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|  | Wicked Healer |
| Project Name: | The Evil Healer Project |
| Due Date: | No due date |

This is the tracking document for our group writing project. We’ll use this document to share details, resources, and schedules for our project. Please keep this document up-to-date as we work.

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| Milestones | | |
| Milestone name | Target date | Status |
| Outline/Plotting completed | soon | current |
| Writing completed | Enter target date | Enter status |
| Project to editor/reviews | Enter target date | Enter status |
| Project back from editor/reviewers | Enter target date | Enter status |
| Editor/reviewer notes incorporated | Enter target date | Enter status |
| Project to proofreader | Enter target date | Enter status |
| Cover design | Enter target date | Enter status |
| Project to formatter | Enter target date | Enter status |
| Project ready for distribution | Enter target date | Enter status |
| Milestone name | Enter target date | Enter status |

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| Outline: |

I. Introduction

A. Introduce Ren, a gifted healer with the ability to mend wounds and cure ailments.

B. Set the scene of a medieval fantasy world where magic is both revered and feared.

C. Establish Ren's moral ambiguity by showcasing her tendency to use her powers for self-gain rather than altruistic purposes.

II. Ren's Background

A. Explore Ren's early life and the discovery of her healing abilities.

B. Describe Ren's upbringing and the influences that shaped her morally gray worldview.

C. Highlight Ren's struggle with societal expectations and her desire for independence.

III. The Art of Manipulation

A. Illustrate Ren's cunning and manipulation as she uses her healing powers to gain wealth and influence.

B. Show Ren exploiting her abilities to curry favor with nobles and secure lucrative contracts.

C. Introduce a rival healer who challenges Ren's dominance and forces her to confront her own morality.

IV. Consequences of Greed

A. Describe Ren's growing arrogance and the rifts it creates among her peers.

B. Show the toll that Ren's selfish actions take on the community, as people suffer due to her neglect or exploitation.

C. Explore Ren's internal conflict as she begins to question the ethics of her choices.

V. Redemption or Ruin

A. Introduce a crisis that threatens Ren's carefully constructed world, forcing her to confront the consequences of her actions.

B. Show Ren grappling with guilt and regret as she faces the fallout of her selfishness.

C. Explore Ren's journey towards redemption as she seeks to atone for her past misdeeds and use her powers for the greater good.

VI. Conclusion

A. Conclude Ren's story with her making a choice between continuing down the path of selfishness or embracing a new, more altruistic way of life.

B. Leave the ending open-ended, suggesting that while Ren may have the capacity for change, the consequences of her actions will continue to shape her future.

C. Reflect on the broader themes of power, morality, and redemption in a world where even the most gifted individuals must wrestle with their own darkness.

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| Current status updates | |
| Eric Sandlin |  |
| Role: | Author |
| Primary responsibility: | Story |
| Percentage complete: | 40% |
| Current status: | Writing in progress |

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| --- | --- |
| Trinity Sandlin |  |
| Role: | Artist |
| Primary responsibility: | Artwork |
| Percentage complete: | 40% |
| Current status: | Drawing in progress |

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| Participant name |  |
| Role: | Enter participant role |
| Primary responsibility: | Enter primary responsibility |
| Percentage complete: | Enter approximate percentage |
| Current status: | Enter current status |

Tap any of the names, responsibilities, and other details above to replace them with your own. Depending on the type of group writing project, here are some ideas for how you might divide up responsibilities among multiple authors:

* Fiction
  + Specific points of view (POV), such as the POV of certain characters
  + Specific settings, locales, or time periods
  + Specific chapters
  + Story anthology: story representing specific POVs or themes
* Non-fiction
  + Sections or chapters
  + Areas of expertise
  + Separate research topics
  + Types of information, such as general information or technical details

