# AMBRIL’S TALE

# THE RETURN OF THE DULLAITH

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The Crunchy smack of the moving van ramming the Gingko tree in front of her house didn’t wake her. Neither did the clang of the doorbell pressed too long and too loud. Nope, It was the shriek her mother made as she raced in and vaulted onto her bed that did it. Ambril’s mother was tremendously good at screaming.

“Get up! Get up! We’re already late!” Her mom peered down at the slightly mashed van. “The movers are on time for once, which makes us---later than usual. “ She wrapped her robe around her as one of the movers squinted up at the house. “Not until today have they ever been here when they said they would, how many times is this Sweetie”? A grunt from the quilt was all she got. She prodded the quilted mound with her big toe. “How many times have we moved, Ambril? I’ve lost track.”

“Eleven times!” A mass of tousled brown hair emerged.

Her Mom smiled. “Eleven times is the charm!” She jumped from the bed and was through the door before the old bedsprings had time to squeal. Ambril could hear her skipping down the stairs, opening the door and then the gentle hum of polite conversation. Move Number Eleven had begun.

She groaned. She did not want to get up; she never, ever wanted to get up again. She loved this old turreted house stuck on a hill overlooking the San Francisco Bay. It had been home to her brother, her Mom and herself for nearly a year, the longest time they had stayed anywhere.

She had actually made some friends for once…well sort of. And now they had to pack up and move to a boring country town and act like they were happy about it. Because they were moving back to the town she had been born in. She didn’t remember it, of course, being three when she last saw it. But her Mother expected big smiles from her every time she mentioned its name, Trelawnyd. It was a stupid name Ambril decided and burrowed back into her comfy bed.

A few minutes later, however she was up when she heard the heavy clump of boots and the rumble of dollies in the house.

The thought of big sweaty guys barging into her room made her cringe. She jumped from her bed into T-shirt and jeans, snorted at what she saw of herself in the mirror: skinny, grumpy, freckly-- a mess. She scrunched her unruly tangle of hair into a lumpy ponytail and grabbed her backpack. She then skittered down the stairs.

Her Mother was holding court in the hallway. “Hi Sweetie!” Her smile was huge. Ambril smiled mechanically and slumped down on the stairs to watch the parade of things being carted away yet again.

Her mother turned back to the movers. “That was my great Aunt’s. You’d better not drop it or she’ll haunt you like she did my mother after she dropped her punch bowl!” She warned the wheezing mover guiding their old kitchen table through the door. “Be careful with that! It’s twice as old as all of us put together!” she hissed at another as a large hutch bumped the doorframe.

“Unloading the contents of the furniture would’a made it much easier for everyone, Ma’am. You should try it next time,” grumbled one of the movers.

“Well, everything’s going into storage,” Ambril’s mother said as she picked up a crystal bowl sitting on a table seconds before one of the movers grabbed the table. “Well, almost everything. It seemed a waste of time, really to pack it all up.“

She smiled again at Ambril showing every single one of her teeth. “We’re going back home in style! New furniture, new clothes, new life.” She sighed contentedly. “I would never have thought this possible even six months ago.”

Just then the outlandishly large, old hutch wobbled and dipped as it went past the stairs where Ambril sat. The cupboard door opened launching a wooden missile straight at Ambril’s head. There was a sharp, jarring crack which reverberated through the old house followed by a lot of creaking and swaying.

“There goes another earthquake,” said one of the movers hoisting the hutch. “Just an itty bitty one, though.”

Ambril rubbed her head irritably as the strange object bounced into her lap. Normally she didn’t mind a little earthquake now and then. It sort of spiced up the day. But that one had gotten personal. She looked down at the thing in her lap. Dusty and old were words too good for it, filthy and ancient were better.

Ambril smiled, it was interesting. She held up the slim, carved cylinder to get a closer look. It was not perfectly round, a little longer than her foot and slightly thicker than her wrist. It really looked more like the thick part of a twisty branch than anything else, but it didn’t feel like one as it was hollow. She shook it slightly and could hear something moving around inside. The best part was that it had been carefully and intricately carved. She wiped some of the dust off it and found the carvings were of animals and plants all woven together.

“Ambril give me that old thing, it has to go into storage, honey.” Her mother reached for it. But Ambril was not in an obedient mood. “Why does everything have to go into storage? This is our stuff! It’s bad enough we’re moving to a weird little town but do we have to give up all of our things?”

Her mother pursed her lips and put her hands on her hips saying, “I’ve told you this at least a hundred times, Ambril. Feldez, your soon-to-be stepfather has gone to a lot of trouble with this new house. And though our antiques looked fine here, the new house is very modern and these old things…lovely as they are---.” Her hand reached out to sadly pat the old grandfather clock as it marched by---“just won’t fit in.”

She grimaced and stroked her daughter’s hair, “you’ll see what I mean when we get there.” They watched the living room furniture being heaved onto dollies. “It won’t be forever, we’ll look around for a summer place and give these things a new home someday soon.”

Ambril wasn’t having any of it. She wrinkled her nose in distaste. *Modern, New, just won’t fit in*. Well what if she didn’t fit in? Would they ship her off someplace too? Ambril protectively hugged the funny old tube to her chest and pointed at the underside of their old coffee table. “You might as well put me in storage too. “ She said as petulantly as she could. “I’d be happier there anyway.” She nodded to where her name was childishly scrawled in what looked like toothpaste across its underbelly. She had done it when she was seven when her mother had gone off to a party without her.

Her mother blanched. “That’s a Nineteenth century Biedermeier table, Ambril, I had no idea you had---how could you do such a thing!” Her mother scowled then ran after the table with a wet rag.

Ambril was still angry. “I don’t see why we can’t take a few things!” She yelled after her. The tube felt warm in her hands. “Mom! What is this thing?”

Her mother having finished wiping down the table was now staring savagely at a mover who had just caught a porcelain vase on the verge of tipping off its stand and said distractedly “What thing honey?”

“This thing, see? The thing that fell on me.”

Mother whirled and squinted at it. Her expression changed. “Oh, I remember it now. That was my grandmother’s. I’d forgotten about that.” She smiled inwardly. “It was one of her favorite things. She always had that by her.” “Can I keep it?”

Her Mother looked at her closely. “Of course you can keep it, silly, all of these things are just going into storage. We’re not throwing a thing away. Just give it to this nice man---“ She grabbed the sleeve of a mover with a large pile of boxes and dragged him over. “---and he’ll take very good care of it for you.” The mover looked at Ambril pleadingly. There were beads of sweat standing on his forehead and his arm was quivering under his load.

“No, Um, thanks,” she said to the mover waving him on. She turned back to her Mom “I mean I want to take it with me, to---Trelawnyd.” The name still sounded funny to her.

Her mother closed a cupboard door as it sailed past.

“We’ll have to talk about this in the car, I’ve been thinking that we really should make some changes…some *adjustments*. Just small ones, you know, nothing earth shattering. But we’ll talk later.” She paused and looked doubtfully at the tube. “I guess you can keep it… for now.” And to herself muttered. “I don’t know why Feldez would object to something so small anyway.”

*Adjustments*? What did that mean? Ambril brooded about that as a door slammed above and her brother, Zane ambled down the stairs. He had that stretched look of a boy who had grown way too much and too fast for his own good. His blonde hair stood out in wild strikes from his head and matted gracelessly over his eyes. He regarded Ambril morosely.

“Looking forward to our new digs?” He sauntered down the stairs until he got to a pile of clothes innocently blocking his way. “Thinking you might actually make some friends this time?” He hooked the clothes with his foot and dumped them neatly on to Ambril’s head. “Hoping you might for once, fit in?”

He snorted as a button got caught in Ambril’s hair. She struggled with that for a while. The rest of the clothes rolled down the stairs. Freeing herself finally she turned and lunged at her brother just as her mother turned and gasped.

“Ambril, just look at this! I just finished folding these things! She picked up the clothes and shoved them into her daughter’s arms. “Refold them NOW, neatly, they are donations, but we don’t want anyone to think we’re slobs. Right?”

She gave her son a brilliant smile. “Hi sweetie, so glad you are at last out of bed! There’s cereal in the kitchen for you.” With that she swept into the dining room. They could hear her berating another mover who had apparently upended a potted palm.

Zane smirked at his little sister. “Yep, we have to keep up appearances,” he said smugly, “or at least you and Mom do. Me? I’m not gonna bother. It’s a waste of time. Our ‘home town’ is the one place on earth that our family will NEVER make it in.” He slid into the kitchen and said just before the door swung to, “Mom’s delusional.”

Ambril sighed and began to fold the old clothes. Normally she would have stuck up for herself but it wasn’t worth it these days. Zane had been a terror ever since they learned they were moving back to Trelawnyd . Granted there had always been times when he was a jerk, but after the night Feldez and her Mom had broken the news to them about their engagement and the move, he hadn’t been the same; no sideways grin, no help with homework, no practical jokes.

Ambril remembered that night vividly. Zane had raged and shouted and sworn that he wasn’t going back, that they couldn’t go back, and that he’d run away and join the army if they forced him. His Mother had finally stopped him by wrapping her arms tightly around him until he had quieted down.

It had left Ambril shaky and jittery to see him so crazy. She couldn’t figure it out, it wasn’t all bad, this move. Mom was happier than she had been in years. For once they had enough money for clothes and food. Ambril shook her head as she gave a final pat to the somewhat messily folded clothes and picked up her backpack. There was something about this little hometown of theirs that really freaked out her brother. She slung her backpack over her shoulder.

“Mom? I’m going down the street to say goodbye to Chao Feng.”

“Great, honey, say goodbye for us all and pick up some bagels will you?” Called her Mother from the dining room. There was a magnificent cascading clatter of metal and then silence. “The silverware stays in the drawer, Alright? IN THE DRAWER! IN THE DRAWER!”

Ambril tiptoed down the stairs before she got roped into any more tidying up. Just as she opened the front door Zane emerged eating cereal.

“Bagels? Greah, I wan’ cinnamom and raisim, careem cheese,” said Zane his grin showing a large amount of cereal. “If ya don’’t,” he crunched menacingly, “I’ll make life miserabo in da car.”

Ambril made a face at him. But she knew she’d bring him just what he wanted. If it would guarantee a quiet ride she’d have brought him the entire grocery store. As the door slid shut he added, “You’ll see, ya gonna wish you’d neva heard a tha’ stupid---” but the door clicked shut before he could finish.

Ambril jogged down the steps and along the rolling sidewalk. Well, she thought at least she’d at least have someone there; not necessarily a helpful some one but a living, breathing, kid sized person to go through this with.

When had it started to feel as if their family really wasn’t a family anymore? When had they started tiptoeing around each other trying to stay out of each other’s way? Ambril sighed, she was always on the outside lookingin these days. But the cool morning sunshine began to work its magic and refused to let her stay upset.

**Chapter 2: Chao Feng’s Tea and Remedies**

Ambril picked up the bagels before heading over to her favorite neighborhood haunt, Chao Feng’s Herbal Remedies. She had just stopped to retie her shoelace when she heard voices just around the corner.

“When’d she get here?” said a small squeaky voice.

“Just before you.” Said the low, familiar voice of Chao Feng. “She felt it too.”

“I don’t see how you could NOT have felt it if you had the least bit of magic in you, earthquake my front teeth!” The squeaky voice continued. “I guess things have well and truly started, wouldn’t you say?” There were some chewing noises. “She’s so young though.” There were some louder chewing noises. “Ummm yum what are these?”

“Edamame, very good for you,” said Chao Feng.

There was more munching. “Well,” the squeaky one belched. “No telling what that old witch will do. I wouldn’t put it past her to try something nasty while they’re on the road.” “Sid, try these they’re so tasty.” The squeaky voice mumbled, her mouth clearly full of something.

“I am *NOT* eating off the sidewalk!” Said a squawking sort of voice.

“Who are you to talk! Oh don’t be silly, it’s just a little dirt, just look at yourself!”

“It’s not the dirt, it’s the chewing gum, candy wrappers and bits of plastic that I mind, they tend to give me…eeeer… gas. “ Said the squawker.

There was a squeaky snort. “Well here then, just try this!”

Ambril straightened up. As she stepped around the corner she could have swore she saw a fat, blue-eyed squirrel feeding an old crow. Her friend Chao Feng was sitting in front of his shop smiling at them.

When they saw her, the squirrel disappeared into a drain gutter and the crow flew off with what looked like a large bean in its mouth.

“Hey, who were you talking to?” Asked Ambril.

Chao Feng stared a second too long at a massive gray hawk settling itself on a telephone wire before answering. His blue eyes crinkled. “I talk to my bunions, they have a lot to say today.” He grimaced as if in pain and then twinkled at her from his scuffed- up plastic chair. Ambril was sure that Chao Feng was at least 200 years old. But he was pretty cool. He wore hand painted sneakers and sported a dragon tattoo. “Ah, good, you come to say good bye before you go?”

Before Ambril could ask more questions he jumped up from his chair and with one last look at the hawk he ushered her hurriedly into his shop. “I have something for you, I so glad I finish in time.”

Ambril paused to fill her lungs with the pungent, mysterious smells of Chao Feng’s shop. Hidden away behind the drawers were medicinal roots, berries and dried wriggly things Ambril felt positive were not of this world. The drawers that lined the walls were every size, shape and color. Yellow star shapes, green triangles, One was even a snarling tiger. Each with its own Chinese symbol. Long low counters lined three walls with miss-matched stools parked in front of them. There was also an assortment of shiny, streamlined gadgets as Chao Feng liked to play around with electronics.

“What you got there?” His shaky finger pointed at the carved cylinder poking out from Ambril’s backpack. She had forgotten all about it but eagerly showed it to her friend as she pulled up a stool.

“It was my great grandmother’s. It fell out of an old hutch and bonked me on the head.” She rubbed the bump on her forehead. “My mother thought it should go into storage, but---“

The old man smiled. “It hit you there?” He rubbed his own head and then nodded wisely. “It stay with you then. You must take it.” His wrinkled hand traced the engravings and carefully examined it from every angle. The more he looked the bigger his smile. He finally said softly, “this is puzzle box, very, very old and very, very good quality. We have also something like it in China. My grandmother had one to put her secrets in.” He smiled to himself. “It took my mother three years after my grandmother’s passing to unlock all of its mysteries.”

His hands moved slowly up the side of the box. “Then she locked them back into the box and gave to me.” He chuckled softly. “I still trying to figure them out and she been gone for many, many years.” His hands slid along just under the top prodding carefully.

Suddenly his face brightened. “Ah yes,” He offered the cylinder to Ambril. “Now, press here and here.” Ambril could feel small bumps though she couldn’t see them. She pressed gently and then harder. As she did there was a small, soft click and a drawer popped out. Ambril peered in.

There was something shiny there. She carefully fished out a long loop of gold chain until it snagged on something in the back. She wiggled and pulled gently until she felt it give and a round object slid into view. Twirling in the bright sunshine it dazzled.

“Wow!” One of Great Grandmother’s secrets!” said Chao Feng.

It was a medallion with a gemstone carved into a flower. The green gem was shot through with gold. Decorated with gold tracery, it resembling her puzzle box. Ambril thought it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

“Ambril,” he said. “This very precious to you. This is keepsake of your ancestor, your heritage. In my country, such things are more precious than gold…. and more powerful than swords…. Guard it well.” He took the chain and slipped it over her head. It felt light around her neck, a whisper of family secrets.

Mr. Feng turned the object and held it up for her to see. “Hide this from everyone. It will keep you safe, bring you good luck.” He said in barely a whisper. “It must be your secret shared with just your great grandmother.” His eyes crinkled at the edges. “Tell no one of this. They not understand that your ancestors give it to you, that they *choose* you.” He released her suddenly. “You promise you will do this?”

She nodded slowly at her friend. When she was little and life had gotten tough, she liked to think of her father watching over her. This felt sort of like that. She took the sparkling medallion and tucked it under her T-shirt. “Sure.”

Chao Feng gave her a grey-toothed grin as he slipped behind the counter. “I finally finish it---But where?---Ah! Here it is.” He straightened up holding a small robot.

“This not a toy, this is special AI robot!” He said proudly. He set the robot on the counter and turned it on. “You know, AI, Artificial Intelligence, you teach, he learn so that one day, he like a little friend to you.” Chao Feng pressed a button and the robot began walking jerkily toward them. “It’s antique, from the 60’s” said Chao Feng “I put in all new works, though so it’s up-to-date, more or less.” He continued obviously proud of his work. The robot narrowly missed walking off the counter. Just as it teetered on the edge, It swung a foot around, swerved and marched the other way.

“See? Spatial sensors too! He learn. More you let him do, more he do it better.” He twinkled at her as he handed it to her. It was made of scratched up red metal and had lights that blinked when you turned it on. The front label had been partially ripped of leaving only ‘ff ‘on the top line and ‘Lit’ below.

Chao Feng smiled warmly. “We miss you, Ambril.” He squinted up at her. “You special, you keep this in your mind; it easy to forget. Keep yourself open to new things. Now that your great-grandmother has marked you, she will watch over you, I know. But you be careful, old saying, it say: ‘Don’t run into the dragon’s mouth unless you know he is fast asleep.’” He gave her a warm smile. “I wish you good luck on your journey.”

Ambril nodded mutely, not trusting herself to say the words in her heart. She smiled one last time and slowly walked out. She wondered if she’d ever see Chao Feng again.

The movers were still huffing and puffing up and down the front steps but she could see they were nearly done. Ambril grunted as she sat down hard on the front steps. She was going to have to work at feeling better about this whole thing. It was bad form to start out believing the worst. It’s not like she hadn’t made changes before. What was Zane so worried about?

A while later her mother’s voice echoed hollowly through the emptied house. “Come on darlings! It’s time to go!” The last dolly laden with boxes tottered through the hallway and down the front steps. Ambril walked one last time through the living room staring at the cold bare walls. Could this really have been their home?

Her mother appeared swinging a coat around her shoulders with one hand and keeping a firm grip on Zane with the other. “Give it one last look before we go.” But Ambril didn’t want to. It wasn’t home any more.

Zane snorted. “Come on Mom, this is gross.” He wriggled free and slouched out of the front door.

“It’ll be hard at first,” she called after him, “but eventually...you’ll see.” She let it drop and then frowned at what ws in her daughter’s hand. “Oh please, what is that? A toy robot?”

Ambril was indignant. “It’s an AI robot, you know, Artificial Intelligence?” She paused to shine up his head a bit. “It was a present from Chao Feng…AND,” she added defiantly “I’M TAKING HIM WITH ME.” Sticking her chin out, and avoiding her Mom’s eyes, she resolutely marched out of the house.

“All right, but don’t let Zane see you with---“. Her mother’s warning came too late.

Just outside the front door Zane was waiting for her, he’d been listening.

“Oh, little Amby baby has a new toy, does she?” Zane snatched the robot out of her hands so fast Ambril had no time to react. “Let’s see.”

“Hey! That’s mine, give it back!” As Zane began to toss it in the air keeping an eye on her face so that he could watch it go from horror to pleading and back to horror.

“It’s from Chao Feng, Zane, come on!” Ambril made a grab for it but Zane held the robot up higher and shook it right over her head. He laughed at her as she jumped and tried to grab it back from him. Then he tossed it over her head straight into the tangled branches of the Ginkgo tree, where it stuck.

“You jerk!” Ambril was furious now. She ran over to the tree and tried to shake the robot down but the robot wouldn’t budge until a large crow landed on the branch and bounced it out. It fell to the ground with a clank. Ambril rushed over and swooped it up.

“Zane! You really need to control yourself.” Ambril’s mother snapped from the front steps. “You know it isn’t her fault.” She shrugged on her handbag and stepped determinedly down the stairs. “It isn’t your fault, or mine either. What happened, happened.” She walked right up to her son and shoved a sweatshirt at him. “Right?”

Not waiting for a response, she marched him toward their overloaded minivan. “Right! Now I want a nice pleasant ride this afternoon.” She tugged at her daughter, who reluctantly followed them. “No fighting, no whining, no bloodshed. Got it?”

The van dipped dangerously low as Zane got in. There were mounds of boxes strapped on top. And curiously just as her mother came around the van Ambril saw a fat blue-eyed squirrel scramble up a stretchy cord and squeeze itself among the boxes and bags on top.

“Mom? Mom I think there’s---“

“NOT A WORD.” Her Mom gave her that look. “I WANT ABSOLUTE CALM!” She was scary looking what with all that hair escaping from her messy bun.

So without a word, Ambril meekly squeezed herself in beside the crochet set and a stack of Zane’s stinky sneakers, cradling her backpack and robot.

**Chapter 3 To Trelawnyd: On Top**

Crochet balls broke free and rained down on Ambril as the old minivan pulled jerkily away from the curb. Ambril watched the old house slide away as she grumpily stuffed the balls back into their case and wedged it shut with one of Zane’s sneakers.

She sighed dispirited they were off on a journey to where she had been born but not a place that was home. It didn’t matter how much her Mom told her it was, it just wasn’t. She mashed her face up against the crochet bag and began to examine the robot while she plotted her revenge on Zane carefully he was so touchy now.

The robot looked fine really. A few more scratches and dents were all she found. It seemed to work when she turned it on. Though the head listed to one side a little more now it was kind of friendly looking that way.

The battered label said “ff “on one side and “Lit” in another place. “Fa lit,” she said, sounding it out, “ffffa-lit. fLit, yeah, that’s a good name for you, actually,” she liked it. “Flit, it is, then pal.” She cocked her head the same way as the robot and smiled. Zane made a raspberry sound at her and slouched lower in his seat. Her mother guided them through traffic as Ambril watched her favorite city roll by.

Outside, On top of the car, it was bedlam. A large crow had joined the squirrel. Both were obviously unaccustomed to car travel, at least when traveling on top of a car. They were getting blown around, blasted by horns and choked by exhaust. The squirrel looked around and industriously began gnawing a hole in a nearby canvas bag. “We need a safe haven, Sid.”

She winced as she rubbed a lump on her head. She had gotten it when a stretchy cord holding the boxes in place had broken free and catapulted her into a nearby bus; straight onto the lap of a blue-haired lady and her rabid Chihuahua. Both began shrieking, one nipped her and the other wacked her with a tapestry handbag. She managed to clamber out the window and make a swan dive onto Ambril’s van just before the bus veered off onto another street.

The squirrel had just spit out a large mouthful of canvas when she stopped and sniffed. “What’s that awful smell?” Looking around she suddenly froze.

“Uh Oh, Look Sid!”

Sid cocked his head at the large gray hawk just above them. As the squirrel pointed, it folded its wings and launched itself into a meteoric dive straight down.

“Lord, Aster, it’s her! Quick, nip inside there, I’ll see if I can deflect her!” The crow cawed as he spread his wings. Aster wriggled through the hole she had made just as the car made a sickening lurch to the side. Peering out the hole she saw that the hawk had grabbed one of the stretchy cords and was jerking it to one side. With every beat of its wings, it was trying to unbalance the minivan.

“Cheeky nasty old bag!” Aster said ruffling her tail. Sid dive-bombed the hawk’s massive head but it seemed to have no affect on the bigger bird.

The hawk began to beat its powerful wings, jerking the cord up and up. The bag Aster was in careened to the very edge of the rack, knocking Aster hard into a sharp, pointy Christmas ornament…which gave her an idea.

She raced over to another stretchy cord with the ornament clamped in her teeth. A box labeled “Grandmother’s tea cozies’” tumbled off narrowly missing the squirrel’s tail. She hurriedly took aim as she pulled back the cord like a slingshot and let the ornament fly. It shot up, straight at the hawk’s head and broke into a thousand pieces.

It surprised the bird so much it let go of the cord. The cord snapped back hard as the van careened dangerously onto the shoulder.

Inside the van, Ambril’s Mother wrenched the steering wheel hard and the van veered back onto the blacktop. “Whooo! That was close, I’d forgotten how strong these coastal winds can be!” Ambril’s mother exclaimed.

Zane grunted and redraped himself in his seat. Ambril, having been bombarded by crochet mallets this time wearily put them back in their bag and stuffed a squashy sock bag marked “future puppets” in with them.

“Come on you nut case! You fancy some more?” Aster shouted as she pulled out another ornament. The hawk glared at her a moment then swiftly dove at her. The squirrel was caught off guard. A large talon grabbed her and mercilessly squeezed all the breath out of her. It then flicked her away and off the speeding van as if she was no more than a piece of garbage. The squirrel twirled around helplessly, her paws flailing until she hit the rocky shoulder hard and rolled head over tail several times before becoming still, very, very still.

It was dark now and Ambril’s mother flicked on the headlights, illuminating a dense forest on either side of the road. Above the hawk had grabbed another cord and had began to open its wings preparing to unbalance the van again. But before it could do so, a shiny black blur came at it from above and a sharp, yellow beak stabbed it smartly in the eye. Knocked completely off-balance the hawk rolled as it caught a nasty up current and was hurled crazily into the trees.

The crow hung there a moment searching for any sign of the giant bird, but the forest remained quiet. He cawed softly as he watched the van roll through a gate in a massive stonewall. Flicking a wing he turned smartly and flew low over the pavement to an inert fuzzy lump lying in the road.

“Aster?” He nudged her gently, “come on now, you’ve had worse.” He looked at her worriedly and prodded her again. Finally she stirred and winced.

“What? What happened?” Her eyes suddenly snapped open wide. “Mercy! they’re all right aren’t they?“

“Just now made it through the Trelawnyd wall. She can’t get past that, no how.” Squawked the crow.

The squirrel smiled wide at her old friend. “Ha! We showed her, didn’t we!” Then her brows flew together and her chin came up. “What was she thinking? Going after a family of helpless humans like that!” She got unsteadily to her feet. “I tell you Sid it isn’t like the old days when everyone knew their place and stayed there.” She paused to gingerly probe a new lump on her head. “Well except for that time when the Tylwith got uppity, and they up and left, remember that?”

“Tylwith’s have always been uppity if you ask me.” Said Sid.

She paused to shake her right rear paw and take a tentative step. “And then all the earth-kind went off in a huff, right after, Sheesh!” She groaned a bit and pulled out a twig from her left ear. She looked at her friend who had cocked his head at her in a knowing way and she sighed.

“Yep, I know what you’re gonna say; stop grousing, it’s just business as usual, the world’s always been a rip, raging, mucky mess so you might as well just roll up your sleeves and get back to cleaning it up as we always do.”

The crow lifted his beak and cawed in a laughing sort of way.

“O.K., I’m done complaining.” She stopped, looked about her and put her hands on what would have been her hips if she were human. “Now what?”

“NOW, we find ourselves a snug, warm place with a pot of tea and a fire.” Said Sid looking at her critically. “In other words---home. I think I’d better be the one to---“ There was a flash of light and in place of the crow a tall thin man with a dressed in black stood.

He reached down and in a fluid motion swooped up his furry friend who rubbed her eyes and said. “Gees, Sid, give a body some notice.”

“Notice? Come on Aster, you’ve known me for what…four or five hundred years? And you can’t tell when I’m gonna shift by now?” He cackled as his long strides soon took them inside the walls and into the darkened forest.

# Chapter 4 What Happened Inside

The old van had by then made some progress through the forest on the other side of the wall. “Aren’t you the least bit excited?” Ambril’s Mom asked as she peering anxiously at Ambril in the rear view mirror. “Going back to where you were born?--- Finding out about your heritage?----Think of it!”

She turned to smile at Zane who was staring fixedly out the window. “Zane you remember Circle Park in the center of town? You used to play tag for hours there on the big stone circle.” She smiled a little wider. “And the old wall trail through the woods? We used to take a lunch, walk for a bit and then picnic on an old log or a patch of grass. Do you remember?” She patted his leg but he jerked it away and continued to stare out at the passing landscape.

They had been driving for too long thought Ambril. She peered out the window at the dark forest. There was nothing much to see except that the shadows made ghoulish shapes of the trees. The moon had just cleared the mountains on one side of the valley.

“Almost there!” Her mother’s voice was overly cheery as she switched on the high beams which did little to dispel the thickening darkness. She then cleared her throat.

“Now that we’re all in a better mood, I have something to say before we arrive.” She straightened in her seat and gripped the wheel firmly. “Something important so listen please.”

She looked pointedly at the back of Zane’s head. “You’re soon to-be-stepfather and I feel it’s best for you to use his family name of Petri instead of Derwyn from now on.”

“What?” Ambril sat bolt upright. Though her father’s last name had been Silva, they used the name Derwyn, her mother’s last name and she had been proud of it. “But I don’t want to change my name, I like it just the way it is!”

Her mother’s eyes were too large in the rear view mirror. “I know, sweetheart, I like it too but, it’s a new school, new home. The townspeople are just, well they’re just a bit old fashioned about things. It would just make things---well---easier for everyone if we all had the same last name.” She paused and looked at Zane’s unresponsive back. “What does everyone think?” She was greeted with stunned silence.

And then a grunt was heard from the front seat. Zane mumbled something. “What was that darling?” Ambril’s mother patted him on the shoulder. Zane reacted violently to her touch, practically throwing himself around to face her and causing the van to swerve erratically across the road.

“AREN’T YOU GOING TO TELL HER THE REAL REASON, MOM?” His face was contorted with anger and rage. “You are going to tell her why we had to leave in the first place?” He snorted a laugh. “Sure I’ll be a Petri, because I don’t want them to know I’m a Derwyn. And, I sure don’t want them to know I’m a Silva,“ he sneered, “that’s really it, right Mom? You don’t want anyone to know we’re Dad’s kids. That would be bad. But you said it had been so long that no one would remember it right?” He faced his Mom his left hand curled into a fist.

“Well I’ve got news for you, Mom, I REMEMBER!” And with that he twisted around and started wrestling with his seat belt. “And here’s a heads up; I’m pretty sure, in fact I’m POSITIVE they’re going to remember it all too!”

Ambril’s mother had managed to get the car back under control and had brought it to a halt by the side of the road. Zane tore open the door and bolted from the minivan running straight into the woods.

Ambril and her Mom sat frozen a moment; then her mother found her voice.

“Zane!” Zane wait, let’s talk about this! She was wild with panic as she fumbled with the door. “Don’t run, Zane!” She raced to the edge of the forest. “You don’t know these woods!” The last petered out into a plaintive sob.

But Zane was long gone, the deep mossy black of the forest shut them out like a wall. Her mother hovered indecisively on the edge of the road looking worriedly back at the car.

Ambril scrambled out. It was bad enough starting a new school in a new town without all the additional drama. She rummaged in her pocket and found the mini flashlight she had won at a Street Fair last weekend. “Mom!” she said loudly trying to sound braver than she felt. “I’ll go find Zane.” Her Mom was frantically pacing like a lioness about to charge at the edge of the road. She whirled and Ambril saw the cell phone glued to her Mom’s ear.

“Ambril! Get back in the car this minute!” She grabbed her by the arm and started to drag her back to the van.

“Feldez, you have to come now!” She screeched into the phone. “I don’t care what kind of an emergency you’re on your way to---” Swaying slightly she tried to stuff Ambril bodily back into her seat. Ambril just stood there with her arms folded, glaring at her Mom.

“---It has to be right now!” Her hair stuck out wildly in all directions. “Do you really KNOW there is nothing that can really hurt him inside the walls? He doesn’t know the forest at all Feldez AT ALL!” Her mother’s lower lip started to tremble. “He could fall and hit his head and wander for days not knowing who he is or where he should go-o-o!” She drew out the last word in a long heaving sob.

“Mom, really, I’ll go and find him, I’ll be fine.” She looked a little apprehensively at the impenetrable shadows. The forest was pretty intimidating to a city girl like Ambril.

“No, No, NOOO!’” Shouted her mother. “Don’t be silly, I’ll go, honey.” Her mother flicked her phone off and took a deep breath. “I know these forests fairly well, or I did when I was young.” She looked up at the overbearing trees that seemed to be leaning towards them, listening. “All I need is a little light, that’s all.”

Ambril sighed and handed her the flashlight before allowing her mother to stuff her back into the van. The door clicked shut. Outside her mother pantomimed locking the door and mouthed the words “stay put” just before she wheeled and ran back to the edge of the woods.

Taking a deep breath and whipping the mini flashlight before her like a sword she slowly disappeared. It became still and silent as the forest settled in around the old dusty van.

Ambril was still stunned by what Zane had said. What was going on? Something horrible had happened before and what did it have to do with her Dad? Ambril shook her head, bewildered. It was too confusing; she needed to talk to Zane some more about it, if he would talk.

What did she really know about her Dad? Well her Dad, a scientist, had died in some sort of lab accident she knew that. She had been young, maybe three or so. She vaguely recalled the funeral in flat snapshot moments. How cold and empty the church had felt, how crumpled and sad her Mom had looked, the feeling of disbelief when they told her that her Daddy was in the big box covered with white flowers. She had asked them to open the lid, that he probably couldn’t breathe in there. It had taken awhile before she really understood that her Dad wasn’t coming back and by then they had moved. And then moved again, and again and again. At some point they changed their name from Silva to Derwyn, but why?

She shook herself willing the sad memories away and bringing back the dark interior of the van. She had a pretty good idea that whatever had happened back then, her Mom would try to shield her from it as much as possible. She’d have to get it out of Zane if she could. And that wasn’t going to be easy.

**Chapter 2 The box and the Monster**

Frustrated she peered into the forest and a path leading deeper into the gloom. The moon came out from behind a cloud, which deepened the shadows around her. There was a streetlight in front of the car, a warm disc of light beneath it. As she sat back again something hard shifted in her backpack next to her, and jabbed her in the side. “Oww!” she opened it up and pulled out the puzzle box.

The shiny wood glowed in the half-light. Most of the dust had rubbed off in her backpack and the wood felt smooth and slightly warm in her hands. She rubbed it thoroughly with her sweatshirt and held it up to the window to catch the weak light of the moon. The carvings really were marvelous.

The intricate shapes began to tell her its story. There were animal heads and figures entwined in curly twisting threads as they wound around it from top to bottom. She shook it gently and could feel something else shifting inside.

“Alright you, what else do you have in there?” She set to work pressing various lumps and bumps. But though she pressed until her fingers were sore, she couldn’t get it to work. “Toad butts.” She groused and in frustration whacked the car seat in front of her with it.

Several things happened all at once just then. There was a large boom and a flash of brilliant light in the forest beyond the bend in the road. Shock waves thundered through her. In the moonlight Ambril could see a plume of smoke forming just above where the explosion must have occurred; debris fanning out from its source.

Something hit the road. It looked like part of a screen door. Then weirdly, a volley of oranges and asparagus pelted the car. “Toad butts and toe jam,” said Ambril just as something slammed into the windshield, cracking it into a million radiating lines. Ambril jumped so high she hit her head on the roof of the van. She gripped the puzzle box and scrambled out.

The rain of debris stopped then thankfully. It was eerily quiet in the forest, as if it too was in shock. Ambril, breathing hard watched the billowing smoke above the treetops. There was something funny about it. Instead of the smoke wafting up and away, it seemed to be shaping itself into something, into a kind of head.

Ambril could make out two large eyes now and what appeared to be a giant horn above them. It looked like the skull of an animal. A horse or a cow, no more like a unicorn. A very, very evil unicorn she decided.

Ambril took another look and then laughed. An evil unicorn? Ridiculous! She had been watching too many horror flicks recently. She shook her head and turning her back on her imagination as she faced the real problem at hand, the broken windshield.

An old black box was the culprit. It was such a deep black it reflected no light and seemed to be covered with glowing decorative figures and curling lines; kind of like her puzzle box. About six inches long, it had made a deep impression on the windshield showing it had been traveling at some speed. She could see the cracks in the glass racing out from it like rays from the sun. Ambril gingerly nudged it with the puzzle box. The box fizzled when she tapped it, and the cover flipped opened.

Ambril peered inside at a small statue of a boy frozen in total agony. It was about 6 inches tall and looked so real Ambril flinched when she saw it. It throbbed softly. There were a bunch of delicate threads, like cobwebs attached to the boy, which flowed across the street and into the forest in the direction of the explosion.

The statue wiggled slightly, and then again; as if it was trying to break free. Ambril covered her face and experimentally touched it again with her cylinder. With a spray of sparks the statue shattered into a million shiny pieces. Ambril jumped back startled, and entangled herself in some of the weblike threads.

The cobwebs turned out to be nasty. They stickily wrapped themselves around her arms and stung wherever they touched. Ambril smacked at them with her puzzle box and broke free. But a few if them still hung from her arm. Fortunately they no longer stung her.

She heard a snapping sound and turned to find the smoke illusion was stubbornly looking like a horned skull. But worse, in the time it had taken Ambril to open the box it had come alive. Even more frightening as Ambril watched, it opened its jaws and then closed them with a snap, experimentally testing its strength.

It made a strange hissing, crackling sound as Ambril saw to her horror that it was now on the move and coming toward her. It really was the stuff of nightmares. Ambril knew instinctively that this was a truly evil being. She gagged for even at a hundred yards, the stench of the monster was unbearable; it smelled of dank sewers and rotting flesh.

The smoke seemed to be shaped by the same glowing threads that still clung to Ambril’s arm. She hunched down hugging the van and squinted at the monster as it came closer. It seemed to be searching for something; for it paused now and then to sniff as if it was on the hunt. It opened up its massive jaws and a bone-jarring scream blasted her. The hissing, crackling sound seemed to be all around her now.

Ambril had no time to think and nowhere to go. The creature was nearly on top of her now. Instinctively she crawled under the van. The creature paused then as Ambril held her breath. She felt the car move back and forth and then suddenly the van wasn’t there any more.

She heard a gigantic crash as she saw the car land belly up twenty feet farther down the road. She turned over on her back and found herself staring right into the face of the monster. It roared again nearly paralyzing her with fear. She had just enough sense left to roll out of the way as the creature lunged at her.

She scrambled to her feet and gasped. The place she had just been was engulfed in smoke. Fingers of electricity snaked out from where the creature had hit the asphalt. She could see the head reforming slowly as it reared up, searching again for her. That was it, she panicked and ran blindly into the forest.

She felt a stinging sensation on her arm and looked down to see the threads still clinging to her had come alive and were winding themselves tightly around her wrist cutting off her circulation. She hacked at them again with the puzzle box and they loosened and fell to the ground.

She was soon out of breath. She stumbled over a rock but righted herself before she went down and kept running. It wasn’t long before she felt another wash of cold. The thing was still pursuing her. She could hear it whistle and hiss just behind her. Her breath coming in great gasps now. If only she could see better. She panted aloud “More light.”

Instantly a beam of light shot out of the puzzle box in her hand. Like a laser, it cut through the darkness easily, she felt such a sense of relief she began to slow down until she heard the creature scream another soul-rending cry. She resumed running even though there was now a sharp stabbing pain in her side. The light revealed a dense hedge just ahead. Hedges didn’t grow naturally, they had to be planted which might mean there would be people nearby! She saw a hole in the wall of greenery and shoved herself through. The branches scratched and snagged her sweatshirt but within seconds she burst through and into a clearing.

She shook the dead leaves from her hair and flashed the light around her. Her heart lifted as the light flicked over what clearly were houses. There were several of them clustered around a central clearing.

“Help!” She cried, running toward the nearest home. But the houses were too dark and quiet. As Ambril drew near she could see that they had been abandoned for a long time. The roof had fallen in on one and a chimney had drifted away from another. The smell of long dead things alerted Ambril to the fact that the creature was near. It glided over rather than ran through the hedge, a hissing chunk of black.

It was so close now she could feel its icy breath. Ambril turned and flashed her light in its eyes. Surprisingly the creature cringed and shuddered. Ambril held the light steady, aiming at its eyes again. It screamed a high-pitched keening sound and fell back for a moment. Ambril raced out onto the central stone plaza. Trying to put space between herself and the creature.

Her legs felt heavy. She knew she couldn’t run much farther.

And then the monster was on her again. Ambril could hear it hiss as it sucked at her nearly lifting her from the ground. She turned just in time to slash it with light.

“Back off, you mangy, stinky thing!” She slashed again and again at it. It retreated again, screeching in agony But it regrouped quickly and slowly began circling her, slithering rather than walking and weaving its head back and forth as it stalked her

Ambril warily watched it as she caught her breath. Up until a half hour ago she had been a completely normal kid, living a regular life. Why was this monster that smelled worse than rotting skunks attacking her? The hissing sound of the monster had grown louder. And then it reared off the ground and lunged at her, opening its jaws wide as if to swallow her whole. Instinctively she pointed the puzzle box at the monster. “No you won’t!” She yelled. She was so scared that the yell came out more like a determined whisper but the wooden cylinder reacted by shooting sparks at the creature. It was enough to make the monster check its speed. Ambril dove out of the way rolling on the ground and back to her feet. She backed up to give herself more time to prepare for its next attack.

Its vile, nasty stench was making her feel sick as she began to panic again. Her head began to swim with fear and anxiety. But a little, niggly idea popped up and refused to go quietly. Perhaps it would work.

She took a deep breath and focused on the strange wooden cylinder in her hand. Sparks from the cylinder became a steady stream of electricity in her hands. She aimed it at the monster for a few seconds before it fizzled once again. The monster moaned but then screamed defiantly.

Ambril looked down at the wooden object in her hand. “Okay, let’s try this again, only this time, let me have enough juice to finish this stupid thing off!” Shoving her fear aside, she concentratied on the puzzle box and aimed it once again on the smoke monster.

Instantly she could feel the power move through the puzzle box and create a fountain of blazing energy. She could feel it tugging at her heart. It made her dizzy for a moment but then a bright surge of energy took over and her head cleared.

This time the beam was huge and so bright Ambril couldn’t look at it. She closed one eye and half closed the other. A waterfall of energy engulfed the monster in light. The monster roiled in pain as its web like skin flamed out. One last loud, unearthly wail split the night and the monster was gone.

A mass of swirling black smoke remained briefly until the wind was able to worry it into a shapeless cloud, which soon lost itself in the forest.

Ambril began to shiver all over from her efforts. She fell to her knees as she filed her lungs with fresh forest air. But just as her head cleared she heard a loud regular thumping rumble. Something huge was coming her way.

She did not have the strength to move but curled herself into a ball and willed herself invisible. It was close now she could see the trees sway in the moonlight. Suddenly, there was an ear splitting squawk as something hit her and just before she blacked out she saw two enormous chicken feet land on either side of her. Fireworks exploded in her head as she passed out.

**Chapter 6 FowlClun to the Rescue**

Ambril awoke gradually to the surprisingly delicious aroma of fresh baked scones and the feel of a warm comforter. For a moment she wondered if the thing with chicken feet had eaten her. Could this be heaven but she discounted it immediately as she her head hurt too much for that to be true. She was definitely still alive. But where was she? She just lay there with her eyes closed, pondering this. Then the whole terrifying evening suddenly came flooding back and she cringed. Hopefully it had all been a very bad dream.

She felt an odd rocking sensation as if they were moving. And there were a series of hard, sharp little taps. It sounded like there were at least three or four people on pogo sticks hopping around her bed.

“—The poor thing, she was chilled to the bone. A little slip of a thing like her going up against a full sized Dullaith like that, it’s a wonder!” Came a mothering sort of voice. “Made of hardy stuff, that’s sure enough!”

“Yes well, we were nearly killed as well, shaken to bits on the way to save her!” Said a dry, snappish voice. “What’s the matter with Fowlclun anyway? It felt like we were in a bag race at the fair!”

“You know very well Fowlclun was injured last week, her knee is still giving her a lot of pain.” This voice sounded like a kid her own age, a very annoyed kid.

“Do you think she’d like some tea? “ Said the first voice kindly. “Or did we choose right with the hot cocoa?” There were sounds of cups rattling.

“What does it matter? We have more important things to worry about than a silly child who was in the wrong place at the wrong time.” The snappish voice was downright cutting. “First Fowlclun is ambushed and nearly takes us all over a cliff, and now we have another Dullaith on our hands.” There were disorderly, jangling chimes. “Your scones are ready.”

“Oh! I nearly forgot them, come on Maple, let’s get a move on!” The pogo sticks pattered away across the room. “Fowlclun’s fall may have just been an accident but this tonight—” Called the kid like voice from across the room. There was the sound of an oven door opening and the room was instantly filled with warm cinnamon smells.

“Accident eh? Ester, When was the last time Fowlclun stubbed her toe huh? Never not in a hundred years, I’m telling you there was strong magic at work, some one wanted to hurt her and probably us too!” There was a long groan as if wood was being stretched too far and the tinkle of glass.

“Not again, that’s the second time Hendoeth has had to mend her this week, Cerreg! Just go back to your corner now and stop being so dramatic!” There was the screech of wood across the floor. “We weren’t hurt, except for a few chips and scratches, Fowlclun will recover.” The girl voice sounded wearily annoyed again, as if they had been arguing for a long time and were getting nowhere. “Hendoeth will be back in soon, let’s get all of Tweek’s pieces together.”

Ambril pried one of her eyes open. She was lying in a huge bed covered with layers of patchwork quilts in a cozy, snug room. The walls seemed to be lined with a buttery furry fabric. The floor was wood worn smooth from use. Then she timidly opened the other. Judging by the swinging lanterns hanging from the rafters they were moving.

They must be in some sort of trailer, Ambril thought. One with a large stone fireplace and an ornate grandfather clock shoving itself into a corner. She stopped and looked again. She was not mistaken; a grandfather clock was trying to scooch up against the wall. With one last heave it wriggled and settled itself beside the fireplace.

Ambril was now fully awake. If that wasn’t enough a feather duster seemed to be picking up pieces of stone from the floor all on its own, curling it’s feathers carefully around each piece. When she was finished she looked around at Ambril, two bright eyes and a small mouth clearly visible at the end of the shiny black handle.

“Ah! She’s awake, bless her!” The mothering voice seemed to be coming from a table which was tapping over to her. Ambril could make out two blinking, knotty eyes on the top and a long dark streak in the grain curled into a smile.

“Dear, dear, you’re as white as a sheet.” Said the table. “You best lie back now, you’ve had such a shock! First battling a Dullaith and then getting hit on the head by part of Fowlclun’s shoddy old chimney, haven’t you!“ She tsked tsked as she raised herself close to Ambril. Ambril didn’t want to appear impolite but she gathered herself in apprehensively.

If a table could beam that’s what it did. There was a large chocolate pot and a mug next to some scones. “There, there!” It said soothingly as the feather duster jumped up next to the scones and frowned at Ambril.

“Maple, She thinks we’re going to eat her or something.” She said ruefully.

Maple the table giggled. “Just how we would manage that is a puzzle, isn’t it!”

“Huh!” Scoffed the clock. “She’s just a silly child, as I said before, in the wrong place at the wrong time.” The dry, grating voice continued. “A child who just got lucky today fighting that Dullaith.” A jumble of chimes sounded again as the house lurched to the side slightly. “Oh do be careful, Fowlclun! I nearly fell right over the last time!” It shouted at the ceiling.

A loud rattling warble vibrated through the house, rattling both Ambril and the teapot. Just then a door slammed loudly and a very odd lady flounced in. Though she was short and round and very old, she trotted in energetically. Her gray hair was braided with colored ribbons. The sort of style a seven year old would love. She wore red cowboy boots, a brightly striped skirt and a necklace made of wooden animals. Ambril sat up straighter. This must be the one in charge.

“Well, I think I got that ol’ chimney tidied up.” She said with a down-home, cowgirl accent. “It’ll last out the night at least, though we ought to take another gander at it tomorrow.” She wiped her hands on an apron she then tossed onto the counter. When she looked at Ambril her bright eyes crinkled and she smiled, missing a front tooth.

“Well, still lying about, are ye?” She bustled over to her. Looking at Maple she said. “What? Ya haven’t fed her yet?”

“We---we were just getting to it Hendoeth.” Said Maple defensively.

Hendoeth picked up a cup and poured a large amount of steaming chocolate into it she then handed it to Ambril. “Drink it all down, now.” She said. “There’s nothin’ better for what ails you than hot cocoa and one of Ester’s scones.” She offered Ambril a scone.

Ambril took one, she was afraid not to. But the hot chocolate warmed her and the cinnamon scone crunched in her mouth, Yum. She felt much better soon, though she couldn’t shake the feeling that she’d been taken to the leader of an alien planet.

“We’re a bit much all at once, aren’t we?” Hendoeth said musingly as she watched Ambril eat. “You have strong magic all through and around you, but it’s fairly new, isn’t it?” She scratched her chin absently. “Your Ma hasn’t said much ‘bout your family history at home, has she? She tried to keep it from you, to keep you safe I expect.” She gave a long sigh. “Ya know, it just don’t work that way. That’s been the cause of more deaths of real strong magic users than I am willing to count.” She put the chocolate pot back on the table and patted it thoughtfully. “Yep, its right dangerous not knowing who you are and more importantly who are the bad guys.”

