

## Table of Contents

Secret Menu Story .....	4
ACT 1: History & Quest .....	4
Part 1 (Every Story Needs An Open) <> DAY 1:FRIDAY [Parts 1 – 22].....	4
Part 2 (Something He Couldn't Hope To Forget) .....	4
Part 3 (The Book Of Words) .....	4
Part 4 (A Lifetime Ago) .....	4
Part 5 (The Fault Lies Not With Us).....	5
Part 6 (Father, Hurry).....	5
Part 7 (Dream With Lorelai Eisweirth IV) .....	5
Part 8 (A Task That Would Be Done).....	6
Part 9 (The Cure) .....	6
Part 10 (Kit's Decision I) .....	6
Part 11 (Kit's Decision II) .....	7
Part 12 (The Allure Of The Forest) .....	7
ACT 2a: The Forest & The Cure .....	7
Part 13 (Bailey's Satchel).....	7
Part 14 (Knock, Knock, Hello).....	8
Part 15 (Hobbling About) .....	8
Part 16 (To Let Be).....	8
Part 17 (Please Do Not Sneeze) .....	8
Part 18 (Cursed Woods) .....	9
Part 19 (A Task Complete) .....	9
Part 20 (Springward) .....	9
Part 21 (Invisible, Mischievous Sprites) .....	9
Part 22 (Conditions Two) .....	10
Part 23 (Lorelais Of Eisweirth) <> DAY 2:SATURDAY [Parts 23 – 44] .....	10
Part 24 (Can You Feel It?).....	11
Part 25 (In Agreement) .....	11
Part 26 (Altar).....	11

Part 27 (Making Magic).....	11
Part 28 (Bonded Blood).....	12
Part 29 (A Mad Dash Home) .....	12
ACT 2b: The Forest & The Father .....	13
Part 30 (Beating Ground I: A Comfort To A Poor Little Girl) .....	13
Part 31 (Where To Go Next?).....	13
Part 32 (Not Once Ever) .....	13
Part 33 (Is He Here?) .....	14
Part 34 (Beating Ground II: The Familiarity Of That Rhythm And Rhyme) .....	14
Part 35 (Did You Hear? Could You See? She's Got Blusters On Her Fingers).....	14
Part 36 (With A Little Help From My Friends).....	15
Part 37 (Beating Ground III: Eyes Wide Open).....	15
Part 38 (For Those Who Should Not Be).....	15
Part 39 (A Man And A Town) .....	15
Part 40 (Lost Men) .....	16
Part 41 (Cruel Truths).....	16
Part 42 (Hope On A Heart) .....	16
Part 43 (Love I: Father And Daughter) .....	17
Part 44 (Another World) .....	17
Part 45 (Ghostly Murmurs) <> DAY 3:SUNDAY [Parts 45 – 58; MS 1 – 5].....	17
Part 46 (Love II: Mother And Daughter) .....	17
ACT 3: Mother & Family.....	18
Part 47 (Kit's Letter) .....	18
Part 48 (A Woman And A Forest).....	18
Part 49 (The Power Of Eisweirth & Eisweirth) .....	19
Part 50 (Special Secrets Between A Mother And Her Daughter).....	19
Part 51 (Family Reunion).....	19
Part 52 (Ody's Colloquy) .....	19
Part 53 (To All Who Took Notice) .....	20
Part 54 (Witness I: The Body Of Ody) .....	20
Part 55 (Witness II: A World Unprepared) .....	20
Part 56 (Witness III: A Prayer For Johannson) .....	21

Part 57 (Love III: The Spirit Of Sacrifice).....	21
Part 58 (Every Story Needs A Close) .....	22
Notes .....	23
Theme Of Lost .....	23
Odyll Needs A Backstory .....	23
Part 58-A Full.....	23
The Trivially Mundane Adventures Of Kit And Kat .....	24
Part 1: The Day Kit Met Kat.....	24
Part 2: Kit & Kat Have A Race.....	24
Part 3: Kat Goes Swimming.....	24
Part 4: Fence: Miles From Kit.....	24
Part 5: Kit & Kat Go To Sleep.....	25
Extras.....	26
Part: Test .....	26

## Secret Menu Story

### ACT 1: History & Quest

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Comment [TLC1]: Story wise I think this is a solid opening act. A number of things are foreshadowed or set up pretty well.

### Part 1 (Every Story Needs An Open) <> DAY 1:FRIDAY [Parts 1 - 22]

Once upon a time ago on the outskirts of a Town in a house atop a hill there lived a little girl. This little girl's name was Kit. Kit the kid, of which she was never called, lived there happily with her mother and father, at least for awhile. You see, in some time, Kit's mother became sick. Her skin grayed and hair whited and soon she stopped talking and soon she stopped moving.

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Comment [TLC2]: DONE

### Part 2 (Something He Couldn't Hope To Forget)

Kit's father, a big and sturdy man, with a face so stern, never showed fear or panic as his poor wife's condition worsened and worsened. However, with each new symptom she displayed, his brows would knit and his scowl would strengthen. His face never showed fear or panic, but it did show concern; and gravely it was, as so it seemed to him, that this affection was familiar. A remnant from his past. A past he couldn't forget.

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Comment [TLC3]: DONE

### Part 3 (The Book Of Words)

He knew what he had to do. In the Town there was a Book, The Book of Words it was called, hidden in the Old Mayor's home. Within its numerous pages lied the secrets to all things; old, new, and what could be. That book, he knew, knows a way to cure his wife. And so, he grabbed his satchel and torch, kissed daughter and wife upon the head, and jumped on his stead. Townward he went, back to his old home, back to the place which banished him and his own.

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Comment [TLC4]: DONE

### Part 4 (A Lifetime Ago)

As he raced down the hill, raced toward the Town, he recalled his life past. You see, in his youth, he was known as Bailey of the Woods for he had walked from there and into the Town, though, because it flowed more, he was more commonly called Bailey Woods. And because Bailey was so strong and caring and had a good heart the Town and its denizen had welcomed him to stay. But, inadvertently, Bailey would break one of the Town's ironclad laws and enter the Forest, which cause a horrible plague to befall the Town. And, though, this poor soul would single handedly lift that curse he was forever banished from his then new home.

Comment [TLC5]: DONE

Bailey had arrived at his destination and banished or not, it mattered very little, his wife was in peril, so he step down from his horse and entered the Town.

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### Part 5 (The Fault Lies Not With Us)

In this Town, Bailey moved without unease for his path was set and his mind was focused. He had come for the Book, the Book of Words, which he did not hope, but knew confidently had the cure to his wife's ailment. An ailment that seemed similar to the plague he had unleashed, accidentally, on this Town so long ago (upon this humble Town so long ago).

Bailey soon had his hands on the Book, and just as quickly as came he was off like the wind back to his wife and little daughter named Kit. No one was the wiser that he had come, no one except for the Old Mayor who had watched he enter and leave. In the Old Mayor's arms was a Book almost identical to the one of Words and as he watched Bailey speed up the hill let these words falls from his lips: "The fault lies not with us, but with you, Bailey of the Woods."

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### Part 6 (Father, Hurry)

Back at the home of Bailey Woods, Bailey's daughter Kit Woods was tending to her poor sick mother while not so patiently awaiting her father's return. Kit paced in circles and wet towels for her mother's head and paced in circles again. Her mother's condition was worsening, her skin was now hardening and finger nails blackening. The sight scared Kit to her very her core. Her little mind frantic, all she could muster between panic and duty was (were the word), "Father, hurry."

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### Part 7 (Dream With Lorelai Eisweirth IV)

While the girl named Kit ran in circles and the man named Bailey climb the hill, the mother lay comatose in her home. Unable to move, not even a wiggle, and incapable of seeing the worry and the care of her family towards her ill condition she dreamed and dreamed in the ever increasingly homey void of her mind.

