

# **Edicia Minor - World Collection 2022**

Release VIII of *WindySilver's  
World Collections 2022*

**N. WS. Jokela**

# Contents

[Front Matter](#)

[About this collection](#)

[FFM 2017 Day 7: Betrayed King](#)

[FFM 2016 Day 11: Edicia's disappearance](#)

[Prose-ject 2020 Day 15: Escape Through The Forest](#)

[Prose-ject 2020 Day 20: Fugitive?](#)

[Tribble Month 2020 Day 14: Rice](#)

[FFM 2017 Day 9: Calm Horizon](#)

[Flash Prompts 8: Moonlit Lake](#)

[FFM 2017 Day 23: The One with Delirium](#)

[FFM 2017 Day 31: Challenge 1 - Specter Attack](#)

[Prose-ject 2020 Day 12: Escape Preparation](#)

[FFM 2017 Day 8: Assassin's Fate](#)

[Back Matter](#)

# Edicia Minor - World Collection 2022

Written by N. WS. Jokela under the name WindySilver  
Copyright 2023 N. WS. Jokela

## About this collection

*Edicia Minor* (as it is currently titled) is a fantasy world where members of royalty change their names when they take the throne. It follows the story of the princess Edicia Minor, who has to go on the run when her father, the king, gets assassinated, with hopes of being able to get help to regain the throne outside the kingdom.

Right now, the timeline is very fragmented and some stories may have to be removed (or at least majorly reworked) from the timeline due to no longer fitting there as characters and events have become more fleshed out. Right now, this is what the timeline looks like:

1. Prologue: [\*Betrayed King\*](#)
2. The beginning of the story
3. [\*Edicia's disappearance\*](#)
4. [\*Escape Through The Forest\*](#) and [\*Fugitive?\*](#)
5. A gap
6. [\*Rice\*](#)
7. A gap
8. [\*Calm Horizon\*](#)
9. A big gap
10. [\*Moonlit Lake\*](#)
11. A gap
12. [\*The One with Delirium\*](#)
13. A big gap
14. [\*Specter Attack\*](#) and [\*Escape Preparation\*](#)
15. A gap
16. [\*Assassin's Fate\*](#)
17. Ending

# Betrayed King

Collected in [The One With Delirium](#)

Optional theme: *betrayal*.

The darts that pierced my skin burnt. Tears fell out of my eyes in pain. Paralyzed, I could not stop the tears. The poison was getting into my veins and I could do nothing to stop it. I had known this would happen and, just as bitter as it was to admit it now, I had been right. I had known Keith was unreliable, and now he had betrayed me. Why did you do this to me, when I did all I could to make your life better? I saved you from orphanage and helped you get on your feet, gave you all you ever asked for, a home, good work and loving parents. Why did you betray me, when I saw you as my son?

I thought you saw me as your father. What has changed?

I hope my girl is well. She is the only one who can make things good again when I am gone. Oh, my sweet daughter, please never lose hope.

I wish I could say my prayers aloud, but I cannot. There was nothing that could be done to me anymore. I saw my attackers - there were others than just Keith there. Keith, what have they done to you? Have they turned you against me? Please, son, tell me why!

No regrets. My daughter is safe and will finish what I started. They will never get her. They will never hurt me anymore.

My only regret is that I will never see, what my girl, my flesh and blood, will accomplish. But I know that I will always be proud of her.

Edicia, please have the heart, the courage, the wisdom and the intelligence with you when you go against whatever will be thrown against you.

I memorized the faces of my attackers. Then everything went black and I was off to meet my wife in a happy reunion. Oh, how I have missed her.

Edicia, please, be brave and strong. The kingdom needs you now more than ever.

# Edicia's disappearance

Collected in [The Person At The Door](#)

One-word prompt: *sillage*, suggested by [exhale-the-stars](#).

Challenge: The story must be a mystery of some kind, in the 369'er (3 separate but interrelated 69-word stories) format and it must feature three different narrative points of view: first person, second person and third person.

When I looked at Edicia, I could not tell where she had come from. She was a runaway, that was for sure, but she did not seem to be an outlaw. She looked like a girl who had escaped her family.

