Music Maketh Man

by WayWorseThanScottish

Summary

Herr Eggsy Unwin has lived at the abbey for much of his life--but the hills and mountains and lakes call to him every day. His life takes a turn when he's sent to the von Trapps--a family with seven children, all of whom he must care for. Eggsy's free spirit, however, often gets him in trouble, but perhaps Captain Harry von Trapp will make an exception, and perhaps there is a young man who will never be a monk?

Notes

I’m actually writing a Sound of Music AU. Oh my god. I apologize for any mistakes in regards to Catholicism or WWII-era culture in Austria.
Chapter 1

Eggsy was lying on the top of the hill, enjoying the last of the sun’s rays. He could hear birds singing, and the wind playing with the long blades of grass surrounding him. Everything felt so alive and rich with music, so joyful, new and ancient. There was no place better than the mountainside to find oneself. It was all so freeing.

It always reminded him that the abbey wasn’t quite home. His clothing itched, which was to be expected at an abbey, but really, did everything have to be a punishment? He understood the Catholic reasoning behind the itchy clothing and lacklustre lifestyle, but it just hadn’t been what he expected.

Eggsy grew up on the mountain. He was used to unrestricted roaming through the hills and valleys, exploring every nook and cranny, and discovering the wild animals. He loved all of his country; the rolling hills, the birds singing, but the mountain was his home. From one tree, if you climbed and looked just right, you could see the water, and if you looked the other way, you could see the abbey. The abbey had been a place of curiosity for young Eggsy, he loved to sit near their walls and listen to the monks and nuns chant.

With a start, he realized he had missed the evening chant as the sun disappeared behind the mountain range.

“Shit, shit, shit,” he repeated as he raced through the fields, down into the village and into the abbey.

“Language, Herr Gary,” Sister Sophia frowned at him as he dashed by her.

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He paused and nodded his head respectfully, “Sorry, Sister Sophia.”

Life here was certainly limiting. But god, he loved it. The singing, the… well. But it was all he had, after Dean had killed his little sister and mother. Eggsy had only just survived by running to the abbey.

He raced through the halls, sneaking around the older Sisters and Brothers as they prepared for the meal. Distantly, he heard the distinct clack of Mother Abbess’ shoes, and he hid around a post. She was his favourite person, by all definitions, but Lord she was scary and intimidating. And she never became angry with him, only ridiculously understanding, which somehow only made him feel worse. But she was the only person at the abbey who called him by ‘Eggsy’, rather than his
horrid Christian name that Dean would scream at him.

“Eggsy,” her voice echoed over the stone walls.

“Shit,” he cursed under his breath. He then looked up and said a silent apologetic prayer—not much could stop him from swearing, but at least he could be penitent.

“She’s my boy, I’d like you to follow me, if you would,” she gestured, and Eggsy followed behind her obediently, a respectful two steps behind.

“Reverend Mother, I’d like to apologize—“

“Eggsy, we may talk once we are in my office, no sooner,” she said in her uber-strict no-nonsense tone. Eggsy hung his head in shame. He must have finally disappointed her.

They walked all the way up the stairs and into her office in silence, a couple younger nuns smiling haughtily at him. He rolls his eyes at their pettiness and resolves to look only at the ground. He closed the door behind him as Mother Abbess sat in her chair and looked over a letter.

“Sit down, Eggsy,” she gestured to him.

He obeys then opens his mouth to apologize further. “Reverend Mother, I couldn’t help myself! The hills were beckoning, and the sky was so blue—“

“My boy, I did not summon you here for apologies,” she said kindly, looking over the brim of her reading glasses knowingly.

“Please let me say sorry, at least,” he protested. Surely if he could get his point across, she might not be as cross with him for missing the evening songs.

“If you think it will make you feel better,” she acquiesced.

He blew out a stream of air and sat back in his seat, his robe hindering his movement slightly.
“Fine. What, uh,” he trailed off, looking out the window at the blue sky for a few seconds. “Sorry. Uh, what did you want, Reverend Mother?”

“What have you learned during your time here, Eggsy?” she asked, smiling gently.

Eggsy bit his lip. “To obey the will of God, Reverend Mother.”

“Indeed, Eggsy. And it seems to be that He wills you to leave the abbey.”

“What?” he stood up. “No, I can’t do that! Please, if you’d give me another chance—“

“There’s been a request for—“

“Reverend Mother please! This is my home; I love it here, don’t make me leave!”

“A captain with seven children requires a nanny.”

Eggsy aborted his protest, his curiosity piqued. “Seven children?” he asked, in awe of the amount of chaos such a situation would probably produce.

“Yes, Captain von Trapp, in Salzburg. He’ll be needing a nanny until September, mind you.”

Eggsy bit his lip. “A captain?”