She dreamed of her mother, Lorelai the III, and of her grandmother, also named Lorelai, then and of her great grandmamma, the Great Lorelai the First. She came from a noble line of Lorelais, of which she was the fourth: Lorelai Eisweirth the Fourth to be precise. All smart and capable women of a far off land.

Lorelai's, that is the Fourth's, dreamscape moved swiftly, taking her to the time she left home to forge her own path and arrived in a place so very far from home, a place called Town. She remembered that time well if not always so dear. It was a time in which she built homes and offices for the families and workers. A time in which she found a partner in business and then a lover in a man from the Woods. At the end of that time, her Bailey had made mistake so costly he was forced to leave. She had a decision, the Town bore no ill will toward her and actively wanted her to stay, but without a second thought she chose to leave too. Forever banished with to one she loved.

Comment [TLC6]: Look at Parts 39 and 40

Comment [TLC7]: Awkwardly worded

Comment [TLC8]: Shorten

Comment [TLC9]: Maybe cut

Comment [TLC10]: A little long, slightly awkward. Also, maybe hint at the Book of Colloquy.

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### Part 8 (A Task That Would Be Done)

Bailey returned and Kit rushed to his side, but the two cannot stay embraced for long. Poor Lorelei, to say had worsen would do no justice, for you see root-like appendages had spouted from her flesh. Bailey's face (a rarity) now showed worry. This condition was new. There was work to be done and haste was their only virtue. They set the Book of Words on a table and began the first part of their weighty task. Within its many pages were the secrets of the world ethereal and temporal. They both knew that this task would not be easy, yet they also knew it was a task that would be done.

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### Part 9 (The Cure)

The days were long and the nights even longer. The two, the daughter and the father, worked in shifts. One would take care of the mother while the other scoured the Book for anything useful. This went on for days, but their efforts were not in vain as on one of the Book's page showed an illustration that much reassembled the mother's state. It listed five items that were to be mix together at an Altar in the Forest to form a salve to alleviate the afflicted: A swirling ball of frozen sun, grounded bark from a talking tree, spring water blessed by fairies of the Forest, the fine white hairs of a stallion of wind, and finally blood bonded from love and of the body.

Obtaining the blood bonded by love and body would be simple. For love, Bailey pricked his finger and drained some of his blood into a bowl and for body he would do the same with his wife. However getting the rest of the items would prove more difficult. Bailey would have to enter the sacred Forest to the south. A place marked as cursed by the Town, and proven true by a young Bailey Woods.

Comment [TLC11]: Shorten and tighten

He grabbed his satchel and put the book and blood in, but not before kissing his wife vowing to cure her. He picked up his young daughter and heard her close to his beating heart. This sound always calmed her. In his big arms, he told her to look after her mother, and that she should not worry, but if something were to happen to him that she should not enter the Forest. He told her he would return and with that, left for the Forest.

Comment [TLC12]: Tighten a bit

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### Part 10 (Kit's Decision I)

Kit waited with mother for father to return. She waited for what must have been days-watching as the sun became the moon and the moon became the sun and watched as her mother became less and less human. She waited weeks it seemed with no word or answer, until one day a knock, knock came from the front door and this erected emotions in her so strong that tears ran down her face like twin waterfalls. She raced to the door bursting it open with such force you could tell she was Bailey's little girl, but outside was not her father, but her father's horse, Rory. Kit looked round, but only the stead was there. She fell to her knees, hitting a little rock, but only mustering a slight whimper. Rory neighed and lovingly pushed his muzzle against (her) cheek. The girl made no sound (said no words), but hugged the horse and sobbed, until she saw the Book of Word in the Rory

Comment [TLC13]: Awkward

Comment [TLC14]: Rephrase slightly

saddle pocket. Kit stood up and looked back into her home, back at her almost lifeless mother. She knew she was at a crossroads. A decision would have to be made.

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### Part 11 (Kit's Decision II)

Kit sat by her ill mother's side and asked for help on what to do, but her mother's body was still, and her mouth silent, and her ears probably couldn't hear. Poor Lorelai was confined in a body that did not work and stuck with a mind that was lost in a void. Kit looked out the open door and into the beyond, hoping to hear from her father lost in Forest but it was useless, whatever decision this unfortunate little girl would come to would be her own. She stretched out on the floor and closed her eyes and after a moment, got up, tended to her mother by cutting the roots that had attached to the ground, walked outside and closed the door, jumped on Rory, who was a horse, and asked him to take her to the Forest. Scared beyond imagine, her decision was made. She'll save them both.

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**Comment [TLC15]:** Mostly good, but needs to be tighten a bit

### Part 12 (The Allure Of The Forest)

Upon reaching the Forest, the horse named Rory stopped and laid down. He would go no further. The girl who we know is named Kit did not mind this. She patted him on head and told him to wait for her to come back out.

As she entered the Forest, it felt to her as if she was entering another world. The colors of the Forest seemed different, not brighter or darker, it was hard to put into words, the colors were otherworldly. And everything was so big, doubly for a girl as little (small) as Kit. The word: magical came to her mind, though had Kit been a few years older maybe the word: terrifying would have reached her mind first. This Forest, magical or terrifying, was strangely inviting, its allure, curious. The little Kit let herself be compelled further into its timbered retreat.

**Comment [TLC16]:** Add a little more

**Comment [TLC17]:** Should this be in quotes or something

### ACT 2a: The Forest & The Cure

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**Comment [TLC18]:** Story-wise: good character development of Kit (at least nice small touches). Everything is going okay, no major problems. Writing-wise: A lot more work needed than ACT 1.

### Part 13 (Bailey's Satchel)

The lure of the Forest was quite strong for the kid petite. She seemed caught in a daze, and in fact she might have wandered endlessly if not for the fact she just stumbled over something; something, much like her, not of the Forest. It was her father's satchel! She surveyed the area, but nothing was peculiar aside from the bag, no signs of a tussle or even a sleeping father. Kit checked the inside Bailey's bag to find that he had obtained two more of the items: A swirling ball of frozen sun as well as fine, white hair from a creature unknown—possibly the stallion of wind, but how was she to really know? The girl's mind, once more focused, decided to look for the last two. She'd find a tree who talked and the fairies of this Forest—the spring water was a lower priority seeing as it should be simpler than the other two.

**Comment [TLC19]:** Rewrite

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#### Part 14 (Knock, Knock, Hello)

Not knowing how else to find a talking tree, Kit went up to every tree she saw and gave it a polite knock, knock and asked very sweetly, "Hello, can you talk?"

Comment [TLC20]: DONE

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#### Part 15 (Hobbling About)

~~While hopping from tree to tree, she came across an area full of chirping birds soaring in wild circles just below the treetops. This sight perplexed the little Kit until she looked down; there by her feet, a single bird was there bobbling about. The bird, we'll call Archer, was grounded to the earth for you see his wing broken, and his friend's could only ward off foes and chirp for help. If Archer was going to be helped, that is returned home in the treetops so high; a creature of non-Aves descent would have to step forth. Kit, though, why not her?~~

While hopping from tree to tree, she came across an area with many birds chirping in the sky. This perplexed the little Kit until she looked down, a single bird was there hobbling about. This bird, we'll call Archer, was grounded to the earth. Wing broken, Archer could not go home, as his friends could only peck at foes and chirp for help. Archer was stuck, but Kit sought to help.

Comment [TLC21]: A bit awkward

Comment [TLC22]: Needs a bit more punch

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#### Part 16 (To Let Be)

Gesturing to the birds (above) to have faith in her good will, Kit moved towards Archer to pick him up. At first the birds chirped louder, circled faster, but when they saw the gentle look in her eyes their sharp chirps became light songs. They pointed out ol' Archer's nest by circling a giant tree, but just as she (Kit) put Archer in her bag (there) was a frightful sound. It was a booming voice that told her not to help the bird. It was the tree (it was Archer's tree), making earth shake with its voice. It warned Kit once again, proclaiming the way of the Forest was not to help but to let be.

