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Anexos

Nos anexos, encontram-se os questionários utilizados para entrevistar as escritoras que contribuíram para a subseção 2.1.6 (Desenvolver), e os textos completos das fanfictions analisadas na seção 3.3 (Fanfiction e pastiche) e no capítulo 5, quando for o caso.

8.1

Questionários (subseção 2.1.6)

Fanfiction/Ficwriter — Questionnaire — Nº 1

Please, answer the questions (if they apply). Thank you.

1. Where are you from? **England**
2. How old are you? **23 years old**
3. What do you do?/What's your profession?/What did you major in college? **I am currently unemployed, mainly from sickness, but I did a creative arts, and writing course in college along with a child care degree**
4. When did you begin writing? **When I was about 6 years old, I've always loved it even as a young child.**
5. Do you write in English? Are you a native speaker? **Yes I write in English and now I only speak English**
6. How do you choose what to write about (plot)? **Depends, sometimes I chose prompts that people have sent me or I will watch the show and ideas literally just come to me and I think about how I would have liked a scene to go and I then write it!**
7. Why do you like to write about Swan Queen? **I love to write about SwanQueen because, those characters gave me the courage to be myself, to come out and be open about my sexuality. There are so many reasons why, but I think so I can show that two, strong independent women, can fall head over heels in love with one another and remain independent. Showing that they rely on themselves but having someone to catch you when you fall is just as important. I love them.**
8. How often do you post fanfiction?/ How many stories have you posted online so far? **I post as much as I can, weekly if I can, and I'm not sure as I post short stories on one platform and multifics and shirt stories on the other so altogether I'd say maybe 30 ish**

9. Do you think about being a professional writer or is writing fanfiction just a hobby/pastime? **I do, and am currently writing a swanqueen fic that I will be turning into a book! Writing is what I want to do as a career.**

10. How is your relationship with the fan community? **Amazing! I have met so many talented, enthusiastic people. I also met my girlfriend because of SwanQueen**

11. Do you have a beta reader?/How does this work (with the beta reader)? **Are you a beta reader? I don't have one, I am a beta reader for some friends though, it helps to have the second person to look over your work. I do a lot of proof reading so I don't need one, I feel, but others may feel differently.**

12. Will you mind if I annex this answered questionnaire to my research?
I don't mind at all

Fanfiction/Ficwriter — Questionnaire — Nº 2

Please, answer the questions (if they apply). Thank you.

1. Where are you from?

Malta (an island just south of Sicily within the EU)

2. How old are you?

21 years old, 22 in May

3. What do you do?/What's your profession?/What did you major in college?

I'm currently in my second year of a 3 year Nursing course at university

4. When did you begin writing?

When I was about 13 years old

5. Do you write in English? Are you a native speaker?

Although Maltese is my official native language, I have an easier time expressing myself in English both with speaking and writing, and I write in English almost exclusively

6. How do you choose what to write about (plot)?

Sometimes a friend or a reader of my work will send me a prompt, giving me the plot themselves, but most times I come up with it myself. Sometimes it will be inspired by the plots of movies, books, or video games

7. Why do you like to write about Swan Queen?

They're such a versatile couple, and with their ability to do magic, the possibilities are virtually infinite. My heart is attached to them in a way it never has been with another pairing

8. How often do you post fanfiction?/ How many stories have you posted online so far?

It depends really. With one shots (one chapter pieces) I post them as soon as they're finished, and have so far posted 6 one shots. I have two multi-chapter stories, one complete at 30 chapters and one still ongoing with 25 chapters posted as of answering this survey. With the one that's ongoing, I post every Sunday. I don't post more than one multi-chapter piece at a time because otherwise I'll end up focusing too much on one and all but abandoning another, and I don't want to do that.

9. Do you think about being a professional writer or is writing fanfiction just a hobby/pastime?

I genuinely dream of being a professional writer – and in fact I plan on switching some of my fics to original pieces one day, if a publisher will have me that is.

10. How is your relationship with the fan community?

It depends on which part of the community. I have a very good relationship with the Swan Queen community, as well as some people from other parts of the fandom, however I have also had a bit of hate come my way from a particular group within the Once Upon A Time fandom because of a title of my current ongoing fic. However I answer as civilly as possible and I don't let it affect me.

