

# Shoy Schot! nui

Secret Menu Story

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# Secret Menu Story

## ACT 1: History & Quest

### Part 1 (Every Story Needs An Open)

Once upon a time, 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.

### 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 hope to forget.

### 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 steed. Townward he went, back to his old home, back to the place which banished him and his own.

### Part 4 (The Legend I: 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 denizens had welcomed him to stay. But, inadvertently, Bailey would break one of the Town's ironclad laws and enter the Forest, which caused 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.

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

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

In this Town, silent as a wake, 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, upon this humble Town so long ago.

Bailey soon had his hands on the Book, and just as quickly as he 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 him enter and leave and speed back up the hill. He watched intently while letting cryptic vocabulary fall from his lips, “The fault lies not with us, Bailey of the Woods.” He said it again while clutching a Book all his own, “The fault lies not with us.”

#### **Part 6 (Father, Hurry)**

Back at the home of Woods, Bailey’s daughter Kit Woods was tending to her poor sick mother while not so patiently awaiting her father’s return. She zigzagged between panic and duty. In one moment she would be pacing in circles while in the next she would be tending to her mother’s condition, which by the way, was worsening! The mother’s skin was now hardening and her fingernails blackening. The very sight scared Kit to her core. Her little mind, frantic, meandered between panic and duty; all she could think to say was:

“Father, hurry.”

#### **Part 7 (The Legend II: Dream With Lorelai Eisweirth IV)**

While the girl named Kit ran in circles and the man named Bailey climbed the hill, the mother lay comatose in her home. Unable to move, not even a wiggle, all she could do was dream; dream in the ever increasing hominess of the void of her mind.

She dreamed of her mother, Lorelai the III, and of her grandmother, also named Lorelai, and then 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.

She dreamed of her mothers until her dreamscape changed. It took her to a time in which she left her home to forge her own path in a far, far off land. The destination was here. She remembered that time well if not always so dear. Her mistakes were vast and many. One was even seriously dire but the world didn’t end, so that was tidy.

Slightly wiser and slightly older, Lorelai moved to a town, coincidentally named Town. There, she made homes and offices for the families and workers. There, she fell in deep love with a man from the Woods. In the end, though, that man would make a mistake so costly and dour that he would be forced to leave. Lorelai had a decision to make. The Town bore no ill will toward her and wanted her to stay, but without a second thought she chose to leave with that man. Forever banished with the one she loved.

Lorelai dreamed of time past and eventually of time present: Her daughter and husband and home atop a hill. Though, her dreams never imagined the future, of which was uncertain, they did, however, rewind and repeat. For you see, unable to move, not even a wiggle, all she could do was dream in the ever increasing hominess of the void of her mind.

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

Bailey returned home and Kit rushed to his side. But, embraced, the two could not stay for long. Poor Lorelei, to say had worsened would do no justice, for you see root-like appendages had spouted from her flesh. Bailey's face, a rarity, now showed worry. This symptom was new.

There was work to be done and haste was their only virtue. They set the Book of Words on the table and began the first part of their weighty task. Within its many pages were the secrets to the worlds 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.

### **Part 9 (The Cure)**

The days were long and the nights even longer. The two, duo of daughter and father, worked in shifts. One would take care of the mother while the other scoured the Book for anything of use. This went on for days, but pay dirt did come as on one of the Book's innumerable pages was an illustration that much reassembled the mother's state.

It listed ingredients, five, that could to be mix at the sacred Forest's Altar 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 the of wind, and finally blood bonded both of 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. He would have to venture into the sacred Forest, a place proven cursed by a young Bailey Woods.

So, he grabbed his satchel putting Book and blood inside, kissed his wife, and vowed to cure her. He picked up his little girl and held her close to his beating heart. The rhythm, rhyme it made always calmed her mind. In his loving arms Bailey told his daughter to take care of her mother and that she need not worry. He would return with cure in hand. But, he warned, should anything happen, should something occur, she must not enter the Forest, for the Forest was cursed. And with that, he left, on steed to the Forest.

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

Kit, again, waited with her mother for her father to return. She waited for what may have been days, watching as her mother became less and less human. She waited for what may have been weeks watching as the sun and moon endlessly denoted times of day, almost mockingly so.

She waited for a long time with no word or answer, until one day a knock, knock came from the front door. This erected emotions in her so strong that tears ran down her face like beautiful twin waterfalls. She raced to the door bursting it open with such vigor you could tell she was Bailey's little girl, but outside, was not her father, only his horse, Rory.

Kit looked round, but only the steed was to be found. She fell to her knees, hitting a small rock, which caused her to whimper, though only a little. Rory neighed and lovingly pushed his muzzle against her cheek. The girl said no words just hugged the horse and sobbed. That is until she spied the Book of Words in Rory's saddle side. The girl 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.

### **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 lay still, and her mouth stay 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, into the beyond, hoping to hear her father's voice, but nothing came. 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 grown from her body, 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 would save them both.

### **Part 12 (Another World I)**

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 the head and told him to wait for her return.

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 nor darker, it was hard to put into words, they were just otherworldly. And everything was so big, doubly for a girl as small as Kit. The word: 'magical' came to her mind, though had Kit been a few years older maybe the word: 'terrifying' would have arrived first. This Forest, magical or terrifying, was strangely inviting, its allure, curious. The little Kit let herself be compelled further into its timbered retreat.

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

### **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 had just stumbled over something; something, much like her, not of this Forest.

It was her father's satchel! She surveyed the area, but nothing was peculiar aside from that bag. No signs of a tussle or even a sleeping man. Kit checked the inside of Bailey's satchel to find that he had obtained two more of the items: A swirling ball of frozen sun as well as some

fine, white hairs from a creature unknown, possibly the stallion of the wind, but how was she to really know?