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#### Part 17 (Please Do Not Sneeze)

When the tree had ceased speaking, all became silent. The birds still circled round, but none dared sing song. The earth was stable, the wind died out. The tree, commanded all, both beast and nature. However, though very, very scared, the daughter of Bailey, child of Lorelai would not be commanded by a tree. Not for, advice that was wrong (believed wrong). Kit picked up Archer and placed him in her satchel. She told the tree not to sneeze and proceeded to climb it all the way to the very tip top, perhaps slightly lower as the nest was (lower) not that high. It was a long way and very tiring, but the girl did make it and returned the bird to its home.

Comment [TLC23]: Rephrase maybe

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### Part 18 (Cursed Woods)

When Kit was done with bird named Archer, she climbed down from the tree, touched foot on earth. She thanked the tree for not sneezing and waited in silence for a reply. In a big voice that reverberated the air the tree talked, though this time its voice wasn't full of command. Nothing actually shook and the fear that came before was no longer there. The tree had only this to say, "Child of Valor, your heart is sound, but this Forest is cursed. No matter the strength of heart, this Forest will keep you for its own. Leave at once child for your own sake not mine."

Kit, as immediately as the tree had finished she started to explain her quest. Her mother ill and father lost. She made it clear that she could not leave and asked instead for help from the tree.

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### Part 19 (A Task Complete)

The tree could tell by her actions, pensive, and eyes, determined, that though the girl little and with mind growing, that she was not acting out of thoughtlessness or folly but of love and desperation. With a deep and heavy sign the tree complied with her wishes, allowing her to take from its body. A task complete.

The tree, called Solomon, gave the girl its name as well as a flute quite literally rustles from its leaves. Wanting her to make haste, it gave her the location of the spring, said the flute would summon the fairies and his name will make sure they help. Kit thanked Solomon as she ran towards her next destination.

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### Part 20 (Springward)

Committing the words of the Great Tree Solomon to mind, Kit dashes off springward without a moment's delay (though she wished Rory, there) and upon her destination reached, she inhaled really big and blew her flute of leaves as hard as she could. A slight dizziness (dizzy) overcame (became) her. Next time, she though, she'll wait until her breathe had caught up from running. At first nothing came, so she blew it again and on second turn she saw something quite strange. Tiny footprints dances across the water and laughter soon filled the air. Leaves would bristle and other noises could be heard, yet not a body to found.

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### Part 21 (Invisible, Mischievous Sprites)

Perhaps they were shy, no, too much fun was being had. Perhaps they were invisible, yes, thought Kit, that must be it. That's the reason for the flute, she assumed. Kit took out the flute and blew once more, though with less gusto and called the fairies for help. When this was done the invisible sprites came and floated the girl into the air. They took her bag and stole her flute, while laughing and giggling all the while. Kit pleaded for them to stop, but they would listen not (that is) until Kit namedropped (the name of)

Comment [TLC24]: Tree Bark

Comment [TLC25]: Cut or rephrase

Comment [TLC26]: Maybe cut and comma

Comment [TLC27]: Needlessly redundant

Comment [TLC28]: Completed?

Comment [TLC29]: ?

Comment [TLC30]: Weak punch

Comment [TLC31]: Concept fine, but will need moderate rewriting

Solomon which caused the mischievous fairies to drop, drop, Kit (ground, floor, hard. Sorry). One fairy visified to verify, "You mean the Great Tree of Eisweirth, Solomon?"

Comment [TLC32]: Add punch

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Part 22 (Conditions Two)

Comment [TLC33]: Rewrite

The little girl replied that it was a talking tree with a bold voice who sent her here. And with that fact known, one by one, fairies started to visify. The position had now changed, it was the mischievous fairies who now pleaded with Kit, pleaded with her not to tell the Great Tree Solomon of their bad doings. Kit response quick saying she would on conditions two. First, she inquired, "tell me about Eisweirth, the name. (tell me about Eisweirth, for it is my mother's maiden name) For my ill mother is Lorelai Eisweirth the fourth, or rather was before she married my father."

Comment [TLC34]: Are there really two conditions?

In one simultaneous gasp, the fairies (many) showed their stun. They hurdled (huddled) a in group, whispered among themselves, occasionally peeking back or circling round the girl named Kit, daughter of Lorelai, then whispering some more. What's going on the girl inquired (a second query). The curious on-goings were a bit too curious for her. (The curious on-goings were much too curious. [indeed]) At that time, a fairy called Evermore announced to all, that girl named Kit, wide eyed and little (small), daughter of an Eisweirth, was in fact a fairy—at least a little.

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Part 23 (Lorelais Of Eisweirth) <> DAY 2: SATURDAY [Parts 23 - 44]

Comment [TLC35]: Tighten up

Comment [TLC36]: Fascination

Evermore, fairy of the Forest, took advantage of the opportunity given to her by the now very confused (perplexed / stunned) Kit, to tell her a story of a far, far, even more far off (than that) land of Eisweirth. A story of a great and noble lineage of fairy women, bearing the name of the land and the given name of Lorelai. The first of whom had ended a terrible war of humans and fairies in Eisweirth, bringing a balance to land there. She married a human, who became King to her Queen, and had a daughter. This one became Lorelai Eisweirth the Second. (The First one must have been vain)

Comment [TLC37]: Awkward

Lorelai II, grew up first princess of Eisweirth, beautiful yet cunning learnt of a natural imbalance in the world temporal and ethereal. With her mother's help devised a way to fix the calamity (anomaly). In years forward, she too would fall in love and bring forth a third Lorelai of Eisweirth. (The Second may not have wanting the tradition to end [to break tradition])

Comment [TLC38]: Change name slightly

The third, much like petite little Kit, was small in size, yet her heart was big and her resolve was great. Like her grandmother, Lorelai I, this Lorelai was a soldier of (for) her land, though was able was able to resolves many battles with nearly a fight. Detesting killing, she fought to unite the world and in a far off place across sea and mountains (many) she did just that (she did succeed). And with what had become tradition, Lorelai the Third would name her daughter Lorelai Eisweirth IV. (The Third, it was known, was just not very creative)

Comment [TLC39]: ?

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### Part 24 (Can You Feel It?)

The fairy, Evermore, continued fascinating the girl named Kit with the story of her lineage. Lorelai the Fourth, though furthest removed, physically (biologically), from her fairy blood, was the strongest of the Lorelais in her Arcane. So, strong that she could feel natural imbalances far, far away from Eisweirth and left to fix them all by herself.

**Comment [TLC40]:** Maybe push this up to the pervious part.

Evermore's story had ended. She said all that was known, that what had happen to Lorelai Eisweirth IV was a mystery, though, was one more thing that was known, a long, long time ago a great imbalance arose from this very Forest, plagued the Town, and then left. It wasn't Lorelai who resolved the issue that much is known, and what's more, this special secluded Forest changed, evermore. At last, it seems, the Town fearful of another plague caused something very disturbing to awake. What? The fairies did not know, bit its immature power could be felt. (They asked, "Can you feel it?")

**Comment [TLC41]:** Rewrite more clearly

**Comment [TLC42]:** This is important and should probably be brought up in the later parts

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**Comment [TLC43]:** Tighten a bit

### Part 25 (In Agreement)

The fairies and Kit were in agreement: Lorelai of Eisweirth, fourth in a great lineage (line), must be saved. Kit opened her satchel and took an empty container and filled it with fresh spring water (water from the spring) and the fairies blessed it.