Oh well, it was not my place to ask her questions. She only paid me for transporting her away from this place. And she paid very, very well.

~ ~ ~

You did not understand how a 17-year-old girl could disappear. She had left no notes nor signs of where she had gone to; there was only the sillage. All you know is that her things had disappeared. There were no signs of fighting, no signs of kidnapping. The room had just emptied. And you did not understand why and how. Oh, you had no idea how that was possible.

~ ~ ~

The inspector found no traces of her. He sent his officers to search for clues or witnesses, but nobody reported having

seen Edicia. She was completely gone with no apparent reason. Everyone in her family insisted that she was happy there, that they treated their adopted daughter well, but there was something fishy in their adamant insisting. He suspected that the family had something to do with Edicia's disappearance.



# Escape Through The Forest

Collected in [\*The Journey's End\*](#)

[Prose-ject 2020](#) day 15. Prompt: "You had me at 'hello'." -  
Jerry Maguire

Edicia was not sure whether the hunters she had seen were after her or the deer family she had seen along the way, but she was not taking any chances. She made sure her shoes were secured on her makeshift utility belt and sneaked around the hunters, praying for whatever powers out there not to let their dogs sniff her out. The hard parts of the vegetation and soil alike under the undergrowth hurt her soles as splinters and cuts came on them. Despite of the pain, she pressed her lips together and hurried away; if she got caught, she would be in for far, far more pain.

Once the hunters' voices died out, Edicia merely pressed forward, determined to cover as much distance as possible. Eventually, her mind focused only on walking ahead, a mental tunnel vision taking over her. The longer she walked, the better for her.

At some point, she stumbled over some roots and found herself at a clearing. She noticed to her horror that she was alone there. A ragged group of people, camped at the clearing, turned to look at her.

She was a goner.

"H-hello," Edicia whimpered, trying to come up with an excuse to get away from this group. Yet one of them, a man two heads taller than her with broad shoulders and a heavy

build that would have no problem crushing her if necessary, stood up and started to walk towards her.

The exhaustion was already setting itself in deep within Edicia now that she had had to stop walking. There was no way she could escape this group, especially not now.

Her body gave her no other choice than just collapsing on the ground.

When she came to, she was lying on a thin mattress, covered by an even thinner blanket. Everything hurt less now, though, and she could have sworn that she felt bandages covering her feet, legs and arms around the cuts she had gotten while walking through the forest.

Even though she wanted to stay on the bed, she needed to find out what was going on and where she was, so she tried to sit up. A strong hand came on her shoulder and pressed her back against the mattress. Edicia turned to look at the hand's owner and saw that it was the same man from the group. Panic settled back in.

"I-I..." Edicia stuttered. She still did not know what she should say to get away from this.

"Easy now," the man said, his baritone voice soft. He gave a small smile to the girl. "You had me at 'hello'. We won't hurt you." He took his hand off her shoulder. "You need to rest. I don't know where you came from or why you were stumbling in the forest barefoot when you have shoes with you, but you're safe with us. So get some rest, okay?"

Edicia tried to find any sort of deception from the man's face and eyes, but they betrayed no ill intent. She probably did not have any choice but going along with the story anyway. "Okay."

"Good," the man said. He turned to look away and called out, "Natalina."

Footsteps came to them and a female voice asked, "Yeah?"

"The girl has woken up," the man told. "I think you'll frighten her less than me."

"Probably," the female voice remarked. "The others actually need your input with where we'll head next, so go talk with 'em. I'll look after her."

"Thank you." The man stood up and walked away, while a woman sat down at his spot. Edicia looked at her and tried to memorize her face, but she could only remember her messy dark brown hair.

"Just sleep, 'K, kid? You look pretty ragged, and that's coming from me," the woman flicked her hair to showcase her tangled hair. "Haven't washed this in weeks, so it has gone like eight shades darker from all the dirt."

Edicia nodded. She did not have any other choice anyway.

Therefore, she closed her eyes and let the sleep come. Whatever happened to her now was beyond her.