The girl, mind once more focused, decided to look for the last two ingredients. She'd look for a tree which talk, then find some fairies of the Forest. The spring, she thought, would probably be the easiest thing to find so she'd look for that last. She hoped her father, Bailey, would be somewhere on the way.

#### **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?"

#### **Part 15 (Hobbling About)**

While hopping from tree to tree, she came across an area with a great 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, it seemed. Wing broken, Archer could not fly home. His friends could only peck at foes or chirp for help. They were all too small themselves to do any more. Archer was stuck, but Kit sought to help.

#### **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 of Archer's nest by circling a giant tree, but just as Kit was putting Archer in her satchel, a booming voice told her not to help. It was the tree! It was Archer's tree that was making the earth shake with its voice so loud. Again, it warned the tiny child, proclaiming that the way of the Forest was not to help but to let be.

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

When the tree had ceased speaking, all became silent. The earth became stable and the wind died down. And though, birds still circled round, none dared sing song. Indeed! 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 which she 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 its very tip top! Well, perhaps not that high as the nest was actually slightly lower. It was a long climb up, either way, and very tiring, too, but the girl did make it up and returned the bird to its home.

#### **Part 18 (Cursed Woods)**

When Kit was done with the 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 shook and the fear it had brought before was no longer there. The tree had only this to say, "Child of Valor, your heart is sound, but this Forest is cursed. Leave at once child for your own sake not mine."

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

### **Part 19 (A Task Completed)**

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

The tree, called Solomon, also gave the girl its name as well as a flute quite literally rustled up from its leaves. Wanting her to make haste, it gave her the location of the spring, said that the flute would summon the fairies, and that his name will make sure they helped. Kit thanked the talking tree, Solomon, and made haste to her next destination.

### **Part 20 (The Spring)**

Upon her destination reached, she inhaled real big and blew her flute of leaves as hard as she could. A slight dizziness overcame her. She'll remember to catch her breath first next time.

At first nothing came, so she blew it again and on second turn she saw something quite strange. Tiny footprints danced across the water and laughter soon filled the air. Leaves started to rustle and other noises could be heard. A party had started yet not a body could be found.

### **Part 21 (Invisible, Mischievous Sprites)**

Perhaps they were shy, Kit thought. No, too much fun was being had, she concluded. Perhaps they were invisible, Kit thought again. Yes, that must be it, she concluded. That was the reason for the flute, she assumed.

Kit took out the flute and blew once more, though with much less gusto than before and called the fairies to help. When this was done the invisible sprites came quick and floated the girl into the air. They took her bag and stole her flute, laughing and giggling all the while. Kit pleaded for them to stop, but they would listen not, that is, until she namedropped the name of Solomon, which caused the mischievous fairies to drop the girl, ground, floor, hard. Sorry. One fairy visified to verify, "You mustn't mean the Great Tree of Eisweirth, Solomon?"

### **Part 22 (Conditions Two)**

The small child replied that she did not know his full title, but it was a talking tree with a voice so bold and strong that it could shake the ground and stop wind. And with that fact known, one by one, fairies started to visify in front of the girl, Kit. The positions had now changed; it

was the mischievous sprites who now pleaded to Kit, pleaded with her not to tell the Great Tree Solomon of their bad doings.

Kit responded quick, saying she would consider their prayers on conditions two. First, she requested that the fairies bless some water from the spring for her mother was very sick and no doubt worsening. Second, she inquired, “tell me about Eisweirth, for it is my mother’s maiden name. She is, or rather was, Lorelai Eisweirth IV before she married my father.”

The fairies, in gasp simultaneous, showed their stun. They huddled up together and whispered among themselves, occasionally peeking back at the girl or circling round her. The curious on-goings were much too curious, indeed! Just as Kit’s fascination reached its peak and she started to move towards them, the fairy called Evermore announced to all, that the girl christened Kit, wide eyed and small, daughter of an Eisweirth, was in fact a fairy...

...At least a little.

### **Part 23 (Lorelais Of Eisweirth)**

Stunned was Kit by Evermore’s proclamation of his fairy heritage, so stunned in fact, that it gave Evermore the opportunity to tell the girl a story, one of the far, far, very far off land of Eisweirth. It was a story of the great and noble lineage of fairy women all bearing the name of Lorelai Eisweirth.

The first of whom had ended a terrible war of humans and fairies in Eisweirth, bringing a peace to the land. She married a human, who became King to her Queen, and had a daughter. This one became Lorelai Eisweirth the Second. It can be assumed that the First was a little vain.

Lorelai II grew up first princess of Eisweirth. Beautiful yet cunning, she learnt of an Imbalance of Nature in the worlds temporal and ethereal. With her mother’s help, she devised a way to fix the Calamity at least in the land Eisweirth. In years forward, she too would fall in love and bring forth a third Lorelai of Eisweirth. It can be assumed that the Second wanted to start a tradition.

The Third, much like petite little Kit, was small in size with heart, big, and resolve, great. Like her grandmother, Lorelai I, this Lorelai was a soldier for her land, though, she was able to resolves many conflicts with seldom a fight. Detesting killing, she fought to unite the world and in a far off place across sea and mountains, many, she did, in fact, succeed. And with what had become tradition, Lorelai the Third would name her daughter Lorelai Eisweirth IV. It was well known that the Third just wasn’t very creative naming wise.

Lorelai Eisweirth IV, last in the line and furthest removed, biologically, from her fairy blood, was the strongest of the Lorelais in her Arcane. So strong, in fact, that she could feel the Imbalances of Nature in far, far, very far off lands and left Eisweirth to mend them herself.