Once this was done, the fairies surrounded Kit and sealed her in light. They told her not to be fearful for the light was simple teleportation Arcane. In seconds, she would be at her next destination, the Altar. They told her ears up for a test would be forthcoming, if she wanted return here in a jiff the Arcane she would repeat: Alla, Ellos, Sanatos. And with that the kid called Kit (Kit the Kid) had vanished. Going to the Altar, the fairies pleaded hopefully that she could still here, "Don't tell ol' Solomon our deeds mischievous."

**Comment [TLC44]:** A bit awkward

**Comment [TLC45]:** Rewrite

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### Part 26 (Altar)

In a ball of light, swirling, Kit had arrived (arriven) deep in the Forest to a place full of half sunken structures, moss covered stairs leading to heaven or maybe nowhere. The place seemed from a distant time, yet felt right at home here in the Forest. In the back of it all was one structure that was perfectly intact, almost of out of time from the rest of the place, that place was the Altar. Grand and jeweled the Altar was, Kit marveled as she ran to (towards) it (its splendor).

Though, before she could reach the tall doors, she noticed something going back into the woods—it seemed to her human, a man carrying a book, too small a man to be her father and nothing really odd, except they glowed.

**Comment [TLC46]:** "Excuse me little girl. Which way is up?" He stumbled, dazed, confused, lost. Everything was odd about him, from his condition to his Book to the way he glowed. Especially the way he glowed.

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**Comment [TLC47]:** It needs to be tighten

### Part 27 (Making Magic)

Inside the Altar was dark and cold, but this mattered not. Kit in a brilliant focus opens her father's satchel and took out the items five, followed by the Book of Words. She brought them to the center of the room where a bowl stood almost in shrine. She started

by grounding the bark of the Solomon tree, then added the hairs of wind. She poured in the water blessed by the fairies and dropped in the ball of frozen sun which melted. The frozen sun thickens the mix and made it warm and cool. At this point, the Book said the Altar would begin to glow and eerily it was. At last she added the bonded blood. The Book told, not literally, that the mix would change colors from a muddy green to a pale red, and that the chamber would become blindingly blight, but it didn't. In fact not only had the paste not changed colors, but the chamber reset itself to when Kit first entered, dark and cold, and now painfully distressing.

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### Part 28 (Bonded Blood)

The girl named Kit, recently outed as part fairy, could not think. She was lost as to what to do next, all she could think to do was pace round and round and try to figure what went wrong. Was it the ingredients or had she mixed it wrong? Her focus was lost, her mind interrupted by thoughts of her worsening mother, Fourth Lorelai of Eisweirth, and by thoughts of what may have happened to her lost Father, Bailey of the Woods.

Her mind spun round and round, and though she never doubted her father's efforts, she did feel the need to blame those stupid white hairs (of wind). And right as she thought that last thought, did her petite frame take a tumble, smacking head, flesh to ground, hard, causing a trail of blood to run down temple and along the curve of her cheek. If her parents had taught her words, foul, now may have been the time she would have used them, however, they didn't, so instead she rolled over sand simply touched head, ow.

As her hand, now bloodied, came into view, the girl's mind could clearly made sense of the riddle. Bonded Blood of body didn't means of one's self but of one's lineage! Kit jump up and slung a heap of her blood into the bowl. Liquid now blue and lights most definitely blinding, Kit's mother could now be saved. She packed up her things and Alla, Ellos, Sanatos'd out of there!

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### Part 29 (A Mad Dash Home)

Kit arrived back at the spring and made a mad dash pass the fairies, many, passed the birds, high, and talking tree (single / singular / and the tree, could be talking), strange. She ran without stop, all the way back to the Forest's entrance, where she seemed to have encountered an invisible wall. This wasn't here before she noted and ran along its perimeter, but it seemed to be everywhere. (all-round / all around) She could see Rory, who you may (or not) remember is a horse, and gave him a call, and while the stead did rise, he looked as if he could not see the small little girl who stood just a few feet away. (Had she grown smaller?)

And just then, ghostly apparitions with bodies of men and heads of animals appeared and called to the little girl. They said to her, her time spent in the Forest had been too long (too long, far too long) and that the Forest had claimed her, body, mind, clothes, and all. That no matter how hard she could try, the world temporal she could not return.

**Comment [TLC48]:** Pretty, tighten. Length is okay.

**Comment [TLC49]:** Too much, one comma phrase should be cut or reworded

**Comment [TLC50]:** Pretty cute, polish a bit. Also is that a run-on?

**Comment [TLC51]:** Blood Bonded of Body

**Comment [TLC52]:** KEEP

**Comment [TLC53]:** Mostly okay, end needs to feel more connected to the first part of this part.

**Comment [TLC54]:** Need to have somewhere where she says she'll find her dad later

## ACT 2b: The Forest & The Father

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**Comment [TLC55]:** Story-wise: I think this is another solid act. Things get more serious here. Writing-wise: I think it's as bad as ACT 2a.

### Part 30 (Beating Ground I: A Comfort To A Poor Little Girl)

The little girl, who weeks ago, was so pretty with a family so happy, was now dirty and bleeding and all alone. (poor thing [she was walking in silence, walking numb until her leg gave she dropped to the ground, curled herself into a ball and cried]) She walked in silence for a while before dropping to the ground to curl and cry. But with ear to the earth she heard a beat, beat, beating, one that resembled a pulsing heart. (But with ear to the earth she heard a beat, beat, beating ground. It resembled a pulsating heart, a sound that confronted her) The beating ground gave confront to the girl. She whipped the tears from her face and resolved to find her father at once!

**Comment [TLC56]:** It's muddled. Things need to be committed to. It concept is good and base writing is somehow good too.

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### Part 31 (Where To Go Next?)

It was nice that she had a new goal in mind, something to keep her mind far away from recent upsets. She would search for her father lost within the Forest's realm. It was nice, indeed, except for the fact that she had no idea as to where to start. The Forest was big and foreign (to her still), with a lure so alluring. A mere child could wander eons without an inkling of a hint (of where to go).

She thought, she paced, she said, no good to wandering. So, this girl we call Kit did the only thing she could think to do. She said hello to a great big tree.

**Comment [TLC57]:** Good, good, good, what happened?

The great Solomon lent her an ear and was deeply sadden about her predicament. He had warned her (this fate). In a voice as big as its height, Solomon said he could not help, however, he suggested, that she (take a peek at the Book, the Book of Words) want to use the Book, the Book of Words.

**Comment [TLC58]:** Needs punch

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### Part 32 (Not Once Ever)

To use the Book, the one of Words, had never, not once ever, entered her (the girl's) mind. Had she wasted some time to give name to Solomon's idea, it may have perhaps been 'brilliant'; however, she wasted no time and instead hurriedly opened the Book and paged through it (numerous) pages looking for something, anything of use.

**Comment [TLC59]:** Rewrite

**Comment [TLC60]:** I think it's pretty funny. Keep

**Comment [TLC61]:** Awkward, probably a run-on

Upon flipping through the modest sized Book somehow concealed the fact it contains innumerable pages. Kit made a quick (smart) decision to forget this fact as to steel her resolve.

**Comment [TLC62]:** Rewrite

Not soon after did the kid find an Arcane to locate. With an item of his, she choose his bag, and words of a fairy, she hoped she would (she'd) do, was all that was needed to bring forth a trail. On one end was Kit and on the other perhaps a lost Bailey of the Woods.

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**Part 33 (Is He Here?)**

The path made by the Book’s Arcane was sparkling a ghostly line of blue. It weaved round trees, it slid down hills, made twist and turns, and swam across banks of waters. In the end the path had lead the girl to one of the Forest’s countless cleanings, but there was nothing here, nothing again. Only the same ol’ trees and grass and far off sky. She asked, aloud, though to no one in particular, “My father. Is my father really here? (My father. Is he here?)”

