

**S** – Ethan

**T** – Shelly

**E** - Everyone :)

**A** – Michael

**L** – Violet

NOTE: We each wrote more than just the highlighted parts. This is just the general distribution of roles.

Rough Ideas:

- The story centers around an innocent, entitled rich kid who doesn't know the consequences of her actions
- She's around 16 or 17
- went camping with four friends
- playing around with a hunting gun and shoots her friend
- set in America because it's messed up
- amateur
- the gun is the great-grandfather George's

Protagonist: Eleanor (female)

she is a strongheaded, noisy girl who's had everything they've ever wanted served to her on a silver plate. she doesn't understand that her actions have consequences and is often a reckless, snobby brat. Though, this is just how she acts when she is with people her age or people she has power over (servants or in her perspective anyone lower class). Eleanor is an all bark no bite type person that makes a lot of empty threats. in front of parents or people of authority she acts all cute and kind. She always attempts to suck up to authority figures, (teachers pet type) and will not hesitate to throw others under the bus if it saves face and preserves her image. – change whatever u want

Best Friend: Jasper (male)

The balanced rich kid. He believes he has to earn his privilege, because that's how he was raised. Generic white boy. "know it all" but doesn't actually know much outside of school.

Friend #1: Michel (male)

Kinda crazy. Obsessed with war and macabre stuff.

Friend #2: Marieanna (female)

Crazy hyper kleptomaniac.

Friend #3: Circe (female)

Apathetic snark.

## Plot Outline

- The friends are joking around with great grandpa Jeorge's hunting gun
- Eleanor pulls a JFK on Jasper 0:
- all three friends are shooketh to their booteths, michel tries to call 911

and now we actually write the thing :0

Eleanor waited impatiently as she aggressively rolled the marshmallow stick over the campfire, repeatedly flinching it back towards her to check its texture. Jasper watched with a raised eyebrow.

"That's not how that works," he said. "If you keep taking it off the fire it's not going to roast well."

"And where'd you learn that?" Eleanor snapped back. "Didn't take you for much of a science nerd."

"Nerd in general perhaps," Circe droned, head buried in a comic.

"My father told me so," Jasper said, ignoring Circe. "He knows his stuff."

Jasper's looks stood in complete juxtaposition with his personality. At first glance, one might assume that he was a background character with his deep-set brown eyes, blonde hair, and freckles. The only unique part of his face was his oh-so pretentious septum piercing which hardly concealed his genuine nerdy persona.

"And you know he knows his stuff?" Eleanor replied. She gave the marshmallow one more look of frustration, before biting it off the stick, which she tossed into the fire. "Your father kinda seems like a prick to me. Always going on about – ack-ugh –"

She collapsed into a coughing fit before spitting the scorching hot remnants of the marshmallow into the fire.

"You're so pathetic," Circe rolled her eyes. "Worse than Michel whenever Mari's in the room."

Eleanor glanced over at the two empty camp chairs. Michel and Marieanna had left some thirty minutes ago, presumably going back to the tents to fetch something. The group was ostensibly *camping*, but this section of forest was only two or three hundred metres from Eleanor's estate. Camping, in near vicinity of infrastructure and living in well conditioned cabins rather than hastily pitched tents.

The mansion was nestled into the woodlands, as if nature had embraced it. Flora encircled it, and ivy snaked up the walls, enveloping it in green. There was even an expansive garden, though the groundskeepers devoted much more time to it than Eleanor or her parents, who appeared to have an aversion to the sun. It was frankly shocking that her friends persuaded Eleanor to camp, even if it was near her home. She had been raised with the notion that her birth gave her an inherent superiority over others, making it difficult to persuade her into activities she did not wish to pursue.

The feat was more a miracle of peer pressure than any sort of benefit. As high and haughty as she was, Eleanor could not escape the cage of social obligation.

"Pathetic?!" Eleanor's piercing jade eyes snapped back towards Circe. "How dare you!"

