



TITLE? _____

NUN



IN THIS VOLUME OR THE NEXT

WHAT IS NUN✦

What happens to a fandom when there is an extended hiatus in between seasons of a show? Does it wilt away and hibernate, only to return to life once the airing date of the next season is announced? Does it migrate to search for new fandoms until it is time to return to what it once called home? Apparently, for the **Warrior Nun** fandom, the long wait meant more than a million words of fanfiction, a consistent portfolio of fan art, our own catalogue of fan cams and video edits, and a Twitter degree in Herpetology (that is the study of frogs).

You have now, on your screens, a copy of **NUN✦** - a testament to a fandom's sheer will to create something out of the void while waiting for the return of our favorite nuns; a celebration of the year in which we held each other through pandemic and drought. Because like our goddamned **Warrior Nun**, we refuse to die.

In this volume or the next.



ABOUT THE COVER

To sum up the show in one piece of artwork was the challenge for **@ToyaTeaBar**, who conceptualised the cover art, and **@theylikepink**, who executed it. Both had delivered with flying (and glowing) colors. Yet how does one represent a show when each character is as well-rounded as the next, and every plotline is as mysterious as the one that came before it? Perhaps, it is easier to express the series in terms of what it is not rather than what it is.

Warrior Nun is not just about the Halo, but also a pair of shotguns, claws from hell, an array of shuriken and a dangerous crossbow. It is not just about a chosen one, but about the family that she chose. It is not just about facing a legacy of one's own, but of ending it so that others will not have to carry the burden.

That is **Warrior Nun**. Not just a show. Beyond the four corners of a cover art. More than the sum of its ten episodes.

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Special thanks to the Halo Bearers who submitted their works!

WHAT'S INSIDE

features

fanfics

[See top margin for content warnings.]

extras

tons of fanart
+

FANDOM ABCs



WHICH SISTER WARRIOR ARE YOU?

You're going on mission with the OCS, but which of the sister warriors are you? Take the quiz below to find out! Simply pick one answer per question and add up your total score to find which character you are most like: Ava, Camila, Mary, Beatrice, Lilith or Crimson. In this life or the next!

1. You and your team are going on a mission in a few hours. How do you prepare?

- a. Have a nap. (1)
- b. Meditate. (2)
- c. Have a shot of alcohol. (4)
- d. Plan a response to every possible outcome. (6)
- e. Go over the plan again. (7)
- f. Do combat exercises. (10)

2. What is your chosen weapon?

- a. Divinium sword. (1)
- b. Crossbow. (2)
- c. Shotguns. (4)
- d. Throwing knives. (6)
- e. Rifle. (7)
- f. Nunchucks. (10)

3. You are calm and collected on the journey to the target, but a teammate is nervous. You...

- a. Reassure them. (1)
- b. Offer them one of your headphones. (2)
- c. Tell them to calm down. (4)
- d. Give them a task to keep them occupied. (6)
- e. Ignore them. (7)
- f. Glare at them. (10)

4. Your planned entrance is blocked by security guards. You...

- a. Pretend to be someone in need of help and lure them away. (1)
- b. Hack into their communications system and tell them they are needed elsewhere. (2)
- c. Knock out the guards and tie them up. (4)
- d. Find another entry point, but risk losing valuable time. (6)
- e. Create a distraction nearby, allowing you to slip past unseen. (7)
- f. Kill the guards and hide the bodies. (10)

5. You break away from your team to do your designated task, but hear security coming around the corner. You...

- a. Convince them you're just lost using your natural charm. (1)
- b. Hide in a nearby air vent. (2)
- c. Lure them away from the area, knowing your team is nearby. (4)
- d. Tranquilize them. (6)
- e. Knock them out. The guards are no match. (7)
- f. Kill them. (10)

7. You lose the guards, but then see the person who previously betrayed your charter. They are alone. You...

- a. Tell your team you have eyes on the traitor and discuss what to do. (1)
- b. Beat them up and spit on them. (2)
- c. Follow them. Who are they working with? (4)
- d. Plant a tracker on them without being seen, with a plan to later infiltrate their hideout. (6)
- e. Capture them alive for interrogation. (7)
- f. Kill them without hesitation. (10)

7. Your team is later ambushed by a Tarask. You...

- a. Use Halo to get the demon's attention and distract it. (1)
- b. Use your untested audio blast weapon, which uses a Tarask-specific pitch that should (theoretically) immobilise the demon long enough for you all to get away. (2)
- c. Let your teammates attack while you set up a trap. (4)
- d. Attack as a team. (6)
- e. Take on the demon alone, allowing your teammates to escape. (7)
- f. Launch explosives at the Tarask, which will slow the demon down but also put your team at risk. (10)

8. When attacking the Tarask, one of your teammates get cornered. It doesn't look good. You...

- a. Halo blast the Tarask. (1)
- b. Run to their aid screaming. (2)
- c. Cause a distraction so your teammate can escape. (4)
- d. Aim for the demon's weak spots to bring it down. (6)
- e. Sacrifice yourself. (7)
- f. Abandon your teammate and save your own skin. (10)

9. You all make it out of the mission alive. What's the first thing on your mind?

- a. Getting a McDonalds. (1)
- b. Checking if everyone is alright. (2)
- c. Having a strong alcoholic drink. (4)
- d. Offering a prayer of thanks. (6)
- e. Analyzing what could have gone better. (7)
- f. Criticising your teammates' decisions. (10)

9-15: You're the **Warrior Nun, Ava!** You may not be the best fighter, but your creative (if a little unorthodox) approach to problems on mission makes you a valuable member of your team.

16-26: You're **Sister Camila!** You're tech savvy and always have something up your sleeve. You appear sweet and innocent, but should not be underestimated, which can be used to your advantage on mission.

27-42: You're **Shotgun Mary!** Your no non-sense attitude and head on approach to problems makes you adaptable and level-headed, bringing a wealth of experience and much needed calm to your team.

43-62: You're **Sister Beatrice!** Your brilliant mind means you are rarely taken by surprise and always have a back up plan, though you tend to be overly critical of yourself and put the wellbeing of your team above your own.

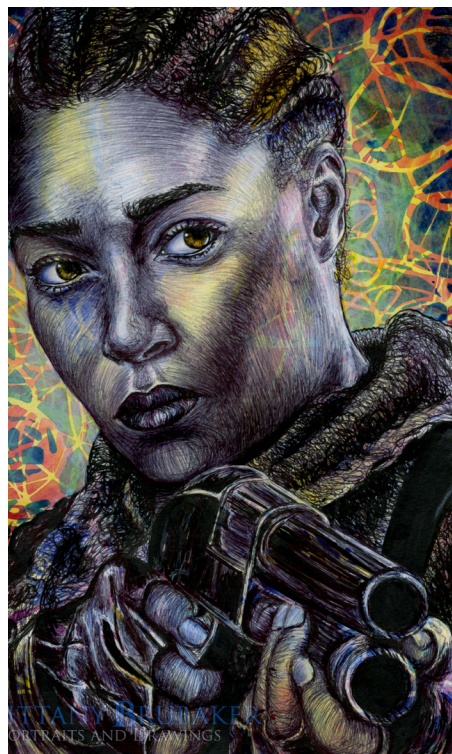
63-75: You're **Sister Lilith!** You may not have a warm personality, but your determination and combat prowess allow you to do whatever it takes to keep your sisters safe and complete the mission.

76-90: You're **Sister Crimson!** Your answer to everything tends to be violence and this isn't always the best approach. You're also not much of a team player, which makes you difficult to work with.

Want to learn more about these badass nuns? Then don't forget to check out their dossiers!

ORDER OF THE CRUCIFORM SWORD

art by Brittany Brubaker @BMBrubaker



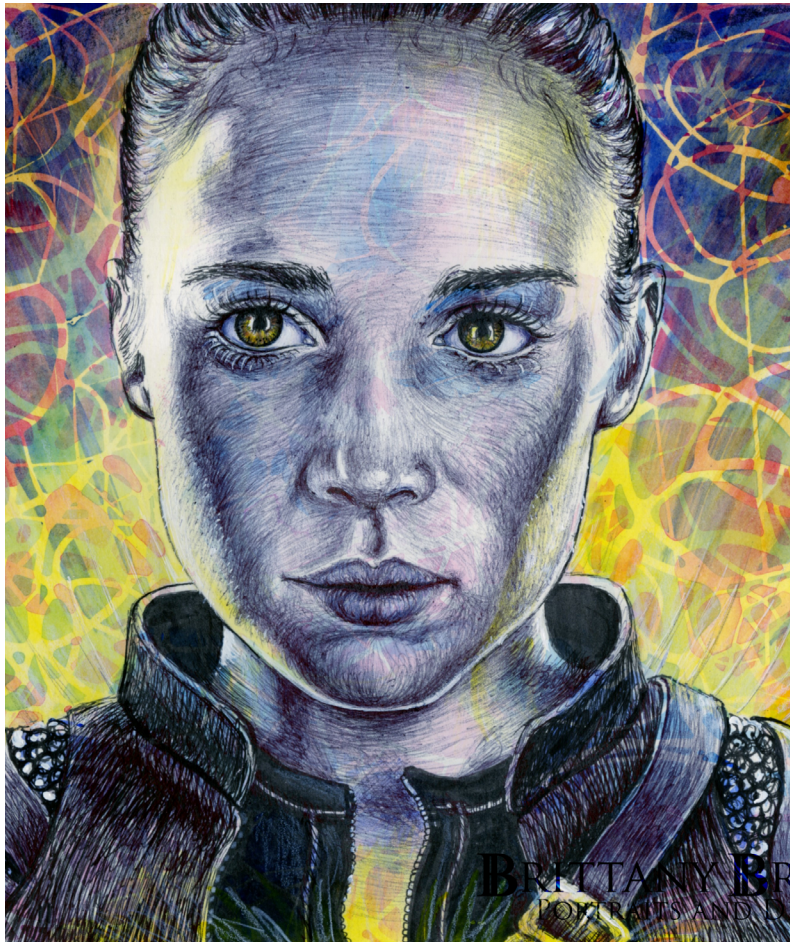
MARY DELACROIX

Alias: Shotgun Mary
Date of birth: [REDACTED]
Place of birth: **United States of America**
Sex: **Female**
Specialization: **Reconnaissance**
Current assignment: **Dismissed**
Weapon of choice: **Dual shotguns**
Languages: **English, Spanish**
Citizenship: **American**
Last Known Location: **Vatican City, Rome**
Status: **Alive (wanted)**
Height: [REDACTED]
Weight: [REDACTED]
Build: [REDACTED]
Hair colour/length/type: **Black/long/braids**
Eye colour: **Brown**



BEATRICE

Alias: **Sister Beatrice**
Date of birth: [REDACTED]
Place of birth: **England**
Sex: **Female**
Specialization: **Strategy, translation**
Current assignment: **Dismissed**
Weapon of choice: **Bo staff, throwing knives, throwing stars**
Citizenship: **British**
Languages: **English, Spanish, French, Latin**
Last Known Location: **Vatican City, Rome**
Status: **Alive (wanted)**
Height: [REDACTED]
Weight: [REDACTED]
Build: [REDACTED]
Hair colour/length/type: **Black/mid-length/straight**
Eye colour: **Brown**



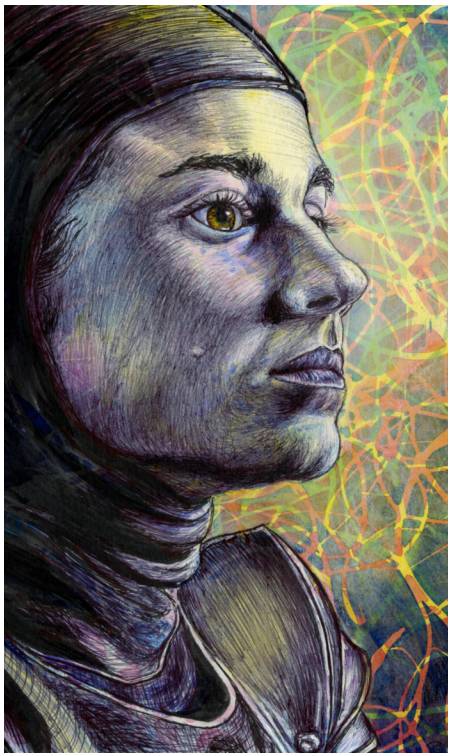
AVA SILVA

Alias: **Warrior Nun, Halo-Bearer (current)**
Date of birth: [REDACTED]
Place of birth: [REDACTED]
Sex: **Female**
Specialization: **None**
Current assignment: **Dismissed**
Weapon of choice: **Cruciform sword**
Languages: **English**
Citizenship: [REDACTED]
Last Known Location: **Vatican City, Rome**
Status: **Alive (wanted)**
Height: [REDACTED]
Weight: [REDACTED]
Build: [REDACTED]
Hair colour/length/type: **Light brown/mid-length/wavy**



LILITH

Alias: **Sister Lilith, next-in-line (former)**
Date of birth: [REDACTED]
Place of birth: **England**
Sex: **Female**
Specialization: **Leadership**
Current assignment: **Dismissed**
Weapon of choice: **Kali sticks**
Citizenship: **British**
Languages: **English, Spanish**
Last Known Location: **Vatican City, Rome**
Status: **Alive (wanted)**
Height: [REDACTED]
Weight: [REDACTED]
Build: [REDACTED]
Hair colour/length/type: **Black/long/wavy**
Eye colour: **Brown**



CAMILA

Alias: **Sister Camila**
Date of birth: [REDACTED]
Place of birth: **Spain**
Sex: **Female**
Specialization: **Hacking, medical**
Current assignment: **Dismissed**
Weapon of choice: **Crossbow, rifle**
Languages: **English, Spanish**
Citizenship: **Spanish**
Last Known Location: **Vatican City, Rome**
Status: **Alive (wanted)**
Height: [REDACTED]
Weight: [REDACTED]
Build: [REDACTED]
Hair colour/length/type: **Black/short/curly**
Eye colour: **Brown**

NUNS WITH GUNS, NUNS WITH STANS

A New Fan's Guide to the Way of the Halo Bearers

written by [surpanakha](#) ✂
/[@PlsSister](#) 🐦

New fan of *Warrior Nun*? Were you, like others, put off by the campy title and are now regretting not starting the show a year ago? Did you randomly tweet about *Warrior Nun* only to be iNUNdated by likes, replies, and quote retweets with GIFs of nuns hugging? Or did you simply log on to Twitter to find your kindred spirit and are puzzled to see owls, frogs, chickens and boiling water? Fret not! Like the habits of our favourite badass nuns, this fandom primer has you covered!

The Warrior on Her Dark Horse

Still have no idea what *Warrior Nun* is about? (Why did you download this zine, then? Also, it's about a Warrior who is a Nun, duh!). Let's take a walk through the valley of the shadow of no bloopers.

Sandwiched between big television productions and original movies headlined by the likes of Charlize Theron and Henry Cavill is a little ten-episode genre series called *Warrior Nun*. Created by Simon Barry, the Netflix Original is a loose adaptation of *Warrior Nun Arealia*, a manga-style comic book series created by Ben Dunn and published in the nineties. While the comic book lends its title and mythology to the series, Barry's *Warrior Nun* deviates largely from its source material. The show is about a nineteen-year-old quadriplegic orphan named Ava Silva who is lying dead inside a morgue at the beginning of the first episode. She is resurrected when a supernatural circular metallic object is shoved inside her cadaver's back in an attempt to hide the relic from the otherworldly creatures hunting it. It turns out that the object is the Halo of Adriel, an artifact protected by the Order of the Cruciform Sword ("OCS"). The OCS is a secret sect of Catholic nuns called the Sister Warriors that hails all the way back to the time of the Crusades. She who bears the Halo is the Warrior Nun, God's champion who is tasked to rid the world of the demons that hound it. What happens next is a ten-episode odyssey inquiring into the concept of consent, the patriarchy of the Catholic Church, finding power in and with fellow women, the queer gaze, and found family. The show also offers a refreshing take on the chosen one trope. The main protagonist Ava, a character absent in the comics, reacts to the obligation of saving the

world, a task literally shoved into her without her consent, like any teenager who just came back from the dead would: she flees from the responsibility and tries to live her life in the first half of the show.

The series might as well be Netflix's dark horse for 2020. *Warrior Nun* was the number one Netflix TV show worldwide in July. The series saw an impressive demand rise of 8,133% globally compared to other shows in the month of its release. At a time when Netflix was being accused of a disproportionate cancellation of its original series with queer storylines, *Warrior Nun*, a show with a diverse and predominantly female cast, and, as I would fight Lilith's claws and tooth for, a queer show made for queer people, was renewed for a second season the month following its release.

These figures might come as a surprise even to those who have seen the show as it would seem like the series was hardly talked about. Netflix was mostly tight-lipped about *Warrior Nun* after dropping it on our screens. In the month of its release, it was given a billboard in Los Angeles' Sunset Boulevard in a joint promotion with the established series *Lucifer*. As of writing, Netflix has posted about *Warrior Nun* around ten times on social media. These posts are spread across its various official Twitter and Instagram accounts but mostly on the account @NXonNetflix (now @NetflixGeeked), although country-specific Netflix accounts are more difficult to survey. The show is also yet to have any official social media accounts with which fans could interact in order to access behind-the-scenes material, official announcements, and other official promotional content.

Thy Fandom Come

Belonging in a fandom with almost no official content can be character-building, figuratively and literally (see article on Teresa). A year of starvation gave rise to new recipes (chicken, ribs and boiling water, anyone?). From the birth of our name to the naming of the Tarask Carl, see what the fandom has been up to in our first year together.

Halo Bearers

Halo Bearers is the semi-official name of the fandom, because since when did we get anything official around these parts? It was coined by Twitter user @ANWSupremacy in a group chat last July 7, 2020. The name has since then been acknowledged by the actors on the show, NUNofficial promo accounts and podcasts.

#HelloBearers

As an attempt to get to know fellow fans of the show, [#hellowbearers](#) hashtag was set in motion by Twitter users @sistergaytrice and @slythleo last September 29, 2020, and became a venue for Halo Bearers to introduce themselves to the fandom. The hashtag was revived on January 13, 2021 followed by an influx of new fans of the show. The tag [#hellowbearers](#) was rebooted on a [#WarriorNunWednesday](#).

#WarriorNunWednesday

Started on July 16, 2020, [#WarriorNunWednesday](#) was originally a venue for the cast to answer questions from fans on Twitter while watching an episode or two of the series with us until its finality. Yet what began as an initiative of the actors is still being sustained by the fandom to this day. While works of art and fiction are consistently being churned out every day of the week, [#WarriorNunWednesday](#) is when the best and most anticipated fan arts, fancams, fanfiction, and Twitter fan events (e.g. reboot of [#hellowbearers](#)) are showcased and exchanged through the hashtag.

#WarriorNunWeek

The hashtag [#WarriorNunWeek](#) was an initiative started by Twitter user @sadasianfan for us to show our appreciation for the cast of our favorite series. The first [#WarriorNunWeek](#) ran last October and consisted of Halo Bearers posting a photo of the theme of the day together with the tag. Daily themes included: [#FlowersforAlba](#), [#SunglassesforKTY](#), [#BicepsforToya](#), [#SuitsforLorena](#), [#MasksforOlivia](#), [#SmilesforMay](#), and finally, [#HeartsforWarriorNun](#).

#WNFlashFictionFriday

Just recently initiated, the tag [#WNFlashFictionFriday](#) is an effort to archive the pieces of flash fiction and micro fiction scattered all over Twitter. While flash fiction for *Warrior Nun* has been around since the show was released, thanks largely to some of the fandom authors, [#WNFlashFictionFriday](#) is also an event designed to encourage everyone else to dabble in works that can be completed in a single tweet, as well as an effort to diversify the flash fiction forms that are churned out by the fandom through different prompts and challenges.

Ships

The ships of the Halo Bearers go to war together! The stories of each character of the series are fleshed out so well and their connection with each other, particularly the women, thoughtfully established. The care that the writers of the show had in shaping their characters makes shipping anyone with just about anyone believable. Some notable non-crack ships include **Avatrice** (Ava Silva/Sister Beatrice), **Lilshotgun** (Sister Lilith/Shotgun Mary), **Camlil** (Sister Camila/Sister Lilith), **Lilbea** (Sister Lilith/Sister Beatrice), **DoctorSuperion** (Doctor Salvius/Mother Superion), and my personal favourite **Fallenhalo** (Sister Lilith/Ava Silva).

Frogs, owls, ducks, chicken, ribs, and boiling water

No, you did not just read the ingredients for a spell that will make Netflix finally release the *Warrior Nun* bloopers. Frogs, owls, ducks, chicken, ribs and boiling water might be words that have nothing to do with the show yet they have everything to do with the fandom. Our consistent tweets about frogs and owls, so much that these animals have been frequently incorporated in fan works, is due to Kristina Tonteri-Young's love for the amphibian and the bird. The duck references were borne out of a Who Would You Rather? tweet asking if Kristina Tonteri-Young would rather fight one Duretti-sized duck or a hundred duck-sized Durettis. Chicken and ribs allude to Ava's prime (pun intended) weapons of choice in fighting her first wraith demon. Finally, what ties all of these ingredients together is Alba Baptista saying that "Season 2 is boiling...❤️" when she shared in her Instagram stories a picture of an Avatrice tattoo.

Carl

If you are the Tarask that skewered through one of our favourite nun's stomach with a giant claw and dragged her into another dimension, thereby making the other sisters and the audience think she was dead all along, you probably don't deserve a fan name. Yet the Halo Bearers are not an ordinary fandom and we love every character (except you, Sister Frances, no love for you), so we decided on just the perfect name for this big, misunderstood fella. Baptised as Carl by our friends at [TheFandomentals.com](#), the name has since then been used by the fandom to refer to the Tarask that dragged Lilith to hell.

There's only so much that a 1,600-word article could tackle about a fandom that practically had to entertain itself in this extended hiatus. Further, there are many other facets of being a Halo Bearer that no amount of words could ever begin to describe - of long-time fans enthusiastically welcoming newbies, of individual Halo Bearers voluntarily mobilising to cover expensive ClexaCon tickets for others, of artists creating fan art together on Zoom calls, and most importantly, of internet strangers becoming close friends. Outsiders might say that being a Halo Bearer is a curse because we almost get nothing, but there is nothing further from the truth. We've got our own culture, our own references, and our own content. Most importantly we've got each other, the people who have touched our lives in one small way or another, **in this one or the next. NUN**

“

Adriel wanted Ava’s greatest weakness,
her worst fear, her biggest insecurity,
her greatest joy, her strongest supporter,
and her heart.

