



# Julianna Marie-Shelley



## Story

My little girl was born in Samirn. Julianna was a premature baby, but she squealed loudly when the air hit her face for the first time. Her beginnings were bumpy, in more ways than one. She was always fragile, but still her mother managed to keep her alive for two years. Her father? Gone in the wind, though the woman didn't care.

One day, however, she had enough of the girl. She went to a relative's apartment and after knocking on the door left her there to her fate. All she revealed of her origin was her name and surname embroidered on the blanket that covered her: Marie Shelley. When the man returned home, he knew at once what had happened. He took the creature in, more out of selfishness than pity. A human being has many uses, if you know how to make the most of it. As soon as she was old enough to walk around and understand what was being said to her, she sent her to the hospital to help. Of course, now that Samirn is prosperous this no longer happens, but at that time the organization was terrible, poverty was pressing and the sick were growing every day. Every pair of hands was welcome. There she was taught to clean, cook and give first aid. It was also there that she received an answer to the blood stains when she coughed and the muffled sound she sometimes heard when she breathed. A small box full of pills soon became his best ally. I became her best ally. Time passed and the young girl grew up between lights and shadows. She was a very determined, very industrious little girl. She did all her chores, more than any child would have to do, without complaining. Only when she returned to the apartment of the man who had taken her in were her eyes veiled. But with nowhere to go, she kept quiet and received the blows with a humble look and a serene mind. She would hand over the little money she earned or stole from the hospital without worrying whether the man deserved it or not. She made him food every night with care, thinking that the leftovers would be for her. And she tried hard not to cough while he forced himself on her; it was uncomfortable for both of them and the bloodstains didn't come out easily. However, despite what it may seem, Jul was strong-willed without even knowing it. None of that mattered to her. Every day she struggled and smiled off the floor, helping and learning the faster the better. At what? To everything. Life was slipping away from her, she had no time. The clock could stop at any moment.

## Appearance

Jul... a living doll. Two gray eyes like the sky on a stormy day, a sincere smile like that of a little girl jumping in puddles. Jul, with her light, delicate hair... so fine it looks like it's going to be stolen by the wind. It's funny, you know? Look at her. She's just over five feet tall and her weak, sickly little body makes her look even smaller. She doesn't look her fourteen years; girls her age usually have more... substance. She almost gives the impression that she will fly away if you blow on her. That at a whisper she will fall backwards and blink her eyes in bewilderment.

## Psychology

**Traits:** Shy but hardworking. Jul is a born hard worker. She cares and tries too hard, for everything. She thinks of others rather than herself and always tries to put a brave smile on everything.

**Ambitions:** Her biggest dream is to go around the world taking a doll with her from every place she visits.

**Likes and skills:** Sewing, cooking and anything that involves her hands. She's great at storytelling.

**Dislikes and ineptitudes:** Anything that has to do with sports or strength, since her body can't withstand great efforts.

**Most prized possession:** A stuffed bunny given to her by her mother, in whose back she hides her little bottle of pills.

## Sickness and conflict

Jul suffers from a rather aggressive variant of tuberculosis, which reduces her strength and endurance and gives her terrible breathing problems. To alleviate the symptoms she has a series of pills she was given at the hospital. They work, but not without cost. A side effect of the pills is the appearance of visions. In Jul's case, they were formalized in the creation of a young imaginary friend who accompanies her wherever she goes. He is the narrator of the little girl.

She also has a great ability for medicine. However, the world in which she finds herself is plunged into war and she will end up shaping her knowledge in the hands of an old war doctor... in the torture room. The prisoners will become her training ground and she will have to learn how to inflict pain in order to immediately heal and sew up whatever is necessary; all to start all over again the next day. The terrible process will forge her character as she grows up, knowing that each day may be her last.