“Um, Hendoeth, Tweek needs a little attention.” Ester said apprehensively as she slowly unfurled the bits of stone. It was a carved flower with just a couple of petals broken off. Not much bigger than Ambril’s medallion.

“Ah Liznunkers!” Said Hendoeth, “Not agin!” She bent over and examined it. “Well, I wonder if Fixit Joe’s back yet. She’s more broke than not now.”

Ambril could see there were many mended cracks, running all through the flower. “If he ain’t, we’ll just have ta do our best I reckon.” Hendoeth said as she picked up one piece and experimentally tried to find its place. “Ya Okay in there, Tweek?” She bellowed unexpectedly as she put the piece down.

The glass glowed faintly and a bell tinkled as if in response. Hendoeth looked worried and nodded sadly. “And that’s all we ever get from you, isn’t it.” She turned and looked at the fireplace, which seemed to have gone cold.

“Is it warm enough in here? Teg!! More fire! Honestly, he’s gotten so lazy now he’s nearly grown. Give him a good poke with the tongs will you?” She shouted at the big clock who put his clock face in the air and turned away. “Grumpy aren’t we! Well alright then I will.” The old woman picked up the fire tongs and started poking around in the fireplace.

Ambril leaned to one side and gasped. Curled up inside was a pint-sized red gryphon. It looked like it was asleep despite the vigorous jabs Hendoeth was giving it. It finally raised its head and yawned a spurt of flames.

“Hey there Teggy, having a snooze are ya? That’s right, we just needed a bit more---“ She was cut off by a massive sneeze and an explosion of flames. Hendoeth jumped back so quickly she lost her balance and fell over her, feet waving in the air. Then there was a funny sort of snap. Hendoeth shrieked, “Oh Bandersnitches!, he’s gone and sneezed himself away agin.”

She heaved herself up. Ambril could now see an empty fireplace; the little gryphon had vanished. “Best git some wood and light one the old fashioned way Cerreg. No tellin’ how long that fire brand will be gone away.” And then more to herself. “He’s been doin’ that more an more, wonder if it’s normal fer fire-gryphons ta do that. Allergies maybe?”

There was a loud clash of chimes. “Me, why am I always the one!” The clock sniffed. After all I am quite flammable, why don’t’ you have Ester do it, she’s---“

“Cuz Ester does just ‘bout everything else round here.” Hendoeth rounded on the seven-foot tall clock staring at it so heatedly the clock actually began to wilt. Ambril could now make out two eyes in the elaborate carvings and a peevish mouth in the clock face.

“No more complainin’ or I’ll sign you up as a test subject for research for improving the health of wood boring insects.” Hendoeth hollered.

The clock shivered and grated its chimes then fairly jumped toward the fireplace. He set right to work building a fire.

“There now, things’ll be comfy in no time.” The old woman trotted over to the bed smiling widely. “Take another swig of this and a big bite a that!”

Maple leaned in and Ambril nearly spilled chocolate all over herself, when one of its knotty eyes winked at her.

“Yes, we have some explaining ta do, don’t we.” A chuckle came from Hendoeth but Ambril thought she even heard a hollow cackle coming from the room itself as well. The old woman heaved herself into a small chair and poured herself a cup of hot cocoa. Keeping her smile toward Ambril she set her boots on the bed.

“Yes I see you’re wondering ” Who, What and Why and maybe a little bit of How?” She slapped her knee with her free hand. “Admirable questions though I won’t be able to answer all of them tonight. Matter of fact; don’t think I should anyhow. Some of those questions are for you to figure out yourself.” She mused and took another sip of chocolate considering the young kid in front of her.

“My name’s Hendoeth and this is my home, Fowlclun, I’m sure you’ve heard of us?” She gestured grandly at the room. “You know, Witch with a chicken leg house roaming the backwoods lookin’ for little kids to boil for supper?” She chuckled. “No? Well it’s just as well, those old stories are mostly wrong anyway, we’re mostly vegetarian nowadays.”

“No one seems to tell the old stories anymore.” The clock sniffed. “They’re too busy with those little blinky things, cell phones, game boys, and such.” It had gotten a nice blaze going but now turned its face to the wall.

“No matter,” Hendoeth continued, waving away Cerreg’s attitude. “Well, you’ll have to look us up on that whatchamaninny thing, the innerweb.”

“Internet,” said Ambril proud she knew something the older woman didn’t.

“Whatever, Fowlclun is on her way to deliver you back to your family and what’s left of your car.” She sniffed, annoyed, as if cars were beneath her. “What’s your name now?” She asked.

“It’s Ambril,” she paused and when Hendoeth looked expectantly at her. “Ambril Derwyn.”

“Ha! I knew it!” Hendoeth’s clicked her boots together. “Didn’t I tell ye?” She rounded on Ester. “She’s Rosa’s kin!” Ester looked blank but gamely smiled.

Hendoeth looked appreciatively at Ambril. “Rosa Derwyn was your Great Gran right? She was a fair hand at using magic too, I’ll tell you that much.” She smiled broadly again at Ambril showing off her missing tooth again. “Best around of the human-kind, that’s fer sure.” She leaned back in her chair and took another sip of chocolate. There was another loud low squawk that shook the house again.

Hendoeth seemed to listen and consider it before saying. “Yep, course that’s true, Rosa wasn’t technically just a human-kind, but who is nowadays?”

“Excuse me?” cut in Ambril. “Did you just say that my Great Grandmother wasn’t a…a human?”

“My, they haven’t told you nothin’ have they?” Hendoeth screwed up her face. “Well we haven’t got time for all of it but…“ she pointed at Ambril’s chest. “Take out that there medallion thing.” She then poured herself another cup of hot chocolate. “Want sumore?” She waved it toward Ambril.

“No, No thanks.” Ambril had put her hand up protectively over the medallion under her shirt.

“Do you wanna know more about that thing? And how it helped save you from the ol’ Dullaith, or not?” said Hendoeth taking a loud slurpy sip. She waited patiently while Ambril thought a moment and then slowly pulled it out. It twinkled in the lantern light.

Ester gasped in amazement. “It looks a bit like Tweek!” She said.

Hendoeth did not look surprised. “Sure it does, that there’s the Ledrith Glain. It’s fairy made, and Tweek has some of the fairy about her too.”

Ambril looked down at her medallion and then at the broken flower. They did look a little a like. Though her medallion was much flatter, it was a carving of the same flower and made of the same stone.

“It marks you as fairy born, that you can wear that so easy.” Continued Hendoeth. “It would just spark and spit and misbehave for most of us. Meaning, you ain’t just human. I’d wager you’ve a fair lot of all four of the magical families, yessirree.” She twinkled at Ambril over her mug. “And believe me, that’s a very good thing!” She pointed at the foot of the bed.” “I betcha you got that pretty thing outta there, didn’t cha?”

Ambril looked down and found her puzzle box near her left foot. She picked it up and shoved it under the covers possessively.

“Ha! no worries, sweetie.” Hendoeth giggled like a schoolgirl her whole face a basket of wrinkles. “I couldn’t make that thing work no matter how hard I tried.” She slapped her knee, “As if I would want to.” She shook her head at Ambril, “Nah, that’s your little adventure maker, sweet pea,” she reached over and patted the fuzzy wall. “I got my own to worry about, and she’s a site more trouble, lemme tell you!”

There was a loud, injured squawk and the house dipped to the right. Making Ambril take a firmer grip on her mug of cocoa.

“I’m jus’ teasin’ don’t go and git your tail feathers in a snit.” Said Hendoeth barely keeping herself from falling off her chair.

“Do you mean, that this—“ she searched for the right word. “Puzzle box made the monster come and—“

“Ya best use its proper name or it’ll get ornery after a while. It’s called an Ashera.” Said Hendoeth. “It won’t ever help you do evil, no sirrreee. Nor will it help you with anythin’ other than what your supposed to do together.” Hendoeth winked at Ambril. “And no, I have no idea what that might be.”

Ambril thought about this for a bit and pulled the Ashera out into the light again. “So exactly what is an Ashera?” she asked.

It’s a sort of tool, and it has a very particular reason to have jumped into your life.“ Hendoeth crossed her boots and leaned back in her chair. “ They come in different sizes and shapes but are all made from a very special tree. They’re given only to those who have the chutzpah to use ‘em.” “Since you’re also fairy born, ya got that Glain too.”

She paused and her eyes narrowed. “It’s quite a combo, there, mighty powerful.” She scrunched up her face, thinking hard. “I can’t recollect a time myself when both were given to the same magic user, and a kid at that.” She looked speculatively at Ambril. “Nope, there are big doings in your future, darlin’. But I don’t envy you, that’s fer sure.”

Ambril suddenly felt cold. What was going on? She was just a regular kid who was until that morning living a very boring, usual life.

Then all of a sudden she’s fighting a monster, rolling along in some sort of living trailer and talking to furniture. “Well, what if I don’t want to, you know go through with this?” FowlClun dipped again and she let the Ashera lying in her lap gently roll to the foot of the bed. “I’m pretty sure that whoever’s in charge of these things made a mistake with me, I’m not special, in fact I’m not really good at much of anything, really.” She said anxiously. This was embarrassing; she just wanted to go home, wherever that was now.

“Don’t think we all haven’t tried that.” Hendoeth’s face was suddenly serious. “Don’t think that every one of us that’s been called out hasn’t wanted to just step back a bit and let some one else take over.” She wagged her head at Ambril.

“The fact is kid that you have been tagged for this adventure. Ain’t another waiting in the wings.” She scratched her nose thoughtfully. “You do have a choice, though. You can quit if you’ve a mind to, go back to your usual stuff, become a doctor or an accountant, live like any other human-kind.” Hendoeth slowly smiled at her. “You know, just be normal. The question is, now you know can you be happy with normal?” She squinted gleefully at Ambril.

“The ‘tother thing you should know is you ain’t gonna get much help.” She paused here and looked a bit sad. “Not because we don’t wanna help ya, but because we won’t know how to.” Hendoeth jabbed her finger toward her.

“In fact you’re the only one that can walk your own shoes down this path.” She took her boots off the bed and drew herself up. “Just like your great grandma before you and her great-great Maimee, and then your great-great-great grandfather…“ She scrunched up her forehead in thought. “I forget his name, well anyway, it’s an unbroken chain of Derwyn’s that goes back to the first families.” She shrugged. “It’s part of your own heritage, sweetie, and a might fine one at that.” She leaned in toward Ambril her bright eyes boring into her. “You wouldn’t wanna disappoint all them relatives now, would ya?”

Keeping her eyes on Ambril she smiled. “Then there’s the small matter of yer Daddy.” She pulled back as the house slowed and then with a lot of creaking and groaning the house stopped moving and was quiet.

Hendoeth still had her eyes on Ambril. “Well?”

Ambril looked at the crazy old woman who was trying to intimidate her. It made her really mad that she was trying to bully her into this and even madder that Hendoeth had succeeded. But at the same time she really was interested in finding out more about this magic stuff and she was more than a little curious about her family.

“What was that about my Dad?” She asked feeling around for the Ashera.

Hendoeth blinked and nodded as she slowly got up from her chair. “Now that’s just a guess, mind ya. But I’m thinkin’ that not everything is known about what happened that night your Daddy died. I don’t have time to tell ya more, you’ll have to it out on your own.“ She carefully began to collect Tweek’s broken pieces. “But, there’s a possibility that you might could fix it so he’s remembered for who he was rather than what he got mixed up in.” She looked hard again at Ambril as she set Tweek aside. “So what do ya say, darlin’, ya in?”

Ambril swallowed hard and nodded. “I’m in.”

The door opened and a dark man with a long ponytail stood there. He stood still but gave the impression of power. There was a tall thin man dressed in black standing behind him. They both stared at Ambril.

“Someone called a Dullaith.” The first spoke in a low resonant voice.

“Yep, and this one fixed it.” Said Hendoeth jerking her thumb at Ambril.

Ambril, this here’s Koda, and Siddhart.” She turned toward the men. The two men nodded at her.

The one called Koda looked her over. “How did one so small—“

Siddhart interrupted, “Glad to see you made it alright, Ambril.” He spoke in a high reedy screech. “I wish I’d been there when the Dullaith came. That was unexpected.” He lowered his head and shook it.

“Surprised everyone didn’t it!” Said Hendoeth. “Hey,” she turned back to Ambril. “What exactly happened back there? We were kind of late to the party.”

Ambril shrugged and told them about the explosion and the Dullaith forming and the strange box hitting the car. They seemed to know all about the Ashera and her medallion, which made her feel better as she’d promised Chao Feng NOT to talk about it.

Koda held up a small black box. “This box you see?”

Ambril nodded.

Hendoeth grunted. “I haven’t seen one of those in a month of Christmases. It’s a Morte Cell.” Hendoeth looked grave. “Bad doin’s that’s fer sure.”

Ambril described the battle and how she had used the Ashera finally to end it. She started to feel dizzy when she remembered how the Dullaith smelled.

“Okay, that’s enough! Just look at her!” The feather duster jumped on the bed between Ambril and the others.

”Yes! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, she needs to find her family and get a good night’s rest.” Maple jumped up and down on her spindly little legs spilling hot chocolate all over the place.

“Course, you’re right,” said Hendoeth. “Sorry deary, just got so interested in it all,” she up-ended herself and rummaged around under the bed coming up with Ambril’s sneakers. “We’ll talk agin afore too long.” She handed Ambril her shoes and watched her slip them on. “Koda and Sid will take it from here. I wouldn’t go jawing about all this Dullaith stuff too much,” she said to her in a low voice. “The townsfolk just won’t understand and it’ll dredge up old fears.”

Ambril wobbled a bit on her own feet as she walked toward the door.

The door opened onto a welcoming cabin in the forest. There were lights on in the windows and smoke coming from the chimney. Lanterns hung from the trees, which lighted the neat and tidy yard. A barn was framed against the moon. On top was an ornate weather vane, a wolf dancing with a bird.

“Holler if ya need help, specially if yer in trouble. Hendoeth slapped her on the back as she went through the door. “Bye Kid.”

“Bye!” The words “Thank you” stuck in her throat as she turned to wave. Fowlclun was indeed a most interesting house. It appeared to be made of the usual materials, stone, wood, bricks and stuff. But the brass knocker on the red front door had quivered a bit when she had walked by and the porch steps bowed into a smile. The lacey white curtains in the windows on either side of the door crinkled up. The whole house was smiling at her. But the jaw dropper was it was wedged between two huge yellow chicken feet.

As Ambril stared dumbstruck, it shook itself a bit and winked at her with one lacey curtain, and then it slowly rose to its full height. The brick chimney going up on side wobbled a bit though it was patched with duct tape and wire. Standing, Fowlclun brushed the highest treetops. One knobby knee had a dirty bandage wrapped around it. It nodded to her and Ambril couldn’t help but nod back finally remembering to close her mouth. It trumpeted as it carefully picked its way through the forest, limping slightly.

**Chapter 7 Rosebud**

“I’d better stay with Aster, she needs tending.” Siddhart said to Koda. He smiled at Ambril and walked briskly toward the house.

“Come, we hurry now. You’re family is worried. ” Said Koda as he turned to a large bicycle leaning up against the side of the barn. “We ride Rosebud.”

Even in the flattering glow of the lanterns above, Rosebud was no peach of a bicycle. It looked to be about 50 years old, had been dinged and scratched so it was difficult to read its name written across the front of its basket in overdone, curlicue writing. The basket made out of some sort of wood, was also adorned with a trailing, flowering vine. “It was a hand-me down, from my sister.” Koda said somewhat sheepishly.

There was only one seat. Ambril stood awkwardly, wondering how this would happen until a long thick vine shot out from the bike and wrapped itself around her. Then it reeled her in and dumped her into its basket.

“Rosebud, be gentle.”

For a short moment, Ambril thought about screaming, wriggling free and threatening a lawsuit not necessarily in that order. But she reconsidered after thinking about it. Perhaps she was getting used to strange happenings. She looked around to see who or what Koda was talking to.

It was then she really did scream. A short strangled one. For a large pink bud had reared up inches from her nose. It studied her intently for several moments and then---sniffed her. It looked her over a moment longer and then seemed to decide that she was no threat. With a toss of its head it turned away, disinterested and loosened the vines around her. Ambril found she was surrounded with tiny flower buds all extremely and impolitely curious. There was more sniffing, lots of sniffing as they pulled at her clothes, poked her in the eye and peered into her ears. It was annoying and it tickled. But it was hard to stay angry at them as the flower’s scent was a mix of lilacs and orange sherbet. Ambril began to giggle.

“Behave yourself Rosebud.” Said Koda sternly. To Ambril he said. “Sorry, you’re new to her, she means no harm.“

“So what is she?” asked Ambril eyeing the large pink bud

“This is good question,” said Koda musingly. “She is part of nature’s spirit.” He finally said after a long pause. “All of nature’s things have a spirit, it’s just that some are more awake than others.” He steadied the bike. “Rosebud is sometimes,” Koda gave one of the flower buds a tweak. “Too much alive.” He grunted as he pressed hard on the pedal and they began to glide silently through the forest. As they picked up speed, Koda began to hum.

“So, do you know anything about that, um Dullaith thing?” Asked Ambril timidly. She was worried that it might come back.

He continued to hum as if he hadn’t heard her.

“I just want to be prepared, just in case—“

“A Dullaith is an ancient dark creature which would have fed off you until you were dead had you not used your Ashera.” He looked at her appraisingly. “There are very few human-kind who face such a demon and live.” You were lucky.” He sounded almost angry. “But it should never have happened.” The bike bumped over some rough stones and Koda turned his attentions to controlling the bike. “One so young and unknown to the ways of magic---It is a poor welcome we have given you. I’m sorry for my part in it.” He looked embarrassed as he pedaled for a few moments in silence. “We have all grown careless and let distractions cloud our eyes.” His eyebrows drew together in thought. “Did the Ledrith Glain help you?”

Ambrilnthought about it and shrugged. “I remember this power surge starting somewhere around here,” she pointed to her chest, “and moving out the Ashera.”

The moonlight made flickering shadows on them as they whooshed through the forest. Koda was silent for some time and then said. “That explains it then, the medallion lent you its power.” He nodded sagely. “A young human-kind would have had only enough power to last a few seconds. Not enough to take down a Dullaith.”

Ambril thought back on how draining the first few sparks had been and realized that Koda must be right. The medallion had been her source of power. She instinctively reached up and patted the medallion warm against her chest.

It was then that Koda grunted in surprise. Ambril peered ahead and saw there was a smoldering building just ahead. Fire trucks were everywhere. Several jets of water were still aimed at the roof. Fortunately, the fire appeared to be out. But that wasn’t what had made Ambril suddenly rigid with fear, it was an all too familiar smell, the smell of death, the smell of the Dullaith. But not as strong this time, it was old and a little stale.

Koda slowed the bike. “You stay here,” he said leaning the bike against a tree. ”Not safe.” He nodded to the large pink bud before he strode off toward the fire.

Ambril was disgusted. She wanted to go investigate too, after all she had just battled a huge evil monster, how unsafe could a burned out building be? She struggled to get up but realized that as sweet and pretty as the flowers were they gripped her like iron. Frustrated, she sat back to think.

She simply had to find out more about the Dullaith. Knowledge was the best protection, right? But how could she get out of this entanglement without hurting Rosebud? She struggled again and felt the Ashera jostling around in her lap. Then she slowly smiled as an idea came to her. It could work.

She braced herself before nodding at the large pink bud, who was still studiously ignoring her. She casually picked up her Ashera and pointed it at herself. Then willed the Ashera for just a little show of strength.

She was immediately doused with a spray of stinging sparks. Coughing and gagging she reached up and felt for her eyebrows, they were mostly there. Luckily the vines had recoiled from the sparks and she had just enough time to leap out of the basket. She hit the ground and ran towards the now steaming building hugging the underbrush. The firefighters had shut off the water by then. Most of them were congregated near the road, but there were two men behind the building talking. Ambril paused to listen.

“—Fair job they did of it too,” came an unfamiliar voice ahead. It sounded like an elderly man. “—A Shadow Circle working, the ancient writing all around accurate to the letter, “ he continued. “And written in fairy blood.”

Ambril breathed in sharply, she was revolted.

“How did they learn all of this?” Ambril recognized Koda’s voice and crawled nearer.

“I expect from what was stolen from the archives last month.” The older man’s voice was grim. “And they used the Morte Cell.” Ambril could just make out the metal box Koda held up.

Koda nodded. “The one that was lost.” He said sounding distant.

“It was next to a car the Dullaith apparently demolished, right? Why I don’t know. But there is enough magical power in a fairy to fuel ten Dullaiths, I reckon. Even after losing that amount of blood.” His arm spread out to his side, he seemed to be looking at the ground in front of him. “The fairy got away just in time. I found shards of gemstone where it had begun to transform.”

He sighed heavily and scratched his head. “Whoever they are, they are well informed, smart and resourceful.” He continued. “We are going to have to be extremely vigilant.” He pocketed the box. “We’ll have to step up security somehow at the Archives,” The older man’s voice murmured. “Maybe a private donation…?”

They seemed to be looking at something on the ground.

“I’m pretty sure this isn’t the last we’ll see of this. I don’t think they got what he wanted.” The older man scratched his beard. “That Dullaith got distracted by something and went off into the forest.”

Koda nodded and said nothing. Ambril realized that she of course had been the distraction. Thankfully Koda was the strong silent type and didn’t mention her.

The men started scuffing around in the dirt. Ambril risked rising up above the bushes to sneak a peek. What she saw startled her. There was a glowing circle with symbols and writing around it painted right on the ground. Ambril cringed to think that it was painted with the blood of a Tinkerbelle.

At the same time she became aware of someone else in the bushes near her. He or she appeared to be listening and watching just as she was.

Ambril craned her neck to get a better look but as she did so a branch snapped just behind her and she felt something around her arm. She whirled expecting to defend herself against another monster; it had been that kind of a day. But instead she found Rosebud glaring at her and quivering with indignation. If a bicycle could look angry, it certainly did. Rosebud wasted no time. Before Ambril could blink she had been whisked back into the basket and strapped in, really strapped in. She couldn’t even wiggle her pinky.

The bike backed itself up until it leaned itself innocently against the tree where Koda had left them. Then they waited…and waited for what seemed like an age. Ambril’s nose itched of course, and a small bud had wriggled itself under her arm, which tickled. And her foot fell asleep, which tingled…

Finally Koda returned frowning. He was so preoccupied with what he had seen that he didn’t notice Ambril’s predicament. Nor did Ambril point it out to him. The bike started out again smoothly gliding through the forest. After a few minutes however Koda pointedly cleared his throat. Rosebud tossed her head and grudgingly loosened her vines just enough for Ambril to stretch a bit and scratch her nose.

Ambril started thinking about the people of Trelawnyd. Was every one magical? Would they look down on her inexperience? She was afraid she’d again be an outsider. Not that she wasn’t used to it after eleven moves but still... “So Koda, is everyone here a magician?”

Koda snorted. “Magic-wielders or magic users, not magicians. No rabbits jumping out of hats here. But no, Trelawnyd folk are like everyone else these days, not paying attention.” He looked up suddenly at the stars which twinkled above the treetops. “They use only the magic they know and understand,” he continued. “Technology is human-kind magic now.” He shrugged. It’s plenty useful, but a shame for Trelawnyd folk who have other magics.” He looked at Ambril solidly. “It is the way now, here, yes. Human-kind have turned away from magic.”

The bike suddenly banked to the left and they rode out onto the road. Ambril could see her mother silhouetted by the flashing lights of a tow truck.

“I think things change now.” He said tersely as he began to slow the bike. “I think it is the only way to protect ourselves.” Just as they coasted to a stop, he added. “Best not to tell your mother everything, she not understand.”

Ambril nodded. Trelawnyd was a place of secrets.

**Chapter 8 Roadside Stand**

“Ambril! My baby!” Shrieked her mother as she flew towards them. Ambril was engulfed in a remarkably teary hug and wrenched from the basket. She could feel the vines slipping away as she shoved the Ashera into her pocket. “Where have you been? Darling. AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE VAN!”

“Mom, I just got scared and ran. Then I got lost and---Koda brought me back…Sorry. Did you find Zane?” Asked Ambril her face squashed against her mother’s shoulder.

“What scared you? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE VAN!” Her mother shrieked again as she pulled Ambril back to inspect her. Satisfied she still had all her limbs and---most of her eyebrows she let her go.

“It was the---um---the fire! Something exploded and a piece of it flew into the windshield and cracked it.” Ambril stepped back. “It scared me so…I---just ran.” Ambril shrugged. “I didn’t know what to do.”

“Oohhhh, you poor thing!” said her Mom launching herself on her daughter again for another long, claustrophobic hug. “I found your brother and dragged him back only to find you were gone and WHAT HAPPENED TO THE VAN!” Her mother looked over her shoulder at Zane who was leaning against the tow truck watching the driver working on their van. Ambril squinted at their minivan lying like a dead animal, it’s belly exposed on the side of the road. It looked pretty bad.

“So you ran into the forest just after the windshield was smashed, right?”

Ambril couldn’t think of anything to say that wouldn’t sound crazy, especially the truth, so she just nodded.

Her mother was still staring at the van. “This has been the weirdest evening, hasn’t it?”

Ambril nodded some more. She could now see the tall slim form of Feldez her soon-to-be-stepfather standing near the tow truck, looking annoyed with everything as usual. He beckoned to them. Her mother tried to tidy herself up, finger combing the leaves out of her hair and picking out the twigs that were sticking out of odd places.

Ambril did want one last look at the van. The tow truck driver had finally managed to turn it right side up and was getting ready to hoist it with his towing rig. The windshield was nearly gone now, strewn all over the roadway in sparkling lumps and the boxes which had been strapped on top were being loaded into the back of the truck. They had been flattened like pancakes. Ambril was about to turn away when something caught her eye. A shimmering too-small piece of cloth had snagged itself on one of the windshield wipers.

“Hey, ya gotta move kid.” Shouted the tow truck driver. “Don’t’ want to drag you along too.”

Ambril quickly reached over and grabbed the little bit of whatever it was and shoved it into her pocket. She gave the old van a pat, which of course made the rest of the windshield collapse spectacularly.

The driver laughed. “You gotta way with cars, kid!”

Ambril went to lean with Zane.

Zane looked a little pale but avoided her eyes, clearly not wanting to talk about anything. They both watched silently as the driver flipped a switch and the front of the van groaned as it slowly began to rise.

“Well you two have had quite an evening, haven’t you?” Suddenly Feldez was there looming in front of them both. As always he was picture perfect. His black hair was smooth, his suit unwrinkled. There was nothing out of place, except his too long nose which was forever in Ambril’s business. “What were you two thinking bolting into the forest that way?” He bent at them his eyes cold and hard. “You fairly drove your mother insane with worry.” He sniffed as he towered over Ambril. “And we need to know what happened to the minivan,” as if she had single-handedly bashed the windshield and flipped it over herself.

Ambril’s face began to get hot as her anger rose. “I’d rather talk to my Mom about it, it’s really her car anyway,” she said defiantly.

Feldez’s face was instantly a mask of rage.

Zane slide up next to her protectively. “Come on, Feldez,” said Zane quietly. “It was probably a hit and run driver, like the mechanic said.” Zane shoved his hands in his pocket and looked up at the much taller man. “You really don’t think that Ambril did this herself, do you?” He asked in disbelief. She doesn’t even know how to turn the car on.”

Feldez backed off a bit and wiped the anger from his face. “No, no of course not.” He said but his voice was still tight with anger. “Well, we’ll still have to discuss your inconsiderate behavior later,” he pursed his lips and marched over to Ambril’s Mother.

Ambril couldn’t wait any longer. “Did you---you know see the---“ began Ambril.

“Quiet, he’ll hear you,” whispered Zane savagely. “We’ll talk later, after they’ve gone to sleep.” He quickly walked away.

So he had seen something, but he didn’t want to talk about it, big surprise. Ambril felt more alone than ever. She took a deep breath and blew out hard. She was getting the feeling that Zane wasn’t going to be much help at all.

The tow truck had finished winching up the car and was just pulling away when Feldez waved Ambril and Zane over to his sleek sedan. It smelled of leather and after-shave. Ambril sank down in the deep upholstery as the car pulled away.

A few minutes later her mother said, “What’s that?”

They were passing the burned out building Ambril had seen earlier. The fire trucks were just about finished. From the street it looked like it had been a store of some kind.

“It’s the Tupelo’s roadside stand. They’re local farmers,” sighed Feldez. “It’s a shame, really,” he continued. “They had the best produce in the area,” he nodded to a group of people standing near the road.

As the car drove slowly by Ambril could see a couple of dazed looking adults and a girl about her age, her face streaked with soot and tears. As she watched a boy walked up and handed a cat to the girl. She smiled and hugged it to herself. A firefighter was shaking the hand of a geeky looking kid with longish dark hair. Ambril yawned as she wondered if she would see them at school in a couple of days. Starting a new school seemed to be the least of her worries now.

The road wound around through the forest for a while but soon began to straighten and widen. The moonlit countryside began to take on a well-tended look. There were soon more farmhouses; which soon gave way to orderly rows of houses complete with lawns and picket fences. Feldez then turned off the main road and let the car wind around a small hill. It stopped in front of a sleek modern home near the top.

“It’s beautiful honey!” Said Ambril’s Mom as they stepped out. “Well here we are! Our new home!” She said as she pulled a fuzzy caterpillar out of her hair.

**Chapter 9 The House that Feldez Built, a face of evil**

It was an over-processed, boxy sort of house spaced well back from the other homes nearby. Ambril hated the house on principle. But she had to admit it it had a certain sheen. Inside the stone floors gleamed. All surfaces were free of clutter, every corner free of dust. But as Ambril looked around she noticed there wasn’t an interesting nook to curl up in anywhere. Just inside the door her mother collapsed on a sleek angular sofa. She immediately groaned and sat back up again rubbing her back.

“Comfy?” said Zane sarcastically.

Ambril’s mother gave Zane a dirty look and began pulling strenuously on the twigs stuck in her filthy shoelaces.

Feldez walked in absently shuffling through some papers in his hands. “Welcome,” he said without looking up. He turned and blanched when he saw his fiance’s condition and what she was crawling off her onto his sofa. “Darling! Perhaps you’d like to get right into a bath.” He said wrinkling his nose and tugging her up.

Ambril’s mother let herself be dragged across the room. “Oh, I must look a sight,” she said self-consciously. Feldez gestured to the steel and stone staircase. “You need to take a nice long soak, I’ll get you a glass of wine.” They walked up the steps together, Feldez leading Ambril’s mother and Zane trailing behind. “I think a good night’s rest is what everyone needs, right?”

Even though Ambril was desperate to hear what had happened to make Zane so crazy she had to admit she was exhausted. She succumbed to a gigantic yawn and stretched before she followed the others upstairs. The house really was well built. Spacious, no expense spared anywhere. Ambril found her room. It had bookshelves clear across one wall and a big long writing surface. The bed looked unusually comfortable with lots of pillows tossed around, her mother’s idea Ambril thought for sure. The movers had already been there and there was a pile of boxes and bags in the middle of the room. She took three steps, dumped her backpack on the bed and collapsed. Her eyes closed immediately.

Quick steps in fine Italian leather awakened her sometime later; unmistakably it was Feldez in the hallway. He passed by and went on down the stairs. Then she heard the front door click.

Ambril checked the clock on the bedside table. Where was he going at midnight? She didn’t have much time to ponder as a moment later she heard another set of footsteps padding down the hall. Her door slowly opened.

“Hungry?” Asked her mother as she cinched her robe tighter and smiled. “Let’s go raid the frig.” Zane slouched by behind her and she could hear him taking the stairs two at a time.

Ambril discovered that she was indeed famished and bounced off the bed.

“Honey, you’re not even out of those dirty clothes.” Her mother picked a dead leaf out of Ambril’s hair and frowned. “Jump in the shower before bed, Okay?” She brushed something off Ambril’s shoulder. “Feldez is a stickler for neat and clean, you know.”

Ambril rolled her eyes, but not so her Mom could see. They hurried down the stairs and into the kitchen.

At least Feldez was good at food. The kitchen was stocked with all sorts of goodies. Ambril got out the peanut butter and jelly and made sandwiches while her mother found some apple cider to warm and Zane ate more strawberries than he washed.

“What would you do without us, Honey?” Said Ambril’s Mom playfully winking at Zane as she set a mug of hot apple cider in front of him.

“I’d be back in San Francisco, free of this place.” He growled.

Ambril’s mother made a face at him. “I did have another talk with Feldez and we both agreed that maybe using his name wasn’t a very good idea.” She patted Zane’s shoulder as she sat down. “So we will still be Derwyn’s until just after the wedding. And,” she added hastily when Zane suddenly looked up angrily. “It will be your choice to change your name then or not.” She smiled brightly.

Zane snorted again.

“Zane, please, we have to work at this,” Ambril’s mother pleaded. She looked at her son searching for something, ”We have to face this together.” She pleaded.

“Face what?” asked Ambril angrily as she plunked a plateful of sandwiches next to the strawberries. “What are you guys always not talking about? It’s so confusing!” she said angrily.

Ambril’s mother jumped as if Ambril had pinched her. “I think, darling that this is not something you will have to worry about.” She smiled at her. “You were so young, only three when it happened, kids your age won’t remember. What’s past is past.” She continued squaring her shoulders. “And that goes for us too, Zane. It happened ten years ago.” She picked up a strawberry. “It will be a little weird at first, but everyone will get over it at some point.” She took a huge breath. “And then we’ll finally be through it all.”

Zane grunted as he inhaled half a sandwich. “When pigs fly, Mom, you must be crazy to think these people will forgive and forget,” he said nastily. “That isn’t gonna happen.” He finished the rest of his sandwich and picked up another. “You know you should tell her now. Mom before someone else does.” He stood up quickly still munching. Ambril was suddenly aware at how tall he had gotten. “They’ll add stuff to the story, you know how evil he must have been to do what he did, and how it was such a shame he was killed because it would have been nice to have seen him hang.” Zane’s eyes were pools of anger and pain. “You’d better tell her all about it so she’s prepared for her first day of school. Boy, I’m really looking forward to it!” He grabbed another sandwich and stormed out.

Her mother’s face went deathly white and for a moment Ambril thought she was going to faint. But she recovered enough to smile unconvincingly at Ambril.

“Mom, come on! What was Zane talking about?” Ambril asked anxiously.

Her mother hugged herself as she looked after her son. After a long moment she looked at Ambril and her eyes softened.

“Zane is upset because of how---your father...” She faltered a bit but then looked Ambril straight in the eyes and continued. It’s-- It’s just that your father died in unusual circumstances, darling.” She absently tucked her hair behind one ear. “The lab accident? It was reported that he had been working on something dangerous. Something that put everyone here at risk.” She hesitated and then went on. “But the people who really knew him,” she continued. “We knew he would never have gotten involved in something like that.” She looked distractedly at the hall again.

“Zan ehas a chip on his shoulder a mile high about this. I don’t watnt that to happen to you. Which is why it might be better if you started school without knowing any more.”

Ambril was so frustrated she couldn’t get any words out. What was she five years old? Of course she should be told everything!

But her mother took her silence as agreement and gave her daughter one last pat on the head. “I have to talk to Zane a bit more.”

“But Mom! I need to know this stuff! Something happened in the forest---“

But her mother was already half way through the door. “We’ll talk more later, sweetie, I promise.” She said distractedly.

Ambril put her half eaten sandwich back on the plate with the others and tipped them into the trash. She had lost her appetite.

She went out into the hallway and was about to go up the stairs when she happened to see a light on in a room she hadn’t noticed before. She was just curious, she told herself later, and hadn’t meant to snoop. It was more like---exploration. She opened the door wider and saw it was an office, Feldez’s office.

To her amazement it was a mess. There were large stacks of papers everywhere. Dog-eared maps, ancient drawings and some rolls of parchment tied with string were shoved into a corner. A large bookcase stuffed with odd, old books sat behind the desk. And a laptop teetered on top of a stack of faded blueprints. Ambril thought that the room should be condemned. Plus it was by far the most interesting part of the house.

The blueprints intrigued her most. They were very, very old. As she looked closer she discovered that they were not of a building but the layout of a village where every house had been given a name. Ambril leaned in closer and just happened to jiggle the drawings enough for the laptop screen to come alive. Ambril froze. There on the screen was an image of the Dullaith.

Ambril started to breath again only when she realized it was just an image, she felt a little silly, after all it was just a picture, it couldn’t hurt her, could it?

It was really a good likeness, smoke hemmed in with bright cobweb-like lines which curled and traced all through it, Like a skin ornamented with tattoos all over it. It was chillingly beautiful when it wasn’t trying to kill you, she decided. Underneath the image was the letter ‘V’ and the number 1 which meant nothing to Ambril. Six in Roman Numerals flanked by skull and crossbones. She was about to tap the keyboard to see what else she could find when she heard a door slam and expensive shoes made their way down the hall.

She raced for the door and darted through into the kitchen just as Feldez rounded the corner. He looked at her surprised and then annoyed. “What are you doing up at this hour?” His eyes took in her dirty jeans and shirt. “And you’re in need of a shower,” he ordered. Without missing a beat he swiftly turned into his office, and stopped.

He half turned toward Ambril, his face stiff. “Have you been in here?” He accused.

“Well, I---I was just exploring.“ Stuttered Ambril.

Feldez’s face was grotesquely angry for a half second until he smoothed it away. “Since this is your first night here, allowances have to be made.” He said a smile twisting across his face. “But in the future, this is my PRIVATE study, it’s strictly off limits! Under no circumstances are you ever to enter. Is that clear?” His eyes narrowed.

Ambril knew at that moment that there never would be an instant of time in their lives that they were going to like each other, not even just a little bit.

“Yes I understand.” Said Ambril nervously. She raced up the stairs as fast as she could. When in her room she stood a moment with her back pressed against the door.

Was Feldez mixed up with the monster that had tried to kill her? She shook her head. Why? What exactly was the monster after? She remembered Hendoeth had said something about how her Dad might have gotten mixed up in something by mistake. Did it involve the Dullaith? And now Feldez...

She screwed up her face. It was so frustrating; she didn’t know where to begin. She jammed her hands down into her pockets and felt something. Surprised she pulled out the piece of cloth. The one she had found on their old van’s windshield. She held it up to the light and saw that it was a little cloth boot. An iridescent blue-green, it had a quaint row of silver buttons up one side. It was worn on the bottom and there seemed to be a hole on the pointy end. Puzzled, she set it on the bedside table.

Then it hit her, just how tired she was. She needed to get some sleep pronto. She showered and changed. But before she crawled under her crisp, clean sheets she set her robot out on her table and tucked her Ashera under her pillow. She would hopefully have some time tomorrow to play around with them. Something to take her mind off all the foul smelling monsters, talking furniture, houses on chicken legs, and angry bicycles. She closed her eyes.

**Chapter 10 An overheard conversation and Zane finally talks**

But Ambril couldn’t get to sleep. Everything swirled around and aroundin her head. She lay awake a long time staring at the smooth ceiling and listening to the hum of her alarm clock. She was just dozing off when she heard voices. They were arguing. She slipped from her bed and put her ear to her door.

“It’s not possible, Zane, it was dark, you were angry, and in a strange place. You were bound to mistake what you saw,” it was Feldez’s voice.

“I know what I saw---are you calling me a liar?” Zane sounded angry and hurt.

“No, No certainly not, it’s just that you haven’t spent much time in that forest, Zane, it could have just been a trick of the eye, a swaying tree making an odd shadow, it could have been anything.”

“I remember, Feldez.” Zane practically hissed at him.

The tone of Feldez’s voice veered to ominous. “You know what it does to your mother to hear you talk about that time. What could you possibly remember Zane? You were all of what? Seven?”

Zane’s voice was strung taunt with anger. “Monsters are not something seven year olds forget!”

Ambril stiffened with surprise.

“Shh- shh, keep your voice down you’ll wake your mother.”

Zane scoffed at him. “After all the sleeping pills you gave her, I doubt it!”

“Come now; let’s finish this conversation in here.” Feldez said tersely. The voices receded and Ambril could hear nothing more. She opened the door slightly and peered out. There was a crack of light at the bottom of Zane’s door. She could see shadows moving around and heard the low rumble of voices. She stood there for ages, her feet getting icy cold until the door was suddenly thrown wide and Feldez was silhouetted against the light.

“It’s for the best, for your mother certainly. You must stop dredging up these bad memories.” There was only silence in the room beyond him. “Alright then.” The door closed with a smooth mechanical click and Feldez walked down the hall.

Ambril had had enough of not knowing. She needed to talk to Zane that very night, no more waiting patiently to hear it from her Mom.

She became aware of new sounds coming from across the hallway, sounds of boxes being ripped open and books toppling over. She soundlessly pulled the door open and slipped across the hall. With her fingernail she tapped out their code which she and Zane had used to signal to each other through their bedroom walls when they were young. No response.

From the sound of things he was turning his room upside down. She opened the door quietly just enough to see Zane shoving things into his backpack.

It wasn’t school supplies either. Zane was leaving.

She shoved the door open wide and whispered. “What are you doing? You can’t leave me here all alone!” She marched into the room. “With Feldez!”

Zane jumped a mile high at her entrance, then he leaped over the piles of clothes, stacks of books to close the door before turning to Ambril.

“Quiet you idiot! You’ll wake them.” He glared at his little sister whose hands were beginning to ball into fists.

“Whoa, whoa, take it easy.” He said sounding a bit like the nice, old Zane. “It’s not as bad for you, you don’t remember what it was like, after---” He shook his head and ran his hand through his hair as he always did when he was tired.

“Go back to bed, Ambril.” He muttered finally, not looking up. “Forget all about this,” he said and turned back to his packing.

Ambril took a tentative step toward him. “Did you see it too?”

His head snapped around, his eyes narrow. “See what?”

“That thing in the forest, you know that dark smoky thingy--- they call it a Dullaith. Did it come after you too?” Zane continued to stare at her as he pulled his body around to face her.

“What thing? Wait, describe it to me.” He sounded hopeful but wary.

Ambril described what had happened that evening. She left nothing out, even the outlandish FowlClun. Though Zane gave her a funny look when she told him about the talking furniture. He seemed to get more and more excited. “I knew it! It really was there.” His voice was jubilant.

“So you’ve seen one before?”

Zane nodded, “the Dullaith, yeah, I saw it once before---,” he paused to look hard at her. “The night that Dad died.”

Ambril felt as if a stake had been driven through her chest. “What?” She suddenly felt light headed. “I thought Dad died from an explosion in his lab.” Zane was still looking at her very seriously. “No, he died fighting one of those things. They say he---he was the one who raised it. Feldez---he was there. He brought it down.” Zane hung his head. “You don’t really remember that time do you?” Zane’s voice was low and sad.

Ambril felt as if all the air had been sucked out of the room. There was none for her to breathe. “No, not really. I---really don’t remember much about Dad at all.” She said finally.

“Do you remember how they used to be together?”

Ambril thought hard. “I remember them laughing a lot.”

Zane bowed his head. “Yeah, me too. They laughed all the time together.” He raised his head and looked directly at Ambril. “When was the last time you heard Mom laugh? I mean really laugh, like they used to?”

Ambril thought for a while and had to shrug her shoulders.

Zane nodded, “Not since then, I bet. Me either.” He started worrying a small hole in his jeans. “I bet you don’t remember how Mom had a really hard time afterward. People here didn’t treat her right, I think they were afraide of her.”

“They didn’t treat you well either did they?” Ambril guessed.

Zane’s head jerked up. He got up and walked over to the window. “The thing is that, Mom may not be able to come back from it again. At least that’s what Feldez thinks anyway---So---,” Zane straightened up. He seemed to have made a decision. “You know I’m not so sure what we saw, really.” He said in a different voice. “It could have been our imaginations, right?”

Ambril was incredulous. “Both of us imagined the same thing? Come on!”

“Ambril,” Zane said quietly. “You just have to forget it.”

Now it was Ambril’s turn to be furious. “Forget it! Forget it? Are you crazy? I saw a monster in the forest Zane! It was one of the scariest things that have ever happened to me! I had to fight it all by myself!” She raged.

Zane began to walk slowly toward her. “There are scarier things than monsters. You were only three but I do, I remember.” He dropped his head again so that Ambril couldn’t see his face. “I wish I didn’t, but I do.” His voice trailed off. Zane stood lost in thought for a long time then slowly he turned and advanced on Ambril, his face determined. “We don’t ever, ever talk about this again, O.K.?” Ambril started backing up.

“Take it easy Zane,” she had never seen him quite so menacing.

Zane brought his face right up to hers. His voice was just above a whisper. “You can’t tell anyone, you hear me? Not anyone. They won’t understand, they’ll think *we brought it back*.” Ambril could see the fear in his eyes, his voice was pleading. “These people here are---different. They’re afraid; scared of people who are different, scared of what they might be themselves. People who are afraid don’t always make the right decisions.” His face was so close to hers that she could see his pupils pulsing. “And it’ll be worse this time. We’ll all be in danger. They’ll come after you, after me and after Mom.”

Zane took a step back and Ambril slumped a bit. “But what if it comes back and hurts some one? We should try to warn them?” Zane’s hands tightened into fists. “We’ll just have to hope it won’t come back.” Zane walked over to his bed and slumped down his hands on his knees. ”Feldez doesn’t think it will; actually he doesn’t think I saw it at all.”

“But if it does come back, we’ll have to tell them what we know, right?”

“No!” Zane stood up so fast Ambril slammed herself up against the wall. “Don’t you see? We can’t ever, ever be a part of this!”

Ambril decided it was high time to get out of there. Zane seemed so tightly wound anything could set him off. But he couldn’t just go. “O.K., I’ll go back to my room when you promise me you won’t leave me here alone!” She pleaded. “I need your help. Feldez hates me, and he seems to almost, like you.” Ambril stood there willing him to see how important it was that he stuck around.

He stood there for what seemed to be forever. He nodded just once. “But, I can’t promise it’ll be for long.” Ambril could see a pained look cross his face as if he was remembering something particularly cruel.

Then it was the new Zane mode who grunted impatiently as he opened the door and shoved her out into the hallway.

Ambril stumbled to her room and whisked her door shut.

She grabbed her robot and hugged it shaking like a leaf. So Zane had seen it too, the Dullaith. Her hands felt icy cold and she shuddered. And Zane said it had killed their father. She sat there lost in thought, her thoughts running in circles. She slid back under the covers. She just had to find out what had happened to her Dad. Zane was fooling himself. She couldn’t just forget it, neither could he.

She slipped one more time out of bed, took her desk chair and wedged it under her doorknob. No disturbances tonight. She felt a little better. At least she wasn’t going to be alone. Zane had promised to stay at least for now. She snuggled down with the robot next to her and was almost instantly asleep.

**Chapter 11 A Visitor**

The moonlight tripped lightly through Ambril’s open window and spread itself like a luminous shadow over Ambril’s coverlet. A large crow stared hard at the sleeping girl as he settled himself for the night. The stars twinkled. Actually more than twinkled, one of them began swooping around wildly and with a breezy bump flew into Ambril’s window alighting on her desk.

It wasn’t a star really, and it wasn’t twinkling anymore just a dull tired spark now and then. It crouched there for a while trying to catch its breath and then stood up wearily. It was a boy with close shaven blonde hair and a grouchy expression. He looked much like any teenager except that he was six inches tall and had nearly transparent wings sprouting from his shoulders.

When he stood still he was hard to see as he seemed to blend perfectly with whatever was behind him. He was tremendously tired as he looked around the room. Then his face brightened as he flitted over to Ambril’s table and triumphantly snatched up the boot she had found. He immediately put it on and smiled at the boot and its matching twin.

Ambril mumbled something in her sleep and turned towards him. He blanched as she yawned in his face and fanned the air with a disgusted expression. Her arm flopped out of the covers and a tinkle of gold drew the fairy’s attention as Ambril’s medallion fell out onto the quilt.

He stared and stared and then flew nearer. Hovering over Ambril’s shoulder, he wonderingly put his hand on the gemflower. It began to pulse, gently glowing warm; filling him with light. He giggled joyfully as his hair began to stand on end. But what astonished the fairy was that it also seemed to light the sleeping figure as well. He skittered away and shook himself. Frowning he returned and put his hand once again on the medallion. The jewel once again warmed them both.

He jerked away and hung in the air a few feet above the figure. As if being observed made her uncomfortable, Ambril sniffed and turned away dislodging the Ashera which fell off the bed.

The fairy was on it immediately. With a wave of his hand he slowed its fall and drew it to him. The Ashera glowed and pulsed as the fairy turned it and examining it. A few times he blanched and looked again at the kid now curled up in a ball snoring softly. After several minutes he replaced the Ashera. He came down to stand on Ambril’s shoulder, lost in thought---looking puzzled.