“Yes, a retired officer from the Imperial navy. A fine man and a brave one,” Mother Abbess said, searching Eggsy’s face for a sign of acquiescence. Eggsy blushed slightly. How old must the man be, with so many children? Certainly middle-aged. “His wife died, and he’s had trouble keeping a governess.”

“Why?”
“Oh, I’m sure you’ll find out.”

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Sure, enough, the next day, Eggsy found himself walking out of the abbey doors—this time with permission—carrying all his personal belongings. He didn’t have much, just the clothing on his back and two other outfits and pajamas in his bag, and, of course, his violin.

He needed his violin, if he were to enjoy his time with the von Trapps. Every house needed music, even if it was his own sorry old violin, which could benefit with some polish. Still, the old wooden smell comforted him.

His violin wasn’t the only thing that could use a tune-up. He had looked in the mirror before heading out, and while his clothing was shabby, his hair was relatively neat, and he was clean. His clothes probably looked ridiculous on him, probably suiting a ninety year old man better, what with the cheesy pattern on the cardigan and light wool pants.

Still, it was the best he could do.

He resolved to have the brightest outlook on the future, after all, what could go wrong with a captain and seven children?

Apparently, a lot.
Eggsy walked all the way through Salzburg, his bag getting heavier by the minute. The town itself was quite nice, and wouldn’t it have been perfect if the von Trapp family lived so close to society? But no, they seemed to live away from civilisation, perhaps on the furthest end of the lake. Still, the walk by the lake was beautiful, with the mountains being reflected to look twice as large, and the sun playing with the calm waves. All in all, quite serene, and exactly what Eggsy loved about his home land.

He turned onto the lane that a kind man had given him directions to, and noticed that all of the trees had been perfectly trimmed to frame either side of the road. The trees seemed to be the perfect height for climbing, and Eggsy couldn’t resist climbing one of them and grabbing a couple pear tree flowers to stick in his hair.

Grinning, a little calmer and happier now, he took up his violin case and bag and raced along the lane, excited to start the adventure. The lane led him to an enormous wrought iron gate that he unlatched quite easily, though it made the most horrendous screeching noise. It opened up to reveal a mansion, complete with a roundabout, a side garage, a fountain, and a lovely view of the lake.

Well. Eggsy could certainly handle living here for a while.

With confidence, Eggsy strode up to the intimidatingly large doors, and knocked. The door opened partially to reveal a rather noble looking man, with white hair and a kindly face. Eggsy couldn’t quite hold back his shock. He had been expecting the captain to be in his forties or fifties, but not quite as old as the man standing in front of him.

Eggsy put on his most charming smile. “Here I am. I’m Eggsy, the child minder the abbey sent over, Captain.” He held out a hand.

The older man smiled gently, as though he knew something Eggsy didn’t. “And I’m the old butler, Andrew, mein freund.” He looked at Eggsy’s clothing with a pondering eye. “I am also a tailor, if you’ll be needing new clothing.”

“Oh, uh, thanks! And shit, mate, I’m sorry for calling you the captain.” Eggsy apologized. “I mean, uh. Sorry.” He smiled sheepishly. This wasn’t looking to be a great start. He followed the butler inside and became startled. Was he in a fairy tale? Because certainly this was a castle, and he was Cinderella appearing late to the ball.

“You’ll wait here, please.” The butler said as he left Eggsy to adjust.

He set down his violin case and bag at the top of the stairs, and went down to the main floor. Surrounding him were doors, why, there must have been another ten rooms leading off from this one! And the stairs he just went down went up to another level with many doors leading off of it.
Eggsy was sure to be lost here! He had had enough trouble making it to mass on time in a small abbey, but this mansion, including the grounds, was so much bigger!

He looked around, waiting for someone (perhaps the captain) to show up, but deeming the coast clear, he quickly opened one of the side room doors to explore. And god, did he pick the right room. It was a ballroom, the kind that his little sister would have loved to play dress-up in. Everything was lavishly decorated, with gilded mirrors and some fucking fantastic paintings.

Man, if only Daisy could see this. Eggsy closed his eyes and pretended to dance with his little sister, all about the room. So caught up in the act was he, that he missed the sound of the door behind him creaking open.

Eggsy startled and tripped over himself as he heard a man clear his throat pointedly. Eggsy spun around and bit his lip, “Uh….”

“In future, remember that certain rooms in this house are not to be disturbed.” The man’s voice was smooth and unexpectedly deep, and more than a little posh. He must have only been in his mid-thirties, with chocolate brown hair and stylish black glasses.

Eggsy blushed when he realized he had been staring at the captain. “Yes, captain, sir.”

“Why do you stare at me that way?” Captain Harry von Trapp asked, looking mildly perplexed and generally unamused.

Eggsy shrugged. “You don’t look like a sea captain, I guess.”