How fortunate that all of them
led to a single person.

”

writerofwrongs ✂

Sweet

written by writerofwrongs ✂

Beatrice, uncharacteristically looking sheepish, hands Ava a small familiar package. Despite knowing its contents, Ava tamps down her excitement and asks, “What is this?”

“Um... chocolates. Your favorite.”

“I know. But... why?”

Ava feels the need to prod despite having the bag already opened and a piece in the process of unwrapping. That is, until the lack of reply sinks in and Ava looks up just in time to note the light blush that graces the cheeks of the woman in front of her.

Having regained Ava’s attention, Beatrice unconsciously tugs at the end of her sleeve before nervously clasping her hands tightly together in front of her.

“It’s Hershey’s kisses.”

Ava continues to stare at her blankly though she nods while chewing on her second piece.

“It’s sort of... until I can give you a proper one.”

Ava’s eyes widen, as does her smile. She quickly fumbles at the package to retrieve another piece of the sweet confectionery and more or less shoves it right back at the nun in her excitement.

When Beatrice looks at her in mild confusion, Ava simply replies, “Until I can kiss you right back.” **NUN**



art by @trixdraws 🐦

Unburdened

written by Emily @this_isthe_end_ 

They find her in the parking lot, clawing at the pavement. Ava hadn't quite made it to the church steps. She's crumpled up, a heap of leather and jeans, but her chest continues to heave and sigh. Her limp form becomes more visible as the van approaches. Even through the dirtied windshield, the image is painfully clear. The lot is empty, devoid of cars and churchgoers, only harboring a steady morning fog. As the van closes in, Beatrice notices a glint of light. The Halo lies next to its Bearer, stained red. It's just out of Ava's grasp. There are no possessed here, no bystanders, no sign of life beyond the parking lot ravens. Just the Halo and Ava, left to bleed on the painted lines. The ravens steer clear of the heavenly artifact, huddling close to the trash bins.

This is definitely a trap, Beatrice thinks. Not that she cares.

Squealing tires disrupt the quiet, and Beatrice flings the passenger door open. Mary sprints ahead of her—the engine hums with the keys left in the ignition. Camila and Lilith are by Beatrice's side in a barrage of heavy boots and frantic breaths. When they reach Ava, Mary already has the girl propped up against her knees, opening up her shoulders to help her breathe. Mary tries to make her comfortable; not that it matters. Ava's arms lay limp—she doesn't flinch when Mary drags her across the asphalt.

Beatrice notices that Ava is awake once she reaches her side. Wild brown eyes scan the landscape, never quite landing in one place.

“Ava—”

Beatrice kneels down. Her palms scrape against the ground, but she hardly notices the sting. Beatrice takes Ava's hand, settling their interlocked fingers into her lap. Ava doesn't react to the touch, but looks over at the sound of her name. Bright eyes settle on Beatrice, blown wide. Her gaze is unsettled, yet devoid of pain. Ava glances at the Halo at her feet, and her breath catches. Then, she looks back at Beatrice, asking, pleading. Tears stain her cheeks, half-dried.

“What the hell were you thinking?” Mary asks. Her wavering voice breaks Ava's focus.

“I-I'm sorry—”

Ava cuts herself off. There's a distinct scrape of metal against asphalt. Beatrice's gaze snaps to the Halo. It glistens against the pavement despite the lack of sunlight, gold shining through dried blood. The Sister Warriors crowd around Ava to regard the artifact from a distance. Camila mutters something, and when Beatrice glances back, she notices how her sister's hands are clasped in quiet prayer. Lilith kneels down beside Mary; she never takes her eyes off the Halo. She knows better. Beatrice's grip on Ava's hand tightens. But as the silence hangs heavy with time, the bristling sensation on her neck passes. The Halo stays immovable, and its shine begins to fade.

Then, the Halo lifts up ever so slightly. It gets dragged by an invisible force, scraping against the ground. Beatrice doesn't believe what she sees, at first. The Halo's metallic hum gets caught in her throat, holding her fast to the ground. She watches the Halo gain distance, drawn away as the seconds tick by.

Something stirs in the space between her fingers. A spark, a panic that overtakes everything. All that she's slaved over is escaping them, taken by something that she can't see.

Beatrice lunges for the Halo. The consequences don't occur to her until the split second before contact. Camila cries out something inaudible—it's the only thing that Beatrice hears. The momentum can't be stopped, even as her sisters' hands claw at her back. Beatrice expects blinding heat, indescribable fire—a numbness, maybe. She shuts her eyes, clenching her jaw in preparation for what comes next.

But when her fingers fasten around the metal, no pain comes. Warmth bleeds through instead, pulsating like a heartbeat. The Halo's intricate designs press deep without singing her skin. Soft metal swaddles her up with ease, mimicking an old sweater's comfort. It dulls the sharp pain in her chest. And the Halo hums softly to her—it makes her guard fall on instinct.

Her eyes flutter open, and her world turns red. A strange mist hangs over her, thicker than the fog. Red tendrils shrink back from the Halo in her hands. The

artifact glows with such brilliance, illuminating the pavement enough for Beatrice to notice every little crack under her knees. The mist twists and contorts, struggling to find a human shape. Beatrice can only stare, wide-eyed. Then, the mist flees upon recognition of the Halo's new wielder, retreating to the ravens and the trash bins, flying into the streets beyond. A swift trail of red dissolves into the air, disappearing fast enough for Beatrice to question what she'd seen. Only a metallic bitterness on her tongue remains.

But the wraiths are the last thing on Beatrice's mind. The Halo soothes her enough to create space for her to breathe, but she still manages to choke up in its presence, somehow. Its radiance does not burn her eyes, even when she looks at it directly. Dumbfounded, Beatrice holds the Halo with the same gentleness that it gives her. She brings the artifact to her chest, letting out a sigh, then, instinctually, she brings it to her lips. And she kisses it softly. Tears well in her eyes, blurring her world for a moment. When her vision clears again, she turns to her sisters and the immovable girl on the pavement.

All they can do is stare. Lilith's gaze buries the deepest. She's caught on the glow under Beatrice's fingernails. Lilith doesn't dare make a move towards her—she sits perfectly still, blinking, her face twisted in contemplation. Beside her, Mary offers a soft smile, but little surprise. There's a somber look in her eyes that Beatrice can't shake off.

Then there's Ava, sprawled between them. She's lost in the way Beatrice cradles the Halo in her arms. She gasps for air as if she's on the verge of speaking, but she says nothing. She can do nothing but lie and wait, her expression twisted in pain.

That pain sinks into Beatrice, too. Frustration claws deep, but it's different this time. Everything that she's worked for has been rewarded, somehow—countless corrections, subtle fine-tuning, vows spoken on trembling lips. But now, as gold weighs heavy in her hands, she misses the lightness of the air. The Halo is radiant but not blinding enough. Instead, she's transfixed on the angel on the asphalt, and the friends

that hold her high. Beatrice crawls forward, holding the Halo to her chest. Her sisters make room for her. They watch her carefully as she holds out the Halo, offering it to Ava.

“Do you want it back?” Beatrice asks. Ava nods without hesitation.

Beatrice turns to Mary. Her heart races. The Halo bristles in that same anticipation, glowing bright between its two Bearers. Its gentle whirring vibrates deep in Beatrice's lungs.

“Turn her over,” Beatrice says. Mary obeys, whispering soft consolation as she flips Ava onto her stomach. Camila takes Ava's hand without a second thought.

As Beatrice thrusts the Halo into the air, that warmth drains away. Ava shuts her eyes, bracing herself to come back again. She's battle-ready, poised against Mary's frame. There's a pause, a sudden stiffness to Beatrice's arm, but the nun chooses to push through it. She takes a deep, calculated breath. As she brings the Halo down, she turns away from the light. She can't bear to watch.

There's a high-pitched ring, and a force blows Beatrice back. She skids against the pavement, coming to rest beside the church steps. Her head slams into the pavement, knocking the breath out of her lungs. A flurry of ice-cold pain floods deep, covered by an ache in her bones. Beatrice gasps for air, hearing her own voice panting, struggling. A distance away, Ava sputters something incoherent—her voice is riddled with anguish, but she's heard all the same.

Beatrice looks to the sky. She lies on her back, splayed out on the asphalt. Shafts of sunlight break through the clouds in an attempt to reach her. In the quiet, Beatrice starts to laugh. It starts as a chuckle before the tears come. Every exhale is a weight lifted, a loss long awaited. Her lungs become unbound, relishing every intake of air. Her fingers still tingle from the Halo's warmth—it mixes well with the frozen pavement. She falls in love with every crack in her voice, every semblance in her breath. Her stomach aches from laughter, deep-sung laughter, ringing clear as day. Beatrice doesn't care who hears it. The taste of salt on her tear-stained lips has never been this intoxicating. **NUN**



art by @trixdraws 



art by Mari @schereer 



art by Taino Delgado
  @babyhellboy



FAMILY (And Religion)

written by Shullo @hurtfulknife 

art by @brunmzz 



Lilith considered herself blessed - blessed with a legacy and a family. Knowing and believing she had to be the Halo Bearer as she grew up could be considered a burden. But she mostly considered it a blessing. It was a path that God had graciously laid down for her and her ancestors. It was only right to accept God's will and will it to happen.

Family, to Lilith, was the reason she was born, and raised to be who she was. They guide you to the knowledge of God, and teach you, and clothe you and discipline you. Family was simply people who are related to you. There wasn't much of a choice there. (Even if sometimes God made questionable decisions.)

But as she stared at Mary pressing her hand against her bleeding abdomen, Camila tending to Mary frantically while being hurt herself, and Ava fretting over Beatrice's wounds, she realised that sometimes family could be whoever God had sent your way and not just by blood. After all, we are all God's children.

Beatrice held a lot of rage in her, growing up. Most of it was directed towards herself and her family. She despised herself for being the way that she was because of the way her family made her feel. Her parents never had time for her and it left her to her own devices when she was younger. Life was directionless and meaningless, until she met her. But it didn't matter.

Her parents found out and had enough of her embarrassing the family and tarnishing their reputation. So to Catholic boarding school she went! (Sarcasm to be noted in the exclamation. Beatrice is awfully sarcastic.) It was horrific. It was torture. But she spent a whole lot of time repenting for her sins and correcting herself to be the proper Catholic woman that her parents wanted her to be. Eventually, she "fell in line".

She became what her parents always wanted her to be, the opposite of who she was before she found God. Thorough, methodical, logical, observant, behaved and proper (and straight, but that's debatable with all the intrusive thoughts on the various women she had an infatuation of).

Reflecting, admittedly, Beatrice may have never considered her parents her family. She always finds herself resenting them for her suffering, but as each day passes, it's mostly resignation. God has been the guide for her life since boarding school, and she is forever grateful and that's why she took her vows. She knew her family would be whomever God decided would be right for her (and she truly believed it was her Sisters). And she will forever be faithful.

Camila loves her family. There are many dynamics in each relationship. She adores how it shows with her family. Whether it was the teasing-yet-loving dynamic of her siblings and her, the heartwarming embrace of her grandparents or the confusing and intriguing teachings of her parents, she treasured every bit.

Being a good Catholic woman was easy. She grew up in a loving Catholic household, after all. But, it was rather difficult to adjust to being a nun, especially being part of the Order of the Cruciform Sword. For a community that's meant to welcome everyone with open arms, it sure felt suffocatingly lonely. There was an uneasiness being part of the OCS. However, she easily found herself fitting into her cozy (what an interesting word choice Camila had) little

clique with Shannon, Mary, Lilith and Beatrice. They all took the new member under their wings and that was when Camila finally felt at home.

She didn't know Sister Shannon for as long or as deeply as the others but her passing was world-shattering. She imagines that the devastation of the loss of her Sister is how it would feel to lose a family member. May God let her and her loved ones live their lives well before they go. (She prays that Sister Shannon got to live the life she wanted, in this life or the next.)

Mary only had herself now. Her mother, her only family, was in jail for self-defence. The world was unjust and discriminatory, and she knew it. She felt it. She lived it. But God was her salvation and she believed in how He would lay down the path she needed to take.

It took a lot for her to trust. Father Vincent played a big role in her life in the OCS. He was one of the only people (and the only man) that she actually trusted whole-heartedly but that had been tainted. He was practically her father-figure. He knew this. Yet, he had the audacity to take the life of the love of her life and betray her trust. It hurt more when she found out how deliberate taking Shannon's life away was, and how close to her he was all this time.

Shannon was her soulmate. Their relationship was everything she'd ever need and want in a person and a friend. It was indescribable - their trust and connection was one of a kind. Losing her was like losing the ability to breathe.

But she had to get justice for Shannon, and her mother. And she had to move on and trust in God, and her Sisters in the OCS. After-all, she only had them and God to believe in.

Ava lost her one and only family, along with her sense and ability to move her limbs. Not only did she have to grieve her mother's passing but everything she knew too. It's hard to stop grieving. Anger was what she felt for a long time. Anger consumed her. Anger - it was almost what she was. Diego, being her roommate, helped her more than anyone could ever know. She learned new emotions from that kid and learned more about the world with him. Diego was practically her little brother and only friend in that orphanage.

Logically, it wasn't the end of the world. It isn't the worst to be quadriplegic. It was just the anger speaking when she insulted her own disability. It was difficult not to think negatively when the nun who "cared" for her always spat in her face with insults. It's difficult to unlearn what has been drilled into you, especially when you were in a vulnerable state.

Every day felt like a dread to live. It was a cycle - waking up from nightmares of her mother dying beside her in the car, going through the usual morning routine of Sister Frances demeaning her while harshly cleaning her body, spending the day sitting up on a chair reading with Diego, and ending the day laying down consuming the mediocre white-washed television shows. Life was mundane, and quite meaningless. But at least she had Diego with her.

Until she awoke screaming in pain from yet another endless nightmare, only to wake up to see a demon (a Tarask, later she learnt) on its way to killing her. Who would have thought that a group of demon-fighting nuns would be her new-found family? (Especially when all her life she's spent it despising the Catholic's faith in God.) **NUN**

Of The Night

written by Lu @avatricefeels 🐦

There is something about her, even from the start. She is born in the depths of a harsh winter, frost opaque against the windows and the crackling fire barely chasing away the bitter cold. The birth itself is the easy part. As she is brought into the world, the air stills, hovering on the precipice of expectation. Her parents and the midwife wait for her to start crying, as babies always do. But the moment does not come. In all the days that follow, she almost never cries. She sleeps through the night and, as she grows, she is never afraid of monsters that might lurk in the dark.

They name her Lilith. Of the night.

Hello. I'm Lilith.

The response is always the same. There's a brief pause as whomever she has introduced herself to processes this information. Lilith. What an odd name for someone like you. Someone like her; the daughter of a devout Catholic family. Even more odd knowing that countless women of said family have given their lives to fight an ancient evil. To fight demons. The other person regards Lilith carefully, wondering if it's a joke that has fallen flat. It's not.

Lilith learns about her family's history with the Order of the Cruciform Sword when she is seven years old. Even then she is stoic at times, studious, but not soulless. She laughs and plays like every other child, just enough to dispel the notion that something is amiss. The promise of purpose excites Lilith, even then.

She is nine when she kills her first demon, a rogue wraith that possesses one of the kitchen staff. When her parents finally reach her, jolted violently awake in the middle of the night, they are just in time to see the chef, a big brute of a man, sink to his knees and the human light return to his eyes. The sound of the wraith's departure is ear-piercing, but soon a heavy silence falls, broken only by a sob that does not come from Lilith. She simply stands there, gripping a Divinium dagger in her small fist like it is an extension of her body.

Out of their daughter's sight, her parents exchange a look. They know Lilith is dedicated, gifted even, at her tender age. They have seen numerous other girls in the family grow into warriors over the years, but nothing like this. It is not the first time that they wonder who, or what, they might have created.

...

When Lilith takes her vows, she doesn't take a name of one of the many saints like the others. She stays as Lilith. Sister Lilith. She always emphasises the first part, not because it is different to any of the other nuns but because it provides the opportunity to assert herself. She lifts her chin, straightens herself to her full height. Narrows her eyes, a warning not to voice the thoughts she knows the other person is thinking. But they all still think it.

People have always misunderstood Lilith's namesake. When they think of the original Lilith, they define her only by her associations to others; Adam's first wife, an insurgent against God, and the hellish progeny she spawned.

And so, Lilith lives under the shadow of her own name, carrying the weight of other people's expectations and assumptions. It is telling that nobody is surprised when Duretti plays on her pride and she turns her back on her sisters who try to protect the Halo Bearer. No one is surprised when she threatens Ava. *I only need a part of you.*

It is when Mary calls her heartless that things change. Lilith is not a bad person. She's misunderstood, a product of expectation. Yes, Lilith has done bad things, but she is not bad. It's more complicated than that.

When the Tarask turns on Ava and Lilith sees the fear in her eyes, something snaps. It's not because if the demon gets the Halo then Lilith will never be the Warrior Nun. In that split second, she is reminded that this is not about her. That Duretti promised her things that were not his to give. That he expected her to bow, to be loyal. To him, not to God. Lilith has always done what is expected of her. Train. Be the best, nothing less. Be next in line. Be the Halo Bearer. Lilith's life has been shaped by expectation, never choice. Never, what do you want, Lilith?

Lilith chooses to be better, then. She sacrifices herself, and suddenly pain is all she can feel.

Her world goes dark, as if she finally succumbs to the night.

...

Lilith returns changed.

Ava. That is the first word she says, not the name of any of her sisters. Ava. She knows it is important somehow, more so than she realised before. If only she could remember why.

When Lilith sees what burns beneath her skin, something like lava, like fire, she fears what she has become. She does not just see that look in the mirror. When she teleports to the Vatican, a power she does not understand, she cuts down the possessed that threaten her family with a rage that cannot be contained.

There are no survivors.

In the aftermath, Lilith sees that look of fear reflected back at her in the eyes of her sisters.

They do not let her take watch while they sleep. They chose to sleep with the light on in the safehouse they find themselves in, afraid of what might linger where they cannot see.

Lilith, meanwhile, chooses to sleep in the dark.

...

Lilith does not mean what people think it means. When people think of the original Lilith, they think of the mother of demons. Created from the dirt, only to be cast back into it. People fear power, believing that it will create chaos and ruin if left untamed. But it was never dark power the first Lilith possessed. It was only the bravery to exercise her own free will, her autonomy. Throughout history, people thought what they wanted about that, and no one ever asked why she was expected to submit to *her* equal.

Adriel misunderstands Sister Lilith. In the final battle, Lilith finds herself on her knees in front of the demon, her sisters lying beaten and battered around her, not quite dead but near enough. Ava is on her knees beside her, the Halo in her back drained, and she looks like she will collapse into the dust any moment.

Adriel lowers his guard, thinking he has won. That is his downfall.

Lilith does not stay down. She rises.

Of the night isn't quite right. It's an oversimplification. Lilith is more than that.

Her power is different from Ava's. What the Halo gives the Warrior Nun is celestial, strength from the skies and stars of a world above and beyond our own, even if the story of how it came to be ours is... complicated. Lilith's power is the opposite; it's from the fire of the Earth, from whence her namesake came.

It makes sense, then. Lilith was never destined to be the Halo Bearer. She was destined for this. To be by Ava's side as her equal. To restore balance between the sky and the Earth.

When Ava rises beside her, they stand united.

Adriel falls, in the end.

Lilith comes to mean something different. Now, when people think of Lilith, they think of strength. Resilience. Bravery. But, above all, they do not just think of the night. They add a single word.

Light.

Light of the night. **NUN**

Heartbeat

written by **Leo @slythleo** 🐦📷

They kiss.

Kissing Bea ignites a raging fire of emotions within Ava, despite the other's lips being as cold as ice. The initial chill is overpowered by warm fuzzy feelings.

Feeling is not something Beatrice is used to, but with a touch of their lips, she instantly gets overwhelmed. She can't even hear her own thoughts as she tries to keep track of the wild beating of Ava's heart. The loud, racing thumps echo in her ears.

Ava's ears are in a deep shade of red as the two pull apart. A part of Bea is disappointed with this recent development, but figures they will have plenty of time to do that again.

Ava throws Bea the stupidest and brightest of smiles.

"Your heart went crazy right there. I'm pretty sure that count is above normal," Bea teases her.

Ava blushes, but there's just no point in denying how crazy attracted she is.

"Well, that's not fair... How about a do-over?" Ava asks.

The other girl looks away for a split second and raises an eyebrow.

"For research! I need to know how hard yours flutters, too," Ava insists. She doesn't wait for Bea to question her motives and closes the distance between them.

And again, the only heart going crazy is her own. Ava pulls back, looks at Bea for a moment before placing her ear on the girl's chest.

Nothing.

She slowly lifts her head up in shock.

Bea tries for humor.

"Uh... you stole my heart?"

...

Ava may or may not be beating herself up for her flight response. As she washes her face on the sink, she thinks back to the past week spent connecting the dots. Okay, so Bea is not exactly what she thought she is. But then again, it absolutely made sense. From face value, the girl is the palest person she'd ever met, and she always seems to run cold, no matter the weather. Perhaps, the biggest tell is her being adamant to stay inside to hang out during the day. Back then, Ava thought Bea was just that much of a homebody.

"Ultimately, does that matter, though?" she asks herself. "It's weird and scary and who would have thought that's possible... but it's still her."

She lifts her head and stares at her own reflection. "She probably doesn't even know how beautiful she is."

The voice in her head says, "*Tell her.*"

...

Bea has lived through countless lifetimes, but the past week of radio silence from the bubbly character that turned her life upside down felt infinitely longer. She scolds herself for falling too hard so fast. For thinking she stood a chance. Maybe she never really did.

