

Title: it ain't Halloween, but I got my mask for you.

Author: me

Prompt: for cues, makeup of a long long time ago. *"I'll tell you all my secrets, but I'll lie about my past."* In half an hour.

Notes: oh, about 20 minutes long, and more in the way of Sophie/Daniel. I can't give up on them. No warnings, a little bit of prediction.

So waits a year before she plans to return, two years until she actually returns to England. She waits until she feels like she can greet her old friends with more than just jet-lag and a weak smile. This time, this time, she tells herself. It's not going to be that way. She's staying for a shorter time, this time. She's bringing her cousin Celestine to keep her grounded. She's seeing Paris. She's seeing Scotland.

In England, she's merely Sophie.

In Paris, she's a native bringing a friend up from the country.

In Scotland, she's a quiet lass with a fey spirit.

She puts on a mask of realities as she makes her way through the Continent. But no matter how she tries, she can't escape the truth of who she is. Too many people know a piece of her mask, and she has to play it out. She has to be outgoing and worldly and cajoled and the perfect housemate. Celeste looks at her oddly as the family mask and her English mask don't gel like they were supposed to. A lie doesn't fit right.

She tries to explain it to Celeste. It's just a way to lie about her past, to get a little bit of away while she's away. A fiction writer telling fiction. She still doesn't get it, but doesn't feel like talking about it. Things change. People change. It's just a reaction to different stimuli.

Sophie stares at the phone in her hand when she's in England, wondering if this is a Mask day, and which mask it is.

"Hello?" A voice from the past. "Can I speak to So?"

"Sophie speaking."

"Sophie!! It's Lila. Would you like to come to dinner? We haven't seen you...."