Captain von Trapp raised his eyebrows. “And you don’t look much like a nanny, my dear boy.” He held out his gloved hand for Eggsy to take (which he did, obviously) and led him back to the main hall. “Turn around.”

Eggsy cocked his head, confused, but complied. He did a little twirl on one foot, then stopped, and brushed his hair out of his eyes.

“Take off your cardigan,” the captain instructed. Eggsy raised his eyebrows, mildly amused. “Put on another outfit before you meet the children.”

The young man bit his lip. “Uh, I don’t really… I don’t have another outfit, captain.” He looked up shyly. “When we enter the abbey, we give away all of our worldly possessions, and they go to the poor.”

“Then why do you have a violin and why wasn’t this outfit given away as well?” The captain asked, curious as to the severe life Eggsy lived.

“Sister Margaretta and Sister Josephine couldn’t bear to take my violin away from me,” Eggsy grinned. “And I kicked up quite a fuss. I was only nine at the time, y’see, and everyone needs music in their lives.” Captain von Trapp’s eyes softened at Eggsy’s impassioned declaration. “’Sides, I don’t think the poor wanted these clothes,” Eggsy said with a laugh.

“Mm, quite,” the captain murmured softly. “However, we do not have time in this household for the frivolities of music. We run a tight schedule, which you are to memorize by tomorrow. I will not have my children’s education fall behind merely because you cannot keep up. As for your clothing,” Captain von Trapp looked Eggsy over again. “Well, let’s hope that Andrew can tailor something to your liking. Soon, if possible. Now, herr…”

“Eggsy.” He blurted out. “My name’s Eggsy.”
The captain pursed his lips and nodded. “Eggsy. I’m not certain how much the abbess told you. You are the twelfth governess—” Eggsy’s eyes widened comically. “...to look after my children since their mother died. Let’s hope you will succeed, and last longer than number 12.” The captain let loose a small smile. “She stayed only two hours, so you’re well on your way to passing her standard.”

“Uh, sorry, guv’, but what’s wrong with your kids?” Eggsy asked, rather concerned about the state of affairs. He hadn’t asked for this. “What’s making them all leave?”

Captain von Trapp looked affronted. “Nothing was wrong with the children!” he burst out, anger quickly taking over. This man certainly was mercurial; hadn’t he just been smiling? The captain took a breath. “My apologies. The governesses could not maintain discipline, without which the house cannot be run. I’m sure you will succeed, as you’ve spent many years in the abbey learning just how important order and a schedule is for a developing mind.” Eggsy swallowed back a laugh. If only Captain von Trapp knew all the shenanigans Eggsy had been up to during his time at the abbey. Many a nun still remembered the time he took a bike and ended up four towns over, and hadn’t been found for over a week. “You will see to it that they conduct themselves with the utmost decorum.”


“I am placing you in command. My codename is Arthur, and while the previous nannies were dubbed Guinevere but I hope to be married soon, so your name shall be Excalibur.”

“Ohay.” Well fuck, this would be next to impossible.

Just when things couldn’t get more ridiculous, Captain von Trapp proved him wrong by saying, “You’ll call for the children using a whistle.” He then took one out and blew it. From above, he heard what sounded like a herd of elephants stomping about, but then a bunch of kids ran out of the rooms, closing the doors behind them, and marched quickly to the captain’s whistle, marching down the stairs to form an ordered line in front of him. There seemed to be a gap, however, and Eggsy looked around (having only counted six kids in the line) searching for the missing family member. A young girl, perhaps seven, nose buried in a book, came from behind him and looked up. She obviously deduced what was going on, and hurried into line.

“Children. This is your new nanny, Excalibur.” The captain nodded sharply. “Give your name when I say your codename;” he instructed them, then turned to Eggsy. “Listen carefully. Learn their codenames so you can call them.”

“Gareth.”

“Leisl.” The oldest girl said. She had light brown hair and bright blue eyes. Eggsy knew she’d leave a trail of broken hearts wherever she went.

“Galahad.”

“Friedrich.” The next oldest was a blond boy, who was nearly Eggsy’s height with a ramrod straight back and a mischievous glint in his eye.

“Gawain.”

“Louisa.” The next oldest girl was blonde, seemingly prideful and of a height with Friedrich.

“Bedivere.”
“Kurt.” The youngest boy was obviously trying to emulate his older brother, looking over every now and again to see what Friedrich was doing.

“Ector.”

“Brigitta.” She had been the brunette who had been so busy in her book as to have missed the calling whistle. Eggsy automatically liked her, recalling all of the masses and events he’d been late to by being too preoccupied with other things.

“Agravaine.”

“Marta.” She was brunette too, and was one of the cutest little girls Eggsy had ever seen, with round rosy cheeks and a bright smile.

“Bors.”

“...” the littlest girl didn’t respond. Brigitta nudged her and she looked up with wide eyes. “I’m Gretl,” she whispered.