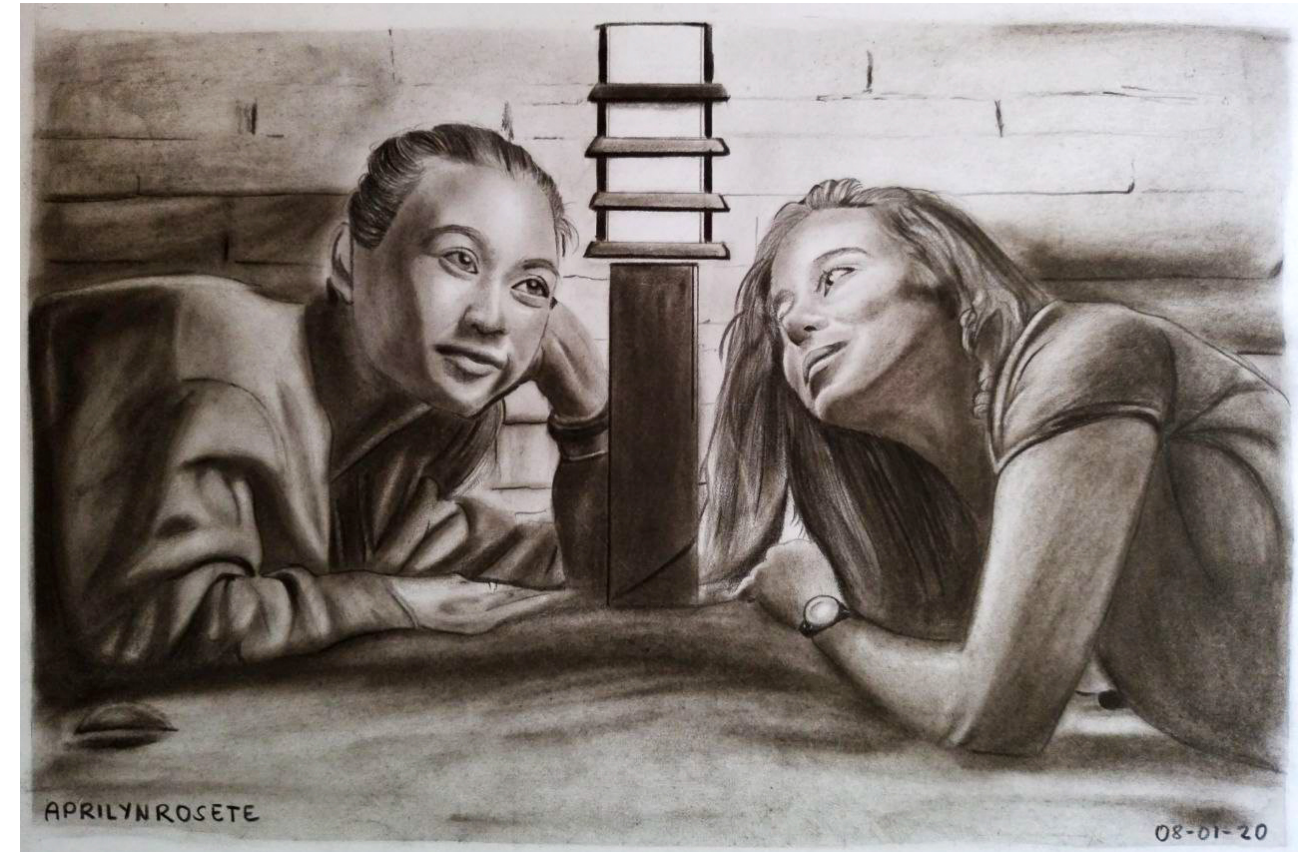
Suddenly her door slams open, and she counts exactly how many steps it takes for Ava to crash into her.

"I'm scared," Ava says.

Bea swears she feels her non-existent heart drop. "Who can blame the girl?" she thinks.

"But not of you. I'm just afraid that I'm falling in love for the first time in my life."

PS: Love sucks. **NUN**



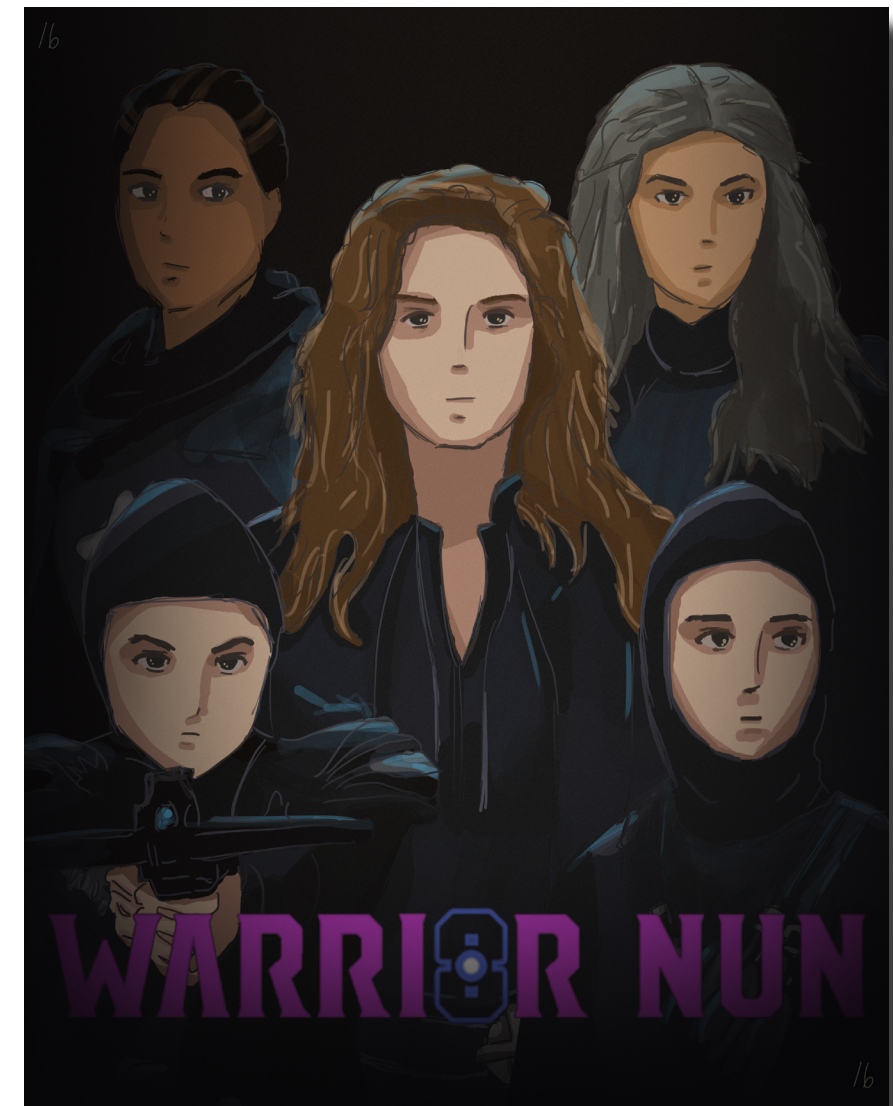
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Sister Lilith: Friend or Foil?

Written by **Le-Ann @leDASHann** 🐦📷

Art by **Izzy @rifleoil** 🐦📷

At first glance, *Warrior Nun* basically seems like a series about badass women of the Catholic Church who spend their time fighting demons. And, in all honesty, it is. But it becomes immediately apparent in the first episode that this show is so much more than that. This series, a part of the Netflix Originals catalogue, offers incredible acting, beautiful cinematography, complex and interesting characters, and a narrative that focuses on sisterhood and community. By presenting itself as a “chosen one” story and then turning that trope (amongst many others) on its head, *Warrior Nun* proves to be undoubtedly entertaining and a shining example of a character driven narrative with intersectional feminism at the forefront.

While all of the Sister Warriors deserve to have several paragraphs written about them, this article will focus on Sister Lilith. It will delve into who she is as a character, what her purpose is in the series, and how her personality compares to the protagonist, the *Warrior Nun* herself, Ava Silva. As previously mentioned, *Warrior Nun* subverts many tropes throughout the series, which is a conscious choice by the writers, and Sister Lilith is no exception. It is important to note that both the audience and Ava view characters, as well as the situations she finds herself in, as tropes because of her limited experience of the world. Having been in an orphanage for twelve years, Ava’s perception of people is based on the movies and television shows she watched, and as the audience follows her story, they develop the same familiarity and expectations of these common narrative tropes.

The name Lilith is already a topic of suspicion, as it is commonly associated with a demon mentioned in the Bible. In the original comic book series that *Warrior Nun* is based on, Lilith is a demon princess. The television show has a re-imagined version of the character, but that does not mean the writers shy away from her biblical or comic book origins. In fact, they use those previous iterations to their advantage. Lilith is presented as a flat character and, superficially, what could be considered a foil for Ava. She has been training and is next in line to be the Halo Bearer, whereas

Ava was forced (quite literally, as the Halo was placed into her corpse and brought her back to life) into the role and wants nothing to do with the Order of the Cruciform Sword (OCS). Lilith is pressured by expectations as she comes from a line of Halo Bearers, while Ava is a newly resurrected orphan with no family and a limited sense of direction for her life. The two often argue and become so antagonistic, mostly on Lilith’s end, towards each other that Lilith tries to physically remove the Halo from Ava’s body. Because of the way she is shown in the beginning of the season, it is easy for the audience to form its opinion about who Lilith is and what her arc will be throughout the series. But her journey is cut short when she sacrifices herself to protect Ava and is stabbed, while still managing to tell Ava to pick up the sword, and dragged away into what the audience assumes to be Hell. This sacrifice is the catalyst for Lilith’s true character arc and begins the subversion of the foil character trope.

After the Sister Warriors have a funeral commemorating the fallen member of the OCS, it does seem as though Lilith’s story has come to an end. But, as *Warrior Nun* does at almost every turn, whatever is to be expected of this show is often the complete opposite of what happens. The seventh episode ends with a bloody, bruised, and shockingly alive Lilith walking up to Cat’s Cradle before the credits roll. This reveal follows a series of events that includes Ava deciding to accept her role as the Halo Bearer, Beatrice and Mary going against orders to relocate, and Camila wildly firing a semi-automatic weapon to help her and her fellow Sister Warriors escape from those sent by the Vatican to overtake the OCS. The five women have all come together, and it is important that Lilith is a part of this moment, even if the others are unaware that she is alive. When Lilith makes her way to ArqTech to finally be reunited with the Sister Warriors, they are reasonably shocked and worried about her. Much like Ava, Beatrice, and Camila, the audience has questions about what happened to Lilith and how she was able to survive being stabbed and taken away by a Tarask. But, more importantly, there is a shift in Lilith’s character or, rather, more of who she truly is as a person is revealed to both Ava and the audience.

Episode eight shows a softer side of Lilith, offering a scene that begins with her gazing at a printed photo of herself, Beatrice, and Mary sharing a moment of levity and laughter. Ava approaches Lilith and the following exchange occurs:

Ava: Hey...I’m glad you’re back.

Lilith: Are you?

Ava: I don’t know.

Lilith laughs and the scene continues with Ava telling her that she owes Lilith her life. Ava is hesitant and soft spoken and the conversation is the complete opposite of all the hostility the audience has seen previously between the two women.

Lilith confidently reassures Ava that she is one of them and that she “should have been fighting alongside [Ava]. Not against [her].” Lilith then asks Ava, “Will you forgive me?” to which Ava replies, “I just did.” Ava forgives so easily and so freely and although there is so much more that needs to be repaired between the two, it is a new beginning for Lilith and Ava. They bond through their experiences of resurrection, despite their combative beginnings, and create a path towards friendship.

Again, the writers have gone against expectation and offer a character arc in Lilith that is about redemption and new-found life, not dissimilar to many of the things that Ava has gone through.

What began as Lilith and Ava being presented as opposites has been course corrected to show how much stronger the two women are when they recognise the importance of sisterhood and community by working together instead of against each other. The original “conflict” with Ava is resolved through Lilith’s sacrifice and resurrection, but now she and the Sister Warriors must deal with the consequences of these actions. Lilith’s new character arc begins as she simultaneously starts to physically transform into some-

thing different. The questions compile quickly: What is she? Part demon? Part angel? Is she even still human? Like Ava, there is a part of her that is otherworldly and it allows for the bigger questioning of what it means to be human and what are the true forces of good and evil that exist on Earth. These two women are forced to become beings that they never could have prepared for and must learn to wield new powers that could become dangerous to themselves and others if not controlled properly. It is through the help of the Sister Warriors that Ava and Lilith are able to learn to manage their new-found abilities. Beatrice helps Ava use the Halo’s powers to phase through twenty feet of stone and when Lilith’s powers threaten to consume her, it is Mary who is able to break through that wall and bring her comfort.

These women empower each other by being both supportive and challenging, which allows them to grow separately and together. It is refreshing to see these types of dynamics between women, as opposed to the typical narrative that female characters must be in competition with each other.

Ultimately, the writers of *Warrior Nun* purposely present Lilith as a foil for Ava with every intention of not following through with that trope.

While Lilith and

Ava do have some differences, their similarities become more apparent when they recognise the strength that comes from working together. They are kind, protective of those they care about, and are growing, in different ways, to understand their own purpose within their found family and life as a whole. While Lilith could have easily been used as competition for Ava, the series highlights how much more gratifying it is for them to begin as opposing characters that, through shared experiences, develop a budding friendship. Who is Lilith? She’s an ambitious, determined, and powerful Sister Warrior. But more importantly, she is a friend that Ava, Beatrice, Mary, and Camila are fortunate to have in their lives. **NUN**



villains

Putting the “bad” in “badass.”

Art by Rine @bitch4beatrice 
@rinexart  



God's Messages

written by Thamy @thamynion

art by @anco_c0101

“God sends messages to guide us. Heed them and you'll be fine.”

That's one of the last things Beatrice told Camila before packing her things and bidding goodbyes, and so she threw herself into prayers hoping God would give her a sign - any sign - of what to do next.

Camila was proud to say she had a good relationship with all the sisters, but like everyone else, she had the ones she was closer to. Beatrice, Mary, Lilith and Shannon welcomed her, cared, taught her how to fight and shoot properly, offered wise words, and even gave her love and comfort when the young woman missed the family she left behind.

Her family.

And they were all gone.

First, Shannon, who died in an ambush that neither Camila nor anyone else had time to mourn properly due all the events that followed. They lost Lilith right after, gone to God knows where, and no one could say goodbye. And then, everyone else was sent away by the same Cardinal who made an entire team invade a private business and brought back a lot of nuns who had already been rejected by the Order. Camila heard some sisters talking about this being a political decision rather than for the interest of the OCS.

Camila was left behind with the idea that she could still do something good for the Order, make all the sacrifices worth it. That was a big challenge and she couldn't help but question if she was enough to make any difference. The answer in her head was a constant 'no', but it wouldn't stop her from trying, not when her sisters were counting on her to be strong.

That's why she spent hours praying, searching for a reply, just as her mother taught her. She was a believer that one doesn't need to be in a church or a chapel to be heard by God, so she did her prayers while doing her chores for the day. Camila would take care of the armory, clean the dishes and her own room while reciting words in her mind or out loud - she liked to fill the silence around her, sometimes ignoring the strange looks the sisters would give her when talking to herself.

A response came, eventually, although Camila wasn't sure it was a real sign or her mind making everything look like it so she would know what to do. The first was when Mother

Superion asked her personally to take care of the broken cross in Shannon's room - the room that should've been Ava's. The young woman thought it was a strange task, she wasn't part of the group assigned for the cleaning, but that was a Mother Superion request, so, how could she say no?

Camila collected the pieces on journal paper so no one would be hurt by the sharp pieces. When walking out of the place, she encountered Sister Diana peering into the room from the door frame, curiosity twinkling in her eyes. She was as young as Camila and had entered the order just a couple months before.

"I see Cruella de Jesus sent you to clean Mary's mess." Her remark came with a little smile. For a nun, she was really into gossip.

"Yes. I'm just going to throw it out..." Camila said, ignoring the nickname Diana used with a pang on her chest.

"You know, I just happened to be walking by when I heard Sister Crimson, the reject, talking to Mary, saying bad

things, and Mary punched her. Didn't see anything, but I can recognize the sound of a punch when I hear one."

Camila wasn't surprised, not at all. She knew her sister enough to be sure she wouldn't just take acid words silently. Camila could just imagine the state Mary was in when she received the news about being transferred right after what happened to Shannon, Lilith and leaving Ava behind. She admired Mary, the way she acted according to her feelings, she was coherent. Camila wished to be more like her, to act for something she believed in no matter the cost. She sighed as she made sense of these thoughts and what they could mean, excusing herself to go on with her duties for the day.

What should have been the second sign was a painting the nun had never been aware of before. Camila was carrying some weapons back to the armory when she saw the painting for the first time in one of the corridors. It was the classic landscape, mountains framing a beautiful lake, with a bible verse in it. Curious, she stopped to take it in.

"What then shall we say about these things? If God is for us, who can be against us? Romans 8:31..." she read out loud.

It was a well known verse. What always intrigued Camila every time she would read it was who was against her? The question

was usually playful, to imagine people around her in impossible situations, but now that everything seemed on the verge of some kind of war, it hit differently. What war, specifically, she couldn't say, with so many things happening and apparently fragmented, apart from each other, and a lot of people involved.

Knowing the entire verse, however, Camila knew it could be interpreted in other ways. At this specific moment, she felt it as encouragement. If she made a decision that was for a good cause with all her heart, acting with resolve, who could ever go against her, or anyone for that matter?

It was almost an hour later when she glimpsed Sister Crimson entering the armory, and knew she should see what happened. The second she saw the other nun armed, she knew something was wrong and that Mother Superior would never approve someone who was rejected to just take weapons without supervision or even taking note of the inventory. Camila would've been warned about it, since she was the one responsible for that.

Anyway, Crimson didn't seem in the mood to listen to what a bad mistake it was. She received orders from Duretti to stop any person who came back from the forced exile, and it was apparently enough to break the rules that governed the OCS for so long. Camila had some bad names in her head to call that man.

"Surely he didn't mean with violence."

Then the third sign came as a lamp turning on above her head at the moment Crimson replied.

"Any means necessary. His words, not mine."

The young nun watched Crimson walk away with the machine gun strapped across her chest and the gears started running wildly in her mind. Her heart was racing with the idea that formed within seconds.

If Duretti was worried, it meant he expected someone to come, and that one person was in danger.

Any means necessary. Those were the Cardinal's words, how fitting.

Camila took hurried steps into the armory, taking a gun similar to Crimson's, ammunition, some other weapons - just in case - and checked if everything was right. She ignored the inventory; there was not enough time and no matter the outcome she would probably be excommunicated. The inventory was the least of her problems at the moment.

The way to her room passed as a blur, almost running and trying not to bump into the other sisters in the dark corridors of Cat's Cradle. Reaching her room, Camila couldn't remember a time she dressed into her combat attire so quickly.

It was just the time for her to hear a loud noise, coming from somewhere not too far.

Camila finished fastening all the straps in her clothes, adrenaline running through her veins as she placed her weapons where she could reach them.

When Camila found where all the fuss was coming from, strangely following Ava's voice shouting about something like "goddamn warrior nun" and some other sisters ready for a fight, she was ready with her gun. Even if she didn't expect to find Ava injured by an arrow, she was surprised to see so many of her sisters pointing their weapons to one of their own.

With the blood pounding in her ears, a fiery resolve and a newfound grudge, Camila pointed her weapon to the ceiling and started shooting, screaming at the top of her lungs.

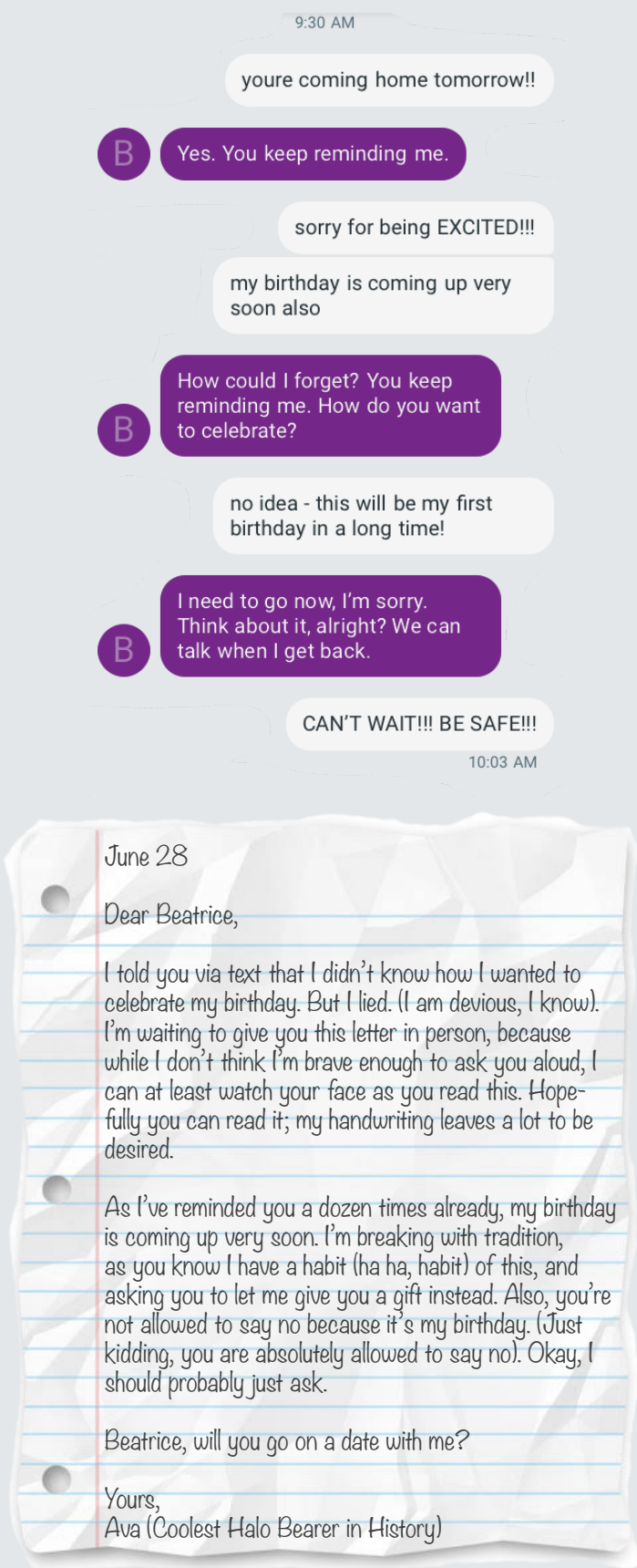
Watching her family making their way out and the other nuns trying to protect themselves from the dust and pieces falling from above, Camila says, slightly breathless:

"I really hope I got God's message right!" **NUN**



You're Probably Sick of Hearing From Me

written by GleeCastOST  



It was autumn now and the air grew colder every day. Ava zipped up her hoodie as she climbed the sloping path beyond the walls of the Cradle. Beneath a few old gnarled olive trees was a graveyard. Bypassing Shannon's headstone, Ava found herself a few plots over, at the newest addition to the site. Which, in honesty, had no business being as beautiful as it was. From the hillside, visitors had a clear view of the town and the ocean beyond.