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| Project resources |
| Add a link to the location of shared project resources, such as your drafts, artwork, and other online information. Don't have a shared location set up yet? Here are a couple of ways to make sure everyone can participate:   1. Set up a team in Microsoft Teams. It's free, and you can chat, share files, and even have quick phone or video calls. See [Microsoft teams free](https://support.office.com/en-us/article/welcome-to-microsoft-teams-free-6d79a648-6913-4696-9237-ed13de64ae3c) for more information. 2. Share a personal folder on OneDrive, where anyone in the group can open and store documents, artwork, and other files. See [Share OneDrive files](https://support.office.com/en-us/article/share-onedrive-files-and-folders-9fcc2f7d-de0c-4cec-93b0-a82024800c07) and folders. |

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| Project wiki |
| Record our discussions/questions/decisions/assumptions about the project here. List any relevant tenets, facts, and assumptions about the book. Each participant can comment or respond to the thread to add their input. This section gives us a “single source of truth” for the project. Topic: Healer  1. Being good is a choice, not all people are good. 2. Healer become drug dealer.    1. Why does she sell?   Where does she sell?  Does she get into trouble with the law?   1. The dangers of using healing powers.    1. Using powers causes tremendous pain.   Potions have unforeseen side effects.  Healing mind is dangerous to her. Topic: Wiki topic name  1. Enter wiki item    1. Enter wiki comment   Enter wiki comment  Enter wiki comment |

# Prologue

Ren Sasaki’s slender fingers trembled slightly as she gazed at the ribbed glass vial containing the ethereal light blue liquid. The soft glow emanating from within seemed to dance hypnotically, casting eerie shadows in the dimly lit room. She had always despised the squalor of the slums enveloping the city, a place that seemed to nourish her darker inclinations, and tonight was no exception.

Time seemed to stretch endlessly as Ren waited, each minute feeling like an eternity as the sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in hues of fiery orange and deep purple. Restlessness gnawed at her as she paced the cramped confines of the room, the weight of her anger heavy upon her shoulders.

Ren’s gaze flickered to the dusty window, offering a glimpse of the world beyond the dingy motel room. Despite the darkness that cloaked the streets below, she could discern the faint silhouette of a figure approaching—a man with a pronounced limp in his left leg. It was Brad Hardman, a wretched soul whose appearance mirrored the decay of the slums themselves.

With a lazy knock, Brad announced his arrival, and Ren wasted no time in welcoming him inside. Her features, though strikingly beautiful with their aristocratic contours, were shrouded in the nondescript attire she had chosen to conceal her identity. The consequences of being discovered in such dealings were dire, a risk she couldn’t afford to take.

“You got it?” Brad’s urgency was palpable, his eyes darting anxiously towards the glass vial clutched in Ren’s hand. With a sly smile that belied her true intentions, Ren extended the vial towards him, her voice laced with a sinister edge. “It ain’t free.”

A wad of crumpled bills exchanged hands as Brad eagerly snatched the vial from her grasp, his gaze fixated hungrily upon its contents. With a swift motion, he broke the seal and consumed the elixir within, a look of bliss washing over his features as the potent effects took hold.

As Brad succumbed to the intoxicating allure of the drug, Ren moved towards the door with a sense of satisfaction curling at the corners of her lips. The quality of her concoctions ensured a loyal clientele, each transaction a testament to her skill and cunning. Another satisfied customer, another step deeper into the shadows.

# Chapter 1: The Slums

On the edge of the sprawling metropolis, obscured by the towering edifices of progress and prosperity, lay the forgotten underbelly known as the Heart District or more often referred to as the slums. Here, amidst the labyrinthine network of narrow cobblestone alleys and towering, crooked buildings, life unfolded in a stark contrast to the gleaming brass and polished woodwork of the affluent central districts located in the center of Mega City.

Heart District was a world unto itself, where time seemed to waver in uncertainty amidst the crumbling facades decorated with intricate gears and rusted metal roofs adorned with ornate steam vents. The air hung heavy with the stench of coal smoke and the acrid aroma of oil, mingling with the scent of decay and desperation that permeated every corner.

