



The Gilded Cage of Rosewood Mansion

Akasha-Menen Isaac

IN A HOUSE OF SECRETS, HER IDENTITY
MAY BE THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF ALL.



Deep within the imposing, shadow-drenched corridors of Rosewood Mansion, Joseph Rosewood watches over his creation, his eyes reflecting a cold, scientific ambition. Beside him, gentle maidens like Jeanie tend to the youngest creations, the Yellow Bells, whose innocent laughter echoes softly against the sterile glass walls of their nursery.



Mira, a vibrant Blue Bell with an accelerated gaze that hints at a maturity beyond her sixteen months, walks through the sunlit atrium with her dearest friend, Author. Dressed in her signature blue garments, she looks up at the grand staircase where the White Bells glide gracefully, viewing her future transition to adulthood with a sense of wonder and sacred tradition.



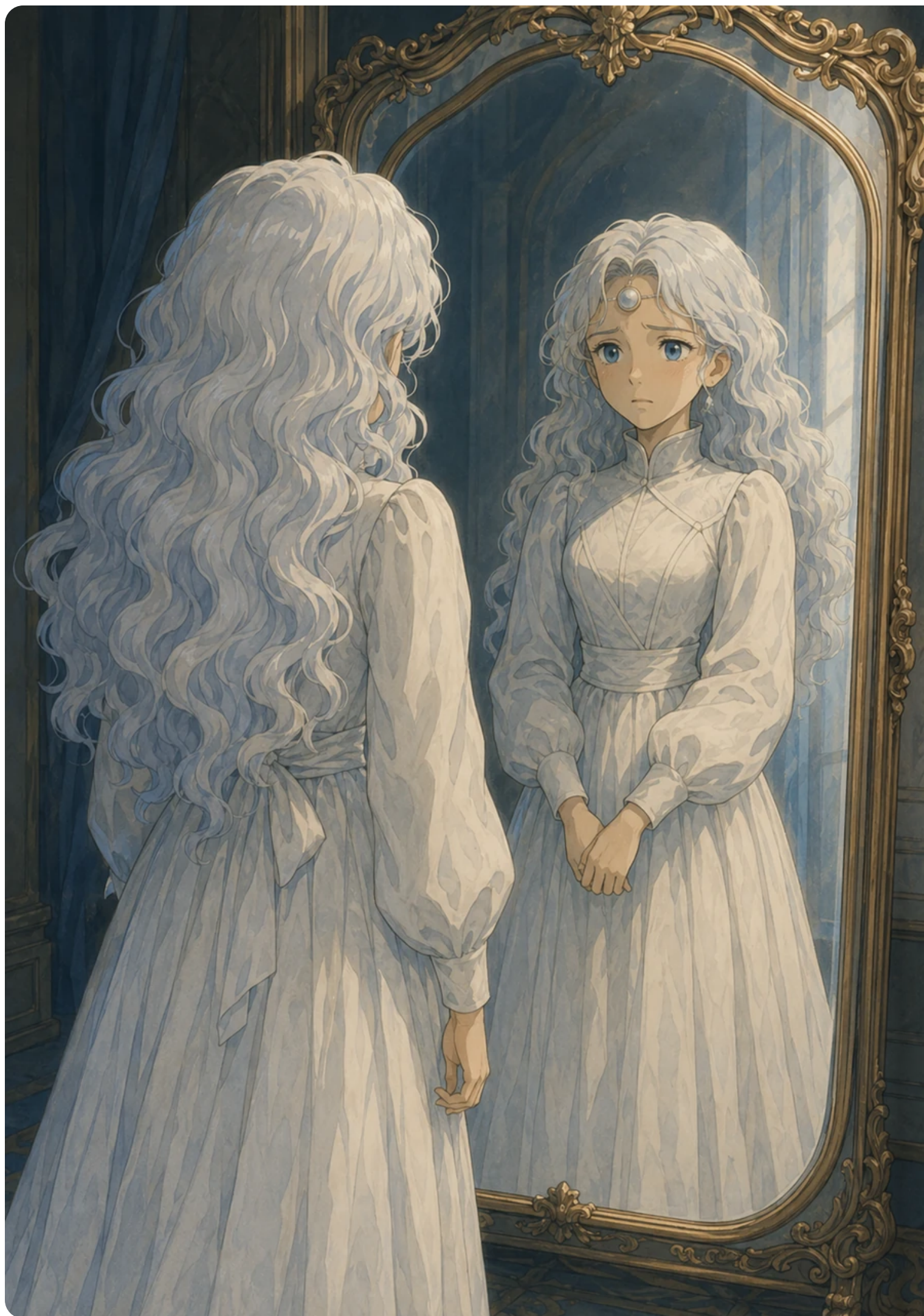
As the weeks pass, Mira begins to notice the subtle, unsettling rhythms of the mansion, watching the older White Bells carry heavy expressions behind their serene smiles. She stands by a frosted glass partition, listening to the muffled, urgent murmurs of the midwife Jeanie arguing with Joseph Rosewood, planting the first seeds of doubt in Mira's mind.