Ava didn't enjoy the vista, she didn't even look. She didn't, most days. Instead she sat on the cold, hard ground, and tried not to think about how much harder and colder her heart was. Instead she spoke in a rasp, her voice had only a shadow of the warmth it used to.

"You're probably sick of hearing from me." Tears came quickly, and Ava stared up at the grey sky, since looking at Beatrice's name was too painful. Repetition had not made her stronger.

"I just don't understand. I really don't." Ava tried not to sound angry, but failed. On the impossible chance that Beatrice could hear her, Ava didn't want to seem so upset. This made her feel (more) guilty. "We survived so much, so much that was frankly unsurvivable. Only for you..." She trailed off then took a deep breath. "You were the absolute best of us. You were capable and smart. I just don't understand. And I... I should have been there."

A few more shaky breaths found their way into Ava's lungs, but she still felt empty. "I'll hate myself for that every single day." She reached out, running a gentle hand over the stone. The Halo burned. Camila had left a dozen flowers here, next to the other hundreds of flowers she laid out over the last several weeks. She still hadn't spoken to anyone.

"And I think, sometimes, about what could have happened." Ava hastily wiped her eyes, taking no care to be gentle. "I wonder if you felt the same, I wonder what it would have been like to kiss you. Stupid, perhaps, and inconsequential. You might've said no, you might not have wanted to break your vows." She choked slightly, then, thinking of everything Beatrice had lost before losing her life, too.

"I miss you. Maybe that goes without saying. I think, Beatrice, God, it's embarrassing to even say this... I think I could have loved you." Ava put her head in her hands and sobbed, softly, for the friend she'd lost. The friend who died on a mission that wasn't supposed to be dangerous, the friend who could have become so much more than a friend. "No. I know I could have." Ava concluded in a whisper, as she looked back up at the grave that haunted her waking hours as frequently as it haunted her dreams.

Through distorted, tear stained eyes, Ava watched the clouds part, bathing the scene in golden sunlight. For a few seconds, the Halo heated up in response. Then, the grey returned like it had never left, heavy cloud cover for a heavy day. A younger Ava might have taken that for a sign of some sort, but now she didn't dare. She never would. **NUN**

“


The heavy rain made it hard for Ava to see as she ran after Beatrice. She shouted her name, trying so hard to be heard but she was too late. Beatrice was gone.

Gone to the market without having known what

Ava wanted for dessert.

”

writerofwrongs 



The Rapture of Saint Beatrice (of Silva!!!)

written by Foibles @foibles_fables
art by @HoeOfKristinaTY /a.nun.ymous

Out of context, the opening statement I'm about to offer might sound categorically ridiculous. In context, however, it's an absolute truth. And I'm just gonna go for it, okay? Hear me out. Imagine me clearing my throat and then declaring from my chest, with unequivocal confidence and delight—last summer, I fell head over heels in love with a bunch of nuns.

Truly, we all did. And, trust me, I'm glad this sentiment is shared, because if it wasn't...yikes, that would make that little confession (HA, Catholic joke number one of ??) more personal and a lot weirder. *Warrior Nun* rocketed onto our screens at a time when many of us needed it most. In the grips of a global pandemic, we were given a sliver of reprieve to pour our attention and enjoyment into. To briefly enumerate how this show has everything: gorgeous cinematography. Fantastically-choreographed action. A diverse and passionate cast playing diverse, strong characters—strong women. A solid and appreciated first hack at representation of all kinds, portrayed with authenticity and real meaningfulness. A kickass narrative which poignantly subverts the Chosen One trope and raises compelling questions regarding faith, authority, trust, and agency.

Those are all the highbrow macro-aspects of the show's wonder, of course. (Gee, those were some dictionary words, am I a real critic yet?!) But in listing and looking over *Warrior Nun*'s most magnetic qualities...I simply can't leave out Avatrice.

We all love Avatrice.

Seems like a good time to introduce myself. Hey. I'm Foibles. You might know me from AO3 and Twitter, where I perform hits like "I Swear This Fic Will Only Have One More Part" and "Oh No, I Am Once Again Publically Crying about Women." I contribute to fandom as a fanfiction writer and have been at it since...well, since I was much younger than I am now. July 2020 found me somersaulting out of a decade-long hiatus—adjusting to the pandemic had me seeking old comforts, namely the last piece of media I had attached myself to ten years prior. And wow, the urge to write came back, so write

I did. I moseyed awkwardly back into fandom spaces and marvelled at how different they were; Livejournal comms (DATING MYSELF, SURELY) had become Twitter and Discord. I ran into old pals who had moved onto new fandoms (an aside: Sapphic Fandom migration tendencies would be fascinating to study), and found myself craving a brand new show and ship to be excited about in addition to my tried-and-true fave.

And what was I seeing plastered all over my new Twitter timeline? Gifs of a young woman, with a sweet face, dressed in a habit and veil, tenderly caressing the cheeks of another: ponytailed, doe-eyed, who stared back at her wearing a breathless, starstruck grin. What's this? Netflix's *Warrior Nun*? Sounds fake but okay, I'll bite.

HOLY MOTHER, THE REST WAS HISTORY.

A week after the release date, I dove in. I watched. I binged. I squealed. I cried. I wrote. I yelled on Twitter. These goddamn nuns had me by the throat from the very first. And the fandom that coalesced around this show has been incredible and engaging and enthusiastic on every level. We have a good one, folks.

Being this entrenched in a new and bustling fandom brought me to a particular discovery.

Be me: late July, working at home, taking a brain break to think about the nuns (as usual). Musing on how the show held a lot of meaning for me, being raised Super Very Catholic (like, my-grandma-was-gonna-be-a-nun-herself-but-dropped-out-of-nun-school-because-she-enjoyed dudes-too-much kind of Catholic). How it had started to peek into all of the cracks and crevices of Roman Catholic rituals and symbolism. Wondering a little deeper about how the show could lean even deeper into the religion in the future—what else of its intricate richness they could play with.

I thought about the names of the characters who had taken vows.

Some orders of Catholic nuns keep their baptismal name after entering the novitiate. Some, though, as well as most priests, receive a new religious name. This name is symbolic of a new mission in life or role in the Church. Most times it's the name of a saint,

sometimes not. I pondered whether not our favorites had changed their names, and first considered Beatrice (duh). From years of Catholic school, I knew there was a Saint Beatrice. But, hey, it's been a while, and I'm admittedly a little rusty on the Jesus-lore. So, I figured I'd do a quick lookup of the old gal to see why this particular name might be a good fit for Beatrice.

I loaded up Google. I typed, clicked, yelled, and promptly spiked my phone right into the floor.

See, I had forgotten that Saint Beatrice, blessed lady she is, is known more fancily as Saint Beatrice of Silva.

[brief dramatic pause in which I allow recollection of our main protagonist's surname to flow over us like an anointing with holy oil. An obnoxious neon sign flickers in the background: "AVATRICE ENDGAME CONFIRMED." Foibles loses three more brain cells. There's excited wailing somewhere in the distance. Light suddenly engulfs everything; everything is beautiful. This is rapture.]

And as though the NAME isn't reason enough to SCREAM, let's talk a little bit more about Saint Beatrice of Silva, and how she shares some highly-intriguing parallels with our Beatrice. While we don't have a full backstory on Beatrice, we know she's the child of well-off British politicians who left home in what we can assume is permanence, first to boarding school and then directly into the Order of the Cruciform Sword. Beatrice of Silva, too, was born into a noble family in Portugal, before escaping the holds of royal life by settling in a convent in Spain. Eventually, she founded a new religious order herself.

That's not the extent of the weird coincidences, though. Let's discuss Beatrice of Silva's patronage—basically, the entity for which she's a special protector and intercessor.

Saint Beatrice of Silva is the patron saint of prisoners.

Prisoners! It's enough to make heads burst.

Because what a bold narrative statement that could scaffold—our Beatrice herself is a prisoner, rattling at her chains, longing to be unbound and unburdened in the terrifying acknowledgement of her sexuality. A prisoner in the closet, having built up high walls and taken solemn vows to

never act upon or even reveal them, to protect herself. But wait, there's more—Ava is also a prisoner. Once a prisoner at the orphanage, and now held hostage by this Halo she never asked for, placed there over her spine. A prisoner of a fate that wasn't supposed to be hers; one she now must rise to meet for the sake of her new family. Two prisoners struggling towards freedom together. Hot damn. That's gorgeous. GIVE THEM THE EMMY ALREADY.

With shaking hands I immediately took to Twitter with this anecdote and discovery, and the response was overwhelming. It was like the stars had aligned for us and everything we'd been hollering about for the past month. But nothing prepared us for the response from the man himself: Mr. Simon Barry, showrunner supreme, who caught wind of my tweet and replied with—wait for it—a gif of our little green friend Groggu, sipping smugly at his tea.

In watching this happen, the fandom tapped into something elemental in our souls. It amplified our energy, our pure unrefined hype. SIMON??? A WORD! WHAT DOES IT MEAN? Look what you've done to us poor fragile mortals clinging to your ankles, beseeching you for a scrap of that Avatrice beauty! In any case, his reply was the closest to God's message we might get, and we sure hope we're getting it right.

There's a lot left to be seen before we can determine that. More divine revelation, if you will. Was Simon's tweet an indication that this selection was intentional, or just a funny little reaction to a really weird coincidence? Is Avatrice indeed the endgame after which we've all been yearning? What will come of them in season two? And beyond?

Pals, listen. We have to trust our team and make faith our business. Why would we doubt? (Are the references getting onerous yet?) The writers and showrunners have a story to tell, and I have a feeling it's going to be one we treasure. Through the intercession of Saint Beatrice of Silva, as well as our Beatrice and her (Ava) Silva, may it happen. I offer all of this in humble prayer. In this season and the next. Amen.

Foibles out. **NUN**

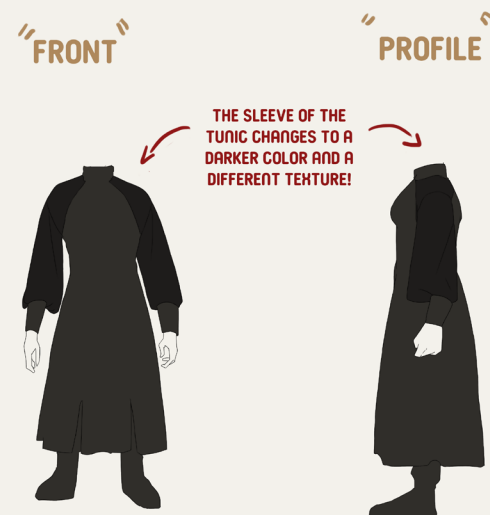
WARRIOR NUN UNIFORM MANUAL

BEATRICE

BEATRICE'S UNIFORM CONSISTS OF "3 LAYERS" THE INITIAL TUNIC (FIRST LAYER). RIGHT AFTER, THERE IS THE VERTICAL CENTRAL STRIP (SECOND LAYER) AND LAST, AND NOT LEAST, THE BATTLE EQUIPMENT (THIRD LAYER) DIVIDED IN THE CHEST BELT WHERE THE KUNAIS ARE AND THE WAIST BAND WHERE THE SHURIKENS ARE KEPT!



I INITIAL TUNIC

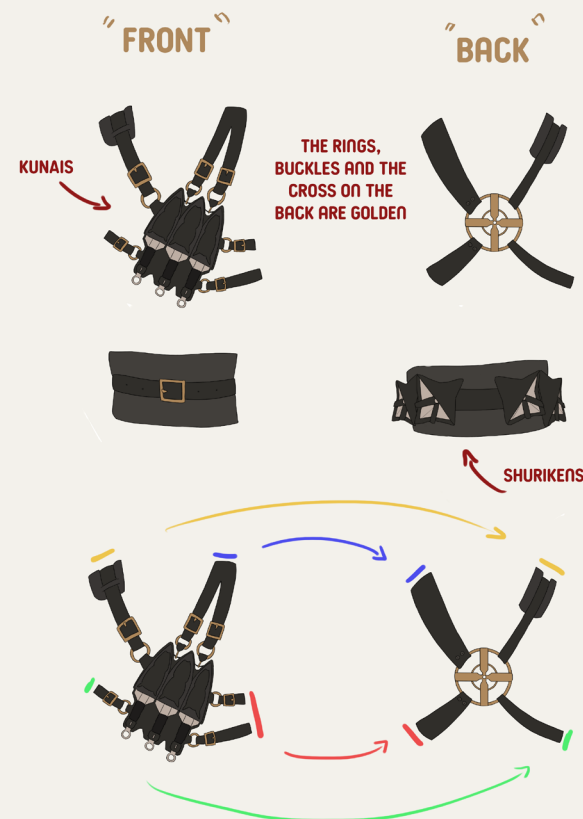


II VERTICAL CENTRAL STRIP



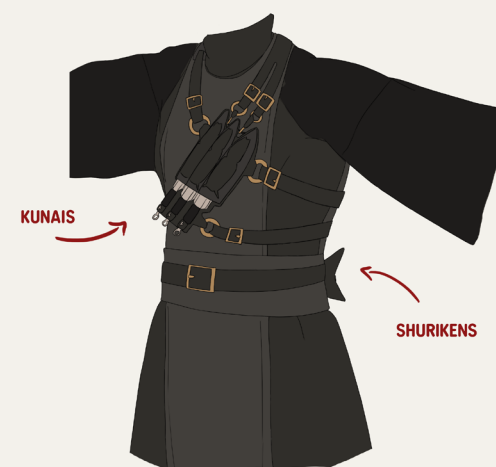
CHOOSE YOUR FIGHTER!

III BATTLE EQUIPMENT



EACH COLOR REPRESENTS THE MEETING OF THE FRONT AND BACK BELTS OF THE CHEST BELT

GENERAL VIEW



art by @brunmzz t



sculpture by DollyS
@artformorons@
Watch the process [here!](#)



custom Funko POPs by Jordan B
@atomicoctopusdesigns @

Avatrice Letters

written by Emm Prado @itsemminems_ 🐦

art by yomu @yom0322 🐦

@yomu.art/mikuep27 📷

Dearest Beatrice,
How's your day? I can't sleep because you've been running through my mind all day. You occupy my thoughts, Beatrice. I can't focus without you—your absence is killing me.

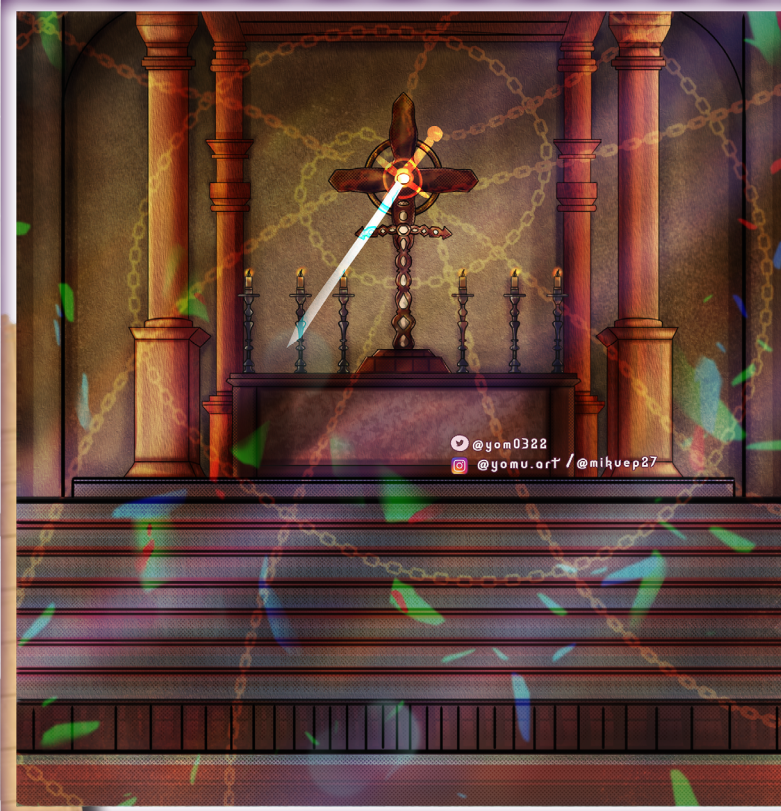
I wrote because I want to tell you something. The things I should've said to you but I didn't because I was too scared. Before we came across each other, the world always reminded me how useless I am, worthless rather. I was quadriplegic, but one day something happened. I died and I rose from the dead. From then, my life has changed. I can tell that I became stronger. I can walk. I can pass through walls. I can see demons. I can heal myself. Interesting, isn't it? There was a time I nearly believed that I came back for the purpose of fighting demons—to be a Warrior Nun. But then, I met you. You rewrote my role in this world in every unimaginable way and gave me a special place in your heart. I didn't think that I could also be special to someone. So please, accept my endless gratitude for making me feel things again.

I started my day by reminiscing about the first day we met and I will end it by recalling the last time I saw you. Beatrice, my day is coming to an end. I can now willingly close my eyes because now I know that I was special to someone.

If reincarnation is real, I hope we meet again, Beatrice.

Yours forever,

Ava



Dearest Ava,

I just finished glancing at your letter and I am certainly not sure if this letter will fall into your hands. By this time, the Pope has been authorized to remove the Halo from you— to give it back where it belongs.

Ava, I'm sorry if you have to go through this alone. I am not with you because I tried to convince him to take back what he said. There's nothing that'll make him change his decision; he has already made up his mind— so have I. I spoke to Dr. Salvius. I asked her if I could borrow her machine, she said it's fine. Ava, wait for me. Possibly, we're not meant to be together in this world, but in a parallel universe maybe we are. It'll all be worth it once we get there— to the place where there's no death and pain. We could be there together forever, Ava.

I'm coming home, wait for me, okay? Don't let them get too close to you. I don't want us to meet in reincarnation. I don't want to meet someone like you— because the only person I want to love forever is you.

Eternally yours,
Beatrice



OCS Writings

written by Mugzy @MugzieNic 

i wasn't prepared for any of this
it never crossed my mind that i would be here
that i can stand
that i can move
that i can hold another human being

you were harmless
that was my first impression
you were guarded
but i understood the hesitation
you are that badass
that i was torn if i wanted to fight you
and wished to win
or just be pinned down by you (still a win)

you grounded me when i needed it the most
you believed that i could do it
big changes happened with you in it
and all i want right now is to hold you close
whispering 'i'll be here always, love'

BEATRICE
AWA

i was trained for this
no amount of sweat and blood
can match what i have endured
the belief and acceptance of the path before me
has always been my guide
but i wasn't prepared for you

you were self-centered,
stubborn most of the time
but you are sweet and goofy
i can't stay mad at you when you are
flashing that smile at me
i was curious of your abilities
i was torn if i wanted to just observe it
or test it for myself, see how far you could go
if you could defeat me
or if i could win over you

you made me comfortable about myself
made me feel that nothing is wrong with me
you accepted me as i am
and all i want right now is to hold you close
whispering 'i will never leave you, love'

Mother Superior TAKEOVER

On 9th May I confiscated the phones of the Warrior Nun Fan Promo account. I begrudgingly started an advice column upon Camila's insistence that it would be fun and you all needed my wisdom. These tweets were just some of the results. I was assured that these are funny but am yet to be convinced.

Ana misses WN 🥺😭 · 2021-05-09 ...
Is the petit member of the clergy single? 🐣

Warrior Nun Fan Promo @WarriorNunPromo ...

Replying to @ana1998m
Ava, I told you to stop asking these questions. Put us all out of our misery and get on with it

mari 🐔 sausage dog... · 2021-05-09 ...
mother superior, how are things - ahem - going with our fellow doctor? 🙄💋🙄

#MSAdvice #WarriorNunAdvice
Warrior Nun Fan Promo @WarriorNunPromo ...

Replying to @schereeer
My advice to you is to mind your own business. But I will say the CEO of ArqTech is very... nice

bean @archbeanshop · 2021-05-09 ...
What's your favorite kind of tea?

Warrior Nun Fan Promo @WarriorNunPromo ...

Replying to @archbeanshop
Unlike Camila, I do not spill tea.

Foibles @foibles_fables · 2021-05-09 ...
Hey Mother Superior, would you rather fight a hundred duck-sized Durettis or one Duretti-sized duck?

Warrior Nun Fan Promo @WarriorNunPromo ...

Replying to @foibles_fables
I'm a trained fighter and could take care of both, but if I can step on 100 Durettis I will. Also, I will never hurt a duck, unless it's a duckretti.

🔥 The Magus is SOU... · 2021-05-09 ...
how do i get a gf or bf or like anyone to cuddle with??

Warrior Nun Fan Promo @WarriorNunPromo ...

Replying to @warriorwhigham
Talk to people.

melly 🥰 @melly_leung · 2021-05-09 ...
Mother, did it hurt when you fell from heaven? Bc you look like an angel 🥰

Warrior Nun Fan Promo @WarriorNunPromo ...