They were all wearing matching uniforms, which seemed too neatly pressed and clean as to be worn by children. Eggsy looked down at his own clothing and felt slightly embarrassed to be wearing something so worn and patched up.

“Uh… hi?” Eggsy greeted. “Um, my name’s Eggsy, so, y’know. Call me Eggsy.” The children looked confused and glanced at their father for confirmation.

“You will call him Excalibur and nothing else, is that understood?” the children all nodded. The older man glared at Eggsy. “Be sure to remember their codenames, and call them by that alone.”

“Uh, sorry Captain, but why do you all have codenames?” It was baffling really. How was he to remember both their given names and their codenames?

The captain raised his eyebrows. “Privacy, mainly, as I don’t want the whole town knowing my children’s names and forming opinions of them without my consent.”

Right. Power trip and control freak. How lovely. “... Right. Well, frankly, the entire town and all of the towns around it already know my name, so, y’know. No need for privacy with my name!”

Little Gretl giggled and beside her Marta hushed her. The captain guided Eggsy away from the children to speak privately. “You will never undermine my command. You are to be my right hand, not my rival. Another reason for codenames is that I don’t want to find a personal letter addressed to one of my children telling them they’re required to join the Nazis. We live in dangerous times, and secrecy is key to protecting them. Is that understood?” he bit out.

“Yes, sir,” Eggsy breathed.

This was definitely not what he’d been expecting at all.
After discussing Eggsy’s role as nanny and reprimanding him, the captain soon left to go… do captain-y things. Which left Eggsy with the children. Lovely.

Eggsy rubbed the back of his neck and tried to straighten up his posture. The kids were still in line, waiting expectantly for another order. “Uh… so… at ease?” The children relaxed slightly, falling in to more casual poses. “Now that it’s just you guys and me, can you tell me all your names—your proper names—again and how old you are? I’ll go first. I’m Gary Unwin, but call me Eggsy. I’m twenty nine years old.”

The oldest girl stepped forward, breaking the line of children. “I’m Liesl,” she informed Eggsy haughtily. “I’m sixteen years old, and I certainly do not need a nanny.”

Eggsy shrugged. “Fine by me. We’ll just be mates, yeah?”

The next oldest stepped up. “I’m Friedrich. I’m fifteen. I’m impossible,” he grinned cheekily. Oh God, he’s definitely going to be trouble, Eggsy thought.

“Right. Who told you that, Friedrich?”

“Fraulein Josephine… she was four governesses ago,” Friedrich continued to grin, and Eggsy grew concerned about his longevity as nanny in the von Trappe household.

Louisa was the next in line to say her name and age. “I’m Brigitta,” she said, a playful glint in her eye.

“You didn’t say how old you were… Louisa,” Eggsy replied knowingly, a bit smug. Honestly, he never had trouble with names, but it was always good if the kids underestimated him. Made it less of a hassle.

The next girl stepped forward, skipping Kurt entirely. “I’m Brigitta,” she informed Eggsy. “She’s Louisa. She’s thirteen years old, and you’re smart.” Brigitta smiled at Eggsy, impressed with him. Well, good. It was nice having someone on your side. “I’m ten, and I think your outfit is the ugliest one I ever saw.” She said this quite matter-of-factly.

Right. Well, at least she was honest.

“Brigitta, you shouldn’t say that!” The younger boy berated her.

“Why not? Don’t you think it’s ugly?”

The younger boy shrugged. “Of course. But Fraulein Helga’s was the ugliest.” He turned to face Eggsy again, and gave a salute. “I’m Kurt. I’m eleven, and I’m incorrigible.”

The new nanny snorted. “Congrats, Kurt.”

“What does ‘incorrigible’ mean?”

Eggsy pursed his lips. “Well, I think it means you want to be treated like a boy, yeah?” Kurt nodded seriously and pondered the word a little more carefully.
The next girl after Brigitta stood forward. “I’m Marta,” she said in the cutest, most innocent voice. “…and I’m going to be seven on Tuesday,” she had a faint lisp as she looked up wonderingly at Eggsy. “…and I’d like a pink parasol.”

Eggsy couldn’t help but smile. “Pink is my little sister’s favourite colour, too.”

The littlest girl took a step forward and looked up at Eggsy. “Yes, you’re Gretl.” Gretl nodded and held up five fingers. “And you’re five years old?” She nodded again. “My, you’re practically a lady. Soon enough you’ll be the princess at the ball, dancing with your prince—or princess—for all the court to see!” This grandiose statement made the little girl laugh, her shoulders losing some of the tension from nervousness.

Eggsy nodded once to himself and stood straighter; he’d bent forward slightly to talk to Gretl and Marta. “So… Liesl, Friedrich, Louisa, Kurt, Brigitta, Marta and Gretl. That’s easy enough to learn. I reckon I’ll have a bit of trouble remembering your codenames though, so go easy on me, kay? So we have Gareth, Galahad, Gawain, Bedivere…” he frowned.