Outside Sid shook his feathers and stretched his neck nervously. He hopped from one foot to another and then again until a furry head raised itself from behind a tuft of leaves.

“Quit fidgeting, I’m hanging on for dear life, don’t you know!” Aster groused. “This branch is too small for both of us.” She continued as they bobbed up and down.

“Aster, if you’d been able to stay away from the almond cakes at tea time, there would be no problem,” hooted the crow and then grunted when the squirrel elbowed him in the gullet. “Besides you should be home in bed.”

“I’m perfectly fine, just a bruise or two. But stop twitching, we gotta keep a sharp eye on that rascal.”

The branch slowly stopped swaying and the two peered inside the dark room.

“I don’t think there’s anything to worry about, it’s a fairy! After handling a Dullaith all on her own, she can handle the likes of him.“ whispered Aster.

“Clearly your memory’s going, that there’s a forest fairy! You know descended from the group that left during the rebellion. He has no love of human-kind that’s for sure.“ The crow cocked its head and jumped to a smaller branch, which dipped dangerously. “Not that the ones who stayed are any nicer.”

“Watch it! You old Coot!” the squirrel sputtered nearly falling off the branch.

“I’m a Crow, an old Crow, not an old Coot,” muttered Sid not taking his eyes from the sleeping kid.

Aster ventured farther out along the branch to get a better look. As she did so the branch bowed even lower.

“What the!” Squawked Sid as the branch snapped and went down. Aster managed to fling herself onto another branch as the crow gracefully flew to one a good distance way.

Aster sniffed as she smoothed her ruffled fur. “I can’t understand it, that branch must have been rotten.”

“Ha! Too many teacakes, I’m telling you!” Cackled the crow and wagged his head at his friend as he turned his attentions again to the bedroom window. “Hey where’d he go?” He screeched forgetting himself and hopping up and down again an again.

“Where’d who? Oh, the fairy? Well he was just there.” The squirrel stood up on her hind legs for a better look. Inside there was only a sleeping kid. No fairy.

“Well, I guess he decided to hightail back to wherever they hole up.”

“I’m a bit surprised, I must say.” Said Aster, wringing her paws. “That young thing saved his life,” continued Aster. “Obligations like that are powerful in most magic families.”

Sid looked thoughtful for a minute and then said, “Might be the forest fairies have a different take on being obliged to help human-kind.” He snapped his beak a few times. “They’re awful snooty.”

They both stared silently at the sleeping child until the squirrel yawned and scampered back down the branch. “Well I’m all tuckered out, Sid you take the first watch. I though I saw a nice cubby just on the other side of this---“ There were some violent rustling of branches.

“Oh! I am sorry Ma’am, I simply didn’t see you---well, well, excuse me!” Sputtered the squirrel, as an indignant possum poked its head out of a hole and took a jab at her. Aster retreated up the branch, “My! So rude!” And wedged herself in the crook of two branches.

Resignedly she said, “Wake me when it’s time.” She tucked her head underneath her tail and settled herself for a nice nap.

The crow stood his silent watch as the moon made its circuit through the sky. And he kept a beady eye out for anything unusual. He didn’t trust fairies, but try as he might, he couldn’t find one single thing amiss. The moonlight played on Ambril face and she smiled. The crow seemed to smile with her.

**Chapter 12 Breakfast and the Robot**

When Ambril finally awoke the sun was nearly half way through morning. The sky was blue from end to end it was shaping up to be a stellar spring day. There was a strange whirring sound over by her desk. Ambril sat up and rubbed her eyes. Her mother had wandered in and was watching the robot as it walked the desktop experimentally flexing its knees. It jingled and chimed as it picked up a pink eraser.

“That is quite possibly the smartest robot I’ve ever seen. Why didn’t your other robots we’ve had do this kind of stuff? I remember them as being not much more than something to stub my toe on.” She looked quizzically at Ambril.

Ambril shrugged. “Mr. Feng added some Artificial Intelligence.”

Her mother nodded. “Oh right, you did tell me that. That might explain the smarts but how about his cheekiness?” FLit was winding up to throw an eraser but stopped to wink at them. They both giggled. Ambril’s Mom smiled over at her. “Did you sleep well sweetheart?”

Ambril hesitated and then nodded. Looking at her mother relaxed and smiling she didn’t have the heart to tell her about her conversation with Zane. She’d put it off a little while. The robot cricked its neck unhinging his earflap and revealing the wiring inside.

Ambril gave an involuntary start.

Her mother snorted. “Not exactly a looker is he? What do you call him? fLit?”

“Yeah.” Ambril reached over and flipped his earflap into place.

Ambril’s mother smiled ruefully as she picked up her daughter’s dirt encrusted jeans from yesterday. “Good thing he stayed in your back pack, last night. At least HE stayed clean. Feldez wants you out of the house today so that the new housekeeper can get organized.”

“What? A housekeeper?” Ambril wrinkled her nose in distaste. “I don’t want a stranger going through my stuff all the time.”

Her mother smiled. “You’ll like her though because you’ll never have to clean your room again,” she said temptingly as she turned to go. “I laid out some clothes for you, I’ll see you downstairs, O.K.?”

Ambril threw on her clothes and smoothed out the worst of the tangles in her hair. She rooted around under her pillow, found her Ashera and shoved that in her backpack along with her robot. As she slung the pack over her shoulder and raced down the stairs, she tried to think of ways she could find out more about what happened to her father. The Library Archives were her best bet.

Zane and Feldez sat at the table laden with a huge platter of fresh baked muffins. Ambril picked up a warm blueberry one and took a large bite. Yum…

At the table Feldez was lost behind his newspaper. Facing her, the headlines screamed FIRE!

Ambril chewed slowly as she read the front page. There was a splashy picture of the building they had seen last night. The article read.

**Last night fire broke out in the Tupelo farmer’s market off route. Mr. and Mrs. Tupelo had just finished renovating the old building to sell their farm’s produce. “It’s a real shame though it always has been some what of an eyesore,” said neighbor and grocery store owner Larch Dogwood. “I’m not sure how much we really need a produce stand anyway. Dogwood market has everything anyone would ever need.” The Tupelos are one of the new families that joined our community-**

Ambril couldn’t read any more as Feldez chose that moment to carefully fold the paper. Laying it down next to his plate he looked quizzically at Ambril and Zane as he took a tiny sip of espresso and touched his fingertips lightly together.

Ambril’s mother breezed in humming. “Good morning.”

Zane slouched farther into his seat and grunted.

Ambril’s Mom smiled nervously as she sat down. Feldez graced her with a small smile and resumed staring at Zane and Ambril. Ambril wondered for the thousandth time, what she saw in him.

“I hope you’ve all recuperated from last night’s adventures.” Your mother and I think your actions last night showed a decided lack of thought, both of you.” He raised his chin and looked down at Zane. “As punishment you shall not be allowed to use any screens for a week unless it’s for school work.”

Zane shot him an evil look but said nothing. His mother shifted uneasily but nodded. Feldez coughed drily and then continued. “Today, you’re expected to familiarize yourselves with the town. You’ll be starting school tomorrow.”

Ambril had to stuff an entire muffin in her mouth to keep from groaning.

Feldez cleared his throat as he checked his watch. “I’m off to the office now but there is some one here I would like you to meet before I go,” he looked toward the kitchen and raised his voice. “Mrs. Sweetgum?”

A plump middle-aged woman bustled out from the kitchen drying her hands on her apron. She was short and huggably round with graying hair and a big-toothed smile. She had the brightest blue eyes Ambril had ever seen.

“Hello! Hope you like the food.” Her voice was squeaky and high pitched. She bobbed her head still smiling. “It’s a real pleasure to meet you.”

Ambril liked her on the spot, especially her cooking. Her mother’s muffins were so hard they could double as hockey pucks.

“Thanks for breakfast, Mrs. Sweetgum,” Ambril’s mother smiled and then sipped her coffee as if having a housekeeper was usual for her. Feldez motioned to his napkin with his hand and she quickly picked up her own and patted her mouth with an embarrassed smile.

“Thank you.” Feldez dismissed Mrs. Sweetgum with a curt nod.

He eyed Ambril and Zane again. “I think you’ve had your quota of sweets for the day, don’t you?”

“You aren’t our Dad, we don’t take orders from---” said Zane angrily.

“You will obey house rules for cleanliness and health.” Cut in Feldez sharply. “Which means you’ll be home in time for dinner each and every evening and keep your rooms tidy. Your personal belongings belong on your person or in your rooms and---“ Feldez leaned over the table to glare at them at closer range. “You will limit your sweets to one treat a day.” He held his glare a few seconds longer and then slowly relaxed back into his chair. Taking another sip of espresso he said, “Is that clear?”

Ambril was so angry she could burst. But what could she do? Her Mother looked pleadingly at them. They were stuck living in his house and with his rules. Zane seemed to be thinking the same thing for though he still looked angry he gave Feldez a nod.

Feldez turned to Ambril’s mother. “I hope you aren’t planning to do too much today, darling, yesterday was quite taxing and you should rest.” He laid his napkin beside his plate and rose from the table. “With Mrs. Sweetgum here to handle everything you can do just that.”

Ambril’s mother stared down at her plate then took a tiny bite of muffin remembering a little late to daub her lips with the napkin. “Oh I feel alright. I---I thought I’d take the kids around town.” She smiled nervously.

Feldez stopped to give her a disapproving look. “Darling I want you to rest. The children can find their way around on their own.” He looked down at her.

She gave him a small nod and said hesitantly, “I thought we would have a talk with the kids before you go off to work.“

But Feldez was already half way out the door. “We’ve just had our little talk darling, I’ve no more time.”

Ambril heaved a secret sigh of relief as the door clicked shut behind him.

“I guess he’s unhappy about the fire last night,” said her mother slowly.

Ambril couldn’t remember a time when Feldez hadn’t appeared to be unhappy.

“We all have to keep in mind that taking on the role of Administrator at the hospital is a big responsibility for him.” Ambril’s Mother caught sight of the glorious day outside. “Come on, let’s go find your bikes, I think the movers must have put them somewhere in the garage.”

**Chapter 13 Trelawnyd**

Outside they found the bikes parked three feet from the far side of the garage. As if having them closer would contaminate it.

Zane jumped on his and without a word took off.

“Wait honey! I wanted to show you---“ Ambril’s Mom yelled after her son. But he was already around the bend and gone.

Ambril jammed her backpack in the basket and jiggled the handlebars experimentally to make sure everything worked. Her mother was standing on the edge of the drive looking down on the town. From where they were they could see the entire valley. Ambril spotted the main road winding away down and around and on through the checkerboard of farmlands and into the forest. The forest thickened at the edge of the farmland marched straight up the mountains all around. Except for one barren hill on the far side of the valley everything was green and lush.

Ambril’s Mom began pointing excitedly at the buildings below. “-And there’s where old Mrs. Sumac used to live, her son’s the Mayor now. I used to have acorn wars with him every fall. I won of course. And that’s Mrs. Flood’s house she owns the shoe store here.”

”*The* shoe store? You mean there’s only one?” Ambril was incredulous.

Her mother nodded annoyed at the interruption. “And there’s the Hospital where Feldez works, and the Library where you’ll hopefully be spending loads of time.” she continued excitedly. The Hospital was nothing special but the Library was an imposing stone building sheltered by Eucalyptus trees.

“And there’s the old schoolhouse where you’ll be going to school. Just as your father, Feldez and I did.” The schoolhouse was a brick two-story building surrounded by pools of grass and a large playground.

“Thanks for the info, I’m off.” Said Ambril, anxious to get started.

“Oh! You have to visit Betula’s, it’s everyone’s favorite place.” Called her mother as Ambril pushed off and started coasting down the hill. “Don’t forget! Betula’s!”

Ambril was soon gliding down a shady street. It was uncrowded and relaxing to ride through Trelawnyd. In the city there were people stepping out in front of you and cars everywhere. Here she was the only one on the road. She rode by the schoolhouse, it was bigger up close. Then she rode by the Library. She thought about stopping to check it out and see if she could find the archives but she wasn’t ready to get off her bike yet.

She had just turned her bike toward what she thought was the center of town when wham! An over-ripe tomato went splat right in front of her. She veered sharply and missed the worst of it. When she braked hard, she heard laughter and looked up just in time to dodge a large peach and then a shower of green tomatoes. One she caught.

“Hey, knock it off.” She yelled and saw a head pop out from behind a rock. Taking aim she threw the tomato hard and was rewarded by a gratifying ‘Oof!” She rode off fast and after a turn or two thought she had lost them, but after another block or two she realized that she was the one who was lost. In the distance she could see another bike rider. As she drew closer she could see it was a girl about her own age. The girl looked around at Ambril and started to pedal faster.

“Hey wait! Is this the way to town?” Ambril called and started to pedal faster too. The girl looked back again and started pedaling furiously.

What was the girl doing? Ambril thought, she wasn’t chasing her. But then she heard laughter behind her and found that the gang of tomato throwers was chasing them both. A big angry guy with blonde hair rode in front.

‘Uh oh… big trouble!’ Ambril thought as she also stood up on her pedals and began to pump as hard as she could. Fortunately she had a head start; she put on a burst of speed. But looking around she saw the boys were gaining on her. She could see the figure ahead round a curve ahead. Ambril took the curve pumping madly.

“Quick in here!” Just ahead the bike rider beckoned her into a dirt road.

Ambril braked hard and skidded onto the shoulder kicking up a cloud of dust as she pedaled out of sight.

“Behind here!” the girl had stashed her bike behind a trailing bay tree. Ambril did the same. Just as she pulled out of sight the riders roared around the corner shouting insults at each other.

Ambril and the girl hid behind the tree and watched them hurtle out of sight.

“It’s O.K. now, the road starts to wind around. It’ll be awhile before they realize they’ve lost us.” They were both breathing hard. Ambril stole a sideways glance at her rescuer. She was about her age and height, gawky, with long dark hair and brown eyes. She seemed to have tomato splattered all over her top. Her face was tear-stained---and familiar.

“My name’s Sully, Sully Tupelo. Normally I don’t let them get to me but after last night…“

Ambril suddenly remembered where she had seen Sully before.

“Right! I saw you at the fire. We drove by on our way into town.” Ambril realized too late that perhaps this wasn’t something Sully wanted to talk about. “I’m sorry about your farmers market.”

Sully hung her head. “That was scary. We thought for a while it would spread to the orchard.” She tipped her head and shook her hair out of her eyes with one motion. But fortunately, the fire fighters got it out in time.

“I’m Ambril Derwyn.” We just moved back here.”

“Back here?”

“Yeah, I was born here, my brother Zane too.”

“Oh so you’re not a New Family then, you’re just…new?”

Ambril thought about that for a bit before answering. “We’re new I guess, it’s not like we remember anything from before.” She stopped here thinking about Zane’s taunt face last night, “at least I don’t.”

“But you’re family has roots here. You know…ancestors, relatives, that kind of thing, right?”

Ambril squinted at Sully and hesitated before nodding.

“New Family means a family from outside the valley.” Said Sully knowingly. “That’s what my family is called. You’ll hear that a lot around here. They’re big on family roots here.” Sully wagged her head. “I know a family who has lived here 20 years and they’re still considered New Family!” Sully looked around. “I think the coast is clear, where are you headed?”

“No place, really. I was just riding around,” Ambril shrugged. “I was going to try and find Betula’s,” continued Ambril. “My Mom said it’s everyone’s favorite place.”

Sully smiled hugely showing somewhat crooked teeth. “Well you have that right, Betula’s is great. I love her bugs best.” She paused a minute thinking.

Ambril was both repulsed and intrigued by that.

“I have a little while before I have to get back and help my parents with the fire clean-up.” She smiled. “I could use something from Betula’s, she always cheers me up.” She began to disentangle her bike from the Bay tree. “Come on, I’ll show you the way.”

“Thanks.” Ambril smiled. Perhaps she had made her first friend here.

They started walking their bikes down the dusty dirt road.

“So how “New” of a family are you? I mean, how long have you lived here?” Ambril asked

“Six years now.” Sully smiled to herself. “It’s been great until recently. Mr. Dogwood, the grocery store owner has gotten kind of greedy lately. He’s lowered the amount of money he pays for the stuff we grow.” She paused to flick a fly away from her bike handle. “We made do with less and less until my parents decided to do something about it. That’s when we fixed up the old shack by the main road and turned it into a produce stand.” She lowered her head. “We were doing great! My Mom and Dad were really happy again.” Sully sighed. “And then…last night…the fire,” her voice trialed off.

Ambril didn’t know what to say. It sounded so awful.

They soon came to another road. Sully smiled devilishly at Ambril and said, “come on, I’ll race you!”

Not really a fair race, thought Ambril as she didn’t know the way but she followed her new friend as best she could. They zoomed through the quiet streets Sully always just ahead until they finally turned down Main Street. There were little shops lining several blocks. Ambril smiled as she rode by the shoe store.

“Whoa! You’re fast!” Sully said as they parked their bikes in front of a violently pink building. Betula’s Sweet Shoppe said the sign in curly letters.

“I’d better wash this off. I’m beginning to smell like an Italian restaurant.” Sully said ruefully picking at the chunks of tomato stuck to her shirt.

Through the window Ambril could see a comfortably sized lady with an infectious smile talking and laughing with everyone. Ambril was too busy soaking up the showcase of goodies displayed in the window to pay attention to where she was going. She tripped on something and lost her grip on her backpack. It fell with a clatter narrowly missing a passerby’s large flat feet.

“Watch what you are doing child!” The owner of the large feet looked at Ambril coldly. Her rail thin frame made her dress look as if it wasn’t living up to its full potential. She had large pouches of skin like a bulldog that wiggled when she spoke and quivered when she wasn’t. Clinging to her was a frail looking grandmotherly woman with wispy white hair.

“Oh! Sorry,” Ambril quickly picked up her backpack.

“Now Crystal, she didn’t mean to fall down in front of you!” Said the frail woman who smiled kindly at Ambril and offered her a shaking hand. “Do you need help, Deary?”

Ambril shook her head as she brushed off her backpack.

“I see not, such a quick one you are!” Continued the elderly lady. “My name is Daisy Flood. Are you new here?”

“Um, Yes, my name’s Ambril, Ambril Derwyn.”

“Oh! A Derwyn, isn’t it nice Crystal to hear that name again!” The older woman tugged on her tall, thin companion. “Why you must be Tylia’s daughter!”

“Yes, that’s true.” Said Ambril surprised to have her family’s name recognized.

“Mrs. Twid? Ah, Crystal?” A pudgy bald man with a rapier goatee came huffing down the sidewalk. “I believe you forgot this.” He held out a large shopping bag, which advertised Bob’s Bots.

The thin woman’s manner abruptly changed. She smiled into the plump man’s eyes. “How kind of you to run all this way just to give me my package, Robert,” she simpered. “You’re such a gentleman.” She continued extending her bony hands to take the package. “A rare find in society today. Since we’re nearly half way there wouldn’t you like to walk home with us? I’ll make you some tea and you can show me how this thing works. What do you say?”

While she was speaking Mrs. Twid had been eagerly leaning closer and closer to the slightly sweaty man who was just as quickly backing up.

“No, no sorry, Mrs.---um---Crystal, as I said before I have to mind the store.” He shrugged sheepishly as he took another large step backward.

Mrs. Twid looked dramatically crestfallen. “Ah parting is so very difficult under these circumstances. We have grown so close these past few weeks, haven’t we?” The portly man looked confused and a little embarrassed. He hitched up his pants and smiled as he turned to walk away.

“But this evening? You promised to help me?” She attempted a flirty pout which came off more as a grimace.

“Crystal Twid, Is that another new gadget?” The plump lady whom Ambril had seen through the window was standing in the doorway to her shop. “That makes the third one this week!” She smiled slyly at the man with the goatee. “Bob, You are quite the salesman now aren’t you!”

“Not really Betula, you still haven’t bought that new washer I’ve been saving for you for six months,” his whole demeanor changed as he twinkled back at Betula.

Mrs. Twid flushed crimson during this exchange. Ambril caught her giving Betula a predatory look before she collected herself.

“Are you coming to the church tea this afternoon Betula? Daisy and I will be there.” She patted the shopping bag enthusiastically. “I’m going to bring the bread I’m make with my new machine!” Mrs. Twid said as she smiled brightly at Bob who nervously adjusted his glasses.

“I wouldn’t miss it, Crystal.” She caught Ambril eying her and winked. “Though I’m a coffee drinker, myself. “Hey Bob, are you going to the Church Tea?”

“Yessirree, you want to walk over together?” He paused chagrined. “Oh I forgot, I promised to go over early and help set up, you want to join me?”

“Sure thing, I’m always happy to help.” Betula turned to smile at the now mortified Mrs. Twid. “I’ll see you at the church Crystal. And you too Daisy, it’s always such a pleasure. It’s nice to see you out and about again.” Betula smiled

“We’ll see you at the church then and don’t bother to bring a thing.” Mrs Twid gasped still taken aback by her easy friendship with Bob.

“You know I was just telling Daisy about the lovely retirement home they’re building out by the ocean. The shop is just getting to be too much for her isn’t it?” She patted the wrinkled hand on her arm before sailing down the street with little Mrs. Flood clamped to her elbow.

**Chapter 14 Betula’s Sweet Shop**

Betula let out a low, rumbly laugh as she held the door open to her shop.

“I just can’t resist making Crystal squirm sometimes.” She shook her head and smirked. “She’d do just about anything to get her hands on Bob and his holdings. You know he owns half the town.” She waved cheerily at Bob as he turned to trudge back to his shop.

“But enough about that, Darlin’ I’d know you a mile away, you’re Tylia’s daughter aren’t you?” The motherly woman had swept Ambril through the door and onto a stool in an instant.

Ambril smiled up at her. ”Ambril Silva, right?” Betula smiled down at her.

“We just arrived, just last night,” said Ambril. “But my last name is Derwyn now.” She said her voice low. Betula looked surprised but then nodded. “Derwyn’s a fine name too.” Betula set a glass of water in front of Ambril. “Do you like chocolate?” She asked, though she seemed to know the answer.

Ambril nodded. Who didn’t?

“Well, I’ve been toying with a new flavor of ice cream called “Kamikaze Chip” and need to have a real chocolate lover’s opinion. Do you think you can help me out and give it a try?”

And it wasn’t even her birthday! Ambril nodded enthusiastically.

“I’ll bring two spoons!” Betula smiled as Sully slid onto the stool next to her. Her shirt tomato free.

“Yum! A new flavor, I don’t know how you come up with this great stuff.” Sully said putting both elbows on the counter and leveraging herself higher to see what Betula was doing.

“You know I met Ambril when she was 17 seconds old!” Chuckled Betula as she put a large dish of chocolate ice cream with marshmallow swirls, chocolate covered pretzel chunks and two spoons in front of them both. “And, if you’re wondering,” she put both hands on her hips and beamed at them both. “It sure is nice to see her again.” She waved at a girl with curly blonde hair behind Ambril. “Hi there Lola, darling, how’s your Pop? Feeling better?” And she moved off to chat with her other customers.

Ambril picked up her spoon and dug in. The two kids ate in silence savoring every bite. It was the best ice cream Ambril had ever had. After she and Sully had scraped every last bit of flavor from the bowl Ambril sat back and looked around.

It was one of the most amazing shops Ambril had ever seen. Candy in fantastic shapes and sizes were stacked to the rafters. A large glass case sat in the middle of the counter filled with sugar figurines. They seemed about to come alive. A miniature Ferris wheel in red licorice gently revolved on its own with marzipan animals occupying all the seats. There were larger sugar animals too. A large rabbit in red high tops, a fat brown bear and a striped giraffe. Ambril thought she might catch them moving if she looked at them the right way.

“I’m going to surprise the church tea with the Ferris wheel.” Betula had come up behind her and stood admiring her own work.

“They’ll love it. Except Mrs. Twid, she won’t thank you for bringing it.” Ambril said as she admired a poodle made of fluffy white divinity with a cherry leather collar. Ambril caught Zane sliding through the door.

Betula laughed again, “You don’t miss much now do you.” Her hand was warm on Ambril’s shoulder. “We were friendly once but as Crystal’s gotten older she’s had just one thing on her mind.” Money and lots of it.” She absently reached over and flicked a switch on the back of a chocolate monkey who immediately began to dance a Texas Two Step with a purple spotted Octopus. “There’s not enough of it in the world for her.” Betula wiped her hands on her ample apron and shook her head ruefully.

“My favorites!” Sully pointed at a large display of gargantuan iridescent bugs. “Help yourself, love,” Betula rocked back on her heels happily.

Ambril picked up a green beetle with red striped wings and hesitantly bit off one of the legs. “Yum, watermelon!”

Sully was chewing on a spindly green bug that Ambril had never seen and then pounced on something fuzzy and brown. “These are my Mom’s favorite spiders!” Ambril’s eyes bulged as Sully enthusiastically cooed over a large, hairy wolf spider. “My folks love bugs, Our farm’s organic.”

Ambril looked uncomfortable, “Ummm---Yeah well everything that’s been alive is organic.“

“I mean on our farm we try to make the good bugs feel welcome, you know the ones who take care of the bad bugs? Any way, we try to get them to live on our farm.” Sully continued to cull through the pile of bugs. “Oh look! A soldier beetle, Wow! And a Lace Wing!”

Betula was putting several bugs in a bag for Sully when she asked, “How’s your Mama, Ambril?”

“Well, she’s good, I guess.” Said Ambril not really knowing what to say. What kid really knows how their parents are? “She and Feldez are getting married and I think she’s a little nervous about it all.” Said Ambril her voice trailing off.

“Ah Feldez, he’ll have her eating all the right foods in the wrong way. Food with no love in it.” She straightened up and stretched a bit. “What does he know about life and love anyway? All his formulas and calculations.” Said Betula frowning, clearly Feldez wasn’t her favorite guy either. She raised her arms to encompass the entire store. “I don’t use any formulas and make up most of my own recipes. Everything in my little shop is made with love and brings a little happiness, and we all need some of that, don’t we?”

She shot a measured glance Lola who had now taken the stool next to Ambril.

“Speaking of which, what have you been feeding yourself, honey?’ She shook her head disdainfully. “Not enough if you ask me.” Her face brightened as she rummaged around under the counter. “Just a little something for after lunch.” She popped a chocolate into Lola’s mouth before she could protest.

Lola smiled as she savored her treat. “Just a little bit and savor every bite!”

Ambil noticed Zane was standing next to a gawky kid with dark hair. He was staring at Lola with a stunned deer-caught-in-the-headlights sort of look. As if he had been smacked hard by the Love Beast! Ambril smirked, she might be able to use that.

The tinkle of the bell tied to the door drew Ambril’s attention. A large man in a shirt meant for a much smaller man invaded the store. Sully froze, “Um I’ll meet you outside.” She said quickly and before Ambril could answer she had darted through the crowd and slid through the door.

“Hey Betula, I have another fine offer for you!” the man boomed waging his square jaw at her. “This time, you won’t be able to refuse!” He stumped over to the counter and threw several centipedes in his mouth. Then caught sight of the gawky kid standing next to Zane who was reaching over to accept an ice cream cone from Betula.

“RILEY! CHORES! NOW!” He yelled.

It startled the boy so that he dropped the ice cream onto the floor. The square jawed man looked disgusted. “And clean that up before you go!” He groused before he turned back to Betula. “How’s my favorite sweetie huh?”

“That’ll be $1.75 Larch Dogwood.” Said Betula her arms folded. “And do you have to be so nasty to your son?”

“$1.75 for what?” he looked down at the remaining bugs. “These?” He rolled his eyes as he fished in his pocket for some change.

Betula stared back stonily.

“You know I’m ready and willing to take this dump and that space between us off your hands anytime.” He nodded vigorously. “Yep, this would be the perfect way for my store to expand.” He straightened his tie. “You and I both know this town needs a supermarket. You can sell your sweets in my store.”

“I heard about the fire last night, Larch.” Betula said pointedly.

Larch’s sunny expression darkened ominously. “I didn’t have anything to do with that.” He pointed a puffy finger. “Though I’m not sorry that old shack burned down, it was an eyesore right on the main road the way it was.”

“Awfully convenient for you as they were outselling your produce, better quality and reasonable prices.” Betula wiped the counter slowly but kept her eyes on him. “If you ask me, this town needs some healthy competition.”

Larch was now a lovely shade of lavender. His eyes protruded slightly as he said tightly. “They’re not even one of us, Betula, they don’t belong here.”

She met his gaze coolly. “They own the best farm in the county, Larch. They are good honest people who came when we needed them. When all of the so-called old farming families had sold up and moved away? They came and tilled the fields and tended the orchards. Where would we be without them now?” Betula turned her back on him and started moving toward the back of the store.

Larch seemed to remember himself and took a deep breath. “Well we don’t have to agree on everything. But I would like to talk to you about this property---“ He followed her gesturing wildly.

“S-s-sorry about that, my Dad, he comes on too strong sometimes.” It was the skinny kid. His too long bangs hid his gray eyes as he wiped the ice cream from the floor.

“Betula seems pretty tough.” Ambril shrugged. “I imagine she can take care of herself. I’m Ambril Derwyn,” she smiled back at him.

I’m Riley Dogwood, You’ve probably guessed by now that my Dad owns the grocery store,” he jerked a thumb at the wall of Betula’s shop, “Next door.”

Ambril suddenly remembered where she had seen him. “You were there last night when Sully’s shack burned down weren’t you?”

Riley smiled nervously. “Do you mind not mentioning that around my Dad?” He said looking around. “I wasn’t supposed to be out last night.” He paused and absently fingered the candy bugs. “So you’re new, did you just move in? ” When Ambril nodded he asked, “What do you think so far?”

Ambril smiled again. “It’s not San Francisco but it’s---nice.”

A loud whap sounded from the back of the store.

“Easy, Easy there Betula! I only meant---“ Larch backed hastily down an aisle.

Betula advanced on him wielding a large mop. “ I know what you meant, now I’m telling you GET OUT OF MY STORE!” She took another swing at him.

“We’ll talk later.” Larch said angling his large frame toward the door. “But I’m not giving up.” He deftly sidestepped another sweep of the mop. Over his shoulder he hollered. “Come on Riley, let’s go.”

Ambril looked around but Riley had already gone.

After the big man had left Betula said, “I feel like I should check my wallet every time he comes in here.”

Ambril jumped hurriedly off her stool. “Thanks, Betula! The ice cream was great!” She squeezed through the jostling crowd and out the door.

Betula waved cheerily at her as she got her bike out and looked around for Sully, but she had disappeared. Ambril turned toward home hoping she’d see her at school the next day.

**Chapter 15 An Alleyway Brawl**

The bike lurched forward as Ambril pushed down hard on a pedal. She took the alley looking for a short cut. But as she neared the corner she realized she’d made a mistake. There were soft squelchy thuds coming from around the corner.

“Hey, watch it!”

As she rounded the corner an overripe tomato whizzed by her head. It seemed that one of Riley’s chores was to clean up his Dad’s storeroom . The gang of tomatoe throwers had waylaid him. They had him pinned down behind some crates beside the storeroom. A couple of garbage bags and a bike on its side lay nearby. This time they had armed themselves with ball throwers and were pummeling him with all manner of overripe produce from a nearby dumpster. The onslaught was ferocious as it looked to be seven to one.

Riley’s arms were covered with fruit pulp and tomato slime. Then Ambril noticed another pair of arms dragging the garbage bags behind the crates. It was hard to tell at first as she was lumpy with peach pulp but it was Sully.

Well that did it for Ambril; she could at least help even the odds. She crouched down and prepared to launch herself into the fray when someone grabbed her arm.

“Wait a bit, I’m thinkin’ there be more done from this angle.” It was a big burly kid with close-cropped brown hair. Ambril couldn’t place the accent, it sounded almost Scottish. Though his white shirt and bow tie were uncomfortably tight, he smiled devilishly as he held up a bag of green tomatoes.

Ambril smiled back as she grabbed a handful of the hard, green missiles.

The new boy had already taken up his position at the corner of Betula’s building. He raised his arm and effortlessly threw. The tomato was just a blur as it hit its target dead on.

A ball thrower flew out of a boy’s hands and landed several feet away. The boy didn’t know what hit him. The newcomer made no attempt to hide, he almost leisurely picked out another green tomato and launched it at the big blonde boy, the ringleader.

It caught him just under the eye. The blonde roared with rage as he saw his attacker carefully selecting another tomato.

“Ha! Even better! Look guys it’s big-time loser, our friend, Ygg,” he jeered. “Riley’s got his tail between his legs too fast again. We were getting bored.” He smiled fiendishly as he took aim. “Let’s get him good, just like last time.”

The burly kid snorted, “it’s not a bit like last time, ya great waltzing buffoon,” drawled Ygg. “It was nigh on fifteen to one and I was distracted by keepin’ you from destroyin’ Miss Fern’s garden gnomes.” Ygg continued as he almost lazily threw another tomato at a small, ratty looking boy just behind Lance.

The boy instantly disappeared moaning and then reappeared clutching his eye as he high-tailed it down the alley. Some of the other boys looked longingly after him. “I think I hear my Ma calling, Lance, gotta go.” Another boy took off running.

Ygg smiled as he picked up a tomato and weighed it in his hand. “Now the odds are getting close to even.” He threw the tomato and beaned another boy who dropped his ball thrower and shuffled away howling and holding his nose. “Ya ready to quit?”

Lance’s face was swollen but vengeful. “Outsiders like you will always be losers no matter what,” he sneered. “You’re never gonna fit in here, or anywhere really.” He lowered his ball thrower and stood up. “A loser’s always a loser.”

“Is that you I see Ygg Drasil?” Screeched a voice from farther down the alley. It was like fingernails on a chalkboard. An instant later Mrs. Twid hove into sight.

“Of all the ungrateful, yellow-dog things to do!” She sputtered. “After all I’ve done for you and your family,” she paused here to smooth out her dress. “To correct certain---omissions in your upbringing.” She drew herself up flat feet and all. “I’m speechless!”

Hardly, thought Ambril.

Mrs. Twid turned to the blonde boy who was trying to suppress a grin. ”I’m so very sorry for Ygg’s poor behavior.” She said her cheeks quivering. “He’ll clean this up, of course.” She turned back to Ygg. “Let’s add restocking the shelves and delivering every single Sunset Tea order to your chores!”

“That’s fine, Mrs. Twid, we know it’s not your fault. “ Said Lance smirking as he signaled to the other boys. “Can you see he turns over the compost heap too?” He turned and said menacingly. “Riley, stop messing around in that storeroom or I’ll put you back in that dumpster where you belong!”

The other boys laughed appreciatively. One of the last to leave was a too tall, thin boy. Ambril was stunned to see her brother was hanging out with the bullies.

But Mrs. Twid had not finished with Ygg yet. “Really, young man, I’ve taken you in, my own relation, and this is how you repay me!” She continued stridently.

“It, it wasn’t---you see Lance and his buddies, they—“ Ambril stuttered.

“That’s quite enough from you, young lady!” Mrs. Twid was looking down her big skinny nose at Ambril now and clearly didn’t recognize her. “Just, who might you be? Another New Family?” She pronounced “New” as if she was diseased.

“Well only sort-of new. My name’s Ambril Derwyn and my fam—“

Mrs. Twid drew back a bit. “Oh yes, I remember. You nearly ran Mrs. Flood and myself down in front of Betula’s earlier. Yes, yes I know all about YOUR family, and I see you are carrying on your family’s tradition of visiting mayhem upon our little village.” She sniffed. “No wonder you’re lurking in dark alleys, yes no wonder.” Then she hesitated. “Though the family of Derwyn is one of the original families, well.” She managed a nauseating half smile her checks wagging. “Perhaps sometimes allowances have to be made.”

She patted Ambril’s head experimentally attempting to be friendly.

“Do say hello to your mother for me, won’t you?” She turned back to Ygg. “Well, get on with it, don’t be lazy!” She stepped back her feet slightly splayed. She snapped her fingers at Ygg as if she was rudely summoning a waiter. Then she pulled out a handkerchief from her purse and wiped imaginary dirt from her dress. “No supper for you tonight,” she said as she walked toward the main street and was gone.

“Whew!” Sully stood up removing a glob of gooey tomato from her hair as she did so. “Well we’re glad you came along, that’s for sure!”

Reilly stood up dripping putrid peach juice and laughed. “That felt good! To see my brother temporarily get taken down a notch like that.” He continued as he picked up one of the trash bags and heaved it into the container.

“Wait a minute, which one was your brother?” Asked Ambril.

Reilly had bent down and was scooping up a couple of rotted apples and lobbing them expertly into the bin. “Lance, of course, the biggest of the bullies.” Reilly said ruefully. “My twin brother.” He stared down the alley unseeingly for a moment a spasm of anger flashed across his face and was gone.

“My brother was throwing stuff too, if it makes you feel any better.” Ambril said her voice low.

Reilly stared at her hard for a moment. It seemed they had a real connection then, a sort of bond of lousy brothers.

The four kids made short work of the clean up. They laughed at Sully’s hair and Reilly’s messy shirt. Then Reilly got a hose out from behind the store and they washed down the storeroom walls. Ygg tossed around the compost heap quickly and they were done.

‘Well, I best be shovin’ off seein’ as I have these here deliveries.” Ygg said slinging a green satchel over his shoulder as he tugged on his collar “Be seein’ you tomorrow,” he said and strode away.

“Yeah, see you at school.” said Reilly as he backed toward the storeroom.

“Well, that was interesting.”Said Ambril

“It sure was!” Said Sully brightly. “That is, it was more than interesting seeing Lance get a black eye!” Her smile was huge. “That was really great.” She realized what she had said and looked at Ambril hesitatingly. “You’ll find out tomorrow that Lance is pretty popular.” She went on. “And you’ll find out tomorrow that I’m not.” She looked down embarrassed, “I’m really not.”

Ambril smiled. “Well any enemy of that monster is an enemy of mine.”

Sully returned her grin. “If you like I can meet you at the front gate tomorrow.” She said as she got on her bike.

“Great! I’ll look for you.” Said Ambril as she pushed off. The sun was lazily bedding down behind the mountains and lengthening the darkening shadows. But Ambril didn’t find the shadows so scary that night. She had some friends.

# Chapter 16 The First Day of School

The alarm clock woke her too early. She groaned, her first day at a new school. She rolled out of bed into her clothes and slumped down the stairs. On the table were bowls of cereal and a jug of orange juice. She sloshed juice into a glass and as she wasn’t feeling hungry emptied half her cereal into Zane’s bowl.

“I saw that,” Zane slid down the banister and sauntered over to the table. “But I’ll accept the offering.”

“What are you doing hanging out with Lance?” asked Ambril.

“Saving your derriere,” said Zane as he poured milk into his bowl and took a big bite of cereal. “If I hadn’t ‘ave bin ‘ere, you’d ‘ave bin toast,” he rolled the cereal around in his mouth and crunched.

Ambril snorted. “Yeah, right.”

“You need to watch ou’ for tho’ guys, they’re ou’ to get you,” said Zane taking another gargantuan bite of cereal.

“Well you won’t be much help, if you’re egging him on, ” said Ambril scowling as she grabbed her bowl put it in the sink.

“Hey, I’m going to do what I have to do to stay healthy here.” Said Zane swallowing hard. “And if it means I have to hang out with Lance and his bullying thugs, I’ll do it.” He glared at his little sister before downing his orange juice.

Ambril looked around and found a paper bag on the counter with her name on it. “Where’s Mom?” she asked as she stuffed the lunch into her backpack.

“Still asleep I guess, Feldez gave her some more stuff last night,” came the reply. “He thinks---“

“What do I think?” a cold voice asked from the stairwell.

Ambril snapped around and stiffened instinctively. Feldez tripped down the stairs looking sleek and calm.

“---just that you thought Mom needed to rest,” said Zane quickly.

Feldez nodded and tugged his cuffs. “Not surprisingly this has been a difficult transition for her,” he stared hard at Zane. “And you two haven’t helped. From now on I need more cooperation.” He tugged on his cuffs once more for emphasis as he headed for the door.

It was all Ambril could do to keep herself from throwing her backpack at him. Feldez did not appear to notice her feelings as he buttoned his jacket and strode out the door. Ambril could hear the engine purr as the car backed out of the garage. The crackle of gravel signaled he was away.

Ambril let out a sigh of relief. “I think he’s mixed up in the Dullaith business.”

Zane looked at her in disbelief. But when Ambril told him about what she had seen on his computer, his eyes widened. He made her repeat it just to be sure and then without a word, he got up and moved toward the door.

“Well? Aren’t you going to say something? Shouldn’t we try to tell Mom or something?” Ambril asked exasperated.

Zane turned slowly toward her it wasn’t until she noticed his clenched fist that she realized how upset he was. “Just what would we tell her? I told you, we can’t tell anyone about what we saw, but especially not her. She’s so stressed out it’s like talking to a wall anyway,” he paused groping for something. “I have to think,” he picked up his backpack and slammed the front door behind him.

Ambril’s heart was leaden as she climbed on her bike but the cool morning breeze and bright spring sunlight lifted her spirits in spite of everything. She pulled up to the bike rack in front of the noisy crowded schoolyard a few minutes later feeling much better.

“Hey! You made it! Any trouble last night?” Sully ran up.

“You mean from Lance? No, I got away alright.” Ambril smiled ruefully at Sully “Zane thinks they’re out to get us.”

“Yeah, well that’s nothing new for me, and what would they do with us if they caught us? They’re all bluster, nothing to back it up.” Sully shrugged and led the way to the front steps. Off to the side Ambril could see a large group of kids milling around.

Sully noticed them too and sighed, “I guess they decided to get Riley first and save us for later.”

Ambril could see some dark shaggy haired kid getting shoved around by a bunch of jeering boys. Lance was doing most of the shoving. “You need to stop playing around, you hear me?” Lance yelled. “No more experiments, you geeky nerd!” He shoved Riley to the ground and walked away. Ambril spotted Zane on the fringes of the group. She was mollified to see he looked uncomfortable.

“Come on, there isn’t anything we can do and the bell’s about to ring.”

Ambril, with the help of her friend found the office quickly and was given her class schedule with a sniff from the school secretary, the ancient Miss Jonquil. “Your mother was supposed to come along today and sign some forms.” She quavered as she peered through her half rim glasses and fingered her pearls.

“Oh, sorry she’s not feeling well,” said Ambril almost truthfully

Miss Jonquil softened a bit. “Oh well be sure to tell her she needs to come in and see me.” She warbled and went back to her papers.

Out in the hallway, Sully was examining Ambril’s schedule. “Oh great, you have Pinwydden for English with me, Berry for P.E. and horrible Ms. Breccia for History!” Ambril felt a lot less nervous.

A second bell sounded “Pond Scum! We’re late!” Said Sully and they raced down the hall and skittered into class just as the bell ceased to ring.

“So glad you could join us,” said a voice dryly. “Ah our new student, excellent!” a tall thin and graceful man mincing toward them. He had short brown hair and a brilliant green scarf knotted at his neck. A pencil thin moustache outlined his top lip.

“You must be Ambril Petri correct?” he said as he gestured gracefully at her. “No,” she said defiantly. She wasn’t about to use Feldez’s last name. “My last name is Derwyn, I’m Ambril Derwyn.”

Mr. Pinwydden blanched but then quickly recovered. “Oh, I thought---well, it doesn’t matter. Ambril Derwyn, welcome to English.” He gestured toward an empty seat.” Now, open your books to page 357, we’re going to discuss Myths and Legends, specifically Celtic.”

Ambril found a seat near Sully and looking around saw Ygg sitting nearby struggling awkwardly with his book. He looked a lot more at home tossing tomatoes.

The rustle of books and paper reached a crescendo and then slowly died out. Riley limped in, his hair wild and his shirt torn and took a seat in the back. Ambril caught his eye and smiled encouragingly but he looked away, embarrassed.

Ygg had his hand in the air.

“Yes, Ygg,” Mr. Pinwydden and clapped his thin hands together silently.

I was just puzzling about a story I heard as a wee child about a guy named Morz- or Morozey“

“Oh you mean Moroz?”

“Yeah, that be him” Ygg nodded his head.

“That is really a local story. I don’t believe it’s ever left these mountains. But many of us have strong Celtic roots, so we’ll spend a moment or two on the evil Moroz. ” Continued Mr. Pinwydden. “It’s an interesting story.”

“Moroz was a brilliant scientist and engineer. He became very influential in the town.” Mr. Pinwydden cocked his head at the class looking like an emerald green crane. “And here, as happens in myths and legends, we stray from reality. The story goes, he began to dabble in dark magic. Being gifted in this as well, he became so powerfully evil that the four ancient families of Trelawnyd combined their powers and ensnared him, imprisoning him for all eternity.”

Mr. Pinwydden paused for affect. “And they say the shadow hounds, the Cerberus can still be seen running the forest in search of his prison.” Mr. Pinwydden stopped to retie his scarf. “It’s unclear why the guardians of the underworld would be interested in him. But it is thought that he might have disturbed some ancient magic and transformed himself into something so heinous it does not belong in this world.”

A small girl with freckles raised her hand. “Shadow hounds, like black dogs?”

“No, not regular black dogs, of course,” said Mr. Pinwydden fussing with his scarf, “the Cerberus, the hounds of the underworld. Some say it a single dog with three heads and others that it is a group of three dogs. They are said to be as large as elephants, breathe fire and have eyes that glow red.”

Ambril sat stunned. Dog’s of the Underworld, Dullaiths, this was one weird little town.

Riley had raised his hand. “Does anyone know where his prison is?”

“If such a prison exists, remember this part is just a legend, not fact. Logically it should be located within a few miles of this town as the four ancient family’s first settlement was Trelawnyd.” Said Mr. Pinwydden.

Riley had his hand in the air again. “How was he imprisoned?”

“No one knows but it might involve a form of living magic to counteract—wait! What am I doing?” Mr. Pinwydden slapped his forehead and looked sheepish.

“Now you see class, this is what I mean by a Legend, it has just enough truth in it to make it believable but also enough fantasy to make it laughable.” He chuckled, “you be the judge.” He clapped his hands together.

“Now back to our lesson, Celtic Myths and Legends. How many of you know the story of King Arthur?” Mr. Pinwydden turned toward the board.

Ambril had a hard time following the rest of the lecture she was so immersed in her own thoughts about the Cerberus and a forest prison. No wonder they had a wall around the town. The bell rang but it took a nudge from Sully for her to pick up her books and head to her next class. They had P.E. next and so headed to the gym to change and then raced out into the bright sunlight.

The class lounged around the playground until a rather plump, perspiring man in a bright yellow jogging suit walked hurriedly up to them. Mr. Berry turned out to be Bob of Bob’s Bot’s.

“Hello students! I hope you had an enjoyable spring break,” he patted his ample belly, “I certainly enjoyed mine,” his eyes swept the group until he found Ambril trying to look inconspicuous. “And here is our newest student Ambril is it?” he said waving vigorously at her. Class this is Ambril! Say Hello.”

A mumbled hello rumbled through the group. Ambril sincerely hoped that not every teacher felt the need to introduce her. Then she caught sight of Lance sporting a huge black eye. She smirked at him and he made a face back.

“Excellent! For starters, I want you to run two laps around the grounds Ready? Go!”

Everyone groaned as they stumbled to their feet and started off. Lance and his buddies streaked by. Ygg jogged effortlessly along just ahead of them. Sully and Ambril matched his step and let the others pass them. Before long they were well behind and they all slowed to a walk. Ambril saw that Riley, limping slowly was the only one behind them.

“Poor kid,” said Sully, “What a family he’s got.”

It had been a clear bright day but spilling over the mountains to the north were some roiling black clouds.

“Oh that’s not good,” said Ambril. “I was hoping we could go for a bike ride this afternoon.”

Sully beamed, obviously happy to be asked. “Maybe we can explore the spooky old house near our farm. It’s boarded up but there’s this really weird garden and a gazebo we can get under if it rains.”

“Great! Sounds kinda fun.” Said Ambril. “Let’s hope it clears up, though, I hate to ride my bike in the rain. How ‘bout you Ygg?”

Ygg looked surprised to be included but shook his head. “I’ll be makin’ more deliveries I expect, for Mrs. Twid.” He said glumly. “Her Sunset Tea is gettin’ popular with the older---.”

There was a strange frizzing sensation, Ambril remembered later. And then they heard an eerie scream right behind them. Ambril whirled to see Lance who had come around on his second lap, doing some sort of dance, except he seemed to be in terrible pain.

“Help me! “ he screamed again. His friends had stopped in their tracks uncertain what to do. He was hopping from one foot to the other as if the playground had been transformed into a hot bed of coals.