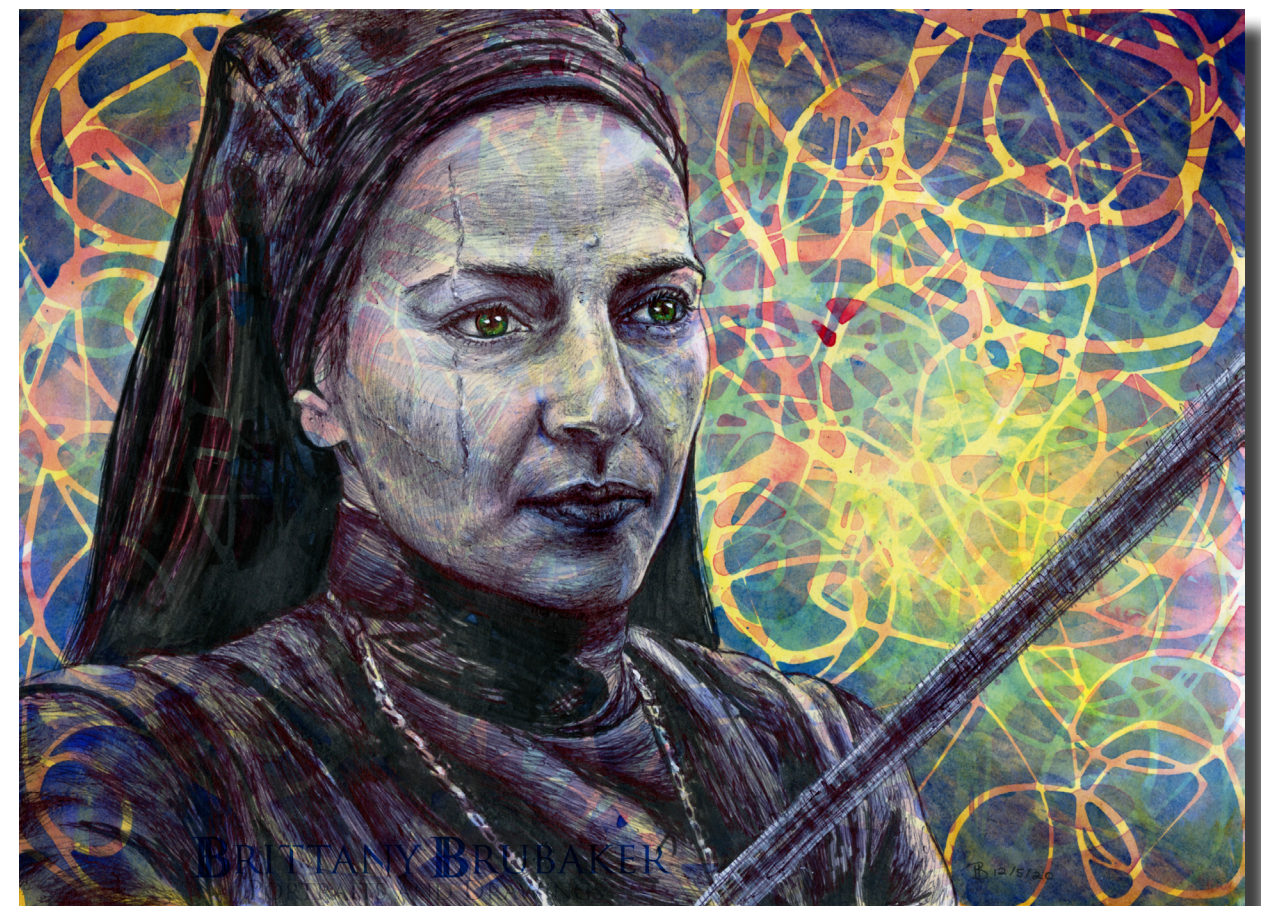
Replying to @melly_leung
First of all, this is blasphemy. Secondly, falling from heaven would result in certain death. I did no such thing.



art by Melly @melly_leung 🐦



art by Newt @ukuleleandcats 🐦



art by Brittany Brubaker
@BMBrubaker 🐦📷

We need to talk about ableism in Warrior Nun

written by Lu @avatricefeels 
art by Rizz @theylikepink  



Warrior Nun is championed as a diverse show, which has contributed to its global success. However, what people may not notice (unless you know what to look for) is how ableist Ava's storyline is. As much as we all love the show and the representation it has given us, it is important that we do not turn a blind eye to its faults.

Ableism is the discrimination against people with disabilities, viewing able-bodied people as superior and normal and disabled people as needing to be fixed. Even Ava's first lines in the trailer about being a "freak" but wanting to be "normal" begin to reinforce this [damaging viewpoint](#). Warrior Nun then goes on to introduce not one but two ableist tropes that serve as disability erasure: the miracle or magical cure and better dead than disabled tropes.

The miracle or magical cure trope does what it says on the tin, curing a character's disability or illness by magic, a holy miracle, or even, ridiculously, willpower. Sadly, this trope is all too common and crops up frequently in well-loved pop culture media, for example Marvel's *Dr Strange* and Netflix's *The Witcher*. In *Warrior Nun*, Ava, a former quadriplegic, regains the use of her limbs after receiving the Halo, just minutes into the show. But, before we get into why this trope is harmful and has no place in modern storytelling, allow me to pose a simple question: what is the point of writing a disabled character only to remove the disability?

The [miracle cure trope](#) is ableist because it is rooted in the idea that you cannot be a hero and disabled. It reinforces the core ableist notion that being disabled is something that must be cured or fixed in order to fit into a predominantly able-bodied 'normal' world, instead of letting disabled people be themselves and providing necessary accommodations. At best, this trope smacks of lazy writing, and at worst it is offensive and harmful. Just because anything is possible in the genres of science fiction and fantasy does not negate the responsibility of writers to be conscientious and sensitive about how they tell their stories. Everyone deserves to be represented in a way that is authentic and respectful, not just people of all sexualities, genders and races, but disabled people, too. For a show about demon fighting nuns that juggles the conflict between science and the Catholic church, it would not have been a great stretch of the imagination to accommodate Ava's disability if that is truly what the writers wanted to achieve. After

all, it is revealed that Ava has the unique ability to levitate and she even expresses excitement at seeing the wheelchairs at ArqTech, though this scene can be viewed as an excuse to use a cool prop rather than to normalise wheelchairs as an everyday mobility aid.

Considering the issues with these tropes, let's remember that Ava's character was not featured in the original source material (90s comic *Warrior Nun Areala* by Ben Dunn). This makes the added ableism to the show all the more disappointing and frustrating, especially when it is clear from interviews with the cast and crew that the diversity in the casting and writing was a conscious effort. In fact, at this year's ClexaCon panel, Kristina Tonteri-Young (who plays Beatrice) even revealed that the script for the heartfelt Sister Melanie scene was further revised to make its meaning more explicit. Yet, the same level of care was not applied for Ava's disability. Notably, her paralysis is barely mentioned, to the extent that the show would have worked just as well without it. So, little would have to be changed that it brings into question why it was included in the first place. Was being an orphan and abused by a serial killer Catholic nun not a tragic enough backstory? It seemed, briefly, that the show may use this narrative to explore the very real issue of disabled people being abused by institutions, the medical industry, and their caregivers, but this did not happen and only served as a tragic footnote. Rather, there has been no indication that the other sister warriors even know the true extent of what Ava went through, or that her former carer murdered her. Ava never explicitly mentions it, and the viewers are in a unique position of understanding her past better than any of the sisters. The only hint of this is in episode eight when Ava says "[paralysis is] not what scares me. What scares me is being alone". To take that further, what Ava fears is the possibility of being alone vulnerable to abuse, not her disability itself.

Another glaring example of the show's ableist narrative is the *better dead than disabled trope*. In the opening scene of the first episode, Sister Frances states that Ava "was in Hell already" before she died and later describes her "broken... the result of a car accident", implying that disabled people are somehow less worthy of life than able-bodied people. The very fact that we later learn that Sister Frances killed Ava and basically claims that she was doing her a favour just makes the whole situation worse. Such writing frames Ava's disabled life as pitiful and disposable, reinforcing a damaging message about disabilities overall.

There has been no shortage of criticism of the show's ableism. When it aired, in Disability Pride month of 2020 no less, the disabled community and others were quick to express their hurt and disappointment. In particular, author Lillie Lainoff tweeted about the show's issues with ableism, which was acknowledged by showrunner Simon Barry, who replied "we want to do better [in season two]". Whilst these two tropes should have never made it to the screen in the first place, this recognition that the show has work to do is a glimmer of hope.

"I wanted to love [Warrior Nun] so much. But the ableism hurts."

- Lillie Lainoff (@lillielainoff)

"[The writing team] want to do better and address this."

- Simon Barry, showrunner (@SimonDavisBarry)

How could the show address these issues next season? Firstly, disabled writers need to be included in the conversation and in the writers' room. Serious thought needs to be given to whether ableist language is necessary in the script (see "crippled" and "cancer"), especially if it is not going to be explicitly addressed as harmful. Furthermore, how the other characters discuss and perceive Ava and her past needs to be reassessed and developed next season. In part five of her analysis [Warrior Nun Struggles As A Trauma Narrative](#), Taylor Breeding of *The Fandoments* points out that even Mary's accusation that Ava is selfish, as everything "[revolved] around her" due to her disability, reads as ableist. This is despite the fact that Mary is arguably the most empathetic of all the characters towards Ava. It would also be a step in the right direction for Ava to be given the space to discuss her disability and associated trauma, in the same way that time was dedicated to Beatrice opening up about her sexuality.

Overall, we can enjoy the show and continue to champion its diversity and representation, but not at the expense of ignoring these issues of ableism. Having been renewed, *Warrior Nun* has now been offered the chance to do better, and I sincerely hope that the writers and Netflix make the most of it. **NUN**



All The SINGLE Ladies

written by **Cocoa_N_Donuts**  

Beatrice was the top of her class in most, if not all, subjects previously taken in the prestigious schools that she'd been sent to. Even after becoming a nun and a sister warrior, she continued to keep up with her higher education between her training and missions. She has an online degree and is working on another now that she's left the OCS, which is bolstered by an above-average understanding of geometry, mathematics, and physics. Apart from that, her Halo-protecting, demon-slaying training has also helped improve her physicality and honed her accuracy in most weapons.

She's accurate enough to hit the fingernails off a grown man ten metres away with a kunai. So why is that one soft toy still evading her grasp?!

This time, Beatrice triple-checks the angle of the crane's claw from all sides, still dangling over the toy that Ava had eyed over an hour ago. She hits the big yellow button to send the claw down to the (admittedly cute) owl plushie.

The claw extends and clamps around the head of the owl plushie. For a short moment, it seems like the toy would lift with the claw... But it slips through, plopping upside down on the nest of other toys. Returning to its resting state, the claw swings mockingly in tandem with the glaring lights and loud music at Beatrice's defeat.

Beatrice braces both clenched fists on the control panel of the claw machine, head bowed, breathing heavily in frustration.

Lord, please. Your champion requests this. Is she not supposed to have it, or is this simply a test of my patience?

There is a light pat on her back, Ava's warm hand resting on her shoulder. With a pleading expression, Ava says, "B-Bea... Really, it's okay, you don't have to—"

"No, Ava, I will get you the toy that you'd asked for. Even if it costs me my entire bank account and the clothes on my back, I will not be defeated by an inanimate claw machine," Beatrice snaps.

Beatrice looks up just in time to see Ava approach even closer, a small, contrite but knowing smile on her face.

"Bea, you don't have to pressure yourself into getting the stuffed toy for me," Ava speaks softly, resting a hand on Beatrice's cheek. "I love you. I want you to be happy and have fun with this, more than I want the plush."

In the face of Ava's contrition, Beatrice's frustration seeps from her and she leans into Ava's hand, holding onto it. "I- I'm sorry I snapped at you. I was frustrated and I took it out on you. Here."

Beatrice fishes out her last token, offering it to Ava, "Want to do this together?"

Ava's responding smile is radiant when she takes the token from Beatrice and slides it into the slot, and Beatrice cannot help but return her love's smile.

"Yes! Let's do this!" Ava hops on the spot as the lights and jarring music of the machine ding to life. With Ava's hand on hers, they swiftly maneuver the claw into place. After a quick look at each other and a quicker prayer from Beatrice, they press on the big yellow button together.

Like clockwork (or machinery, Beatrice supposes), the claw descends, and wraps around the toy.

This time, however, one of the claws catches on a label and hooks the entire toy along with it. Beatrice watches in disbelief as the claw releases it into the retrieval slot.

"Yes!!!" Ava bounces in place. "We did it! We did it! I'll get it!"

As Ava fishes around for the toy, Beatrice says a prayer of thanks to the Lord. She wonders if there is a lesson to be learnt from this; if she should learn to ask for help and work together with Ava instead of insisting on doing things for Ava.

Ava. The woman who entered her life not five years ago, a bright light of hope in a time of darkness. She had drawn Beatrice out of her shell and into loving arms, teaching Beatrice how to stand up to the hopelessness carved into her soul, and showing her what it was like to once again live a life true to herself. Together with the other sister warriors, they had defeated Adriel, apprehended the traitor Vincent, and revolutionised the entire concept of religion along the way.

They sure have come a long way. She has come a long way. Ava too, who nobody can deny has grown tremendously since then.

Speaking of, Ava is still close to the ground. Is she still retrieving the toy?

"Ava, is everything alr—" Beatrice turns to see Ava on one knee, both hands proffering the owl plushie with a ring hanging around its beak.

"Bea," Ava grins charmingly up at her, "Will you marry me?"

There is a muffled Camila-esque squeal from inside the claw machine. Without breaking her smile, Ava elbows the offending contraption with a dull thunk.

Even as Beatrice chuckles, she cannot hold back the tears pooling in her eyes. But then she reaches into her pocket and mirrors Ava, pulling out a ring of her own.

"I will if you do."

Both of them smile tearily at each other and embrace, before exchanging rings. Camila pops up from where she was hiding within the claw machine, cheering and clapping when they kiss.

Mary and Lilith approach them after they break apart.

"Really, Baby H? We spent three nights working on your proposal speech, and all you can manage is 'Will you marry me?'?" Mary asks incredulously.

"I'm sorry! Bea was just so cute with her big doe eyes and shocked expression," Ava exclaims in response, "that I forgot everything else. I just wanted to put a ring on it!"

"You are both equally whipped. How long have you had that ring, Beatrice?" Lilith asks, rolling her eyes.

Beatrice nods meekly. "For... about half a year. I was trying to find the right time, and I guess this was the best that I could muster. Did you all plan this together?"

Then, another thought occurs to her and she could feel her brows involuntarily pull together. "Camila, did you help us cheat to get the owl?"

Camila smiles sweetly from behind the glass. "It's not cheating if we've already paid them an insane amount of money for us to do this. Also, we knew you could do it eventually, I was just there as an insurance policy."

Beatrice shakes her head at the lengths they had gone to pull off such a dorky proposal that only Ava could have conceptualised. But Ava bounces around, nonplussed and gleeful. "Alright! Mission accomplished! Ring on finger, now let's get dinner!"

They all turn to leave when...

"Um... Can... someone help me get out? I'm kind of stuck in here," Camila asks sheepishly. **NUN**

2 Corinthians 12:8-9

written by H. Marie King @h_marieking 🐦

art by Newt @ukuleleandcats 🐦

Much is unknown about the Halo. The church doesn't know its true origin, its true power, its true purpose. There are no mentions of halos in biblical text. The girls only know the lies they've been told and the things they've witnessed. They know now that the Halo was not given to them from an angel, but from a demon thief -- this does not mean that it wasn't still a gift.

The Halo could have rejected Areala, but it saw something inside her worth saving, worth bonding to. No matter what the church may have you believe, it is the Halo who chooses its bearers, the church simply offers up candidates. More often than not, their views on the Halo Bearer align, but the Halo has been known to reject warrior nuns in the past.

The Halo is more than an object. Some have come to suspect that it's a portal to the plane on which Heaven resides, or that it can be used as a power source. It's true that it can act as a portal to other planes of existence or a powerful energy source, but those who have witnessed its power know that it's so much more. It is the grace of God, bestowed by Him unto his warriors -- his angels. It represents an angel's divinity, giving them their divine power to be used on the battlefield against demons.

When it was given to Mother Superior, the Halo stayed with her for a few weeks. It needed time to orient itself with its new Bearer. It needed a chance to explore the spaces that only God could see within a human. When the Halo rejected her, it did so not because she was unworthy of its holy power, but because it knew of God's greater plan for her. She needed to become Mother Superior -- with the Halo, she would never be able to achieve this. When it rejected her, it felt her sorrow, her pain, her doubts, and her self-loathing. It heard her screams as the Halo grew hot around her skin, the red flesh boiling as the Halo forced its way out of her. How it wished it could comfort her, that it could somehow tell her that it wasn't her fault that it couldn't bond to her, that the scars would heal. It wanted to tell her that even though she wasn't meant to be the Halo Bearer, it didn't mean she wasn't destined for something great. Even now the Halo wonders about Mother Superior, hoping that she's doing well and has moved past its rejection.

When the Halo was given to Shannon, it bonded to her within a few days. When it knew that she was truly the next Bearer, it felt immense sorrow at the fate that had been thrust upon the girl. To suffer such a betrayal and have

it result in such a painful death was something the Halo wished it did not have to bring with it. But her path was placed before her by God, and the Halo was an obedient servant. As Shannon lay dying in the chapel, it felt her regrets. She regretted that she didn't spend more time with the other warrior nuns, pushing everyone away who could have helped her. She regretted keeping all those secrets to herself and not being able to do more to protect her sisters from the threat they all now faced, completely unaware of the danger they were in. She regretted not telling Mary she loved her, though Shannon was sure she must have known. The Halo almost wished Mary would be its next Bearer, if only to get to know the girl who had captured Shannon's heart. It took comfort in knowing that this love was the love God had intended for his children, and was glad that Shannon had known this love before she moved from this world to the next. It would miss Shannon's strength and devotion to finding the truth against the hierarchy that claimed to be set by God. It never felt her scream as it was ripped from her body and she was left to die, abandoned by the divine power that was supposed to protect her.

The Halo buried itself into the next girl and felt nothing, no pain as the device cut into her body, or as the Halo burned her flesh. It secured itself into place and began its search. It explored her memories, her thoughts and feelings, and searched for faith. It found nothing but cold and empty. The Halo knew this feeling well, for it was the feeling of death. The first time it felt this was when it was first given to Areala to try and save her, now this was all too familiar. This is a feeling that has been felt violently in every Bearer since then.

As it lay in this new body, it did not feel the urge to move on, instead it felt sympathy for the girl. With God's permission it started healing her, removing the unnatural poisons from her blood. As her life was restored, her memories, thoughts, and feelings started flooding the empty space and filled the shell that the girl had once been. The Halo connected to the girl who was Ava faster than any other Bearer and it knew God had chosen her for the trials that lay ahead.

Ava started trembling, her nerves activating all at once. Her tremors became seizures as her body tried to restart itself all at once and everything became overloaded. The Halo watched the flash of memories as they restored themselves like painful hallucinations. It felt sympathy for the young girl as it watched her life unfold before it. It felt her pain from the car crash that disabled her and the

intense switch to sudden nothingness when her body gave out and rendered her paralyzed. It felt her sorrow at the passing of her mother. It felt rage on her behalf at how the Sisters at the orphanage treated her, women who claimed to be doing God's work and completely missed his message. Ava's emotions were strong, if not completely tangled up. The Halo loved her sense of justice and her compassion for others.

Then Ava woke up.

It took a moment for her to catch up with her body, but the Halo felt her screams more intensely than anyone else before. Why wouldn't it? Not only did she just go through the excruciating process of coming back to life after a traumatic death, she had her back ripped apart by the device and a completely foreign object thrust into her. It understood her confusion as she wiggled her toes again for the first time in twelve years, witnessed the murder of a nun in an unfamiliar place, and saw her first wraith demon. It felt her courage as she defended herself from the man who was under the demon's influence, and her fear at the sounds of gunfire down the hall.

The Halo tried to take a step back, to only give Ava enough power to keep her walking, to keep her muscles from tearing themselves apart after so much time going unused. When she was hit by that truck, it stepped in to protect her just enough to keep her safe without overloading her body with its divine power. It healed the gaping bloody wound that travelled the length of her lower leg and was surprised when she didn't lose her mind.

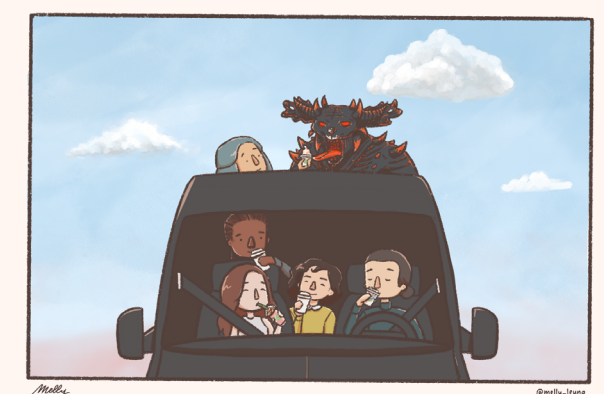
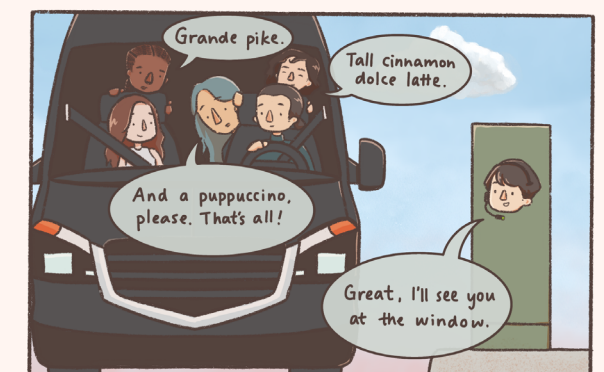
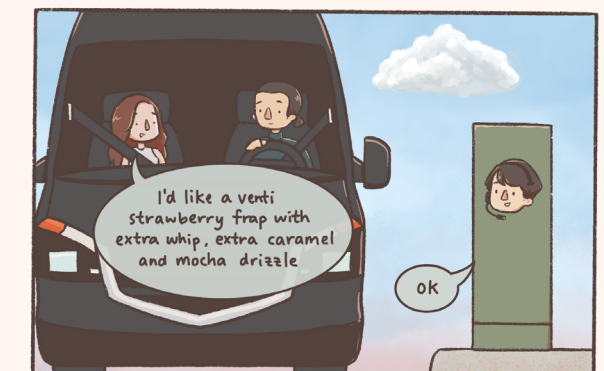
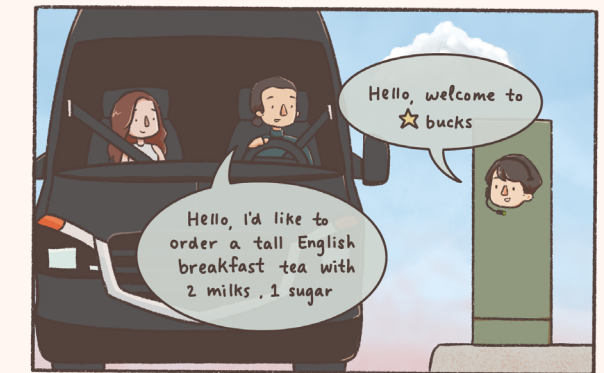
Instead it heard her question very clearly, 'What are you up to God?'