“Ector, Agravaine and Bors. And you’re Excalibur!” Brigitta butted in.

“Oh, thanks Brigitta,” he smiled. “I have to tell you all a secret.” He looked around to make sure none of the adults were around. “I’ve never been a nanny.”

Friedrich’s eyes lit up. “You don’t know anything about being a nanny?” he asked breathlessly.

The new nanny’s brow furrowed. “Nothing… I’ll need lots of advice,” he said with the increasing suspicion that he shouldn’t have said anything.

“The best way to start is to tell Father to mind his own business,” Liesl put in helpfully. Oh, so she had business that needed to be supervised, then? Good to know.

“Never come to dinner on time,” suggested Brigitta. Really, Brigitta? He’d been hoping they’d be compatriots against the rest of the kids; the two tardy loners.

“Never eat your soup quietly!” shouted Kurt, growing overall exceedingly excited. Kurt put an arm around Eggsy jocularly, as the children crowded and jeered around him. Louisa bumped into him, and Eggsy’s eyes narrowed as he felt something drop into his pocket. He restrained himself from rolling his eyes, but really? Something in his pocket? That was elementary. He made sure not to let them know he noticed… he was sure he’d be able to use it against them soon.

“During dessert, always blow your nose,” Louisa said with a sneer. By far Louisa was the least welcoming of the children, probably due to being one of the older middle children, but never being considered mature.

The littlest one, Gretl, tugged Eggsy’s pant leg. “Don’t you believe a word they say, Excalibur,” she said sharply.

“Why not?” Gretl crossed her arms and frowned. “Because I like you!”

The older siblings and Eggsy couldn’t help but laugh, much to Gretl’s confusion. Their moment of camaraderie was interrupted, however, by a stoutly woman—probably the housekeeper—who announced that it was time for the children’s walk.

“Excalibur, is it? I’m Frau Schmidt, the housekeeper,” the lady said once the children had left, giggling to themselves quietly. After Eggsy nodded, she turned and led him up the staircase, past the children who were leaving out the front door. Eggsy casually put a hand in his pocket, took out the—yep, it was a frog—frog and tossed it at Friedrich who shrieked. “I’ll show you to your
room now, follow me, spit spot.” Frau Schmidt said crossly, as Eggsy paused to smirk at the kids.

“Oh dear, I think Friedrich has found something he doesn’t like,” Eggsy said nonchalantly.

Frau Schmidt smiled softly. “You’re quite clever, and rather lucky. With Fraulein Helga, it was a snake.”

Eggsy shook his head. If this was the worse the children could do, he’d be absolutely fine.

“Hey, why don’t you have a codename, Frau Schmidt?” he asked curiously. It only stood to reason that everyone should have a codename.

She giggled, making him feel silly. “Why, I’m not important enough for a codename. Speaking of which, I’m sure that Arthur has forgotten a couple codenames when he was introducing you to his children.”

Eggsy gaped. “Are there more kids?”

“Oh no, dear me, of course not!” Frau Schmidt laughed, highly entertained. “He just neglected to mention that we never refer to this place as the von Trappe estate; rather the Kingsman estate. I'm not quite sure why, but the tradition of codenames have been a part of the Kingsman estate since before my grandmother’s mother’s time. And Arthur cherishes tradition more than his own children!”

Eggsy raised his eyebrows and nodded. Yeesh. This would be fun.

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Eggsy was given time to settle into his room (which was enormous) and put away his things. There wasn’t really that much to put away; his bag went into the closet, his pajamas under his pillow, and his violin and case on the rocking chair beside his bed. All of which took about five minutes. And he wasn’t expected back for dinner for another three hours.

Which obviously meant it was time for a bit of exploration. Just before he opened the door though, Andrew the tailor came in, asking for measurements.

“And what colour tie would you prefer, Herr Excalibur?” Andrew asked, while kneeling uncomfortably close to his crotch with a measuring tape.

“Oh, yellow? Blue? Dunno, mate, whatever you think is best.” Eggsy bit his lip. “Do I need to wear suits all the time? I mean, I’m looking after kids, right? I’m gonna get dirtied up pretty fast; there’s no point ruining some nice clothes.”

Andrew nodded. “A good point. However Arthur requires the household to be the epitome of clean and orderly... ship-shape, if you will,” he smiled good-naturedly. “Including the children and the nanny. Speaking of clean and orderly, a new set of curtains will arrive for your room tonight, as the current ones are beginning to look drab.”

Eggsy looked pensively at the curtains. “They seem fine to me. Listen, could you do me a favour, and make the kids and me a set of play clothes? Just in case the captain changes his mind, yeah?”