"Hmm?" Circe turned her head. "Could you provide, like, something I can refute please?"

"The heck does refute mean?"

Jasper slid a hand over his face.

"Eleanor, perhaps you should just –"

"Don't tell me what to do!" Eleanor said, then glared at Circe, whose usual slouched posture became unnervingly tense. "My father will hear about this!"

"And do what?"

"Circe, shut up." Jasper said.

"Thank you!" Eleanor exclaimed. "Finally, *somebody's agreeing with me*!" she thought, flicking a lock of her golden-tinted hair.

"You too."

"You –"

"Both of you need to stop being unnecessarily toxic. Can we all just get along? Act with a little professionalism, as is expected of us? It's really not –"

"Guys!" called a gleeful voice. "Look what I found!"

Michel's tenuous frame marched into the clearing, flanked by Marieanna, who had a hand behind her back and was giggling madly. Michel hadn't seemed to have noticed as he thrust his empty hands upwards in triumph.

"Behold! Wait, where'd it –"

"Looking for this?" Marieanna called from behind him, amidst a fit of laughter. She held up an old hunting rifle.

Eleanor, about to make a retort, froze, eyes locked onto the worn weapon. It wasn't just any old gun, "Is that?.. that gun is Grandpa George's! Why couldn't he pick any other gun from the shed? Why my grandpa's favorite??" She leaped up from her chair, jaw set and fists clenched.

"Hey! Where the heck did you find that?!" Eleanor screeched. Anger isn't a particularly flattering look on anyone, but it was extra uncomplimentary on Eleanor. Her pale skin became flushed with crimson and the once dormant veins on her neck bulged, imitating a feral animal of sorts.

"Uh, in the weird hunting shed, where else?" Marieanna rolled her eyes. Her face, so far from magazine symmetry, justified no self-hate. Despite her beaked nose and constellation-like pores, she was consistently confident and snarky, contributing to her kleptomaniac tendencies.

Eleanor stormed over, "You don't own these grounds, why would you go through the shed?!" she thought, sweeping past Jasper and Circe in a rage.

"Eleanor, what are you -" Jasper said hesitantly, a concerned, even pleading expression on his face. Jasper was no stranger to Eleanor's often unwarranted wrath, and the mere thought of it nearly made his ears bleed. She cut him off with a single glare.

"Give that back. Now." Eleanor growled. "That old fart is gonna kill me if he finds out my idiot friends took his gun. Why haven't we sent him to the nursing home yet??"

She charged, leaping towards Marianna and the gun.

"Uh, nuh uh, not until you tell me calm down! Seriously Eleanor, what is up with you? It's just a gun." Marieanna jabbed, holding the rifle out of Eleanor's reach. Michel laughed snidely in the background.

"JUST A GUN?!" Eleanor roared. The vein in her temple had swelled so large it seemed like her head would explode. "That's not any old gun! Isn't this thing older than that fossil of a grandpa?.. Whatever! It doesn't matter! What matters is that this girl in front of me needs to give me the gun!!"

"GIVE IT BACK, NOW!" Eleanor exclaimed once again, outstretching a sumptuous, manicured hand to reach the gun.

Marieanna, standing a head taller than Eleanor, raised the gun over her head with a wry smile. She found joy in messing with others and Eleanor was an easy yet satisfying subject – so quick to become flustered.

Eleanor, tired of making a fool of herself jumping up at Marieanna's heels, shoved her with all her weight. Despite that not being a lot, Marieanna was caught off guard and toppled over. Eleanor skirted around Marieanna's body, seizing the rifle and cradling it close to her body.