Once-grand structures, reminiscent of an era long past, now stood as hollow shells of their former selves. Their once-vibrant colors had faded to a monotonous patina of rust and grime, while windows adorned with tattered curtains were boarded up with scraps of weathered wood, and doors creaked on rusted hinges, barely clinging to their frames.

Despite the desolation that surrounded them, the resilient denizens of the slums endured. Children with soot-stained faces played amidst the cobblestone streets, their laughter a fleeting melody against the backdrop of hardship. Women with oil-stained aprons washed clothes in communal basins, their hands calloused from years of toil in the factories that dotted the district.

As night descended, Heart District transformed into a realm of shadows and secrecy. Under the flickering glow of gas-lit lanterns and the pulsating hum of arcane energy, the streets came alive with clandestine activity. The alleyways twisted and turned like the inner workings of a clock, concealing hidden passages and secret meeting spots where deals were struck in whispered tones.

The scent of cheap liquor and the tang of illicit substances hung heavy in the air, mingling with the sound of raucous laughter and the distant wail of sirens. Amidst the chaos, a sense of camaraderie prevailed, as the inhabitants of the city banded together in defiance of the world that had forsaken them. But amidst the solidarity and resilience, shadows lurked in the depths of the slums, unseen and forgotten by the outside world. Criminal syndicates operated with impunity, preying on the vulnerable and exploiting their desperation for their own gain

# Chapter 2: Memories

As Ren navigated the labyrinthine network of streets crisscrossing the slums, her steps were deliberately measured and purposeful, echoing softly against the worn cobblestones. Her movements betraying a confidence born of familiarity with the shadows. Each footfall spoke of a quiet determination, a resolve honed by years of survival that commanded a sense of anonymity amidst the decrepit surroundings. The cloak of darkness enveloped her like a second skin, concealing her movements from prying eyes and veiling her presence. Memories of a time long past danced at the edges of her consciousness, a time when she was untainted by darkness and deceit. Her gaze was drawn magnetically towards the glittering lights of the affluent district beyond, stirring a flicker of longing within her—a longing for a life she could never have, a life defined by privilege and prosperity rather than by the darkness that consumed her. Ren harbored no illusions of her nature; she did not see herself as evil, merely a pragmatics survivor, adapting to the unforgiving harsh realities of a world that offered little in the way of mercy or compassion.

Ren's origins were steeped in poverty and desperation, born into a society on the brink of collapse, where the line between science and sorcery blurred into a murky abyss of desperation and despair. The sprawling mega city loomed ominously; its outskirts veiled in the shroud of destitution that enveloped everything it touched. Despite her humble beginnings, Ren refused to succumb to the pervasive despair that gripped her surroundings, instead clawing her way through the shadows in a relentless pursuit of survival. Each alleyway she traversed whispered tales of hardship and suffering, serving as a constant reminder of the brutal reality from which she emerged.

Ren's gift stood out. From the moment she drew her first ragged breath, Ren knew she was cursed with a power beyond comprehension—a power to mend flesh and bone, to soothe the agonizing cries of the afflicted with a touch that whispered promises of salvation. Almost as if she could manipulate the very fabric of reality, using her skills to heal the sick and injured with a touch that seemed almost magical. In manipulating herbs and potions, she was unmatched, her talent reminiscent of the most revered healers in the realm. But Ren's talents were not limited to simply curing physical ailments and crafting potions. Her talents allowed her to see beyond the surface, delving into the minds of her patients to uncover the root causes of their suffering. With a gentle word or a whispered incantation, she could heal emotional wounds that had festered for years, bringing peace and balance to those who had long since given up hope.

However, Ren's power came with limitations. Healing wounds with touch alone caused her tremendous pain, as if she bore the injuries herself, and the more severe the ailment, the greater the agony she endured. Despite her best efforts, she was unable to reverse the effects of aging or regenerate lost limbs, her powers constrained to the realm of natural wounds and afflictions. Her potions, although effective in treating various maladies, would often have unforeseen side effects, ranging from mild discomfort to dangerous reactions in certain individuals, forcing Ren to constantly refine her craft and tread cautiously in her treatments. Additionally, her ability to delve into the minds of others was not without risk. Each journey into another's psyche left her vulnerable to being overwhelmed by the traumas and emotions she encountered, requiring not only careful control and restraint but also a significant toll on her own mental well-being.