Andrew pursed his lips. “I’ll see what I can do. However my first priority is to make an entire
wardrobe for you.”

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Eggsy walked into the dining room, a minute or two late, to find the entire family sitting at the table, looking at him expectantly.

“Good evening,” the captain said curtly, his face impassive. Eggsy nodded at him. “Good evening, children.”

“Good evening, Excalibur,” they responded obediently.

He made to sit down, only to find a pinecone on his chair. He smiled, and casually picked it up as he sat down, as though taking it from his pocket.

“Enchanting little ritual,” the captain said, as Eggsy inspected the pinecone.

He looked up, grinning. “Quite. Did you know that your trees have entirely different pinecones than the ones found in the neighbouring towns? I quite discovered this while familiarizing myself with your grounds.”

The captain merely gave Eggsy a Look, and began to eat his meal, as did the children. “Uh, sorry to interrupt, captain, but, uh, haven’t we forgotten to thank the Lord?” Captain von Trappe nodded for Eggsy to proceed, which Eggsy inwardly cursed his audacity. “For what we receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen.”

The children echoed the words, then Eggsy decided to make his move on the chessboard against the kids. He had grown up with a very clever mother, who took no nonsense and was very good at letting Eggsy realize what he did was wrong, rather than merely punishing him for bad behaviour. As a result, Eggsy was exceedingly brilliant at being politely passive-aggressive.

“I’d like to thank you all,” he looked each of the kids in the eyes. “…for the precious gift you left in my pocket today.”

“What gift?” the captain interrupted.

“It’s a secret between the children and me,” Eggsy explained.

Arthur frowned. “Then I suggest you keep it, Excalibur, and let us eat.”

Eggsy smiled and acquiesced, only to continue speaking moments later. “Knowing how nervous I must have been,” he looked at Louisa. “…a stranger in a new household,” he looked at Friedrich, “knowing how important it was for me to feel accepted…” Marta and Gretl began sniffing loudly. “…It was so kind and thoughtful of you to make my first moments here…” he eyed Liesl, who was looking down at her lap, ashamed. “…so warm and happy…” the kids were nearly crying now. “…and pleasant.”

The captain was flabbergasted, his jaw hanging open. “What is the matter, Marta?” Marta looked down at her plate.

“Nothing,” she sniffed.
“I see,” the captain nodded. “Is it to be at every meal or merely at dinnertime that you intend leading us through this rare and wonderful new world of indigestion?” he looked at Eggsy curiously, disapproval already weighing in.

“They’re alright, captain. They’re just happy,” Eggsy said pointedly, as the children began weeping openly, eyes downcast in shame.

The theatrics were interrupted, however, by Andrew.

“A telegram for you, sir.”

“Oh?” Harry took the paper and read it over, a slight crease forming between his eyebrows. “Andrew? Who delivered it?”

“That young lad Rolf, of course.”

Liesl blushed beside Eggsy. “Father, may I be excused?” Eggsy raised his eyebrows, impressed with Liesl’s gall.

“Children, in the morning I shall be going to Vienna,” the captain said absentmindedly, reviewing the telegram once more.

This announcement was met by a flurry of complaints and protests by the children.

“How long will you be gone this time?” Gretl asked in a small voice.

“I’m not sure, Bors.”

“To visit Baroness Morton again?” Louisa butted in.

“Mind your own business!” Kurt retorted.

“As a matter of fact, yes, Gawain,” the captain said in a calm voice.

“Why can’t we ever see the baroness?” Louisa complained.

“Why would she want to see you?” Friedrich said snidely.

“You are going to see the baroness.” Arthur said, the first real smile growing on his face. “I’m bringing her back with me to visit… and Uncle Merlin.” He revealed, a sparkle in his deep brown eyes.

“Uncle Merlin!” Gretl enthused, bouncing on her seat.

Eggsy looked on, noticing that in the midst of the rabble, Liesl had left.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be shorter, mostly the encounter between Liesl and Rolf, and Eggsy’s new clothing. In the meantime, check out my blog fluffyspacedragons.tumblr.com for updates!
Liesl walked quickly through the house, avoiding the staff with well-practiced manoeuvres. Her face lit up as she saw her beloved Rolf waiting for her on the veranda.

“Rolf!” she called out quietly, approaching him. “Oh, Rolf,” she said fondly, taking his hand and looking up into his pretty blue eyes. Her eyelids fluttered shut as she leaned up to kiss him, only to be stopped by his white glove.

“No, Liesl,” he said teasingly. “We mustn’t!”

She bit her lip and looked up at him sweetly. “Why not, silly?” Oh, but she loved him. He was such a sweet boy, and with such big dreams as well! He wanted to become a biogeologist or something of that ilk; it was all beyond her, but he was simply fascinated by nature and the changes in the weather!

Rolf shrugged. “I don’t know.”

