**Fan-Fiction on *Persuasion***

My fan-fiction is based upon Jane Austen’s novel of *Persuasion*. This novel related to me the most as I come from a military family so the pain of being away for many years was intriguing in this piece of fiction. I wanted to explore the beginnings of Anne’s and Wentworth’s relationship as we mostly get the heartbreaking reality of their breakup, but thankfully, their reunion. This was important for me explore as Jane Austen has never been a romantic in my eyes, but a woman who wanted to point of the way her society dealt with marriages. Knowing Jane Austen’s background in own love life, it is hard for me to believe she actually agreed with the way marriages were formed. This is why my fan-fiction highlights the distaste Anne and Wentworth have for societal pressure of marriage. I also lightly explore the point of view’s from Anne’s father as well just to give insight into his reasoning for being a distant father. Though I may have changed certain aspects of the novel, I tried to keep it as true as possible. I made my writing a little more modern and focused on the expressions and emotions of the characters. Jane Austen novels focus a lot on the society of their town, but not too much on how they interact. I prefer novels with many details their expressions during interactions.

My piece was not influenced by any critics, just my complete preference for how a story should be written. My taste is very modern so attempting to read Jane Austen was a learning experience that was difficult to adapt to at first. I attempted the best I could in her style of writing though it definitely lacks. I find Anne and Wentworth passionately in love so much that it hurts them to be apart so I wanted to expression certain emotions that Jane Austen would try to force away for her own distaste for romantic relationship.

 **1806**

The days have passed since Anne has first learned of Captain Wentworth. He was strikingly handsome and even more agreeable, she thought. She smiles brightly down at the sea as she thinks about the first interaction with Captain Fredrick Wentworth. He caught Anne’s eye almost immediately from across the hall, as he stared back at her, there was a twitch of a smile and a nod in her direction. The quiet exchange between the two made her cheeks flush a shade of pink. A foreign feeling to her, as she has lived her life strictly suppressing her emotions within for fear of emotional abuse from her father and sisters.

But no, Captain Wentworth brought out a side of her that made her feel worthy of feelings. Perhaps he felt it, too, as Anne felt his eyes on her throughout the night. Was it simply attraction or no? Anne could not figure it out herself. As she was engaging in normal gossip with the ladies of the night. She feels, rather than sees, the figure of Captain Wentworth approaching with Sir Walter at his side. Her father introduces the two though neither of them can even process what Sir Walter is saying as they are completely zoned in on each other. Anne remembers the way Captain Wentworth took her hand without a word and bowed to her with respect showing every mannerisms of a military officer. Anne was filled with nerves unable to form a coherent word, but luckily she managed to speak with some dignity. “A pleasure, Captain Wentworth.” With the brilliant smile he gave her in return, she has not been able to push him out of her mind since.

Anne has never been the most handsome girl in England, though her year of nineteen would be the most she has ever bloomed. Fairly good enough to be noticed by the bachelors, but not good enough to be seen as suitable in the eyes of her father. Ever since the death of her mother, Anne has not expressed the pain she endures from the loss of her mother. Her mother was kind, warm and loved by all – especially her father. Years later and Sir Walter has not found a replacement for the void in his heart. In such, Sir Walter has found in difficult to look at his daughters without the resentment of the uncertainty in life. Anne, particularly, for she completely resembles her mother in every sense except of actually being her mother. With hesitant and doubt, Sir Walter led Captain Wentworth over to his daughter for the pure fact of politeness and the obligation of the request from the Captain himself. Sir Walter was surprised at the fact that a man, even little fortune as he had, would want to be acquainted with an average girl in every aspect of her life. But Sir Walter did not see what the Captain saw.

Wentworth saw the strength, the purity and the beauty in the girl was that sitting down at the hall. He saw the way she was not infatuated with the prospect of gossiping about the fortune of men or the agreeable looks of them either. She resembles everything a man should want, but do not realize it at the moment. As the men are obsessed with the pounds earned from the families of the women as well as their ability to make a home. No, Anne Elliot has the ability to be a mature woman who does not need a man to define her worth as well as she does not expect a large fortune. He remembers the flush of pink upon her cheeks at the first contact and thought, just maybe, that she’d have a chance with Anne Elliot.

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Anne was almost positive from the day her mother died when would be without a husband and thus, accepted it. However, she has allowed herself to dream about what it would be like to be married to Wentworth for the first time. She never allowed herself to before, even with the other men she had fancied, for the simple fact she accepted that she would never have the happiest her mother did. She felt undeserving to feel happy when her mother could not feel anything at all. Over the week she has known Captain Wentworth, the smiles exchanged grow wider and cause her heart to beat faster. The glances linger, and each time, she sees Captain Wentworth twitch towards her practically shaking with nerves just to say pleasant greetings.

