told me to stay quiet.

"It is where the Phantom sits." Smiled Madame, opening a door into another low roofed corridor, holding it open for the servants who carried my luggage. Seeing my questioning face, she continued.

"It is said that a creature lives in this place. There are few who have seen him, and those who have speak of him as a devil's child. A man, shunned from society, with half his face mangled and deformed. He wears a mask that covers that part of his face. He walks the tunnels and caverns underneath the Opera house, listening to the music that we perform. When we hold a performance, he sometimes watches from that box," Madame. Florie looked at me, "He knows, and sometimes orders, everything that happens here. The plays we perform, the singers and dancers we hire. Everything"

"How?" I questioned as we continued along the upper storey corridors. "How does a man that is hardly seen order a place as large as the Opera House? How does he order people who are not his to order? It makes no sense!"

" He leaves us letters. We are left letters, with a large red skull on the seal. And if we go against his will, someone dies."

I stopped and stared at her, "Madame?"

"Oh calm child." She smiled at me, "I am sure that you are quite safe. I have a feeling that the Phantom will be pleased with you."

She offered me her hand, which I hesitated to take. She led me through one last corridor, which was dimly lit by a few wall-mounted candles, until I finally saw a door.

"This will be your room," she said, pausing outside the door, {"I would of put you with the other girls, but we had no more beds, or space, to spare. But I hope this room will be to your liking,"

She opened the door and I stepped over the threshold. It was also light by two wall-mounted candlesticks. The east and West walls were sloped because we must be near the roof. There was one window near the top of the slanted walls, which was letting a thin beam of moonlight enter the room and land on the bed. The bed was about two hands widths from the floor, covered in a patchwork quilt and white blanket. There was a simple rug, a mirror, and small chest of drawers for my clothes.

"It's…lovely," I smiled. Alright, it was nothing compared to my bedroom back at my old home, but that was my past, this was home now, and will be for the rest of my childhood at least.

`I'm sorry that it's quite cold up here," sighed the Madame, "But it was the only other place we had. My room is just through the door at the end of the other corridor."

"Thank-you," I said, bowing my head as the servant placed my luggage at the foot of my bed.

"Breakfast is at half eight." Continued the Madame; "You should wear the clothes that are already in the drawers, its standard uniform. For the first term you will act as a helper, to make sure you understand how a Opera House is run. After that period, you will be assessed with the other girl who is studying here to determine whether you are a performer or a servant," She inclined her head towards the boy who had carried my things. I looked at him, in his loose shirt and brown trousers and his mousey brown hair flopped over his forehead.

"What's your name young sir?" I asked him.

He looked up at me in surprise.

"Mortimer, miss," he said, bowing to me.

"What is your age?" I asked kindly, walking towards him,

"I'm thirteen, ma'am, nearly fourteen,"

"Nearly ready to go out into the world on your own, aren't you lad?" smiled Madame kindly.

Mort smiled and nodded, never taking his eyes off me.

"May I just say miss," he said, his stare boring into my eyes, "That you have the most beautiful eyes, I have never seen any so dark and deep."

I smiled and blushed, turning my face away, "You flatter me sir,"

"For a ten year old, you are remarkably mature," he smiled, still looking at me intently.

"You are all manners and politeness Mortimer," I smiled.

"Call me Mort," he insisted.

"Thank you Mort,"

"Alright you two," laughed Madame. Florie, "I think Miss. Kerkera has had enough excitement for one day."

"Thank you for everything, Madame," I bowed

"It's my pleasure. Now, get some rest, I expect to see you downstairs tomorrow, eight o'clock,"

"Yes miss,"

"Goodnight," she said, turning and leaving.

"Goodnight, Miss. Kerkera," smiled Mort, closing the door as he left.