One of his friends smirked. “Are you joking, Lance?” he said half laughing.

He did look pretty silly hoping around like an idiot. But he wasn’t joking. He was in real pain. Then Ambril was shoved aside as Mr. Berry blew through the ring of students.

He took one look at Lance and yelled over his shoulders, “you there!” He pointed at a pimply nosed kid, “go and ask Pinwydden for a nullifier quick! The rest of you get out of here! It’s not safe!” Most of the kids turned and jogged toward the gym but Ambril, Sully and Ygg hung back, curious.

Lance’s friend seeing Lance really was in pain pulled him off the track and onto the grass. He landed with a grunt and rolled whimpering on the grass. Mr. Berry ran over to him and began to unlace his shoes and remove his socks.

The pimply nosed kid came running up carrying a pail of steaming murky brown liquid.

“Here you go --um where --do you --want this?” He puffed, out of breath.

“Bring it here!” Mr. Berry gestured toward Lance. Mr. Berry had Lance’s feet in the bucket the moment it was set down. He grabbed Lance’s shoes and socks and dumped them in as well. There was a fizzing sound and a look of relief on Lance’s face.

“There, that did it.” Said Mr. Berry almost to himself. Lifting Lance’s feet out of the pail he gave him his dripping footwear. “Here, see if you can wring these out yourself.”

He beckoned to the pimply-faced kid. “Here, Fold up that tarp and slosh some of this around.” Said Mr. Berry gesturing to the where Lance had been. A tarp had been thrown down on the track, which hadn’t been there a few minutes before. Faint, glowing lines formed some kind of a shape. She could make out some strange writing, a 5 pointed star and a circle---“

“Oh my gosh, it’s a shadow circle working!“ Ambril blurted out.

“It’s a what?” Asked Sully.

She looked over and saw Mr. Berry had noticed them and didn’t look pleased, had he heard her? “Wait over there you three! You shouldn’t even be here!” He said sternly.

With a whoosh, the red nosed kid emptied the bucketful of brown liquid on the tarp he’d just folded. It fizzed and steamed. It had a familiar scent. Riley limped up then looking interested and confused.

Sully whispered “What no marshmallows?” Ambril smiled. Hot chocolate had many unique uses in this town.

An ambulance screamed onto the playground. Two men in white overalls jumped out and began to efficiently load Lance onto a stretcher. Mr. Berry turned to Riley. “I’m sorry, Riley, your brother’s been hurt. Why don’t you get changed and meet your parents at the office?”

Riley shuffled off looking stunned.

“Here you three come with me.” Mr. Berry beckoned sternly at Ambril, Ygg and Sully.They marched silently into the school just as a police car pulled up and an overweight police officer heaved himself out of it.

Mr. Berry ushered them into his tiny cramped office and waved them into chairs. He perched on his desk and studied them. “So, what you saw out there.”

“Well,” Sully began, “We saw Lance jumped around like an idiot. And someone had thrown down a tarp with weird symbols on it.” Sully shrugged.

It waren’t there before when we jogged by.” Ygg put in.

“Go on,” said Mr. Berry folding his arms.

“Then,” Ygg continued, “we saw you run up and dunk Lance’s feet in hot chocolate, and he be better right quick.” Ygg smiled wide. “Like magic!”

Mr. Berry glared at him for a long moment. “Magic! Don’t be silly! Magic is NOT ALLOWED here,” he paused and studied the dirty linoleum floor. “Magic use is not tolerated here. Magic users are thrown out of town or jailed. They are considered,” he paused again and unconsciously pulled at the collar of his sweatshirt, “dangerous to the community.”

He took a deep breath and used a more reasonable tone. “Perhaps what you saw was me nullifying a burning chemical---or something.” He looked hopefully over his glasses at the three children in front of him. “Now Ambril I thought I heard you say---”

There was a loud knock on the door. Mr. Berry looked at each of them severely before reaching over and opening the door. Outside was the hulking form of a police officer.

“Deputy Sheriff Skarn,” Mr. Berry nodded.

“HI ya Bob, are these the three kids who were there?” Without waiting for a response he continued. “Well now this’ll be easy.” He pulled a rumpled notepad out of his pocket. “The Amb’lance folks said they thought the boy’d be fine,” he said pushing up the brim of his hat. “Now, I heard from the other kids that you three were nearby when it happened. What’d ya see, anything out of the ord’nary?”

I think Riley was the only one behind us, he was limping. Lance was working on his second lap. Someone must have laid a trap for him, I guess. But we didn’t see anyone. We ran back when we heard him yell,” said Ambril in a rush.

“Was there anyone else around when you turned around?”

“No, we were the first. The other kids came up after that,” said Sully.

“Where was Riley right then?”

The three of them looked at each other. “We didn’t see him until after Mr. Berry ran up.” Ygg said, “maybe he set himself down, he didna look too good, hurting the way he was.”

Deputy Sheriff Skarn concentrated on his notepad, his tongue listing to one side. “Right, then what happened?”

“Well then one of the kids pulled Lance onto the grass and---” Ambril looked at Bob scrunched down in his chair, “---this kid came with this bucket of---,”

“Cleaning solution,” interrupted Bob as he sat up straighter in his chair.

“---Right, and Mr. Berry put Lance’s feet and shoes in the cleaning solution. Then of course, you arrived.” Sully volunteered.

Deputy Sheriff Skarn scratched laboriously in his pad for several minutes before looking up. “Didja see anything else?”

“We waren’t paying attention what with Lance doing that little jig of his.” said Ygg with a smirk.

Deputy Skarn nodded wisely. “It sounds like just a prank some kid cooked up,” he leaned heavily on the doorjamb. “Or maybe Lance was just play-actin’ to git outta school.” He frowned, “It wouldn’t be the first time for him.” He straightened up and stuffed his notepad backing his pocket. “I’ll just look around some more before I skedaddle.” He tipped his hat at Bob and sauntered down the hallway.

Mr. Berry let out an audible sigh of relief and smiled at them.

“See you tomorrow Mr. Berry,” The three got up to go.

“Wait, not so fast, I want to know what you saw, Ambril---,” he was interrupted by another insistent knock on the door. Rolling his eyes he reached over and opened it.

Deputy Sheriff Skarn stood there scratching his head. “Just one more thing Mr. Berry, I was wondering---,”

“Yes, Yes, just one moment,” Mr. Berry turned toward the three kids. “Alright. You’re already late for lunch.” He pointed toward the door.

The three escaped to the hallway.

“Phew, that was uncomfortable wasn’t it,” whispered Sully.

Ygg smiled “It looks as if Bob knows a thing or two about Magic!” He said.

“Shhh! He’ll lose his job if anyone finds out!” Sully elbowed him hard.

The three of them went off to change and then on to the lunchroom.

In the main hall they walked by a door that Ambril hadn’t noticed before. It had a large ‘DANGER, KEEP OUT’ sign on it in red. “What’s in there? Nuclear waste?” Asked Ambril.

“That, believe it or not is the janitor’s closet.” Said Sully with a grin. “I guess they use it for storing some other stuff too.” Sully rolled her eyes. “There are all sorts of rumors about it because of---you know---the big silly sign.” Sully continued. “People going in and never coming out again. Weird noises and strange voices being heard.” Sully chuckled. “They ought to just take the sign down, everyone would forget about it then.”

They found a table near the window. When Ambril opened her bag she knew her mother had been nowhere near it. Normally lunch was a squashed peanut butter and jelly sandwich, some old grapes and stale cookies. This lunch contained juliened carrots with garlic salt, a sandwich made with homemade bread and home made cookies. Everything was rolled ina red checked napkin. There was even a little handwritten note, which said, “Enjoy your day Lovie!” Ambril couldn’t speak she was so happy. She shared her cookies with Sully who rolled her eyes in ecstasy.

“Wow! I have to thank your housekeeper for the best cookie I’ve ever eaten.” Said Sully somewhat jealously.

Ygg was sitting near them but not eating. She hadn’t seen him eat anything. Ambril looked down at her last two cookies. She was pretty full.

“Hey, Ygg! Do you want my cookies? I can’t finish them.” She slid them over to him.

His face lit up briefly but then frowned. “I’m not hungry right now.” He turned slightly away but his eyes refused to budge. Then gave her a sideways glance.

“Are ya sure you be nought hungry? I do not want to take something that’s needed.” He asked.

Ambril patted her tummy. “I’m stuffed, really, go ahead!” She said and gave the cookies another shove so they were right under his nose.

Ygg couldn’t help himself. He picked up both cookies and inhaled them, clearly starving. Ambril wondered if she could get him to accept a sandwich the next day. She’d ask for an extra one, just in case.

Just then Lance and his buddies swaggered in, he was already back from the hospital and in no time was jeering at ‘austronauts of tomorrow club’. Ambril conceded that their toy astronaut helmets did make them obvious targets. He turned as a blonde girl walking by on her way to the trash.

“Hey it’s Lola ba dola! Hi sweetie!” Lance leered at her with his one good eye. Do you wanna come by later to my Dad’s shop? I can getcha some make up and stuff for free.”

Lola took a long look at his black eye. “Knock it off, Lance. It looks like you’re the one who needs the make up!“ She flicked her trash into the bin and flounced out of the lunchroom. Ambril and Sully soon followed. She happened to catch

Zane smile as he watched Lola walk down the stairs with her friends.

“That was great! Lola really gave it to him!” Sully laughed turning to Ambril but Ambril wasn’t there. She had stopped dead in the middle of the hallway three steps backand looked as if she’d seen a ghost. “Hey what’s wrong?”

Kids were jostling her as they shoved past her to get outside. Her eyes were riveted on the janitor’s closet. Because moments before there had been a paper with a drawing on the Dulaith tacked on it. But what had really stopped her cold was seeing someone reach up and crumple it in his hands before swiftly rounding the corner. It had been Feldez. Were her eyes playing tricks on her or did he just come out of the forbidden room?

Ambril felt someone tugging hard on her arm.

“Get out of the way!” Someone yelled in her ear as Sully towed her out of the onslaught of kids and safely off to the side.

“O.K., you’re freaking me out, what’s wrong?” Sully’s face was anxious.

“I think I just saw my future stepfather coming out of the janitor’s closet. But you said no one was allowed in there. Weird.”

Sully looked at her curiously. “Let’s go outside, fresh air and all that.”

“Just give me a sec.” Said Ambril and turned toward the closet door and tried the handle experimentally. It was locked. She tried it again. Perhaps it hadn’t been Feldez at all, she reasoned. Maybe it had even been the wrong doorway---

“Look! Some one really did try to break in here, see?” Sully had bent down and was examining the door handle. She pointed to some marks around the lock. “Those scratches are recent, don’t you think? They’re so shiny,” She said.

Ambril could only nod. Now she was really confused. Feldez didn’t seem the type to break into high security storage in the middle of the day. He wouldn’t risk tarnishing his reputation. She grimaced in annoyance. She was getting nowhere.

**Chapter 18 History with Ms. Breccia**

“Class, order please!” the teacher yelled as Sully and Ambril slid into seats at the back of the room. The teacher was a large cube of a woman, with helmet shaped hair and bright red lipstick to match her red, square fingernails. Her rough voice had a bite to it.

“Come now children, I’m so excited about today’s lecture that I’m even postponing roll call.” She said still hunched over her desk.

“History waits for no man or woman, it flows on and on.” She rose and dramatically raising a hand. It looked more like she was directing traffic. She paused until the class settled.

“Today we shall discuss the founding of our beloved town, Trelawnyd.” She continued her small eyes darting around the room. When they found Ambril her eyebrows went up slightly. “We shall discuss the well-documented, true history of of our town and the old stories as well.” And then added condescendingly, “such tales are, if not accurate, interesting in a fashion.”

“This valley was first settled over 150 years ago by disgruntled 49er miners anxious to start a new life.” She paced bearishly back and forth in front of the class. “Unsuccessful in the gold fields up north they brought their families down by horse and wagon to this valley, cleared the fields and initially built their homes around a circular plaza. What we call the Circle Stone.”

She walked over to the writing board and pulled down a large map. It showed Circle Park in the center of town and streets radiating away from it.

“Unfortunatley the original settlement, Old Town was built in the swampiest part of the valley and was abandoned when a virulent fever broke out.” She waved her hand artistically toward a largely unpopulated area.

“Old Town was pulled down and the townspeople moved to our town’s current location sometime around 1907. It has enjoyed growth and prosperity every since.” She turned away from the map and smiled at the class. “Does anyone know the names of the original four families?”

Sully raised her hand. “Tylwith, Silva, Derwyn and Anama,” said Sully proudly.

“Yes, that is correct, ah Sully,” she said and preened. “My family, the family of Breccia came soon after. “ Ms. Breccia strutted a bit here, “We were the 9th family to arrive.” She raised her considerable frame to its full height and looked over their heads. “Yes, my forefathers cleared the fields, tiled the soil, and worked, really WORKED!” Her voice filled the room as her puffed out her chest. “To ensure this town’s health and prosperity.” She looked around expectantly as if waiting for applause.

“Now, class how many of you have a lineage such as mine? An ancestral tie to one of our great founding families?” With that almost everyone raised their hand, except Sully and two or three others. Ms. Breccia blanched a bit, the wind out of her sail but rallied. “Ah yes, well how many of you come from pure, unsullied stock? That is no New Family lineage?”

Far fewer raised their hands. Sully slid down further on her chair.

“And now who comes from the purest of the pure lineage? Who can point to a direct line of ancestors all the way back to the original settlers, and by original I mean families one through ten?”

Now there were only three hands raised. One of them was Ambril’s. Ms. Breccia narrowed her eyes and smirked. “Ah and now we come to the humorous part of our ancestry.” She pointed to a small fashionable girl who was looking at her reflection in a nearby window. “Ah HEM!” The girl jumped to attention. Ambril recognized her as one of the girls hanging around Lance earlier that day. “Tiana Twee is it? And you are---reportedly---related to which of the founding families?”

Tiana shrank under the massive woman’s stare. “Um, It’s the Tylwith family,” she said rolling her eyes. “On my Mom’s side. She’s always going on about it.”

“Ah yes, I believe I see it, the small, thin frame, yes, yes!” You know your family is supposed to be descendants of.” Ms. Breccia smirked at the class. “Fairies isn’t it?” She barked a laugh.

Tiana tossed her hair and shrugged as she popped her gum.

Still giggling, Ms. Breccia waved her hand at Ambril, “And you? You are very new here, perhaps you misunderstood me?” She smoothed her dress with her mannish hands. “Like your friend there, are you not one of the New Families?”

“I am new to the school, but my last name is Derwyn and my father’s last name was Silva.” She paused for emphasis. “I guess that’s two of the founding families. But I’m not sure who my ancestors are should make anyone feel differently about me,” she continued. Ms. Breccia was speechless with surprise at being contested in her own classroom.

“Well, Well, I see!” She said her voice dangerously quiet. “I guess good breeding doesn’t guarantee mannerly behavior.” Her eyes still bored into Ambril trying to cow her. Ambril knew right then that there would be no love lost between Ms. Breccia and herself, she could kiss a good report card goodbye.

Finally Ms. Breccia cleared her throat and strode back to the writing board.

“Now for the more colorful account of our town’s inception.” She chuckled. “According to local legend, our forefathers, the original four families came here not during the gold rush, a move that has been well-documented; no, they are said to have come over from the old country thousands of years ago.”

She turned toward the class dramatically, “Before the Mayflower, before Columbus, even before the Vikings! Yes! The story goes that they came with the help of--,” Ms. Breccia again smirked at the class, “--magic.”

**Chapter 19 The Magic of Trelawnyd**

Laughter was heard around the room.

Lance called out, “Yeah on broomsticks maybe!” More laughter erupted.

“The old legends aren’t---err---specific about their mode of travel,” chortled Ms. Breccia. “The four families themselves are supposed to have come from different magical groups.” Ms. Breccia raised her hand to Tiana. “For instance, as I have mentioned, the Tylwith family was supposedly comprised of fairies.” She pointed briefly at Ambril. “The Derwyn’s were human magic users.” The class turned around and stared at her.

Lance guffawed, “Can you work a little magic now and make yourself disappear? Some of us would really like that.”

More laughter rang out. “Abraca-dabra,” chanted one boy with a unibrow, as he waved his hands right in her face.

“The illustrious family of Anima supposedly was composed of shape changers, called Anamalfia.” Chortled Ms. Breccia holding her side. “Beings who can change to an animal on a whim!”

Nearly everyone in the class laughed at this, Ambril thought a little about Ms. Breccia and how she’d make a nice grizzly bear.

Ms. Breccia stretched her arms wide. “I’ve saved the best for last! “ She cried. “The Great name of Silva is supposed to have its roots in the Earth-kind,” Ms. Breccia again giggled as she enumerated on her fingers, “Namely Trolls, Gnomes and Dwarfs!”

Ms. Breccia’s laughed hard then. “Ambril, my what a family tree you have!”

Lance started stomping on the floor and making guttural noises. “This is how Silva’s order coffee!” he jeered.

Ambril kept her eyes on Ms. Breccia. She would be one to watch, she thought. The class slowly got itself together but there were occasional grunts and stomping for the rest of the class period.

“Now, now, class, Please pass in your essays, “What I did during Spring Break,” I’m on pins and needles to read them,” she said sarcastically.

Sully looked stricken and raised her hand.

Ms. Breccia inclined her head a fraction of an inch toward her and frowned.   
“My essay burned in the fire we had at our farm. I didn’t get a chance to redo it, may I have an extension?” Sully asked.

Ms. Breccia squared her shoulders and glared at her. “So you had all of yesterday to redo your essay and you have nothing to show for it?” “I fear that is too flimsy an excuse. You simply must learn to be more responsible.” She drew herself up to Amazonian proportions. “Zero on your essay and,” she raised her index finger like a spike. “Detention, out to the hallway with you.” She swept her arm in a grand gesture and pointed to the door.

“Are there any other slackers here today?” She looked down her nose at the class as she began to prowl the front of the classroom. “Any one else’s dog eat their essay or had it burn up in a silly little house fire?” She said dangerously smooth.

Ygg raised his hand, his head down. After a moment, Ambril raised her hand.

With a jerk of her head Ms. Breccia made it clear that Ygg was to leave as well. “Ambril, you being new are not expected to produce an essay today.” She said with a grimace. “Though a detention may be in order considering your rudeness earlier.” She paused to consider. “Yes, why not? A detention for you as well.”

Ambril couldn’t believe her good luck, she managed to get out of listening to Ms. Breccia and she got to hang out with her new friends in the hall.

They scrambled to gather their stuff and leave as quickly as possible.

“I shall also expect a three page essay from all of you on the founding of Trelawnyd, due by the end of the week.” Ms. Breccia smiled wickedly as they left the room. As the door closed Ambril heard her say. “Lance, wherever has your brother gotten to?”

“Whew! I’m glad we’re out of there.” Said Sully. “She is such a toad. I have learned more history during detention than sitting in her class.”

“Is she always that bad?” asked Ambril struggling to zip her backpack as they walked up the corridor.

“Well that was her good side today,” said Ygg. “Let’s set here, if’n we walk that way, we’ll get a citation for bein’ out a class without a note.” He threw his backpack down near a bank of lockers. “I know that from experience, and Ms. Breccia never gives out notes.”

Ambril and Sully added their backpacks to his and sat down on the floor.

“So you’re a Silva an’ a Derwyn.” Said Ygg looking sideways at her.

Ambril noticed his hands were big and square like Ms. Breccia’s hands. His looked like they belonged on him, though. She nodded.

“I’m a Silva too, as well as a Drasil,” he put up his hand and stage whispered, “number five,” then smiled.

“You should have said something to her, you know.” Said Sully playing with her shoelaces. “It might make things easier on you, she thinks you’re just a New Family like me.”

“Well my connections sure aren’t doing me any good!” Said Ambril.

Ygg smiled smaller. “Ms. Breccia isna’ ever going to warm to me.” He said softly. “There’s a part of me that’s too close to her, a part of her that will always be an embarrassment to her.” He shook his head slowly, “Nay, best to just stay quiet and stick it out.”

There was a curious thud and a muffled groan from nearby. The three looked around but saw nothing unusual. But the thuds came again and then another louder groan.

“It sounds like that monster from the black lagoon.” Said Sully as she scrambled to her feet. “It’s coming from one of the lockers, I think.” She knocked on each locker until about the nineth one there came an answering thud.

Sully tried to open it. “I think it’s jammed,” she said struggling.

There was an unearthly groan.

“More like a Zombie to me,” mused Ygg. But there was no doubt it came from the locker, which wasn’t budging.

“Here, let me give it a gander.” Said Ygg. He looked at it carefully. “Yer right, it’s jammed.” He raised his fist along one side and hit it with surgical precision. The door flew open. Wedged inside, bound and partially gagged was Riley. The entire contents of a trash bin were also jammed in him. He tumbled out slowly, a mountain of paper, gum wrappers, an old sneaker and a half eaten banana followed.

Ambril reached down and took the duct tape off his mouth.

Riley took a huge breath. “Thanks you guys, it was getting hard to breathe in there.” He took another breath as Sully tore off the duct tape from his wrists.

“Lemme guess, your brother did this?” asked Ygg.

Riley nodded, “still angry about last night.”

He got shakily to his feet. “It was lucky you came along, really. Sometimes I’m in there for hours.” He half smiled as he walked gingerly up and down the corridor. “That’s much better.”

Ambril was so angry and mad she couldn’t think straight. “You can’t let him do this to you, Riley.” She said fairly spitting the words out.

Riley looked at her in surprise. “What am I supposed to do? He has everyone behind him.’ He bent down and fished out his backpack from under a crumpled science test. “It won’t be forever, though, that’s for sure.” Riley’s head was still down but Ambril could hear the anger in his voice. “I’ll get him back so good---and then he’ll have to stop picking on me.”

As he raised his head Ambril could just see the searing anger in his face before it cleared to bland. She wondered how long he’d been keeping all that anger inside.

Ygg grimaced at the trash. “We had better get this stuff picked up afore we get another detention.”

Riley began to scoop up the trash and load it into a nearby trash bin, the one it probably came from in the first place. They all followed suit until the hallway was clean.

“Well,” Riley started backing down the hall. “I guess I’ll get out of here, while I can.” He turned and quickly walked out the door.

“Okay, so life could be much, much worse,” mused Sully looking after him. “We could be living Riley’s life.”

“If’n he would just stand up to the great lump once in a while, it wouldna’ have got so bad,” said Ygg shaking his head.

The jangling of the bell made them jump.

“Tomorrow then,” Ygg waved and was swallowed by the sea of kids invading the hallway.

Ambril looked down and found a wadded paper near her foot. She was about to toss it in the trash when something made her stop. She uncrumpled the paper and gasped. She hadn’t been imagining anything. Feldez must have tossed it in the trash on his way down the hallway for she held in her hand a drawing of a Dullaith.

**Chapter 20 The Janitor’s Closet**

Ambril smoothed out the drawing. It appeared to be on ordinary ruled school paper. The top was ripped as if it had been pinned to something, like a door.

“You know we’re about to be either smashed like pancakes or carried against our will through the doors.” Said Sully as she fought off the stream of desperate students.

Ambril showed her the drawing. “This was what I saw before, tacked onto the door of the janitor’s closet.”

“So? Someone like’s cow skulls. No wait, it’s more of a horse---no--- where’d you find this?”

Ambril pointed to the trashcan. “Feldez pulled it off after he left the janitor’s closet, then he dropped it in the trash.”

“Which was shoved in the locker with Riley.” Sully shrugged. “So he likes cow skulls too, big deal! Look, your future stepfather is a big wig in town. He does all kinds of volunteer work and he’s on all the committees that promote peace and harmony yada yada.” Sully cocked her head at Ambril. “It doesn’t make sense.”

“Well if you don’t believe me, I’m sure no one else will.” Said Ambril subdued. She took the paper from her friend and shoved it in her backpack.

“No, I didn’t mean that I didn’t believe you,” said Sully anxiously. “I do for some reason, I really do,” she screwed her face up for a minute. “But it’s true that no one else will, I’m not gonna lie.”

Well Sully believed her, maybe there was some hope then that she could get this figured out, Ambril sighed. She looked at her friend appraisingly. But would she believe her when she heard the whole story? Even she had to admit it sounded pretty strange.

The hallway was beginning to clear out. Sully still stood there watching her.

“So what do you want to do?”

Ambril thought for just a second. “Well, what I really want to know is what’s behind that door.” She pointed to the janitor’s closet.

Sully snorted. “Have you really looked at that lock? It looks like an expert would have trouble with it,” she shook her head emphatically. “Besides, we’d get picked up by the principal or a passing teacher before we’d get a chance to try.”

Ambril settled the contents of her backpack and zipped it closed. “Okay, Okay, maybe not right this minute, but it sure would be nice to know.”

Sully stood watching her closely her arms folded. “You know this isn’t fair really, you’re holding out on me. I can’t help unless you tell me what’s going on.”

Ambril swallowed hard. Yep, She would have to explain it all even if it meant watching her friend walk away, laughing. How else could she get to the bottom of this? Besides, Sully would soon tire of being friends if she kept secrets from her.

Ambril shrugged and nodded.

Sully thought a moment and suddenly smiled wide. “Hey let’s ride over to that place I told you about and we’ll talk.”

Ambril smiled back.

**Chapter 21 The Gazebo**

Half an hour later found Ambril shooting along a shade-dappled street, her backpack stuffed into her bike basket. She had taken only a few minutes to dump her schoolbooks on her bed, grab her Ashera and then, at the last minute her robot, fLit. She had grabbed some snacks Mrs. Sweetgum had made and flown out the door.

The afternoon was at it’s warmest. The flowers stretched themselves toward the sun as she breezed by. Flit disentangled himself from the backpack and stuck his head out of the basket.

Up ahead Ambril could see a boy on a bike talking to an elderly woman. His shirt was too small and his pants were baggy in the wrong places. It was Ygg.

Ambril slowed as they were deep in conversation and she didn’t want to intrude.

Ygg saw her and smiled. “Hey Ambril!”

Ambril skidded to a stop. “What’s up?”

“Miss Fern, this is Ambril, we…go to school together.”

A flash of recognition lit up the older woman’s face. “Ah,” she said examining Ambril’s face carefully. “You’re Tylia and Bren’s then!” Her smile was genuine. “It’s so nice to see you again. Your parents used to bring you by when you were very very small.”

“Really? um that’s, n---nice,” she stuttered, feeling a little embarrassed. She took a quick look around to see if she remembered anything.

It was a garden like no other. Every flower and bush was radiant with life. This was a gardener’s garden. There were scads of garden gnomes scattered around. Ambril jumped when she found one at her elbow looking unnervingly lifelike. They all had red hats except for one taking a snooze under a bench who was smaller and dressed in green. Ambril smiled.

“You liked them when you were little too.” Miss Fern nodded vaguely at the gnome nearest Ambril. “They remember you.” She began struggling with a large watering can. Ambril looked dubiously at the ceramic man at her knee and decided Miss Fern must be like her Great Aunt Lilac who discussed politics with the dust bunnies under the sofa when she visited.

“You know my neighbor, Daisy Flood swears by that Sunset Tea, I can’t think why.” Miss Fern raised the watering can and tipped it forward. “But I’ll be sure and give Daisy that package of tea you delivered when she gets home.” A foul smelling green slush came out of the end of the can.

Ambril wrinkled her nose.

“Gardener’s Tea, the plants can’t get enough!” Miss Fern warbled as she doused a perfectly good pot of petunias.

Ygg said in a strangled voice. “Well I best be off.” Ambril noticed he was holding his breath too.

Ambril made sure they were well away before taking her first breath. “So where are you off to?”

“Koda’s house, Do you know where that might be?” Asked Ygg.

Ambril nodded proudly. “I do! It’s about the only place I know. I’m going that way,” said Ambril. “So follow me.”

Ambril stood up on her pedal and off they went. Ambril found the main road and turned in the direction of the forest. The houses immediately thinned and the farms thickened. The farms were slowly giving way to sparse forest when Koda suddenly glided up alongside them riding Rosebud.

“Hi Koda!” Ambril thought the bike still looked a bit miffed so she kept her distance. “Hi, um Rosebud, this is Ygg. He has something for you.” They all three slowed to a stop.

“Ambril? I see you are finding your way around.” Koda smirked at Rosebud. “Rosebud a bit jealous. She like your bike.” He turned to Ygg who handed him a package.

“Ah Yes.” Koda said looking at the label. “I wanted to sample new Sunset Tea of Mrs. Twid.”

“People seem to like it, especially the older ones.” Said Ygg and shook his head. “Between you and me, it’s Tea from the store that she adds things to.”

Koda nodded slowly as he tucked the package into his bike basket. “Dangerous if you not know what you doing.”

Ambril thought she heard Rosebud sneeze and saw the large bud look disgustedly at the package in her basket. They all stood there awkwardly until Koda nodded to them again and without a word rode slowly off down the street.

“Bye!” Ambril yelled after him. “And you too Rosebud!”

“Who’s Rosebud?” said Ygg curiously watching Koda riding off alone.

“It’s a long story,” said Ambril. “Hey, um, why don’t you come and explore this old house with Sully and I? It’s supposed to be right around here.”

Ygg looked undecided. “Well, I be having homework and chores—“

“I have cookies!” said Ambril and jiggled her back pack, ”and sandwiches.”

Ygg’s eyebrows shot up. “Maybe for a wee bit.” Ygg caught sight of fLit, who slowly swiveled his head and blinked at him.

“Good, now you can help me, where’s Sully’s house?” said Ambril

Ygg smiled and said as he pushed down hard on his pedal and whizzed past her with an evil grin. “Now you can follow me!”

Ambril had to work hard to keep up with him, but not that hard. In no time they skidded to a stop in front of the burned out shack. It looked like they had made a lot of progress. The burned parts had been removed and new wood was neatly stacked near it. In back, Ambril could see the place where the shadow circle had been was tilled under and replanted.  
Such a waste that was,” muttered Ygg. Ambril remembered suddenly that he had been there that night as well.

“Did you see anything---weird that night?” She asked as they started off again.

“Weird? The whole thing was weird.” Snorted Ygg as they veered around a couple of trees. “I be on me way home from me last delivery and I smacked into a firefighter and his hose.” Continued Ygg as he swatted a branch out of the way. “Riley helped me up…Funny smell all around there. I found Sully’s cat under a bush. Poor thing was a fair bit scared so I coaxed him out and handed him over.”

“So you got there after the fire had started.” Said Ambril as they left the gravel bike path and headed out onto the main road.

“Yep, but Riley might a seen something. He be the one who called 911.”

Ambril wondered about what Riley knew as they turned down a driveway and rounded a red barn. They stopped in front of a homey, ranch house. There were wagon wheels decorating the front porch. The barn was freshly painted and its doors opened onto a tidy arrangement of equipment. A wirly man in a floppy old fedora was working on a tractor inside.

“Hey!” called Sully, “over here!” She was getting on her bike to one side of the house.

“Now Sully don’t forget your jacket, just in case it rains!” A woman with an apron and garden shears unbent herself from over an artichoke bush.

“Got it Mom! Ah, this is Ambril and Ygg.” Sully yelled to her.

Sully’s Mom waved before she went back to work. “Have fun you three!”

Ygg and Ambril followed Sully around and through a large hedge and into an overgrown maze of a garden. Ambril thought they’d been transported to somewhere exotic. There were all sorts of odd-looking plants Ambril had never seen before. The path they were on was so narrow that every now and then they slowed to inch their way around a particularly ferocious looking plant.

But after a bit, they came out into a cleared area. In front of them was a large stone mansion. It had three stories and large chimney tops on either end of the house. A wide inviting porch wrapped all around it. It looked like it hadn’t been lived in for a very long time but had weathered the years of disuse fairly well. Though the boarded up windows make it look a little sad, Ambril thought. An old-fashioned carriage house leaned companionably off to one side. Ambril felt an odd connection to the place.

“This way,” Sully said. And led them in a businesslike way to where a board had been pulled off a window. It looked dark and smelled musty inside but the three of them wiggled inside.

“Someone musta camped out here.” Mused Ygg.

There was an old mattress and some broken down chairs pulled up around a burned spot in the center of the living room. Birds flew out of a large stone fireplace. There was trash everywhere.

“Do you think they’re still here?” Sully whispered.

Ambril shook her head. The hosue was too still. In the light coming through the cracks between the boards Ambril could see it had been a great house in its day. A carved banister swirled around wide steps up to the upper floors. Ambril guess that the grand room they were in was the living room, the ceiling was high and windows at one time lined one wall. Around the corner they found the kitchen which had been colonized by a family of rabbits. They bolted when Ambril tried to open one of the cabinets startling so she fell backwards into a pile of trash.

She hit something hard and metal. “Oof!” She rubbed her bottom as she straightened up and pulled out a large metal sheet. “What the heck!”

“Hey look! It’s an emblem or something!” exclaimed Sully.

It was true. Ambril rubbed it hard with her sleeve. There was a large circle with a tree in the center of it. Something had been broken off the top.

“I wonder where this came from?”

‘It be part of the fireplace grate, I’m thinkin’” said Ygg. “That might be someone’s family crest.”

Ambril leaned it up against the fireplace.

“Let’s try upstairs!” Said Sully.

Together they raced up the stone steps. But Ambril slowed near the top. “I’m gettinga weird feeoing about this place.”

“What like someone’s about to pop out of a closet or something? Me too!” Agreed Sully.

“No more like that I’ve been here before.” Said Ambril quietly. She walked into a large room to the left. “I know this room had a big white bed in it and the bathroom here,” she turned and pushed open a door to the side. “Has green tile.”

Sully peered in. “Yep, green tile!”

“I know this room had a rocking chair in it that squeaked. And---“ Ambril walked quickly down the hall and through a door. She stood in the center of the room. “This room had a bed with a blue and white quilt. There were pictures of flowers on all the---“

“Hey, Ambril, come and look at this!” Sully was hunched down behind the door. On the wall in black marker were small lines with ages attached. “So, what do you make of that?” Asked Sully pointing to the top. A name was scrawled in chldish writing across the top. It said---

“Ambril! What the---“ Ambril jumped back. It seemed everywhere she turned pieces of per past were coming at her. She knelt down again for a closer look. The ages went from 1 ½ years and ended at 3 years, about the time their family had left. So she had been here when she was little. But why hadn’t her Mom told them about it? “There’s something more.” Ygg came in carrying the old piece of metal Ambril had fallen on. “I found the broken piece. “I’m thinking it belongs ---here.” He inserted another piece of metal near the top. It completed the circle perfectly. There was a name on top. The name of Derwyn.

“It’s---your houses then---or belonged to someone in your family.

Ambril suddenly felt odd. She swayed a little suddenly dizzy.

“So, maybe we should get out of here---this is kind of---creepy.” Said Sully watching her closely

“Yeah, I’m starving.” Ygg said.

Ambril agreed. Together they went downstairs and wriggled back through the window. The gazebo was just across an overgrown patch of lawn down a stone path. It leaned off to one side but then corrected itself as if it had grown up with the garden. A curly spire poked through a hole in the center. The entire thing was covered with a massive vine, which curled around the stone pillars and blanketed the top. To one side of the gazebo, the great wall slid around the yard and back into the forest.

“I brought lemonade.” Said Sully as she headed down the path toward the gazebo. Ambril grabbed her backpack and followed her, the air around them humming with insects. It was much cooler under the roof of the gazebo. They lay down on the stone benches there and looked up through the vines as they sipped lemonade and ate Mrs. Sweetgum’s snacks. Ambril felt much better.

“So, this be your family’s place then?” Asked Ygg.

“I guess so,” said Ambril softly. “It’s so hard to get my mind around it, all the secrets. Here I thought our family came from nothing. We certainly lived that way in San Francisco. It was---hard sometimes. But all along there was this huge mansion---”

“It’s a right nice old place, but it needs a bit of work. Maybe your Mam couldna afford to keep it up.” Ygg suggested.

Ambril nodded slowly as she munched on a cookie and shrugged. They ate in silence for a while. Ambril slowly digesting this new bit of information about her family.

Sully sat staring out at the overgrown foliage “This is one wacked garden. I bet my Mom and Dad couldn’t tell you what half some of these plants are.” Mused Sully.

They were quiet a bit longer until fLit’s head emerged from Ambril’s backpack dragging her Ashera behind him.

Ambril scowled at him. “That’s Flit, my AI robot, he’s supposed to be getting smarter. And THIS,” she said grabbing the wooden cylinder from his metal hands. “Is just an old puzzle box thing of my Great Grandmother’s.” She said hastily stashing it away again. The robot gave Ambril an injured look.

“That’s some robot,” commented Sully.

“And that nought be just some puzzle box, but a real spanking thousand year old Ashera.” said Ygg nodding at Ambril’s pack.

Ambril stared at him, Ygg stared back.

“How did you know it was an Ashera?” She asked him.

“What’s an Ashera?” asked Sully.

“How did you get your hands on that one?” asked Ygg.

Ambril just stared mulishly at him.

Ygg chewed thoughtfully.

“Where I come from those be special things,” he said nodding to her pack again. “They mark you, maybe mold you sometimes.” And then he added scornfully. “They aren’t some keepsake of your ol’ Great Gran’s you leave lyin’ around.”

“O.K. so what’s an Ashera?” Asked Sully again impatiently.

“It wasn’t me that showed it to you, I was told to keep it a secret from everyone.” Said Ambril pulling her backpack closer. She lay back down on her bench and stared straight up at the ceiling hoping someone would change the subject.

After a long pause Ygg said “So, you don’t want to trust us then? It be true you just met us both but, I don’t know, from the first moment I met you I thought maybe we might could be friends.”

Ambril stole a glance at him.

Ygg snorted. “Maybe you be thinking we might run away scared or laugh at you?” Ygg smiled all the way up through his eyes. “If that be true, you be kidding! I’m an outsider with no family here. I’m not one to judge you.”

Sully cut in. “And I’m a member of the New Family class? You know, the one just above dung beetles and river rats on the social ladder? Even if I did tell someone your secret, who’s gonna listen to me?” Sully grinned. “Come on! Tell us! What the heck is this Ashera thing?”

“Alright, alright, I’ll tell you,” said Ambril rolling her shoulders. “But you have to swear not to tell anyone else.” She said and added hesitantly, “And you can’t laugh no matter how unbelievable it is.”

Ambril looked solemnly at them and wondered at what point they were going to run away screaming. “O.K.?”

The two both nodded just as solemnly back but then Ygg smirked. “I canna promise not to laugh at the funny parts,” but he added more seriously. “I will nought laugh at you, that I promise.”

At that Ambril took a deep breath and told them absolutely everything. She started with getting hit on the head with the Ashera. Ygg did chuckle a bit at that. Then she moved on to finding the medallion and pulled it out for them to see. Then she told them about the car in the forest and the fight with the Dullaith. Both Sully and Ygg were on the edge of their seats during that part. She tried to describe Hendoeth and Fowlclun and the talking furniture with a serious face but she just couldn’t and they all ended up laughing through that part.

Then she wrapped it up with seeing the Dullaith symbol on Feldez’s computer and then she pulled out the Dullaith drawing.

“Now you see why I’d like to get into that janitor’s closet.” said Ambril as she handed the drawing to Sully.

“Maybe it was just a coincidence,” volunteered Sully. “That room has more stories built around it. It can’t possibly live up to its hype. It’s probably just a janitor’s closet filled with the mops, brushes, and stuff,” said Sully munching on cookie crumbs as she reexamined the Dullaith drawing.

Ygg nodded sagely at Ambril’s medallion. “That thar be the Ledrith Glain aye? Tis famous where I be from.” He shook his head frustrated. “I dunna understand why here in Trelawnyd magic not be known as much as in Chert. Chert’s just a mining village. Trelawnyd be where it all began here in these parts. But in Chert though we be mostly earth-kind, we know of our magic kin.” Ygg scratched his nose. “It be like Ms. Breccia said there be four parts to the kinship, Fairy, Animalfia, Earth-kind and magic user. And it be real.” He cocked his head to one side staring at the Ashera. “But I was always told that the magics run parallel, they donna mix.” He mused more to himself than anyone. “So why be you, a clear magic user and nought a fairy, why be you the one to carry the Ledrith Glain?” He peered at the medallion. “That holds fairy power. And it’s a right beauty, the carvings are done in the ancient way with even a bit of old Ogam.”

Ambril and Sully just stared at him.

“O.K. now it’s your turn Ygg. You know more about this than we do.”

Ygg put his head down and muttered something to himself.

“Come on, cough up the goods, Ambril did it, so can you.” Sully jabbed him in the ribs. Ygg jumped and looked at her reproachfully.

“Where’s Chert?” asked Ambril.

“Far up in the mountains,” he said as he took another swig of milk, “much too far, not many from my village ever come out.”

“So what made you come out?” asked Sully as she lazily played with a leafy vine.

“I wanted to finish school.”

“What do you mean finish school? Surely they have schools that go higher than 8th grade in your town?” asked Ambril

“Well, yes and no, the schools there‘re nought like yourn here.” Ygg had his head down again which made it hard to understand him.

“Ya see in my village there are but two choices. Either you work magic or ya go down the mines.” He played with his shoelaces. “When a body turns 13, you be tested for magic.” “They tested me and I …failed.” He bent his head, so that Ambril could not see his face. “Me Da and brothers all had gone down the mines. I watched them turn into old men over night.” He kept his head low as he carefully brushed a yellow and purple striped bug from his sleeve.

“Now the mines, them err not nice places.” He said shaking his head remembering. “Though there warn’t any smoke and fire down there it was mighty hot and hard to breathe and ya had to stay down for hours and hours.”

His head snapped up. “I decided that working for the mining company was nought for me; that there be a better way to live, somewhere, some-how. I wouldna go down,” he shrugged but looked resolute and made a fist. “I didna believe that that was all I was good for. Me Mam agreed with me. So,” he paused here and looked directly at Ambril. “I took me pack and a letter to Mrs. Twid from me Mam and I left.”

Ambril was impressed. To leave his home and go out into the forest all alone without knowing what was in store for him took a lot of courage.

“Mrs. Twid, she be doin this as a favor for me Mam. They are kin. I stay in her extra room and work for her.” Ygg fiddled with collar.

“We practice Earth-kind magic mostly, magic that helps in the mines like floatin or ‘castin for the Glain.” He nodded toward Ambril’s medallion. “Like the stone your Ledrith be made of.”

“What happens when something goes wrong and there’s an accident or something collapes?” asked Sully.

Ygg’s face went hard and cold. “Nought, really. They just start diggin in another way.” Ygg had a far away look in his eyes, remembering something painful. “Me Da died down there, they never did find his body. Actually, they didna’ try to find him. Too busy finding more Glain I guess to rescue a bunch of men and boys. He’s buried but good in there they reckon. Some say they let it happen to me Da. He wasna, popular with them at the top. He was always talking about bettering a miner’s ways of life and questioning things.”

There was a stunned silence.

“So you aren’t going back to that are you?” asked Ambril.

Ygg sighed. “Me Da and me Mam wanted me to figure out a better way of being.” Ygg screwed up his face and scratched his head. “Still it is me home, I do miss it terrible, ‘specially me Mam. But me plan is to finish school here and then go out into the wider world to make my way.”

He looked at Ambril’s Ashera and medallion, “You know your medallion be worth more than its weight in gold and then some. There be no more Glain of that heft to be found, mainly just little slivers and flakes now.” Ygg stared at the Ledrith almost hungrily. “It can channel power, sometimes store it, sometimes call it to itself.” Ygg nodded slowly at the medallion. “Yep, that be a fine piece and worth a pretty penny in my neck of the woods.”

He paused and chuckled. “I be thinking I found a way of learning magic the right way, practicing, experimenting and with luck getting things right for a change rather than just doing only what’s been done before.”

Ambril stole looks at her new friends feeling slightly uncomfortable. It was as if they were entering into some sort of secret, magical pact or something. But then again she liked the idea of playing around with magic. A little dangerous maybe, but it would be interesting. She was thunderstruck that though they did look pretty shell shocked neither of them showed signs of high tailing it out of there.

“Betcha thinking you’d like to move back to the big city for some peace and quiet about now,” said Ygg wryly

There was a lull in the conversation, the kind that happens between new friends. Ambril looked at her shoes for a while and tried to think of something to say to but nothing came to her. Then Sully began to snore. She looked over at Ygg and they grinned. Ambril lay back down and closed her eyes. For the first time since arriving in Trelawnyd, she felt at ease.

But her reverie ended too soon when suddenly she heard an awful dentist drill whining sound. Ambril grimaced, fLit had fallen into a hole in the center of the stone floor and was whirring at her. She sighed before she heaved herself to her feet, went over and fished him out. “Come on, if you can manage to figure out how to stay on a table, you can at least figure out how to stay out of a hole.” She complained and then stopped.

There was something odd about that hole. For one thing it seemed to be cut out of a large elaborately carved stone, like it was meant to be there. The hole itself was sort of round, but not quite and was about six inches deep. She cleared out the dead leaves at the bottom and then caught her breath. A beautifully carved flower was etched into the bottom of the hole. She knew that flower. Her hand went instinctively to the Ledrith Glain under her shirt.

A sharp tap and the sound of something rolling interrupted Ambril’s thoughts. She looked over and found that fLit had kicked her Ashera across the floor.

“Hey, knock it off!” growled Ambril. fLit was getting annoying. She made a face at the shiny metal thing.

The robot ignored her and kicked the Ashera so hard it bounced and then banged into one of the posts. As he was winding up again Ambril swooped down and rescued her Ashera. She stood towering over him.

“Stop it you dopey robot!” she barked at him. “Stop kicking my--,” she stopped and looked at her Ashera. It was round about the middle but not quite and it also had decorative lines all around---

She looked again at the hole. It was just about the right size, she thought. And shrugged. It wouldn’t hurt to try. She bent down and put the Ashera into the hole. It was a tight fit but with a little work it slid in. When it did there was a sharp crack, like thunder except that it started under Ambril’s feet and rolled out from the gazebo in waves.

“What the--!” yelled Ygg as both he and Sully jumped up.

“What did you do now?” said Sully grumpily rubbing her eyes.

Ambril simply pointed at the Ashera, which was now beginning to vibrate, as it stood upright in the hole.

Sully reached out her hand and touched it. “It feels warm!” she said in wonder.

But the Ashera did nothing more. It vibrated and glowed for a couple more seconds and then abruptly stopped. Ygg reached out and tapped it experimentally. Nothing.

They sat there and stared at it.

“Perhaps ya need to know the magic words.” Said Ygg unhelpfully.

“Yeah, like Abracadabra or open sesame?” said Sully sarcastically. “That’s in fairy tales. Real magic can’t be like that.”

“Well what is it like then seeing as you’ve had so much experience?”

Sully turned on him. “I’m just saying that I think it’s not as simple as it is in the stories. You have to KNOW what you’re doing to get it to work.”

Ygg screwed up his face but said nothing for a while.

“Maybe it’s some kind of key.” Said Ambril. She had bent down to look at the writing around the outside of the hole. “And you’re supposed to turn it.” She grasped it and tried to turn it to the right. But it was wedged in tightly and wouldn’t budge. She tried it a few more times and then gave up.

“Great! I can’t leave it here, it’ll be ruined the first time it rains!” She sat back on her haunches, feeling beaten.

“I’ll have a go,” said Ygg. He wrapped his big hands around and twisted it.

“Be careful, don’t break it!” yelled Sully.

Ygg rolled his eyes at her. “Break it, this thing feels as if it’s made of iron!” He twisted it one way and then the other his muscles shaking with the effort. Finally he too fell back. “I canna make it move not one iota.” He said defeated.

They were quiet for another minute of two.

“Wait a minute!” Sully suddenly shouted. “It’s got child protection!”

Ambril and Ygg looked at her dumbfounded.

“What are you talking about? This is na no prescription drug!” asked Ygg.

“Well let’s just try it. Maybe you have to do something to it while you’re turning it, like pressing down and then turning it at the same time!” she said excitedly.

Ygg snorted, “Somethin tells me tha it’s more complicated than that.”

“Still, it’s worth a try,” said Ambril. She again grasped the Ashera in her two hands and pushed down on it while turning. To her amazement the Ashera turned as if it were stuck in a tub of butter instead of solid rock.

They were startled by another sharp crack and then the sound of squeaky hinges complaining of being used. They looked around and found that four of the stone pillars had opened out to reveal shallow compartments inside them. There were all heavily carved in the same way as on Ambril’s Ashera. Each had a shelf inside all empty…except for one.

Sully, looking triumphant, was the first to react. “Look, there’s something in here!” she raced over to one of the compartments and pulled out an old book.

A very, very old book. There was a large tree etched into the leather binding.