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**Comment [TLC63]:** Mostly okay, just a little more punch.

**Comment [TLC64]:** Needs a little more.

**Part 34 (Beating Ground II: The Familiarity Of That Rhythm And Rhyme)**

She asked the trees if they could talk, they did not so she climbed them instead. Her father was not somewhere on high. She checked bushes, everyone. Only small animals and berries were discovered. A small cave was nearby, so she checked it true, yet it too proved futile (false) as the cave was less space (spacious) than her humble home. The girl went back to the clearing and paced quickly, thinking of what to do next; when she finally heard it. A thumb, thumb. Her neck twisted and shifted as she looked for its source. The ground! She put ear to the ground and heard it was alive. The thumb, thumb was the beat, beating of a heart. No, she though, it is the ground’s heart! The rhythm and rhyme were familiar, something she couldn’t mistake. Quickly, grab something hard, starting digging into the ground. Her father was prisoner of the ground (< cut the last line)

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**Comment [TLC65]:** A bit weak. Needs to be made stronger.

**Comment [TLC66]:** KEEP

**Comment [TLC67]:** KEEP

**Comment [TLC68]:** Strange

**Part 35 (Did You Hear? Could You See? She’s Got Blusters On Her Fingers)**

In the hollows of trees, or circling between treetops and cloudbottoms, or hiding in far off shade; the dwellers of the Forest watched the girl (with astute attention / attention astute) digging for something (no, someone) she loved.

On her knees, in dirtied clothes (cloth and garb), digging with sticks and twigs (until they broke), or pounding away with rock (until they crumbled), or clawing with her bare little fingers (blusters be damned). They saw her face painted with a mixture (< cut?) of dried blood, tear-mixed mud, but most of all (and this is important) they her fierce determination. They saw fear and failure had slowed her, but not stopped her. (They saw her.)

The birds were moved first, they could be idlers no longer. They swarmed round Kit and dropped (off supplies,) twigs and rocks by her side and a familiar brown bellied, silver tailed bird clawed and pecked at the ground (by her side). The code of the Forest was shattering. The fairies were next, they sent the message throughout the Forest that this brave little, part-fairy girl needed help and that support was a must. Even far off Solomon motioned to help. He raised a giant root of his from the ground and a shadowy giant ran it fast away. (and it walked itself away)

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**Comment [TLC69]:** Give the giant an actual design—make it a spirit creature.

**Comment [TLC70]:** Needs tightening but overall okay

**Comment [TLC71]:** Rewrite

### Part 36 (With A Little Help From My Friends)

In what very well may have been the whole of the Forest helping the little girl unearth her Father, it still was not enough. The beating grew louder, but lay always far and out of reach. Kit would not give up, but would her tale end here in a memory encapsulated by (in) time: A daughter forever digging, a father forever buried, a mother forever dying?

Comment [TLC72]: Should this be a little mysterious?

From the depths of the Forest came a giant of wool (?) who sought to answer the question. Carrying Solomon's strong root, the beast replied: No! (not with words but with actions) and plunged the root into the ground splitting it long (dividing the land). He sled his long slender, hairy fingers into the newly made crevice (crevasse) and opened the land wide.

Comment [TLC73]: Give better description

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### Part 37 (Beating Ground III: Eyes Wide Open)

Victory was short-live, as the split land revealed a sight too horrible to believe. (Eye widen, forced to see) The land was living, no, rather composed of the living. Thousands, upon thousands of bodies twisted and contorted, ripped and battered, screaming ( and moaning) and still beating, composed the (this) land beneath their feet. (It was a twisted graveyard, prison to those whose life straddled the balance) And, indeed, among them was in fact the girl's father, Bailey Woods, with hear outside chest, beating, beating; adorned in red and meat. What on earth is this? What on earth has happen? A thought universal, a thought not spoken.

Comment [TLC74]: Maybe lighter in tone

Comment [TLC75]: A little tightening

Comment [TLC76]: Should there be more of an intro?

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### Part 38 (For Those Who Should Not Be)

Evermore, the fairy, held Kit, daughter of Bailey, and tried to shield her small oval eyes from the cruel sight, but Kit needed to see, needed to know what happened. She called with voice wavering and Bailey did hear. Bailey told his daughter that he had much to explain, starting with the fact he is (was?) not human but a golem made (composed) of dirt, born from this very Forest and sadly, cruelly returned to it by a person whose sees his existence as an abomination, and his entire presence is a curse along with Lorelai, this Forest, and you.

Comment [TLC77]: This is a run-on, split up. Also, make clearer.

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### Part 39 (A Man And A Town)

Bailey, man in the ground, tells his daughter, above, a story about a Town and a foreign man. This Town, he tells her (his girl), had accepted this Foreigner and allowed him to work live in their land. The Foreigner was happy and the Town was happy (in reply), but all was not well and one was not content. The Mayor of the Town spoke to the Foreigner of a Book, a Book of Words that may save it, but alas the ol' Mayor lamented (that) the Book was in the sacred Forest. Entrance of which was deemed forbidden as anyone who enters and leaves, leaves with a curse and that curse would destroy the Town.

Comment [TLC78]: Over The Years

Comment [TLC79]: Tighten this up

Comment [TLC80]: Warped mind

The Foreigner had a secret, he was made by the Forest. He, he thought, was not cursed, where he walked nothing was blessed or doomed. So, he forsook the Town's Rules and

entered the Forest, took the Book, and returned to Town. Upon doing so had indeed cursed it. And when the Foreigner got rid the curse he was no longer welcomed in the Town.

Worst, the Foreigner would find out later, that the Mayor, now old, had found out of his origins and deemed him and abomination, one that would return the curse to the Town. The Mayor's mind was lost to paranoia and it seemed the Town's (had too) as well.

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Comment [TLC81]: Tie with the original legend as well.

#### Part 40 (Lost Men)

Bailey of the Woods, born of them, returned to them, continued his tale to his daughter's attentive ears. The Town, once beautiful in ways many now was completely changed. Wrapped in paranoia, had done a great many things to keep its self safe. Warped, now, are their minds with their Mayor, Thaddeus Johannson, at its disturbed center.

Lorelai, was poisoned by them to lure, me, the abomination here, returned to whence I came, as a way to restore a natural order, a balance. I, he says, have failed my family. Forgive me Lorelai. Forgive me Kit.

The girl Kit, still in fairy hands, screams to her father that she will save him too. The Book, she thinks, must have answers. Tears swell as pages turn, but Bailey calls for her to stop. A way may very well be in the (that) Book, but too much time had passed, he is earth, once more. Kit will not be able to save him. Not now.

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Comment [TLC82]: What actually happened?

Comment [TLC83]: Watch the narrator

Comment [TLC84]: Maybe add this to the next part.

#### Part 41 (Cruel Truths)

Quiet, was the Forest, as all it seemed was lost. But the golem known as Bailey (Woods), stern as ever, let his daughter, the half or partial fairy Kit, know that she may still cure her mother of the Town's illness. Though, only temporary, if she partakes in the flesh of a golem's heart she will (be allowed to) returned to the world temporal, long enough to reach her mother, their sun, Lorelai.

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Comment [TLC85]: When did Kit tell him she was stuck?

#### Part 42 (Hope On A Heart)

Rise did the Heart of Bailey up forward to the surface world. A father's sacrifice for a daughter's temporal (fleeting) haven. The hope he lay on the heart was that his wife may just be able to be rescued by their lovely Kit.

Beating, beating, pulsing, pulsing, the heart went. Every pump of the cardinal organ made the girl's eyes widen (stomach churn); she heaved and (as) color flushed from her face. With mouth a gasp (agape) she took the heart in hands and held it to her chest. Beating, beating. She sobbed quietly. (She couldn't) She refused, for the toll on her own heart was now (too) great. A girl so small should not need to do deeds so big (and so cruel). She refused.