He remembers the first time they found each other alone in the hall together. Anne was admiring a piece of artwork as Captain Wentworth strides to her side. He glances over to her as she avoids eye contact, not wanting him to see right through her. A light smile glows across her face as he feels the gaze from Wentworth. His own heart lights in fire as he un-shamelessly stares at her now. “Forgive me, Mistress Elliot, but if I may be so bold, I would like to extend my acquaintance towards you.” Anne found herself holding in her breath wondering if he had any idea the affect he had on her. Though the two barely know each other, chemistry is something that cannot be denied. Anne turns towards him with every restraint of keeping her face under control as she holds her hand out, “In return I will be such as bold to accept your offer as I cannot deny the numerous glances in each other’s direction.”

Captain Wentworth smiles at this as he grasps her hand tightly in his, “As our exchanges have been silent from the start, I could not help myself from pursuing you further. I have learned everything I needed to know about you from afar, now I must understand you from a direct approach.” Anne understands the statement as she herself, has observed Captain Wentworth from afar. Noticing every moment, she could, understanding what his facial features showed in certain conversation, realizing his left eyebrow slightly raised when everyone asked about the military or subtle hints about his fortune. She felt a surge of anxiety as no one has ever shown an interest in her before. She begins to second guess herself and a deep panic forms into the pit of her stomach as Captain Wentworth eye’s examine every angle of her face. He notices the slight change in her behavior and steps forward while he places their hands over his heart. “What are you afraid of?” he asks simply. Anne has never encountered such an honest and forward man. The people surrounded by them are seemingly polite with roundabout ways of asking personal questions. No marriage ever seems sincere, no friendship is based on similar interests and no question is asked without malicious intent. Anne and Wentworth, though, they are tired of the parties to mingle and judge the groups of bachelors. They want more from life than dowries and dances.

*What am I afraid of*, Anne repeats in her head. “I’m afraid of being what you want, what you think I am. I have never met the standards of anybody in my life nor have they ever actually expected me, too.” Her cheeks are hot as she willingly told what was on her mind. Her years of practicing repressing her feelings, just for Captain Wentworth to break down those walls in a matter of days. It gave her a sense of vulnerability, but perhaps a sense of worth. She debated withdrawing before she completely shows herself to this man. However, the look in his eyes is nothing but sincere and thoughtfulness. Captain Wentworth sees her for what she tries to hide, “You need not be afraid of me, Anne. I am completely infatuated with not the mask you uphold, but who you actually are.”

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The prospect of having Captain Wentworth was thrilling to Anne. Everyone noticed the glow and the bloom that has further just by looks from him across the hall. Anne has not spoken to anyone about her talks with Wentworth even though it has only been a few. His words from their initial exchange plays over in her head at night and stay with her until the morning. Anne knew in her heart she was in love with the Captain and everything about him showed that he loved her as well. The few exchanges they’ve had made the idea sound impossible to her, as love does not grow over night. But then again, there’s never been a Captain Wentworth before either.

Anne found herself out in the garden one afternoon, she had not seen the Captain in a few days. Her favorite pastime was to daydream about her to escape from the pressures of the society she does not fit with. She longs for Wentworth to come back from his trip as he is the only soul she has met who feels the same about the world they live in. They have often discussed a society where it did not matter where you came from, who you were or what you do to fall in love with someone. Love should be made blindly and passionately. Love is not a choice you made but something that chooses you. Love chose Anne and Captain Wentworth the moment they saw each other. And both will always be eternally grateful.

Anne senses him before she sees him. She turns around as Captain Wentworth walks into the garden, his face expressing a smile full of promise. Anne feels her blush as she greets him. He wastes no time in pursuing the task he has dreamt about since he first saw Anne Elliot. “I am a man of the military; I am a man of little fortune to this society. Though I would terribly disagree because a man who has had the pleasure of making you smile and blush, is a man with the greatest fortune known to this Earth. The only competition of that fortune would be that of agreeing to marry me. As I have lived, my thoughts of who I would marry could never make someone as perfect as you. This is my proposal and my heart laid before you.”

Anne Elliot, after years of not feeling anything at all, let herself fall into the arms of Captain Wentworth. Would they still have pursued each other with the pain that awaits in the future for them?