# Fugitive?

Collected in [The Journey's End](#)

[Prose-ject 2020](#) day 20. Prompt: *a tongue sharper than a dagger's blade.*

"Y'know, we're all ragged. We smell worse than elks and everyone except Evilliam and Lasiaku have darker hair than normally, while only Lasiaku won't look significantly whiter once we do actually get to wash all this dirt off ourselves," a female voice said. "And after considerin' all of this and that I've been travelin' with you folks for two years, I'll say that this gal we met is lookin' even worse than us. At least we have the sense to wear shoes in the forest, whatever good these worn-out hole-y pieces of leather do at this point."

"Very well, you have a point, Natalina," sighed a familiar male voice. Edicia did not dare to open her eyes, so she just listened to the conversation.

"Is she ill?" asked another male voice.

"Not that I could tell. Exhausted, sure, but not feverish or anythin'," the female voice answered. "Judgin' from her clothes, she's some runaway from a better-off area."

"Fugitive?" the same unfamiliar male voice asked.

"The hell I would know?" the female voice blurted. "She's been sleepin' most of the time she's been here. We don't even know her name."

"If she was a fugitive, enforcers would already be here," a third male voice chimed in. "A girl like that with gear like that can't lose the hounds even if she could somehow outrun them, which I doubt."

"Yeah, and her soles definitely didn't look like they'd been walkin' forests long enough to be able to run barefoot," the

female voice noted. "A sheltered runaway from somewhere nearby, I say."

There was a brief silence before the familiar male voice spoke up again. "We'll ask her some questions when she is awake. Then we'll know where we'll stand with her."

Edicia tensed at this. In response, yet another new voice spoke up, this time from next to her. "I think she already is."

Edicia opened her eyes and was met with a rather confusing face. It looked rather feminine, but she could not help noticing the unmistakable stubble on the chin. A hand came on her shoulder to keep her from escaping.

"Let me go," Edicia said and tried to struggle against it, but the person next to her kept their hold.

"Calm down. We won't hurt you," the person said. Their voice was a strange mixture of masculine and feminine.

"Let me go!" Edicia cried out and fought harder. Footsteps came towards her, and just as she managed to break free and sit up, someone got to her back and wrapped their arms around her, pressing her back against someone.

Despite struggling, she could not break free from the rather thin yet strong arms, so she took a look around herself. Three men and one that she could not tell which gender they were.

"Relax, kid. We won't hurt you," the female voice said behind her ear. "We don't want any trouble, so could you please stop fightin' and answer a few questions?"

Edicia looked at the people around her, helpless. She was definitely getting killed now, regardless of whether she answered the questions or not.

The biggest man, the one she had woken up to before, sat down and gestured the others still standing to do the same.

Then he locked his eyes with Edicia's and asked, "So, who are you?"

# Rice

Currently uncollected

Challenge: Exactly 150 words and incorporate the last food you ate (which, for me, was rice).

Edicia had slowly become accustomed to the rice the group she now traveled with tended to eat. Most of the time, it was bland — spices and berries were expensive to buy from merchants and hard to come by in the wilderness — but it kept them alive and going, so she did not complain. It was better than running into random directions until she starved because she lacked the skills to forage any kind of food.

Now, she was running away, endangering a group of nobodies and eating their food. Had she not known that her survival was vital for her kingdom, she would have felt deeply guilty about it. However, because of the circumstances and the fact that the group both took her in knowing that she was an important runaway and acted as a camouflage of sorts, she felt only moderately guilty for involving them and eating their rice.

# Calm Horizon

Collected in [\*The One With Delirium\*](#)

Optional theme: *calm*.

Lasiaku watched the horizon. The skies were in slow motion alongside the cool wind blowing. It had been months since the last time it had been calm like this.

Yes, he was no fool. He knew something bad was going on. Something was happening in the kingdom and he knew it. Maybe it had something to do with the girl they had taken under their wing, Edicia. She seemed to be an innocent runaway, but Lasiaku knew better than that. She had something to hide.

He was not entirely sure he wanted to find out what. He knew there were things better left unknown. This could easily be one of those.



# Moonlit Lake

Collected in [Modern Problem](#)

Challenge: A mirror must be important to the story, there must be a character who considers themselves above all and better than everyone and the story must have exactly seven characters.

"I'm your leader. You bow to me!" he kept shouting. "You bow to me!"