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Comment [TLC86]: Beating and pulsing x2

Comment [TLC87]: Beat, beat, beating

**Part 43 (Love I: Father And Daughter)**

No matter the necessity, what a terrible deed to ask of one's own child. Lamenting, Bailey of the Woods, now of the ground, could only muster how sorry he was as a failure of a protector. Kit, calming herself to the beat of her father's heart, did not believe her father a failure. Words left her mouth much to the same tone. She wished the family to be a trio once more, not single, nor a duo. Bailey understood, knew at last, that that would never be. He again pleaded with his daughter. Let his heart at least save his girls. Difficult it was, but if action was not to be taken all three would be lost. Tears, would run once more down her face if they could, but still they could not. (If only they could, tears would once more run the pitiable girls face, but alas the Forest had drain her dry [but alas the Forest robbed her of that as well]) The brave, pitiable girl named Kit told her father, with much love (and sadness), good-bye and consumed his heart.

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**Comment [TLC88]:** There's some awkward wording here and there that will need to be rewritten.

**Comment [TLC89]:** There needs to be a better transition here

**Comment [TLC90]:** Awkward

**Comment [TLC91]:** Consistency fixes and polish needed

**Part 44 (Another World)**

The ground fell silent; tones of color grew cold (torn of color). Evermore, ever holding on the girl, Kit, let go allowing her to rise. Kit walked away in a daze. Was it worth it? It was worth it. (Words) spun in her head. The Forest dweller made way for the girl and dared not speak and dared not follow. "I'm alone. I am alone," were words that made a phrase that came in and out of her head. A phrase, she realized, never meant a thing to a little girl like her, but now means so much. Heart. The word sickened her enough to puke but she thought she might, she tried her best not to. (<rewrite) (The word sickened her, so much she wanting to puke, so much she thought she might, but she tried her best not to, for what was inside [her] needed to stay inside. It was her final chance to save her mother and last connection to her father.) What's inside was needed (what's inside needed to stay inside) for her to save her mother, and held only, final, connection to her father. Looking around, she thought she must be another world. Nothing looked magical anymore.

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**Comment [TLC92]:** A bit awkward

**Comment [TLC93]:** Rewrite

**Part 45 (Ghostly Murmurs) <> DAY 3:SUNDAY [Parts 45 - 58; MS 1 - 5]**

Once more at the Forest's entrance, Kit held her breathe, thinking it may ward (off) unwanted half-man, half-animal guardians. She passed over to the other side, though, nothing felt any different. She exhaled and as she jumped on Rory, the horse, a ghostly figure murmured in ear, hurry dear girl, we will retrieve you when your time is up.

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**Comment [TLC94]:** Rewrite for more punch

**Part 46 (Love II: Mother And Daughter)**

Back at home, the drained little girl could not muster the strength to be shocked at her poor mother's present condition. Lorelai's state was that not of a human, completely wrapped in a cocoon of bark with white fuzz growing like moss on her shell. Roots pierced various points of the home with no care that people once live there.

**Comment [TLC95]:** Maybe slow the cure a bit. Till the next part.

**Comment [TLC96]:** Awkward

Quietly, Kit opened her father's satchel and took out the pink salve. She tended the roots as best she could and then rubbed the salve on what had become of her mother's body. When she was done, she got close to her mother and fell asleep.

The morning came too soon, yet not without presents. Her mother form had mostly returned. Kit hugged her as best she could, tended to some more roots, and poured the last of the salve on her mother's now human. When she was done, Kit could feel the presence, ghostly, half creepy and half cruel.

**Comment [TLC97]:** Slow down cure until the next part

**Comment [TLC98]:** Consider a slight rewrite

Wait, was the first word she spoke that day. She wrote her mother a letter, kissed her on the forehead, and said two words more, love and you. With guardians on either side, the then living kid known as Kit exited her home. Rory, the Woods' stead, started to follow, but soon stopped as there was nothing left to follow, hold a small whisper of good-bye.

**Comment [TLC99]:** This word reads awkwardly because it's like I'm trying to rhyme follow with follow. That not intended.

### ACT 3: Mother & Family

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**Comment [TLC100]:** Story-wise: Not too bad. Some scenes I want to go in a slightly different direction, though. Writing-wise: Better than ACT 2a and 2b.

#### Part 47 (Kit's Letter)

On a house atop a hill, near the outskirts of town (On the outskirts of a Town, in a house atop a hill) eyes did open wide. The cure from the Book had worked it wonders to an audience of vacant space. Lorelai Eisweirth, fourth in a line, was alive again and (in) a splendid human form, a form that was not at all surprisingly starved. While gathering food to cook, she noticed many things amiss, such as the locations of Bailey and Kit, the disheveled appearance of the house, and a very distant sinister feel to air.

**Comment [TLC101]:** Remember Lorelai is now Lorelai Woods

**Comment [TLC102]:** Describe Lorelai's appearance

**Comment [TLC103]:** Needs polish

She had been sick, that much she knew, but the extent and time were details unknown. Though, through a cursory inspection of her dwelling produced (a) letter, one (addressed to her) from her daughter that filled in many gaps brought on by lost time. The words on the pages told a horrible story (of a horrid tale), yet also one imbued with love. Without a moment's delay, Lorelai Eisweirth IV (Lorelai Woods) made her way to the Forest.

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**Comment [TLC104]:** Needs polish

#### Part 48 (A Woman And A Forest)

(Lorelai Woods, also known as the fourth daughter of Eisweirth, furthest...) Lorelai Eisweirth the Fourth, furthest removed from her fairy blood, was not entirely unfamiliar with the Forest, both sacred and feared. She knew its power, strong, and its secrets, many. She knew because she read-read books about this very Forest back in her home land and namesake, Eisweirth. This Forest, those books told, acts like a sort of bridge between the world temporal and world eternal. She knew because when she was younger, first (time) gone from home, she found herself here, talking to a tree with her very unique namesake, asking for help. Now, again, she finds herself specking to a great and mighty tree asking for help, help to find her girl, a girl named Kit. Much obliged was Solomon to help those who he so fondly took to. He lent all his strength to the princess of fairies, but the true task would fall to her.

**Comment [TLC105]:** Worlds?

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### Part 49 (The Power Of Eisweirth & Eisweirth)

Solomon's power, a permission from the Forest, the crisscrossing network of roots beneath. Paired together with the great Arcane of a Lorelai Eisweirth, the Fourth no less made the pinpointing of one scared little girl oh so easy. Hidden, in a cave (small grotto (?)), covered in tall leaves, the girl we'll come to know as Kit had herself curled into (a) sad (tight) little ball. To a great surprise to the girl, unaware, Lorelai takes her into her own loving arms. The moment was nice, and there, too, a promise was made. Kit would be free of the Forest's cruel hold.

Comment [TLC106]: Should there be a little more here?

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### Part 50 (Special Secrets Between A Mother And Her Daughter)

With mother and daughter reunited, the next task on Lorelai's mind was finding (her) beloved Bailey. In the ground and cold was the tearful reply by poor little Kit. Lorelai told her girl a special secret, that though her father's body may be lost and heart now gone, his soul still lingers in this place.

Comment [TLC107]: Awkward

Kit led her mother to the place where her father lays. More terrifying than Lorelai could (imagine, but) she kept her mind about (her). She could see that this was more than this place was more than the place where Bailey had fell, but a specially made prison to ensnare a golem.