11. Do you have a beta reader?/How does this work (with the beta reader)? Are you a beta reader?

I do not have a beta reader, but I do have a couple of friends who help me out sometimes when I'm stuck.

I'm not a beta reader myself because as ironic as this might sound, reading is difficult for me – I find it very difficult to focus.

12. Will you mind if I annex this answered questionnaire to my research?

Go ahead ☺

Please, answer the questions (if they apply). Thank you.

1. Where are you from?

Lafayette, IN

2. How old are you?

31

3. What do you do?/What's your profession?/What did you major in college?

I am a chef/caterer.

4. When did you begin writing?

I began writing original fiction around 10 and then posting fanfiction around 16.

5. Do you write in English? Are you a native speaker?

Yes and English is my only language.

6. How do you choose what to write about (plot)?

Random thought will cross my mind and then a story will bloom from that. Typical once I get an idea I'll think about it, outline in Google .docs and then start fleshing it out in my mind. Once I sit down it generally flows out, almost like the characters and plots are writing themselves.

7. Why do you like to write about Swan Queen?

First, Lana Parrilla :) Though there is no other experience like meeting her after having sex scenes with Regina.

Really though, there's just something about the draw of their story, so far I've mostly only written cannon deviation stories. Regina's story of manipulation into evil and then her redemption as she learns to love again is something for the ages. Emma's background provides a whole plethora of potential to explore stories and it's almost in a way like Regina's ultimate redemption. Loving Emma, raising Henry even. I'm planning to do some AU's down the road and using them as the... bones (?) of the story makes things a little easier in the sense that I already have a picture in my head of who they are.

A bigger, deeper reason, is that I enjoy being able to escape. Writing for me is a greater way to escape than reading, although I enjoy reading also. It allows me to shape the characters how I want, I also tend to write what I know. I'm a woman who leans towards the masculine and am attracted to feminine women, I'll often work those dynamics into my writing, letting me explore things that I maybe can't in my personal life. It lets me live vicariously through these characters.

8. How often do you post fanfiction?/ How many stories have you posted online so far?

When I'm actively writing a multi-chapter I try and post weekly, if it's smaller stories I'll post them whenever I get them finished and back from my beta. I have 5 stories uploaded right now, just finished a huge 632 page story that is complete online. In the last year I deleted a handful of others from other fandoms. In my google drive waiting to be worked on I have another 25 outlined.

9. Do you think about being a professional writer or is writing fanfiction just a hobby/pastime?

I would like to be published. Writing has always been a hobby since a very young age, but I've always wanted to go professional. My hope would be for some of AU pieces to be able to be converted into original works one day, but time will tell.

10. How is your relationship with the fan community?

Good I think. I only recently (in the last year) started publishing in the SwanQueen community, but the larger piece was very well received, 800 comments, 1700 kudos and 200,000 hits between the two sites I post on. My smaller pieces have been well received as well. I have received very little negative feedback and consider that to be a good indication.

11. Do you have a beta reader?/How does this work (with the beta reader)? Are you a beta reader?

I do use a beta reader. The beta I use now is not the one I originally started out with in the SwanQueen community. The first beta I used wasn't very helpful and her grammar was not on a level of what I was looking for, I would end making more corrections then she had in my own proofreading after she was done.

Once I finish a story or chapter I will send a link along with editing access to the file in my Google drive. She'll read through and perform edits on grammar and a little bit of wording, make notes and suggestions, though those are rare.

I am not a beta reader, just not a thing for me. I don't hold my own grammar skills in high esteem, even though my beta tells me I'm one of her better authors in most aspects, including grammar.

12. Will you mind if I annex this answered questionnaire to my research?

Not a problem at all, go right ahead.

8.2

A Verdade Nua e Crua (seção 3.3)

A VERDADE NUA E CRUA

Traiu ou não traiu? Capitu tem algo a dizer. Dom Casmurro Fanfiction

Por Mary13Black

Durante toda a minha vida, o sentimento que eu mais desprezei foi o ciúme. O que leva um homem a desconfiar da pessoa que ama sem motivo algum, meu Deus? O ciúme descabido de Bentinho já estava me deixando louca, quando tudo aconteceu. O cúmulo foi quando percebi que ele estava com ciúmes de meus braços (veja só, meus braços!) expostos no baile. Ora, se ele esperava que eu, neste calor do Rio de Janeiro, usasse mangas compridas, além de todas as sedas e panos e espartilhos que eu já vestia, ele estava muito enganado.

