

APPENDIX I
SEQUENCE OF EVENTS

No	Main Event	Sub Event		Page
1.	Borguisie	a	I used to think there was only the divide, Silver and Red, rich and poor, king and slaves	74
2.	Poletariat	b	<p>“Mare Molly Barrow, born November seventeenth, 302 of the New Era to Daniel and Ruth Barrow”</p> <p>“You have no occupation and are scheduled for conspiracy on your next birthday. You attend school sparingly, your academic test score are low, and you have a list of offenses that would land you in prison in most cities. Thievery, smuggling, resisting arrest, to name but a few. All together you are poor, rude, immoral, unintelligent, impoverished, bitter, stubborn, and a blight upon your village and my kingdom”.</p>	64
3	Social Status	a	<p>“I am my father’s heir, born to privilege and power and strength. You owe me your allegiance, just as I owe you my life. It is my duty to serve you and my kingdom as best I can - and beyond”. He’s rehearsed his speech, but the fervor Cal has can’t be faked. He believes in himself, that he’ll be a good king – or die trying</p>	77
		b	<p>First Friday attendance is mandatory, unless you are like my sister, an “essential laborer”. As if embroidering silk is essential. But the silvers love their silk, don’t they? Even the security officers, a few of them anyway can be bribed with pieces sewn by my sister. Not that i know anything about that.</p>	3

		c	Two officers wait by the door, their guns hanging by their sides. I recognize them from the village outpost, but there's another figure, a young woman in red with a triple-colored crown badge her heart. A royal servant, a Red who serves the king, i realize, and i begin to understand. This is not a usual search	40
		d	His uniform is black and red, with a military cut, though i doubt he's ever spent a single day int the trenches Reds die in. Badges and medals glitter in his breats, a testament to things he'e never done. He even wears a gilded sword despite the many guards around him.	46
4	Privilege	a	Inside the open-topped arena is just as hot as out, and Kilorn always on his toes, leads me to some shade, we don't get seats here, just long concrete benches, but the few Silvers nobles up above enjoy cool, comfortable boxes. There they have drinks, food, ice, even in high summer, cushioned chairs, electric lights, and other comforts I'll never enjoy. The Silvers don't bat an eye at any of it, complaining about the "wretched conditions". I'll give them wretched condition. If I ever have the chance. All we get are hard benches and a few screechy video screens almost too bright and too noisy to stand.	4
		b	I climb the ladder up to the house, over worn wood shaped to the hands that ascend and descend everyday. From this height I can see a few boats heading upriver, proudly flying their bright flags. Silvers. They're the only ones rich enough to use private transportation. While they enjoy	10

			wheeled traports, pleasure boats, even high-flying airjets, we get nothing more than our own two feet, or a push cycle if we're lucky.	
		c	<p>“And how do you like the Hall of the Sun, Lady Titanos?” the girl across from me asks- Atara, House Viper, green and black. The animos who killed the doves. “I assume it’s no comparison to the – the village you lived in before”, She says the word village like a curse, and I don’t miss her smirk.</p> <p>It takes me a minute to respond as I try to keep my blood from boiling. “The Hall and Summerton are very different from what I’m used to”, I force out.</p> <p>“Obviously”, another woman says, leaning forward to join the conversation. A while, judging by her green-and-gold tunic. “I took a tour of the Capital Valley once, and I must say, the Red villages are simply deplorable. They don’t have proper roads”. We can barely feed ourselves, let alone pave streets. My jaw tightens until I think my teeth might shatter.</p>	102
		d	<p>The walls are diamondglass, like back at the Hall, but set with floodlit metal towers and other structures. There are patrols on the walls, but their uniforms are not the flaming red of sentinels or the stark black of Security. They wear uniforms of clouded silver and white, almost blending into the cityscape. They are soldiers, and not the kind who dance with ladies. This is a fortress.</p> <p>Archeon was built to endure war, not peace.</p>	222