### **Part 24 (The Legend III: Can You Feel It?)**

Evermore's tale had ended. She had told all that was known. What had happened to Lorelai Eisweirth IV after she left was a mystery to all, though, there was a little more, one last thing that was known.

A long, long, very long time ago, in this very Forest a great Imbalance did arise. It grew and grew and wouldn't stop, eventually, swallowing a nearby Town. No one thought the Calamity would end, but then one day, from right within the Forest, the very center of this Wood, came a strong and powerful Arcane that bathed the world in light. It greatly weakened the Imbalance and forced it back into the Forest. It was never known who or what resolved the issue just that the outside was saved and the Forest had changed, evermore.

At last, it seemed, the Town fearful of another Calamity had caused something very disturbing to awaken. What? The fairies did not know, but its immature power could be felt. The Imbalance of Nature was growing yet again. They asked her:

“Can you feel it?”

### **Part 25 (In Agreement)**

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

Once done, the fairies surrounded Kit and sealed her in light, shining. They told her not to fret for the light was simply a 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 to return, the Arcane she would repeat: Alla, Ellos, Sanatos, would get her back here in a jiff. And with that, Kit the Kid had vanished.

### **Part 26 (Altar)**

In a ball of light, swirling, Kit had arrived, arrived somewhere deep in the Forest to a place full of half sunken structures and moss covered stairs leading to heaven or maybe nowhere. The place seemed mystical to Kit as if from a distant time and it also seemed to her to fit just perfectly right here in this Forest.

In the back of it all was a solitary structure that was perfectly intact, almost of out of time from the rest of this place, that structure was the Altar. Grand and jeweled the Altar was, Kit marveled as she ran towards its splendor.

Though, before she could reach its tall doors, an elderly man took notice of her and inquired a strange query. He asked: “Excuse me dear girl. Which way is up?” He stumbled, dazed, confused, lost, and wandered right off before the girl could answer, which, of course, she pointed ‘up.’ Everything was odd about him, from his condition to his Book to the way he glowed. Yes, thought Kit, especially the way he glowed.

### **Part 27 (Making Magic)**

Inside, the Altar was dark and cold, but this mattered not. Kit, in brilliant focus opened her father's satchel and took out the items, seven, the ingredients and a bowl, and, of course, the Book, the Book of Words and began her work. She started by grounding the bark of the Solomon tree, then adding in 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 had thickened the mix and made it both warm and cool to the touch. All steps were being followed in order dictated by the Book. Next, the Book, said, though, not aloud, that the Altar would glow and eerily it did.

At last, she added the final ingredients to the mix: Bonded blood of love and body. By this time, the Book foretold that the mix would change colors from a muddy green to a pale red, and that the chamber would become blindingly blight with light, but it didn't. In fact, not only had the paste not changed colors, but the chamber reverted back to its dark and cold state! The situation was painfully distressing.

### **Part 28 (Bonded Blood)**

The girl named Kit, recently outed 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 them wrong? Her focus was forfeit and her mind interrupted by thoughts of a worsening mother and of a father, lost.

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, the ones of the stallion of the wind. And right as she thought that very last thought, did her petite frame take a tumble, smacking head, flesh to ground, hard. A trail of blood ran down her temple and curved along her cheek. If her parents had taught her words, foul, now may have been the time she would have used them, however, they did not, so instead she rolled over and simply touched head, ow.

As her hand, now bloodied, came into view, the girl's mind could clearly made sense of the Book's riddle. Bonded blood of body didn't mean from one's self but of one's lineage! Kit jumped up and slung a heap of her own blood into the bowl. Liquid now red 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!

### **Part 29 (A Mad Dash Home)**

Kit arrived back at the spring and made a mad dash passed the fairies, many, passed the birds, high, and passed the tree, could be talking. She ran without stop; all the way back to the Forest's entrance, where she smacked into a wall, invisible. Strange, she thought, this was not here before. She ran along its perimeter, but it seemed to be all round. She could see Rory, who you may remember is a horse, and gave him a call, but while the steed did rise, he looked as if he could not see the small little child.

Her very first thought, of which she had spoken aloud, was, “Have I gotten smaller?” And in reply to this quandary came a “no” from behind. Kit turned to see, and see she did, two ghostly apparitions with bodies of men and heads of beasts. They spoke in unison and said her, this: her time in the Forest had been too long, that the Forest now claimed her, body, mind, clothes, and all.

## **ACT 2b: The Forest & The Father**

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

With cure in hand, but no way to leave the Forest, Kit found hope an easy thing to abandon. She couldn't answer why, but she found her body compelled to move deeper into the Forest yet again. She walked in silence and remembered her Father's warning. She walked more and remembered Solomon's warning. She walked further until her legs buckled from numbness. It was then that she dropped to the ground and curled herself into a tight little ball. So tight and small she curled, that one might think she was trying to disappear from this world.

This is when she heard it. The beat, beat, beating of the ground. It resembled a pulsating heart, a sound that always confronted her. She, the girl Kit, breathed in deeply and let the rhythm and rhyme console her being. She remembered times when her family was a whole and decided this was her goal. She stood up and wiped the dirt from her clothes. Her resolved was renewed! If she couldn't get to her mother then she'll find her father at once!

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

It was nice that she had a new goal, something to keep her mind far, 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. A mere child could wander eons without an inkling of a hint. She thought, she paced, she said, “no good to wandering.” So, this girl did the only thing she could think to do and said hello to a Solomon tree.

The great Solomon lent her an ear and was deeply sadden about her predicament. He had warned her this fate, that, she did remember. And in a voice as big as he was high, Solomon said he could not help, however, he suggested, that she go and take a peek at the Book in which she carried, we all know, the Book of Words.