“Isn’t this why you’re visiting?” she asked.

He grinned, his blue eyes sparkling with laughter. “Yes, of course.” He leaned down and bumped his nose against hers. “I’ve missed you, Liesl.”

“Oh really? How much?”

**

Eggsy was in his room, exploring it in its entirety. Underneath the bed he’d found a gun, which was rather alarming, but he was glad to know of it rather than the children finding it and it coming as a shock. Speaking of the children, he was quite satisfied with their reaction at dinner. They weren’t heartless after all.

There was a knock at the door. “Come in,” he called out. Andrew came in with a pile of clothing. “Oh here, bruv, lemme help.” He grabbed the top half of the pile and laid it on the bed. “What’s all this for, then?”

“For day-to-day use, of course. I have yet to make anything for the formal dinners you may be attending, but these should do for now.”

“And play-clothes?”

“After I make the formal attire, I will endeavour to fulfil any other household needs,” Andrew said astutely.
“So, play-clothes?”

Andrew sighed, exasperated. “Yes, Eggsy. Play-clothes.”

“So he’s pretty strict with the kids, yeah? Anything else I should know?” Eggsy asked, whilst looking at all the new clothing. It probably cost more than everything he’d ever had in his lifetime.

“Well, it’s mostly since the captain lost his wife, though he was never the first to suggest play even when she was alive,” Andrew said while hanging up the clothing in the massive closet.

“Is he always so… ordered? Like, he must loosen up once in a while, yeah? Go off to a ball or something?” Eggsy couldn’t help but ask. Surely he wasn’t like… that, all the time?

Andrew shook his head sadly. “No more music, no more laughing. Nothing that reminds him of her. Even the children.”

“No more music?! But that’s so wrong! You can’t raise children like that!” Eggsy frowned, feeling personally offended as to how the captain was dealing with parenthood. “What did his wife see in him?”

“Oh, it was an arranged marriage, mein herr.” Andrew said softly. “They liked each other well enough, but she was rather the one in charge of the place.”

Eggsy snorted. “Would’ve loved to meet her.”

“You’d have gotten along very well,” Andrew mused. “Oh, the captain wanted you to know that he will be leaving in the morning.”

“For how long?”

Andrew shrugged politely. “It depends. The last time he visited the baroness, he stayed for a month.” He hesitated. “I shouldn’t be saying this to you. I don’t know you that well… but if you ask me, the captain’s thinking seriously of marrying her before summer’s over.”

“That’s good,” Eggsy said as cheerily as possible. Which was absurd, really, because it wasn’t like he was genuinely interested in the captain that way, right? Right? Besides, the kids needed a mother figure in their life, not some chav off the street. “The kids’ll have a mother again.”

Andrew pursed his lips. “Yes. We’ll see.”

“Well, good night.” Eggsy looked away, walking towards the window. A storm was building.

“Good night, mein herr.”

The window pane was being pelted severely with rain, now, as Eggsy contemplated once more his day. He opened the window and breathed the fresh new air.

“Louisa, Brigitta, Kurt, Gretl,” he whispered to himself. “Oh, who else is there? Marta, Liesl… and what’s his name. Damn it,” he swore to himself. He’d thought he’d remember all their names. “What about code names? I’m Excalibur… and there’s Percival and Bors, Bedivere? …Gawain, Galahad… Ector?” he bit his lip. Why were there so many names, good lord!

He flopped on his bed, looking at the patterned ceiling, and tried to think of the other names. All of a sudden, however, there was a rap at the window.

Eggsy bolted up quickly, only to see a sopping wet Liesl climbing through the window, a
sheepish smile on her face. “Are you going to tell on me?” Eggsy merely raised an eyebrow. “I… was out walking… and somebody locked the doors early!” she explained in a rush. When he didn’t respond, she kept talking. “I didn’t want to wake everybody… so when I saw your window open… you’re not going to tell Father, are you?”

Eggsy snorted. “How’d you climb up, anyway?”

“It’s how we always got in to play tricks on the governess…” Liesl said in a concerned tone. “Louisa can make it with a whole jar of spider in her hand,” she said proudly.

“Spiders?” Eggsy asked. “Wait, I don’t want to know. Were you out walking all by yourself?” Obviously she wasn’t, but he wanted to know if she’d tell the truth or not. She blushed and shook her head. “If we wash that dress tonight, nobody would notice it tomorrow… here, put on a bathrobe. Take your dress and put it to soak in the bathtub, that’s how I always got away with it back at the abbey.” He gestured to the en-suite bathroom. “Come back here and sit on the bed, and we’ll have a talk.”