The Halo grew lighter, it couldn't answer her now, but maybe one day it would be able to. Until then, it could forgive her need to be selfish, her rejection of the organization built around the Halo, because it knew the compassion and justice that filled her heart. It knew that it ended up with this wonderful new Bearer for a reason, she was destined to complete Shannon's work. Ava needed to get out into the world first and have a chance to understand it, get a chance to see people separate from those who hurt her, and choose to serve them herself. And the Halo was confident she would. For now, it took a backseat and let Ava experience life, waiting for her to call upon it when she was ready. **NUN**

“Three times I pleaded with the Lord to take it away from me. But he said to me, “My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.” Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ’s power may rest on me.”



nuns on a coffee run



art by Melly @melly_leung



Pain made Beatrice a Sister Warrior,
but a broken heart pushed her to become a Warrior Nun.

writerofwrongs

Warrior Nun (TV) on Archive of Our Own

A Statistical Analysis of Warrior Nun Fanfiction

written by Lee @leet911 ✂️
@x7ion 🐦
edited by Bean
@nowavailableonthesky ✂️

This article is a breakdown of data that is publicly available via the Archive of Our Own (AO3) along with some conjecture and insights. This information is available to any AO3 user simply from looking at search results or the works themselves on the site. Note that this is not necessarily representative of the Warrior Nun fandom written works as a whole as we are looking purely at AO3 data. Sure, it's the largest fanfiction archive on the internet, but there are other sites, Twitter/Tumblr, Discord servers, and private mailing lists where fans may post content. This analysis focuses purely on AO3 because that's the data we can access.

The code for scraping this [data](#) is open-source and available on [GitHub](#) for all to use if anyone is interested in other fandoms as well.

A Note About Language

The Warrior Nun fandom is primarily in English as far as AO3 is concerned. As of May 2021, there are only 7 (out of nearly 600) non-English works published to AO3: 6 in Spanish, and 1 in Chinese. Spanish as a second language is not surprising as it is heard throughout the show, which takes place partly in Spain (Andalusia). Still, it's only a tiny portion of the total works, and the remainder of this analysis ignores language as a factor entirely.

On #WarriorNunWednesday

Do more fics get posted on Warrior Nun Wednesdays, the weekly fandom event driven primarily by fans on Twitter using the hashtag #WarriorNunWednesday? It's quite common for fans to post content on Wednesdays because of that, but does the same extend to publishing fanfiction on AO3?

From the fic per week day graph, it seems not. Since I am located in North America, there could be timezone effects, and we see a slight boost in fic publishing on Tuesdays, which would be Wednesday for most of the world by the time it's Tuesday night in North America. Also, some people may be posting to AO3 in advance of Warrior Nun Wednesday, but even so, the effect seems minimal when compared to the rest of the week. Sunday is actually the busiest period, which matches AO3 overall as a non-business hobby site, where the most traffic occurs on weekends.

So, while #WarriorNunWednesday encourages fan participation, and many people tweet, or post fanart/fanvids on Wednesdays, fanfic publishing on AO3 seems largely unaffected.

Works by Category (or the Femslashers are Winning)

From AO3 user destinationtoast's analysis in "[[Fandom Stats](#)] F/F stats (February 2021)", we can see that for AO3 as a whole, only 8.7% of works are rated F/F, so it is a rare category compared to others (and there are multiple reasons and theories about that which we won't explore here). Of course there are certain fandoms where content is more heavily weighted towards F/F with their popular ships (e.g. Supergirl, Once Upon a Time, The 100, She-Ra), or other fandoms that are smaller but which feature primarily femslash ships in the source material and in fanworks (e.g. Amar a Muerte, Carol, Happiest Season, Dead to Me).

Back in February 2021 (see the [data](#) from destinationtoast), Warrior Nun came in 8th among all fandoms in terms of percentage of works which are categorized F/F with 96.4% (533/553 works). As of early May 2021 that trend has continued with a F/F category rate of 96.0% (573/597 works). Note that the second most popular category in the Warrior Nun fandom after F/F is Gen (42/597 works as of May 2021 for 7.0%), which seems to indicate that most authors either ship women loving women, or are not writing for ships at all. Of the 6 works tagged M/M, it may also be interesting to note that 4 of them are crossovers, so the M/M doesn't necessarily involve Warrior Nun characters. And even the two M/M works that are not crossovers do not have the M/M pairing in question tagged, so at a glance it's unknown what M/M pairing those would include (and whether they involve existing characters from the show or original creations from the author).

Word and Word Counts (or GleeCastOST isn't human)

As of early May 2021 (10 months after the release of Warrior Nun's first season on Netflix), nearly 5 million words of fanfiction have been published to AO3. For most in the fandom, it is no surprise to see that GleeCastOST leads the way with over 800k words written across 21 fics. Or that by themselves, GleeCastOST has contributed more than 16% of those 4.8M words. In fact, just the top two authors by word count (GleeCastOST and surpanakha) have contributed over a million words of fanfiction, with surpanakha sitting at 260k words and 5.42% of the total fic output - which, while impressive in itself, by comparison is less than one-third of GleeCastOST's output. Rounding out the top 5 are puppybusby, DangersUntoldHardshipsUnnumbered, and spacewritermonkey, other familiar names for those who follow Warrior Nun fanfiction. The top five authors have written over a third of all the fic in the fandom (34.2%); if we extend that to the top ten authors by word count, it's closer to half (46.6%), showing that a small group of writers are responsible for most of the fic output.

Works By Ship (Or Everything Is #Avatrice)

It is important to note that percentages for fics by ship do not represent all works tagged with a certain pairing. This is a breakdown by the first pairing tag listed by the author. In general, this tends to represent the pairing which is the focus of the work, but this is by no means guaranteed. It is simply the pairing chosen first by the author and there may or may not be other pairings represented within the work as well.

That said, for those who have the impression that everything in Warrior Nun is about Avatrice (Sister Beatrice/Ava Silva), they are right, as over 73% of fics on AO3 (424/597) have that listed as the first pairing. The second most popular pairing of Lilshotgun (Sister Lilith/Shotgun Mary) is far behind at just under 9% of fics listing it first. And a good chunk of those are written by only a few authors (e.g. DangersUntoldHardshipsUnnumbered, who has contributed 14 Lilith/Mary fics on her own). The same goes for the 3rd most popular pairing of Fallenhalo (Sister Lilith/Ava Silva) at just under 2% of fics (where KtheG has contributed 6 of 11 works in this pairing). Outside of the top three pairings we fall into single digit fic counts, so there really is a dearth of content if your jam is anything but Avatrice or Lilshotgun.

Works By Rating (Or Sexy Nuns with Guns)

Despite the original comic book source material for Warrior Nun being quite sexualized, the TV show is much less so (the Sister Warriors wear typical nun habits for the most part) and the fanfiction follows this trend. The fanfiction on AO3 has 7.24% of works (43/597) rated Explicit versus 16.3% overall for AO3 globally across all works. Similarly, what's normally considered "adult content" (Mature and Explicit ratings) is 31% overall for AO3, but only 20% within the Warrior Nun fandom, with most of that shifted towards the Teen rating.

To be fair, making inferences from this may be premature as we are comparing a fandom with ~600 works to AO3 globally, which houses over 7.5M works, so small sample size effects could easily skew percentages. But it's still interesting to contemplate whether the style of the show, or the predominantly Catholic content of it, or just the fact that many of the characters are nuns play into these statistics.

Conclusion

From anecdotal personal experience, the Warrior Nun fandom has been one of the most friendly, welcoming, and drama-free fandoms that I have ever participated in. Whether this is due to the monolithic nature of the fandom, where the majority of fans are (if we can allow ourselves to generalize for a moment) sapphics who ship Ava/Beatrice and aren't focused on smut, or some other reason is up for debate. In any event, nearly a year after the release of the first season of Warrior Nun, we can see from the data that this fandom deviates from the norm as compared to AO3 overall. That's not a value judgement, the Warrior Nun fandom is just different, and whether that difference is good or bad is a matter of personal opinion.

If you made it this far, you are likely part of the fandom or at least interested in it, so I would like to thank you for everything you've contributed to the fandom whether that's writing nearly a million words of fanfic, making fanart/fanvids/GIFs, managing Discord servers, tweeting about where the bloopers are (seriously, where are those bloopers?), or just lurking. So thank you all!

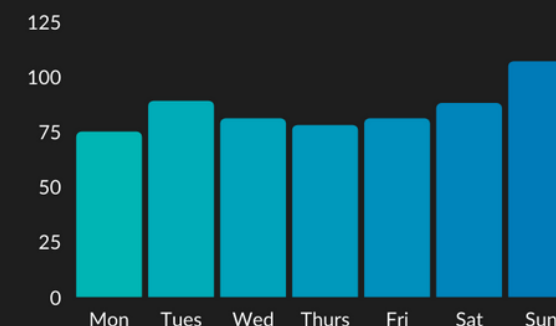
In this life or the next. **NUN**

STATISTICS

AO3 ANALYTICS

Powered by ArqTech

FICS PER WEEK DAY



FICS BY SHIP

73%
Avatrice

9%
Lilshotgun

SHIPS BY CATEGORY



803,473
WORDS



by GleeCastOST



“What if I told
you that demons
were real?
That they were
among us?”

art by **Brittany Brubaker**
@BMBrubaker  



art by
 @HoeOfKristinaTY
 a.nun.ymous

The Resurrection

written by **Alex @CmndrLex** 

I must start this with a confession: when *Warrior Nun* first aired, I didn't immediately hop onboard the Halo Bearer bus...or van, if you will. No, that came later.

A few months after the show was originally released on the streaming platform Netflix, I found myself in a funk. I felt suffering at the lack of LGBT+ content available, feeling as though I'd seen it all, and streamed all there was multiple times. In this funk, I found myself more willing to push through the hetero-heavy first few episodes and truly try to find the passion I'd seen other fans enjoying in the ship Avatrice, the relationship between lead and resident halo-bearer Ava Silva and stoic brainiac Sister Beatrice.

And boy did I see it this time around. My interest was officially sparked this time around.

Meet Thine Enemy

My first stop when my interest is officially piqued is always the fanfic realm. With my experience in my years of fandom life, fanfic is where your eyes are truly opened, and the Halo Bearers did not disappoint. On the popular fan fiction hosting site Archive of Our Own (lovingly referred to as AO3), I found a plethora of fanfic that only further illuminated me to the passion between these two characters that I'd been ignorant of before. And even better was how the fandom didn't just focus on our two main girls and ignore all else, but seemed to genuinely enjoy making sure the other characters featured prominently and were also invested in the relationship.

However, during my immersion into this lovely fandom's fanfic I kept coming across one name I didn't recognize: Teresa.

Teresa, a Saint You Are Not

This character kept popping up, and despite my repeated viewings of the show's content I could not find this character anywhere and I was concerned I was blacking out or zoning out and just repeatedly missing this Teresa.

Who WAS this interloper? Why was she so often interrupting MY GIRLS from getting together, wedging herself into Avatrice's most intimate moments. Every time my most pious nun and God's chosen one were about to FINALLY get to it, this trespasser dared trespass on their moment?!

I turned to the fandom and was shown the way. The fandom created the character Teresa from thin air! I had been calling this mystery character my mortal enemy after three instances of her interrupting my OTP (One True Pairing) from becoming endgame and it had all been a fandom inside joke!

The Halo Bearers

This group, they'd been here since the early days. They were the ones that saw what this show offered from the get go. They stood by the show and the girls, they never grew bitter, or cruel when new people at last saw the light and God made known to new fans the path of Avatrice. This group, the Halo Bearers, they waited and had faith. And when people come, they welcome every new viewer.

These people are so happy to share something they love with others, the moment one shows interest, they come bearing behind the scenes content newbies weren't around for. They are excited to show new viewers everything they've been steadily building for months.

It's truly one of the best fandoms to join, not just because the ship is wonderful, not simply because ALL the characters are so well-written, but because the PEOPLE who make up this fandom are some of the kindest, most patient, and oh-so-welcoming group I've encountered in my time as a fangirl.

*Thank you, Halo Bearers, for allowing me to become one of you, for showing me the way, for just being so great! **NUN***

In this life or the next



CONTENT WARNING ESTABLISHED MAJOR CHARACTER DEATH

In This Life

written by [writerofwrongs](#) ✂

art by [@HoeOfKristinaTY](#) [/a.nun.ymous](#) @

Ava was by all means an ordinary young woman. Granted, the term “woman” might be up for debate, but she was young, and she liked to have her own brand of fun. Despite being on the cusp of adulthood, she still consumed far too many sweets, took the time to prank the other nuns, and sometimes even chose to terrorise Mother Superior by “attempting to fly,” ensuring her fall could be seen through the older woman’s office window. Yes, she was supposedly your average immature lady, except she was also leading a secret group of fighting nuns who battled demons and other evil things.

Ava and her life were so far from ordinary that she thought hardly anything fazed her anymore.

Until one day when she literally stumbled onto a hidden room within her room. After quickly exiting and phasing through the wall in her excitement to report her discovery with the others, instead she found a stranger in her room who greeted her with a villainous grin before Ava realized the floor was about to come for her face.

One moment she was trying to make sense of the huge chunk of stone that nearly smacked her silly. The next thing she knew, there was a second stranger in her room who literally kicked the first evil bitch’s ass to

the ground. Ava was unsure whether to be impressed or scared, having no idea who the two unknowns were. The victor of the knockdown fight finally shifted their attention to Ava and the Halo Bearer noted the look of concern. The details finally made itself known to her when she realized the two strangers’ outfits looked remarkably similar to that of her team’s.

Ava saw the stranger come closer, asking if she was alright. But before Ava could even form a reply, the woman blurred right in front of her—like some fucking mirage right as Mary appeared. “You still with me, Ava? C’mon we gotta go.”

“Did you just...?” Ava tried desperately to focus but Mary seemed to wobble between having a double and the other woman just stared at her solemnly. Silently.

Mary was dragging her out of the room when Ava turned back to call out for the other woman. “Hey!”

The stranger looked surprised. Mary even more so.

“Let’s go!” Ava sluggishly waved a hand in a “come” gesture. She thought at least her vision seemed to be repairing itself since the woman holding her up no longer had a twin. Said woman did look at her like she was nuts. “What the hell is wrong with you?”

Ava tried to dig in her heels to stop the older woman

from carting her off before she could get the stranger to follow. “She helped us out! We can’t leave her behind!”

Mary looked back at the direction Ava pointed at and saw no one but the crumpled figure of Crimson.

“You’re not talking about Crimson, right?”

Ava frowned and split her focus between the woman beside her and the other who stood firmly a few feet away.

“Uh...what’s your name?” she dared to finally call out.

“Ava—” Mary started in a warning tone.

“Beatrice,” the stranger softly replied. Ava grinned in response as she looked at Mary. “We can’t leave Beatrice behind.”

Ava felt Mary stiffen and saw her go pale.

“What did you say?”

Ava pointed back inside the room where Mary still saw no one but the prone nun on the floor.

“Beatrice helped us out. Surely we’re not leaving her behind.”

“Crimson always had a mean arm. She must have really hit you good. Let’s go.” Mary dragged Ava along, but the younger woman was insistent.

“She’s right THERE! Jeezus.” Ava looked back at the newcomer Beatrice and motioned once again for her to follow. “Come on!”

Beatrice looked downwards for a beat before moving forward, which caused Ava to sigh in relief knowing her rescuer was coming along.

A noise at the end of the hallway drew their attention, their relief short lived as another nun toting a semiautomatic rifle grumbled, “Are we just waiting for the rest of the crazy ones to arrive or do we just like to take our time?”

Mary shook her head as she resumed walking, thankful that this time Ava was no longer resistant to moving.

“Crimson happened.”

“What?” The other nun took point while she asked questions. “Is she going to be a problem on our way out?”

Ava grinned stupidly as she chanced a look over her shoulder, glad to see Beatrice was still following. “Nah. Beatrice took care of that Crimson.”

Ava was elated to see a small smile directed at her pronouncement, courtesy of her rescuer.

“What?” The tone took her off guard and Ava redirected her focus on the one who asked.

Mary shook her head, “She hit her head hard, Camila.”

Camila looked at Ava with a painful expression that the Warrior Nun had rarely seen. She’d always known Camila as a brusque and battle-weary woman. “How do you even know that name?” The question was whispered.

From the corner of her eye, she spied Beatrice move even closer, now an arm’s length from Camila.

“Don’t you guys see her? She’s right there, Cam!”

“Stop it!”

The hissed warning drew Ava short, just as the anger in Mary’s eyes froze her on the spot.

“There’s no Beatrice and there’s no one here but us.”

Of course, true to form, Ava wasn’t quick to give up.

“Speak up, Beatrice! Let them know.” Ava glanced at Camila. “You should’ve seen her spin and kick that mean lady, Cam. I dare say it was a move she delivered way better than you or Lilith ever could.”

Ava spoke the next words without taking her eyes away from Beatrice who now looked a little sad. That wouldn’t do.

“She even knew exactly what sister bitch’s moves were going to be before she could deliver ‘em! Beatrice is a badass!”

“Enough.” Camila looked at Ava with sorrow and grief.

“I don’t know where you got that idea from, Ava, but that’s enough. Don’t speak her name again, okay?”

“But—” Whatever else Ava had to say was cut off by a warning look from Camila.

“It does sound like Beatrice...” Mary trailed off, her pallor still somewhat unchanged thanks to the Halo Bearer’s words. Without a word, Camila turned her back on them and resumed her brisk move with gun at the ready.

Mary kept an arm around Ava for support, their proximity allowing Ava to hear the older woman’s next stuttered string of words. “Camila...what if...I mean, we never actually saw...” She trailed off, as if pained to even continue.

Ava was about to complain about dying from suspense and curiosity, but Camila’s gruff response caused Ava to pause, before she turned to her side and saw an even sadder expression on Beatrice’s face.

“She’s gone, Mary. We just have to accept that and move on.” Camila addressed her next words to Ava, “Sister Beatrice was the Warrior Nun before you. You’re here because she isn’t.” **NUN**

Respite

written by **Charlie @RogueThirteen94** 🐦

art by **Roxy @aemeth2** 🐦📷

It was silent in the van.

It had been a long day of driving and while they probably could have found a motel to spend the night in, nobody had minded when Mary had pulled into a lay-by and suggested they sleep there for the night.

Ava and Camila had fallen asleep easily, Camila tucked into one of the sleeping bags while Ava seemed content enough to use Beatrice's thigh as a pillow, Lilith's jacket draped over her as a makeshift blanket.

Beatrice couldn't be certain when Mary had fallen asleep, only knew that she hadn't moved from her position from behind the wheel for some time.

Which left only herself and Lilith, sat on opposite sides of the van, the silence only broken by the occasional truck driving by or the odd snore from one of the girls beside them.

"You don't have to keep watch," Lilith spoke up after a while. "I've got this."

Beatrice's eyes had long since adjusted to the dark, and when she lifted her head she was met with Lilith's curious stare.

"I was going to say the same to you."

In a regular situation Beatrice knew she'd have trouble falling asleep like the others had, taking into account everything else going on then she knew her chances were slim.

They were vulnerable like this, and while Beatrice trusted Lilith with her life, the possibility of them getting caught off guard and being put in harm's way was a risk she wasn't going to take.

She had to keep Ava safe.

Lilith smirked. "I suppose we'll just be keeping each other company then."

"So it would seem."

Ava shifted, only stilling when Beatrice rested her hand on the back of Ava's neck.

There was a soft whirl before the interior of the van was illuminated in the Halo's glow.

Lilith raised a hand to shield her eyes as she let out an unhappy groan. "Does she do that a lot?"

"Yes." Beatrice laughed under her breath.

The light abated somewhat, fading and rising with every breath Ava took.

"Ava is probably dreaming, it's a good dream though."

"You can tell?"

"It'd be more erratic if she were having a nightmare. Ava would be tense too."

Lilith's expression only grew more intrigued.

Beatrice could never explain the level of comfort that it brought her, how in tune she felt to the Halo herself now.

"Is it not distracting?" Lilith asked.

"Not at all. The Halo is a part of Ava. I love Ava and so I love the Halo too." Beatrice replied. "Besides..."

She brought her hand down between Ava's shoulders, the hum of the Halo grew louder, the light grew brighter for a few moments before it dimmed under Beatrice's touch.

Beatrice smiled as she met Lilith's gaze once more. "Ava said that the Halo loves me too. She talks about it like it's sentient. The Halo reacts to me."

Lilith shook her head softly. "The Halo has been a mystery at the best of times, but ever since it chose Ava? I only have more questions."

The hum only grew louder as Beatrice traced the Halo, Ava shifted in her lap, hand coming up to curl into Beatrice's hoodie.

"I've made peace with never knowing how it truly works," Beatrice said. "This is enough for me."

Lilith closed her eyes and tipped her head back against the wall of the van. "It's like music."

Beatrice flattened her palm against Ava's back until the hum faded.

"It's love," Beatrice replied quietly. "Even before we said the words to each other, we've always known it, always found ways to show it to each other."

"And the Halo was one of those ways," Lilith finished. "The Halo is love."

Beatrice laughed as she nodded. "And much like God, the Halo is love."

"It's good," Lilith said. "That you feel that way."

The journey to this point wasn't easy, it had been a path she had been on her entire life.

Long before she found her sisters.

Long before Ava appeared.

Beatrice had found a family that valued her for more than just the skills she brought with her.

She found the whispers of hope amongst the words of Melanie's journal.

With Ava and her friends beside her, Beatrice found herself on a path of acceptance.

With their help, Beatrice found herself.

Beatrice had loved Ava for some time, but now?

Now Beatrice could say that she loved herself too.

"It took some time to find myself here, but I'm glad too," Beatrice replied. "There will still be moments where I wonder 'what if?' but... But no, I can't regret any step of this journey because I've found myself here."

Lilith raised an eyebrow. "In a van somewhere in the Czech Republic?"

"I... wasn't going to be quite so literal, but yes, sure,"

Beatrice replied. "What I actually meant was to be with those I love, to have a girl in my life who I love and loves me so fiercely that the artifact in her back glows with the intensity of that love."

"You look free."

Beatrice smiled. "Unbound."

If Ava were awake, Beatrice knew she'd be met with that knowing smile. Ava would understand.

Lilith hummed thoughtfully and stretched her legs out, careful not to bump into Camila as she slept silently on.

"You've been on a long journey."

"We all have." Beatrice replied. "It isn't over yet."

"I'm lucky to be on this journey with each of you," Lilith said quietly, her gaze dropped to the floor of the van.

Beatrice followed her gaze to where Camila rested. Curiosity piqued within Beatrice.

"What journey are you on, Lilith?" Beatrice asked softly. Beatrice suspected that it wasn't dissimilar to the one that she had walked herself.

"One day I may be able to answer that." Lilith sighed. "For now, it is to protect. To ensure we make it through to the other side to continue our paths."

"We'll protect each other, Lilith. That weight doesn't fall solely on your shoulders."

Lilith hummed as her eyes fell on the light that the Halo cast.