### **Part 32 (Not Once Ever)**

To use the Book, the one of Words, had never, not once ever, entered the little girl's mind. Had she wasted some time to give Solomon's idea a name it would have been: ‘brilliant’; however, she wasted no time and immediately opened the Book and paged for an answer, anything of use.

Kit soon remembered how the Book's modest sized hid its endless pages. She made a quick decision to forget that fact again as a way to steel her resolve. After awhile the kid did find an Arcane to locate. With an item of her father's, she choose his bag, and words from a fairy, she hoped 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.

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

The path made by the Book's Arcane was a sparkling, ghostly line of blue. It weaved round trees and slid down hills, made twist and turns, and swam cross river banks. 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'd seen just about everywhere here. She asked, aloud, to any who could hear, "My father. Is he here?"

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

She asked the trees if they could talk, when she found they could not, so she climbed them instead. Her father was not somewhere on high. She checked bushes down below, everyone. Only small animals and berries were uncovered. A small cave was nearby, so she checked it true, yet it too proved false. Nothing! Nothing was here!

When the girl went back to the clearing to pace and think of what to do next, she heard it. A thumb, thumb, thumb. Her neck twisted then shifted as she looked for its source. Again! The ground! She put ear to the ground and heard it was alive! The thumb, thumb, thumb was the beat, beat, beating of a heart. That rhythm and rhyme was familiar, something she could never mistake!

### **Part 35 (They Saw Her)**

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, digging for something, no, someone she hoped was there.

On her knees, in dirtied clothes, digging with sticks and twigs until they broke, or pounding away with rocks until they crumbled, or clawing with her bare little fingers, blusters be damned! They saw her face painted with a blend of dried blood and tear-mixed mud, but most of all, and this is important, they saw her fierce determination. They saw fear and failure only slowed, 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 and other useful things. And by her side a familiar little bird clawed and pecked at the ground. The code of the Forest was changing once again.

The fairies were next, they sent the word throughout the Forest that this brave part-fairy girl needed assistance and that support was a must. Even far off Solomon motioned to help, raising a giant root from the ground which seemed to float itself away.

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

In what very well may have been the whole of the Forest helping, it still was not enough. The beating grew louder, but lay always out of reach. Kit would not give up, but would her tale end here? Simply a memory encapsulated in time: A daughter forever digging for something that may not even be.

An answer came from the depths of the Forest, though; its meaning could not yet be understood. Its baritone whaling could be heard approaching the clearing. All stopped and looked. All moved from the apparent path. Dragging Solomon's strong root by its side was a massive translucent beast. It entered the clearing and stood tall before the child. Even the trees had to look up to its impressive verticality.

Kit looked up as best she could, pointed to the ground, and said, "it's not enough." Then in a voice much bigger, making sure it would reach, said, "I need your help." The giant in reply, plunged its root into the ground with terrifying force, dividing the land instantly. It then sled its long slender fingers into the newly made crevice to open the land wide. This was his answer to Kit's plea.

### **Part 37 (Beating Ground III: Eyes That Won't Flinch)**

When the ground was finally opened it was not victory that confronted them, but agony. Their eyes, unflinching in horror, forced to see, saw that the land was living. No! Rather, composed of the living. Thousands, upon thousands, of bodies mangled and contorted, ripped and battered, screaming and moaning and yet still beating. It was awful. Sights, sounds, smells, all awful. And, indeed, among them was in fact the girl's father, Bailey Woods, with heart external chest, beating, beating, still very much beating; adorned in red and meat. Yes, she had found her father and she could not look away.

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

Evermore, fairy of the Forest, held Kit, daughter of Bailey, in her arms trying to shield her small oval eyes from the cruel sight, but Kit needed to see, needed to know what had happened. She called out with voice wavering and Bailey did hear.

He answered weakly, all previous strength lost. He told his daughter that he had much to explain, starting with the fact that he was born of sand and dirt. He was in fact a golem brought to life by this very Forest. And now, he has been cruelly returned, returned here, to this earthly prison, by someone who sees him, his family, and this Forest as abominations that must be cleansed.

### **Part 39 (The Legend IV: A Man And A Town)**

Bailey had a story to tell his little girl. It was an old tale about a Man and a Town. It began with that Town accepting this Man, this Foreigner, and allowing him to stay and live amongst their ilk. In reply to their kindness, the Foreigner worked hard and all was well. At least

it seemed so on the surface, but in truth, the Town's people lived with hearts, heavy, and the Man did notice.

The Foreigner had a talk with the Mayor and though hesitant at first, he recited the Legend of the Town. Long ago, long before the Mayor's time, long before his father's time, long still before his father's father's time, a great Calamity had struck the Town and its people. It plagued the Town for many moons and threaten to erase it from the world itself, but then came a glow from the Forest and the disaster had ended. The Town was saved and the Forest had become sacred.

The Mayor could see the look of confusion upon the Foreigner's face, he of course knew why; his tale was thus far incomplete. He explained their dread. There was a prophecy: The Calamity would return and finish its deed. The Town would be lost, never to appear again. He explained their sorrow. There was a way to prevent the Calamity. A hollowed tome, a text of all, the Book of Words it was called, could save them all. However, the Mayor continued, that the Book stayed within the Forest's keep. Entrance of which was deemed forbidden as anyone who enters and leaves, leaves with the Calamity's curse and curses all where he goes. The dilemma was thus: The Town could either wait for the end or bring it upon themselves. This, it seemed, was their fate.