Sully had screwed up her face concentrating on the title. “Astaaaaarrrr, Astauuarttt,” she experimented and then said more confidently, “‘Astarte.”

She ran her hands over the cover. “Shall I open it?”

“What are you waiting for?” prompted Ygg. “A course we want ya ta open it!”

The old binding crackled and moaned as Sully opened it. The pages were yellowed but readable. It was written mostly by hand or by many hands. Some in old scrolly script and other parts in a neat print. Sully leafed through the first few pages.

“I think it’s some kind of history book, but with recipes.” She said curiously.

“Or like some sort of communal magic journal.” Mused Ygg.

“A how to book maybe?” Asked Ambril.

“Hey look, there’s an index, good now we’re getting somewhere.”

Ambril watched Sully page through the book for a bit her nose inches from the paper but then turned back to the Ashera. She just had to get it out of there.

“Maybe if’n you push it down and turn it back the way it was.” Offered Ygg.

Ambril did just that. Pushing down she turned it slowly back the other way. It didn’t move as easily so Ambril closed her eyes to concentrate better. And just like that everything changed. I was as if a curtain had come down all around her as a gray fog rushed in and made everything hazy. The Ashera came out of it’s hole with a slight pop. Ambril slowly straightened up. Time stopped and the world stood still and silent. Ygg and Sully looked like statues. Slowly though she began to sense that there were others nearby. Possibly human but maybe not. They were present with her in that place. “Who are you?” she asked.

There was no actual reply but the swirling fog around her became alive with lines and images. There was a chica ken-legged house running through a forest. There were people transforming into objects and animals. And there was a Dullaith being chased by a three headed dog… three headed dog…she had heard a story recently about one, what were they called?

“Cerberus.” She said. As she said it, the Ashera flashed and vibrated violently in her hands. It shocked her so she opened her eyes and the world came flooding back.

Sully put a hand on her hip. “You know you went all transparent and weird there for a second.”

Far out in the forest came a distant baying of hounds.

“Yeah, it was weird. I just closed my eyes while I was trying to wrench this thing free,” she held up her Ashera. ‘---And it went…strange.”

But Sully was only half listening, “You are a weirdness magnet, aren’t you?” She said absently, had her nose in the book.

They were louder now the hounds were closer. Another chorus of yowls was heard.

Ygg half turned toward the forest as if only a part of him heard them. “Good! You wrestled it free. How’d you do that?” Ygg asked.

Ambril shrugged. “I think I just thought hard about what I wanted and sort of visualized it and---pop! Out it came.”

Above the wall the mountains loomed. Near the top Ambril could see the trees sway strangely as if in a high wind and then stop ony to have other trees lower down sway in the same way. It looked as if something large perhaps more than one something was barreling through the trees coming their way. The baying of hounds was deafening.

There was the sharp, staccato sound of snapping trees and bushes. “What the—“ said Ygg as all three finally realized that something was plowing a path toward them down the mountain.

Ambril instinctively swept up the Ashera and fLit and began backing away. She couldn’t take her eyes from the forest. She blessed the wall standing stoically between them and whatever was coming. She hoped it would be enough.

“Sully can you look up the Cerberus in that thing?” Asked Ambril anxiously.

“What, the Cerberus, the three headed dog thing? Research now? Are you kidding? Don’t you think we should start running away soon?” Asked Sully incredulously.”Or calling the authorities? Screaming for help?”

“I just think it might help. I think that they might be---“ She nodded toward the rampaging creatures racing toward them. “I think I---I might have---accidentally---called them.” Ambril said in a small voice.

Ygg snorted. “Is that what you be doing there when you went all transparent-like? Calling the Guardians of the Underworld just for fun?”

Sully’s face went pale but she immediately began flipping through the book.

The hounds bayed again, this time Ambril could make out several different snorts and growls as they came. They were huge beasts and they were near, very near.

“Here it is! Crowed Sully triumphantly. She had a finger in the Astarte. Cerberus, the Guardians of the Underworld!”

“Does it say how to call them off?” Asked Ambril hopefully.

Sully was reading quickly through the text. “Let’s see…called through castings or with Ashera…independent though…in other words doesn’t mind well…we had a dog like that once---“

“Sully!” Ygg shouted. “How do we call the dogs off!”

As they watched a large Bay tree suddenly toppled over the wall. The beasts were there just on the other side. Ambril could sense them. And whatever they were, they were very big and very determined.

Sully closed the book with a snap. “No help there, sorry. It just says that they won’t stop until they’re finished with their task.” She said. “But maybe we can distract them…So…we just need a giant chew toy.”

There was a bone-jarring thump as something slammed into the wall. Once, Twice, Three times, each time harder and louder than before. Puffs of dirt and small rocks sprayed with each hit. But the wall held.

“Are you sure you were the one who called them? I mean they’re the Guardians of the Underworld, why would they come for you?” Hissed Ygg.

“Maybe our imaginations are getting the better of us. Maybe they’re just elephants or dinosaurs or something…” Sully whispered

Ygg just gave her a sarcastic look.

“I see your point.” Sully said.

Then there was silence. Ambril wanted to run but seemed to be rooted to the ground. She found she could hear them breathing hard on the other side of the wall. They seemed to be waiting for something. Ambril had the strangest feeling they were listening for her.

And then a dark, deep voice resonated through her. “*Ashera*” She jumped a mile high. “Let’s get out of here!” she said to the others in a strangled voice. She turned and ran as fast as she could for her bike. Sully and Ygg jumped on their bikes before her.

There seemed no point in running away. It felt as if the beings were right there waiting for her to answer. But what do you say to a three headed guardian of the underworld? She knew they neede to finishe their task and if their task was to come when she called…

She took a deep breath and tried with all her might to be present with them, within herself. She willed them a sense of well being and of an ending and then closed with an apology, it was worth a try. She let her breath out slowly and listened. She could no longer hear any sound from behind the wall.

Ygg and Sully were long gone. She wearily picked up her bike and shoved off roughly pedaling for the opening in the underbrush. She took the path fast, not caring if the thorny branches scratched her or tugged at her clothes.

When she shot through the hole in the hedge Ygg yelled, “Finally!”

“Was it really the Cerberus?” Asked Sully incredulously.

Ambril slowed her pace and smiled sheepishly to her friends. “Sorry guys, I—I…” she stuttered and stopped. She didn’t know what to say. “I think it was them. They called me Ashera. I just sort of thought an apology at them and they went away.”

Sully was rearranging the oversized Astarte. “Too many close calls if you ask me. I think we out to start trying to work out what to do before stuff happens.” She patted the big book. “I think this can really help us.”

Ygg was listening to the forest. “I think it be alright now, Everything’s gone quiet.” Then he added, “come on, let’s get on home, we can puzzle about this another time.”

They all nodded. Ambril felt relieved.

Together they rode back through Sully’s yard.

Ygg pedaled off first. “See you at school, Oh, hey you should have asked the Cerberus about Moroz!” he chuckled before he disappeared around the barn.

Sully nodded as she got off her bike she leaned it up against the barn. “That’s right, they’re somehow connected. See you tomorrow.” she said and hugging the massive book to her, she walked toward her house.

Ambril shoved off and was soon pedaling through the lengthening shadows, homeward bound. Ambril thought about the Dullaiths and dogs the size of elephants following her around. But she thought she stood a better chance now that she had a couple of friends on her side.

**Chapter 21 The Library**

The week flew by for Ambril, even school interesting. It was Thursday morning before she knew it. Ambril coasted into the schoolyard and waved at Sully as she got off her bike.

Ygg joined them as they walked up the steps. “Hey, I got somut’ to tell—“

But Sully was too excited to listen, “,The stuff in that book is amazing!”

Ambril smiled. “Let’s meet after school at the gazebo—“

“No, I can’t make it, there’s something goin’ on about the town that I’m—“

“None of us can go to the gazebo tonight, of course.” Sully cut in again. “We have to get those detention papers written for Ms. Breccia, remember?”

Ambril and Ygg groaned.

“Let’s go straight to the Library after school and knock them out. Then, if we have time—“

“There’s somethin’ wrong with the old people here,” interrupted Ygg glaring at Sully. “And if’n some of us would just listen for a sec, I’ll tell ya about it.”

Sully rolled her eyes.

Ygg continued. “The old people are---well older all of a sudden.”

“Yeah, well old people are like that. Ambril said. They’re old, and---they get older every day. You know they’re creaky and grumpy —“

“Nah, nah,” said Ygg drawing his eyebrows together. “There’s somethin’ really wrong, somethin’ new.” Ygg shoved his hands in his pocket and continued. “The old people I’m visitin’, ya know, making deliveries, are actin’ different, like they’ve all gotten sick from the same thing at the same time. It’s like an epidemic, every one’s sickly,” his voice trailed off. “The only one who’s just herself as always, is Ms. Fern. But I dunno that was yesterday. I have to check on her to see if’n she’s O.K.”

There was a pause as the three friends considered this.

“So, it’s just the people you make deliveries too, right?” asked Ambril

“I dunno if’n there are others, but come to think of it, Mrs. Fern doesna’ take Mrs. Twid’s tea. She makes her own home remedies, I expect.” Said Ygg and shrugged his shoulders. “I know for a fact that Mrs. Twid not much good with remedies.” He grimaced. “She’s what we call in our village a Quoocker.”

“We call them Quacks, here.” Said Ambril just avoiding a smile.

“So her stuff may not be good but it doesn’t mean her stuff is bad.” Reasoned Sully. “Do you have any deliveries today?”

Ygg shook his head.

“Well, why don’t we go straight to the Library after school, bang out these silly detention papers and then go see Miss Fern?” Sully asked.

Ygg screwed up his face to consider this and then nodded. “I reckon we can go by the Library first.”

Sully cocked her head. “I’m sure she’s alright, I think she really knows her remedies and about---you know what.”

“You know what, what?” asked a loud obnoxious voice from behind them.

It was Lance and his buddies. “What’s the big secret? Is it in Code? You Nerds, and you can’t figure it out?

His friends jeered loudly. “Good one!” said one of the dumber looking guys. Ambril could see Zane trailing the group looking bored. They slowed to a stop in front of first period. Tiana and her two friends, all dressed in pink, were there already, checking their makeup in their compact mirrors.

Tiana stopped pouting into her mirror the minute she caught sight of Ygg. “Hi! You were great yesterday in P.E.!”

Ygg was suddenly shy. “Oh um, thanks.”

She winked at him and snapped her gum.

Ygg blushed and shoved his hands in his pockets just as the bell rang and they all filed into class. Ambril smirked as she slid into her seat. Ygg was getting noticed. She looked over at Lance who was looking angrily at Ygg and then at Tiana. And maybe that wasn’t all good she thought.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully. And before Ambril knew it they were getting their bikes out and setting off for the Library. Ambril could see Lance and his buddies collecting unripe plums from a tree overhanging the playground and quickened her pace. She didn’t want a repeat of the other day.

They pulled up to the Library moments later. It had been too warm that day so the quiet, cool of the Library felt welcoming. Ambril held the door for two elderly women. One nodded as her white hair waved in the breeze as the other adjusted her glasses.

“I was so shocked, there was the sign as plain as day, For Sale! Right in the front window!” The one with the glasses raised a quivering hand dramatically. “Flood’s Shoe shop has been there since my mother was a child!” Whatever could be the reason?”

“Well, I think Daisy is feeling her age at long last.” Said the white haired woman. “I know I am today,” she sighed as she grabbed the handrail and began to ease her way down the stairs. “I hope someone who understands us buys it.”

“Well that’s just it, isn’t it!” said the first as she shifted her handbags and prepared to follow her friend down the stairs. “I hear Crystal Twid wants it!”

The first had to adjust her glasses again to peer at her friends face. “Lord, save us! We’ll have nothing but cheap, overpriced shoes in there then.” She grumbled. “We’ll have to go all the way to the mall for---“

The door swung shut and Ambril turned around. So Twid was first in line for the Shoe Store. But Twid flew out of her thoughts as she inhaled the dusty smell of possibilities. She loved Libraries. Ygg and Sully were already arguing over a map of the library but Ambril dawdled and looked around.

There was a large display of town memorabilia in the lobby and she ambled over for a look. There were lots of old trophies. Some of them dinged here and there as if the sport had continued during the trophy ceremony. And there were samples from Trelawnyd Mine together with some old grainy photos. She was about to turn away when something caught her eye. It was a small plaque of two men shaking hands. One of the men was Feldez. Underneath was the caption: ‘Dr. Feldez Petri, in commemoration of courageous deed, risking his life to save others’ Underneath it said:

‘**Trelawnyd residents wish to express their gratitude to Dr. Petri for quelling the monstrous disturbance and fire at Old Council Hall during which a life was regrettably lost but the town was saved—“**

“Step back please!” A large squat woman with multi-layered jowls barreled toward Ambril. “You kids and your grimy fingerprints! All over my nice clean glass! I just wiped it down too!”

Ambril immediately stepped sideways. “Sorry, I---I didn’t realize,” she stuttered as she tried to wipe away the marks she had made with her sleeve.

The librarian glowered at her. “You are new here, aren’t you,” she nodded knowingly as she briskly wiped down the glass. “I should have known.”

“I’m just here to return the book, NOT to pay the fine, you see it’s my broth---“ Ambril turned to see Riley and a librarian talking. The librarian had a hand on a pile of books in Riley’s arms. Riley appeared to have been trying to leave.

“Look, SOMEONE has to pay these fines! “ Said the Librarian angrily. “I can’t let you take out another book until you do that!”

“But they’re my brother’s!” Said Reilly tersely, “Not mine! He just used mine because he lost his card.

The librarian pursed his lips but let his hand slide away from the thin boy. “Well, I suppose we’ll let you go this time Riley since we see you here so often. But I will expect payment for ALL fines the next time.”

Riley smiled, “next time, right,” he said straightening his jacket as he shoved his library books under his arm and raced down the steps.

Funny, thought Ambril, she hadn’t pegged Lance as a reading sort of guy.

“Ygg thinks we need to go to the History section, I think we want the Archives.” Sully tugged on Ambril’s sleeve and towed her over to the map of the Library. “Dr. Afallen.” Sully read off the map, look he’s the town historian.” She pointed to a small office near the Archives and looked significantly at Ygg. “Maybe he could get us started.”

Ygg shrugged and nodded.

The large librarian with the jowls sniffed at them. “Dr. Afallen isn’t here everyday due to all the budget cuts and all. But it’s Thursday? You’re in luck. ”

She pointed a slightly crooked finger to the stairwell. “Down the stairs and follow the signs to the Archives.”

**Chapter 22 The Archives**

It was down the stairs, past the well lighted nonfiction section, through the poorly lighted reference section, then past the maintenance area sporting naked bulbs on strings and finally down a dark and musty hallway with kerosene lanterns perched on books stacked on one side of the corridor.

“Boy they sure don’t want this place found,” said Sully ruefully as she stubbed her toe on an old filing cabinet. They had to wedge themselves in between some boxes to make way for a tired looking man with a ‘Hi my name is Steve’ label on his shirt.

At last they came to a nook in the widening in the hallway where a very messy desk sat in front of a pair of double doors. A buzzing fluorescent tube lighted a hand lettered sign taped to the desk: ‘Trelawnyd Town History’. A teapot boiled briskly on a hotplate.

A glass case sat on the desk. It was filled with an odd assortment of things. Ambril caught her breath when recognized one. One was the Morte Cell, the black box that had broken their windshield. Even under the dull glare of the flurescent tube Ambril could see it was beautifully carved. The carvings looked much like her Ashera. But when she looked closer she realized that instead of decorative lines, animals and plants there were images of monsters torturing creatures who were in real pain. The same was true of its neighbor, an ornate and beautifully ornamented dagger. It’s label read:

**The Dorcha Blade**

**A black magic tool capable of rending magical beings in two. It inflicts a powerful curse with every incision.”**

“Nasty stuff!” Mused Ygg. “That be the box you were tellin’ us about then?” He pointed to the Morte Cell.

Ambril nodded.

“Seriously weird stuff.” Breathed Sully as she squinted into the case. “But powerful curse? it could just be athlete’s foot or bad breath or something.”

“---So those are the latest codes. The ones I just gave you.” They could hear someone talking on the phone in the room beyond. “ Yes, all the additional security measures are in place now. The locksmith just left, we’re moving everything over tonight.” There was a pause. “Certainly, stop by anytime, I’ll be here until five or so. Cheers.”

They could then hear humming in the room beyond.

“Dr. Afallen?”

“Oof!” There was the sound of books falling as a tiny man with long white beard peeked out from behind thedouble doors. His surprise changed to delight immediately. Ambril recognized his voice as that of the man she had seen talking with Koda after the fire. “How delightful!” He started bustling around tidying his desk and shoving books off of chairs. He smiled as he scurried around his desk. “Please have a seat,” he said as he hurriedly dusted off a chair seat with the sleeve of his jacket and beckoned to them.

The three sat down gingerly.

“Would you like some tea?” he asked anxiously jiggling the pot.

“No thanks,” Ambril said. “We just need some help.”

“What can I do for you?” Said the little man smoothing out his rumpled collar.

We have to--“ started Sully but then added hastily, “Or rather we’re *excited* to do an essay about the founding of Trelawnyd.” She smiled hard at him. “Do you have any---interesting---reference materials?”

“And maybe help us with the writing of it?” added Ygg hopefully.

“Ah!” Dr. Afallen’s eyebrows went up. “I’m not allowed to discuss *certain things*, you know.” He pointed to a bulletin board stuffed full of Town ordinances and decrees entitled ‘proper procedures for Librarians’, but I believe I can direct you to some materials that might be of use.” He twinkled at them. He turned to a nearby stack, rummaged around and brought out three beautifully bound books.

“Here they are.” he said as he dumped them onto his desk and shoved them over to them. “It’s the approved history of Trelawnyd.” He said without enthusiasm.

Ambril read the cover, ‘Trelawnyd, Our Noble Heritage’.

“You can check these out if you agree to bring them back within two weeks.” He opened the books, and wrote the date and his initials with great flourish on the old fashioned card inserted in the back.

Ambril picked up her copy. It did look like something Ms. Breccia would approve of, boring, boring and more boring. “Thanks…but---do you have something---that might explain---” her eyes went to the glass case.

Dr. Afallen peered at her over his glasses for a time as a quick smile came and went. He pointed to the bulletin board again and said ruefully. “It really is all I’m *allowed* to show you.” He opened his hands palms up. “My hands are well and truly tied. I would at the very least lose my job and then what would happen to all this history?” He cleared his throat and wriggled more firmly into his seat. “The other librarians think it’s fairy tales. I’ve no doubt that without proper---supervision---it would be disposed of in no time.”

“Well, what if you just gave us a bit of a tour? Ya wouldna have to talk about anythin’ just show us things and tell us the bits ya can,” wheedled Ygg. “We’ll do the learnin’ on our own.”

Dr. Afallen sat up a bit straighter.

“So you really are interested, are you?” he asked hopefully. “You’re not just here to make fun of the more…unusual items then?” He leaned forward to the very edge of his seat.

The kids nodded enthusiastically.

“No, of course not!” said Sully.

Dr Afallen nervously shuffled papers as he said almost to himself, “I have to be so careful, you see, especially now...” He then stroked his beard. “But on the flip side, in the right hands, this information might help.” His eyes closed and he lost himself in thought for so long that Ambril was nearly convinced he had fallen asleep when he jerked his head up.

“I’m sorry children,” he said apologetically. “I simply can’t risk it.”

They were crestfallen. Ambril especially. Perhaps she could have found out the truth about her Dad. And what about the Dullaith? She really needed help if she was going to have to face one of those again. And the Ashera…the Ashera!

On a hunch she unzipped her backpack and pulled out the wooden tube. “Well maybe you can help us with this then.” She said handing him the Ashera.

Dr. Afallen twinkled again as he took the Ashera reverently.

“We’re trying to find out what’s written around the edges.” Ambril went on.

Dr. Afallen drew in his breath sharply and madly went through his desk drawers until he found a bent pair of wire rimmed glasses.

“Let me see, what do we have---“ His face brightened as began to look closely at it. “Lovely, lovely , its done in the ancient decorative way with strings of Ogam, interesting mixture, very interesting. He stared at some of the symbols for a long while, “How old? I wonder…” He muttered to himself. “Let’s see,” he felt around along the back of the box and almost immediately found the secret drawer where the Ledrith Glain had been.

“Ah! I see you’ve already found that one! That one was too obvious!” He said chuckling as he slid it back. “There are others? I’m sure there are, an Ashera of this age holds many secrets.”

Ambril was on the tip of her seat. “Age? Can you tell how old it is?” She asked curiously. “And can you read the writing around the symbol?”

Dr. Afallen looked up so quickly she jumped. “It is ancient, at least hundreds if not thousands of years old.” These symbols tell its history.” He said pointing at the decorative lines swirling around the cylinder. He looked at Ambril appraisingly. He fingered the engraving lovingly. “The old families, the original four of Trelawnyd had a--- knack---for certain things.” His eyes jumped from the Ashera to the faces of the three kids in front of him and narrowed as he carefully observed their reactions. “They also shared a common belief which was ultimately why they came here.” He continued almost to himself. “It’s a good thing they did, mind you. For if they had stayed, they would have been persecuted to extinction just as most of the others were.”

“You see our four founding families believed their---knack---would be strengthened if they worked together, combining their energies. This was in the age when the kinships or families believing that purity of lineage made them stronger. That was never proven but fighting their enemies separately apparently made it easier for them to be captured and put to death.”

He turned the Ashera to better scrutinize the emblem on the top. “The Derwyn family fled from Wales though the other families hailed from all over the world, parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, etc.”

He cleared his throat and squinted at the writing. “The writing, and its meaning, however, starts with an ancient Celtic saying.” “*ut supremus sic subter supter*,” he mumbled softly and then with more confidence, “yes, it says ‘As Above, So Below’, it’s a reference to the image of the tree of life. There is more here in Ogam. Unfortunately I can’t help you with that as our Ogam resources were---misplaced some time ago.” He settled back in his chair with a satisfied smile. “Yes, I think that’s a fairly sound translation.” He said noncommittally. “It might have a deeper meaning really than what I have told you, but to find that out would require really looking into your family’s history.” His eyebrows rose slowly. “I take it that’s why you’re here?”

“Well, yes---it is.” Said Ambril.

Dr. Afallen seemed to remember his place suddenly and frowned again at the bulletin board. “It’s not strictly within the rules…but I believe, yes I think I can trust you.” Dr. Afallen looked at Ambril severely over his glasses. “You certainly are a Derwyn, but there’s Silva in you as well, I can see it in your face.” He leaned over his desk to get a closer look at her and nearly upset the teapot. “Are you Bren and Tylia’s daughter?”

Ambril started, “Yea, um Yes, I am.”

Dr. Afallen’s bright eyes crinkled as he handed back the carved tube. Then he leaned even farther forward and lowered his voice. “You need to be very careful. Don’t flash this around, it’s from an age people nowadays are frightened of. Most of our history has been destroyed or ‘misplaced’ because of that fear. We don’t want to give them any more reason to destroy what little we have left.” He peered at Ambril over his spectacles, “to the average person in Trelawnyd, anyone associated with an object such as this is suspicious, even dangerous.”

He looked almost menacing, “It isn’t just you who would be at risk.” He smiled, “But I do have some things here that might be of service to you.”

He jumped up and scurried through the double doors. “Follow me,” he said and grabbing a lantern he set off at brake neck speed. Ambril was the first to catch up to the little man as he zoomed down one corridor and then up another muttering to himself and pausing to sift through the shelves here and there. Once or twice he tucked a book under his arm. They were squeezing past a stack of old manuscripts piled five feet high when he turned to Ambril and asked. “Rosa Derwyn was your great grandmother, of course?”

“Yes! How’d you know?”

Dr. Afallen squinted down the corridor. His glasses reflected the lantern swinging drunkenly from his arm. “I’ve lived long enough to have known several members of your family. Rosa’s mother, your great-great-grandmother, Maimee, made the best ginger cookies in town. But my could she scold! Especially if you wre caught sneaking peaches from her prized tree!” He blinked owlishly at her, “I was good friends with your grandmother, “we snuck a lot of peaches together---and I taught both of your parents in school.” He paused here to stare down the hallway. “Your father had such an inventive mind.” He chuckled. “Always joking!” He smiled to himself remembering.

Ambril felt a warmth rise up from her toes. It was a wonderful feeling to feel so connected to her family, especially now that her brother was so distant and her mother, so involved with Feldez, rarely talked about her Dad

“Wait up!” shouted Ygg. Ygg and Sully caught up to them just as they walked into a pool of fluorescent light showcasing a shiny metal door. It looked so out of place as everything else was decades old and seemed on the verge of collapse. But this door was new and had several high-tech locks.

“No, No, this way!” said Dr. Afallen shepherding them away as they stared curiously at the signs stuck all over the door. ‘RESTRICTED , KEEP OUT, ALARM WILL SOUND’.

“What’s in there?” asked Ambril as they zoomed by.

“It’s our new high security section. It won’t be operational until this evening. Only the most sensitive and dangerous items will be placed in there,” he said.

“Is that where you’ll store stuff about Dullaiths?” Ambril asked innocently before crashing into the rigid form of Dr. Afallen. He had stopped in his tracks and turned to her dumfounded.

“I don’t know how you know that word, but I’d like to assume you know nothing more than that.” He sputtered and then squinted at her. But then he took a deep breath and collected himself. “But of course you would know, because of your father, of course.” He patted her arm consolingly.

“I’m sorry, I wish I could tell you more but times being what they are…” He shook his head in frustration. “I can’t say much more than there are many here who did not believe the official story, he was a good man, your father.”

Ambril felt wooden. “You know, I’ve never actually heard the official version of how my father died.“

“Really? I’m shocked that your family wouldn’t share that with you. Well, perhaps we can remedy that at least. “ He slowly shook his head before starting off once more.

Ah here we are!” Exclaimed Dr. Afallen as they rounded a corner and raced down a narrow corridor with racks of wooden crates and dusty cardboard boxes. He dove head first into a huge crate sitting on its side and pulled forth a stack of very odd, intriguing books.

“My, I haven’t looked at these in years! Positively years!” He exclaimed as he lovingly wiped away the dust from the top cover. Ambril peeked over his shoulder.

Ambril was only able to read the top book’s title, ‘The Troll Uprising’ before he had whisked it into Ygg’s hands. “Here, this might interest you Mr. Drasil, is it? It may answer some questions regarding your ancestors and why your family ended up in Chert.”

Ygg stared at him his mouth open. “How did you know I was from---?”

“Simple, young man, your accent, your face! And you are the spitting image of your great-great-great grandfather Chunnel the Gnasher.” Chortled Dr. Afallen. He opened the book and pointed to a very ugly an with not enough teeth.

“Ah thanks, I think.” Ygg said as he took the heavy book from him.

“Here my dear, this one is for you. “It’s just for fun.” Dr. Afallen handed Sully a light green book ornamented with leaves, titled: ‘The Infamous Fairy Rebellion’.

He turned to Ambril. “And you my dear, this is for you.”

He handed her surprisingly a new looking scrap book.

“It contains some information about your father.” Dr. Afallen’s eyebrows drew together as he said this and then he nodded curtly. “As I said before, not all of us believed what they wrote. But you should be aware of what was said. It will help you navigate the social structure here.”

Ambril slid to the floor cross-legged as she opened it.

“Now, I can’t possibly let you take away these books as they are one of a kind. “ He nodded fondly at the book in Sully’s lap. ”However, I will let you look at them for a few minutes—“

There was a jarring, buzzing sound overhead.

Dr. Afallen jumped. “My goodness, another visitor?” He wrung his hands happily. “I had better go and see who that might be.” He tripped lightly back down the corridor. “I’ll be back to collect you in fifteen minutes or so.” He said as he trotted away.

“It’s a scary thing when old people can run faster ‘n you.” Muttered Ygg as he hunkered down over his book.

“Mmmmm, uh huh.” Mumbled Sully from within her book.

The three friends read in silence the only sound the turning of pages for a while.

The Scrapbook in Ambril’s lap was labeled ‘Natural Energy’. She opened it to the first page. And there they were, Her mother and Dad holding hands with a little girl and boy in front of an old garage. They were all smiling. The caption read:

**Dr. Silva gets a visit from his young family   
At work on his latest project GERN: Generating Energy in Rhythm with Nature---**

They all looked so happy. Her father looked strong and confident, her mother too. The toddler in pigtails stared apprehensively at the camera while Zane had stuck his tongue out. They had been a typical family then…before everything fell apart.

She sighed as she turned the page. The next one was blank and the next. In fact most of them appeared to have had articles ripped off them. She kept turning and finally found an article near the back of the book. The headlines screamed:

**Trelawnyd Terrorized   
Monster from the Deep Returns and Consumes the Life of Its Resurrector.**

Sully interrupted her by snorting in a disgusted way.

“What’s wrong?” asked Ambril.

“Fairies, what snobs! Always talking about “Pure” blood,” she made a face. “Yuk!” She turned back to the book.

Ambril settled back down to read:

**Terror struck the hearts of Flint villagers last night when a Dullaith was unleashed at the Old Council Hall. Bren Silva who was working on a hush-hush ‘natural energy generation’ project was caught dabbling in occult or dark magic and lost control of the demon. In the struggle that followed flammables were ignited. Mr. Petri, an associate of Dr. Silva was able to bring the demon under control but barely escaped from the flames. He is still unconscious. Though his Physician is optimistic and thinks he’ll make a full recovery. “We owe a great deal to the quick thinking of Dr. Petri,” said Mayor Madrone “There’s no telling what might have happened had the creature been unleashed on the townspeople.” Dr. Petri had been collaborating with Dr. Silva investigating the Dullaith phenomena, which has plagued the village for centuries.**

So Feldez had saved the town by bringing down the Dullaith that had killed her father. That was the big secret no one would tell her! Ambril stared at the headlines. But something just didn’t add up. And not just because she was her Dad but to others, like Hendoeth and Dr. Afallen.

**Chapter 23 An Explosion**

“Hey remember Pinwydden telling us about Moroz?” asked Ygg. “He’s in my book.”

Ambril and Sully both nodded.

“He’s in this awful fairy rebellion book too,“ said Sully.

“He really was one bad dude.” Ygg mumbled.

“Here it says that the mass defection of the troll miners was because Moroz tricked them out of their fair share of the profits and pretty much made them his slaves. That must a been why we all moved to Chert.” Ygg mused. “It was to get away from Moroz and his scheming lies. It says here the fairies helped him, but then he turned around and tricked them!”

“That was the Fairy Rebellion.” Said Sully waving her book at him. “A big group of them left then. They call themselves Forest Fairies now.”

There was silence as he read on. “It got so bad the mine was close down for a great long while and wasn’t opened again until the time of the gold rush.”

“Yeah, that’s what it says here except that from the Fairy perspective, Moroz reneged on payment.” Said Sully as she bent lower over her book. “Something about a special piece of Glain? It looks like that was when Magic became a dirty word.” She said as she scanned the text. “It’s not really explained here, it just says: ‘Old Town was plagued by misfortune, and so it was decided to move the town to its present location! Where it is today I guess, that’s why they can say it was built in the mid-1800’s, because it was.”

“They built a railroad line and a proper road in from the coast and turned away from Magic in favor of being a part of the human world.”

Ambril looked at her friends sadly.

“It’s a shame don’t you think?” She asked. “All this repressed magic, bottled up for years. No wonder people are funny about it! They’re really frustrated and confused.”

Sully sighed her agreement. Ygg hunched down and read on. Silence enveloped them. Ambril leafed again through the scrapbook and found that the few remaining articles weren’t about her father.

“No, what are you doing! I simply can’t allow it! It’s strictly off limits.” A distant voice echoed through the cavernous hall.

“Was that Dr. Afallen?” asked Sully

“Wait, wait! I’m afraid I’ll have to call security if you don’t—“

He was interrupted by a voice too low to decipher.

“No!” Dr. Afallen shrieked.

Suddenly, an explosion rocked the entire building followed by the braying of the fire alarm. Ambril covered her ears and hunkered down as she was showered by old maps. The shelves swayed dangerously on either side of them. She hastily grabbed her backpack and jumped to her feet.

A small stuffed dragon which looked very much as if it had once been alive narrowly missed Ygg as he scrambled to his feet.

The room filled with smoke. The doleful blink of the exit light was fuzzed by smoke.

“Dr. Afallen! ” Ambril choked out as she made her way toward the central aisle.

The smoke thickened as they turned down the main aisle. Ambril covered her mouth with her sleeve. “Look, you go for help, I’ll go see if Dr. Afallen needs help.” Ambril sputtered.

Sully nodded and skuttled toward the exit sign.

“This way,” Ygg was suddenly beside her as she clambered over what looked like a large pile of four fingered gloves.

Ambril grunted as she shoved a three eyed deer head out of the way. “You’re sure?”

“Ya, the smoke’s blacker up this way. We’re getting closer to where it happened.” Ygg crouched down low as he walked. “The air’s a little better down lower.”

Ambril was nearly on all fours all ready. She squeezed around a listing bookshelf. Then her eyes widened in horror. “Dr. Afallen! Are you alright?”

Just ahead she could see Dr. Afallen was lying inert near his desk.

Ambril scuttled crab-like over to him. He was bruised in several places the worst being a large bump at his right temple. But Ambril heaved a sigh of relief when she saw he was breathing.

Ambril jumped as the shush of a fire extinguisher erupted a few feet away. Ygg was hunched over in a doorway spraying and fanning the smoke away.

“It weren’t much of a fire. I think it’s out now.” He wheezed and wiped his eyes.

Ambril took off her sweatshirt and pillowed the old man’s head with it.

“He maybe needs a doctor,” said Ygg as he knelt down beside Ambril.

“Dr. Afallen can you hear me?” She touched his shoulder. Could his face get any paler? The old man seemed to sink deeper into unconsciousness as they watched.

Ambril risked a quick look around andnoticed tha t Dr. Afallen’s desk had been cleared of papers and the glass case which had housed the Morte Cell stood empty.

“Do you think that whoever did this could still be---around?” whispered Ambril.

Ygg shook his head. “Nah, would you stick around? They would run right away as quick as they could,” he said. “I wish they’d stayed, I’d like to give ‘em a piece of my---“

The old man suddenly moaned and moved his head.

“Dr. Afallen? Just lie still, Sully went for help.”

His eyelids flickered. “Sully, who the devil is---“ His eyes flew open and fastened onto Ambril’s face.

“Did he get them?” He asked anxiously. “I can hardly believe it was him.” He went on more to himself than anyone.

“Who was it that did this to you?”

But the Doctor’s eyes fluttered closed again. Then they could hear the rumble of running feet. Within seconds they were surrounded by a large contingency of yellow slickers and head lamps.

“He’s unconscious, somebody tried to kill him!” Ambril shouted.

“Ambril? What are you doing here?” said a familiar clipped voice.

Ambril turned to see Feldez glaring at her. He shoved her aside as a Docotr knelt down with his stethoscope.

“That’s them! That’s them!” Shrieked the cubic heavily-jowled librarian as she stabbed a finger at Ygg and Ambril. “Those are the malicious kids I was telling you about!” She continued yelling. “First they were ‘casing’ the priceless items we have in the trophy case and then sneakily asking for directions to the Archives!”

“Priceless?” snorted Ygg, “Most of it’s dinged up trophies and old photographs. We’re here to be doing school work.”

But the Librarian didn’t pay any attention to him. “And to think I gave them directions! I should have realized.” The Librarian was practically lathering at the mouth. Her face contorted with hatred. “They have the look of “New Family’ about them don’t they.” She spat out at them.

Sully was suddenly beside them.

“Chief Buckthorne? These are my friends, the ones I told you about.“ She was talking to a tired square-necked man in a rumpled suit. He had quietly shouldered his way through the crowd. “We were here to research a couple of history papers when the explosion happened.”

Chief Buckthorne gave no indication he had heard her and waved a hand.

“Get this man to a hospital.” He growled. Two med-techs came through with a stretcher.

“He appears to be stable. But we won’t know until we run some tests.” Said the Docotr.

Feldez unfolded himself to tower over everyone.

Buckthorne gave a curt nod. “Good, take him.” He gave a meaningful nod at Feldez.

Feldez turned and gave Ambril a hard stare. “We will discuss this at home.” He said as he swept away behind the stretcher.

Buckthorne turned to Deputy Skarn. “We’re gonna need some tea,” he said jerking his head toward the frantic librarian. “Lots of tea.”

As Dr. Afallen was wheeled away with Feldez in tow Chief Buckthorne calmly righted a chair and settled heavily into it. He pulled a dog-eared pad from his pocket and without looking up he said. “Suppose we start at the beginning. You arrived at the Library and then---“. He looked up and nodded at the three kids standing in front of him.

“We went over to the map and we---,“ Sully picked up the story. The others chimed in when they needed to. Chief Buckthorne nodded occasionally while writing continuously on his pad.

He stopped and backed them up when it came to overhearing Dr. Afallen shout just before the explosion and made them go over and over it.

Skarn came back and begrudgingly offered them tea. It smelled very sweet with layers of cinnamon and vanilla. Ambril took a tiny sip but then made a face. It tasted good but had a sewage like aftertaste to it. She could feel her heart begin to race as if it had a healthy dose of caffeine.

“It’s good fer ya,” grunted Skarn and showcased his crooked teeth with a grin. “Called ‘Sunset Tea’. Drink up!”

Ygg stiffened next to her. Out of the corner of her eye she could see him shake his head almost imperceptibly. “It’s Mrs. Twid’s stuff,” he whispered out of the corner of his mouth. “Don’t swallow et.”

Skarn watched them closely. “Come on now, drink it. I made it real good.”

Ambril pretended to take another sip. Ygg desperately elbowed Sully but before he could get her attention, she took a big gulp and then made a face.

“How could anyone get a whole cup of that horrible stuff down?” she said as Skarn turned around.

Ambril nearly gagged at the thought.

“Old people, they don’t always taste so well,” whispered Ygg. “And it has a kick to it, makes them feel good at first.” Ygg mumbled. “Mrs. Twid banks on that.”

He grimaced as they emptied their cups into a nearby plastic plant. Chief Buckthorne continued grilling them, this time questioning them about their friends and family. The three kids answered him truthfully though they kept all of the magic out of their story. At last, the chief seemed satisfied. He nodded as he got heavily to his feet.

“Can you kids find your own way home?” he said as he tugged on the part of his belt that cut into his buldging midsection.

They nodded.

He watched them walk out under the blinking exit light and out into the twilight.

**Chapter 24 Mrs. Twid’s Sunset Tea**

“Whoa!” Ygg grunted as he jumped on his bike. “Glad that’s over. I’ll be heading over to Miss Fern’s house to see how she’s doing,” he said eyeing the fading light in the sky. “Tomorrow then.” He called back at them as he slid into traffic.

“I think I might be coming down with something. Yek! I can still taste that awful tea.” Sully rubbed her tummy just before she shoved off.

“Ambril! What happened! Feldez called and said you had gotten mixed up in something…and that Dr. Afallen had gotten hurt?” She was busted, Feldez of course. It was her mother who had just pulled up in a shiny new SUV. “Let’s get the bike in the back, honey and then I want to hear ALL about it.” Her mother had jumped from the car and tugged up the back hatch door.

Ambril and her Mom awkwardly maneuvered her bike into the back then jumped into their seats. It had that new car smell. “Nice, Mom, did you get this today?”

“Don’t change the subject! But yes, Feldez picked it out, you like it?”

Ambril nodded and then told her Mom everything she thought she could, which wasn’t much. The growl of Ambril’s stomach spoiled the symmetrical tick of the car’s blinker as the car turned and purred its way up the hill. When it slowed to a stop neither of them moved.

Ambril’s mother took a deep breath. “You used to tell me every little thing about your life. I know you’re holding back something.” She said tersely. “Now once more, tell me the truth, tell me EVERYTHING.” She turned and looked her daughter right in the eyes. “What are you and your friends up to?”

Ambril froze. Her mother had seen right through her. But what could she really tell her? She had promised Zane she wouldn’t say a word about the Dullaith and the whole thing with Feldez was still very vague. She didn’t have any proof.

Her mother’s jaws remained rigid. “Ambril, I need to know NOW.”

Ambril cleared her throat. “Right Mom. In school we’ve been talking about the old stories and I---I just got curious, that’s all.” Ambril winced and prayed it would be enough for her Mom. It was the best she could come up with.

Her mother relaxed a little. “Those are just stories.” She said firmly. “When I was your age, my Grandmother came to me and told me the fabled history of our family. I was enthralled. It was exciting to think that I was a part of something so wondrous.” Then her mother’s knuckles whitened as she gripped the steering wheel tightly. “But I learned the hard way that some things are best not to be believed. They can be dangerous and hurt you and those around you.”

She smoothed down her hair. “Now I know they’re just fairy tales.” She reached out for the door handle and eased her door open. “Just stick to the real history, it’s easier.”

“Hey, I’m hungry, where have you been?” It was Zane in a foul mood standing on the doorstep. “The housekeeper refuses to let me eat without you because it’s not polite or some tripe.” He yelled. “So can we get started, like before midnight?”

“Yeah, I’m starved.” She said relieved for once to be interrupted by her big brother. Ambril slid out of her seat and raced inside. There was salad, and heaps of steaming pasta on the table, plus a bowl of cherries. It smelled delicious and must have driven Zane half mad to wait for them. She had a hard time holding back herself.

She splashed her hands with water and took her seat.

“Dr. Petri called and said he would be working late.” Said Mrs. Sweetgum as she wiped down the already spotless counters. “He also wanted you to know that Dr. Afallen will make a full recovery.” She added a bucktoothed grin.

“That’s great news!” exclaimed Ambril’s Mom, relieved.

The housekeeper nodded, I’ll just water the patio pots before I go.” She trilled and stepped quickly out into the evening light.

The three dug into the piles of food with gusto. There were two different kinds of pasta, a red sauce with meatballs and Ambril’s favorite, pesto. Ambril loaded her plate with the garlicky green sauce and had just taken her first bite when her stomach turned over. She swallowed experimentally. It tasted terrible, more pond scum than pasta.

She tried again scooping up a mouthful of pasta she swallowed it almost without chewing, only to have her stomach lurch again. Food was not what her stomach wanted.

“Ooff!” she groused, she had lost her appetite.

“What’s the matta wif oou?’ mumbled Zane his mouth full of meatball. “Normally, you eat more tha’ me.”

“Ambril? Honey you don’t look well.” Her mother said anxiously. “It’s probably all of the excitement,” she put her cool hand on Ambril’s forehead and frowned. “Why don’t you go on up to bed.”

Ambril took one last look at her plate and sighed. Dragging her backpack behind her she slouched up the stairs threw on her pajamas, and slid gingerly between the sheets. What a lousy day.

She closed her eyes and groaned as she remembered she still had to write that stupid detention paper. She willed herself to a sitting position and reached for her backpack at the foot of her bed. She pulled out the shiny black leather ‘Approved History of Trelawnyd’ book and opened it. It was written in typical textbook speak, going on and on about ordinary things and leaving out the juicy bits. Ambril read about the gold miners discovering the Trelawnyd valley and settling there. But there were some great old photos of solemn people in perched stiffly on horses and sitting bolt upright in wagons.

There was a soft knock on Ambril’s door. Mrs. Sweetgum put her head in and smiled. She was holding a tray with a steaming mug and a plate of food.

“You know, I don’t think I can eat anything, my stomach’s acting up.” Ambril turned slightly green just thinking about it.

Mrs. Sweetgum let herself in anyway. She peered at Ambril’s face as she trotted over to the bed and handed her the mug. “Ah, well your mother told me you were feeling poorly so I thought I would bring you some of my special tea---“

“You didn’t get it from Mrs. Twid did you? The tea? ” blurted Ambril as she turned her face away. Everything smelled like sewage to her.

“Of course not!” Harrumphed the chubby woman as she held out the mug of tea insistently. “I wouldn’t have that stuff in my house, no sirree.” She said smoothing down her frilly lace collar. “This will take that bad taste out of your mouth.” She smiled encouragingly.

Ambril sniffed at the tea. It did smell good. She took a very small sip. It felt warm as it slid down her throat. Ambril smiled, the nauseous feeling starting to lea ve her as she took another sip and then another. She had just about finished it when Mrs. Sweetgum set the tray down on her lap. There was a heaping dish of pasta with cherries on the side. Ambril sniffed tentatively. It smelled---good like---food. Wonderful! Ambril dug in. It tasted even better. In short order she had cleaned her plate.

“That’s better now,” said Mrs. Sweetgum as she gathered up the empty dishes. “I see you’re reading up on the early days of Trelawnyd.” She nodded at the book lying near Ambril’s left leg.

“Yeah, I have to write an essay tonight.”

Mrs. Sweetgum grimaced at the slim book. “I’m not sure you’ll find anything interesting in there.”

“I’m not sure that’s the point.” Smirked Ambril. “It’s meant to be more of a punishment” Ambril shrugged.

“Ah, “ Mrs. Sweetgum nodded wisely as her eyebrows drew up questioningly. “Ms. Breccia?”

Ambril nodded.

Mrs. Sweetgum’s smile was small. “She has so little imagination, poor thing.”

Mrs. Sweetgum suddenly swept up the tray and trotted to the door. “I’m glad you’re feeling better, Deary.”

“Wait! Mrs. Sweetgum! Do you have anymore of that tea?” Ambril remembered that last look on Sully’s face. “I might need some more for a friend.”

“Oh! I’ll put some in a thermos for you tomorrow.” Mrs. Sweetgum smiled cheerfully as she pulled the door closed.

Ambril yawned and stretched before picking up the book again. An hour later she was putting the finishing touches on a very boring essay, which she was sure Ms. Breccia would love. She switched off her light and snuggled down under the covers to mull over her day. Who was behind the explosion? And had they gotten what they were after? It was so valuable they had been willing to kill Dr. Afallen for it. And then there was the article about her Dad and Feldez. She needed to find out more about what they had been doing that day her Dad died. Ambril sighed discouraged. Would she ever be able to make sense of it all? Her mind raced through different scenarios until she fell into a dreamless sleep.

**Chapter 25 Miss Fern**

The Next morning skated down the stairs and into the kitchen.

“Glad you’re feeling better!” laughed her Mom as she watched her daughter pick up a spoon. It looked like homemade granola for breakfast. Ambril rolled her eyes heavenward as she munched and swallowed. Taking another spoonful she asked, “Mom, Do you know anything about an old mansion with a gazebo out on the main road?” She ladled another crunchy spoonful into her mouth.

Her mother stiffened. “What? Well there must be a dozen like that around here.”

“How about one with a metal plaque with the name of Derwyn on it and my name scribbled on a wall upstairs?”

Her mother looked shocked. “How in the world did you--- That place has been boarded up for years, Ambril. What did you do break in?”

Ambril just cocked her head at her. “There was a window open and it looks like half of Trelawnyd’s homeless population has been in there at one time or another.”

“All three of them.” But her mother looked uncomfortable.

“Well yes, It sounds like you were in my Grandmother’s house,” she said finally.

“Rosa Derwyn’s house? It looks like it hasn’t been lived in for years, who owns it?”

Her mother looked sheepish and sipped her coffee.

“You mean you own it?”

Her mother slowly nodded and stared at a spot on the table.

Ambril screwed up her face. “You mean we moved from one dumpy old apartment to another sometimes we didn’t have enough money for food…it was hard on all of us---and we could have---I mean that place must be worth a fortune!” Sputtered Ambril angrily.

Her mother just sipped her coffee. But she had gotten very pale. “I couldn’t have sold it---that would have been impossible and ---we couldn’t live here, not then. So---I just---let it go.” She said softly.

Ambril could only look at her. And then she made a decsion.

“Mom, I know about how Dad died. I know about the Dullaith and what Feldez did, I read about it at the Library.”

Her Mom took in a huge breath but still stared at the tabletop. “It was a terrible time.” She said softly. “He never talked about any of that with me. About---dark magic---or any of it. The natural energy source that he called GERN seemed was quite different.” She paused and set her coffee cup down. “I don’t know what made him go that direction…we’ll never know and I’d rather not talk about it.” She turned to look at her daughter. “I haven’t been to see gran’s old house, is it really that bad?”

Ambril hesitated. “I’ts not---that bad I gues. Maybe we could go and have a picnic or something.

“Oh boy, a family picnic!” interrupted Zane as he slouched in. “Count me---out.”

“It would be fun!” Ambril’s mother’s voice was aritifically cheerful.

“Not.” Said Zane as he grabbed his bowl of cereal.

There was a silence. Ambril felt the gap widen between herself and her mother and brother as the seconds ticked by. Finally she’d had enough and got up to put her bowl in the sink.