A senhora, leitora, que provavelmente sabe um pouco sobre minha criação, há de entender que sou uma mulher prática, porém também espero que tenha percebido, pelo que sabe da minha história, o quanto eu amo Bentinho e o quanto lutei para ficarmos juntos. Peço, então, que tente entender meu lado da situação e, se não for capaz disso, pelo menos tente não me julgar mal pelo que vou contar agora.

Quando Bentinho me pediu para não ir mais em bailes com os braços nus, me contou que Escobar, seu estimado e querido Escobar, concordava e conspirava com estes ciúmes descabidos. Foi então que, além da raiva que eu já estava da desconfiança de Bentinho, se acumulou em meu peito uma indignação pela hipocrisia de Escobar. Hipocrisia, eu digo, porque eu já tinha percebido em muitas situações os olhares que ele deitava sobre mim. Nunca culpei o amigo de meu marido por esses olhares, pois eu sabia que era da natureza masculina olhar, ainda mais quando casados com uma moça como Sanchinha, que não tem muitos atrativos. Eu nunca correspondi aos olhares dele, no entanto, e nem havia razão para tal, considerando meu amor por Bentinho. Mas o motivo dos olhares dele (e creio que de outros homens também) não era a exposição de meus braços, posto que Escobar sabia disso, e ele não tinha nada que concordar com meu marido, deveria teimar e dizer que os braços não faziam diferença alguma.

Nunca antes fui vingativa, mas eu nem sequer hesitei antes de mandar um negro — uns dias depois, quando Bentinho estava no foro — não hesitei antes de mandar um negro no Andaraí buscar o senhor Escobar para ajudar-me em certos negócios. Foi aí que se deu a contagem das tais dez libras esterlinas. Eu poderia facilmente dizer que não aconteceu nada além disso naquela tarde, quando estávamos sozinhos em casa. Mas estou aqui para ser sincera, e confiarei a verdade a este papel, mesmo que me custe a honra. Acho que talvez eu nem devesse me preocupar tanto com minha honra, já que o marido eu já perdi.

Honrada ou não, quando estávamos os dois contando as moedas, fiz algo que nunca pensei que faria na vida: correspondi aos olhares furtivos de Escobar, e ele parecia

hipnotizado por meus olhos, como pareceu Bentinho no dia de nosso primeiro beijo e eu tantas outras ocasiões. Eu nunca havia usado este olhar com outro homem, e pensava que eu só surtia esse efeito em meu marido, mas aparentemente seu amigo também era suscetível aos meus olhos. Depois de contadas e guardadas as moedas, mandei que nos servissem café e mantive com ele uma conversa amena e agradável que nós dois raramente compartilhávamos, posto que eu era mais amiga de Sancha e ele, de Bentinho. Durante toda a conversação, eu mantive os olhos dele presos aos meus, olhar que ele não parecia temer sustentar, como o próprio Bentinho às vezes temia.

Quando nos despedimos, segurei as mãos dele às minhas por mais tempo que devia e, ainda prendendo-o com os olhos, disse na voz mais doce que eu possuía.

- Volte aqui amanhã, Escobar, para terminarmos de resolver este assunto.

Aquilo bastou. Eu preciso contar o que aconteceu no dia seguinte, cara leitora? Presumo que não, e já que não é algo de que eu me orgulhe, não contarei. No entanto, há uma observação sobre o ocorrido que eu creio que seja de uma importância relevante. Por isso vou dizer apenas que os beijos de Escobar não me trouxeram o universo de sentimentos que me traziam os de Bentinho, mas queimaram com um sabor de perigo que eu nunca havia provado. Meu Deus, até esse momento eu não havia percebido o quanto eu estava sufocada pelos ciúmes de Bentinho!

Escobar foi, sim, uma válvula de escape, apesar de que eu não me orgulhe disso. Aquilo não voltou a acontecer, mas cavou minha sepultura, na qual me deito agora. Bentinho temia tanto ser traído que, no final das contas, foi seu próprio medo que provocou a traição. Não digo que ele não mereceu.

