

Title (up to 20 words) - Porcelain

Strapline (up to 40 words) -

Copy (between 900 and 1000 words) -

“Good day ‘me Lady I’m Ethel and it truly is ludicrous to have you as my muse” a skinny, tall, tanned woman said curtseying as the muse giggled.

“Oh my I hast never heard anyone speak to me with such a colloquial tone it’s something amusing.” The lady smiled into her glove as the artiste stood mesmerised by her, as one would be when looking at a gem. The young duchess was directed into a studio where she twirled around to admire the works on the walls of the small loft. Her petticoats rustled as she turned to speak to the creator. “My oh mine, this is splendid!”

“Indeed it is.” the artiste replied. This was not wholly true, for the paintings had been stared at by Miss Ethel Thompson for so long she deemed them displeasing, but now she had a new muse that she would paint hour after hour.

That was where the infatuation began for the painter. Withal every brush stroke she took of the woman; another detail was founded. Lady Beatrice Moore could only be described by her skin colour in Ethel’s eyes- porcelain. The lady was quaint and fragile, yet so detailed and intricate.

It took a few hours for the piece to be completed and Miss Ethel had never loved a work more than that one. Horse feet drew towards the studio as Beatrice stood and stared at the composition using gasps as her only means of communication. A whistle was known from the carriage below and Lady Beatrice looked up with a heavy smilet.

“Well i might not say but i am quite disdained to have to go” she quoth dipping into a low curtsey. Once she had risen Ethel decided to speak.

“I’m always hither madam and i had been delighted to paint a beauty like thou again.”

“Could i come down for a lesson? Thy art is exquisite and i would love to learn it.” Beatrice replied as she began her descent down the stairs. Thou shouldst note that this was not an insight to learn Miss Ethel's craft, no- twere to bid her on what one might assume is a date. Ethel could not refuse that offer as she stood, rouge cheeks and bid the woman adieu.

Beatrice came a few days after as the sun began to rise. The bottom of her gown was stained green on the hem and her blonde hair flew about everywhere.

“Good morrow, mine lady.” Ethel curtseyed.

“Oh please Beatrice is fine, we are more familiar now- are we not?” she replied, entering the studio.

“The first thing to do is compose the brush is bore correctly” Ethel's hand ghosted the others as she readjusted the Lady's hand to the perfect bear. The woman's cheeks blushed as she moved her palm towards the canvas in the centre. The admirable glances Miss Ethel sent to the Lady were non-stop as she finally got a private moment to appreciate the duchess in the small glow of the sunrise.

“How would I get these colours to look as beautiful as the flowers before me?” The lady queried, staring down at the wooden pallet with confusion. Ethel giggled as the duchess looked back upon her, bewildered.

“Oh Beatrice, my dear, thou grab thine brush,” she bore the lady's hand again “and place that into thy paint.” As Ethel directed the brush to the paint Lady Beatrice felt her whole body flush due to a mere bit of contact. Maybe 'twere her inability to date due to her age that made her feel thus, maybe 'twere her lack of contact with other suitors, or maybe this was what love felt like. This thought scared Beatrice as she hadn't been in this woman's company for long- yet hither they were hand in hand painting. The woman intrigued Beatrice in a way many whom had tried to court her had not. Every touch brought her bliss and every smile was more than enough for the duchess to feel as though she were air-drawn.

After they finished that painting the two decided to meet again every wednesday from morn till dusk and twas the happiest Miss Ethel had ever felt.

After a time of secret affairs and paintings crafted as the sun graced the sky, Lady Beatrice invited the artiste to a ball. Maybe being invited to this ball meant the two were official, that Ethel could finally be with her to the truest extent. The hope that filled the artiste fueled her to don her gown and walk into the marble entrance of the Moore manor.

She looked around to try and spot her love yet once she found her she couldn't help but notice the heavy look in the latter's eyes. Any contact she tried to compose with the Lady was swiftly ended until she and a man walked up to the artist.

"Good eve madam. May I bid whom thou are?" the man queried

"Darling I told thou, this is Ethel the artist whom didst mine portrait." she replied, smiling sickly upon him.

"I hast known such splendid things about thou. I'm Lord Samuel Johnson, Lady Beatrice's fiance." Ethel watched as Beatrice's brow paled with fained infirmity.

"Darling I might not but retire to the garden. It is a lot hither." She said curtseying as Miss Ethel ran out.

"Ethel! Wait!" a voice yelled. "Please darling thou might not but understand we could not hast been together! I hast to try this, for mine family." Ethel sniffed as she spun round with a heavy smilet.

"I understand mine lady, what thou must understand is how much I love thou." the artist quoth drops of sorrow spilling down her face.

"I love thou too." She cried.

Like lady Beatrice's skin- they were porcelain. Quaint and fragile, so primrose to smash and crack till 'twere no more. One last kiss, one last I love thou and 'twere done. The two's hearts yearned forever yet alas, porcelain hast to break one day.