It was a true tragedy, indeed, but the Man, this Foreigner, had a grand little secret. He was born of the Forest, made literally from it hallowed grounds. And it seemed to him, that he was not cursed. Where he walked nothing was blessed or doomed. So, this Man who was taken in and clothed, given shelter and work, praised and loved by this Town and its people, sought to save it. He would break their ironclad laws, enter the Forest, and retrieve the Book. Only when he did, it was not salvation that he brought but a terrible plagued that ripped through the land. Many became lost and though this Man would rid his home of the curse, he had to go. Forever banished.

This was Bailey's story. This was what he had done. And this was why, years later, the Mayor, now old, would do what he had done.

#### **Part 40 (Bailey's Lament)**

Bailey had encountered the Old Mayor; it was he who imprisoned him here. Talking with that man, he told his daughter, he learnt of a great many things. Assumptions pieced together from a mad man's raving, though he was sure that they were more true than false.

The Town, once beautiful, had now changed. Warped was its people's minds, warped by fear and paranoia; they have done a great many ill acts to keep themselves safe from another horrible plague. And at its disturbed center was Thaddeus Johannson, the Old Mayor.

Somewhere between Bailey's banishment and now, the Old Mayor had found out about Bailey's little secret. He believed that Bailey was the true second coming of the Calamity, an

abomination breathed in life only to take it away. So, he cursed Lorelai as a way to lure him here to the Forest. He believed his deeds would help restore the natural order, the Balance. The Old Mayor was truly lost.

Bailey lamented, saying the fault was his own. He had brought a Town to its knees, drove a friend to madness, let his wife become poisoned, and left his daughter alone. Disgusting! This was the only word he could think to describe himself. He lowered his head, unable to look at his daughter anymore, and cried, “Forgive me Lorelai. Forgive me Kit.”

#### **Part 41 (Cruel Truths)**

The girl, Kit, daughter of Bailey, screamed to her father that he wasn't a failure, wasn't an abomination. Not to her. Not to anyone. This situation was something that she couldn't... No! Wouldn't accept. She threw down her bag and took out the Book. Her father asked her to stop, but stubbornness became her. Her goal was to save them both, nothing had changed. She paged through the Book, searching, hoping, for another miracle. Then Bailey called out again, this time in a frighteningly commanding tone. A way may very well be in that Book, he said through pained voice, but too much time had passed, he was earth, once more.

Quiet, was the Forest, until the golem named Bailey spoke out again. He told of a way, a last resort, that Kit may leave the Forest and reach her poor ailing mother, Lorelai. If she would partake in the flesh of a golem's still beating heart then the Forest would allow her to return to the world temporal, if just for spell. Quiet, was the girl upon hearing truths all too cruel.

#### **Part 42 (Halo Of Honey)**

Rise did the Heart of Bailey, up towards the surface world, up towards the martyr's daughter. Beating and pulsing, beating and pulsing, the heart went. Every pump of the cardinal organ made the girl's eyes widen and stomach churn; she heaved as color flushed from her face. With mouth agape, she took the heart into her shaking hands and held it to her chest. Beat, beat, beating. A familiar sound. A familiar feel. She sobbed quietly to herself. 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, so cruel. She refused.

She refused...

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

No matter the necessity, what a terrible thing to ask of one's own child. Lamenting this fact, Bailey of the Woods, now of the Ground, could only muster how sorry he was. His young daughter, calming herself to the beat of his external heart, wished for her small family to be a whole once more. Words left her mouth to much the same tone, though; they both understood that that may never be.

He pleaded again with his daughter, Kit, better to lose one than to lose all three. The girl thought for a moment. She would accept. If this pitiable girl had more tears to cry, more sorrow

to show, she would have done just that, but alas the Forest had robbed her of those as well. This brave and pitiable girl named Kit told her father, with much love and sadness, good-bye, and consumed his heart.

#### **Part 44 (Another World II)**

The ground fell silent, no more screaming or moaning, torn of all color and life, the earth became cold. Evermore, fairy of the Forest, wanted to say something, anything to the girl, but nothing came. Not words or a whisper, not even a whimper.

Kit rose to her feet and walked away in a daze. “Was it worth it?” “It was worth it.” Were phrases she thought. The Forest dwellers made way for the girl and dared not speak and dared not follow. ‘I’ and ‘am’ and ‘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 meant so much.

Heart: The word sickened her; so much, she thought she’d puke! But she tried her best not to, for what was inside her needed to stay. It was her only way to save her mother and her last and final connection to her father.

Looking round, she thought she must be in another world. Nothing looked magical anymore.

#### **Part 45 (Ghostly Murmurs)**

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, her noble horse, a ghostly figure did murmur in ear, “hastily to your mother, for when your time is through we shall reclaim you, errand done or not.”

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

Back at her home, the drained little girl could not muster the strength to be shocked at her poor mother’s present condition. Completely wrapped in a cocoon of tree bark with white fuzz growing like moss on her shell, Lorelai’s state was completely inhuman. Roots from the shell had pierced various points of adjacent space giving no care that this used to be a place where people once lived.

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

The morning came too soon, yet not without some relief. Her mother’s form, while still not human, had seemed to have regressed, if only just a little. Kit smiled. She tended to some more roots, and poured the last of the salve on her mother’s less monstrous form. When she was

done, she could feel the ghastly presence of what she now thought of as half-human, no-hearted scum.

Wait! was the first word she spoke that day. She wrote her mother a letter, hugged what she could of her, 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' steed, started to pursue, but soon stopped as there was nothing left to follow, hold a small whisper of good-bye.