8.3

The Girl Who Lived (seção 5.1)

Chapter One: The Girl Who Lived

Mr and Mrs Dursley of Number Four, Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey, were proud to say they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They had a nice three bedroom house in the middle of a quiet suburb, their neat garden was always well kept, the flowers constantly blooming and everyone admired the shiny, new car sitting in their driveway, curtesy of Mr Dursley's promotion.

Mr Vernon Dursley was the direction of a company called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a large man (one may even call him obese) with a thick beefy neck and a round, ruddy red face, and thanks to the impressive, wiry moustache

decorating his top lip, Vernon Dursley closely resembled an old, fat walrus. Mrs Petunia Dursley was the complete opposite of her 'big boned' husband. She was tall and whip-cord thin, almost as spindly as a house spider in appearance, with wispy blonde hair that she constantly wore in a complex array of pinned back curls. Through some kind of science experiment no doubt, the couple had managed to produce a child. The child in question was a plump, piggish little boy by the name of Master Dudley Dursley. He had a round, ruddy face reminiscent of his father, greedy, dark eyes and a thatch of blond hair inherited from his mother, a thatch of hair that was almost always damp with sweat from the sheer amount of physical energy he had to exert, lugging his body around.

The Dursleys may have had everything they wanted, and they may have liked to pretend that they were perfect, they also had a secret. A terrible, deep, dark secret that hung over their perfect little house and their perfect little lives like a dark cloud, festering and growing with each passing year since the 1st November, ten long years ago. This secret was a small girl, now of almost eleven years of age, named Harriet Potter, Harry for short.

Harry was the daughter of Petunia's late sister; Harry did not know her mother's name, nor did she know the name of her father. All Harry had ever been told that her parents had died in a car accident because her father was driving drunk when Harry was only a year old. The accident left her with nothing but a memory of a woman screaming, a flash of green light, and a large scar staring in the centre of her forehead and traveling down the left side of her face in the shape of a lightning strike.

Harry was a quiet child, far removed from the loud, demanding Dudley she had grown up with. She was a petite little thing, barely four and a half foot, and her body was compromised of sharp lines and harsh edges. Her eyes seemed too large for her heart shaped face and were a queer shade of piercing, emerald green, cat-like in intensity and framed by thick, sooty lashes. Her hair was long and thick to the point that the copper coloured curls were impossible to tame. Aunt Petunia had tried to cut it one day, tired of seeing the tangled, messy ponytail that Harry swept her tresses into. The haircut had been choppy and unprofessional; it was horrible and still looked tangled. The morning came and to Petunia's horror and Harry's glee, the vibrant red curls had regrown. Harry had spent the next three days inside her cupboard.

Ten years ago, Harry had appeared on her aunt and uncle's doorstep. Barely a year old and wrapped only in blankets, Harry had been discovered as Petunia put the milk bottles out, scaring the woman half-to-death. Ten years ago, an entire community raised a glass and toasted to "The Girl Who Lived".

8.4

Assassin's Creed 2 - Sparrowhawk (seção 5.4)

Assassin's Creed 2 - Sparrowhawk

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Epilogue

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1472 - 11 years old.

On the rooftops, a guard cornered a small figure wearing a white coat and hood, and a plain brown cape. He had his bow armed and ready, the fletching brushing his cheek and a cruel smirk on his lips. His fingers relaxed. The small one turned and tried to run but the arrow pinned the hood of the cape to the wall, revealing the face of a young girl.

She automatically brought her hands to the arrow and removed it from the wall and hood, carefully watching the guard. She watched his smirk change to surprise, and then slowly, slowly into a leering grin. Her mind raced, making plans and discarding them. She knew there were guards within shouting distance but she didn't know if they were the good kind or not. So while she couldn't scream for help, she couldn't give him the chance to either.

She turned and ran up the wall, high enough to gather her legs under her. She felt a tug at her cape and twisted around, jumping straight at the guard. She knocked him down and placed one hand under his chin and pushed. With her other hand, she rammed the arrow into his exposed throat, severing his voice box and forcing him to breathe in blood. The guard jerked, kicking out and grasping at her in panic. She ripped the arrow out and tried again, this time going for the jugular.