		e	But I can't find anything beautiful here, not when the smoky, dark factories are only a few miles back. The contrast between the Silver city and the Red slum sets my teeth on edge. This is the world I'm trying to bring down, the world trying to kill me and everything I care about. Now I truly see what I'm fighting against and how difficult, how impossible, it will be to win. I've never felt smaller than I do now, with the great bridge, looming above us. It looks ready to swallow me whole.	223
		f	My world is already in ruin, "I say, kicking at the dirt road beneath us. All around us, the trees seem to open revealing the muddy place I call home. Compared to the hall, it must look like a slum. Like a hell. Why can't he see that? "your father keeps your people safe, not mine".	117
		g	Cal and Maven are there as well, both glittering in their medals, and they smile through pleasant conversation while the king himself shake hands with the soldiers. All the soldiers are young, in gray uniforms cut with silver insignia. Nothing like the ratty red fatigues my brothers and any other Reds get when they're conscripted. These Silvers are going to war, people, and to them, the war is just another place to visit. Another step in their training. To us, to me once, it is a dead end. It is doom.	165
		h	The laugh escapes me like gunfire, "What part of my life makes you think I'd care about these brats going off to war like it's some kind of vacation?" "Just because they've chosen to go doesn't make them any less brave".	165

			“Well, I hope they enjoy their barracks and supplies and reprieves and all the things my brothers were never given”. I doubt these willing soldiers will ever want for so much as a botton.	
5	Prestige	a	They carry long rifles or pistols, though they don't need them. As is customary, the officers are Silvers, and Silvers have nothing to fear from us Reds. Everyone know that. We are not their equals, though you wouldn't know it from looking at us. They only thing that serves to distinguish us, outwardly at leats, is that Silvers stand tall. Our backs are bent by work and unanswered hope and the inevitable disappointment with our lot in llife.	4
		b	He doesn't understand what the feats are about. This isn't mindless entertainment, meant to give us some respite from grueling work. This is calculated, cold a message. Only Silvers can fight in the arenas because only a Silvers can survive the arena. They fight to show us their streght and power. You are no match for us. We are your betters. We are Gods. It's written in every superhuman blow the champions land.	5
		c	Once, the feats were not matches at all, but executions. Prioners and enemies of the state would be transported to Archeon, the capital, and killed in front of a Silvers crowd. I guess the Silvers liked that, and the matches began. Not to kill but to entertain. Then they became the Feats and spread out to the other cities, to different arenas and different audiences. Eventually the Reds were granted admission, confined to the cheap seats. It wasn't long until the Silvers	5

			<p>built arenas everywhere, even village like Stilts, and attendance that was once a gift became a mandatory curse. My brother Shade says it's because arena cities enjoyed a marked reduction in Red crime, dissent, even the few acts of rebellion. Now Silvers don't have to use execution or the legions or even Security to keep the peace; two champions can scare us just as easily.</p>	
		d	<p>"She's a thief", one says, shaking my sister. To her credit, she doesn't scream. The officer recognizes her, his hard face twitching into a frown for split second."You know the law, girl?". Gisa lowers her head. "I know the law". I struggle as much as i can, trying to stop what's coming. Glass shatters as a nearby screen cracks and flashes, broken by the riot. It does nothing to stop the officer as he grabs my sister, pushing her to the ground. My own voice screams out, joining the din of the chaos."It was me! It was my idea! Hurt me!". But they don't listen. They don't care.</p> <p>I can only watch as the officers lays my sister nest to me. Her eyes are mine as he brings the butt of his gun down, shattering the bones in her sewing hand.</p>	32
		e	<p>Another whip cracks and flinch, almost feeling the lash on my skin. "Did you order them to be beaten as well?"</p> <p>He doesn't rise to my challenge, jaw frimly clenched shut. But when another villager cries out, protesting againts the officers, he lets his eyes close.</p> <p>"Stand back, Lady Titanos". The king's voice rumbles like faraway thunder, an order if there ever was one. I can almost</p>	220

			feel his smug smile when I step away, moving back to Maven.”This is Red village, you know that better than us all. They harbor these terrorits, feed them, protect them, become them. They are children who have done wrong. And they must learn”.	
		f	“In his wisdom, Kinng Tiberias has drafted the Measures, to root out this sickness of rebellion, and to protect the good citizens of our nation. They are as follows; As of today, a sunses curfew is in effect for all Reds. Security will be doubled in every Red village and town. New outpost will be built on the roads and manned to full capacity. All Red crimes, including breaking of the curfew, will be punished by execution. And-” at this, my voice falters for the first time-.”conscription age has been lowered, to the age fifteen. Anyone who provides information leading to capture of Scarlet Guard operatives or prevention of Scarlet Guard actions will be awarded conscription waivers, releasing up to five members of the same family from military service”. It’s a brilliant, and terrible, maneuver. Reds will tear each other apart for such waivers.	227
		g	It’s a market like I’ve never seen, dotted with flowers and trees and fountains. The Reds are few and fast, running errands and selling their own wares, all marked by their red bands. Though the Silvers wear no band, they’re easy to spot. They drip with gems and precious metals, a fortune on every one of them. One slip of a hook and I can go home with everything I’ll ever need. All are tall and beautiful and cold, moving	24