### **ACT 3: Mother & Family**

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

On the outskirts of a Town, in a house atop a hill, eyes did open. The cure had worked! And Lorelai Eisweirth, fourth in a line, was alive again and in splendid womanly form. A form, by the way, that was not at all surprisingly starved. She looked and searched and scratched her head, there were a great number of things amiss. Her short hair, disheveled, her body, unclothed, her food pantry, empty, her humble home, shabby, and worst of all, her beloved family, missing. And not only that, but a very distinctive ominous feeling hung in the air. She need not wonder, she knew.

Her blows knit as her she thought. What had happened? She had been sick, that much was known, but the extent and time were details unknown. Though, through a brief inspection of her abode a letter was produced, one addressed to her, from her sweet little daughter, Kit. The letter filled in the gaps brought on by lost time. The words on the pages told a horrible story, yet one also imbued with love. And without a moment's delay, Lorelai Woods, formerly Lorelai Eisweirth IV, made her way to the Forest, though, first, she dressed.

#### **Part 48 (The Legend V: A Woman And A Forest)**

Lorelai Woods, fourth daughter of Eisweirth, furthest removed from her fairy blood, was not entirely unfamiliar with the Forest, both sacred and feared. She knew of its power and of its secrets. Yes, she knew this place well.

For when she was younger, still a lass in her homeland, she read books about this very place. The Forest, those books told, acted as a sort of bridge between the worlds temporal and ethereal. A nexus, if one would, of many worlds seen and unseen. She knew this place, because when last she was here, she suffered a great loss, fooled by her small power and egoistical mind had sullied the name of Eisweirth.

Yes, she knew this place very well.

She breathed in deeply and took for the first time in a long, long, very long time, her first steps back into the Forest. She exhaled. As she hiked through the Forest, she could see that this place had changed very much since last she was here. She could think on that later, she thought,

for her first goal was finding Kit. And for that, she would find herself, once again, asking an old Solomon tree for help. Of which, he was much obliged to do.

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

Solomon would help Lorelai, but the true task would fall on her, for like her, his power, too, was greatly weakened a long, long time ago.

Solomon's power, a permission from the Forest, the crisscrossing network of roots beneath would be paired together with the weakened, though still great Arcane of Lorelai Eisweirth IV to pinpointing a scared little girl, a one, Kit Woods.

With all of Solomon's power at her command, she could see in her mind nearly a half of the Forest's whole. She could see a small cave, entrance hidden by tall leaves. She could see the girl we've come to know as Kit, curled in a sad, tight ball.

Immediately, Lorelai left and quickly found the spot. She uncovered the protective leaves and just as she had seen, there was her wonderful little girl. Lorelai gave a gentle call, "Kit-Kit, I'm here." And when the girl saw the face of who was calling, she crawled out of the cave and heard her mother tight. The moment was nice and in it a promise was made: Kit would be free of the Forest's cruel hold.

#### **Part 50 (Special Secrets)**

With mother and daughter reunited, the next task on Lorelai's mind was finding her man, her beloved Bailey of the Woods. She had read in the letter, the one from Kit, that he was cold and in the ground, heart eaten and dead. But, Lorelai had a secret for Kit, a special secret, one she'd likely enjoy. Her father, a golem, could be saved for only his body was lost, his soul, however, still lingered in this place. Kit needed only show her the way.

#### **Part 51 (Family Reunion)**

The place that Kit led her mother was more terrifying than Lorelai imagined, though, she kept her wits about. Where Bailey had fallen was not a simple pit, but a specially made prison to ensnare a golem. Though her Arcane was strong, even Lorelai Eisweirth, fourth of a kind, would need a little help. And it just so happened, that the partial fairy girl Kit was all too happy to be that help.

Kit's grasp of the new Arcane was quick. Soon, mother and daughter were working in perfect union, pulling Bailey's soul to the surface, freeing it from its tomb. A new body would be needed, though; making one from scratch would be a tough task; however the resourceful young Kit had a plan. She suggested the stones and rocks that littered the ground, still here from the excavation. The idea was good, not perfect, but worked. The family was reunited. A trio again.

#### **Part 52 (The Legend VI: Ody's Colloquy)**

The three held off their celebration as there was much to discuss and many problems to amend. Bonded to the Forest still were the father and child, Bailey and Kit Woods. Then there

was the Town and the Old Mayor and the Book that he carried, which, as Bailey told, was quite similar to the one of Words.

Lorelai took over; she had a story to tell. A story that began like this: Red with gold, Colloquy, was its name, a Book written and proofed, by its coauthor, the Spirit Odyl. An Old World Spirit, it once flowed freely with its brothers and sisters between the worlds ethereal and temporal. As the Spirit of Nature, Odyl drew people, and spirits, and animals, and plants, and even places together, in all sorts of combinations, omnium gatherum. It would even revitalize their souls, even the souls of the worlds' themselves.

But, one day, Odyl became separated from its brethren, lost within another ethereal world. It had somehow wandered into this strange land and become trapped; and over time, over a great, long time, Odyl grew very different from its former self, from the other spirits, and in fact, from anything else. So different was Odyl, so different it had become that when it finally found its escape, the worlds outside burned it! There was nowhere for this spirit to exist, nowhere except that ethereal island that had become its home.

But wait, there's more, the second author was her, this woman named Lorelai. Her story continued in the time of her youth in a place far, far away. Naturally gifted in the Arcane this girl was. More so than her mothers. More so than any. She could sense the world round her with an almost painful clarity. Temporal, ethereal, she could see their harmony and she could feel their dissidence. Such power made her arrogant. She believed she could do it all. So, one night, alone, against her mothers' wishes, she would leave for the Forest, the source of Nature's Imbalance.