I kept my face shrouded against the cold wind. The cold era was coming now, ready to chill us to the bone. I held my mirror close to my chest. My mirror was what kept me safe here. I was among strong fighters, but the mirror was what actually protected me. What protected us.

The moonlit lake showed me my reflection when I could not look at my mirror. My diadem glimmering in the moonlight was a sight only starlit full moon nights gave. I wish I could be alone now, for once, but no. Evilliam kept shouting that everyone bows to him.

If he just knew that there was no king. There was no king anymore, but only I knew it in this forest. I had made my escape just in time.

The king whom I knew was gone. Now only I remained.

I, Edicia Minor, wretched and stuck among this poor group of wanderers. I don't know where they are going but wherever they go, I'll follow, for I must keep escaping. If I only could

help them more, if I only could make their lives better than this.

If I only could do something about anything. My tears shined in the moonlight as clear as my hair used to have. Now the hair I used to be so proud of was just a bunch of rugged lines of black threads. The shine was gone.

What else would be gone before this would end?

I looked at the group. I was one of them, so they said. When I had stumbled upon their camp, completely lost and chased, they had accepted me as one of them. Even Evilliam had accepted me right away.

I looked at the mirror. It was dim. Something was out there, close by. We would have to run tomorrow. There was danger ahead, it showed.

Natalina yawned at the yammering. Sash and Amerade kept playing a game I had not learned yet, completely ignoring Evilliam. Lasiaku got up and walked to me. I hid my mirror again. I did not look at him when he came, yet he sat down next to me, as if I had called him there.

"I'll let him have his time talking. I dunno what happened to his head when we were kids, so I'll just let him have his delusions. He won't hurt anyone, but he is annoying when delusional," he said, as if I had asked him to talk about Evilliam. I did not want to hear, but I stayed silent. It was better to let the man talk.

"I dunno where you came from or why. You are always so silent I can't even remember your voice," he said. "I feel like I know nothing. I'm leading you all to new places I don't know, and I don't know what's with my best friend, I don't know anything about my fellows' histories. I guess we're all fools following me to places unknown." Lasiaku paused,

noticing that I did not move. "I know Evilliam is annoying right now, but you'll catch a cold here if you stay this far away from the campfire."

"I want to be alone now," I said. I felt Lasiaku's arm around my shoulders and his warmth when he moved to my side. "I know, girl," he whispered. "You've been all alone for long, haven't you?"

The mirror warmed. It was always warm when I was with any of the wanderers. They were good people, honest people. I could be just as honest with them. I could trust them.

And trust them I do. For trust is all I have left anymore in my soul. Everything else has been sucked away, but trust had hidden and jumped at the chance.

I nodded. I had been all alone for so, so long I can't remember my life with people anymore.

I had been all alone when I found the five wanderers, but now I was no longer alone. I had these wanderers with me now.

Evilliam became quiet. I smiled.

"Let's get back to the others. Evilliam probably got enough now."

The mirror shook. The danger was close.

Perhaps we have to run during the night already...

# The One With Delirium

Collected in [The One With Delirium](#)

Optional theme: *Delirium*.

*"You all are mere wretches under my glory! You heed to my voice, my orders! Now go and raise this land from wretchedness to the heights of my glory!" Evilliam shouted. Everyone turned their backs to him, used to this delirium of this young man.*

Lasiaku shook his head as he listened to this older Evilliam shout the same things.

"I wish his head could be fixed. He was much better before the injury," he said to Edicia. "I'm sure that he doesn't like those crazy moments when he's sane."

Edicia looked at Evilliam. He was courteous and helpful when he was himself. And Lasiaku, who was very close to her, cared for him a lot. He and Evilliam had been friends since toddlers, after all. They had grown up together. Edicia remembered Lasiaku having described their relationship as brotherhood. And that they had looked like to Edicia when she had first met these wanderers.

If these people helped her do the right thing, she could find the cure for Evilliam. She was certain there was one.

The darkness was closer again. They had a long way to go until her secret destination would appear to them. They could all get killed, even Edicia and Evilliam.

And Edicia knew that very well.