"Hey! What was that for..." Marieanna muttered as she stood up. "you didn't have to push me... I would've given you the gun back sooner or later...", her smug, whimsical expression melted off her face. As she brushed the dirt and grass off of her body, she shot Eleanor a look perhaps even

more unprepossessing than her own face. A rivulet of blood streamed down from a scratch she got from the fall and began to pool in the crevice of her lips. Michel shifted over to the campfire, pulling out his phone to record the two squabbling. Circe sat next to him, unmoving as she continued reading her comic emulating an undisturbed statue at the Louvre.

"You know what?" Marieanna snapped, baring her red-stained teeth and spitting blood from her mouth. "You act so tough for someone who spends half of her life in her private pool. Heck, have you experienced a single day of hardship in your pompous, pampered life?"

Eleanor grabbed Marieanna by the shirt and dragged her up to her feet against the tree. "You take that back," she spat, her nose practically touching Marieanna's.

Then, with little consideration, as with most of her actions, Eleanor took a firm step back and aimed the well-worn gun directly at Marieanna's sweat-covered forehead. For the first time since they met, Marieanna's facade disappeared, revealing a petrified spectre, like a deer in headlights.

"Eleanor! What do you think you're doing!" Jasper called loudly.

He stepped forwards, the persistently calm personality proving useful for once. "Come on Eleanor," he said. "Don't you think you might be overreacting?"

Eleanor chuckled dryly; a somewhat sociopathic look plastered to her face. *"Overreacting? I am not overreacting! I could never overreact, not after one of you guys try to steal a gun!,, A gun!"* Apparently, this was what happened when someone finally stood up to her.

"Eleanor, put the gun down. Now." Jasper said, his voice beginning to waver.

Jasper continued to slink closer to the pair. Eleanor whipped around, her eyes wide and crazed, darting between Jasper and a still motionless Marieanna. Jasper stumbled back as Eleanor levelled the weapon facing him. His composure was visibly beginning to crack, as he fought to keep his voice and body steady.

"STOP! Don't come any closer!" Eleanor screamed, causing Jasper to stop dead in his tracks.

Much like Eleanor, Jasper had never truly come face to face with danger. He was generally anxious amid a throng and remained cautious throughout his life. The worst thing to ever happen to him was falling off the school bleachers, barely fracturing a rib. Unlike his deranged friend, though, Jasper was undyingly loyal and was willing to put his life at risk for Marieanna. So, he remained where he was, feet firmly planted on the ground.

"Eleanor –"

A sharp bang ricocheted through the forest, sending a jolt through the group. All except for Jasper. He stumbled, his feet unable to keep up with the rest of his body. He collapsed amid the silent forest, the only sound the dull thud of his body hitting the dirt. Somebody screamed - a shrill, guttural shriek that shattered air and bludgeoned eardrums. Blood gushed and spurted like water from a faucet through the gaping circular hole in Jasper's head. A shocked expression was plastered over his otherwise emotionless face, his now dull, lifeless eyes staring endlessly into the starry night sky.

It happened too fast for them to properly process what happened. When Eleanor realized what she'd done, she didn't cry. She just stood there; foreign blood splattered across her gentle features.

*"I.. Did I just shoot someone?.. Jasper...?.. I.. I only meant to shoot past him!.. Just.. Just to scare him! I didn't shoot him did I?.. No.. I didn't shoot him!"* her thoughts filled with panic and terror.

At first, she told herself it was an accident, and that's what everyone believed. At first, she was sure it had only been a misfire, but right after the doubt got to her, giving into a twisted, sinister notion. Her breath caught in her throat.

Chaotic shouting blended into a terrified vermillion haze.

*"There's no way I actually shot someone, right?! He's.. He's fine!.. Right?.. No.. No no no.. I... Of course I didn't actually shoot someone! I was just shooting that tree!!.. There's no way I missed! I could never miss!"*

She looked over to her other friends, hoping to convince herself that it's just some cruel prank they organized, or that she's just seeing things. Much to her dismay, none of them said a word. Michel was now no longer filming his video but calling the police. Circe? She looked unbothered.

*"Wh.. What?"*

Circe looked up. "Oh dear."