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### Part 51 (Family Reunion)

Though her Arcane was strong, even Lorelai Eisweirth, fourth of her kind, would need a little help with freeing her Bailey's soul. And it just so happened that the recently outed partial fairy Kit was all too happy to be that little help. Kit, grasp of the new Arcane was quick and soon the two were working in perfect union, pulling Bailey's soul to the surface, freeing it from its tomb. But a golem's soul cannot wander free topside, not for long, it must be held in a body. Lorelai, newly awoken, while ever strong, was indeed in weaken state. Forging a new body may be an impossibility. However, the ever resourceful daughter (Kit) suggested the stones and rocks gathered here by the Forest dwellers. The idea was good, not perfect, but had worked. The family had finally been reunited.

Comment [TLC108]: Weaken state  
Comment [TLC109]: Polish

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### Part 52 (Ody's Colloquy)

Together at last, Bailey holds off on the celebration, many problems were still at hand. Bailey and Kit were still bounded to the Forest, yet even worst is the Town gone mad with fear and paranoia. Bailey explains his confrontation with the Old Mayor of his old home to his wife. The Old Mayor seeks to restore the balance of nature through ways ill. That he carries a Book similar to the one of Words.

Comment [TLC110]: Colloquy, is (was) its name, mother, wife, and daughter herself told of its story, told of a tale about a lost Spirit, a Spirit named Ody.

Red with gold, Colloquy, was its name. Lorelai Eisweirth IV, lady of the highest Arcane, knew of this Book; the Book of Colloquy, opposite it was to the Book of Words. A Book written and proofed by the Spirit Ody to rewrite the rule of nature, to twist them to

its own pleasure. Lorelai could hardly contain herself as she went on about Odyl. This Spirit, declared, was the source of the Town's disarray and the Mayor's alleged madness. Thaddeus Johannson, merely a pawn that must be stopped, but where would he (even) be.

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Comment [TLC111]: Check the Notes Section for guidance here.

Part 53 (To All Who Took Notice)

The atmosphere hung heavy with imbalance, Lorelai, high, thought partial fairy, could feel it. Could see it. The sun seemed further away and sparsely as bright, life and color seemed drained from objects, and animals and plants and other (Forest) thing that nouns are. Evident, to those who looked, to all who took notice, the world was already changing. Air even tasted different, went in and left out strangely like soon it would not belong. Time was running out, but (and) it was clear that leads had dried (run dry). Perhaps the Book of Words could help locating an Old Mayor, but would it be quick enough (the family did wonder)? That's when the girl, part fairy-golem-human, Kit remembered, remembered a man with a Book (that glowed a strange glow) leaving the Altar as she entered. Perfect, was the clue-The Forest, bridge for worlds temporal and ethereal, and its sacred Altar that's where the Old Mayor would be. There receiving orders (lies) from the force of (called) Odyl.

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Comment [TLC112]: Mostly okay, the ending needs the most polish.

Comment [TLC113]: WTH does this mean!?

Comment [TLC114]: A bit awkward

Comment [TLC115]: Rewrite

Part 54 (Witness I: The Body Of Odyl)

And there in the shining Altar he was. Standing tall, standing triumphant. But, was it true, was it real this man who stood before the three? No, not truly, for before them stood a man possessed, before them stood Odyl.

Azure, his eyes became as his shadow crept up the walls taking on a large inhuman appearance. Steps were taken forward as others retreated back. Lights flickered under distress and a cold message was relayed: The fault is not our own, but your Bailey of the Words, abomination from the Forest. You brought misfortune once and will once again harken its second coming (return). You and Yours, this Book thusly prophecies.

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Comment [TLC116]: Mostly okay, just some polish here and there. Add Witness to the Speech in the end.

Part 55 (Witness II: A World Unprepared)

The Old Mayor, former Thaddeus Johannson now temporal Body of Odyl, read a passage from the Colloquy. The walls of the Altar crumbled to the ground and in the sky hung a sun red in agony. It had begun the world according to Odyl. (< change last line) This world as it is known will be lost.

Father and mother engaged the Body of Odyl with Kit told to hide in safety. Bailey' new body while not as aesthetically pleasing as his old is a lot stonger, yet still not enough. He is blown back by a fierce Arcane. Lorelai, an Eisweirth by blood, fairy princess, and master of the Arcane attacks with bold intensity, yet still it is not enough. She too is blown back by the Body of Odyl.

Daughter, worried and enfeebled, is far from idealless. The Book of Words, holder of secrets many, should have an answer deep within its numerous pages, the girl did think.

Comment [TLC117]: Instead of a big battle go with the Witness idea of everyone confronting their mistakes and losing the will to go on. Also, try to shorten.

Comment [TLC118]: Witness

Comment [TLC119]: Too much

Wonder her mind did as to what to look for. Back and forth she toiled away as her parents fought.

Lost spirit, lost spirit separated in time, locked out of its true home left all alone. The girl wondered and thought. Odyl cannot exist here or anywhere unless the balance is warped to its being, maybe what if we pull him to another word. A world unprepared? Perfect. (< cut this line)

She searched the Book and did run across a way to pull something into another world; she'll pull it into another world eternal. The Arcane was there, but too little was her strength alone, and with her mother fighting could it be pulled off? Of course! She'll would call the fairies of the Forest to aid. (And) Aid they did. The Body of Odyl's shadow started to scream and (jerk and) twist (contort) (painfully) in agony (an uncomfortable agony), and roared in anger. Bailey and Lorelai witnessed the procession of fairies lead by (small) Kit, all in chant. They changed their strategies, thus. Odyl, weaken (in weaken state), was able to be held by Bailey's strong, rocky arms. Lorelai used Arcane to strengthen her love's hold, before joining the fairies in song. Odyl separated from the Old Mayor's now lame body and dissipated into the air, leaving for another world eternal, screaming all the while, saying one word: Lost. Repeatedly, endlessly, until the word was gone.

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### Part 56 (Witness III: A Prayer For Johannson)

The Old Mayor, now free of Odyl, lay on the ground with tears in eyes. Unmoving is his body, soon the flesh and soul shall distant themselves from one another. He talked to all who would hear, but mainly for himself that he only ever wanted to protect his home, but the Town is gone. (Lost to what, he say, he started) Eyes close.

Lorelai said a small (little) prayer for him, while Kit clung to her father's sturdy leg. Bailey's eyes, ever heard to read, only stares. Lorelai then takes the Colloquy, burning it in her hand. The spell and Odyl was gone, the natural balance of the world temporal was damaged and though it could and would be reversed the task would not be easy nor quick. But for now, other issues were on her mind. While she was free to leave this place, this Forest behind, her family was not.

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### Part 57 (Love III: The Spirit Of Sacrifice)

The three, mother, father, and daughter made their way back to the entrance of the Forest. Awaiting them were the duo of animal-faced apparitions that the little one called Kit had met before. Their speech was dry and message clear: The woman could pass, but the golem and girl (child) must stay. Too long have they stayed within the Forest's realm. Lorelai completely aware of their stance, belayed title and demanded to speak to the Spirit of the Forest.

And it came, a large, bulbous, semi-transparent, yellow creature. Odd red and sky blue markings ran round its body. Leaves covered its backside like hair. Though, seemingly imposing, its aura was (quite) inviting, and though its voice echoed (loud) it was soft (soothing) as a light breeze.

Comment [TLC120]: A little awkwardly worded.

Comment [TLC121]: The Intro may need to be rewritten a bit and it wouldn't hurt to shorten.

Lorelai explained her situation well, knew what must be done. This was right her heart compelled her to say. She would exchange herself for her daughter's freedom. The Spirit of the Forest accepted the exchange and so it was done. This was right her (Lorelai's) heart compelled her to think. The parents would stay and the child would go.

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### Part 58 (Every Story Needs A Close)

...And she didn't want to go at first but with a gentle push from her mother the little Kit began. Walking, one step, two steps, three steps, four Kit walked away, becoming smaller and smaller, occasionally looking back from time to time until she came to a complete stop (halt). Still her body became like strong tree. The girl, she thought (.), slowly she turned round and forward her feet went back to her parents.