In the Forest she found it, the Spirit Odyl. To any who took notice, to those who could see it, the change in Odyl was obvious. No longer was this spirit the Spirit of Nature, but a cunning deceiver. A trickster with a plan: to create a text that combined her mighty Arcane with its twisted power, a Book design to rewrite the nature of the world so that It could exist. Perhaps it was her youth? Perhaps it was just a heart too kind? But she agreed to craft this reality bending Book, the Book, Colloquy.

She thought she could do it all. But this woman... This woman she was, was a fool.

Lorelai became silent for a moment before saying, "That day. That day, I lost my name." Kit and Bailey waited for more, but her story was done, the old legend was complete. Lorelai told them that they must find the Old Mayor, stop him, and destroy the Book!

### **Part 53 (To All Who Took Notice)**

The atmosphere hung heavy with the Imbalance. The sun seemed further away and sparsely as bright, life and color seemed drained from the animals and plants and other Forest things that nouns are. Evident, to those who looked, to all who took notice, the world was already changing. The air itself even tasted different, went in and left out strangely, like soon it would not even belong.

Time was running out, and it was clear that their leads had run dry. Perhaps the Book of Words could help locate an Old Mayor, but would it be quick enough, the family did wonder? That's when the girl, Kit, remembered, remembered an odd glowing man with an even odder Book. There was no doubt in their minds. The Altar was their next destination. There they would find Odyl and his pawn.

#### **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 really the Old Mayor 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 shape. Steps were taken forward as others retreated back. Lights flickered under the distress as a tingled message was relayed:

“The fault is not our own, but yours, Bailey of the Words, abomination of the Forest. My dearest Lorelai, I'm so glad to see you again. Your life harkens the Calamity's return. I will need your Arcane once more. You must die so the Town can be saved! Witness! The coming of a new world! My world!

“So prophesies the Book, Colloquy!”

#### **Part 55 (Witness II: A World Unprepared)**

Thaddeus Johansson, temporal Body of Odyl, read from the Colloquy and the walls of the Altar crumbled before all. He read once more and the sky darkened and sun reddened. The world screamed in agony as it became warped in Odyl's eye. It had started, the new world was here and the old world was fading away.

Kit, told to hide, ran to safety far on the outskirts of the newly made battlefield and through parted bushes she saw her parents engage the Body of Odyl in battle. However, it was all over in what seemed like the blink of an eye, his eye. With a touch and glare, both mother and father were frozen in time. It was talking through the Old Mayor's body, talking to her parents, but she was too far to away make any of it out, any, except for a single word: “Witness.”

Witness? Witness what? She wondered, before taking notice of the terrifying on-goings round her. The winds raged, the trees arched and cracked, the grass turned to ash, and that creepy shadow lurking behind the Old Mayor grew larger and larger and seemed more tangible than before. She, this girl named Kit, wondered, “Is this what we are to witness?”

Then, Odyl turned to her. Frighten and confused, she wanted to run, yet she didn't want to leave her mother and father. It started towards her. She hesitated too long and it was too late. Odyl, or at least its temporal form, was there. It touched the girl upon the head, peered deeply into her soul, and said to her, “Witness Kit Woods. Witness the lost of your family.”

Frozen, like her parents, the girl stood entranced by Odyl's spell. Locked within her mind, in a dreamscape all her own, she, Kit, saw her mother. She saw her laying sick in their bed transforming into something that was less than human. She also saw her father, trapped underground, ripped and torn, and sad. She saw herself, alone in a cave rolling into a tight little ball. She saw all of her recent unhappy memories. Everyone. She could feel Odyl trying to bring her down, whispering ill in her ear, but strangely she didn't feel sad or unhappy or any other depressing emotions. It was because when she looked just beyond those moments, what she saw was a father sacrificing everything for his girls, a mother rescuing her daughter and husband, and a daughter doing anything she could to reunite her lost family. What she saw was love. And just like that the dream was over. Kit had escaped.

Odyl was shocked but not moved by Kit's resolve. Its words were cold: the part-fairy girl, daughter of an Eisweirth, offspring of an abomination, little and small, would not succeed because she could not succeed. She would fail and become lost just like her parents, just like this man, just like this Forest, just like the Town, just like everyone!

And that, Kit thought, was it! She was four foot and zilch and had had it up to eight foot, two! The girl placed her hands on Odyl's temporal form and gave it a good shove, and while the body barely bulged, it felt good. Very good! So good, in fact, that she kept pushing. She screamed in a voiced that boomed, "I won't witness the lost of my family because I won't lose my family!" Still, its body barely bulged, so she dug her little feet into the ground and pushed harder. "Witness your own mistakes, your own failures and leave us alone!" Still, its body barely bulged, but she was doggedly focused, she would move that body! She flashed the Old Mayor her fiercest pout, took a big breathe, and exhaled it from her nose. She gave it everything she had.

"Witness yourself!"

The Body of Odyl was moved, pushed back, and on the ground. The spell, lifted, and her parents freed. The poor girl couldn't check to affirm this, for you see, the whole of her tiny being shook and trembled with fright and relief. She continued until her mother and father laid a hand upon her shoulders, one on either side. The three watched as Odyl's shadow separated from the Old Mayor's now lame body and dissipated into the air, leaving the world with only this:

"I was lost and no one searched. I became free and found myself unneeded. I was truly lost."

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

The Old Mayor, now free of Odyl, lied on the ground with tears in eyes. Unmoving was his body, soon soul would leave flesh. He talked to all who would hear, but mainly for himself. He said he only wanted to protect his home, but now his home was lost. And with that the last light faded from his eyes. Lorelai said a small prayer for him, while Kit clung to her father's sturdy leg. Bailey's eyes, ever hard to read, only stared.

Lorelai closed his eyes then took the Colloquy and burnt it in her hand. The spell and Odyll were gone, but the Balance of the world temporal was damaged and though it could be and would be mended the task would be neither easy nor quick. For now, though, other issues were on Lorelai's mind. While she was free to leave this place her family was not.