Silence fell amongst them once more.

In her lap, Ava stirred. Shifting onto her side as she let out a quiet groan.

"Bea?" Ava whispered, voice hoarse and heavy with sleep.

Beatrice rubbed her back. "I'm here."

Ava was a tangle of limbs as she pushed herself up, turning to face Beatrice and blinking at her with heavy eyes.

"Why..." Ava paused to yawn. "Aren't you sleeping?"

"Soon, darling." Beatrice brought a hand up to cup Ava's cheek and smiled. "Go back to sleep, it's okay."

Ava looked confused but dragged herself closer, burying her face into Beatrice's neck and curling her arms around Beatrice's shoulders as she made herself comfortable.

Beatrice reached for Lilith's jacket and pulled it back up over Ava's shoulders and let her hand find the spot where the Halo lay once more.

"I love you," Ava murmured against Beatrice's pulse.

Beatrice turned her head to press her lips to the side of Ava's head and closed her eyes. "I love you too, Ava. Go back to sleep. It's okay."

When she opened her eyes once more, she was met with Lilith watching them. She let out a quiet laugh, one that had Beatrice raising an eyebrow.

"What?" Beatrice asked.

"St Beatrice of Silva," Lilith said. "Beatrice, what were the odds that you would find Ava Silva?"

Beatrice looked down at the girl in her arms. "Slim."

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but that sounds like fate."

Beatrice shook her head, earning a confused look from Lilith.

"Fate has nothing to do with this. We chose this. We chose each other."

Lilith's smile was slow to form, but its warmth was impossible to miss.

"You choose love."

"I'll always choose love."

"As heartwarming as all of this is..." Mary spoke up from the front of the van. "Can one of you choose sleep? Neither of you are being very quiet."

Lilith snorted and nodded towards Ava. "Get some rest, Beatrice of Silva."

"But..."

"No buts. Sleep. Don't think I won't use the tranquilliser on you too."

Beatrice rolled her eyes. "Fine."

"And Beatrice?"

"Yes?"

"I love you."

"I love you too. In this life or the next?"

Lilith scoffed. "In this life."

Beatrice offered her one more smile before she rested her head against Ava's and closed her eyes.


If she would have any say in the matter, she would always choose her sisters.

She would always choose Ava.

In this life, and in any that would follow. **NUN**





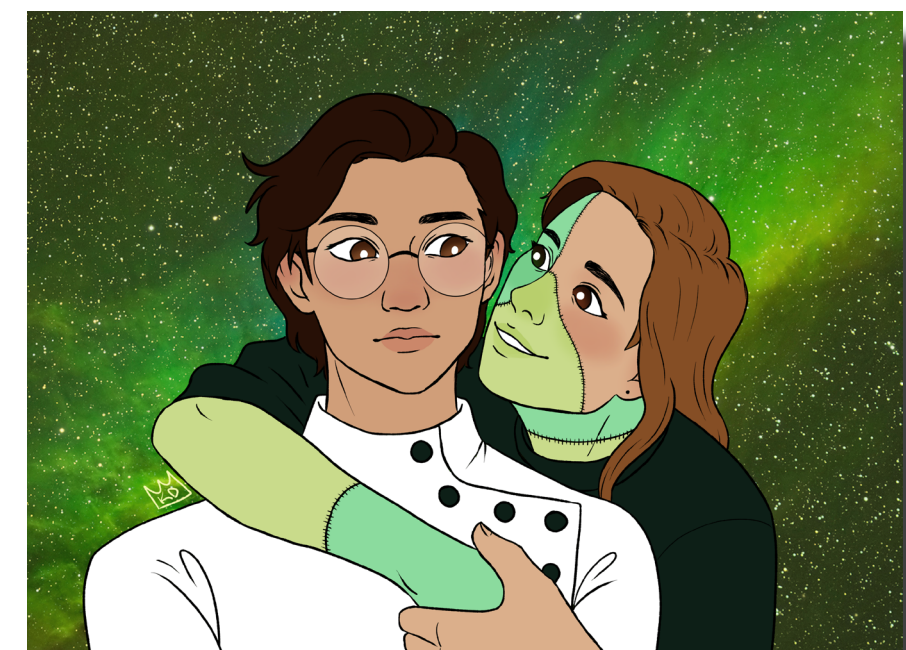
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 @yomu.art/mikeup27 






art by Melly @melly_leung 



art by "16", commissioned by Sister Lilo @rce1995 



art by Taino Delgado @babyhellboy  
 commissioned by Lu @avatricefeels 

you know i hate to be alone (i want to be wrong)

written by mon @adhdlesbian 🐦

It's three am, they're in the middle of nowhere and their van has decided to suddenly stop working.

Okay, it's only a flat tire, but it's still incredibly frustrating. Mary, Beatrice and Camila had just gone to sleep in the backseat, with half-sleepy protests still lingering on their lips and eyes barely open.

The last twenty-four hours have been some of the most tiring twenty-four hours Ava has ever experienced in her life — second life? In one of her lives. They indirectly-directly made part of the Vatican blow up, left a demon that had been buried alive for centuries free and he tried to steal the Halo, and apparently Camila knew how to hot-wire cars (that last one was... probably the least important one, but it still impressed Ava).

"Fuck!"

That is probably the first time Ava has ever heard Lilith curse before, and Ava wouldn't be surprised if it is the first time she has cursed in her life. Lilith then proceeds to, with all her force, hit the steering wheel like it will solve all their problems and then gets out of the car — slamming the car door, obviously — with a grunt and some weird, burning sizzling that has been following her around since she came back.

Ava gets out of the car a moment after Lilith does. For the car's sake, and their safety. (Totally not because ever since Lilith showed up at Arq-Tech there is this magnetic attraction that pulls Ava towards her. Like they are two halves of the same coin, so similar and yet completely different. Totally not.)

There's a street lamp a few meters away from their dead van, and the light reflects onto Lilith's long and sharp claws, making them look sharper and longer. Not good, not good at all. She looks ready to slash the other three tires and make their situation even worse. Ava decides to try and stop it, which might not be successful, but she has to try.

"Hey, Lilith, listen," good, solid start, Ava, not lame at all, nope, "what if we - uh, step away from the tires with those sharp hand-knives of yours and we figure this out before the others wake up?"

Lilith and her terribly sharp claws turn to look at her. There's something feral and wild behind her eyes, it looks so out of place, but Ava knows exactly how she feels. She knows the ansty feeling inside her fingers wanting to move, to do something; she knows trying to keep all of these unfamiliar and too powerful abilities calm and controlled inside of her. A pang of sorrow and understandment fills her ribs and all the little empty spaces between them, she's trapped too, she knows it.

"How hard can changing a tire be, right?" Ava says, swallowing down the feelings threatening to spill. "People do it all the time, shouldn't be that hard."

Her words make whatever haunts Lilith under her own skin sink further and disappear, or at least that's what Ava thinks, because Lilith's eyes snap to hers and she says: "Do you know how to change a tire? I sure don't, never had to," in that Lilith voice she has grown to know in the past few weeks.

That's... a good point. She doesn't know how. Well, they are fucked.

Something in her face must show that realization, and it makes Lilith laugh. It feels both like an insult and an achievement. Ava grins.

"What should we do then? Wake Mary up?" she suggests, "She just went to sleep, I'm pretty sure she would actually murder us if we woke her up for something like this."

Lilith nods in agreement (and what a miracle it is that they agree on something). She clenches her jaw and thinks for a second, tapping her foot along to some rhythm Ava can't hear on the pavement.

"Should we just wait then? See if some nice driver will help a bunch of nuns who are definitely not running away from the Vatican?" Ava continues, and it only makes Lilith clench her jaw harder. It looks ready to snap out of her body by how hard it is clenched; and, shit, Ava has fucked up once again (very common for her, nowadays).

She turns and sits on the side of the road, staring at the flat tire. She tries to summon whatever the Halo's powers are to either magically learn how to change tires, or know how it'd even happened. Neither happens, as is to be expected. And, yet, it still disappoints her.

Lilith moves and sits beside her, avoiding any kind of eye contact, or physical contact, or any kind of contact. She even turns a little to the side to avoid Ava as much as she can.

"The moment I learnt how to walk, my parents put a sword in my hands and told me I was going to be the next Halo Bearer," she says. And, okay, Ava now understands why Lilith's avoiding any contact. Vulnerability isn't a strength for either of them. "Since then, my life has only had one direction. Wanting the Halo is all I've ever known."

"Why are you telling me all this? It's not like we've been the best of friends — or friends at all."

"I want to change that," Lilith says, still not looking at her or anywhere close to her, "I want us to be friends."

Ava is about to say something about how well it didn't seem like it, but Lilith interrupts her, "I know my actions haven't shown that. I've hurt you, badly, I'm aware of it," Ava doesn't know if badly is the word for it, after all Lilith did try to rip the Halo out of her back with a knife, "and my upbringings aren't an excuse, but you have to understand when I was told that you, a non-believer who had been dead, got the Halo instead of me, it—" Lilith pauses, takes a breath, and turns to look at Ava dead in the eye. "It broke something inside of me, it made me furious. Made me feel like I wasn't worth it, wasn't good enough. Like all I had sacrificed had been in vain."

"You know, being the Halo Bearer is - it's a burden," Ava watches Lilith's reaction and damn, she is good at masking her emotions, it is terrifying not seeing a single emotion on her face. "It hurts, both mentally and physically. It burns at times and it always feels like there's someone else inside my head. There are days in which I wish I never got it, but, at the same time, I got to meet all of you, so... I guess I can't complain."

Lilith breathes out, "After the Tarask took me, I think I'm glad I didn't get it too." There's a pause, and it feels like maybe Lilith is questioning whether to say something else or not. She ends up saying it. "I - I can't remember anything from when I was gone, where I was or what happened to me. There are a few glimpses here and there, mostly in my dreams. It's awful, makes me feel like I'm not myself most of the time."

If Ava from a few weeks ago had known both of them would end up having so much in common, she wouldn't have believed it. It doesn't seem real, but it is. It is so, so real and scary, she feels it all the way to her bones.

"I can't remember what most of my life was like before the car crash, or my mom, or where I lived," she says, clenching her fists, "it's okay if you don't remember, it's not anything bad. You're okay."

"Forgetting is a bitch and a half."

Ava laughs, nodding. Yep, it is.

They fall into a comfortable silence, and because Ava somehow can't physically keep her mouth shut, she says:

"Mary pushed me off a cliff once."

"Really? She threw me offshore trying to get to you and that dumb boy in that boat first."

They laugh, and it feels like the air around them has changed, turning lighter and friendlier. All the spilled secrets between them remain safe between them and the dark, open Italian night.

"What the hell are you two doing out here?" Mary yawns followed with a grimace as she steps out the van with her injured leg first.

"We have a flat tire, and neither of us knows how to change it!" Ava keeps laughing, because apparently their flat tire is suddenly the funniest thing in the entire world. Lilith laughs too, quietly, but she does.

Mary rolls her eyes. "C'mon you two, I'll teach you how."

Everything is okay, at least for now. Ava has Lilith and the rest of the sisters. No matter what happens next, she knows they'll be there for her and she'll be there for them. **NUN**

The Pull in Our Bones

written by Lee @x7ion

art by @HoeOfKristinaTY /a.nun.ymous

When they were opposing Adriel, Lilith thought she understood the pull in her bones. After crossing over, she was attuned to the Halo. Whenever Ava drew upon its power, Lilith could feel the call in her blood. She could always feel it, whispering to her from the shadows even when inactive, but in Ava's moments of danger and panic and purpose, Lilith felt the Halo keenly, like a magnet in her soul.

It seemed obvious then, where the call came from. It was the Warrior Nun summoning her sisters to battle by her side. Ava with the ring emanating from her back, shield up, sword held high, both implements glowing their unearthly blue hue. The power drew Lilith. Perhaps it was the same hunger for power that Adriel felt. Perhaps that was the power that had drawn the Tarasks too.

But Adriel is gone now, turned to dust after a climactic battle. They haven't seen a Tarask or a wraith demon in months, though they stay vigilant. Doctor Salvius has networks that listen and watch for them. So, the first time that Lilith feels the pull again, it is unexpected. Much stronger than she anticipated, almost like when Ava was about to enter Adriel's tomb, when the power of the Halo called to Lilith even from so far away.

She doesn't fight the call, lets the Halo summon her, and warps to Ava's side.

Lilith realizes immediately that there is no real danger. Ava is training. With Beatrice. They are sparring, and Beatrice is not holding back.

Ava is being pressed, blocking fast as she can, drawing on the power of the Halo to hold the nun at bay. Ava's staff is on the mat behind Beatrice, lost earlier and out of reach now. Beatrice advances between quick short strikes, goading Ava into a corner and further from her dropped weapon. The Halo glows brightly on her back every time she needs an arm to stop Beatrice from landing a solid hit on her body.

And Lilith knows that Ava wonders sometimes if this is still necessary. They haven't seen any demons or danger in some time. But Lilith knows it absolutely is necessary to continue training, to be ready.

So, she doesn't intervene, she watches, and nods her approval of Sister Beatrice's methods.

When Ava gets near the wall, Lilith sees the change in the Warrior Nun's demeanor before Beatrice does. There's a moment where Ava goes from concerned and flustered to mischievous and confident, where she lets go of their sparring rules about phasing. She doesn't fade back through the wall (which is what Lilith expected), she leaps forward instead, phasing right through Beatrice's weapon but materializing in time to tackle the nun to the ground and end up on top. Beatrice is flat on her back, arms pinned with Ava straddling her and their noses touching.

Ava is holding Beatrice's wrists and Halo glows bright above them. "Gotcha."

"No phasing during sparring." Beatrice quips, but she has only a smile for Ava.

Lilith smiles too, then shrinks away without a sound.

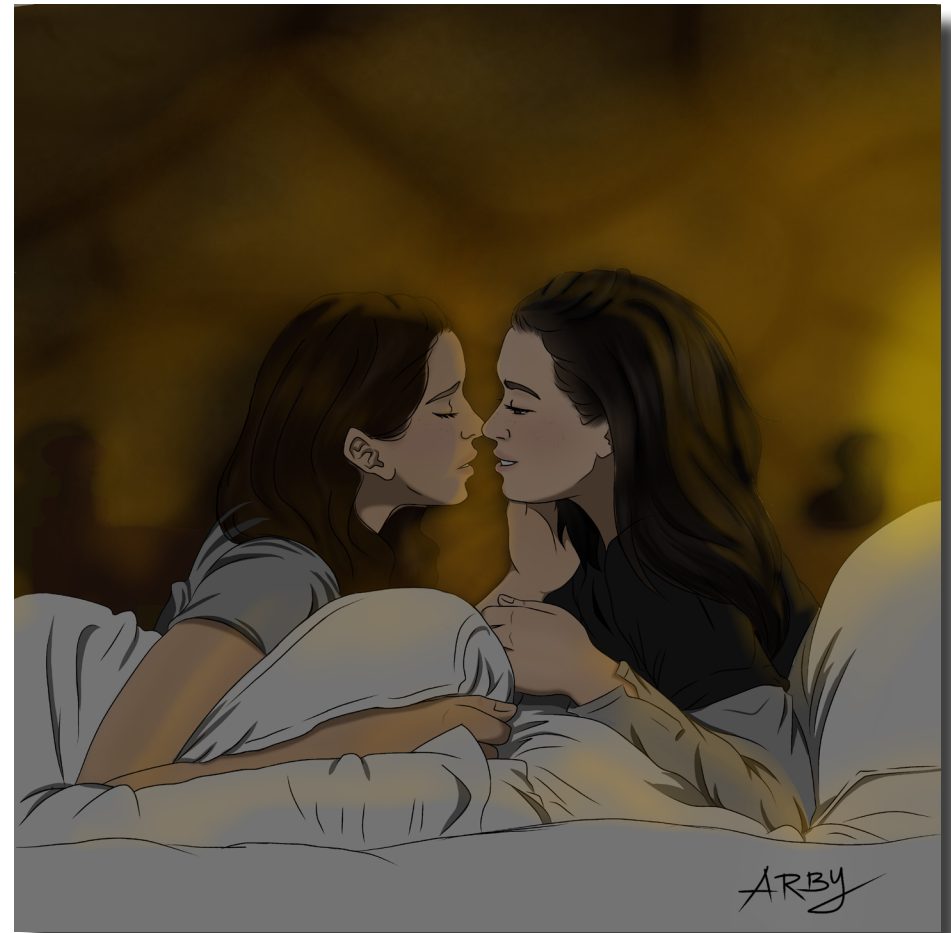
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The second time Lilith feels the pull after Adriel, it is evening, at sundown of a quiet day. She strains her ears for the sounds of battle, but she doesn't detect any. Still, they can't take risks, so she falls into herself and follows the dark path towards the Halo once more.

She doesn't end up far, just atop the wall around the Cat's Cradle. Ava sits in the battlements, her legs hanging off the side as she faces out towards the sunset. Beatrice is next to her.

Lilith knows this is one of Beatrice's spots, where Beatrice goes to meditate by herself sometimes. She didn't think Beatrice would bring anyone else. The sister warriors know all her spots, but no one would ever dare impose. Ava is here though, watching the sunset with Beatrice. In the distance, the orange red orb of the sun is making its final descent of the day into the Andalusian skyline.

On Ava's back, much closer, the Halo is glowing strong, visible even through her clothing, bathing both her and Beatrice in its warm light. Ava's head is tilted onto Beatrice's shoulder, and they seem like they are whispering to each other, but Lilith is



too far to be sure, and much too distant to hear anything. As if to confirm her suspicions, Ava's head moves suddenly, and Beatrice's shoulders shake as though she's laughing.

Lilith's heart leaps. Beatrice deserves this. Lilith knows they are friends, and she has memories of Beatrice and Mary and herself laughing and playing. But while Beatrice seemed happy with them, Lilith never felt that Beatrice was truly free like she seems now with Ava.

Lilith thinks they might be holding hands as they watch the sun set.

She hopes they are.

Lilith retreats again.

...

The third time the Halo calls Lilith, it is powerful, gut-wrenching, almost like the time it pulled her back all the way, from that other place — the pit of darkness.

Her first instinct is combat, so she doesn't stop her claws extending as she flows full speed through the ether. The call is insistent this time, urgent, and Lilith thinks there might actually be a Tarask. Have the demons returned? She emerges in a fighting stance, ready to smite the enemy and aid the Warrior Nun.

But Ava doesn't need aid.

They are inside the armory of the Cat's Cradle. Weapons are laid out on the tables, either for inventory or in preparation for battle. But there are no demons nearby.

Only Beatrice.

Sister Beatrice has Ava pressed up against the wall of the armory, and Ava's legs are wrapped tightly around the nun. Ava's arms are around Beatrice's shoulders and their faces are pressed so close together Lilith can't tell where one ends and the other begins. They're clearly kissing from the sounds of it. The Halo's power is evident, as light shines bright and weaves a wing pattern on the wall behind Ava. It seems to undulate and flap as Ava and Beatrice make out.

They haven't noticed Lilith. She isn't sure whether to clap or gag at this display. But then again, she doubts Ava meant to summon her protector. Lilith recalls she never really told Ava about this, the ability to jump to wherever the Halo Bearer was in need.

And she isn't about to start now. So, Lilith leaves them.

The metal grate door of the armory clangs as Lilith lets herself out. And if either Ava or Beatrice hear it, they don't show it, because they absolutely do not stop what they're doing. **NUN**



art by Melly @melly_leung

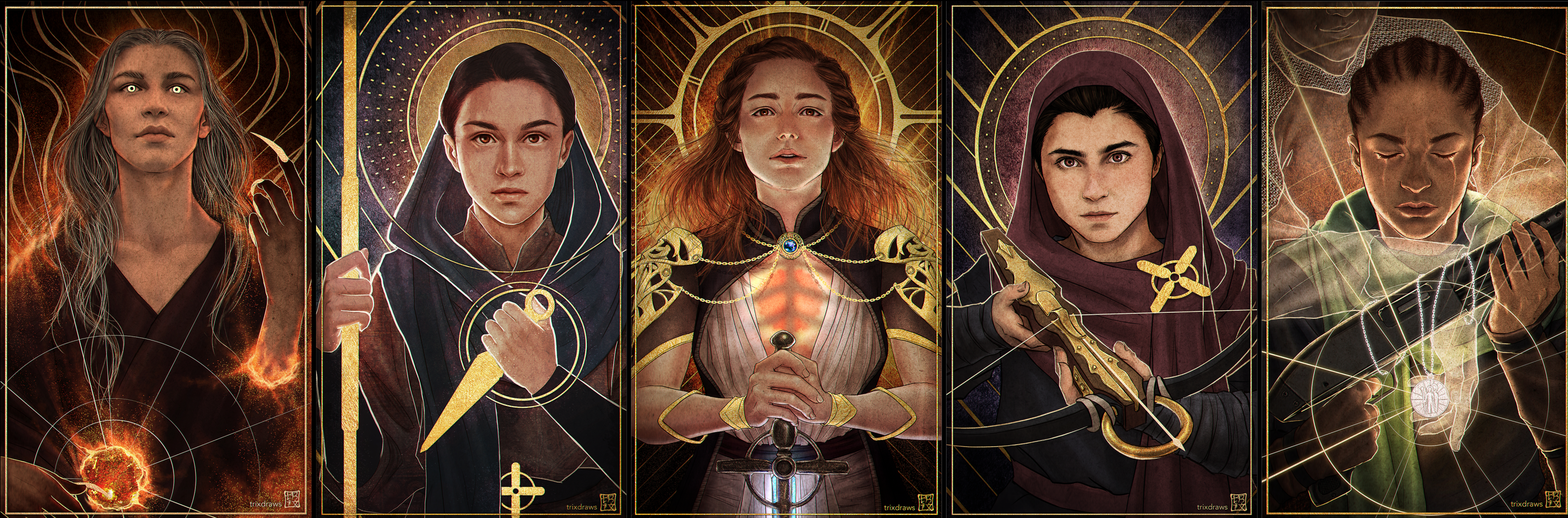


“
T’was a fight in a kitchen
A nun, wraith, and a chicken
That when won, Ava stated
Went just as she egg-spected.

”
writerofwrongs ✂

Tarot Series

art by @trixdraws 



The Vagrant’s Lover

written by E.A. Soguilon @Ahmbacon  

She groans as she gradually regains her consciousness, and the events from the night before wash over her like merciless waves hitting her all at once, causing more considerable pain to her already throbbing head.

“Camila, heal her.”

“No, Camila, don’t. Shannon, she’s a black paladin, let her die!”

