

Title (up to 20 words) - CAPABLE

Strapline (up to 40 words) - Leading you through the fast paced, heart wrenching life of a female spy in ww2, exploring their memory and the sacrifices they made to win the war.

Copy (between 900 and 1000 words) -

Florence Berrington was born in the 1920's, at the age of glamour and sparkling champagne; now the sky is on fire - and she'd be damned if they didn't burn down with it. Perhaps that's why she said yes to the job offer, perhaps that was why she didn't hesitate, not for a second, as they told her the odds.

People were risking their lives everyday, by choice or consequence.

Knew her sister, Sylvia, risked it with two toddlers on her lap.

Knew her mother risked it, managing to pray for everyone at the same time, one siren for father, one for Cliff (her overly optimistic and dreadfully charismatic brother), one for Sylvia's husband, one for her now she supposed. And the old woman's cycle continued, seeking God while London lit up in red smoke and destruction.

How ironic.

Her mind continued to flick through memories like a film reel, settling on the day she had informed her mother of her leaving: she thinks she broke her into a million little fragile, cracked, desperate pieces. God, she had cried, she had screamed. Sylvia had held her back as she clawed at her youngest daughter, sobbing and manic, repeating the mantra over and over like a broken clock stuck ticking at one doomed date.

"Not another one"

"Not another one"

"I won't lose you too, not you too, that's not what I want."

*I won't lose you too.* They'd made Florence write a will this morning, so if the Germans caught her, at least her affairs would be in order.

At least her sister would get an earring, or an old book.

“Physical training killed me, I can’t feel my legs.”

The girl looked up as her roommates walked towards her under the old oak. Ameya and Louise, not their real names, they were given fake ones as soon as they signed up to the program. (Hers being Beth), she thought of her little women copy, old and tattered, now assigned to Sylvia.

Ameya groaned as she sat down , the girl was of Indian heritage, with brown skin and dark hair, up in a strict bun as she pulled at the loose strands sticking to her face, “I mean, actually killed me. Forget Germans.”

Florence mused at her friend, “Like one could.”

Louise sat down to the other side of her, a tall blonde with freckles all over her face. “You were thinking?”

“About my mum.”

Louise hummed. “You missing her?”

She *missed* a lot of things, but they were all before, she needed to be a part of bringing them back. “This is our chance, Lou, to show everyone just how capable we can be,” Florence shifted her gaze to the young men currently in physical, who had teased them when they first arrived at training, “how we can be just as useful as any of them.” She thought of playing with Cliff as a child, how Sylvia would scold her when she acted like him.

Ameya nodded her head and squeezed her hand, familiar defiance in her eyes, “To show them that I, a woman from an Indian background, am just as capable as you.”

Brute defiance, that’s what would keep them alive. The hungry need to prove themselves, the kind you only find in those not afforded the world’s luxuries at the very start, that would keep them fighting. She smiled at her friend, squeezing her hand back, taking Louise’s at her other side, “exactly.”

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The funny thing about time is that it goes too quickly. Speeds past every moment you want to stay in, until suddenly, you’re in your bedroom, saying goodbye to a friend.

*Louise threw up a bottle of beer (smuggled in, and the other two girls weren’t sure how she did it). “To my freedom!”*

*Ameya rolled her eyes, but she grinned anyway, lifting her own bottle up to the ceiling, "we love you, goodluck."*

*Florence quirked a smile as she stared at her friend, at her mannerisms and look, trying to remember everything, every part of her.*

And then it speeds past a bit more, and you get a letter saying that your sister is now a widow, that another two children are now without a father. A letter with blotched ink and full to the brim with grief, a letter begging you to come home. A letter Florence left unreplied. She wasn't going to give this up.

She sent flowers, that was what people do, called him a hero, that's what people say. Not like it helps. It doesn't bring children their father back.

And she blinks, and Florence is in Northern occupied France, given identity cards and rationing cards, given a wig and a point 22 and a fake name. *Another* fake name. Tasked with building up a network of assets to the allies, a resistance. And she felt so *proud*. So *brave*. She relayed information, got injured agents out, disrupted Nazi communications. Now she's running, her feet pounding against soft, mocking earth, her heart climbing up her chest and spilling out into a dying lump on the leaves. She could hear them shouting, someone had slipped, and now she was running for her life. She thought of Ameya somewhere in the south, of Louise, dead in a 6 metre deep plot now, of home, of before.

Or, at least, that is what she would tell people, in reality, all one thinks about in a time like that is survival. No flashbacks or friends or dreams. Survival. The rest came with dying.

They were still trailing her, yelling at comrades like it was a hunt, *dangerous prey*, Florence Berrington was not failing today. She reached into her pocket, the object cool on her fingertips.

It would be enough of a shock, block their view and cause a distraction.

She threw it, and while she was running from chaos, she prayed.