			with a slow grace no Red can calm. We simply don't have time to move that way.	
6	Rebellion Group	a	<p>“We are the Scarlet Guard and we stand for the freedom and equality of all people-, “ the woman says. I recognize her voice Farley.</p> <p>“-Starting with the Reds”.</p> <p>“You believe you are the masters of the world, but your reign as kings and Gods is at an end. Until you recognize us as human, as equal, the fight will be at your door. Not on a battlefield but in your cities. In your streets. In your homes. You don't see us, and so we are everywhere”. Her voice hums with authority and poise. “And we will rise up, Red as the dawn”.</p>	28
7	First Revolutionary Action	a	<p>“Silvers of Norta, we apologize for interruption. Thirteen minutes ago there was a terrorist attack in the Capital”.</p> <p>The Silvers around me gasp, bursting into fearful murmurs. I can only blink in disbelief. Terrorist attack? On the Silvers? Is that even possible?</p> <p>“This is was organized bombing of government buildings in West Archeon. According to report, the Royal Court, the Treasury Hall, and Whitefire Palace have been damaged, but the court the treasury were not in session this morning”.</p> <p>“A Terrorist group calling themselves the Scarlet Guard released this video moments ago”.</p>	27
		b	Against every instinct, I looked over my shoulder to see a Red man being held up by the neck. He pleads with his Silver	29

			assailant, begging.”Please, I don’t know, I don’t know who the hell those people are!” “What is Scarlet Guard?” the Silver yells into his face. I recognize him as one of nymphs who was playing with children not half an hour ago.”Who are they?”.	
8	Second Revolutionary Action	a	“And that’s only the attack they’ve claimed”, the colonel fires back cutting off the queen.”What about the explosion in Harbor Bay, or the airfield in Delphie for the matter? Three airjets destroyed, and two more stolen from one of our own bases!” My eyes widen, and I can’t help but gasp with a few ladies. More attack? But while the others look frightened, hands pressed to their mouths, I have to fight the urge to smile. Farley has been busy.	103
		b	“Their goal is to harm innocent civilians, Silver and Red, to incite fear and hysteria. They are small, contained, and cowardly, hiding from my husband justice. To call every mishap and misunderstanding in this kingdom the work of such evil only futhers their effort to terrorize the rest of us. Do not give these monsters the satisfaction of that”.	103
		c	“I must remind you why this choice has been made. The might of Samos joined with my son, and all his children to follow, will help guide our nation. You all know the precarious state of our kingdom, with war in the north and foolish extremists, enemies to our way of life, attempting to destroyus from within. The scarlet Guard might seem small and insignificant to us, but they represent a dangerous turn for our Red brothers”.	79

9	Third Revolutionary Action	a	<p>“Shades was part of Guard”. It’s not a question anymore, but the truth. Will lowers his gaze apologetic, and Tristan even hangs his head. “They killed him for it. They killed my brother, and I have to act like it doesn’t bother me”.</p> <p>“You’re dead if you don’t”.</p> <p>“I know that. I’ll say whatever they want when the time comes. But-” My voice catches a little, on the edge of this new path. “I’m in the palace, the center of their world. I’m quick, I’m quiet, and I can help the cause”.</p> <p>Tristan sucks in a ragged breath, pulling back to his full height. Despite his anger earlier, there’s now something like pride shining in his eyes, “You want to join up”.</p> <p>“I do”.</p>
		b	<p>“I want to join the Guard”, he says, his voice full of conviction.</p>
		c	<p>“When I was twelve, my father sent me to the war front, to toughen me up, to make me more like my brother. Cal is perfect, you see, so why couldn’t I be the same?”</p> <p>“I wish it was jealousy that drove me here”, Maven murmurs. “I spent three years in the barracks, following Cal and officers and general, watching soldiers fight and die for a war no one believe in. Where Cal saw honor and loyalty, I saw foolishness. I saw waste. Blood on both sides of the dividing line, and your people gave so much more”.</p>
		d	<p>“Because this world is wrong. What my father has done, what my brother will do, is wrong”.</p>
		e	<p>“I sit on councils with my father, for taxes and security and defense. I know who will</p>