“Well, I’m off to help Betula with May Day prep!” Her mother’s voice was brittle.

Ambril got up herself and grabbed her lunch. “See you,” she said as she raced out the door and jumped on her bike. Glad to be out of there.

She was just shoving her bike into the school rack when Ygg coasted in beside her. “How ya feeling?” he said. “Ya didna take lot of tea yesterday but ya had some of it.” He said as he closely examined her face.

“I felt lousy until Mrs. Sweetgum fixed me up and---“ she rummaged around her backpack until she found her thermos. “I brought some of her remedy tea for Sully.”

“Ooooohhhhh.” Moaned someone just behind them. Sully stumbled up, looking pale and green. “I can’t stand it, all I can taste and smell is how our septic tank smells.”

Sully bent over, holding her stomach.

“Here, have a swig of this, it really helps.”

Sully turned her head in refusal.

“Come on, it’s Mrs. Sweetgum’s tea.” Pleaded Ambril.

“What do ya have to lose besides your breakfast?” chortled Ygg. “But maybe you already have done that.”

Sully made a face at him and then frowned at the thermos.

“This must be what Zombies feel like, no maybe if you eat a Zombie…she bent over again. But straightened enough to take the thermos and try a tiny sip.

She brightened. “Hey this is good!” She said relieved as she took another healthy swallow. She took a few more gulps and then started rummaging around in Ambril’s lunch. “Do you have any more of those cookies?”

Ambril smiled as she fished out a pile of cookies and handed them over.

Sully grabbed them and consumed them in short order.

“I wonder if that’s what the old people are feeling?” mused Ygg as he watched Sully eat.

“They probably feel it more, don’t you think?” asked Ambril.

“Well, if that’s the case, we have to figure out a way to help them!” said Sully taking another swig of Mrs. Sweetgum’s tea.

“How about asking Mrs. Sweetgum to make a couple of gallons of that stuff?” asked Ambril pointing at the thermos.

“Too obvious,” Ygg shrugged and winced. “We can’t afford to make Mrs. Twid angry.” He said softly. “Or she’ll send me packing.” He shook his head. “I’ve tried telling her there be sommut wrong with her tea but she just gets angry and won’t listen.”

“Well, we’ll have to think of something.” Said Sully as she handed back the thermos to Ambril. “I just can’t bear the thought of poor Mrs. Flood feeling like they’d just cleaned a toilet with their tongues.” Sully shivered as she slung her backpack on her shoulder and turned toard school.

“Maybe we can find something in that Astarte thing.” Said Ambril racing up the steps.

“Oh yea, I almost forgot!” said Ygg. “I stopped by Miss Fern’s house last night.” Ygg continued as he pulled open the front door. “She wants us to visit her at moonrise tonight to see somethin’ special.” He turned to Ambril and Sully. “That’s around eleven o’clock. Do ya think you can sneak out?” he asked his eyes bright.

Ambril smiled and nodded. “I’m sure gonna try!” she said.

“Are you kidding? An adventure! I’m in!” said Sully as they scooted into first period just as the bell rang.

The day went by smoothly. In History Ambril, Ygg, and Sully tossed their essays onto Ms. Breccia’s desk before sliding into their seats toward the back.

“Class settle down!” Rumbled Ms. Breccia. “Now, before we move onto the California Gold Rush does anyone have any questions regarding the founding of our town?” Ms. Breccia asked as she noisily sucked her teeth.

Ygg raised his hand.

“Yes?” Ms. Breccia inclined her head and looked dubious.

“I was wondering if you knew anything about a man named Moroz?” Ygg asked.

Ms. Breccia’s eyebrows skyrocketed right under her helmet hair. “Moroz? How did you come by that name?” she thundered at him.

Ygg looked stunned. “I was readin’ a history book about the Mine and his name came up more n’ once.”

Ms. Breccia just glared at him for a moment. “Ah, well, Moroz shall we say helped organize the---labor force necessary for our Mine. He also engineered many of our bridges and main roads.” Boomed Ms. Breccia as she ponderously paraded in front of the class. “You may have cause to question his methods,” she continued. “He was reportedly a---stern task master.” She raised her fist triumphantly. “But he got the job done!”

Sully had her hand in the air next. “So, if he did all these great things, how come he isn’t even mentioned in the official History of Trelawnyd?” she asked skeptically holding up the gold trimmed book fro the Library. “I mean, why isn’t there even a road named after him or a statue or something?”

Ms. Breccia went back to sucking her teeth. “Well, it appears that he was a bit rough with his laborers.” She said thoughtfully. “Too much brute force.” She continued. “You need just the right amount you see. Mind you, I don’t know how he could have kept such a crew in line otherwise.” She mused.

“To some, you see,” she smiled horribly. “He was quite a hero. He was efficient and effective!” She said worshipfully and then sighed. “But, he was tried for his crimes, found guilty and---imprisoned.”

“Where was he jailed?” Riley asked.

“That I can’t tell you.” Her eyes narrowed, “I can’t tell you because no one knows, not even an expert in Trelawnyd history such as myself.” She fanned herself and looked out the window. “No, no one knows where they put him, or how they kept him there.” She blinked and looked around the class. “Any other questions?” Without waiting for a response she continued. “No? Then turn to page 279 and tell me what the contraptions featured there are.”

Ambril sighed she knew what they were, a bunch of antiquated miner’s equipment; stuff she had studied the year before. She settled down for a serious day dreaming session while appearing to be listening. Moroz was a mysterious character. There were little bits and pieces about him everywhere---but not enough to paint the whole portrait. Which made him really interesting. It must have been some powerful dark magic he had used to rouse the Cerberus’ interest. Ambril shivered involuntarily, remembering their rush to the wall. She’d hate to have them come for her.

**Chapter 25 Moonrise in Fern’s Garden**

The sun had just set over the valley and Ambril was in her room doing that hateful thing, waiting. Moonrise wasn’t for several hours. She surveyed her prep work, for the night.

Pillows plumped and prodded into an almost human shape under the covers, check.

Ladder in place, check. Ladder hidden from view, almost check. Ambril had stuck it in the middle of some tall bushes. You could barely see it from the kitchen. It was the barely part she was worried about.

Now she had to work on fLit. She had her laptop in front of her. She had found a cool little program that she’d been dieing to try out.

“So when my Mom knocks on the door and says “Good night, Honey!” you do what?” she prompted.

Flit stood stock-still. Ambril grimaced. “You press here, right?” she said.

The robot remained a statue.

Ambril sighed. “O.K., let’s try it.”  
 Ambril skittered over to the bedroom door and knocked. “Good night honey!” she said in her best Mom imitation.

Miraculously the robot stepped over to the keyboard and stomped on the ‘F1’ button.

Ambril’s voice said sleepily, “Good night, Mom!”

Flit then stomped on the ‘F1’ button again.

“And if my Mom says anything else, what do you do?” prompted Ambril.

Flit swept the mouse over with his foot and stomped on the ‘F2’ button.

Ambril’s recorded voice said even more sleepily, “ Can we talk about this in the morning Mom, I’m really tired.” Flit stomped on the F2 button again.

Ambril grinned and poked the robot in the chest. “Good job!” she said.

Ambril had to admit, even though he was annoying, it was handy to have a somewhat smart robot around. Then fLit stompted on the ‘F3’ button. Immediately the room was filed with loud reggae music. Ambril jumped and pressed the ‘F3’ button.

“No!, No! That can’t happen tonight!” Ambril snarled at the robot.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this, you realize if I’m caught I’ll be grounded for at least a month, right?” She inclined her head at the robot meaningfully. “That means you’re stuck in here with me.”

fLit just tried to get to the keyboard again. But Ambril grabbed him before he could connect his foot with the machine.

“Yeah, I see, well it’s not like we’ll be hanging out together buddy.” She hunkered down so that she was green eye to metal eye. “It means you’ll be spending the month in the closet!”

The robot just stared at her and then wilted. Ambril watched him drag himself back to her computer and perch himself on the edge.

Ambril sighed and rolled her eyes. “Alright, we’ll listen but just until I leave.” She reached for her computer, tapped it until the reggae music again filled the room and smiled to herself as she watched the robot jump around slightly off beat.

She picked up the Ashera started examining some of the carvings. The mysterious Ogam ran along the edge, small cuts along three lines, making a pattern, almost like a code. But how to crack that code?

Frustrated she started pressing and turning and twisting it to see if she could unlock any more of its secrets. She was about to give up when she found a slightly raised bump near one end. She pressed it hard and with a whirring click a drawer slid open.

Inside was a small slim handmade book, yellowed, and old. The faded title said ‘Ogam Revealed’. On each page was a different hatch mark and a definition. Ambril grinned, it was a decoder book!

She excitedly copied down the delicate tracings around the Derwyn seal, unwinding it as she went. Carefully she began to compare the hatch marks with the letters or words in the little book. In then end she had a poem of sorts:

**As Above, So Below.**

**Weave to Heal, Grace to Grow.**

**Where Vine and Root Forever Entwine**

**Present, Past and Future Combine**

**As Above, So Below.**

She looked at the writing around the seal carefully and noticed that the third and fourth lines were one sentence: Where Vine and Root Forever Entwine Present Past and Future Combine. She rubbed her forehead, frustrated. It could be anywhere that vines and roots intermingle, like a riverbank, or someplace semi-underground.

She puzzled a bit more but after looking at the clock she realized she’d have to give up for the time being. She shoved the poem in a drawer and clicked off the music. Then she grabbed her backpack and raced to the window. A gentle breeze swirled the new spring leaves as Ambril swung her foot out and felt around for the top rung of the ladder. She found it finally, it gave a little when she put her weight on it but remained firm. She carefully inched her way down blindly feeling with her toes for the next rung until four rungs from the bottom she missed one and fell.

“Ouch!” she whispered tersely as she pulled several twigs from up her sleeves. She floundered a bit but found her way through the plantings without causing too much of a mess. Grumpily, she padded off down the hill.

Luckily Fern’s house was just a block or two off the main road. She blinked at the warm light shining cheerily through the front window and took the porch steps two at a time. Impatiently, she rapped on the door.

Sully opened the door almost immediately. “What took you?” she said. “Come on! We’ve found a cure!”

“For what?” asked Ambril following her friend down a narrow hallway to the kitchen. Fern was perched like a small bird on a tall stool with the Astarte. Ygg was dumping a large handful of purple berries into a bowl full of leaves, twigs and more berries.

“That’s more than enough Elderberry dear. Now stir it briskly, yes that’s right.” Fern instructed him and smiled at Ambril.

“Actually Fern helped us with the remedy. Ygg is going to replace her old tea with this one when he delivers it.” She looked at Ambril her eyebrows going up and down. “I thought of that part.”

“There that should do it, though, I warn you, it might be a little strong.” Said Fern vaguely. “Still, they’ll calm down---eventually.”

Ygg put a couple of spoonfuls into a teapot and poured hot water in. “Let’s try it out.”

“Well it won’t have much affect on you kids, “ said Fern. “Best if we could find an elderly person who---“ She stopped mid sentence a small smile forming, then she walked slowly over to the phone and dialed. “Daisy? Good you’re home! I have a special Tea I’ve made just for you. May I bring it by?...Are you sure I won’t be intruding?...Good! I’ll be right over.” Smiling broadly she put the phone down. “She’s due for a cure, I think Crystal has been experimenting on her now for quite some time.”

Fern picked up a shawl. “Come along! It’s just next door.”

“My, you’re having a party Fern and I wasn’t invited!” Fern smiled as she slowly opened her backdoor. She leaned heavily on her walking stick as they all filed in. Her sitting room smelled like old people and there were doilies draped on everything, even the Television.

“Try my new Tea Dear, it’ll make you feel lovely!” Said Fern cheerfully as she handed her a large mug of tea.

Mrs. Flood sniffed as the smell of vanilla and cinnamon filled the room. “A Tea might be just the thing for me. Nothing else tastes quite right these days.” Painfully she maneuvered herself over to a puffy overstuffed chair and plopped down.

“It’s time to retire, I think. Everything just hurts.” She said. “Crystal has been so thoughtful these days, bringing me tea while I’m at the store and taking me to church. She thinks it’s time for me to try something new; maybe moving in with my daughter… but I’m still not sure.”

Fern smiled at her softly. “Down the hatch, it’s freshly made. ” She nodded encouragingly at the cup in her friend’s hand.

“It certainly smells wonderful.” She said squinting a bit. “Like my mother’s kitchen at Christmas time.” She took a small sip and her eyes brightened. “My that’s good!” She took another sip and then a big swallow. “Ummmmmm.” She sat up a little straighter and her walking stick clattered to the floor, unnoticed. “My this is so very good, I’ve been feeling so chilled lately. And now, I feel positively,” she stood up and twirled, “wonderful!”

Fern looked a bit startled, “Too much elderberry.” She stage whispered to Ygg

Mrs. Flood stretched, “my I feel so…girlish.” She put out her toe, pointed it and giggled.

“Yes,” Fern nodded decisively. “Way too much elderberry!”

Mrs. Flood started humming an old Beach Boys tune from the 60’s and started to dance around the kitchen. “I’m so sorry, I just don’t believe I can stay still.” She said as she pirouetted through the door. “I’ll just take a turn around the garden---“, and she was gone.

“Oh my,” Murmured Fern as they followed her outside. There was no sign of the elderly lady. “She is going to have an absolutely wonderful time tonight! But tomorrow---I fear she’ll be a bit sore.”

Sully giggled. “Well maybe we shouldn’t dumb it down too much. Lets let the old folks have a little fun, huh?”

Fern laughed, “well just a little, yes, maybe just a little.” She said as they made their way back to her kitchen. “We’ll need to tone downthe Impatience with Sage. I have some drying in my garage. Would you mind bringing in a bunch?”

“Will do.” Said Ygg. Ambril and Sully followed him to an old building in the back.

Fern’s garage was set apart from the house and leaned right up against the Wall. Its most remarkable feature was that it was covered entirely with vines. But if you looked closely you could see that it was made of stone with small windows running down the garden side. There was an arched garage door on the front.

“It’s a ratty mess inside.” He said and pulled hard on one of the large garage doors. It slowly and resentfully opened to reveal a deeper darkness. Ygg disappeared inside for a second and then light flooded the building.

“Yep, it’s a mess alright,” said Sully.

That was an understatement. There were boxes everywhere. Paint cans were stacked on a large stone table to the side. The cabinets behind the table hung crookedly. There was a large pile of garbage in the center of the floor.

Ambril stared up into the rafters thick with cobwebs. Vines had found their way inside and draped themselves around and through them making it seem as if they weren’t really inside at all.

“Is that a fireplace? In a garage?” Asked Sully. The wall to one side was stone; in the center was a large fireplace.

“I’m thinking this garage be used for things other than putting cars into.” Mused Ygg. He had pulled a chair over to the stone table and was using it to step onto the stone table. “There some rooms to the back too. It be more house than garage.”

He reached up and pulled down a bunch of dried herbs. “This be Sage I’m thinking. Come on, let’s get back into Fern’s kitchen.” Ygg jumped down from the table and headed for the door.

Sully and Ambril were right behind them.

Inside Sully picked through the remedy and removed some of the purple berries. Fern gave her a nod of approval.

Ambril lifted the top of the teapot and sniffed. “This smells like the tea Mrs. Sweetgum made for me.”

“Oh Aster’s an old hand at this.” Said Fern. “She probably had the remedy worked out before you were half way through the door.”

Ygg said. “Now all I have to do is to replace the bad stuff with this, right?”

“Without getting caught.” Said Sully, matter-of-factly. “Then keep tabs on her to make sure she doesn’t make do this again.”

“As if I don’t have enough to do what with schoolwork and chores,” he grumbled.

“I wish we could just shut her down.” Sully said as she emptied the tea into a bag.

Ambril remembered the conversation she had overheard between the librarians about Mrs. Twid and the Shoe Store. “Do you think she did this on purpose?” Then she told them about what she had overheard.

“She’s a little daft, but would she go and hurt her friends like this?” Queried Ygg.

Ambril shrugged. “Are they really her friends?” She queried. “She’s not exactly well liked right?”

Ygg turned to her slowly. “Ya know she’s not me favorite person, that’s for sure. But poisoning half the town just to get her hands on some real estate.” He slowly shook his head. “That’s cold.”

Fern smoothed down the more playful strands of her hair. “We mustn’t jump to conclusions. Living alone as she has for so long, it can turn a person---bitter.” She nodded. “But to do this…she shook her head sadly. “Why don’t we keep an eye on her to see how she reacts? Ygg can do that easily. It may all have been an---accident.”

The cuckoo clock chimed in at eleven thirty making Fern jump. “Oh my! The time! We’d better hurry outside, it’s almost moonrise!” The old woman threw a shawl around her shouldersagain and scurried for the door. “Now be careful of the gnomes, since my nephew left, they’ve been so hard to repair.”

They all barreled through the back door and into the starlit garden.

It took a while before Ambril’s eyes adjusted to the darkness. She shivered a bit. Beyond Fern’s garden loomed the dark outlines of the forest. Massive trees towered over her. She hadn’t been this near it since that first night and the Dullaith. She took a deep breath and willed herself to relax.

Fern’s garden at night was extraordinary. Trees embraced the house with feathery shadows and dappled the patio. But there was something else, something strange…an emotion in the air. She could almost taste the anticipation, the night seemed to be on holding it’s breath, waiting.

There were lots of gnomes around the garden in outlandish poses. There were a couple of them near where Sully and Ygg were setting up rickety folding chairs.

Ambril found Fern at her elbow nodding at the vines. “It’s a rare type of forget me not. We call it Navel-mundi, the navel of the world. It blooms just once a year. This is its big night!” Her eyes were bright as she looked into Ambril’s face. “And it is something you will never forget.”

“Hey you, the living statue. Quit acting like Bambi and come take a load off.” Sully was balancing herself precariously on a three-footed chair. She had pulled up a nearby gnome to prop herself up with. She pointed to the one next to her. There was a laughing gnome right beside it.

“My garage is one of the oldest buildings in Trelawnyd. In fact it was built long before any of these houses.” Fern looked at her neighbor’s houses built on either side of hers. “My nephew, Joe lived there awhile after your father. We took out the front wall and put in a garage door when your Dad decided to make it into his lab.” She continued and smiled at Ambril.

Ambril’s started, “You mean, my Dad worked in that old building?” She felt a little disappointed. “Is this where he did his experiments?”

Fern nodded watching her. “It doesn’t look like much, but your Dad worked well here. He thought he was really onto something too.” She said softly. “It was such a shame, you know. He was such a fine man, your Dad.”

Ambril felt a lump rise in her throat. So this was where he spent his time those last few years.

“Shh!” Hissed Sully. “Here comes the moon!” She pointed upward.

The moon could be seen peeking out from over the mountains. As the first of the moon’s rays hit the vine on the garage a thrumming sensation began all around Ambril. It came from deep in the ground, from the plants and trees and possibly from the air itself. The vine itself began to quiver in time with its rythm. When the moonlight touched them the buds turned their faces toward the moon slowly opened and unfolded into a perfect flower. They were iridescent and glowed with all colors at once. They petals cascaded out like a rose but a long arching stamen rose from its center. At the very tip was a dancing dot of light.

“Garn,” Ygg had his mouth open, amazed.

“That is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” whispered Sully next to Ambril.

“Coadsnigs!” Whispered a voice reverently at Ambril’s knee. But Ambril was too mesmerized by the flowers to take any notice.

There were two or three flowers that grew larger as she watched. The dots of light began to dance wildly, resonant with the thrum of the earth.

“My Goodness, just the three?” Warbled Fern her face of warren of wrinkles.

Ambril could hear sweet, velvety chimes all around now harmonizing with the rumbly, thrum underfoot. It came to Ambril just then that she was in the midst of a miraculous celebration of life. Three flowers had now grown to several times the size of the other flowers. Their dancing dots now were elongating and growing into something familiar something with two arms and legs. There were soon three perfectly formed six inch human figures revolving above the flowers.

The chimes grew louder and then all at once Ambril was aware of hundreds of dots of light surrounding them. But these, however, were fully formed little people hovering in the air watching the spinning, dancing beings within the flowers.

“Fairies!” Whispered Sully she was utterly enchanted with them and reached out a hand to touch. But the nearest fairy turned and gave her a vile look and swatted her hand away.

“Ouch!” Cried Sully as she pulled away. “Touchy little things aren’t they?”

“Watch now!” Fern pointed a shaky finger at the nearest light form.

The fairies had grouped themselves around each of the three forms. In the glow of the new being they looked happy and excited. Then fairies darted in toward the spinning being and spun out blurry fast in a dancing circle. They looked like hoops of light as they careened around the garden in a wild, mad dance. Ambril had to duck a couple of times as they zoomed too close. Then the thrumming changed its tempo and the dancers slowed until the beings were visible again. When they came to a stop there a newborn fairy in each group. The newborn fairies looked around in wonder. One of looked curiously at Ambril. Until one of her circle mates grimaced and whispered something to her. Her curiosity turned to mild disgust and she looked away.

“They don’t care for humans, that’s a fact.” Mused Fern. “They only tolerate us tonight because they have to be here, at this place to gather up their young.”

“What’s wrong with having the three? Is that not a good number?” asked Ambril as they watched the fairies greet the newcomers and then gradually float away.

Fern just shook her head sadly. “It used to be there would be fifty or sixty born every year this way.” She sighed and shrugged. “But lately, there have been so few.” Her voice trailed off and her face looked concerned and drawn.

“It be booglish, that be truth.” Said a voice by Ambril’s knee. The voice seemed to come from the happy garden gnome near her chair. But the gnome was now frowning. And then suddenly he cocked his head and smiled largely at her.

Ambril yelled and jumped up so fast she knocked over her chair and bumped the little ceramic man. “What! What are you?” She exclaimed.

Surprisingly it was Ygg who answered her. “That be Bummil.” Ygg nodded at the little guy. “Hiya Bummil.”

Bummil had drawn back looking puzzled.

“It’s O.K. you just take some gettin’ used to that’s all.” Said Ygg.

Bummil looked reproachfully at Ambril.

“I be no doolally.” He rubbed his elbow ruefully still looking at Ambril.

“He be speaking the old language a bit.” Continued Ygg and shook his head at Bummil. “He does it to look clever, I think.”

Bummil now transferred his reproachful glare to Ygg and continued to rub his elbow.

Ygg sighed. “Let’s have a look-see, then.”

Bummil sidled over to Ygg. “She be mostly batie or nay?” he stage whispered to Ygg as he dropped something into Ygg’s open hand.

“Nay, mostly. She’s right nice.” Ygg said and held a small chip of red ceramic to the light. “Lucky thing I brought me glue.” He motioned to Bummil to give him his arm as he pulled out a small tube.

Bummil somewhat reluctantly complied raising his elbow in Ygg’s general direction exposing a jagged white spot where the chip belonged. Ygg applied a bit of glue and pressed the chip back into place. “There, good as new, or almost.” Ygg said as he clapped the gnome on the back.

“Not near almost!” Grumbled another voice. This time it was Sully who shot out of her chair. “Yikes!” Give a body some warning, will you?”

Her chair support had come to life and was grumpily removing his toe from underneath her chair leg. He gave it a shove and it clattered to the ground. “That’s much better.” He said with a satisfied sigh. “You best watch who you be using to prop up yourself, Missy!”

“You know you let her, Baldot.” Ygg squinted at the gnome stretching his arms and trying to look innocent. “You could a cleared your throat politely and asked her to move.”

Baldot grinned. “Ya, you be right there, Ygg, I love to see human-kind jump and jibber.” He put up a hand to straighten his cap. “Sometimes, it’s bout all they’s good for.” A faint crack was heard. “Garn! Oh fer Fixit Joe!”

Ygg was up and pulled the little gnome over to the porch light. “Is it the same place we mended yester week?” he asked.

“It be so. So you see why t’ain’t near good as new. Not near!” He said patting his hat gingerly.

Okay, Let me get this straight,” Sully came up behind Ygg and looked over his shoulder at Baldot. “These little toy men---”

“Gnomes, if you please!”

“These---gnomes are alive, I guess, but they break a lot because they are made of the same stuff my Grandmother’s china is made of---“

“More or less, you see lass fine china consists of a higher ratio of---“ Another gnome with a long curly beard and little round glasses trotted up.

“Let’s leave the technical stuff alone for now Blagoor, if you please---“ said Ygg as he examined the new old crack on Baldot’s cap.

Sully rolled her eyes. “Okay, where was I? Oh yeah, the gnomes break and you fix them with superstrength glue.” She grabbed the tube from his hand. “Right! My Dad swears by it.” She said handing the tube back to Ygg. “But he just fixes lamps and tea cups that don’t, um, ‘jump and jibber’ and stuff.” She continued eyeballing Ygg. “YOU, are fixing a live---,” here she looked a bit confused. “ceramic---person.”

“GNOME!” Shouted Baldot up at her. “What are ya daft? And WE don’t jump and jibber, human-kind do that! He pulled at his red waistcoat. We Gnomes are much more refined, don’t you know, We…sashay and dosey-doe and the like.” Baldot plunked along the patio making a tink-tink sound with every step. Ambril thought sashay did not come to mind. He looked and sounded more like a two-legged baby goat.

Sully gave Baldot a dirty look. “I was about to say that maybe we could look for something better.” She stared daggers at the grumpy gnome. “But seeing as we’re just human-kind that are only good at jumping and jibbering---“

“Ya mean you’d really try and help us?” Bummil stared at her almost worshipfully.

“I take all of that back, of course you be different, you bein’ a better class of human-kind.” Smiled Baldot showing five chipped teeth.

Sully cringed. “I liked you better rude and obnoxious.” But you could see she had gotten an idea. “I’ll get our remedy book.” She said raced back into the kitchen and returned with the Astarte. She sat down on the steps and read through the index in the porch light. “Here! This might work!” She turned quickly to a page titled “Smart Lip glue.” She read. “Especially effective on annoying little mouthy grumps who---“

“Sully!” Said Ygg, “Stop playing games and getting their hopes up,” Ygg yawned. “Besides, I’m tired and want to get to bed.”

“O.K.,” sighed Sully her head still immersed in the book.

Baldot snorted at her in disgust and turned away.

“But I really do think there might be something in here that would be worth a try.” She mused reading through a couple of pages. “I’ll have another look tomorrow.” She yawned suddenly. “I’m getting tired too.”

Ambril’s eyelids were beginning to droop as well. “Let’s talk tomorrow… Saturday, right?” She continued. “Lunch at the Gazebo?”

Ygg and Sully both nodded as they collected their things and turned to go.

“Night Miss Fern, it was fantastic.” Said Ygg.

“I’m glad you three came by.” Said Fern smiling. “Don’t forget your tea remedy, Ygg.” She said handing him a large brown bag.

“I can’t be meeting you tomorrow, I’ll be delivering this stuff all afternoon.” Ygg looked crestfallen.

“Oh well, we can try and find a cure for the gnomes next week then---“ began Ambril.

“No, no wait, what is it needs delivering?” Baldot trotted up to Ygg and put his hands where his waist would have been had he not been so fat.

“You’ll find Baldot and his friends really get into things.” Fern nodded. “Lock or no lock.” She smiled down at Bummil. “Right?”

“Right you are!” Crowed Bummil. “We’ll do the delivering and you do the glue making, deal?” He twinkled up at Ygg.

Ygg nodded his head, pleasantly surprised. “Alright then, if Miss Fern says you aren’t no Booglish lay bouts, then I believe it.” He jerked his head sideways at Sully and Ambril. “No need to stay you two. I’ll just explain what needs to be done to these little tykes---“

“Tykes! Who you calling tykes! Yelled Baldot. “I be at least 350 years old!”

“Yeah well you still act like your eight so pipe down!” Growled Ygg as he scooched down on his knees and was soon surrounded by little red capped gnomes.

“Here’s what we be needing done---“

“I wonder whatever happened to Mrs. Flood?” Asked Sully as they turned to go.

Fern just smiled and pointed to the house next door. “She’s quite enjoying herself just now.” She said. “Though she’ll be feeling a few bumps and bruises tomorrow.”

Silhouetted by the moon’s light there stood Mrs. Flood, on top of her house twirling on her weather vane.

“That is some kind of tea, Miss Fern,” said Ambril admiringly.

“I’ll say,” nodded Sully.

**Chapter 26 The Gazebo Garden**

Noon found Ambril coasting to a stop at the Gazebo. She was a little early so she thought she’d look around a bit. It was her family’s place so why not?

She struggled to free a huge bag of food from her basket. Mrs. Sweetgum had been very generous. Something hard banged against her hipbone.

Oww!” she yelled as fLit’s head emerged from the bag. “How did you get in there!” Grumbled Ambril. “You have to behave yourself, you know. My friends are already sick of you.”

She left everything in the gazebo and skipped down the steps to do some exploring. It felt a llittle dangerous. After last night, she wasn’t sure what she’d find.

The garden was a sad, tangled, wondrous mess. The flagstone path before her was utterly choked with the tiniest of pink flowers. The stones themselves tipped and turned every which way. Ambril ducked under a frilly bush with what looked like beach umbrella’s hanging from it and tryed following the path. The sweet smell of lilacs hung heavy in the air as she came up against a bristly hedge with nuts the size of her head. She retraced her steps and tried again only to get entangled in a curtain of sticky tendrils that smelled like old socks. Defeated she trudged back to the gazebo.

Ambril sighed as she leaned up against one of its pillars. Perhaps when Ygg and Sully arrived they go out together. Then something pinched her. She jumped back to find a familiar and not particularly welcome flower.

“Hey!” said Ambril nervously. “Um--- are you a friend of Rosebud’s?”

The bud vigorously nodded its head.

“But you aren’t really---a rose---right? You’re a…Navel-Mundi, am I right?”

The bud shrugged and drifted nearer. Ambril felt a sharp pain in her ankle.

“Ouch! What the---“ It was fLit. He kicked at her again in the chin and it really hurt. “Knock it off you dopey robot! “ She grabbed her leg and hopped around a bit. “Why did you---Whoops!” She lost her balance and fell facedown into some weeds just off the steps. She got a mouth-full of dirt. The buzz of the garden was louder there, but it had changed. It now sounded more like soft clicking noises.

“OOch, she’s a right lovey isn’t she?” Came a caustic voice.

“Gooorgeous!” Said another.

Ambril jumped up and looked around spitting out dirt as she did so. There was no one to be seen.  
Except for them teeny tiny stalks she has, she’d made a fine little tree, Yeah?” Said a third.

“Do you think she’s alright though? Jumping and spitting, kind of odd that!”

They sounded very much like the elderly school teachers who had lived neaxt door a few years back. They constantly quibbled with each other. But when one passed away suddenly, the others had mourned themselves into a nursing home nearly overnight. But why would three old ladies be here? Ambril stooped down to brush off her pants---and froze.

“There, she finally spotted us.” Said the first one.

Ambril just stared not at all sure what she was seeing was real.

“She don’t say much does she.” Said another.

There at the base of the gazebo pillar were three lumpy, turnip-like growths. They sem to be a part of the massive Navel Mundi vine which wound it’s way up the gazebo pillar overhead. Each had small pinprick eyes just above a long wrinkle, which seemed to serve as their mouths. They were all knitting furiously on the same blanket. One of them had a pair of old fashioned spectacles through which she squinted at Ambril.

“It needs more pink!” The one on the right trilled.

“It always needs more pink according to you.” Groused the large root in the center.

The one on the left rudely snatched the spectacles and peered at Ambril now very intently, working her wrinkle mouth. “She is a lovey though,” she sighed. “Why is it always the nice ones who gets it so hard?”

“Done are we?” Said the one on the right. She held up the blanket they’d been working on. It seemed to be woven of the same tiny pink flowers that were growing all around the gazebo.

“It’s beautiful!” Gasped Ambril.

The one on the right gave her a curious look. “Ah she can talk! That’s fine, maybe she can helps us then?” She then threw the blanket at her.

“Just spread it out over there, Deary.” Said the left one pointing with a tendril at a bare patch near the edge of the path. “We hates the ugly spots.”

“Hates ‘em, we do.” Echoed the right one.

Ambril fingered the blanket and felt again a thrum of life running through it. The tiny flowers turned toward her and began to glow.

“Well look there! They likes her!”

“Can’t work out why, really, she’s as dull as a patch of pigsweed.” Groused the larger sister.

“Don’t be silly, they likes her, I likes her!” Said the one on the right defensively.

Ambril hesitantly took the flower blanket over to the bare patch of ground. She spread it out and tried to smooth out the wrinkles as best she could. The flowers instantly took root, a little too fast for Ambril.

“Look out!” said the center one pointing a tendril at Ambril’s right foot. The carpet had overlapped her toe and was beginning to tack it to the ground.

“Yikes!” She exclaimed and pulled at it hard. After a few moments she was able to rip her shoe free. Ambril found that the flower tendrils had grown right through her shoe.

“Well she almost got it right.” Said the left one. There was another pause as they watched Ambril pick out the bits of plant from her shoe. “I think she might have gone a bit soft in the head, you or maybe rotten around the middle?”

“That would explain it, yeah.” The middle one sucked in her wrinkle mouth as she ripped the glasses from her sister’s face. “She’ll be lunch to one of them if she doesn’t smarten up right quick.”

“Not even, just a mid-morning snacky.” Nodded the left one.

“She doesn’t stands a chance.” Sighed the right one.

“Excuse me, but I’m not---soft or rotten.” Broke in Ambril somewhat huffily. “My name is Ambril. This used to be my grandmother’s house---and---just who are you?”

“Well no need to get all tangled up about it.” Said the middle one glaring at her over the top of the spectacles.

The one on the right casually reached over and jerked the glasses off her face.

“Sorry lovey, it’s just we’re nots used to any human-kind seeing us.”

“It must be the Glain.” Mused the middle one.

“No, no she’s ones of foursies, she is,” said the one on the right. “Look close now!” She said and whacked her bigger sister with the spectacles.

Her sister took them without comment and peered once again at Ambril. “Oh, yes, ones of fours, my, my.” She said eyeing Ambril up and down and then again.

“So who and---what are you exactly?” Asked Ambril.

“Weeelll, you can call us Aunties if you like.” Said the middle one. She looked owlish with the glasses scrunched up close to her eyes. Her tendril fingers reached out and brushed aside some of Ambril’s curly hair. “It’s a shame---“

“Now, now, it is just what’s been foretold.” Said the left one. “You know they don’t always get it right.”

The center one huffed. “What you’ve gone rotten in the head, have you?” “They’ve only missed it once in all the years we’ve---“

“Once is enough, and you know that one was a doosey! ” Said the left one as she tried unsuccessfully to grab the glasses.

“Let’s give her the riddle,” said the one on the right as they all three resumed knitting.

The left one gave a little jump. “Oh yes, we can do that at least!” She nodded so vigorously she caused minor landslides near her.

The center one stared intently at Ambril through the glasses. “I supposed we could do a riddle at least.”

“What are you talking about, what riddle?” asked Ambril completely at sea.

“That’s our problem, lovey, we can’t tell you.” Said the center one nodding sagely. “We’re can’t tell what we can see.”

“We sees the future and the past and the present all smushed together, don’t you know.” Said the one on the left softly. “But we can’t tells, we can’t says…at least not directly.” She said with a twinkle.

One day you’ll meet a little green man.” Said the left one.

“A green man with a somethings in his pockets.” Offered the center one.

“He’ll ask you a riddle and you’ll not know the answer, no one ever knows it.” Said the left one. “He thinks he’s so clever.” She scoffed. “So you’ll make a guess.”

“But we’ll tell you now.” The center one put in. “So you bests him.”

“Cause we hates him.” Said the one on the left nodding vigorously.

“Hates ‘em, so true. He’s worse than bare patches.” Echoed the right one.

The center one stretched herself until she was inches from Ambril’s face. “It’s daybreak and nightfall.” She whispered her breath smelling of fresh turned soil.

“What is?” asked Ambril.

“The answer is.” Said the center one squinting at her ruefully. “Are you sure she’s alright? She seems quite slow doesn’t she.” And then loudly and clearly to Ambril “Do try and keep up!”

“Day break and nightfall is the answer, I get it.” Said Ambril but what’s the riddle? And who is this green guy?”

“We can’t tells no more.” Said the left one busily putting her knitting needles away.

“We gots to go Deary.” Said the middle one and began wiggling vigorously in the dirt. “We’ve so much to do at this time of year.” She seemed to be shriveling right before Ambril’s eyes.

“Wait, I’m confused about---” asked Ambril.

“No time---lovey---” Whispered the one on the right. And they all wriggled out of sight. The last to go was a large wrinkled smile on one of vine.

“Ambril?” It was Sully calling from across the gazebo.

“I just had the weirdest experience.” Ambril said.

“What like run-of-the-mill weird or run for your life weird?” Asked Sully as she plopped down on the steps.

Ambril paused to scratch her head. “Was I just not paying attention before?”

“That’s about the size of it.” Said a grouchy voice at her knee.

Ambril and Sully jumped and looked down to find Baldot and Bummil standing waist deep in daisies. There were several other gnomes popping out of the bushes.

“This garden’s a disgrace, you know!” Baldot yelled after them. “We been doing a bit a work here this morning and I’d like to hogtie whoever let it get so very bad.” He continued staring daggers at Ambril.

“Don’t look at me,” she said innocently. “I’m just a kid! But thanks and if you want to continue, please do.”

Bummil’s face was wreathed in smiles. “Ya mean, we can work here too?” He asked as if Christmas and his Birthday had come on the same day.

“Ah sure!” Said Ambril.

“Did ya get all them deliveries done?” Ygg came up just then.

Baldot snorted. “Almost as easy as a lay about afternoon!” He scoffed but then grinned up at Ygg. “We even snuck some into the old biddy’s tea! Dried up old Newt that she is.”

Ygg’s face turned thunderous. “I told ya to stay away from her! She don’t cotton to magic folk.” Ygg’s face grew taunt. “If’n she even get’s the idea that I was the one to switch things, I’d be out on me hoochalally and then what’ll I do?”

“Well you could stay with us at the farm.” Piped up Sully. “We can always use some extra hands---and hoochalallies.”

But Ygg didn’t smile. “Nah, I canna.” Said Ygg. “They’d send me off home as I’m still not of age.” He bent down to the ceramic men who now looked very uncomfortable.

“So ya better not do anything that might make her suspicious.” He continued and wagged his finger at both of them.

“The old buzzard didn’t see and it had no affect on the likes of her anyway. Some folks are hopeless.” Baldot continued with a shrug. Pity that, I’d a like to see her doing somersaults down the stairs like old Mrs. Dogwood.”

“Wait, what was that?” Asked Sully.

Ygg sighed heavily. “It’s true, the tea’s still a bit on the strong side.” He smiled involuntarily. “The old folks are acting a tad foolish. I hope they willna be doin’ any lasting damage once the tea wears thin.”

“Do we know how long that will be?” Asked Ambril.

“Not a clue.” Sully shook her head. “We should check to see if Mrs. Flood is back to normal and then---“

“No time for that now!” Said Baldot hastily. “The oldsters will be none the worse for wear, I reckon.” “YOU need to be making some fixit juice now to hold up your part of the bargain.”

Ambril nodded. That was for sure. In the bright sunlight she could see clearly where the little ceramic men were riddled with cracks where they had been mended.

Sully suddenly looked a little sick and motioned to Ygg and Ambril as she slipped back into the gazebo. “We’ll get right on that.”

“Yeah, yeah, we will.” Mumbled Ygg as he and Ambril followed her.

Sully sat down heavily on a bench and pulled out the Astarte, now bristling with bookmarks. “We have a problem.” Sully began as she opened the book and removed the first bookmark. “I found a bunch of remedies that I think might work.” but then she frowned. “But these plants---,” she cleared her throat and read: “Leaflets from Vixen Brill? Fiber from a Bomber Nut? And my personal favorite: A Beaker of Gooberous Slag.” Sully shrugged her shoulders. “I haven’t got a clue where we can find this stuff, and I’m sort of hazy as to what a beaker is.” She hunched over the book a bit more.

“I think we use beakers in science, you know those cup thingies.” Said Ambril.

“Hey, get out a there, you’ll damaging its teeth!” Baldot yelled from the garden. There seemed to be quite a commotion.

Ambril jumped up to find that one of the beach umbrella flowers had swooped down and snatched up something. It grated and clunked as it chewed. She groaned as she caught sight of two flailing red metal legs.

“This be not your average patch of petunias is it?” Mused Ygg.

“fLit again.” Muttered Sully.

“Why didn’t you leave him home?” Groused Ygg.

“I did, he stowed away in the picnic basket.” Ambril said sheepishly.

“No offense, that is the stupidest smart robot I’ve every met.” Said Sully as Ambril jumped up to help the gnomes.

Baldot and the other gnomes had armed themselves with sticks and ropes. They managed to snag one of fLit’s legs and three of the gnomes were pulling down hard. The flower was pulling back the other way refusing to let the robot go.

“This one’s called a Brellie plant on account of the umbrellie flowers. But never you mind, missy, we’ve got him sorted.” Baldot said waving her back. “You’ll just make more of a mess of it.”

Ambril was jostled out of the way as some of the other gnomes began to tickle the flower just under the blossom with bunches of soft grass while carefully avoiding the leaves of the plant, which were vigorously trying to whack them. One gnome failed at this and sailed off over her head. He landed in a tangle of brambles but scrambled out immediately and grabbing a stick, went back in. These gnomes were warrior gardeners.

But then the plant did start to giggle a bit, then a little more and soon it was laughing until with a belch it spit out the robot. The three gnomes pulling on the rope suddenly lost their balance and fell backwards, their stubby little feet flailing.

The blossom had had enough of everything and snapped its stem with resolve. It sucked in a large amount of air and them blew it out in a whoosh launching itself into space.

“Look at Boocher, he be flying!” Shouted Bummil. Sure enough, Boocher an extraordinarily fat gnome had gotten his foot caught in a rope and dangled below the escaping Brelie.

“Stand back!” Yelled Baldot as he twirled a lasso over his head. He took aim and threw just managing to hook Boocher’s tasseled hat. The other gnomes piled on and pulled him to safety. But as he landed Ambril heard a loud crack.

“There be another half hour or work.” Groaned Ygg.

Flit, had flown over them and onto the gazebo where he had become entangled in the vines.

“What the heck is he on about!” shouted Baldot. “He should have more sense than to play at this!” He said marching over to just underneath the robot. “Come on out of there you, we see you plain as day!” He waved his fist at it.

“Sorry about that!” Stammered Ambril. “He’ll be a smart robot eventually, you see but he’s still learn---“

“Smart robot my checkered undies!” Snorted Baldot. “I know what he is, we don’t like his kind on principle.” He screwed up his face angrily. “They’re too sneaky to be trusted, we learned that well and good.”

“Come on, now, break it up!” Ygg said calmly he motioned with his head to the garden. “That big one there needs a bit of an attitude adjustment, don’t you think?” Asked Ygg.

Another Brellie had just slurped up another gnome and was chewing away on him.

“Coads nigs, that’s Blagoor!” Swore the gnome forgetting his anger. “Tickle just under the nape! Get his right leg lassoed, ya know, the left one broke last month!” And he was back in the fray.

Ambril turned back to the robot. She reached up and tugged and wiggled until she was able to pull him down. There was just one little vine wrapped stubbornly around his middle.

The ever more annoying fLit grabbed at Ambril’s neck hooking her medallion chain with his arm and bringing it out into the light.

It dazzled in the bright sunlight.

“Wow, I forgot you even had that!” Said Sully admiringly.

The moment the Medallion connected with the budding vine Ambril felt the thrum of the garden heighten and pulse right through her to combine with the bright energy of her medallion. The bud on the vine flew opened. And there was the beautiful flower she had seen just the night before. The air was filled with the scents of lavender and lilac.

But there was something else there; a presence watching her. One that did not wish her any favor. She felt ill and overexposed. She cringed and her hand went instinctively for the medallion. Instantly a curtain of dense fog embraced her protectively and the evil was forced away.

When she opened her eyes Ygg and Sully were staring at her.

“So, what was that about?” asked Ygg slowly.

“You sort of---faded---we could see through you.” Said Sully.

Ambril was shocked. “Really? It feels like I go to another place---or I have one foot there and one here.” She said softly. “But this time, there was this other---thing---there.”

“What sort of thing?” asked Ygg.

Ambril shrugged. “Search me, but I could tell it didn’t like me.

“Master Ygg, we need you! “ There was quick tap tapping of ceramic boots on stone. It was Bummil motioning to Ygg.

“Boocher’s in a bad way, Mr. Ygg.” He huffed out of breath.

The three friends followed Bummil down the pathway to where Boocher lay on the ground looking concerned but not in pain. His left leg had been cracked.

“I just fell and hit this here marker right hard is all. Can you fix me up Master Ygg?” Boocher asked anxiously peering over his expansive belly.

“We’ll have you right as rain soon enough.” Ygg said easily.

He pulled out his tube of glue and knelt down to attend to the little fat man.

“Marker? What Marker?” Asked Sully.

“Well if you weren’t always gazing off into the distance like so many donkeys you’d a’ seen them by now.” Groused Baldot scornfully. He walked over and tapped one of the gray stones that lined the garden paths. It sat up a bit higher than the others.

Ambril and Sully bent down to get a better look. Ambril brushed aside some spent flower petals and found a name carved in the stone. “Sweet Collar Bramble.” She read out. “Uses: Sour throats and Adams Apple maladies.” The plant consisted of long velvety scarf like vines which smelled like cough syrup.

“Look there’s another one!” Cried Sully.

Looking down the pathway, Ambril could see many such stones. There was one next to Ambril’s knee. She read out, “Vixen Brill.”

“Hey! That’s one we need!” Cried Sully excitedly.

The gnomes had already cleared out around the Vixen Brill. It was a compact, frilly plant with black tipped seedpods on long stalks waving high above the greenery.

“Great! I’ll just grab a few of leaves.” Said Sully and reached out but just as quickly snatched it back. “Ouch!” She yipped. “It’s prickly!”

“Prickly my patutee! A sight more than that!” Snorted Baldot coming up behind them. “That be VIXEN Brill, you daft little tots! Vixen as in fox!” It’ll slice off your fingers in half a second.” He continued “You were just plain lucky there. See, look at them teeth!” He pointed at one of the seedpods. Ambril could now see that the seed pod was shaped like a fox head. It barred its vicious, needle-like teeth at them as it weaved and bobbed. Ambril thought it wanted more than just a finger. Suddenly one of them lashed out and ripped Ambril’s sleeve before she could scramble out of the way. She lost her balance and flattened herself on the path right next to Baldot.

Baldot and some of the other gnomes laughed.

Ambril tried to remember why she had ever thought garden gnomes were cute as she struggled to her feet and brushed herself off. “I guess we won’t be making any fix-it juice.” She said tight-lipped. “Because it calls for Vixen Brill. Sully and I aren’t feeling much like losing our fingers for you ungrateful louses.”

Baldot jumped. “Don’t get your knickers in a knot! We were just having a bit of fun.” He said not the least bit apologetically. He turned to some of the gnomes still laughing and giggling. “Boys! Bring the lambs ear!” He commanded.

One of them trotted off and came back with a handful of soft, fuzzy things. They were gray and fuzzy and shaped just like lambs ears.

“They aren’t---not really from cute little---“ said Sully apprehensively.

Baldot looked offended. “Nay, that’s a right disgusting thought, that is. Lambs Ear is a plant, don’t you know.” Still looking disgusted, Baldot got right to work and tied some of the leaves to a stick, which he began to swing in front of the vixen flower pods.

“They love this stuff! Can’t resist it.” He said as he began to inch sideways. “So I’ll be, distracting the pods while you go in and grab some of the greens, right?” He said his eyes not leaving the seedpods.

The pods stopped snapping at Ambril and Sully and went into hunting mode, their heads down eyeing the lamb’s ear leaves. One or two of them jabbed at it viciously. After a few tries, one of them came away with a fuzzy leaf. The others watched jealously as it chewed and swallowed and then went back for more.

“We ain’t got all day!” Panted Baldot as one of the pods narrowly missed his right elbow.

Ambril and Sully stealthily inched closer to the plant. “I guess the Brill part is the green stuff then.” Whispered Ambril. “Boy, the gnomes sure know a lot about these plants.”

Sully nodded. “Well yeah, they’ve been---helpful. But I still think they are the rudest, nastiest garden ornaments I’ve ever met,” groused Sully.

They had gotten well off the path and were within grabbing range. “Okay, on three, then.” Said Ambril. “One, two---“ they both lunged at the plant together and both came away with a handful of leaves they raced back to the path with the seed pods snapping at their heels.

Whew!” said Sully waving her leaves. “Success!” They stuffed them all into a bag.

