

Crater

charli m



Under the ink-black Brisbane sky, a haunting orange glow illuminates the park as a man is consumed by theatrical flames. Charli stands in the foreground, her honey-blond hair framing a face turned ghostly pale, her eyes wide with the hollow weight of a tragedy she cannot escape.



In the harsh, clinical light of an office, a medical file lies open, the ink stark against the paper. The labels for ASD and ADHD are clear, but the words Low IQ and Remedial Track sting the most, marking the beginning of her institutional branding.

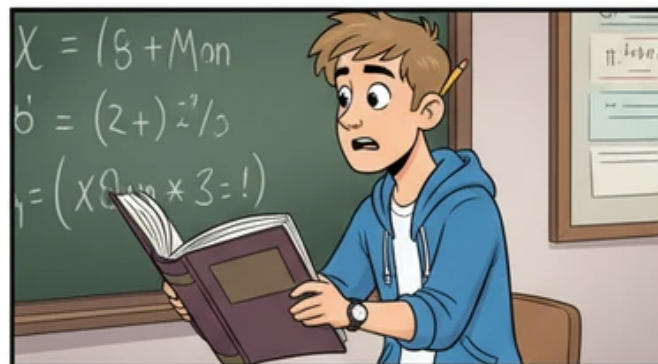


MICHAEL & SARAH

Charli sits on a thin, uncomfortable bed in a sterile psych ward room, her spirit feeling as grey as the walls. Her sister Grace stands near the door, bathed in cold blue light, her eyes glued to a phone screen as she shares gossip instead of offering a hand to hold.



A sudden spark of defiance flickers in Charli's dark eyes as she hovers her finger over a glowing phone screen. The reflection of the digital light reveals a sharp, knowing smirk, her first step in turning the tables on those who sought to shame her.



Charli and her mentor Jess sprint through the neon-drenched aisles of a store, their laughter trailing behind them like a vapor trail. Their tote bags overflow with stolen Jellycats and Ferrero Rocher chocolates, a chaotic rebellion against a world that offered them nothing.



OWEN - STUDENT



MICHAEL - MERCENARY



AELYN - SORCESS



AELYN

In a crowded philosophy lecture hall, Charli leans back with a provocative grin, her words hanging in the air like a challenge. While her classmate Owen rolls his eyes in the foreground, Dr. Bowles looks on from the lectern, his expression a mix of exhaustion and dawning realization.



Charli stands triumphantly in the middle of a hallway, holding her Math Methods exam high above her head like a golden trophy. A giant, red 9% is circled on the page, but instead of shame, she wears it as a badge of notoriety that shocks the passing students.



Under the cover of darkness, Charli stands her ground on a perfectly manicured lawn, throwing stolen sausages toward a front door while her friend salts the grass. Even as Fenella emerges from the house in a rage, Charli refuses to back down, her hot pink aura flickering with unyielding power.



At two in the morning, Charli's room is a sanctuary of focus, lit only by a desk lamp and the glow of bioinformatics diagrams. She white-knuckles a Biology textbook, surrounded by tarot cards and the quiet determination to rewrite her own destiny through sheer force of will.



Walking through the sandstone arches of the UQ Great Court, Charli moves with the confidence of a queen who has finally claimed her throne. The glowing 88.8 on her phone screen signals her victory as she leaves the shadows of her past behind, heading toward the future she built herself.