He died quickly but it ended with her covered in his blood.

It was the first time she killed a man.

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Chapter One

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1475 - 14 years old.

Claudia Auditore da Firenze didn't mind dressing up in long gowns with layered skirts. She rather liked the ruffles and lace. But what she really loved was wearing her 'other' clothes; the simple coat, imitating the ones found in her father's secret room, without the sash and with a piece of cloth hiding the lower half of her face. She loved running across rooftops, climbing buildings and teasing guards. Sure she got into some trouble. But she was never caught long enough for it to matter.

Killing was not uncommon for her.

But she never wanted to kill.

Until today.

Today was a quiet day. She was strolling along, picking pockets and enjoying the sun when she heard the smack of flesh on flesh and then someone crying out. She scrambled up a building and ran towards the noise. She looked down into an enclosed yard. A large man was moving over a woman, one hand gripping her wrists over her head and the other crossed over her chest.

Enraged, she dropped down, catching the last ledge and then jumped off, knocking the man off the woman. She rolled to her feet, bared her dagger and rushed over to press it against his neck. Her body was tense, trembling with the urge to press down, to stab, to slash, but her mind was racing. The man was wearing elaborate robes. Someone with money, status. She turned her head a bit and saw the guards from the corner of her eye, stationed at the yard's only exit. If she killed him there, then the woman would be blamed.

Claudia grit her teeth and pulled back. The man mistook the trembling as weakness and his confidence grew. He swiped out with his fist and caught the her unprotected side. It was a weak punch, but for a fourteen year old girl, the pain robbed her of breath. Still, she rolled to her feet and kept the herself between the woman and the man.

"Spirited little boy, aren't you?" the man laughed. He got to his feet and straightened out his clothes. He regarded the small figure and thought that the boy was just entering puberty. A brother probably. Too young for real work but willing to take care of his sister. He fondled his purse. "Here," he said and tossed a handful of coins on the ground. "I just finished with her anyway."

Claudia watched the man walk away, memorizing his face, his body, making sure she wouldn't forget him. She sheathed her dagger once the man and his guards were gone and she was alone with the woman.

The young woman had black hair, done up in a distinctive style and she wore a simple green dress, cut very high and open in the front, the back nearly touched her ankles. Her slip was all that protected her 'modesty'. Her arms, shoulders, legs and feet were bare to the world.

The young woman was a whore.

A courtesans, if you're being polite.

It didn't matter to Claudia. All she saw were the bruised on the woman's arms, wrists and inner thighs, and the bitemarks around her neck, and the scratches on her chest and legs.

The man would die, Claudia decided. "Can I take you somewhere?"

"La Rosa Colta," the young woman whispered. Claudia nodded and helped the woman to her feet. They were about to leave when the woman stopped. "The money!" she exclaimed.

Claudia hesitated. She hated the man. The money on the ground was an insult and not worth the effort of picking it up. But it was also the young woman's livelihood. She grit her teeth and knelt, gathering the money in one of her purses.

"You don't have to-"

She cut the woman off with a sharp gesture and collected the money in silence. Claudia stood, gave the purse to the woman, took her hand and led her out into the street. She turned and started walking.

It was only chance that led them to a trio of courtesans. They fluttered over the young woman, briefly, studied hooded 'boy' intently, and then turned and walked down the street with a purpose.

Which was good, since Claudia didn't know where La Rosa Colta was.

The courtesans strutted, cooed and giggled at passing men, who looked at them without seeing. Claudia found it interesting how they walked through the streets unhindered.

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Dora looked at the hand in hers. It was small and soft. Casually, she tilted their hands and examined the fingers. They were thin, the nails short and well taken care of. She looked at the body of 'boy' who helped her. The clothes were a little baggy but couldn't hide the slender body. It fit for a young boy but something was nagging at her about the way 'he' moved. Unfortunately, it was nothing she could point out.

She had a feeling that the 'boy' was a watchful one. That anything even the slightest bit odd would have 'his' attention. If Dora was right, then she needed to be subtle. Or so bold as to be dismissed. She cupped the 'boy's' hand in both of hers and brought it to her lips, a grateful expression on her face. The 'boy' twitched, watching her suspiciously. She couldn't look yet.