# Specter Attack

Collected in [\*The One With Delirium\*](#)

Challenge from [Wolfrug](#): Write a drabble, either play straight or subvert the [Evil Slinks](#) trope and the slinky villain cannot be a snake, a snake-man, an alien snake or a multi-headed snake creature.

Edicia gasped for air. The specter she had faced was choking her with its tentacle-like half-liquid, half-solid body. The mirror was on the ground, reflecting light in hazardous patterns at the specter.

Suddenly the specter let go. Edicia saw Sash with a rusty old sword. The specter turned into a rat and ran away. "What was that thing?" Sash asked. "I saw light blinking real hard and got here."

Edicia picked up her mirror, seeing that now it was just dim instead of reflecting light frantically. "A specter. It's dangerous. We must hurry and escape. There are more to come."

# Escape Preparation

Collected in [The Journey's End](#)

[Prose-ject 2020](#) day 12. Prompt: *escaping a scene.*

Anxious, Sash looked over his shoulder as Edicia told the rest of the group about the specter which had attacked her. While the others tried to cut her off with questions, she cut *them* off with an authoritative voice they had never heard from the young woman.

"They always come in groups. The one that attacked me was a scout that got cocky. It's going to give our position to the rest as soon as it reaches them, and by the time they get here, we have to be far away," Edicia explained. "I'm sorry, but we have to pack our things immediately and run."

"Are you sure about this?" Lasiaku asked, confused. He had had a bad feeling about things lately, but this seemed worse than he had expected.

"Absolutely sure," Edicia answered, her face solemn but certain.

Lasiaku nodded, still confused by the sudden incident. Nevertheless, he decided to trust the girl. "Very well. Everyone, pack your stuff! We're leaving right away!"

As everyone scattered, he turned to Edicia once more. "Any chance you know a safe haven from those things?"

"We'd have to go over the kingdom border to escape them for good," Edicia told.

"That's further than I hoped." Lasiaku scratched his chin. "Well, let's head there. If they won't cross the border, we can regroup at the bordering city and figure out our next

move. You have a lot to explain once we get there, though. Everyone wants answers."

"I know," Edicia said. "Whatever questions you have, I will answer them there."

"Good." Lasiaku nodded. "Let's go then."

The two joined their fellows at packing, each of them pulling their weight. The sooner they escaped the scene, the better chances they had to outrun the specters.



# Assassin's Fate

Collected in [The One With Delirium](#)

Nasty Ass Challenge: Roll a d4 to get how the story ends, a d6 for the the protagonist's [Super Weight](#) and a d8 for the protagonist's [Character Alignment](#). Optionally, you could substitute one of them with one of the given elements.

My elements were *Your story ends happily for the protagonist, Abnormal Weight and Lawful Neutral*. I substituted the Super Weight element with the optional element *Twisted Fate* ("You may end your story any way you like, but you must write the ending before the rest of your story.").

Keith laughed like a maniac. This was the best place for him to be. He had finally succeeded in getting to Hell.

~ ~ ~

The command of the Emperor was absolute and had to be carried out and Keith was ready to do it. With the Darks ready to fetch him the poison and the darts, he was setting the environment ready.

Edicia looked at Keith. Her senses were not lying; this man her father had saved and raised as his son was going crazy. She had sensed it earlier, before being sent away, and now she sensed it even better. But with her powers still dormant she could never prove it. She could never prove that this man had killed her father, no matter what the pre-written letter said. The law demanded proof and a letter based on suspicions before the actual incident was not eligible.

Therefore, Edicia had no proof and she had to obey the law no matter what.

Keith dashed with darts in his hands. Edicia cried out, unable to escape her chains. Something exploded in the air, pushing Keith away and breaking the chains. Poison darts accidentally struck their user whom Edicia tried to save. Killer or not, law demanded that people had to help those in mortal danger. Yet it was too late; Keith was gone, his battered body being incapable of taking the poison.

Edicia said her prayers and ran away. The funeral would be given to this man later, after convicting him.

## Find N. WS. Jokela Online

[WordPress](#)  
[Smashwords](#)  
[Goodreads](#)  
[Twitter](#)  
[GitHub](#)  
[itch.io](#)

If you liked this, please check out my other work on my  
WordPress website!