2 - Angel

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Working at the Opera house wasn't the glitz or the glamour that I first believed
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Working at the Opera house wasn't the glitz or the glamour that I first believed. I was to watch the star
performer, Miss. Maria, so that I could learn and understand what it meant to be a singer. Though I was
thrilled at the idea, I soon learned, to my own expense, that Miss. Maria was not the most pleasurable
person. In fact, from the moment we met, she seemed to loathe my very existence. She ignored me
almost completely, apart from barking the occasional insult or order at me. I learned to deal with it for, no
matter how much she despised me, she was my teacher and the only access to information and
experience that I had available.
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Miss. Maria was an extremely grand and obvious woman, with a head full of long red lock, a face coated
in a hundred different types of makeup, a voice that could reach notes that I didn't even know existed,
and a fierce and fiery temper. She was extremely proud and spoilt rotten by her servants, mangers and
fans. She had access to the most brilliant and beautiful dresses, but constantly demanded more. I,
however, was not allowed to wear any of the pretty frocks that I had brought with me from my father's
house, and, instead, had to continually wear my simplest dresses. My hair was not allowed to me down,
nor placed into a fashionable style. Everything about me, by order of Miss. Maria, had to be plain and

ordinary.
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For the next year I spent my time following Miss. Maria about the Opera House, watching the rehearsals, attending the staff meetings, and any other occupations that came with the job. During this time I became friends with another student. Rosetta was a small pale child, with long fine blonde hair, and large pale blue eyes. She was a shy little thing, who only spoke when spoken to, and tried hard to stay out of everyone's way. She had been assigned to the Opera House's leading male, Jean Christophe. He was a large, booming man, who didn't seem to know that his apprentice even existed. Poor Rosie had to follow him around, never getting a single word spoken to her. If he did address her, him called her "you" "thing" or "it". She and I would have to continually walk to and fro from the kitchens, normally to fetch lemon water for Miss. Maria, or an assortment of savoury snacks for Jean Christophe.
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However, one day Miss. Maria and Jean Christophe had to go into central Paris for some all day party. As it was outside the Opera House, Rosie and I were not allowed to attend. This suited us very finely, as we spent the day in the kitchens or on the stage with Mort. Mort had become a good friend to me, and I valued both his and Rosie's friendship. They words, apart from the few I had with Madame. Florie, were the only kind words I received since I left my father's.
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We had spent a good few hours running about the set, which was set up for the performance that night. We had been playing in amongst the wooden tree props, when Rosie began to complain of a headache.
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"I'll go get you a glass of water, Rosie," I said, seating her on the edge of the stone bench prop.
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"Don't worry, I'll get it," Mort insisted, looking at me.
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"umm…alright," I smiled, "If you insist,"
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"I do," he smiled back, turning and running backstage.
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I looked out at the hall. The candles where being little by the old women who where the more general servants. The seats shone a brilliant red in the bright lights, and the god tinted banisters shimmered and sparkled. My eyes, once again, lay upon the furthest box. Even though the whole Hall was bright and sparkling, the light seemed to stop at the dark cherry wood banner.
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The orchestra below the stage, who had been getting ready to rehearse, suddenly struck the long shimmering note that began the ballet piece.
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"Oh Rosie!" I called to her, "It's the ballet! Please, come dance it with me?"
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"Oh, Kerri," she sighed, shaking her head, "I couldn't! I don't know half of the steps! And anyhow," she smiled, "My head still hurt!"
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"Fine," I laughed, "I'll dance on my own! But so help me, if you laugh at me, I will drag you up here and make you do it, headache or not!"
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"Alright," she laughed, "I won't laugh at you!"
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I stepped into the centre of the stage, and plid. Then I reached up, then leapt across the stage, my long legs stretched as far as they could go. I landed on my toes, then pirotted to the left, trying not to let my plaits hit my face. I leapt high and crossed my legs, taking me to the floor. I swept my arms across the floor to above my head, sitting one leg bent, the other sraight and poitned along the floor. The music stopped there becase they need to adjust some strings. I smiled and fell out of the postion to the floor. I heard a clapping from behind me. Mort had returned with drinks for us all.
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"Thank you Mort!" I called, running upstage to the stone bench.
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"My pleasure," he smiled, holding up a glass of milk. We sipped quietly as the orchestra began to rearrange itself.
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"Can you sing?" asked Mort, taking the glass from his mouth,