"Thank you," Dora whispered. 'He' nodded jerkily and looked away. Dora glanced down and saw the way the coat stretched over the 'boy's' chest, hinting at breasts. She was right, then.

If she could read this "boy", then how could she misread that man so badly?!

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La Rosa Colta was lone building, unconnected to any others and lightly decorated with swags of red fabric. It had a small, flashy veranda in front with a red canopy and drapes dangling over the side, framing the main entrance.

Dora went inside and into the back rooms. She sat in a chair and pulled the younger girl close so her knees brushed against the girl's outer thighs. One woman was with them but she stayed near the door, the others were going to get the Madame, essentially leaving them alone.

"I wanted to thank you," Dora said softly.

Claudia felt trapped. She was tense, on the verge of panic. It was a trial to meet the woman's eyes and not look away or down at the woman's breasts.

Dora smirked and leaned closer, teasingly. She raised a hand and trailed her fingers over the younger girl's chest. "You should really bind your chest," she whispered seductively.

It took a few seconds for the words to process but when they did, Claudia's eyes widened.

Dora linked the fingers suggestively and caressed the girl's inner wrist with her thumb.

Claudia's heart jumped and her thoughts scattered.

"And maybe... wear some gloves." Dora slipped her hand up, and into the hood, her fingers brushing against the girl's neck and trailing the underside of her jaw, taking care not to remove the mask. Dora had no problem letting the younger girl keep her secrets.

Claudia felt a small tug, then lips brushed against her own, the feeling muted through her mask. Once. Twice. The woman leaned back, an amused smirk on her lips. Claudia's eyes narrowed. While she was glad that the woman was amused, she'd rather it not be at her expense. Slowly, she leaned forward, a challenge in her eyes. The smirk widened.

The third kiss was soft, clumsy. Claudia's hand trembled.

The fourth was a soothing caress. A palm on Dora's forearm.

The fifth, slightly heated. Hot breath on Claudia's mask.

The sixth with growing confidence. A hand on Dora's shoulder.

A throat cleared.

Claudia jerked away and then twisted around, placing herself between the woman and the sound. Her thoughts cleared and she found herself looking at another woman, older, dressed in red with a collar that brought attention to her cleavage. There were also three other courtesans in the room but she dismissed them. The woman in red was the leader, and the strongest possible threat.

Claudia blushed. How did she miss them entering the room? She shuffled awkwardly and straightened, using the move to better hide the woman behind her.

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Paola studied the boy that was just making out with Dora. It didn't escape her attention that while his first move was to defend Dora, he didn't reach for his dagger. The beaked hood was unique, and the cut of his coat seemed a little familiar to her, but he had no other features marking him as an apprentice. He didn't bear the symbol of the brotherhood, or wear the red sash.

The silence stretched out.

"What do I call you?" Paola asked. The boy shuffled and muttered something. Her brow arched. "Pardon?"

"Sparrow."

"Sparrow'..." Dora mused. The boy turned, nodded, and then stepped back to a respectful distance. Unusual in a brothel. "Thank you, Sparrow, for escorting me back," she teased. The boy nodded, bowed and left, not touching anyone else. Odd.

Paola turned back and was disgusted with marks on Dora. She hated when the men hurt her girl's. Hated when they took what wasn't theirs. "Let's get you looked at," she said. A lot of girls, new ones, like Dora, were usually shamed by things like this, or too afraid to try again. That Dora was willing to kiss a boy might be a good sign.

Or a bad one, since he was still just a boy.

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Claudia staggered into an alley and leaned heavily against the wall. She covered her mouth with her hand and blushed. "Sorry, Ezio," she muttered. She took back everything she said about her brother being an idiot for girls. She knew better now. Girls - women - had the power to render anyone stupid.

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That man still had to die. It took a couple days but Claudia learned his name, his address, his banking information, and his guards' shifts. She had a vague idea of his routine and knew exactly how she wanted to kill him. She already made all the preparations.

Claudia napped in one of her boltholes during the day. She went home for the evening and played the good daughter. She didn't complain when Ezio started talking to Federico about his latest girl. After, she went into the library with Petruccio to read the latest chapter of their book. Then they talked about it as she worked on her drawing. Their mother, Maria, came by and reminded Petruccio to go bed. She smiled, put her things away and went to her own room.