“She just saved your life, Lilith, least we can do is save hers.”

“Why would you save someone who is trying to catch our kind for their own personal gain?”

“Because we’re a Hryemich, Lilith, not monsters.”

“You’re not, but I am half Hreshner.”

“Lilith, no!”

She vaguely remembers the group of outliers she had been pursuing for over a month, huddling around her bloodied body before losing cognizance; and the more she tries to recall their faces, all the more twinges she feels on her temple.

“Fine, if anyone needs to heal this paladin, it should be Ava. Isn’t she the one who propelled this dark heretic off to her death?”

“I’m not a Healer. Camila is.”

“Leave the Vagrant alone, Lilith.”

“And as per usual, bloody Mary takes the Rogue’s side, yet again.”

Once the pain subsides, she tries to push herself to sit only to lie back down again, wincing at the sudden surge of soreness in her right side. She then remembers that a number of Westerners’ army who had been on her tail had managed to pierce an arrow through her, prior to her untimely meeting with the outliers and thus, by happenstance, saved one of them from getting slaughtered by Agramian villagers.

“Please, do not move or you will bleed again. A sizable wound like that will take me a day and a half to heal,” one of the recusants says as she enters the cubbyhole and checks on her. “But you are fairly healing well which is odd considering you are a mere -”

Managing to sneakily snatch the fork from the dish tray

the Healer had brought her, she does not let the shorter Hryemich conclude her sentence as she aims the prong on her slender neck.

“Lead me to your Vagrant. Now,” she commands, totally ignoring the pain on her right side.

“I told you we should have left her to die back there,” the tall woman with hands bearing magical claws and eyes glowing red, whom she figures to be a Shifter, says, ready to fight on defense.

Another woman draws her sword as she steps forward, stance mirroring those of the northern knights, acting as if a frontier between her and the rather calm Druid sitting on the table.

“Where is your Vagrant?” she asks, realizing that the coterie is missing one of their own.

The Rogue reveals herself behind her, arms up in the air in submission. “I’m here, just don’t hurt her.”

“No one is going to hurt anyone, Ava,” the Druid interjects as she stands. “Lilith, refrain yourself. Mary, sheath your sword.”

And they do as they’re told; the half monster-half celtic woman retracts her claws and rescinds her magic while the swordswoman places her blade back to its sheath.

Though being a black Paladin signifies her brutality against Celtic creatures, she means no harm to this particular lot. So, she withdraws the fork and mutters a sincere apology towards the petrified Healer before letting her go.

“Now that we’re all properly pacified, do pray tell, Dark Heretic, what do you need our Vagrant for?”

“I just need to see her back.” Everyone in the room looks at her like she’s grown another head so she rephrases, “I need to see the aureole on her back.”

“You want to see my Halo? Why?” the Vagrant, Ava, asks as she sits at the table.

Now all seated, she can take in the features of each member of the unusual coterie. Though all of them look adequately attractive, she can’t deny that only the Vagrant catches her eyes.

She clears her throat as she tears away her gaze from the lovely Rogue woman and proceeds. “Vagrants have specific celtic knots on their aureole and only a Sorcier can distinguish each line, every curve and all the ties.”

“And you conveniently just so happen to be one, am I right?” the shifter sarcastically asks while the healer exclaims with much fervor. “So, that’s why you heal incredibly fast!”

“Yes, I’m the only one of my kind now and I, alone, can help your Vagrant reach her full potential. If she’d let me.”

The swordswoman savagely inquires, “Humor me this, Dark Heretic, instead of helping your fellow Hyemrichs, you’re capturing us and taking us to our deaths, why is that?”

She traces the chains etched into her skin around her wrist. “I have no choice. I am bound to the king and all of his successors, like I have always been for a thousand years now. I’m a slave with no free will, my life isn’t even mine to live nor it is mine to take.”

Indeed, it is true; she had lived many lives, died many deaths, claimed many personas, and served many kings and through it all, she had been the sole instrument of the Middle Kingdom for its continuous rise to glory. She had seen the realm conquer lands and destroy empires and be at war with Hryemichs for their rich territory on the far north called the Myriad. And she had helplessly watched as Terrans tortured, incinerated and slaughtered her kind to satiate their incessant greed for power and domain.

And the only person who can bring an end to her perpetual misery is probably sitting across her, unaware of the power she has within.

“Whenever you’re ready,” she says with much dignified calmness, as if urging the Vagrant to undress in front of her does not affect her in the slightest.

“Do I get to know your name first? I mean, you know mine and if you’re going to see me bare-breasted...” The Rogue looks away, a frail attempt to hide her rose colored cheeks. “I, at the very least, should know yours, right?”

“Beatrice. My name is Beatrice,” she replies and corrects the other woman. “And I only really need to see your back, not your... er... breasts.”

Embarrassed, the Vagrant nods her head and turns around, lifting her sark all the way up her shoulders, revealing a distinct round burn mark.

And as soon as she touches her bare back, the burn mark glows, uncloaking well defined celtic knots inscribed on the Vagrant’s skin; and Beatrice lets out a shaky breath.

“What is it?” Ava asks, worried that something might’ve gone wrong.

“Nothing,” she replies, fingers tracing along every line on the Vagrant’s gleaming Halo. “Ava, have you ever heard the story of the Enchanteur and the Errant?”

The Rogue shakes her head and inquires, “No, why?”

But instead of answering, she starts retelling the story she knew by heart.

‘A thousand years ago, there was a wicked Terran king who had his eyes set on a beautiful Errant he accidentally met in the woods on his way back to his castle. He fell head over heels for her in an instant, and as iniquitous as he was, he ordered his most trusted Enchanteur to cast a love spell on the Vagrant Lady to set his twisted plan to marry her in motion.

Unbeknownst to him though, the Errant’s heart already belonged to someone else - to the same Enchanteur he had confided his plans to.

The king was livid; enraged, he accused the Enchanteur of seducing his future queen upon learning the truth, and sentenced her to death. But, the Errant pleaded for her beloved’s life in exchange for hers.

Treacherous was he, the king did free the Enchanteur but had his other Magus cursed her to be his slave for eternity, even long after his death - and as long as his blood runs in his future successors, the Enchanteur will crawl her way back from the dead only for the sole purpose of serving the living ruler.

The night before the wedding came and the Errant, overhearing that the only way to end the curse was to end the Enchanteur’s life by taking her heart, killed herself, for she could not bear the thought of being married to the ruthless king, nor murdering the only person she truly ever loved.

She was found the next morning, cold and dead, with a note in her hands conveying words only she and the Enchanteur could decipher, saying, “If not in this life, then, the next.”

“Don’t tell me you’re the...” the Vagrant stops midway, not realizing a second later that their faces would only be a few fingerbreadths away from each other if she was to whip around towards the Sorcier.

Affirming the conjecture and acknowledging the infinitesimal aperture between them, Beatrice smiles and mutters, “Yes, Ava, I am the Enchanteur, and I have been waiting a thousand years for you.” **NUN**

Frogs, Eggs, and Canola

written by @froggggers

art by Sydney McCloskey @Sydney__McC



So, here's a RIBBEITNG RIBBETNG RIBBETING story. How should I write my introduction? Let's go back to 2020 (although I think we'd all rather not). Like my life, it all stert srt started on my birthday. I saw a cool frog figure inside a cafe and decided to post a picture of it on Twitter. Suddenly, my account became dedicated to frogs. I found my timeline filled with amphibians and I decided to add to it, joining the frog-loving community. Then, I noticed something weird.

No, my skin did not suddenly turn green and poisonous. It was just that e v e r y few days, I would see a few people quote retweeting my tweets and tagging their friends. Don't get me wrong, I thought it was croak er... cool! It was really nice to see people sharing my tweets, until I noticed a name being mentioned once, twice, three times, and so on. At first, I thought to myself, "Wow, this KEISTAIBA KRISTINA KRATOMA (damn you, auto-croak-rect!) KRISTINA person sure has a lot of friends and sure must love frogs". I decided to just leave it at that. Until it happened again, and again, and again! I clicked on KEISTAIBA's profile and TOAD TOGHD THOUGHT, who the heck is this?! Does she also run a frog account? Why does everyone keep tagging her in my tweets?

So, in January 2021 I decided to share my confusion by tweeting "WHO IS KRISTINA TONTERI-YOUNG AND WHY DO PEOPLE KEEP ON QRTing MY TWEETS AND TAGGING HER?" And you won't believe it, I was suddenly flooded with replies from her excited fans. Do you know that a group of forgs fogs frogs! is called an army? Yes, KEISTAIBA'S army attacked my notifs - with their love! A day after that, KRATOMA, herself, noticed my tweet.

I soon learnt that she 1) is an actress 2) has a HYBRID American and British accent 3) loves frogs and 4) has green hair (although apparently, that was temporary, she was not really part-frog phrog frog!).

That was enough to convince me to watch her show *Warrior Nun*. At first, it was purely because I wanted to see the temporarily green-haired, frog-loving actress on screen. By the end of it, I realised I fell in love with the entire cast along with the entire frogdom - not frogdom - FANDOM! Every Wednesday, *Warrior Nun* fans gathered on Twitter for my episode live tweets. It was the highlight of my week, and the reactions I received made me HOPPy, especially when they all knew what was going to happen next and were waiting for my reaction! I had to contain my excitement until it was time to watch another episode.

 Kristina Tonteri-Young
@TonteriYoung



 phroggy phrogster @froggggers · 1/2/21
WHO IS @TonteriYoung AND WHY DO PEOPLE KEEP QUOTE RETWEETING MY TWEETS AND TAGGING HER

10:02 PM · 1/3/21 ·

17 Retweets 5 Quote Tweets 281 Likes

 phroggy phrogster
@froggggers

IS THAT KRISTINA WHO WALKED IN
HOLDING A GUN HOLYLYLLYLY SHITTT
HOYLYYYYYYYY KEISTAIBA KRISTINA
KRATOMA KRISTINA

[Translate Tweet](#)

12:09 AM · 1/4/21 · [Twitter for Android](#)

thread until I reached the most important part: IT'S NOT TO U IUTAVEYONEBUTNTOU. It was in this episode that I finally understood why someone asked KRATOMA to write the phrase "festooned with boils" and why someone tweeted that they wanted to tattoo it on their butt.

There were many memes and hilarious moments in between - we ended up making our own hashtag on Twitter because of a typo (#KRATOMA) which will take you to all of the episode live reactions. The auto-correct on my phone has also renamed many of the characters. Camila is now CANOLA, Ava is STUPID EGG, and Duretti is the RED PRIEST because I honestly kept forgetting his name. I remember screaming through so many scenes and watching everyone else react with "yup, here it is." I still revel in the collective torture I put the fandom through when I tweeted that I needed to pause the episode for a second just before Ava phased out of the 20-foot brick (the QRTs on that one 🐸🐸🐸). Don't get me started on the plot twist that made me want to commit arson. **It was Father.** I still can't believe everyone sat quietly and watched me fangirl for WEEKS over Father Vincent. No warning, no hints, nothing. I can picture everyone sitting behind their screens, rubbing their hands together, waiting for the ball to drop. Father... whyyyyy.... I loved you.... I thought you were different....

 phroggy phrogster
@froggggers

DON'T DO IT AVA YOU STUPIF STUPIF
STUPIF STUPIF STUPIF EGG STUPIF EGG
STUPID EGG

12:11 AM · 3/5/21 · [Twitter for Android](#)

2 Retweets 11 Likes

 phroggy phrogster
@froggggers

please idky canolas name is auto
correcting to canola I'm literally not even
typing canola

12:36 AM · 3/5/21 · [Twitter for Android](#)


1 Retweet 13 Likes


It makes me laugh knowing that everyone is now familiar with these names whenever we tweet about it. It's really nice to see that, even after months, all of these things have still stuck with everyone, almost like an inside joke that only the *Warrior Nun* Twitter family understands. It was also great to know that people actually wanted to hear my extremely lengthy opinions on every scene and every character, despite all the typos. But, if I had to pick my favourite character, it would have to be Mary. She's there for all the sisters in her own special way. I love how she avoids confrontation with people by throwing them into the sea or kicking them off cliffs! She is my INSPTN INS INSPIRATION! Beatrice might be canon bad-ass, but Shotgun Mary is as well.


I've never been part of a FORGDOM FROGDOM FANDOM! for a TV series. My accidental foray into *Warrior Nun* Twitter is my first, and I can say it's been one of my favourite experiences. I can't wait for another season and all the new characters my auto-correct will be renaming. RIBBET! **NUN**





art by
TanyaKolli
(@tanyet5)

 Home

 Search

 Your Library

 Create Playlist

 Liked Songs

Songs That Should Make You...

Underground Hits

Sweet Nettle Tea Time

A Tale of Two Shotguns

In This Life


Any Means Necessary

New Halo Bearer


abbey road

Your Library


(Click on the titles to open the playlists on Spotify!)




Ladies First Is Obsessed With Warrior Nun
Ladies First (@TheFandomentals)




#002: Warrior Nun Episode 1-3 Discussion
Into The Halo




paradise lost (and found)
Lu (@avatricefeels)




Lilith
Jordan (@MagusJJ)




Camilil
Jordan (@MagusJJ)




OCS Fam
Jordan (@MagusJJ)




Lilshotgun
Jordan (@MagusJJ)




Sister Camila
Jordan (@MagusJJ)



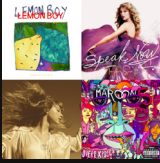
Beatrice
Jordan (@MagusJJ)




Avatrice
Jordan (@MagusJJ)




Ava Silva
Jordan (@MagusJJ)




Fallenhalo
Jordan (@MagusJJ)



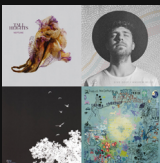
maybe a lil avatrice, as a treat
Gus (@sigourny_reefer)



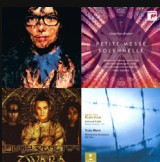
WN TEAM
Yomu (@yom0322)




Ava
Yomu (@yom0322)



Sister Beatrice
Yomu (@yom0322)



Dedicated to Sister Beatrice and the one made her into...
AnTz She



Avatrice
Thamy (@thamynion)

Watch Party!

(Click on the thumbnails to open the videos on YouTube, Twitter, or Instagram!)



Halo Bearers against Hunger
Lu (@avatricefeels)



Shotgun Mary +Lilith | If You Were Church
@gaylobearer



Warrior Nun ABC
Rose Lyn



WARRIOR NUNs || Boss Bitch
Open Hoax



Ava Silva is Bi Bi Bi || Warrior Nun
Thamy (@thamynion)



Warrior Nun as Zodiac Signs
Thamy (@thamynion)



ava & beatrice - where's my love [+1x10]
Fateandthefury



Legends || Warrior Nun
Fiona (@beatricedagr8)



Toya Flick
Shotguns For Toya
(@shotguns4toya)



Shotgun Mary - Warrior Nun
Z (@ToyaTeaBar)



If Warrior Nun Had An Anime Opening
Z (@ToyaTeaBar)



Warrior Nun AS VINES
Thamy (@thamynion)



Beatrice - Warrior Nun || BELIEVER
Thamy (@thamynion)



Ava and Lilith - Trouble || Warrior Nun
Thamy (@thamynion)



Warrior Nun - Titanium
Dani (@Ava_MaryWN)



Warrior Nun - T.N.T
Dani (@Ava_MaryWN)



Shannary
Dani (@Ava_MaryWN)



past lives
@taliennnnn



she's a killer queen || beatrice [warrior nun]
enouement.mp4



locked out of heaven || avatrice [warrior nun]
enouement.mp4



just let me adore you || chanel [warrior nun]
enouement.mp4



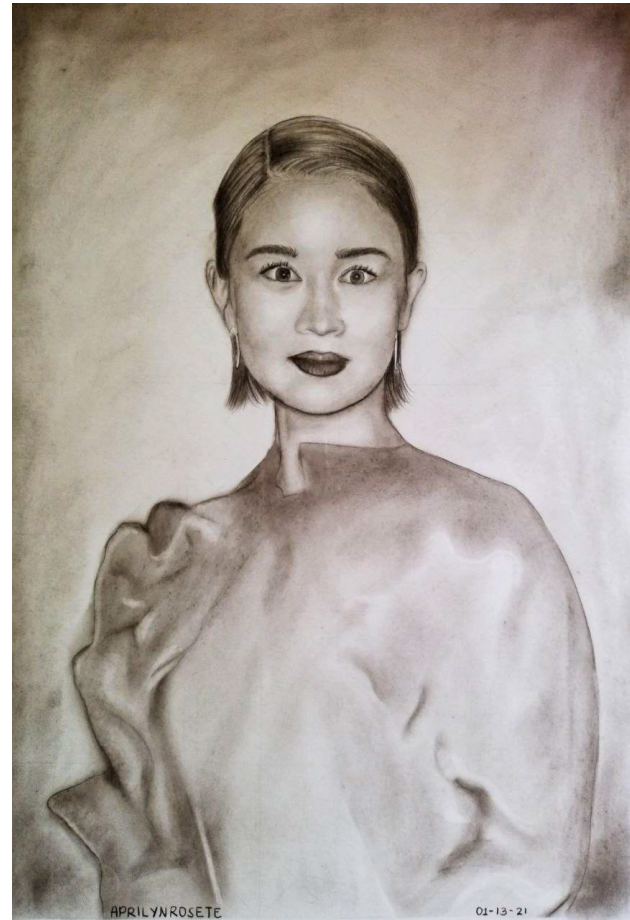
dangerous woman || jillian salvius [warrior nun]
enouement.mp4



AVATRICE | I FOLLOW RIVERS
Hope (@_innerhope_)



art by Sydney McCloskey
@Sydney__McC 🐦



art by **Aprilyn Rosete**
commissioned by AG
@camiladelcan 🐦



art by Ian Montesa @crvmple 🐦

“

Looking back, Lilith thinks she only wanted
to take the Halo from Shannon.
Turns out she also wanted Mary.

”

writerofwrongs ✂️

ORDER OF THE CRUCIFORM SWORD

Meme corner

Do something stupid
YES
HELL YEAH
Hey!

Meme by: AG

Meme by: @melly_leung

HALO FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Meme by: @melly_leung

hehehe

Not funny Ava! Teehee -A

So cute!

Meme by: Kal

Camila with a piano

Camila with a crossbow

is this the love of my life?

Meme by: Kal

The Best You Wish Well yes Bear Ava...

WOULDN'T HAVE FALLEN OFF THAT CLIFF IF YOU JUST LISTENED

what do you mean fell? you kicked me! what!?

Meme by: AG

Lilith Mary Ava

Meme by: AG

I want JC/ava endgame please

Meme by: Kal

Petite member of the clergy

JC

wait, is this me or Ava?

BOTH Both Both

as it should be

Teehee

Bea we know it's you

Well.

WN STRUGGLE TWEETS

Being a fan of Warrior Nun during the content drought of the recent months has been interesting to say the least! One group of Halo Bearers even went as far to create a Twitter account dedicated to this struggle. Here are some iconic tweets from the past year, and don't forget that you can submit a struggle tweet anytime by simply tagging @struggle-nuns!

WN Struggle Tweets @strugglenuns

the bloopers when...
@ChokemeBeatrice
@avatricefeels

submitted by: @warriorwhigham

Nicnaks @ChokemeBeatrice

brain cell still true though! Where are they!!

I am once again asking for the warrior nun bloopers.

I am once again asking for wn bloopers.

6:20 AM · 16 Feb 21 · Twitter for iPhone

WN Struggle Tweets @strugglenuns

we can only hope that this happens for real @WhyldSoul

BEEZELTON ERA @The Avatrice Kiss In

Avatrice

Avatrice

9:08 PM · 15 Feb 21 · Twitter for Android

WN Struggle Tweets @strugglenuns

.....

chick @carolmaria f... 12/27/20

so... @SimonDavisBarry, warrior nun bts and bloopers when????

Simon Barry @SimonDavisBarry

Replying to @leishalo

BTS on my Instagram. Bloopers coming. Thanks for watching #WarriorNun

10:03 · 12/27/20 · Twitter for iPhone

12 Retweets 26 Quote Tweets 105 Likes

8:02 AM · 08 Feb 21 · Twitter for iPhone

WN Struggle Tweets @strugglenuns

16k chaPTER?!

sexy nuns with guns @PlsSi... · 19h

me writing a 750 word speech for my boss

me writing a 16k chapter for avatrice*

*never gonna happen again

8:09 AM · 05 Feb 21 · Twitter for iPhone

WN Struggle Tweets @strugglenuns

more like a life struggle tweet but yeah....

Nicnaks @simpforkty

If avatrice isn't the endgame well then I will force it.

07:56 · 2/1/21 · Twitter for Android

1 Like

WN Struggle Tweets @strugglenuns

Yeah Ava, you basically just summed up life

Nemis @thevioleto violin

17:14 · 2/7/21 · Twitter for iPhone

WN Struggle Tweets @strugglenuns

9:14 AM · 08 Feb 21 · Twitter for iPhone

WN Struggle Tweets @strugglenuns

Socks @soysaucesocks

I've read so many Avatrice fanfics I forget what the canon storyline is

08:02 · 12/8/20 · Twitter for iPhone

4 Retweets 2 Quote Tweets 33 Likes

8:11 AM · 05 Feb 21 · Twitter for iPhone

memes by AG @camiladelcan Kal @wnhandful Melly @melly_leung

Netflix's *Warrior Nun* is based on the manga-style comic book series *Warrior Nun Arealia*, created by Taiwanese-American comic book artist and publisher **Ben Dunn**. First published by Dunn's own company Antarctic Press in 1994, the series centres around Sister Shannon Masters, who also features in the Netflix Original.

Having had a Catholic education, Dunn was interested in understanding the impact of religion on superheroes. He was also inspired by a New York Times article entitled *Black Belts and Blessings for East Harlem Nuns*, about sisters of a charter of the Fraternité Notre-Dame who learned self-defence after hearing the dangers of the area. The rest, as they say, is history.

There are some key differences between the comics and the show, for example the origins of the Order of the Cruciform Sword. In Dunn's version, the OCS was founded by Auria, a Valkyrie who renounced her paganism and turned to Catholicism, who then became Arealia. Ava is also absent in the source material and Jillian was originally a man named Julian.

We would like to thank one of the show's executive producers, Dean English, for passing on this brilliant art, and of course, Ben Dunn himself for taking the time to create something just for us. We are honored and humbled to include his work in this fanzine!

NETFLIX



AND THEN THERE WAS **NUN**✦