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"Oh hardly," I laughed into my glass.
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"That's not true," called Rosie, "Mort, you should hear her when she's in our dorm. Before she leave to go to her bed she's always leading a sing-song of some sort! Oh do sing Kerri!"
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"Rosie, please," I giggled, placing my glass down on the bench, "I've never heard you talk so loud and freely!"
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"I've never believed in something so passionalty!" Rosie insisted, looking straight in my eyes, "Do sing when the music starts,"
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"Oh alright!" I sighed, turning from them and walking towards the centre, "But don't laugh if I forget the words!"
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Mort chuckled and sat next to Rosie.
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I stood and listened for the music to begin. The piano forte began a slow steady pace.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"The dancing in the night,
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
The softness, of your voice in the darkness,
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Reminds me and my senses,

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Of a world, once lost to an unknown force.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
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What little things I do remember,
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like your footsteps on the sand,
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Are all lost in a silent dream,
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And banned from day.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Desires, once fiery and passionate,
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Lie as ashes in a light wind,
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Scattered across the seas,
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Gone from my mind."
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The violins came in like a swooping blanket of noise,
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"We always said our love would last,
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
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That we'd be together till the end of time.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
How strange, those dreams are gone now,
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
You left so fast."
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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
The music grew stronger as the notes made a crescendo.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"But do you still think of what we had?
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
What we might have seen?
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
What we might could have been?
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Do you sit, alone at night?
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
And gaze across the sea,
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Do you still think of me?
</p></div>

\<p>\<div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

\<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
But it will never be!"
\</p>\</div>

\<p>\<div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

\<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

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\<p>\<div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

\<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
I smiled as I hit the last long note, letting the noise vibrate through my whole body. I could hear the people in the orchestra scrambling about below me. I saw some of their faces appear in front of me where the conductor stood. I heard clapping and looked back to smile at Mort and Rosie. I turned to look at the seats again.
\</p>\</div>

\<p>\<div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

\<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
White.
\</p>\</div>

\<p>\<div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

\<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
The man, he was there. I froze. I hadn't seen his face again since I'd arrived. I stared at him as he stared

at me. Then, slowly, he lowered his head in what seemed to be a slow nod. Then, with a swish of his cloak, he was gone.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Kerri!" called Rosie, running up behind me, "Well done! See, didn't I say that you could sing,"
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Yes," I said dreamily, still transfixed to the box.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"That was really good," smiled Mort, appearing on the other side of me, "No one would guess you were 11 with that voice!"
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Thank you," I said, slowly looking from the box. I wasn't sure whether I'd said that to Mort or to the man.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:

White; ">
"Argh!"
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
We all turned to look back at the noise. Miss. Maria's skirt vanished behind the curtain.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
"Oh dear," I said, looking at my friends, before running after her.
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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
I watched her running through the throng of people, pushing them over as she screamed and
complained. I apologised to the dancers who had been mercilessly crushed or thrown about by my
teacher.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
"Miss. Maria!" I called, trying to reach her. Through I did not care for the woman myself, if she said any
bad enough things about me, I could be thrown out of the Opera House onto the street.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
```
"Miss. Maria!"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
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I ran up the steps, but got caught in the group of ballet dancers. When I finally pushed through, I followed the sound of loud complaining till I heard the slamming of a door. I ran along the corridor until I reached her door. I could hear her moaning to Jean Christophe and her handmaid.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
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"Miss. Maria?" I called through the door, "Please, I'm sorry,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
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All I could hear was her shrill screeches. I didn't realize that they had returned so early!
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</p></div>
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
```
"Miss. Maria!"
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```

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
I let out a sigh, and slid down the door to the floor. If she told Madame Florie or the House manager that I did something bad…
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Father?" I whispered, "What do I do?"
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
I stood and wandered through the corridors. This was the one where all the visiting stars stayed, and all the important dressing rooms were, so it had the very best cherry wood flooring and flowery wallpaper. I reached a sofa and slumped onto it.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"I don't want to go," I sniffed. Many people may think I was over reacting. But I had had a feeling that Miss. Maria had been looking for a reason to get rid of me for ages. She must of found one, though I don't know what it was exactly.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Father," I whispered, "Where is the angel you promised me?"
</p></div>