“There’s more we need.” Ambril. Said to Baldot “Can you tell me if there’s any---“

“Slag Fern, we need the Gooberous part and the fiber from a Bomber Nut---medium sized one.” Sully put in.

Baldot smirked. “JUST the fiber, ay?” He laughed. “Piece of cake, I’ll let you grab those then.” He said rolling his eyes. He turned and trotted off down the path. “Just ahead!” He called over his shoulder as he rounded a bend.

Sully and Ambril ducked through an archway and down another path. Here the gnomes really had gotten busy. The pathways had been cleared and swept, the soil dug around each of the plants and there were groups of gnomes pruning or trying to prune some of the more unruly plants.

“Watch it Bandler!” Yelled Baldot as a ragged, petulant lion’s head snapped viciously at a gnome armed with some gardening shears. “Just give him a little trim to start! Some of these plants have been left so long to fend for themselves they’ve gone well and truly wild!” He grumbled.

There was a nother group of gnomes with palm leaves strapped on like armor. They were trying to wekd around a smelly plant with clusters of yellow-green berries.

“Watch it Barmie!” Baldot yelled just as one of the berries burst open raining a yellowish gel all over him. It smelled like a herd of unwashed Camels. He gel stretched itself to the ground and hardened instantly anchoring poor Barmie to the spot.

“Get the water then!” Shouted Bummil.

Baldot continued down the path unconcerned. “He’ll be all right just as soon as the Gel is washed off.” He cupped his hands over his mouth. “Hey Blagoor! We’ll be needing some of the Goober from that Slag Fern!”

Blagoor was weaving and bobbing in front of an enormous purple plant with tightly wrapped leaves. A large seedpod snaked towards him hissed angrily. Nearby another gnome was lazily swinging a lasso around his head.

“Anytime there Beedle no hurry.” Said Blagoor sarcastically as he dove to one side. The seedpod lunged for him but plowed into the earth instead. It came up spitting and screeched in frustration. Boocher almost lazily let the lasso fly and watched it settle over the seedpod and tighten around its stem.

“There, now Blagoor you can stop your dancing.” Boocher chuckled as he pulled on the rope. The seedpod struggled fruitlessly as the entire plant began to tip forward as if it was hinged at the base. “Get your beaker ready then!” Boocher said to Sully.

Sully looked blank. “Oh, sorry, but I haven’t got a beaker.”

“Maybe we could use a pail or something? You got one of those?” he said unruffled.

“Well no.”

Baldot snorted and rolled his eyes. “What would you be doing without us?”

“We’d not be making fixit juice for a bunch of nasty gnomes.” Sully said peeved.

Baldot muttered something under his breath. Then he went over to the bristly hedge that Ambril had comepup against earlier and picked off a nut the size of a basketball. He unhurriedly found a pointy stone marker and neatly cracked the nut in two.

Inside was a shiny black ball that immediately started fizzing and smoking. Ambril could hear a faint ticking noise which seemed to be growing louder.

“Cragnuts! These Bomber Nuts are overripe!” Muttered Baldot as he picked up the black ball and started tossing it between his hands looking wildly around. “Fire in the Slime!” He yelled. All the gnomes scrambled for cover. Too late, Ambril and Sully tried to follow their lead. With a squelchy boom, the Bomber Nut exploded. Almost immediately the slime rained down on everything including Ambril and Sully.

They were instantly coated with what looked and felt like Lime Jell-O. But it smelled disgusting, like Cow farts.

For the second time that day the gnomes roared with laughter. Baldot giggled as he threw Ambril something the size and shape of a bike helmet.

“Here you go, it be a B---Bomber Nut.” He finally got out.

Sully sighed and started to scrape the slime off herself and into the nutshell.

“Now wait there, you be needing the fiber inside.” Baldot said still chuckling.

Ambril reached inside and pulled out handfuls of what looked like greasy brown Orangatang hair. It smelled like Orangatangs too. Ambril made a face.

“Who knew that doing magic would be so---revolting?” Complained Sully.

Ambril stuffed wads of the fiber into Sully’s bag and then filled the nutshell with the slime they scdraped from their clothes.

“Yuk!” Said Sully gagging. It tastes worse than it smells!”

Ambril didn’t think that was possible but decided not to test it out.

“We need to wash this stuff off NOW!” Said Sully looking around. “Where’s a hose?”

“There be a pond by the gazebo, but you don’t want to use that---“ Baldot said.

“Relax, we’re not afraid of frogs and we can handle snakes, right Ambril?”

“Well this be a little bit diff----“

“We’ll figure it out.” Said Sully waving him off dismissively.

They squelched back down the path. It really was more like a small lake fed by a waterfall straight out from under the Trelawnyd Wall. The water was a tropical blue-green color.

“It’s beautiful! Like a postcard.“ Said Sully.

They didn’t bother to take off their clothes but jumped right in. The water cooled Ambril’s sticky, slime covered body. She ducked under water and swam out toward the center of the lake. The water was clear and clean with long ropy streams of bright green slime running everwhere. The lake became surprisingly deep at the center. A perfect place for a sea monster. She smiled to herself. She had been afraid of Sea Monsters when she was younger. She surfaced to get some air.

“Isn’t this great!” Sully exclaimed floating on her back. Wish we could spend all afternoon here, but…” She started paddling back towards the shore. “Coming?”

Ambril nodded and dove down again. She glided through the serene water. It felt as if nothing could hurt her---until it happened. An enormous eye floated up next to her. Ambril was so stunned all she could do was blink at it. Then it blinked back.

She madly scrambled away from it. She fought her way to the surface and swam like mad for the shore. Reaching it she scrambled out sputtering and coughing and hugged herself.

“Wow, what are you raining for the Olympics now? I’ve never seen anyone swim so fast. What’s wrong?”

Ambril took the clothes still staring at the lake. “I---I think I saw a Sea Monster.” She said shivering.

“Did it come after you? Try and eat you?” Asked Sully anxiously.

“No, it just sort of---blinked at me.”

Sully reared back and looked at her skeptically then chuckled. “It---blinked at you. Come on, just today we’ve been snapped at by vixens, escaped an explosion, slimed with something that hopefully isn’t toxic---and you’re terrified by something---blinking at you?” Asked Sully.

“It was a pretty big eye!” Said Ambril defensively.

“Yes, the horrible blinking eye….Whooooo!” Said Sully as they threw off her clothes and laid them out on a nearby bush. Sully handed her some dry clothes. “The gnomes dug these up from somewhere. We can wear these while ours dry.”

“You don’t believe me.” Said Ambril getting defensive.

“Look I’m just saying that this garden is filled with wacky creatures, some good and some bad. This one didn’t try to eat you so this one sounds like a good one.” Sully smiled ruefully at her wet sneakers. “Let’s hope these dry quickly.”

They walked over to the gazebo their shoes making a smulching sound.

“I think memories of this place are getting jarred awake.” Continued Ambril as she followed her friend over to the gazebo. “This sounds strange but I think I recognized that thing.”

Sully smirked. “You think you met this Sea Monster before? What in a black lagoon or on an alien planet?”

Ambril realized she was sounding goofy. “All right, forget it. Let’s have lunch.”

**Chapter 26 Fixit Juice**

They found Ygg well into his second sandwich. “What took ya?” He asked.

Ambril sighed, “it’s a long story, too long. Pass the grapes please.”

And they ate until they were full to bursting. Then they lay back on the warm stone benches and fell asleep. The sun dawdled that afternoon Ambril recalled later. The golden afternoon stretched as she yawned and sat up slowly.

Sully was awake too. “This stuff is soooo sticky!”

“Stickiness is perfect for Fixit juice.” Said Ygg as he rooted through the lunch leavings.

“You’ve eaten everything all ready, vacuum-mouth.” Said Sully.

Ygg was looking less stretched these days. Ambril decided to bring even bigger lunches from now on. Sully knocked on her head sideways and another slime ball dropped out of her ear and bounded off like a super ball.

“Uh oh,” she said pointing at it. “Look it’s starting to morph! We’d better get to work.” She opened the Astarte and read:

“Fixit Juice, recipe #158,” then continued to read silently. “So, it seems pretty straightforward.” She said after a pause. “We just put all this stuff together and stir.” She continued to read. “There is something weird though, something about a shot of--- life energy?” She looked mystified. “We’ll just have to wing that part.” Sully turned and rubbed her hands together smiling at Ambril and Ygg. “Ready?”

The Gnomes had brought over the biggest Bomber Nutshell they could find. It was half of a large boulder and refused to sit straight.

Sully was reading through the recipe once again. “We’ll start with the easy stuff first.” She said and dumped out the contents of the bag. Under all the Bomber Nut fiber and Vixen Brill was a cllump of wilting leaves. “From my Mom’s herb garden.” Said Sully putting a finger to her lips. “She’d kill me if she caught me in there.” She started sorting through the greenery.

“So, we’ll put in lots of thyme--- I guess you want it to last.” She smirked and threw in sprigs with small green leaves and tiny pink flowers.

“Next, some Speedwell, to make it fast acting---let’s see---ah! Here it is!” She said rummaging through her pile of greenery. “Five strands with buds.” She threw in some purple flowers.

“Four flower heads of Everlasting.” Sully continued extracting some yellow and orange flowers and tossing them in carelessly. “And three drops of Milk Weed.” She held up a stiff stock and snapped it in two and squeezed out three milky drops.

“Seven leaves from a cast-iron plant.” She said and holding up a bunch of thick green blades, she began to shred them into the shell. “I got lucky, we had these in our front yard.”

Ambril found a stick and skeptically stirred up the leaves. Nothing seemed to be happening. It looked like a mash of leaves and flowers. This was like making mud pies.

“Okay! Now we move onto the more interesting stuff.” Said Sully and unceremoniously dumped in the Bomber Nut fiber and the Vixen Brill.

There was a fizzing sound as they landed in the nutshell, followed by a lot of yellow smoke which smelled like rotten eggs.

“Now hold your noses, it’s going to get a whole lot worse.” Sully held up the Gooberish slime. It belched a jet a hot pink steam. She poured it all in. Some of it hung in long gooberish dangles from its container until Sully gave it a firm shake.

They all hastily stepped back as it began to bubble and steam in a big way. But when it didn’t explode, they snuck back and holding their breath peered into the pot. It was now a molten mess of greenish goo. It burped at them.

“Pee-Yew!” Coughed Ambril. It stank of dirty toilets and dead cats.

“How long will it keep doing this then?” Asked Ygg holding his nose.

Sully frowned and consulted the Astarte again. “It doesn’t say. There’s just the one thing more,” she said uncertainly. “The life-energy thing. I suppose we could all join hands and meditate. I went to a wellness camp where we tapped into our life energy that way.” She shrugged sheepishly. “It didn’t really work for me, I just fell asleep.”

“What the---!” Shouted Baldot running up from the garden.

The remedy had begun to fizz and pop like firecrackers in Chinatown.

Sully dove back into the Astarte her nose less than an inch away from the page as if getting closer to it would help her understand. “It just says: A tap of life-energy---what the heck does that mean?” she said frustrated.

“Well, pumpkin, whatever it is you must be doing it now!” Said Baldot motioning to the top of the gazebo. “Can’t ya see anything you Dingslags? The vine is about all-in!”

Through the haze of the steam Ambril could see to her horror that Baldot was right. The noxious fumes had made the vibrant vine wilt. Ambril put her hand out to it. She felt a surge of energy and her medallion vibrated. An idea flashed through her head. She rummaged through her backpack and raced to the concoction which was still spewing nasty yellow smoke.

She pointed her Ashera at it.

“So what are you going to do with that?” Asked Ygg looking dubious.

Ambril held her nose as she bent down to touch the nutshell. “We hab to try somethig before we choke to death.”

“So what then do you think energizing thoughts? Like doing Yoga?” Asked Sully.

Baldot snorted behind them. “No, NO, you Dunderheads.” He scoffed.“ It’s sharing life power that sort a thing.”

She suddenly felt a little nervous. But practicing with fLit made it easier. Grasping the Ashera tightly in both hands she closed her eyes. The gray fog swirled all around her, focusing her attention on the energy around her. There near her heart was the warm brightness of the Ledrith Glain. She streamed energy through the Ashera and into the remedy. There was a loud boom and a brilliant flash of light inside Ambril’s head. But simultaneously a curious thing happened. She felt something grab hold of her and yank her sideways so hard it took her breath away.

She felt immediately cold and when she opened her eyes it was absolutely dark. And then she felt it again; the watchful, evil presence she had felt earlier in the gazebo. She opened her eyes wide and thought she saw something, a darker shadow in the darkness. She could make out the glint of its eyes, assessing her, judging her strength.

That she was in the presence of a powerful evil she had no doubt. It seemed to want to wring her life out of her, to consume her. She searched the darker space for some sense of what she was facing.

It was clearly not human and hadn’t been for some time. So jagged and pocked marked were its contours Ambril had to work to see that what it used as a mouth had wrinkled into a leer. She still had the Ashera in her hands and closed her eyes to look inward at this thing. She had to squint to look at glowed so fiercely. A brilliant, firy red flame. With shiny black eyes watching her.

“So it is time then,” It croaked. “You have what is mine, so kind of you to bring it to me.” Its laugh sent spiky chills through Ambril’s body.

The shadow seemed to grow larger as if it fed on her terror.

There was a tug on her neck. The creature had he medallion and was twisting it tight around her neck, chocking her. She struggled to free herself but the chain simply dug into her skin. The creature seemed to pause a moment.

“Your death is of no consequence, but the taking of this must be done carefully.”

Death? She was too young to die. She had a Mom and a brother. And she had friends. She had too much she wanted to do. Her head was getting fuzzy. She fell to her knees gasping, trying to break free. She wanted her friends and family---her Mom, Zane, Chao Feng, Sully, Ygg, Miss Fern, Mrs. Sweetgum, even fLit---

With an electric crack and the sound of bells a fairy bright with energy hovered within an inch of her nose. “I hope this hurts, you idiot.” He thought at her. He wasted no time, grabbed her by the nose (which hurt quite a lot) and yanked her back sideways. With a whoosh they were back in the brilliant sunlight. Ambril fell hard on the stone floor of the gazebo and just lay there breathing. She fingered her neck and felt the indentations where the chain had cut into her skin but fortunately no blood. She looked around her. The area around the Nutshell pot looked scorched and singed as if there had been an explosion. There were several gnomes clambering out of the bushes and trees as if they had been thrown up there. The fairy was nowhere to be seen.

Ygg found her first. “You scared us half to death! You were there one minute and the next minute, you were gone!”

Ambril was still breathing hard. “I was sort of yanked sideways into this cave. There was this really nasty---um---creature there.“

“Another Dullaith?” Asked Sully coming up behind Ygg.

“No, worse, much worse. He tried to take the Ledrith Glain from me.

“And tried to kill you in the process, right?” Asked Sully looking hard at the red marks on her neck.

Ambril felt cold just remembering it and hugged herself. “I couldn’t get my breath and then this fairy came and---“

“Fairy? A fairy came?” Baldot frowned. “Nasty little buggers, of course they’d be behind this.”

“No, no he helped me, he brought me back.”

Baldot laughed mirthlessly. “Well if’n a fairy really did come and help you, he must a done it by mistake.” He snorted. “Fairies haven’t been known to help any human-kind freely ever in the last several thousand years.” He shook his head. “Right little dizters, if you ask me.”

“Hey I think this mighta gotten in the way of things.” Blagoor trotted up with a badly mangled metal man. His head was askew, there were fresh dents on his legs and there was a piece of string tied around his middle. “Strangest thing. The chest cubby wouldn’t stay closed at first, but now it won’t open---and now it works again.”

Ambril took the robot and looked at it closely. She shook it gently and could hear the faint sound of ----bells. fLit’s head turned to look at her.

‘Um thanks, Blagoor, I’m sure it’s the wiring---or something.”

“Bob’s Bots can fix him.” Ygg nodded. “He can fix anything.”

“Except us,” grumbled Baldot and then brightened. “Speaking of that!”

Everyone suddenly remembered the remedy. The pot had stopped smoking. Everyone gathered around the concoction. Ambril was the last to look inside.

“Did it work?” She asked.

The mixture was crystal clear and glossy smooth. It smelled of earth and new rain. What an improvement.

“I guess we should test the stuff.” Said Ygg looking around.

“I’ll do it!”

No I’m volunteering!”

No, It be me first!”

All the gnomes were lining up and fighting with each other.

“Nay, No, Not you live un’s.” said Ygg. “What we need is a broken pot or---“

“How’s this?” asked Bummil pointing to a large earthenware jug nearly as big as himself that had been lying up against one of the stone pillars. It was a footed jug, three of them jutted out from the bottom for support and balance. A large piece of its handle was missing.

“I done that this morning while trying to water the Elli-plant.”

“Fine.” Said Ygg. He picked up the broken handle and dipped it in the Fixit juice and was about to fit it into the jug’s remaining handle when Baldot stopped him.

Taking off his cap he said solemnly, “Fixit Joe always said something ‘afore he fixed.”

Ygg looked a little lost. “You mean a prayer or something?” he asked

“More like a request.” Baldot shrugged. “Like he was asking for a little help.”

Ygg shrugged. “O.K. then, how’s this. Let this pot be all-together again. Um---please.” He said, and stuck the broken piece back where it belonged.

There was a soft click and the break lines between the broken piece and the pot’s handle glowed bright and sizzled. After a moment, it quieted and went still. Ygg ran his finger along the handle and smiled.

“Nary a crack to be seen!”

The gnomes roared their approval. One of them raised his severed arm and waved that as well.

Ygg gave the jug a really good shake. “Yep! It’s as good as---“ he started but stopped as he was knocked sideways. “Hey, what the---“

The jug had shaken itself and reared up on its clay feet. It seemed to be shaking its fisted handle at him.

“Well I’ll be jiggered and sold for scrap!” Said Baldot in surprise. “The thing’s alive!”

“And grouchy!” Said Bummil approvingly.

The jug stretched itself and wiggled its toes. It seemed to be itching for a fight. Fortunately Bummil seemed to know from experience how to deal with grouchy ceramic beings. He trotted up and after ducking a few times to avoid the handle fist swinging over his head he said matter-of-factly. “We need help carting the water around, don’t you know.” He stepped quickly to one side to evade a kick. “Do you think you might could use a job?”

The jug stopped to consider this.

Bummil didn’t wait. “Come and see then.” He said and walked down the steps and up the path beckoning to the jug to follow. It considered this a bit more and then reluctantly as if it couldn’t think of anything better to do, followed him.

“Well that’s a right fine jug, isn’t it?” Blagoor said admiringly. “Plenty of spirit.”

Ambril got the idea that being rude and grouchy was a show of strength to gnomes.

“Now, I want you to fix me.” Baldot turned to Ygg. “And I ain’t gonna take NO for an answer. We’ve been waiting years for Fixit Joe to return, I’ve given up on him. I’ll take my chances with this new stuff.”

Ygg stared at him for a moment and shrugged. “Well I guess we could try it on a little bit of you.” He said slowly.

Baldot grabbed the tip of his cap. “How’s this?” There was a small chip missing from the white tip.

“Okay, you dip it in yourself.” Said Ygg kneeling down next to the gnome.

The gnome walked up to the remedy but before he dipped in his cap he paused and said stiffly. “Make this old goat whole, and thank ye for it.” Then without hesitation he grasped the shell and jumped in headfirst. Ygg yelled and fished him out.

“What are you playing at?” Ygg growled as he held up the dripping gnome.

For a moment Ambril feared the worst. Baldot was stiff like a statue. His face frozen with his eyes squeezed shut as if he were holding his breath. Then all the mended parts of him began to glow and fizz just as they had on the jug and then grew quiet.

“Baldot?” asked Ambril anxiously. “Are you alright?” She bent down so their faces were eye to eye.

For a long moment there was no movement and then slowly his right eye---winked.

“Baldot! Can you hear us?” Yelled Ygg in his ear.

Baldot slowly unfroze his face and said sarcastically. “The great Trolls of the North can hear you, you Lumox!”

Ygg unceremoniously set him down.

Baldot began to stiffly move his head and then his arms and legs. “Am I fixed?” he said laughing. “I’m fixed!” He said as he jumped up and started skipping around.

“Hey boys! Look at me! It works!” He said doing a somersault.

The other gnomes cheered and made a mad dash for the remedy.

“Hold on there, now, let me help you before you tip it over!” Said Ygg battling through to the pot.

Ygg found himself dipping little ceramic men into the vat of goo until after dark. The gnomes were so appreciative that he just couldn’t find it in his heart to stop. Ambril and Sully left them at sunset. Both of them hardly said a word as they wound their way through the heavy overgrowth and through the hole in the hedge.

“I’m beat,” Sully yawned, “I think this was the best day I’ve ever had.”

Ambril stopped just short of agreeing with Sully remembering the dark cave.

“Hey! You want to stay for dinner?” She asked. “We’re having stuffed squash blossoms! I’m sure it’ll O.K. with my Mom.”

“Of course it is! Ambril can stay whenever she likes!” Ambril’s mother was heaving a basket over her garden gate filled with huge creamy blossoms. “You should stay Ambril. The Squash blossoms are gorgeous tonight!”

“Oh, they sure look---beautiful.” Said Ambril, at a loss for what to say. She tried to imagine stuffing one of those huge flowers into her mouth. Maybe when she was older.

“I’m really tired tonight so, I think I’ll just get on home. She said finally.

“Another time then!” Said Sully’s Mom as she headed for the kitchen door. “Sully! Don’t’ forget to park your bike BEHIND the garage. You’re Dad nearly ran it over with the tractor yesterday.” She said over her shoulder.

Sully winced and started walking her bike around the side of the barn.

“Se you tomorrow?” She asked.

“Yeah, tomorrow.” Ambril said as she shoved off and began the ride home. She certainly had a lot to think about. It had been an amazing day with some terrifying parts. Actually, truth be told, certain parts had been amazingly terrifying.

Her eyes went frequently to the backpack strapped to the front of her bike. She would have to sort that out when she got home. Zane was eating as usual when she stuck her head into the kitchen. Mrs. Sweetgum smiled as she handed her a plate of food. She dropped her pack right there and dug right in. It was heavenly. Mrs. Sweetgum was staring at her in amazement when she looked up.

“My what an appetite you have, my Dear.” Mrs. Sweetgum said with a smile. “Seconds?“

“Yeah!” said Zane lifting his plate eagerly.

I’m full, thanks.” Ambril yawned as she scooped up her backpack and took the stairs two at a time. After locking her door she swung her pack none too gently onto her bed.

“Alright, come on out of there!” She said sharply facing the pack.

She waited for a full minute. No reaction.

“Hiding isn’t going to work, I know you’re in there,” Ambril muttered angrily. “And I know what you are so,” Ambril shoved the backpack hard. “So show yourself!”

Still there was no reaction. Ambril was now officially angry.

“I guess I should thank you for your help today, but I don’t like being spied on and I really don’t like it when some one pretends to be something they’re not.” She sputtered. “SO GET OUT HERE!” She yelled and kicked the bag hard.

With a bang, the backpack burst open. An angry blur of light whizzed right at Ambril’s face.

It was the fairy all right, still angry and disgusted. It opened its mouth and yelled a stream of grating metallic screeches and then poked her hard in the eye.

Ambril jumped back her hand to her face.

The fairy screeched grating metal some more, then switched to something like piano destruction and then onto the sound of a dentist’s drill. It streaked around the room then zipped back to her and slapped her nose.

“Knock it off!” Said Ambril. She was helpless, the fairy was too fast.

She settled on covering her face defensively. “Look, we need to talk, right?” She winced as the fairy kicked her right ear. “You’ve been cooped up in that stupid robot since I got here haven’t you?” She said peering through her fingers. “Watching everything I do, getting me into trouble, annoying my friends. Why? What am I to you?” Ambril’s voice was muffled by her hands.

There was more piano destruction followed by a head-on collision.

“So you don’t want to be here, but---“ the fairy pulled her hair hard. “Ouch!”

Ambril bit her lip trying to control her own anger. “You have to stay for some reason. If you tell me what that is, maybe I can help you get out of here.” She said tersely.

The fairy let go of her hair and was quiet.

Ambril cautiously peered through her fingers again to find the fairy hovering just a few inches from her face. She slowly put her hands down, but not too far just in case.

The fairy began to speak again. This time in a long cadence of chimes and bells with just a few grating screeches thrown in.

“Look I still can’t understand you.” She looked at the fairy closely. “There’s another way of talking, isn’t there?” The fairy looked offended as if it was beneath him. He folded his arms and looked away.

“Back there in the dark, you spoke to me.” Ambril tapped her head, “in here. Maybe you didn’t mean to and maybe you don’t want to now but is there another way?”

The fairy, looked disgusted but tried again. It opened its mouth and a torrent of bell tones came out, then some clangs. Then---“Donkey!” clang, ting, screech, “Butt!” then, “You’re the Butt of a Donkey!” He said screwing up his face with effort.

Ambril looked startled. “I heard that! You called me a Donkey’s Butt!” She drew her eyebrows together. “Thanks for that!” It was pretty weird being insulted inside her head. Perhaps she could turn the tables. She concentrated on the fairy and willed some words back at him.

“The fairy jumped and then punched her in the nose.

“Ha! We’re even!” Said Ambril. “Besides it’s true, you are a pain in the b’ass akwards.”

The fairy made a face and zipped away to the window the picture of a sulking child.

“*Sooo*,” Ambril continued willing her words at the fairy. “ *I hope you’re not here on my account, because I’d really, really love to see you go.”*

Bells again. They seemed louder and then a sniff. “*Unlike human-kind, we take our obligations seriously*.” The fairy came and poked Ambril’s nose again, though not as hard this time. “*You saved my life, I repaid the favor as I am honor bound to do*.” He dipped into an elaborate bow, which made Ambril snort. He looked as if she should be impressed.

She wasn’t.

He then kicked her in the ear.

“*Ouch! Look no more hitting and kicking, will you? We humans try not to do that to each other during a conversation.”* Ambril thought at him while rubbing her ear.

“*Wait, when did I save your life*?” Ambril asked.

The fairy rolled his eyes and pointed to his boot.

“*Oh! You were in the box---and the Dullaith---I see now*.” She mused then thought at him. “*First up, you don’t owe me a thing. I saved you more by accident than anything. And another thing, I really hate that you’ve been spying on---“* Ambril had to duck as the robot slammed into the wall just where her head had been a moment before.

More screeching and then she heard inside her head, “*You know nothing! You silly, stupid---plodding---HUMAN!*” This last part was uttered as if human was the absolute worst thing in the world to be, worse than a dung beetle who had just been slimed by a slug and then sat on by a baboon. The fairy was now flying in tight circles around her head. Ambril got dizzy trying to track it.

“*There isn’t anything more loathsome for a fairy than to be CHAINED to another being, but a human-kind*!” The fairy began to slow a bit, Ambril caught sight of its face, which looked a bit sad. ”*The worst of the worst, the lowest of the low. But on top of that, it’s the time I’ve lost*---,” The fairy said to itself. “*I have to keep searching*---“. The fairy suddenly became aware of Ambril’s presence in his head and landed a smashing blow to her right ear.

“*Oouwww, Gees, alright already*.” She shrugged him off and picked up her robot.

“*Let me spell it out for you. Thanks for your help so far, you certainly saved me from whatever that was in the dark but you can go now, right? We’re even. I saved your life and then you saved mine*.“ She walked over to her window and opened it wide. “*Go*!”

But the fairy stayed where he was, watching her. After a moment he said heavily, “*It’s not that simple*. *It isn’t the way it’s done. There are traditions to be upheld, protocol…”*

*“So you follow traditions without thiking about them? You just do what’s always been done, you do what your old to do, is that it*?” Ambril though at him.

The fairy made a face at her and she braced herself for another kick. “*And you call us stupid. What happens when things change*?” She asked. “*What happens when YOU change*?”

This time the fairy snorted. “*We don’t change, dung-breath. We fairies have been around since the dawn of time. We perfected ourselves early in our development. We have no need of change.”*

Ambril laughed out loud. “*So you’re perfect? Really? That’s not what I see*.” She hunched over a little more anticipating the next punch. “*No one ---nothing---at any time has ever been perfect, didn’t you know*?” She said. “*Especially fairies poke me in the eye when I say things he doesn’t agree with*.”

The fairy was silent as he hovered near the window, still watching her.

Then it slowly dawned on her. “*It’s not just these stupid protocol riddled traditions is it?”* She continued. “*There’s something else*.”

The fairy suddenly looked uncomfortable. His eyes strayed to Ambril’s shirt. The Ledrith Glain. She pulled it out and watched it sparkle in the light. “*Ah ha!” It’s this isn’t it?*” She said. “*My medallion.”*

“*It’s called the Ledrith Glain, you Llama-turd*.” Said the fairy derisively. “*And show some respect. You’ve no idea how hard it is for me to see it around your scrawny neck!*” He groused. “*I have to protect it from your stupidity. Today’s a good example. You practically gave it to him! I can’t let it get into his hands.”*

“*Whose hands? You mean that creature in the shadows*?” Asked Ambril.

The fairy nodded. “*It was once human but now*---“ the fairy just shrugged. “*Who knows what it is? But Moroz was once a*---“

“*Moroz? That was Moroz?”*

The fairy looked mildly surprised. “*You know of Moroz*?” He quizzed. “*Well I guess they are teaching you a few things in that school.*”

“*Well I don’t really know much about Moroz, just that he did something so bad he was locked up for it.”*

The fairy nodded. “*Moroz was the first and the last human-kind that we fairies ever trusted*.” The fairy continued ruefully. “*And we paid a very high price that*.” He shot a hateful glance at Ambril. “*He betrayed us so we vowed to never have any dealings with your kind…EVER again*.” He said. And then his shoulders sagged. “*Until now, anyway*. *Because you saved my life, stole my boot and now have the Ledrith Glain hanging around your neck*.”

Ambril decided to change the subject before she got her head kicked again. “*So what’s this, this Ledrith Glain to Moroz?*”

“*The Ledrith Glain is one of the purest links to life energy in existence*.” He continued. “*Which makes it one of the most powerful things on earth. To a fairy, it is sacred. We once thought better of human-kind and entrusted it to their keeping.. When we realized our mistake, that its power was too much for you weaklings and corrupted you, we could not get it back. Moroz promised to get it for us in exchange for our services. But he lied, as all human-kind do.” The fairy nearly spat at Ambril he was so angry. But after a moment he continued with less anger. To Moroz it is the power he needs to free himself from his imprisonment.*” He drew his eyebrows together in concentration. *“For some reason, the Ledrith Glain has chosen you to be its keeper*.” Ambril could feel his curious probing. “*As far as I know, such a thing has never happened before*.” “*The Ledrith Glain has never chosen such a lowly creature as a human-kind to be its bearer*.” It flew a little away from her in order to see all of her at once. “*It is true that you bear the sign of the four, but stronger and wiser beings have also born this sign and not been chosen*.” He stared mystified, at Ambril.

The Sign of the Four, she had heard it before, what the heck does it mean?

“*It means* *you bear the heritage of all four magical kinships*.” fLit answered her unasked question.

Ambril shuddered at his intrusion into her thoughts. She realized she had absolutely no privacy now. Holding up the medallion Ambril said. “*So I’m the first human kind to own this?”*

The fairy flew into a rage and whacked her across the nose. “*You don’t OWN the Ledrith Glain, you little Tree Toad, it CHOSE you to be its bearer.* Why it chose you, I don’t know. You’re just so…usual. There’s absolutely nothing remarkable about you!” He threw his hands up in frustration. “You’re so—average.”

Ambril sighed as her entire body curled inward. “What would happen if I just gave it to you?” Asked Ambril slowly. “You know how to protect it and what to do with it.” She shrugged. “It sounds like it really belongs to you fairies anyway.”

The fairy didn’t answer, he just watched her.

“Well?” Still no answer.

Ambril lifted the Ledrith Glain from around her neck and held it out to the fairy. “Here, just take it and go.”

The Ledrith Glain glittered in her palm. The fairy still didn’t move and after a moment it sighed heavily. “This isn’t going to work. I’ve tried to take this off you at least once every night since you arrived. But just in case---”

In a flash the fairy flew over, grabbed the chain and flew full speed toward the window where it jerked to a stop; stopped like a dog on a chain. It pulled and tugged but miraculously the medallion stuck to Ambril’s open hand like glue.

“See?” He threw the chain down in disgust and watched it swinging from Ambril’s hand. “Nope, it will not leave you. At least not with me.”

Ambril was shocked. “Weird.” She slowly put her medallion back around her neck. She was silent for a moment, thinking.

“You’re so rude, obnoxious and and supremely arrogant---but you’re also sort of right. I am just a kid. I’m too small, I’m too young, I’m too inexperienced---I’m all those things. But for some reason I got tagged for this. Someone high up must think I can do this so---I’m going to keep trying. I’m not giving up. But I do need some help. I have to get prepared somehow. I have to learn how to use this stuff. And we both know the bad guys aren’t going to give up either.” She looked at the hateful fairy. “When I close my eyes and go inside with my Ashera everything and everybody freezes…except you---well and Moroz. Why is that?”

fLit raised his chin and permitted himself a small smile. “Fairies have are more purely magical than the other families. We aren’t weighed down with too many earthly organisms.” He said with great superiority.

“So you know how to use my Ashera? You know how to make it work?”

fLit shrugged, “It’s a simple tool, the instructions are written right there,” he pointed to the decorative lines.

Ambril could not make sense of these. “Do you think you could teach me how to use it?” She asked holding out her Ashera.

Of course fLit was instantly offended and zipped across the room in a snit. A lengthy cascade of breaking dishes layered over cowbells resonated through Ambril’s head giving her a headache. Then it quieted.

“You haven’t anything else to do.” She reasoned.

More dishes breaking and then a crescendo of broken glassware ended with a tinkle of bells.

Ambril closed her eyes and watched the fog gather around them. “What have you got to lose?” She wheedled.

fLit sighed and drifted back to her. “Just the respect of everyone I know including myself. You don’t realize what you are asking. I’m doing something that’s tabu in my world. Associating with human-kind is worse than forgetting to put on your pants before going to school.” He studied her and then grimaced in annoyance. “You know it would be so much better if you held it lower down, more like a baton or a wand than a tube of toothpaste.” He instructed.

Ambril adjusted her hand.

“Yes, like that…Now if we’re to do this, it will be hard work and every night. I’m thinking we’ll need to work on energy channeling, sight and protective wards to start with.” And then added dismissively. “Maybe a little history though you are so ploddingly slow I’m not sure how much we’ll get through.” He hovered lost in thought a moment.

“Also after what happened this afternoon, I should always go with you, to protect you and the Ledrith Glain.” He continued.

Ambril gave him a long look and then shrugged.

The conversation was apparently over as the fairy lifted the robot with a wave of its arm, fixed the broken parts and set it down on the desk. He flew toward to the window.

“You’ll be safe for a little while. This house is unusually well protected,” he paused at the window. “I’ll be back by morning.”

“Wait! What’s your name?”

The fairy laughed mirthlessly and emitted a complex cadence of bells and cocked his head at her. “Can you manage that?”

“I’ll keep just call you fLit, you’ll be in the robot most of the time anyway.”

The fairy shrugged and then was gone.

Ambril slowly shut the window; she’d let the fairy figure out how to get back in, and turned toward her bed.

Her backpack looked like it had exploded. There were papers and bits of trash strewn all over the place. Ambril wearily began to gather and sort through them while she thought about the fairy. She should have known. No robot was that smart or that much trouble. This fairy may be able to help her but he could also prove to be more trouble than ten robots put together.

After clearing off her bed she found she was so tired she could barely stand. She brushed her teeth, threw on her PJ’s and was asleep within seconds of her head hitting the pillow. Perhaps it would all make sense to her in the morning.

**Chapter 27 School again**

Ambril coasted into the schoolyard a little earlier than usual and spied Ygg sitting on the front steps looking anxious.

“Mrs. Twid knows.” He said to her even before she could get out a Hello.

“How do you know?” Ambril asked as she threw her backpack down and sat down beside him.

“I just do.” He said impatiently as he scratched his arm. “She’s actin’ strange and hinting around about wanting me gone.”

“Well that wouldn’t be the worst thing, would it?” Asked Sully as she plunked down on the other side of Ygg. “You could always come and live on the farm with us, I’m serious about how we could use some help right now, let me tell you!”

The doors open and Ygg, Sully and Ambril tripped up the steps and inside. The day passed uneventfully until Ms. Breccia’s class. Her classroom door was locked, the room dark. There was a note taped to the glass, “Children, No History Today, May Day Dance Practice, Gymnasium, Mrs. Twid.

Ygg stared in horror at the note. “It’s bad enough I have to deal with her every evening, but at school too?” he groaned.

The entire class dragged themselves off to the gym.

**Chapter 28 May Day Practice**

On the way Ambril told her friends a little more about the shadowy evil in the cave.

”How can you be so sure it was Moroz? No one even knows wha he looks like.” Asked Sully.

Ygg stared at her closely. “There be something you’re not telling us.” He said.

Ambril was startled. “---Well, it’s just that---“ But she was interrupted by the sound of her backpack unzipping as a red metal head appeared.

“You brought that thing to school? Really?” Asked Sully incredulously. “Do you have a death wish or something? Breccia see’s him in action and she’ll make you the laughing stock of the entire school!”

Ambril shoved the robot back into her pack.

“How’d you be managing to get out of that cave anyhow?” Asked Ygg curiously.

Ambril hesitated then said. “I guess the Ledrith Glain must have helped out.”

Ygg stared at her unconvinced. But fortunately they’d arrived at the Gym.

Inside loomed a tall pole with strands of ribbons attached at the top which fluttered in the air currents. A beaten piano had been rolled in to one side. Most of the kids were already there, slouched around the perimeter of the floor.

Mrs. Twid stood primly next to the piano. “MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION CHILDREN!“ She bellowed as if they were all deaf. “Are we all here now?” She said as she walked woodenly toward the Maypole and stared petulantly at them. “You should all consider yourselves fortunate to have been selected for the annual Maypole Dance.” She said thin-lipped eyeing Ygg sharply “Personally, I’m not sure this particular class is capable, but…I was overruled.” She sniffed.

“Ladies,” Mrs. Twid giving a hard look at Ambril as if she wasn’t sure if Ambril was human. “Please gather a pink, yellow or orange ribbon and space yourselves around the pole.” Her bony finger pointed toward the Maypole and the ribbons softly playing with the breeze. “The boys will chose blue, green or purple ribbons and stand in between the girls spaced a little farther out.” She sniffed again and gave Riley a narrow glare. “Surely, you can do that much, I have been told you are capable, intelligent children, though I have extreme doubts.” She said putting her hands where her hips should have been. “Come now, briskly, please.”

The kids ambled over, grabbed a ribbon and positioned themselves around the pole.

Mrs. Twid folded her arms. “We now must wait until the pianist arrives, I’m afraid she hasn’t been feeling---“.

“Here I am, Here I am!” Mrs. Flood fairly danced in with a huge smile on her face. “Sooo sorry kids, I’ve been literally chasing butterflies!” She paused to hitch up her jogging pants before she plunked down on the piano bench. “I actually caught up with a couple of them!”

Mrs. Twid stared, absolutely flummoxed.

Ambril couldn’t help but beam at Mrs. Flood who after squinted at her over her reading glasses waved gaily and hallooed at Ygg and Sully.

Mrs. Twid composed herself with effort and whispered just loud enough for Ambril to hear, “I’m so glad you’re feeling better, Daisy, I was worried…

“Oh yes, Crystal, I was feeling poorly last time.” Mrs. Flood ran her fingers along the keys lightly. “But I’m much, much better, thank you!”

Mrs. Twid looked as if she had eaten something nasty. She signaled for the music to start and began to scream hoarsely over the introduction. “Now CHILDREN! You want to use a SKIPPING STEP, slowly winding around the pole like THIS!” Mrs. Twid grabbed Ygg by the ear and dragged him with her as she began a graceless skip, wending her way around the kids spaced around the pole. She stopped out of breath after one time around. And released Ygg who looked ready to burst with indignation but said nothing as he rubbed his ear.

“Alright then!” She clapped her hands together, “keep up the PACE!”

The kids began a half-hearted skip around the pole. A few of the boys got tangled right off but figured it out and continued. Mrs. Twid continued to clap in time with the music and glare at Ygg every time he passed. After several times around, Ambril could see the ribbons were plaiting into a messy braid around the pole.

The song ended and Mrs. Twid yelled “STOP!”

The pole was half braided from the top down. The kids were out of breath but smiling.

“Well that was just awful. Some of you clearly can’t help it but you look and sound like cattle. You have to pick up your feet and lift your knees higher.” Mrs. Twid frowned at them. “Release your ribbons and we’ll just practice the dancing.” She motioned to Mrs. Flood who immediately began to play again.

“Faster now Daisy, PLEASE!” shouted Mrs. Twid and began to clap faster.

“WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR CHILDREN!?”

Ambril found herself fairly flying around the pole skipping as fast as she could. Mrs. Twid picked up a yardstick and brandished it.

“BRISKLY NOW CHILDREN!” She screamed and whacked at skipping kids indiscriminately. “YOU’RE OUT OF STEP!”

Mrs. Twid kept them going until one of the plumper girls collapsed holding her side.

“Crystal my dear,” said Mrs. Flood in a low voice as the kids ran over and struggled to help her off to the side. “If you wish the Maypole to be nicely braided, may I suggest the kids slow the pace a bit.”

Mrs. Twid considered this as she watched the kids breathing heavily. “Well, it is true, slower kids require a slower pace.”

Mrs. Flood continued in a stage whisper. “And you probably want to ease up a bit on the---err---physical contact. I don’t imagine the school would appreciate a law suit from one of the more affluent families.”

Mrs. Twid stiffened at this apparently it had not occurred to her that hitting kids with sticks was not a usual form of punishment. Her beady little eyes zeroed in on Ygg though and she smiled. “Yes, of course, we don’t want to offend any of the childrens’ FAMILIES, do we?”

They started again going around and around and around, never pleasing Mrs. Twid until even the most athletic kids drooped and sagged. But now the only kid taking blows was Ygg who accepted it without complaint. Finally, the bell rang, in unison the kids raced for the door.

“I’ll have to have you back for EXTRA practices it appears as you are such doltish dancers!” Screeched Mrs.Twid after them.

“Not if my Dad has anything to say about it!” Grumbled Lance. Fortunately school was nearly over for the day. When the last bell rang Ambril thankfully gathered her things and headed for the door. Ygg was rubbing his shoulder just outside. Together they limped over to their bikes.

“Twid was beyond horrible today, if you ask me,” said Sully indignantly.

“We have to find a way to get you out of her reach.” Said Ambril tensely. “She’s taking out her revenge on you for helping Mrs. Flood.”

Ambril could see Lance and his friends bunched in a tight wad, scheming.

“I think they’re up to something.” Said Sully also watching the boys. “I’m thinking it will be something hugely humiliating, and probably painful.” She mused.

Ambril nodded slowly. She wished now she had kept out of their way as she watched the big boys sneak peaks at them. They were outnumbered and under-sized. They were toast. She sighed.

Tiana and winked at Ygg as she and her friends sashayed by.

Ygg moaned.

“And, I think Tiana might have a thing for you!” Sully mimicked Tiana’s giggle.

“Great, That’s just great.” Ygg blushes as they coasted out of the schoolyard on their way to the gazebo.

**Chapter 28 Back at the Gazebo, an Uplifting Adventure**

When they had gotten comfortable and had dug into the remains of Ambril’s lunch; homemade bread, thick wedges of cheese, carrots and cookies. There was a clank from Ambril’s backpack as her robot simultaneously unzipped and vaulted from it in one bound.

Ygg scowled at it. “What made you bring that thing with ya, after last time I think you would a’ left it at home.”

Ambril shrugged dumbly as she watched the robot march over to the edge of the gazebo and promptly fall off.

“Are you going to get him?” Sully asked chewing slowly as she watched him disappear over the edge.

“Nope,” said Ambril louder than she needed to, “Let him fend for himself.”

They munched on leftovers for a bit longer. Sully seemed lost in thought, staring out over the garden. Finally she said. “Here’s something, you know Sully is just a nickname, really. My full name is---promise you won’t laugh? It’s---Iramsul. It means the ‘Tree of Life’ or something.”

Ambril just stared at her in confusion.

Sully sighed, “you should read up on your heritage some time.” She continued. “The tree of life, according to ancient lore is the universe. It’s a tree with its branches and roots combined around in a circle. It’s a way of describing how the life before, life here, and the afterlife are all connected. And that we are all part of the whole of nature.” Sully shrugged. “It’s what the Native Americans believed and the Celt’s and the Vikings, in fact most ancient religions were nature based ones.” She flicked a finger at the vines growing up the Gazebo’s pillars. “And I’ve been thinking, you know the fancy flower on your medallion? I think it’s the Navel-mundi.”

Ambril pulled her medallion out to see if she was right. Sure enough there were faint etchings on the face of the stone. As the face of the stone caught the light Ambril suddenly could see it, it was definitely a Navel Mundi flower. She grabbed her Ashera and examined the large tree image near the top. The tree in the center did seem to have its roots and branches connected, entwined…

“As above, so below.” Said Ygg softly as he too looked at the Ashera. “Like Dr. Afallen said, right?”

Ambril caught her breath. “Yeah but also I decoded some of the Ogam around the edges of the tree image and that was the first and last line, “As above, so below!”

Ygg smiled. “It be an old saying where I come from, and one that’s tied to the great tree as well. He jammed his hands into his pockets and frowned at them as he rocked back on his heels. “Okay here’s another something. Me name, Ygg Drasil, is also a word for the great tree.”

Ambril and Sully’s mouths dropped.

“I think it be old---from the times of the Vikings.”

“That’s kind of---um---weird, isn’t it.” Said Sully slowly. “We’re named for the same thing, the tree of life…and then we meet Ambril, who hs it imprinted on her Ashera---” she shivered. “It feels---creepy---like its---foretold or something.”

Ygg snorted. “You be a member of the free wheeling free will group, right?” “Hey if it means I don’t like thinking that somebody has already worked out how my life is going to go, then yeah, free wheeling is what I am!” Exclaimed Sully.

Ambril smiled, it had been getting a little too heavy there and felt good to laugh. A cool breeze hit her in the face. Looking up she saw some thunderclouds forming over the mountains. “O.K., what was this big surprise you have for us, Sul or should we call you Iramsul?”

Sully grimaced. “Sully, just Sully, my Mom is the only one who calls me Iramsul and that’s only when she’s mad at me.” She said as she raced over to her backpack and pawed through it. When she whipped out a small box her face held the expression of a three year old on Christmas morning. “So I played around with a few things when I was grounded and---“ she held out the box to her friends. “I came up with this!”

Inside was a bunch of gray powder.

“Yeah? So?” Asked Ygg looking dubiously at it.

“It’s FLYING powder!” Sully said excitedly.

Sully carefully opened the box and held it out again. “Here look!”

Ambril peered into the box. At first it looked like ordinary dust but then small colorful sparks erupted, like electrical currents and tiny explosions, as if it was alive itself.

“Wow!” Breathed Ygg beside her.

“how’d you make it?” Asked Ambril.

“you know those mad scientist labs in old horror movies? The kind with bubbling concotions connected with curling tubes and flames and stuff?” She asked.

“Yeah!”

“It wasn’t anything like that.” Sully said matter-of-factly. “It was just a whole lot of grinding and pounding and---more grinding…” She smiled proudly at the powder. “Want to try it out?”

Ambril just stared at her friend. “Is it safe?” She asked hesitantly. “I mean isn’t there a chance we’ll shoot off into space and not come down again?”

Sully waved her off. “Look I tried it on a pillow,” Sully started to take her shoes off. “The pillow just hovered in the air for a few seconds and then came down.” She held up her shoe. “IWe can just put a little in our shoes and float around the gazebo for starters.” Her smile was infectious. “Look if you guys don’t want to try it, you can just sit and watch.”

That did it for Ambril. Who ever wanted to just sit and watch? “Okay, I’m in.” She said, “just a little floating and then down, right?”

“That be just in theory.” Ygg said dubiously. But took off his shoes anyway. Sully got out a spoon. “It said to to apply it to the inside of the shoe to keep it from blowing off.” Sully ladled a heaping tablespoon into each shoe. A sharp gust of wind made Sully pause before putting the powder in the last shoe.

“Are you sure you’re not overdoing it?” asked Ygg hesitantly.

“This is what you need for a ‘sprightly sail’ the book said. Besides we’re inside the gazebo, right? There’s a roof. If you feel out of control just slip off a shoe.”

“That’s what the book says, yeah?” Said Ygg dubiously looking into his shoe.