Liesl came back, rather spooked by the storm. The thunder was getting louder; even Eggsy was getting a bit scared. “I… told you today I didn’t need a nanny,” Liesl hesitated by the bed. Eggsy suddenly realized what this looked like from an outsider’s perspective. Yikes. He’d have to think of something quick, otherwise it’d come across all wrong. Somehow saying that he wasn’t attracted to women wouldn’t go over well, and might even be worse that this situation appeared to be. “Well, maybe I do,” she confessed.

Eggsy smiled. “Well, I’ll do my best.”

All of a sudden, Gretl opened the door and closed it shut just as quickly, her eyes wide with fear. “Gretl, are you scared?” he asked softly. The little girl shook her head. “You’re not frightened of a storm, are you?” She shook her head again. “You just stay right here with me.” Gretl nodded slowly and climbed the bed, grabbing Eggsy’s arm in comfort.

“How’d you climb up, anyway?”

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“Where are the others?” Liesl asked, climbing the bed on the other side of Gretl.

“They’re asleep,” Gretl replied in a small voice. “They’re not scared.”

“Oh, no? Look.” Just as Eggsy spoke, Marta, Louisa and Brigitta burst into the room, jumping when the thunder crashed outside. “Alright, up here on the bed,” Eggsy said fondly. Well, this would certainly be an interesting night.

“Really?” Louisa asked.

“Well, just this once. Come on,” Eggsy answered. “Now we’ll wait for the boys.”

“You won’t see them,” Brigitta said informatively. “Boys are brave.”

Eggsy shrugged. “I’m a little bit scared right now, Brigitta.” So of course, the two boys came in soon after, Kurt and… whatever the other one’s name was. “You weren’t scared, were you?” Eggsy asked, holding back a smile.

“Oh, no,” Kurt said, his voice wavering slightly. “We just wanted to be sure that… the girls weren’t scared…. And they weren’t in their room so…”

“That’s very thoughtful of you.”

“It wasn’t my idea,” Kurt replied. “It was Friedrich’s!” Damn it! That was his name!
The thunder boomed again as light flashed through the window, casting eerie shadows on the ground. “Why does it do that?” Brigitta asked.

“Well, s’like my mum always told me… the lightning talks to the thunder, and the thunder answers.” Eggsy reasoned.

“But lightning must be nasty,” Marta said softly, as though she didn’t want to interrupt the storm.

“Not really.”

Kurt bit his lip. “Why does the thunder get so angry?”

“It makes me want to cry.”

“Me too.”

“It’s so frightening.”

The children were building up mass hysteria, and Eggsy needed to get them under control quickly.

“What kind of things?” Liesl asked curiously. Marta and Gretl were curled up with her.

“Well,” Eggsy thought for a moment. “Nice things, I guess. The mountainside, fresh air, the sky at night when the stars are all out and everything is moonlit… the sound of music, a violin on a warm summer’s night. Snowball fights and bells ringing.”

“That sounds nice,” Gretl said. “I like the sound of the doorbell.”

“I like the smell of pine trees,” Friedrich offered.

“Opening an old book,” Brigitta said.

“Opening a letter,” Liesl said, a dreamy look in her eye.

“Freshly ironed clothing!” Kurt yelled.

“The flowers that grow in the springtime!” Marta said even louder.

“Silver-white winters that melt and make puddles!” Louisa grinned.

“A whistling tea kettle!”

“Christmas!”

“Presents!”

Their joy was rudely interrupted by the door opening sharply, the severe outline of the captain appearing.

“Hello?” Eggsy offered meekly.

“Excalibur, did I not tell you that bedtime is to be strictly observed?” he said in a dangerously soft tone.

Eggsy slid off the bed and silently padded to him, wanting the children to stay out of this. “The kids were upset by the storm, so I—” at the captain’s frown, Eggsy deflated. “You did, sir.”
“Do you, or do you not, have difficulty remembering such simple instructions?”

“Only during thunderstorms,” he offered meekly.

“Gareth?” the captain called over Eggsy’s shoulder. “I don’t recall seeing you after dinner.”

Liesl blushed, looking to Eggsy. “Really? As a matter of fact…”

“Yes?” he said expectantly.

“Well, I was…”

“What she would like to say…” Eggsy interrupted and looked at Liesl. “…is that she was helping me remember everyone’s codenames, and a little bit about them so I could impress you?”

“Go to bed.” Captain von Trapp said. The children quickly scampered out the door, Liesl giving Eggsy an apologetic look.

“Excalibur,” he addressed, once they were alone. “You have managed to remember I’m leaving in the morning?” At Eggsy’s nod, the captain continued. “Is it also possible you remember the first rule in this house is discipline?” Eggsy nodded again. “Then I trust that before I return, you will have acquired some.”

“Yes, sir.” He said, his eyes downcast.

“Good night, Excalibur.”

Chapter End Notes

stalk me on tumblr at fluffyspacedragons.tumblr.com yo-- also with all the names that are mentioned in each chapter, I'm always so tempted to go JOHN CENA *loud rap music*

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