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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
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When my father was ill, he called me to his bedside. He told me about an angel, a spirit that, if he should die, would protect me from harm and guide me towards light. He told me that the Angel of Music will always be with me, and that I need not to be afraid. It was an angel that lived off my mother and his love for me. That was the last thing he said to me. About an hour later he died.
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</p></div>
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White; ">
```
I leaned forward on my knees, what was I going to do? I needed to find a way of either convincing Miss. Maria to not say anything, or if she does say something, a way of convincing the Manager and Madame Florie not to get rid of me. But how? I was just a little girl no one would believe me.
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</p></div>
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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
```
Swish.
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</p></div>
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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
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I looked up. The sound had come from the end of the corridor. I stood up and stared, but I couldn't see anything.
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</p></div>
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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
```

"Hello?" I asked, walking slowly down towards the noise. The next corridor was darker, with only a few candles.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Oh!" I called out in alarm as I saw a shadow move across the furthest wall.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Umm…excuse me!" I called after it. Yet again, I heard the swish of a cloak.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
I ran down the long corridor, following the shadow that seemed to appear on the furthest walls. As I ran further, the corridors got darker and greyer. Left, right, left, left again, until I ran down some stone spiral stairs and jumped into a small room. I looked round and saw the opposite wall slide shut.
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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Wait!" I called, running to the wall, "Wait please, who are you?"
</p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:

White; ">
I hammered the wall with my small fists. Soon though, they became sore and I was forced to stop. I turned and slumped against the cold stones and surveyed the room.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
It was small and square, with a large stain glass window of an angel and a sunset. Next to this marvellous window were two large, black, freestanding candlestick holders. Each one held five or six unused candles, their wicks still covered in wax. The doorway through which I'd entered was made of stone and was without a door. The staircase was nothing more than, what seemed, a narrow hole. I walked across the room to the candles. My footsteps echoed as my heels hit the stones. I could hear the water dripping from a far off corner, each splash a single drum beat. I knelt on the stones and looked about. There was a small box of matches on the windowsill, so I reached out and took them. After the candles were lit, I sat back on my heels in simple thought. There was something calming in the atmosphere that made my thoughts easier to process. I closed my eyes a breathed.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"I am your angel of music," came a soft, low voice.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
My eyes snapped open. The room was empty.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Listen to your angel of music," said the voice.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Please," I whispered, looking about the room. Yet again, nothing.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Kerkera," said the voice, so gently it was almost a whisper, "Kerkera,"
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Please," I whispered, trembling at the sound.
</p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Kerri," it breathed, "Believe,"
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
I looked at the window. The angel, with a dress of white and sparkling halo, had its hand offered out to me. I walked up to it and put my hands against the cool glass, my face level to the angel's.
</p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"It's true, your voice is good, but still," it said, with a slight rhythm to the words, "If you want to excel, you must accept me as your teacher,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
I looked into the angel's eyes,
</p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"My teacher," I whispered, my breath making a mist about the face.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Heed my warning and what I instruct," said the voice, "And you are guaranteed success,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
I bowed my head, and thanked him. Maybe I believed to easily, but the voice… I just felt like I had to believe in him. And I was only a gullible 11 year-old who had been promised an angel. I sat up and called back to him

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Master, I'm am your student, speak and I listen, please guide me in the ways only you know how. Please, angel, protect me from the darkness of the world outside."
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
I heard a faint laugh that slightly unnerved me.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Go, you must return. Those friends of yours will be missing you," he said. I got up, curtsied, and ran out the room. As I left, a gust of wind extinguished the candles.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
*Hello! Right, I know you're probably thinking that this is just a rewrite of P.O.T.O. However, there are

going to be little twists, new songs, e.g. the one above, and a different ending, cos lets face it, the conclusion of the actual play is kinda sucky. (or at least that's what I think!) so please keep reading and review. Just keep the flames to more constructive rather than full out attacks! Thank you!
</p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Kerri
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
~*~
</p></div>

<!--Section Ends-->

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Document created with wvWare/wvWare version
1.2.1

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