Ren's abilities were both a gift and a curse. But in a world consumed by greed and corruption, Ren's abilities were not seen as a blessing, but as a weapon to be wielded for profit and control. As her reputation spread like wildfire through the decaying heart of the mega city, Ren became a target for those who sought to exploit her gifts for their own nefarious purposes. But amidst the chaos and betrayal, fate had carved a different path for Ren, leading her down a road fraught with peril and temptation. Here, amidst the poverty and desperation of the slums, she had found a twisted semblance of freedom—a freedom to indulge in her darkest desires, to wield her power without restraint or remorse.

For years, Ren wandered the twisted alleys of the slums, her footsteps echoing like the tolling of a funeral bell as she plied her trade, offering salvation to those who dared to seek it. But as she turned away from the distant lights and disappeared into the night, Ren knew that she belonged to the shadows—to the twisted labyrinth of alleyways and secrets that had become her home. For here, amidst the darkness, she found a kind of solace—a sense of purpose that eluded her in the world of the light. And with each life she touched, Ren felt the darkness within her grow, a gnawing hunger that consumed her from the inside out. And as she vanished into the depths of the night, Ren Sasaki embraced the darkness that lurked within her, knowing that it was the only truth she had ever known. Her fate sealed by the choices she had made; she knew that she was forever bound to the darkness that had claimed her. For in a world where hope was a whisper drowned out by the screams of the damned, Ren Sasaki would become a legend—a testament to the depths of despair and the price of redemption.

# Chapter 2: Dr. Marcus Bennett

Dr. Marcus Bennett was the epitome of charm and benevolence to those who encountered him. With his captivating smile and impeccable manners, he effortlessly portrayed an image of a compassionate and selfless individual. As a renowned philanthropist and esteemed member of the community, he was highly regarded by all who knew him. But behind this façade of goodness lurked a mind as dark as midnight, driven by insatiable ambition and a thirst for power.

Born into privilege, Marcus was groomed from a young age to inherit his family's fortune and legacy. However, beneath his polished exterior, Marcus harbored a deep-seated resentment towards the world that had handed him everything on a silver platter. Fuelled by a desire to control and manipulate, he dedicated his life to achieving dominance over others, all while maintaining the illusion of a selfless benefactor.

In public, Marcus was the champion of noble causes, generously donating to charities, funding humanitarian projects, and championing social justice initiatives. He was adored by the masses, hailed as a beacon of hope in a world plagued by inequality and injustice. Little did they know that every act of kindness was meticulously calculated to serve his own agenda.

Behind closed doors, Marcus was a master puppeteer, pulling strings and orchestrating events to his advantage. He manipulated the media, corrupted politicians, and eliminated anyone who dared to oppose him, all while maintaining a pristine reputation in the eyes of the public.

But as Marcus climbed the ladder of success, his thirst for power only intensified. With each conquest, he grew more ruthless and cunning, willing to sacrifice anything and anyone to achieve his goals. His heart was a black abyss, devoid of empathy or remorse, as he crushed anyone who stood in his way without hesitation or remorse.

Despite his malevolent nature, Marcus remained a paradoxical figure, admired and revered by society even as he plotted its downfall. To the world, he was a saintly figure, a symbol of hope and righteousness. But to those who knew the truth, he was a harbinger of darkness, a manipulative mastermind whose insatiable greed knew no bounds.

In the end, Dr. Marcus Bennett's legacy was one of deception and treachery, a cautionary tale of the dangers of blind idolization and misplaced trust. For behind every smile lies a secret, and behind every act of kindness lurks the shadow of evil. And in the case of Dr. Marcus Bennett, the line between good and evil was blurred beyond recognition.