So the little girl pleaded to her parents. She pranced and waved her arms and used words very compellingly and at the heart of her case, the (true) core what she argued, she said, that she couldn't go not alone as single, nor as a duo, but only as trio, as family, because not only did the daughter need the mother and father (parents), but the mother and father (parents) needed the daughter.

She also said this, because the speech was that long, that though you may get lost and plans may detour and find sorrows hard, if you can stay strong and not give up you'll complete your quest; each and every time. She held her mother and father said, "I've completed mine."

(?)

-End-

**Comment [TLC122]:** Needs more polish and probably an extended ending

## Notes

### Theme Of Lost

-Kit loses her mother and father and deals with it through determination and without compromise.

-Bailey fails his task of saving his wife and considers his efforts and self a failure, loses body and strength (his will). A complete loss.

-Lorelai loses her family. With her daughter Kit is stuck in the Forest, she decides to deal with it through sacrifice.

### Odyll Needs A Backstory

-Odyll's backstory should tie into the Theme of Lost.

-Odyll is a spirit that lost its way from the other spirits. Separated, it wandered into another ethereal world. Over a great time Odyll grew very different from the other spirits and in fact very different from anything else. So different was Odyll that it could no longer maintain its being anywhere but that world it had wandered into. Odyll found the world temporal and decided to go there as it **hated its own home, but knowing it could not** exit there as is, Odyll wrote a Book, the Book of Colloquy, to trick someone onto ruining the balance of the world so it would be able to exist there.

-Lorelai has something to do with Odyll and its Book, Colloquy.

### Part 58-A Full

...And she didn't want to go at first but with a gentle push from her mother the little Kit began. Walking, one step, two steps, three steps, four Kit walked away, becoming smaller and smaller, occasionally looking back from time to time until she came to a complete stop. Still her body became like strong tree. The girl, she though, slowly she turned round and forward her feet went back to her parents.

She told them that she couldn't leave them and insisted she would not. Not only did the daughter need the mother and father, but the mother and father needed the daughter. The family was a trio, not a duo or a single and worked best together. Kit said that what she learnt through all this was that she shouldn't give up. That while things may not go right now she thought they would, if she doesn't give up she'll eventually complete her quest: A cure to save her mother, a spell to find her lost father, a reunion with the one's she loves, and a three person pass out of the Forest. She noted that last thing was next.

Her parents smiled and sandwiched her between them. Convinced, they were, so they agreed they would leave a group and not single, or a pair, but together. For now, the Forest would be their home, but they would find a way leave as family, but that's a tale for another time.

-End-

**Comment [TLC123]:** Not sure why he hated his home. Maybe its trying to return to the other Spirits.

## The Trivially Mundane Adventures Of Kit And Kat

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### Part 1: The Day Kit Met Kat

Once upon a time wandering on an autumn covered road was a little girl, this girl was out playing. Her name was Kit Woods. But all was not right, [the scene accentuated the fact, with rows of trees aligned on either side with a girl in between them]. She was alone, not a friend in the world. That was until the road split: Left and low more lonely trees, right and high nothing, but the same. So, where on this day would she go? Why straight down the middle for you see in the grass between the roads and trees was a cute brown little cat (kitten cat). She took a liking to it and it took a liking to her. [She named the kitten, Kat, with a K like her. That was day, the day Kit met Kat.]

Comment [TLC124]: Light polish

Comment [TLC125]: A bit awkward

Comment [TLC126]: Missing a punch

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### Part 2: Kit & Kat Have A Race

They played a lot since the day they met. (Oh) How they danced, jumped, laughed, and climbed. A great number of things fun they did, however, they had soon discovered that they had never race each other, not once. [And sure they had run together but never as the main event, never in competition.] So, it was decided the two little ones would have a race to discover who is faster: The little girl Kit or the littler cat, Kat? From the murky grey tree to mossy, tall tree (moss covered rock) was the course.

Comment [TLC127]: Consider a big rewrite

Comment [TLC128]: CUT

Ready, set, go and off they went. Kit started out ahead for her longer legs had her guild past the shorter legged Kat. Determined not to lose, Kat's mind became filled with the mantra: Faster, Kitty faster! Half way to the goal, Kat did pull ahead, until that is, a blue and black butterfly fluttered past it (kitty) whiskers. Kat stopped and played. Kit ran ahead, but when she noticed Kat had stopped to play decided to play with the two. (having fun with a butterfly she decided to play too) They never did find out who was faster.

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### Part 3: Kat Goes Swimming

Splashing and swimming in a river bank alone was a girl named Kit. She (was) alone in the water, but (not) alone altogether, for just a few yards away was her companion, a little kitten she named Kat. Kat ran along the shoreline keeping with Kit, but never entered the water. Occasionally, fed up with the land, Kat would pat at the water and up would go shockingly cold liquid on her face. She'll run back and start again. After a while Kit called (out) to Kat, wanting the poor creature (thing) to jump in. After much ado, she did. (Meow..., Kat went) Kat does not like to swim.

Comment [TLC129]: Needs a meow

Comment [TLC130]: That's sort of the punchline of the next but this really doesn't have a strong punchline

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### Part 4: Fence: Miles From Kit

She (Kit) was sitting picking petals off of flowers while humming a (sweet) little tune. This was the image that teased Kat as she searched for a way beyond the fence. So close

Comment [TLC131]: Needs polish

almost enough to touch even, but not quite. Through the fence Kat could only grasp the air between them, her and Kit. The little cat hopped all about looking for a way round. She tried digging only to reveal more fence, she tried climbing only to fall. She meowed a little cry and when Kit did not turn she realized how far from each they were. Meow. Again it was met with indifference from her half fairy, half human (somewhere in there golem) compatriot. How cruel Kit was being. How could she not answer? Meow, one last time Kat did (called) while crawling at her adversary. Just then, Kit looked at Kat confused. She walk around the fence and jumped down a small hill (to side) and asked what she was doing meowing all alone? Her answer: Meow...

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#### Part 5: Kit & Kat Go To Sleep

Tired from a day, long, the duo of Kit, girl, and Kat, obvious, stumbled into a place, familiar. A place warm and inviting with windows sliced in four and the smell of freshly eaten food in the air. They fell into a bed their own, with Kit on the sheets and Kat atop her. They did not need anything (didn't need a thing) to help them fall asleep (into deep slumber and off to dreamland) and deep into dreamland as they had their adventures past and future to comfort them and love was all around. Goodnight Kit. Good Kat. Sweet Dreams.

-End-

**Comment [TLC132]:** Rewrite. Maybe Kit climb over the fence and grabs Kat while hanging.

**Comment [TLC133]:** Light polish

## Extras

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### Part: Test

Little Girl: It must be so when a bird breaks its wing.

Tree: Nnn.

Little Girl: I mean there aren't any bird hospitals.

Tree: Nnn.

Little Girl: It can't get to its home high up in the trees. It can only hop around.

Tree: Nnn.

Little Girl: At least its friends and family are there for it.

Tree: Nnn.

Little Girl: Hey, wait! Are there bird hospitals run by the birds here?

Tree: No.

Little Girl: Poor, Mr. Bird. I think I'll help you. Is that okay?

[This was the first scene created for the secret Menu Story. The story actually expanded from here. The idea came about when I came across a similar scene in the summer of 2013. I had returned home to find birds just chirping in the sky above me and as I walked further into my driveway they became louder and louder. I stopped and wondered then I soon looked down to discover a bird hobbling about. It wasn't a baby bird, but a bird that had broken its wing. I nearly stepped on the poor thing. I had similar thought to the Little Girl in this scene. By the way, this Little Girl would eventually become Kit (act surprised).]