The illusion of their idyllic life shatters completely when Mira sneaks into the forbidden lower archives and discovers Joseph's detailed medical journals, tracking the rapid growth and forced duties of the women before her. Clutching her blue dress, she stares at the cold technical diagrams of the 'pearl hybrid' project, her naivety melting away into a chilling realization of their true purpose.



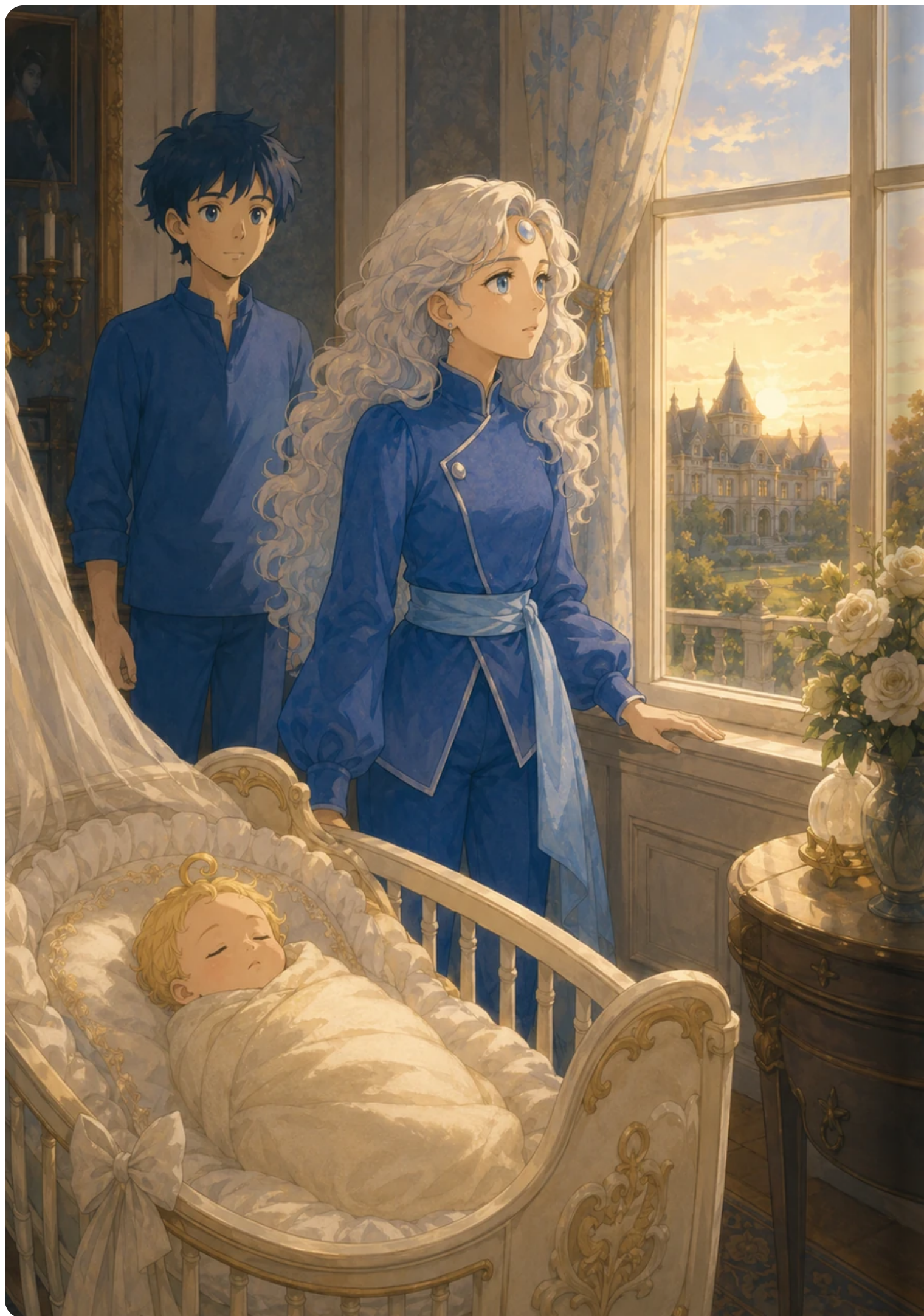
Mira shares the grim truth with Author in the dim light of the library, their hushed whispers filled with an intense, helpless grief as they realize they are all trapped within an inescapable cycle. The colorful clothes they wear no longer feel like symbols of growth, but rather uniform labels in a beautiful, gilded prison controlled entirely by the master of the house.



The day of transition arrives, and Mira stands before a mirror in a stark white gown, staring at her reflection as she officially becomes a White Bell. The fabric feels heavy and suffocating, no longer representing a proud coming-of-age, but rather her induction into the grim, mandatory duties of Joseph's grand experiment.



In the deepest hours of the night, Mira holds the hand of her friend Layla, who is pale and trembling through a painful, traumatic labor in the mansion's sterile clinic. Jeanie works quickly under the dim overhead lights, her face etched with a mixture of practiced stoicism and profound sorrow for the new life entering the world.



As dawn breaks over Rosewood Mansion, Mira stands by the nursery window, watching a newly born Yellow Bell sleep peacefully in its crib. Though her heart aches with the sobering reality that the tragic cycle continues, a quiet, resilient spark ignites within her eyes as she vows never to let the mansion erase who she truly is.