			able be missed by my-by the Silvers. I gave her four names”. “Who?” “Reynald Iral, Ptolemus Samos, Ellyn Macanthos. Belicos Lerolan”.	
		f	The sentinels on the landing have their guns aimed while blur along, barely shadows as they give chase. A blaze of fire erupts from the crowd, curling through the air like a snake. It roars overhead, illuminating the dim ballroom. Flickering shadows paint the walls and the upturned faces, transforming the ballroom into a nightmare of red light and gunpowder.	188
		g	“Mother can attend to the prisoners later”, he says, addressing the king. “But the people upstairs will want to see their king and know he is safe. So many have died. You should comfort them, father, and you as well, Cal”. He’s playing for time. Brilliant Maven is trying to buy us a chance. Even though it makes my skin crawl, I reach out to touch Cal’s shoulder. He kissed me once. He might still listen when I speak. “He’s right, Cal. This can wait”.	198
		h	Lucas, usually all smile and jokes, falls into a strange, half-hynotized state. His eyes glaze over and he doesn’t notice when Julian reaches down to take his gun. But he marchess all the same, leading us through the maze of the Hall. At each turn I wait for the feel of electric eyes, shutting off everything in our path. Julian does the same to the guards, forcing them not to remember us as we pass. Together, we make an unbeatable team, and it’s not long before	204

			we stand at top of dungeon stairs. There will be sentinels down there, too many for Julian to take care of on his own.	
10	Fourth Revolutionary Action	a	<p>Maven brushes a hand over my dust map, wiping away west Archeon with a few strokes of his fingers. “Legions are loyal to their generals. And I know happen to know a girl who knows a general very well”.</p> <p>When his eyes meet mine, all his fire is gone, replaced noow by bitter cold. He smiles tightly.</p> <p>“You’re talking about Cal”. The Soldier, The General, The Prince, His father’s son. Again I think of Julian, of the uncle Cal would kill for his twisted version of justice. Cal would never betray his country, not for anything.</p> <p>When Maven answer, it’s matter-of-fact. “We give him a hard choice”.</p> <p>I can feel Killorn’s eyes on my face, wighing my reaction, and it’s almost too much pressure to bear. “Cal will never turn his back on his crown, on your father”</p> <p>I know my brother. If it comes down to it, to saving your life or saving his crown, we both know what he will choose”, Maven fires back</p> <p>“He would never choose me”.</p> <p>Maven shakes his head. “He will always choose you”</p>	245
		b	<p>The attack begins, all the members of the Scarlet Guard fight with Cal's legions, they are fighting against injustice. They fight for their people. Including Mare Barrow who struggles to persuade Cal to stage a coup.</p> <p>“You said you believed in us once, in freedom, in equality, You can make the</p>	254

			real, with one world. There won't be a war. No one will die". He seems frozen by my words, not daring to breathe. I can't tell what he's thinking, but I press on. I must make him understand. "You hold the power right now. This army is yours, this whole place is yours to take and-and to free! March into the palace, make your father kneel, and do what you know is right. Please, Cal!"	
		c	When Elara screams, wailing and thrashing over the king's body, I almost laugh aloud at the absurdity of it all. Has she changed her mind? Has she lost it entirely? Then I hear the click of cameras switching on, coming back to life. They poke out of the walls, pointing the straight down at the king's body and what looks like a queen mourning her fallen husband. Maven yells at her side, one hand on his mother's shoulder. "You killed him! You killed the king! You killed our father!" he screams in Cal's face. Only a hint of a smirk remains, and somehow Cal resists the urge to rip his brother's head off. He's in shock, not understanding, not wanting to understand. But for once, I certainly do.	265
		d	The truth doesn't matter. It only matters what people believe. Julian tried to teach me that lesson before, and now I understand it. They will believe this little scene, this pretty play of actors and lies. And no army, no country will follow a man who murdered his father for the crown.	266
		e	...Even though they call Cal my enemy, even though they fear him, I let his	297

		<p>warmth fall on my skin, and I let his eyes burn into mine.</p> <p>Our shared memories flash before me, parading every second of our time together. But now our friendship is gone, replaced by the one thing still have in common.</p> <p>Our hatred for Maven</p> <p>I don't need to be a whisper to know we share a thought.</p> <p>I will kill him.</p>	
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