Claudia changed into her nightgown and settled for another nap.

A man would be dead in a few hours.

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'That man' woke abruptly. He laid in bed, listening intently but heard nothing out of the ordinary. Least of all that Gods be damned banging that woke him up last night! He was about to fall asleep when her heard a girl giggling. Inside his room. He sat up, wide awake. He was alone. His door open.

A giggle echoed through the door. It sounded a little like a whore and a little like a child. Angered, he got up and marched out of his room. He caught a glimpse of cloth rounding the corner and went after it.

He saw a door close and sneered. His guards had better not be entertaining whores inside his house! He slammed into the room and glared. It was empty.

Something clattered on the veranda and he marched over, all but growling his irritation. He brushed aside the drapes and walked out. He was alone. He smacked his palms against the railing in frustration. "Fucking thieves!" he hissed. It was the only thing he could think of.

Something brushed his ankle and he looked down. Something rammed into him, hard. Once. Twice! The railing broke with loud crack! and he was falling! He screamed as the ground rushed up to meet him.

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Crack!

Screaming.

CrackSNAPthud!

Giovanni sprinted across the rooftops, towards the noise. It came from his target's place. He slid to a stop as he came to the yard. He peaked over the edge and saw his target sprawled out on the ground, arm broken and neck bent at an unnatural angle. A quick look showed the veranda's railing was shattered. He heard the heavy footsteps of some guards and decided to leave before they pinned the man's death on him.

He was circling the yard when he saw a shadow moving. He looked and spotted a young boy running. Odd, but not too unusual. He brushed it off and started towards the San Marco District. Paola would want to hear this.

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"And he was dead before you got to him?!" Paola exclaimed.

"Fell off his own veranda." Giovanni laughed.

"Well, Dora will be pleased to hear this," Paola said. "I think she was hoping for that boy to come back and 'comfort' her some more."

Giovanni paused. Paola tended to say exactly what she meant. But... "'Boy'...?" Her gaze sharpened, pinning him in place.

"Yes, a boy." She clasped her hands and watched her brother. "Young, twelve, maybe. He wore a coat... a little like yours but plain, a little longer and solid grey, a white shirt, plain belt, no bracers. He also wore a white cloth mask and called himself 'Sparrow'."

Giovanni's eyes narrowed. It must be important for her to go into so much detail. "No other... distinguishing marks?"

"No," she stated.

Not an apprentice. Or maybe he is, just not from any known master, he mused.

"Did you see him or not?" Paola finally asked.

"I didn't get a good look at the boy," Giovanni told her. He shook his head and sighed. "I'll keep an eye out and place some markers. If the boy has a master, he'll know how to contact us."

"Maybe he'll make it easy on us and come see Dora," she mused doubtfully.

"Maybe," he sighed.

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Claudia stretched out on her bed with a large yawn. It was a productive night. She robbed and killed a man who deserved a lot more than that. If anyone asked any questions, they'd learn of the man's complaints about the noises the night before. With a newly looted house, they'd assume it was thieves that woke him both nights.

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So either the man interrupted the robbers and was pushed off the veranda (doubtful since there was no yelling or sounds of fighting) or he was chasing the thieves, tripped, and fell, breaking the veranda's railing (much more likely) before falling to his death. Giovanni smiled, the man-

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"-deserved no less," Dora declared. "The only thing that would of made it better was if he was naked at the time."

"Dora-" Paola sighed, a smile tugging at her lips. She shook her head and changed the subject. "Dora, if that boy, Sparrow, comes by again-"

"I'll tell you," she stated, not sure if it was a lie or not. She supposed it depended on how... discreet the young Sparrow was.

"Good."

Dora left, thinking about the younger girl. While she had thanked Sparrow for escorting her back to the brothel, the purse she got was filled with a lot more money than 'that man' threw at her. So that was something else to thank the girl for. And if Sparrow killed him, Dora wouldn't mind teaching her everything. She laughed at the thought.

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End of Chapter One

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AN: And so, the legend of Sparrowhawk begins. What do you think? Read and Review!