**Maybe Someday**

-994 words-

**The Long Chapter- Year 1236**

*The Lady is Dead! Hurrah! Hurrah!*

As she stares up at the sign board, something hits Agnes in the back.

*Maybe someday this commune will change,* she thinks. *Or maybe someday I’ll be the one to make the commune change. I have always wanted to make a difference like that.*

“What’s the good news?” Her friend Godwin jokes, running up beside Agnes.

 “Is *that* what you hit me with?” Agnes sighs, pointing to the apple on the ground by her feet.

“Oh. Well, I didn’t have a roll, if that’s what you want,” Godwin picks up the apple and takes a big bite, wrinkling her nose, she finds the contents to be filled with brown spots. “I paid two coins for this!” She exclaims, the price was cheap compared to what it usually is these days. It’s usually seven coins for an apple.

 “Maybe that could be why it was so inexpensive,” Agnes watches as Godwin chucks it into the trash barrel.

 “Maybe, Agnes, you could be a little less all-knowing” She wipes her hands on her skirt.

 “I’ve got to get to work,” Agnes says as she tears down the poster from its nail and throws it on top of the apple.

 Walking through the commune, Agnes thinks to herself; *the lady may be dead but she was never the problem anyway.*

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Agnes was walking near the stables, when suddenly the Lord’s eldest son, Arden, pulled her aside.

 “You aren’t supposed to be here,” he says, as if they know each other. He’s wearing riding clothes, which would make sense because he’s on a horse. “You are lucky I caught you, and not my father. You’re on his land.”

 “Uh,” she smiles weakly.

 “You don’t talk much, do you? Well, my name is Arden. You probably already know that, though,” he pauses to slide off his horse in a very graceful manner.

“What’s your name?” He asks.

“Agnes,” Agnes states.

 “Pretty. How old are you?”

 “Um, I’m seventeen,” she hesitates, but before she can finish, he holds up a hand.

 “We’re the same age.”

She just nods.

“What is your favorite flower?”

 “A lilac,” she says confidently. “What about yours?” Agnes asked, matching his volume.

 “Roses.”

 “Nice,” she compliments.

 “I suppose I am expected back at the castle by now,” Arden says, backing away.

 “Bye, it was nice meeting you!” She turns around and walks away.

**The Second Long Chapter- One Year Later**

Agnes is celebrating Godwin’s birthday at Godwin’s cruck. She’s cutting into the chicken that she smuggled from the butcher, and then roasted over the fire earlier until it was just right.

 “Honestly, it’s just so great that we are great at not getting thrown into jail. Want some more, Agnes?” She holds up a half-full jug of ale.

 Agnes is afraid that the Lord might have another public punishment. If Godwin doesn’t stop her poultry robbery, she might be left with her hand cut off.

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The castle looms over everyone as they make their way into the middle of the commune at noon the next day. Agnes tries to peer over everyone to find out who is going to be punished *this time* for some minor crime. When she finally sees, she can’t believe her eyes. “What? No! She can’t!” Agnes gets shushed by at least seven people. It’s Godwin, held back by two public executioners, just in case.

 Of the four public executioners, one has a big heavy knife. They laid Godwin’s hand on a table, with Godwin trying not to cry out, they slammed the knife down as hard as they could. She screamed. The public executioners took her away, with her severed hand in a pail, and thrust a strip of cotton into her remaining hand.

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“Hello,” a familiar voice says. She looks up and sees a boy, about her own age of eighteen. She doesn’t think she recognizes him.

“Hello,” she replies.

 “I didn’t really come prepared, but-” Agnes cuts him off.

 “Your voice. It sounds too proper for these parts of the commune. Who are you?” She quizzes.

 “I’m um. Well, I can’t tell you here,” he looks around at all the peasants milling about.

 “Okay. Is Godwin okay? Do you know?” She closes the door after they step inside her humble abode.

 “Um. One second. Let me just,” he removes his spectacles, coif and wool coat to reveal…well…

 “Lord Arden?” She gasps. “I um. I did think I recognized you.”

“Arden. Anyway, from what I can put together, Godwin is your friend, correct?”

 “Yeah?” She says.

 “Well, she should be back at her cruck by now. I think my father took it too far.”

 “It happens all the time.”

 “I just don’t think violence is the key. I prefer my flowers. They aren’t violent unless they were made to be that way. Take a rose, for example.”

 “Your favorite flower,” She mutters, remembering.

**A Shorter Chapter- Two Months Later**

“Are you sure?” Agnes asks one more time.

 “No.” Arden leads her though the doors, and in front of the Lord anyway.

“No.” The Lord grunts after staring at Agnes for about three minutes. He looks back and forth between Agnes and Arden. “You bring a commoner in here and expect to marry her?” He sits back down in his chair, bringing a glass to his lips.

 “Please? Give her a chance!”

 “Fine,” the Lord finally says. “You can marry her.”

**The Shortest Chapter- One Week Later**

Today is the day that Agnes becomes a countess.

**The Second Shortest Chapter- A Few Hours Later**

Agnes likes to think that Godwin is here with her in the loneliness of the castle. Although, she probably isn’t. She is probably mad that Agnes didn’t visit her enough once she was handless. At least Arden made the gravediggers put her in a nice big hole.

 Maybe someday Countess Agnes will make a difference in stopping the violent punishments like the one that killed Godwin.