### **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 child must stay. Lorelai completely aware of their stance announced her title and demanded to speak to Hauschka, 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 loudly it was as soothing as an autumn breeze.

Lorelai explained their situation well; she knew what must be done. She would exchange herself for her daughter's freedom. This was what her heart compelled her to say. Hauschka accepted the exchange and so it was done. This was right her heart compelled her to think. The parents would stay and the child would go.

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

The girl didn't want to go at first but her mother assured her that she would find a way to reunite them; that they would just be behind her, for now, though, Kit should be strong and go. And with a gentle push from her mother the little girl began walking. One step, two steps, three steps, four, turn back round, then walk some more. It wasn't until Kit got a good distance away from her mother and father that she came to a complete stop, stilled her body becoming like a strong, familiar tree. The girl stopped to think, for she remembered being in a very similar place before: At a crossroads, stuck between one decision and another. Yes, she thought, another decision would have to be made.

A decision had been reached and though only a moment had passed between then and now, don't be fooled, Kit's decision was not made in haste. She turned round and forward her feet went, back to her parents. The little girl pleaded with them. She pranced round and waved arms and used words very compellingly. At the heart of her case, the true core of what she argued, was this: that she couldn't go, not as single, nor as a duo, but only as trio, as family, because not only did the daughter need the mother and father, but the mother and father needed the daughter.

Kit then finished her speech like this: She had nearly lost them once. She had nearly become lost herself. She had nearly made the wrong decisions because she was lost, but she had managed to stay strong and keep her resolve only because they kept her focused. Kit embraced

her parents and told them, "This is the right decision. I'll keep you focused, too." Lorelai looked to Bailey who simply nodded a reply. "Okay, Kit," her mother said, "we'll find a way out together."

And some time later...

...In a mystical Forest, there lived a little girl. This little girl's name was Kit. Kit the kid, of which she was never called, lived there very happily with her mother, a fairy princess, and her father, a golem, at least for awhile...

~The End~

## **The Trivially Mundane Adventures Of Kit And Kat**

### **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 this fact: rows of trees aligned on either side with a sole girl 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 the trees, was a cute brown kitten cat. She took a liking to it and it to her. She named the kitten, Cat. No, I mean with a 'K' like in her name. Yes, Kat. This was day, the day Kit met Kat.

### **Part 2 (Kit & Kat Have A Race)**

They played a lot since the day they first 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. So, it was soon decided that the two little ones would have a race to discover who was faster: The little girl, Kit, or the littler cat, Kat? From the murky grey tree to the mossy, moss covered rock was the course. Straight as an arrow and plain as could be, but it would do. Yes, it would do.

Ready! Set! Go! And off they went! Kit, the favorite due to her longer legs, started out ahead. But determined not to lose Kat imagine she was a bigger, faster animal. And while very silly, it seemed to work, that was until a beautiful black and blue butterfly fluttered past her whiskers. The kitten stopped immediately to play with the flying wonder. And so, too, did Kit. The duo of Kit and Kat never did find out who was faster that day, but they did have fun. And in the end was that not the point?

### **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 up with Kit, but never entered the water. Occasionally, fed up with the land, Kat would pat at the water with her paw forcing it up on to her face. It was shockingly cold and not at all pleasant the little kitten did think. She wondered how Kit could stand it. After a while, Kit called out to Kat, wanting the poor thing to jump in and finally join her. After much ado, Kat did. Splash!! That was the day Kat found out she really, really, really, really hated the water.

### **Part 4 (Fence: Miles From Kit)**

Kit was sitting down picking petals off of flowers while humming a sweet, little tune. This was the image that teased Kat as she searched for a way round the giant fence before her. Through the fence Kat could only grasp the air between them, her and Kit. So close she was, almost enough to touch even, but not quite. The little cat hopped about looking for more ways

round. She tried digging only to reveal more fence. How cruel! 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?

Kat meowed one last time while clawing vigorously at her adversary, the fence. Just then, Kit turned round and looked at Kat very confusedly. Kit stood up, jumped on the fence, and hung off of it to pick up the little kitten. She asked the cat what it was doing there all alone clawing at the fence. Kat's reply:

“Meow.”

### **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 made food in the air. They fell into a bed all their own, with Kit atop the sheets and Kat atop her. They didn't need a thing to help them fall into deep slumber and off to dreamland as they had it all already: Their adventures, themselves, and the love that was all round. They had all that they wanted and all they needed and the two did know it.

Goodnight Kit. Goodnight Kat. Sweet Dreams.

~The End~

## Extras

### Part 0-A (The Very First Scene)

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

Tree: Nnn.

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

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?

### Part 0-B (Backstory)

This was the first scene created for the secret Menu Story. The story actually expanded from here. Originally, it was just going to be a series of vignettes about a Little Girl in a mystical Forest. The idea came about when I came across a similar scene to the one above in the summer of 2013 (minus the talking tree, of course).

I had returned home to find birds chirping in the sky above me and as I walked further into my driveway they became louder and louder. It was like they were warning me not to come closer. I stopped and wondered what was up then I looked down and saw what it was. By my foot, a little bird, though not a baby bird, was hobbling about. It had broken its wing. I nearly stepped on the poor thing. I had similar thoughts to the Little Girl in the previous scene. I wanted to help it, but it was probably best not too. I watched the birds in the sky take care of that bird throughout the day as best they could. I never saw what became of that bird, though it looked like the birds in the sky were luring him somewhere quiet and safe to heal.

By the way, that Little Girl in that scene would eventually become Kit (act surprised)!