“That’s what the book says.” Parroted Sully as she put her shoe back on.

Ygg opted to leave his laces untied and they all stood up. Ambril braced herself for whatever was to happen….and waited…for nothing.

Sully’s face went from supreme elation to serious dejection in about half a minute. She looked down and stamped her feet. “It worked perfectly last night.” She said to herself. “Maybe if we just…” she swooped down and grabbed the powder and began sprinkling more on their feet.

“Be careful there, Sul, not too much, it’s beginning to tingle a lit---” that was all Ygg could get out as a great gust of wind came through the gazebo and startled Sully who dropped the box. The wind took the powder and swirled it all around them.

“Whoa!” Said Ygg as he suddenly jetted off the floor and bumped into the roof of the gazebo. “Ouch!”

Ambril was sneezing too hard to notice. A bunch of the powder had found its way up her nose. When she was paying attention again she felt a slight tingling starting in her feet and then suddenly, she felt as light as a feather. She lifted slowly off the ground. She looked over and found Sully hovering her near her.

“This is such an incredible feeling! I feel like dandelion fluff, or maybe a leaf, or a---“

Another powerful burst of wind howled through the gazebo and swept them both away. Ygg tried to hang onto a pillar but the wind was too strong and blew him along with them. Ambril found herself caught in a dizzying whirl as she tumbled forward yelling at the top of her voice. If this is what dandelion fluff went through, she’d had enough, thanks. She yelled until she was hoarse, and then got too nauseous to yell. “Hey, cross your legs like mine,” she heard Sully say and looking over she saw her friend sitting the wind current as if it was a sofa. “Only go slow, don’t make any sudden moves!” Sully nodded encouragingly.

Ambril stuck her feet straight out and found herself rocketing backward. She rammed into Ygg who was having the same trouble as she was.

“OOf, thanks,” he said surprisingly. “I just ‘bout lost me lunch and breakfast!” He grabbed Ambril’s arm and righted himself.

“Cross your legs! Cross your legs!” Ambril yelled over the whooshing of the wind. Ygg tried to imitate Ambril but ended up with them straight down. They rocketed upward. “No! Like you’re sitting on the floor!” Squealed Ambril. Finally he figured it out and they found themselves floating over the forest 500 feet up. Ambril managed a peak at the ground and instantly regretted it. The cars looked like toys and the people like ants. If she hadn’t been so scared she would have enjoyed the view but she couldn’t stop thinking about what would happen if the powder suddenly wore off.

“Hey look at that!” Said Sully pointing off into the forest.

“No, no I don’t think I’d better do that.” Said Ygg his eyes firmly shut.

“What? Afraid of heights are we?” said Sully as she calmly floated over to him and grabbed his leg. “Isn’t this great?”

“Come clean! You practiced, didn’t you!” Accused Ambril.

“Well, maybe just a little.” Said Sully sheepishly.

“Some pointers would have bee helpful, we could a been killed!” Yelled Ygg as he squeezed his eyes even more tightly shut.

Ambril froze when over Ygg’s shoulder she spied a massive thundercloud fast approaching.

Sully looked around and gasped. “Let’s get out of---” That was all Ambril heard before she was engulfed in a freezing mist. It was like being rolled in a big fuzzy frigid blanket. She could see nothing nor could she hear anything. “Where are you guys!” She yelled but it felt like she was yelling into a big pillow. She started flailing around and finally hit something. It was Sully whi quickly grabbed her friend’s hands. “Where’ve you been? Gees I thought I’d never find you. Just relax now, hang onto my arm. I’ll just tow you down.” She yelled sounding almost calm. “I’ll just rearrange my feet a little and then---No Ygg, not you—No that’s too much!” Ambril’s arm was nearly yanked off as they rocketed down out of the cloud. They were going so fast they pelted themselves with rain drops falling at the more normal rate of gravity. “Pull up! Pull up!” Screamed Sully. But Ygg seemed frozen with fear at the site of the trees below rushing up to meet them. Ambril watched Sully suddenly reach down and grab Ygg’s foot. They instantly slowed. “Whoo! That was close!” Sully dangled one of Ygg’s shoes in her hands.

“Sorry, I be thinking this flyin’ is not for me.” Ygg said still eyeing the treetops just below them.

“I’ll say!” Agreed Sully. She handed his shoe back to him. “Don’t put that on until I say so!” Now---“ She was interrupted by a massive bolt of lightening which snaked right by them followed by a bone jarring thunderclap. Buckets of rain instantly doused them. They were drenched in no time.

“This stuff be waterproof, yeah?” asked Ygg hopefully.

“I---I think maybe“ They began to descend slowly at first but then faster and faster. The wind was soon whooshing past them as they entered the forest canopy. “---maybe not!” Finished Sully.

“It’s gonna be rough!” Shouted Ygg.

The slick branches of a redwood tree whipped past Ambril. She put out her arms to try and grab on to something but the wet branches slipped through her fingers.

**Chapter 29 The Dancing Tree Sprite**

She was whacked in the face several times and tumbled end over end until she finally came to a stop wedged between two branches. She stayed still for a moment sort of surprised she was still alive. “Sully? Ygg?” she said hoarsely. The rain dripped down her nose as she slowly looked around, careful not to unbalance herself.

She had landed on the wrong side of the wall in a grove of redwoods, some over a hundred feet high. Ambril saw to her relief that she was only about fifteen feet up. She tried wriggling just a little bit to loosen the grip of one of the branches and managed to slide out from its grasp. She slowly lowered herself down to the nearest branch and was just getting ready to jump when she heard a decisive snap. She groaned as the branch snapped and she fell like a stone all the way to the ground.

She landed with a thump on a bed of soft redwood needles. She sat up slowly straining to breathe and found herself looking into the upside-down face of Ygg.

“Ya know, I’m gonna kill her if she isna’ dead already.” He said resolutely. “Help me?”

He was tightly tangled in a vine, looking like a spider’s bedtime snack.

Ambril found a sharp stone and sawed away at a couple of the vines until finally Ygg slumped to the ground.

“Are you alright?” Asked Ambril as got shakily to his feet.

Ygg nodded grumpily as he picked leaves out of his hair. “Where she be? She be right next to me when the rain hit and the next minute she be not.”

Ambril took a deep breath, “SULLY!“ She listened intently but there was no response just the soft sighing of the wind and the dripping of the rain.

“Sully!” Yelled Ambril again.

“Sully, where be you!” Ygg now grumbled to himself about the state of his clothes and then he cocked his head, listening. “Here, this way, I’m thinkin’.” Ygg pointed toward a bright spot in the dense trees.

“Sully!”

“I’m here! Over here!” Came a familiar voice.

Overjoyed, they broke into a run toward a clearing. The sun was just breaking free of the thunderclouds, sending shafts of light onto the grasses carpeting the meadow. “Whee!” It was Sully. Swinging from a branch of a huge tree which seemed to be dancing and twirling Sully around.

“Guys, meet my new friennnnnnd!” said Sully as she swung around.

Ambril was annoyed. Here she and Ygg had nearly died as they plummeted to the ground and all Sully had gotten was a new dance partner.

“Sully, get down here!” Shouted Ygg angrily rubbing his shoulder.

Sully jumped down smiling and gave the branch a pat as she did so. “Are you all right? What happened to you?” she asked looking them up and down. Ambril had a big bruise welling up on her cheek, Ygg’s sleeve was torn nearly completely off and his cheek was bleeding. They were covered with grime and were wet through.

Ambril sighed, “You don’t want to know.”

“And you, what happened to you?” asked Ygg huffily.

“Well, this---being---I think she’s a wood sprite---saw me falling and just sort of plucked me out of the air.” Sully nodded back to the tree standing behind her.

It was then that the three of them were swept off their feet. The air swished through Ambril’s hair freeing some of the prickles and bits of twigs. The Sprite was very gentle and soon Ambril was laughing along with Sully.

Ygg seemed to be finally enjoying himself as well. Ambril could now see her clearly. A green woman in fernlike, rustling robes and a crown of brambles. She had hair the color of redwood bark. But then the Wood Sprite began to slow and finally stopped, she seemed to be listening for something. In fact the entire forest seemed suddenly tense. The clear, high screech of a hawk sounded far above them.

The green woman seemed to make a quick decision and set them down and began to shrink.

“Boy, guess the party’s over,” panted Sully.

“So, where’d she go?” asked Ambril. The Sprite was looking more and more like an ordinary tree.

“You mean the green woman?” asked Ygg “She be powerful magic, true?”

Another hawk cry was heard, this time louder. Ambril looked up and saw a large gray bird circling overhead. Reduced now to the size of a large Christmas tree the Sprite gathered up its lower branches and rustled into the comforting cover of the nearby trees.

Everything was too quiet now. The birds had even stopped chirping.

**Chapter 30 The Gray Lady**

“Where the heck are we?” Asked Sully looking around. There was nothing but trees for miles and miles. Ambril heard distant thumps of something large running through the forest. It was coming their way.

“Maybe we be better off in the trees.” Said Ygg and started towards a nearby line of trees surrounding the meadow. Ambril and Sully followed as the lengthening shadows played over the grass.

And then it happened. A stabbing cold flash flooded Ambril. She doubled over and shut her eyes. A blizzard like fog blotted out everything except two hawk-like eyes. Gray, cold and cruel they pierced her with a powerful anger.

“I want what is mine.” Came a voice as cold and cruel as the eyes. “You take them, you must pay the price.” It rasped and grated at her.

Ambril opened her eyes. The thumping sounds now resonated through the ground. It was very close now.

Sully was looking around, “What’s up with that bird?” She asked. “It looks like it’s about to attack but hawks don’t attack people, do they?”

Ambril looked beyond her just as the giant hawk broke into a dive just above them.

“This one does! Move!” Ambril shoved her friend and grabbed at Ygg and ran them toward the underbrush. They had almost made it when Ambril was knocked aside by a huge chicken foot. As she sailed into a bush she looked up and saw silhouetted against the outine of a rickety old house.

**Chapter 31 Fowlclun to the Rescue**

“Fowlclun!” Ambril yelled as she scrambled up.

Fowlclun’s indignant bellow resonated throughout the forest like an earthquake.

The hawk, caught mid-dive desperately tried to pull itself out and to the left but only succeeded in ramming beak first into Fowlclun’s chimney.

“Now you git back to whar you belong!” Came a scrappy angry voice. “If it wasn’t for my trick elbow, I’d take ya over my knee, you flea bitten old crow!” she hollered as a cloud of gray feathers floated the airways. “Er---sorry, Sid, no offense.” She said in a more normal tone.

“Now vamoose, ya yellow bellied old Coot! Attackin’ defenseless kids in broad daylight! Shame on ya! You have no business bein’ here and you know it!”

There was an injured croak and then a shocking brilliant snap of light.

Ambril felt the gray presence leave. Feathers floated down all around the three friends as they collected themselves and assessed damages. Sully had a nasty scrap down one arm from the brambles.

The massive chicken feet stepped back Fowlclun brought the house to the ground with Hendoeth astride her front porch decked out a big grin.

“My there ain’t nothing like a little sparring with an old enemy to perk up the appetite, ain’t there?” She crowed throwing her head back. “Come on in, we’ll talk and eat while we travel.”

She turned but found the doorway blocked by a heap of beaming furniture.

“We came as soon as we could!” Ambril recognized Maple’s warm voice.

“And lost another tea cup and saucer.” Grumbled Cerreg.

“We have sandwiches and hot chocolate nearly ready, come in, come in!” said Ester as she swished around Maple’s top.

“Well Tarnation! We can’t get through edgewise. Give a body some room for Lizock’s sakes!” Groused Hendoeth giving the massive grandfather clock a shove.

The furniture lumbered aside apologetically as Hendoeth lead the way flipping back one of her braids as she did so.

Ambril had a hard time keeping a grin off her face as she watched her friends greet the furniture in open-mouthed amazement. They soon recovered when the sandwiches and hot chocolate appeared.

Sid was there leaning against the fireplace and nodded to Ambril as she sat down on the big sofa. There was a fat blue-eyed squirrel perched on his shoulder who waved.

Maple bustled over to Ambril and leaned in to offer her a scone. “The Gray Lady she’s a wily one isn’t she?”

“You know her?” asked Ambril choosing a large blueberry studded one from the pile.

“I should say so! Know her! Why she’s the reason I’m---!”

“I’m surprised she showed her old hooked beak here after what Sid did to her last time!” The fat squirrel interrupted. “That old bat!” The squirrel steamed. Sid raised a hand to calm her just as Fowlclun lurched hard to one side and he ended up grabbing her tail to keep her from sliding off his shoulder.

Ambril scrambled to maintain her balance and managed to catch a plate of cookies and a crystTl flower.

“Mercy, she was nearly done in just then!” Hendoeth hustled over to Ambril and took Tweek from her. “Ya alright in there Tweekie girl?” The flower glowed dully twice.

“That ‘s a Navel-mundi flower right?” asked Sully looking curiously at the sculpture. Ester was bandaging up her arm.

“Navel-mundi, Eh?” Hendoeth’s bright eyes latched onto Sully. “That’s too formal for us here, it’s also called a Forget-Me-Not.” She frowned at the beautiful object in her hands. “Shame thought, Tweek, she has been forgotten. “In fact, I think she’s even forgotten herself. Who she is, where she’s from.” Ambril suddenly heard a faint tinkling of bells in her head as the flower glowed more strongly this time. Hendoeth shook her head sadly. “It’s just not right to be cooped up for so long.”

“Ruff!” Was heard from the fireplace.

“Stay! Stay, boy! Now don’t you start galavantin’ round the room and setting fire to the curtains agin Teg!” Hollered Hendoeth. “I just got the new ones up!! She turned and scurried over to the fireplace.

“That’s a Gryphon!” yelled Ygg.

Teg caught sight of Ambril and wagged his tail, sparks flying with every thump.

“He’s just a pup, really.” Said Hendoeth in a motherly tone.

He was about four feet long, not including his tail, which he now wound twice around his body. He had a stubby beak open in a smile and large amber eyes with long lashes.

“Meet Teg,” he’s a Fire Gryphon. Said Hendoeth proudly. “One of the last I’m afraid.” She said as she grabbed a badly scorched oven mitt and scratched under the Gryphon’s chin. Teg half closed his eyes and purred, the tip of his tail swinging back and forth dreamily.

Ambril held out her hand to him. He sniffed it curiously then, extending his beak he sniffed at the rest of her. He gave one yip before turning back to Hendoeth’s scratching.

“He likes you.” Said Hendoeth with a smile.

“Is he always this—um—hot?” asked Sully beginning to fan herself. Ambril had to admit the Gryphon was putting out a lot of heat.

“Well, he being a teenager--- he’s a mite---unpredictable.” Said Hendoeth.

“In other words he runs hot and cold. He can’t seem to moderate his temperature worth beans.” Said Ester from across the room.

“He’s always in-between.” Put in Maple who had positioned herself behind the sofa. “And his allergies are somethin’ fierce. Why we’ve lost all our tea towels, two rugs and a whole stack of woodworking magazines.” Said Maple rocking from side to side.

“Who’s the woodworker?” asked Ambril.

“It helps to pass the time.” Sniffed Cerreg as he motioned to a long line of birdhouses on the mantel.

“Those are right fine.” Said Ygg admiringly.

“I just dabble really,” said Cerreg dismissively. Though Ambril thought she detected a small smile of satisfaction.

The Gryphon suddenly wrinkled his nose. Hendoeth snapped back dragging the kids with her.

“Cerreg!, Grab the rug.”

“Why is it always me?” Cerreg rolled his eye and clumped his way to the rug. He gave a well-placed kick with his claw and ball foot to the rug which rolled itself up and banged gently into the sofa.

The gryphon screwed up his nose again and huffed once, twice and then…

“Ever-one take cover!” barked Hendoeth raising her arms protectively in front of the kids.

With a great gust of fire, the Gryphon sneezed, filling the room with flames. Ambril’s toes curled as sh felt the flames right through her sneakers.

“Ever-one Okey Dokey?” asked Hendoeth swiftly appraising them.

A hollow caw resonated through the house.

“I know, I know, but nothin’s burning this time.” Said Hendoeth soothingly. She reached over and stroked the feathered wall. “Nothing to worry about.

Just as before, Teg had sneezed himself away at least most of him. There was about a foot of tail, attached to nothing ,waving about and kicking up clouds of soot.

“Oh, Tarnation!” said Hendoeth and made a grab for it. She got it on the third try and tied it loosely to the pot-hook which swung above the grate.

“So where’s the other---um---four/fifth’s of him?” asked Sully staring curiously at the trussed tail.

Hendoeth shrugged as she straightened up and wiped the soot off her face with her apron.

“He’s in-between.” Said Ester confidently.

“Wish we knew what that little guy was allergic to…”mused Hendoeth watching the tail jerk around.

“He’s getting too big, he has to learn how to control himself before he sneezes himself to a place he can’t get back from.” Her face filled with concern.

“Maple it’s your turn.” Said Cerreg.

“It’s not, it’s yours Cerreg, I did it the last three times.”

“Well, I’m just not about to do it today, My chimes are off what with the bounding around Fowlclun has been doing.”

Maple made a face at him but after fetching some wood and matches she soon had a regular fire going in Teg’s place.

“Come on kids,” said Hendoeth. “I need to hear what all has been happening to you.”

She settled herself on the sofa and beckoned at Ambril and her friends. Sully claimed the sofa next to Hendoeth while Ygg and Ambril pulled up chairs.

“Okay, now start at the beginning, ‘bout when I left you off the last time, I guess.” She said to Ambril.

And they began. First Ambril talked, but soon Sully and Ygg were adding their part to finding the Astarte, Mrs. Twid’s tea and the gnomes.

Sid with the squirrel now curled up in the crook of his elbow listened as they talked on and on. Ending with their flying powder experiment. Hendoeth got a kick out of that part. She laughed and slapped her knee so hard Ambril thought she might be having some sort of fit. But she settled down quickly and wiped her eyes.

“Lemme see that stuff.” She said still giggling.

Sully pulled out a small plastic box from her back pocket. “We spilled it all, right at the end.” Said Sully ruefully.

“YOU spilled it, ya mean.” Grumbled Ygg.

Hendoeth gave it a sharp rap with her knuckles and peered inside. “Not all gone, see?” she said holding it up. There was a light dusting of powder coating the bottom of the container.

“This might just be enough, I reckon.” She mused.

“For what?” Asked Ygg apprehensively.

“Getting you over the wall, that’s what.” Said Hendoeth as she jumped to her feet.

Ambril looked around and noticed that Fowlclun had come to a standstill. Outside the window she could see the gazebo spire just beyond a familiar stonewall.

“That was fast!” said Sully jumping up herself. “It’s still light out, I guess I won’t be grounded after all!” She crowed happily.

They stepped out into the beginning of a spectacular sunset.

“Not much here.” Hendoeth muttered as she held the box up over their heads and sprinkled a few grains of powder over all three kids. “So ya git just one shot, hear me?”

“Why’d you do our heads and not our feet?” Asked Sully.

Ygg was wrinkling his nose, trying not to sneeze.

“Better control, of course.” She said pointing to her temple. “Ya use your brain to steer, see?” She broke out in giggles again. “NOT yer feet.”

“Won’t we have problems getting back over the wall because of all the…um…defensive wards?” asked Ambril anxiously.

“Naw, it knows you belong inside, it’ll sense it.” Said Hendoeth dismissively and then smiled at her fondly. “You do remind me of Rosa, ya know. She was spunky too.”

Cerreg cleared his throat. “The sun, Hendoeth, they’ll be late.”

“Ah right, now off you go you three. Remember now, ya get one jump. Try and make it a good one.”

“We got that,” said Sully rubbing her newly bandaged arm.

Ambril stepped off Fowlclun’s porch and onto Trelawnyd’s formidable wall. As her foot touched the stones she could feel something denser than air slice through her for an instant, assessing her. It seemed to approve for a second later it was gone.

“You ever need us, just give a holler!” Hendoeth hollered at them herself as Fowlclun stepped back and turned toward the forest.

Just before the chimney disappeared from view she heard, “Are you sure that stuff’ll work?”

“Well, almost, but ya know, they’re kids, they’ll bounce, right?”

Fortunately Ygg hadn’t heard. He stood fearfully rigid well back from the edge.

Sully had her eyes squeezed shut, intent on observing the affects of the flying powder. She gasped suddenly. “I think I’m feeling it!” she said excitedly and grabbing Ygg’s hand she dragged him over to the edge. “Are you ready?” she bent her knees as if to jump.

“Whoa now, let’s take another second to think about this,” said Ygg as he dragged her back again. “You might be imagining it, let’s wait a bit longer.” He said taking a big breath and then he sneezed.

By then Ambril could feel something as well. It was a light-headed tingling feeling, which made her nose twitch and her ears vibrate. “I’m feeling it too,” she said.

“Okay, enough stalling!” Said Sully firmly gripping both their hands and pulling them right over to the edge.

“Wait, wait---!“

“Come on, you can’t spend your life up here!” Sully said giving his hand a shake. to Ygg shuddered and looked resignedly at the gazebo. “Just one big jump.” he said.

“Right, on the count of three, ready?” Said Sully.

Ambril felt herself beginning to levitate. She said, One, two---“

“Three!” shouted Sully as she soared up and off the wall.

Ambril followed. Ygg was last. He jumped with his eyes squeezed shut.

Sully had gotten the most height from her jump she had already cleared the brambles and was making a beeline for the Gazebo.

“Wheeeeeee!” Sully did a coupe of somersaults as she sailed toward the gazebo and just managed to grab one of its pillars. She wound herself down to its stone floor.

Ambril too bounded over the tangled mess of greenery easily but made a less graceful landing when she tripped on a treetop and found herself rolling up the porch steps. “Oof!” she said as she banged into the top step.

“Wasn’t that great?” Giggled Sully. “I’m gonna try making a new batch tomorrow, but this time I’ll---“

Ambril could hear a familiar clanking sound as fLit came up beside her.

“Whoa, Hey, what the---!” It was Ygg who had not cleared the overgrowth and had gotten entangled in the wrong sort of plant.

The plant seemed annoyed at first and started flailing it’s long spiky vines around. It wrapped one firmly around Ygg’s ankle and opened its center. Long rows of shiny thorns glinted in the last rays of the sun. It slowly pulled Ygg down into its mouth.

“Whoa! We have to do something!” Screamed Sully unhelpfully.

Ambril thought immediately of her Ashera but looking around saw her backpack was too far away. He’d be toast before she had gotten the zipper open. Then she heard an annoying jangle of horns.

“*I’ll handle this*,” groused fLit in her head. “*You’re so clumsy, you’ll probably kill it*.”

That is exactly what Ambril had been planning to do hopefully before the plant killed her friend.

“*Do you know how old that plant is*?” groused the fairy. “*Show some respect!*”

The fairy wasted no time. Ambril saw a spray of light and felt a frizz of magic. The plant puckered immediately as if it had tasted something sour and coughed. Then it grumpily pulled its brambles back and disappeared back into the greenery. Almost as an afterthought Ygg was flung at the Gazebo. He landed on the roof, rolled nearly off the edge but saved himself at the last moment and clampered down. He walked unsteadily to a stone bench and sneezed again.

“It was the sneezing that did it,” said Sully knowingly as she and Ambril ran over “You sneezed off most of it before you took off, remember?” She said trying to pull Ygg to his feet. “So your ump wasn’t high enough and---“

“Garn, I just want to enjoy breathing in and out and being alive for a minute, without being a part of your science experiment.” Said Ygg freeing his hand and sitting heavily on the bench.

“So any—um—damage?” asked Ambril looking for any obvious bite marks or gashes.

Ygg moved his arms and legs experimentally. “It’s Spring, the thorns be still green.” He mused as he slowly got to his feet. He wobbled a bit but then steadied himself.

“Flying is nowt for me.” He said rubbing his shoulder.

Sully patted him on the back hurriedly as she looked anxiously at the sky. “Whatever.” She said “But---we ought to get a move on, you know? My Mom’s probably dialing the sheriff’s office right now wondering where they heck I am.”

“Oh right, right! Let’s go!” Said Ambril getting a sudden flash of her Mom her face anxious and Feldez looking over her shoulder at her, annoyed.

The three bounded down the gazebo steps once again, grabbed their bikes and pedaled hard down the path toward home.

“So any—um—damage?” asked Ambril looking herself and her friends over for any obvious wounds or gashes. It really ad been that kind of a day.

“Flying is naught for me. But racing through the forest in the hands of a wood sprite isna so bad.” Ygg said smiling as he rubbed his shoulder. “Being earth-kind, though it be best if I be on the ground.”

Sully patted him on the back hurriedly as she looked anxiously at the sky. “Whatever.” She said “But---we ought to get a move on, you know? My Mom’s probably dialing the sheriff’s office right now wondering where they heck I am.”

“Oh right, right! Let’s go!” Said Ambril getting a sudden flash of her Mom her face anxious and Feldez looking over her shoulder at her, annoyed.

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**Chapter 32 Unk**

They were nearly through the worst part of the garden each one thinking their own thoughts when Sully began screaming at the top of her lungs. “Ambril! Look Out!”

Ambril had no time to react as she was grabbed from her bike and lifted upward. Her bike continued on alone for awhile before gently sheering off into a bush. Something gripped her tightly around the middle.

“Iggy? This you baby boy?” A deep gravely voice boomed in her ear. It resonated right through her with a thrum of magic. She rose high in the air until she was parked in front of a broad, flat face. It was grinning broadly displaying an array of crooked, yellow teeth. The nut-brown eyes that peered from under remarkably bushy eyebrows were not malicious, just curious.

But the smile faded as soon as the giant realized that she wasn’t who he wanted.

“You not Yggy boy.” He said disappointed and with a flick of his wrist Ambril was once again airborne.

Fortunately, the garden was so thickly overgrown that Ambril didn’t go far. She landed in a tall prickly bush then half slid and half fell down to the ground. She was getting good at that.

As Ambril struggled to her feet she saw Sully kick away her bike and run full tilt at a mountainous man. “Put him down, you overgrown Rambo!” She screamed as she kicked his ankle, but he big man didn’t seem to notice.

He stood over seven feet tall and wore only a fur vest and a pair of pants held up with knotted rope. His huge slab-like feet were bare and quite hairy. His long black hair was braided and hung long down his back. Knotted around his neck was a thick chain from which a furry pouch hung.

The gigantic man now had Ygg in his hand and was happily patting him on the head. It looked like it really hurt.

“I find you baby Iggy Ygg!” I told them I be finding the one that is hers.” He spoke slowly and carefully as if he was a little rusty at it.

Ygg struggled against the fist around his waist.

“Put him down NOW!” Roared Sully now attacking his knee with a large branch. “Ambril? If you’re all right come and help me I think I’ve almost got his attention!” yelled Sully over her shoulder.

“I won’t be talking to you until you be putting me down.” Panted Ygg his face had turned a nasty shade of lavender. Ambril could see it was hard for him to breathe.

“You not fly away?” Said the big man as he gently set Ygg down and squatted in front of him. “I see you fly like birdy before.”

Ambril waded through the tall weeds and dusted herself off while keeping a wary eye on the giant.

Ygg loked relieved. “He donna know his own strongness---do you now?” said Ygg looking first at her and then back at the giant. “These be my friends, you must be treating them kindly.”

The giant took a minute to process what Ygg said and then smiled wider.

“You be friends then? The other birdy babies and you?” The big man seemed very impressed. “Before I be having two friends, one was your Da.” He nodded sadly.

Sully stopped whacking the giant, and slowly retreated to just out of grabbing range and panted. “Who the heck are you?”

The giant turned his head toward her and smiled, then went back to gazing at Ygg.

“I be Unk.” He said simply and waited expectantly as if that would mean something.

But Ygg looked blank.

The giant tried again. “I be your Unk, your Da’s brother.” He said and smiled even more beatifically. “I come for you when I hear of your Da’s no more coming home.” The last part came out quietly as a spasm of sadness briefly contracted the giant’s smile.

“I be walking and searching and looking for baby boy Yggy.” Unk stood up so suddenly Ambril, Ygg and Sully each took a huge step back.

The giant rummaged in the fury pouch tied around his neck and pulled out a small bundle of paper tied up with ribbon. He held it out to Ygg and smiled as sweetly as a giant can.

The bundle looked huge in Ygg’s hands. He pointed excitedly to a blob of red wax with a dirty thumbprint on it. “These be from me Mam, this be my family’s seal.” His hands shook slightly as he undid the ribbon and pulled out the first letter. There were about ten. Each with Ygg’s name written on it in old-fashioned script.

“Your Mam, she come to see me in forest. She tell me about your Da.” The big man’s face suddenly crumpled with pain. “She so---so, sad.”

“I tell them that I bring you back.” He shook his massive braids vigorously making Ambril and Sully duck. “She will be no sad then.”

“Wait, did you say you told ‘them’ you’d be bringing me back?” Ygg asked staring into Unk’s face. “It wasn’t my Mam who asked you to come then?”

Unk looked a little startled but still nodded his head vigorously. “They say she too sad to ask. They asking is the same as your Mam asking.”

“Who is---no wait, let me be reading this to you,” said Ygg. He unfolded the letter and scanned the letter. His face tightened with sorrow.

“See you read her sadness.” Unk nodded his face tightening too. “You too wishing to be home.” He grabbed Ygg again and turned as if to leave. “She too sad, you too sad. We make it all better at home place.”

“Bye bye birdie babies, Ambie and Soooly! We be going back to mountain village now!” He waved as he moved toward to the wall.

“You be needing to hear what’s in this letter!” Said Ygg struggling again in Unk’s grasp. “She doesna want me to go back home to her.”

Unk nearly dropped Ygg on his head inhis surprise. His face went from confused to furious in about a half second. “Not true, you be saddening your Mam, she be writing you with her tears---Your brothers tell me how she cry as she writes.” His own eyes filled with tears. “You not be a good baby boy, Yggy! He stomped his big hairy foot creating minor shock waves through the ground and shook Ygg like a stuffed toy.

His anger was so alive it made the nearby bushes bend backward trying to escape it.

Ygg wriggled in the big man’s fist and looked Unk right in the eye. “You be thinking me Mam wants me coming back to the mines? That be what a good son does, yeah? Go back and get meself killed just like me Da, is it?” He shouted. “Is that what you be going on about?”

He waved the letter in the air.

“That is nought what me Mam wrote here, that be for sure.”

Ygg patted the big hand wrapped firmly around his waist and said firmly. “We be needing to talk more, you and me.” Then he pointed to the ground.

Unk looked curiously at the paper in Ygg’s hand and let him down.

Ygg stepped back hurriedly and took a deep breath. “Before I be reading you this, you need to be telling us the story of your coming.”

Unk cocked his head to one side like a humungous bird. “Okay, I try to be remembering.” He scrunched up his face in concentration. “I be seeing her in the forest---she come like your Da come to see me. He be the only one to come. She ‘splain to me how your Da nought come home no more.” His neck sagged as he lowered his head. “He be deep in the ground. I be so sad. Your Da, he be my friend, my---brother---besty friend.” A bucket-sized tear squeezed out of one eye and streamed down his face. “She be so lonely.” He nodded at the three in front of him. “I see it all through her.” He looked at Ygg and smiled again displaying all of his many teeth again. “I good at seeing people. I see love for you all through her too.” He wiped his nose on his hand. “She tell me you go---to find a better place. She be giving me these letters for reading about you. But I not read. I know besty place is the home place.” He nodded wisely, ”I be knowing that since they take me from my home place to be lonely in the forest.” He paused to sniff, which sounded like the starting of a jet engine. “I was a wee boy then. I be not wanting this for you.” He continued looking resolutely at Ygg.

“They said in the village that you grew too fast, too big.” Ygg continued. “They be branding you a---a throwback.” Ygg shook his head sadly. “They have a rule which says all throwbacks be part of the wild strain of earth-kind and they must be taken back to the wildness from which they came. Da remembered the day the elders came and took you by the hand and led you out into the wild forest, like Hansel and Gretel’s Da did.” Ygg kicked at a rock near the path. “You be just a boy of eight. They told everyone in the village they couldna follow or they be punished in kind. But me Da, he didna listen. He didna think it right.” Ygg looked up at Unk. “He be following you and he be watching where they left you.”

The big man wrapped his arms around himself before he took up the story.

“Your Da he came to me and comfort me. We be building a shelter and a fiery place by starry light.” He rocked slowly back and forth as he continued. “He bring me food and tuck me in snug. He stay till I be sleeping.” Unk smiled remembering. “He come most nights til I be growed.” He said softly. “He taught me as much of the forest as he knew and then when I be bigger, I be teaching him some too.” Unk shook his head. “I be nought good at letterings but I learn the forest ways. I do that.” He cocked his head.

“When I be all growed up and your Da getting all married, he come less often, once a half moon or so.” He smiled to himself. “We sit around my fiery place and talk and laugh.” He shrugged his shoulders. “I be showing him my doings, he be bringing me pictures of his baby boys, of Iggy Yggy baby boy and the other brothers.”

The three friends were treated to a massive display of molars again. It was a slight improvement to the sight of Unk crying. “I watch you grow from Iggy Baby to Big Ygg boy.” His smile faded. “One time, your Da brought your biggy brothers once---But they no like me. They call me---freaky--- and running away back to the home place.” Your Da, he be saddened by them running and calling me names.” Unk’s shoulders sagged. “He be coming only oncy or twosy times after, then nought again.”

Unk took a deep long breath and let it out slowly. “He be bringing you when you just Iggy Boy.” He prodded Ygg with his elbow and sent him sprawling. “Do you member?”

Ygg got to his feet slowly. “I think I be remembering me Mam and Da and I walked into the forest and sang songs and told stories by a fire. There be a big man there too.” Ygg looked up at the big man and smiled sadly. “I not know you be me Uncle.”

The big man smiled back. “I be your Unk, that be true.”

But then Ygg scratched his head. “Was that the last time you saw me brothers? That time they be running away?” Asked Ygg suspiciously.

“No, they be coming once more---after your Mam.” Said Unk. “They be the ones asking to make your Mam brightening. But now I be wondering why they be asking this if’n it nought be what your Mam wants.” He said clearly mystified.

“Me brothers are nought like me and you,” said Ygg smoothing out the letter in his hand. “Here---I be reading this to you now.” He said and cleared his throat.

Ambril saw the letter was tear stained and written in a very shaky hand.

**My Deary Ygg,**

**I am foolishing writing to you again. I know you not be reading this as I no nought where you are but it is a comfort to do this sillinessing. I be missing you. But more I be hoping you be finding a happy place. A home place where they be not forcing you to live a narrow drip of day to day, but a wider river of life.**

**I be so happy you make choosing you did. Your brothers they turned out differenting. They be loving the mine company and wanting to be biggies there. They be hoping to find you and bringing you back. They say it is besty for the village but I be thinking it be besty for their pocketbooks. You must not be blaming them they come out this way. You know you were always differenting. And though I be thinking of you every day and night, I be hoping you growing strong like an Oak and tall like a Redwood. Go and be, my Yggy, Go and be happy.**

**Here is me sending you my biggest love,**

**Your Mam**

Unk was weeping with such gusto he had created a huge mud puddle around him. Ambril ducked down as she watched him pull out a pink and green paisley handkerchief and blew a long blast on his nose. Ygg blinked hard trying to hide his tears.

Sully could keep quiet no longer. “Okay, so I get that your Mam wanted you to have a better life but I don’t get why your brothers want to bring you back so badly.”

Ygg ducked his head and shrugged, embarassed. “A strong young back is worth a little something to the Mining Company.” He said to his shoes.

“Your own brothers would sell you to the company?” Asked Sully and then nodded decidedly. “I never thought I’d say this but you’re better off with Mrs. Twid.”

They all laughed at that, sad though it was. It helped to clear the air a bit. But the laughter stopped abruptly when a huge ball of greenery sailed over their heads and exploded over Unk’s head. It unfurled and draped itself over him like a net.

“Charge!” Came a tinny yell as Ambril’s bike sailed down the path pumped by gnomes with bomb shell helmets strapped to their heads; two pumping the wheels, one steering and three in the basket with sticks. Baldot was balanced on the seat.

“No prisoners!” Shouted Baldot as the bike crashed into a big hairy toe and upended itself. It launched the gnomes right at a very startled Unk. The gnomes began kicking, biting and poking him with sticks.

“Stop attacking me Unk!” Shouted Ygg racing over and pulling off whatever gnome he could get his hands on.

The gnomes paid no attention to anything but the glorious fight. “You leave our fix-it Ygg alone you ten ton ape!” Grunted Blagoor. He was standing on top of Unk’s shoulder and had to grab an ear to keep from falling. He was poking the ear with his stick when Unk decided he’d had enough and shook himself, just once. It was enough to send every gnome flying. Unk then tore the green net away as if it were paper lace.

“Toad Butts!” Ambril heard one Bummil yell as he sailed overhead. There was a thunk and a loud crack.

Ygg groaned. “There be another hour of work.” He grumbled then yelled. “It’s alright! He be me Uncle---me Da’s brother. He will nought hurt me!”

“Ah well why’d ya not say so in the first place! Instead of flailing around in the air, bleating to be put down.” Boocher stumbled out of the undergrowth rubbing his elbow.

Next Baldot came crashing through the underbrush. “You’re joking! This big’n is your Uncle?” He looked Ygg up and down. “Why I’ll be jiggered!”

Ygg spent a moment introducing Unk to all the gnomes. Unk nodded politely.

But Baldot couldn’t stop staring. “Hey there Unk, you’re good with foresting, yeah?”

Unk nodded slowly.

“Do ya think you might could help us with a few of the---err---garden residents?” Asked Baldot hopefully. “Some are just too big for us to manage.”

Unk thought seriously about this for just a little too long.

“What he means is can you be helping them with the garden?” Put in Ygg finally. “This be a powerful magicky garden. It needs a true forest expert to handle them.”

Unk brightened immediately. “I be knowing the forest, but good, I be.” He said confidently and then looked thoughtful. “There be nought back at the village to claim me.“ He thought a moment longer and then slowly looked at Ygg and smiled. “I be thinking that maybe I be making a new home place, close to my Iggy Ygg. He be me family now.”

Ygg looked taken aback for a moment but then smiled broadly at his oversized Uncle. “It be true that it would be nice to have family near, that be for sure.”

“But, where are you going to live, Unk?” Asked Sully.

Unk looked unconcerned. “I be sleeping with the trees.”

Ygg stared at him a minute. “You mean here in the garden?” He asked.

Unk looked quizzically at the strange trees in the garden. “I be sleeping with my friends there.” He pointed to the trees on the other side of the wall. “These trees I know,” he said confidently and then turned and looked askance at a Tree with elephant trunks hanging from it. ”These trees I---um---not friendly with…yet.” He said ruefully.

“Is there any place you know where me Unk will fit?” Ygg asked Baldot.

Baldot scratched his beard thoughtfully. “I can’t think of anything off hand excepting the carriage house. It’s plenty roomy. But we were planning on making it our hospital.”

“What are some of the gnomes sick?” Asked Sully.

“Naw, Nought us---“We gnomes never feel poorly,” Baldot leaned in towards them and whispered, “excepting when the soil turns bad. Now that’s an entirely different bundle of cattails.” He said nodding sagely. He lifted his boot and Ambril could see etched marks where something had eroded away the sole of his boot.

“What about tonight then? For Unk?” Asked Ygg.

“I be having to leave for an itty bit.” Said Unk. “I be coming back to make my home place with you, right soon though.” Then he leaned down to Ygg and asked. “You be sure Yggy boy this be your new home place?” His face was solemn.

Ygg looked his Uncle full in the face and took a deep breath. “I be happier here than going down in the mines every day.” He said with surety. “It’s true I be missing me Mam. But her letter be telling me she be happiest if I keep to looking for a better way, a better life.”

“Maybe someday you be finding this and then we go to fetch her here with us.” Unk said. He folded his arms and looked down quizzically at his nephew. “I not be understanding all yet but maybe I understand one day.”

Ygg turned to Ambril and Sully. “You two best be busting on home, I know you be in a heap of terrible trouble.” He said ruefully looking at the deepening shadows.

Ambril looked around and her heart dropped. The sun had set and the sky was darkening.

“Holy Smokes! I’ll be grounded for a week!” Shrieked Sully as she raced for her bike. “I’ll see you all when or maybe if they take the manacles off!” She said as she pushed off hard. In another second she had disappeared through the hedge. “Bye!”

Ambril hurried to her bike. A couple of the gnomes had brushed it off and put her backpack back in the basket. “Nearly good as new!” Said one of them as he handed it off to her. As she jumped onto the seat she heard a deep rumbly voice behind her say.   
 That one be right shiny bright with magic, she be.” He said. “Though I care naught for the nasty twit in the bask---“

“Night everyone! “Ambril yelled as loud as she could to drown out Unk’s last words.

“Nighty Night!” Called Bummil. “Mind the flowers now! You can’t keep running roughshod over them like you do!”

Ambril started off on her bike and had nearly reached the hole in the hedge when she heard one of the gnomes should after her.

“And we don’t like the little twat neither!”

**Chapter 33 A Late Night Chat with fLit**

It was full on dark and the moon had just scrambled up over the mountains when she finally leaned her bike up against the garage and slipped in the back door. Fortunately for her her Mom was elbow deep in preparations for the May Day Celebration.

There were stacks of signs with arrows and words like ‘Parking’, ‘Lot Full’, and ‘Restrooms’. Clearly Mrs. Sweetgum had been helping out as others were lettered in an old-fashioned script and said “This way to the Loo”, “Fully Engaged, ‘Fancy a cuppa Tea?’ Ambril couldn’t help smiling at these.

She turned from the signs and realized that there was something different about the kitchen. Her mother was at the stove stirring a huge pot of glop, which smelled of lavender and earwax. Ambril had almost made it across the kitchen when her mother turned around.

“Ambril? Ambril! I’ve been so worried! How many times have I told you to get home before the streetlights come on? Her mother raged. “Why if it wasn’t for Mrs. Sweetgum assuring me you were alright and that I’ve been distracted by all of this---” Her hands swept past the signage and over the soaps and candles cooling on the every available surface in the kitchen. “---Why I would have called the Sheriff and had them culling through the forest!” Ambril’s mother put her one free hand on her hip and glared at her.

“Sorry, I tried to get home earlier but…well we got so interested---in our project---we just lost track of time.”

Ambril could see immediately that she had gotten lucky and for once struck a chord. Her mother immediately brightened. “That’s what Sully’s Mom said too. She just called and we had a nice chat. You and your friends are interested in plants are you?” Her mother went back to stirring. The gooey stuff was getting so thick her mother had to put her whole back into each rotation. “Plants are fascinating aren’t they? It wasn’t until we came back here that I realized how much I missed working with them.” She stopped stirring and wiped her forehead. “There, now I just have to get this stuff into some containers to cool.”

“Can I help?” asked Ambril.

Ambril’s mother looked her over, head to foot. “No, no, I’d better do it. If Feldez sees you like that in this house---“ She stopped and pursed her lips. “You’d better run upstairs and shower---Oh and Mrs. Sweetgum left you some dinner.”

“Great!” said Ambril and grabbed a plate out of the Frig before going upstairs. She paused to watch her Mom. Her mother who though clearly tired seemed very happy. “What are you making, Mom?” She asked.

Her mother flashed a wide smile at her. “Betula asked me to whip up some of my lavender verbena soap.” She said squeezing her eyes shut as she pushed the pot off the heat and turned off the burner. “Whoo! Glad that part’s done.” She said wiping her forehead again with her sleeve. “I liked to make my own soaps and candles when I was a kid.” Her mother fussed with what the few remaining empty containers laid out on the counter. “Gran taught me.” She then picked up a huge ladle she started filling them up.

Ambril then figured it out. The something new was a buzz of magic. Her mother was making her own brand of remedies. She didn’t know she was, but she was. Ambril smiled to herself, her family heritage again.

“Okay then if you’re sure you don’t need me…” she said and turned to go.

“No darling, I’m fine.” Her mother adjusted her apron and approached the pot of gloop as a liontamer approaches a lion. “I kind of have to do this part myself.”

Ambril looked down her plate. It looked like macaroni and cheese and a pile of fresh berries. There was a huge slab of chocolate cake wedged in on the side. “Can I eat upstairs, then? I’m pretty tired.”

“Okay, just this once.” Said her mother distractedly. “Remember to take that shower BEFORE bed. Mrs. Sweetgum has to change your sheets too much, poor thing.”

“Right, night Mom.” Ambril slipped through the doorway and trudged up the stairs.

She set her backpack down on her bed and headed over to her desk. Before she could sit down she heard the zip of her backpack and fLit hovered over her dinner.

“*What happened out there, you two legged llama? The wards on the wall made you so fuzzy I couldn’t track you*.” fLit thought at her louder than necessary.

“*Look I’ll tell you but I’m gong to eat while I think*.” She thought back. She hoped she was as annoying to him as he was to her.

The fairy wrinkled its nose in disgust but looked interested as she removed the plastic wrap from the food.

“*Are you hungry*?” asked Ambril as she picked up a huge ripe strawberry and took a bite out of it.

“The fairy did indeed look very hungry. “*I was too busy watching over YOUR Ashera to eat*.” fLit groused as he floated down to the desk next to Ambril’s plate.

“*Here,*” Ambril held up a strawberry to the fairy figuring that if his mouth and belly were full he might be a little less grumpy.

The fairy took it and literally stuck his face right inside it. He ripped out a large chunk and chewed noisily. Strawberry juice dripped all down his tunic.

“*Nice table manners*.” Thought Ambril at him.

The fairy just thought the sound of a train wreck at her and ignored her as he bit into the ripe berry again and again eventually finishing it. Then he picked up another.

“Do you mind?” said Ambril out loud and tried to shove a napkin under him. He was dripping all over her computer. She wiped up his mess thinking that fLit and Unk might have more in common than they both thought.

“*Not funny, not funny at all Doo Doo breath*.”

Accept for fLit’s occasional slurping, they both ate in silence while Ambril ran through her adventures in the woods in her head. The macaroni and cheese were delicious. Ambril drank half a glass of milk before starting in on the cake.

“*Ummm, you know*,” said the fairy in a much better mood. “*I have to admit that despite having the intellect of a newt and the morals of an eel human-kind does know how to grow a very fine berry*.” He wiped his mouth on his tunic managing to merely smear the juice into his hair.

fLit floated up above Ambril and without warning started spinning like a top, splattering berry juice all over Ambril’s room---and Ambril too.

“What are you doing?” Ambril covered her face with her arm but still managed to get some in her eyes.

“*Cleaning up of course*.” fLit slowly unwound himself looking picture perfect and with a wave of his hand rid the room of berry juice splatters and drips.

Ambril looked around, “*Would it have hurt you to tidy up the rest of the room*?” She snorted and wondered if she could learn clean her room like that.

fLit shrugged and sat down on the edged of her computer.

“*I want to see the part in the clearing again*,” thought the fairy.

Ambril again went back through her memories of the day starting with her conversation with Ygg and Sully about the Tree of Life---

“*Skip that part, I was there*” said the fairy impatiently.

She moved on to the flying episode and shooting into space---

“*That was quite funny actually, but this is boring, I WAS THERE THEN AS WELL*!” fLit was getting annoyed.

Ambril moved quickly through the the lightening and thunder, falling through a redwood tree, and then meeting the dancing tree---

“*A Wood Sprite*!” Whispered the fairy excitedly; there was a spray of bells. “*Show me again*!”

Ambril once again walked through dancing with the wood sprite. It’s green variegated skin, the rustling sound it made as it swirled its fern-like foliage around, the crown of brambles on her head.

“*Crown? She wore a crown*?”

Ambril thought the image at the fairy once again and not gently. Then went onto the hawk attack, Hendoeth and arriving back at the gazebo.

“*Well,*” said the fairy unable to keep how impressed he was out of his voice, “*the woo sprite was none other than Hylde-vinde, the May Queen of the forest*.”

The fairy turned around and stared at her hard, really looking at her. “Why is she befriending you?” He said unable to keep the question out of his voice. “*On top of that you have the Gray Lady after you, another first. She has never been known to have any dealings with those in the here and now*.” He sniffed.

“*The Gray Lady? Who’s she? And I wouldn’t call it ‘dealings’ she just tried to kill me.*”

“*The Gray Lady from the Gray Lands? You’ve not heard of the in-between place*?” The fairy was amazed. “*It’s the place between this life and what’s beyond---it’s for beings who have unfinished business or who have simply lost their way.”*

“*So it’s a place you go after you die*?”

“*Well---yes and no. Those in the gray lands haven’t really passed on---they’re stuck.*” fLit continued. “*The Gray Lands are timeless. The Gray Lady has no way knowing what’s past, present and future---to her it’s all the same. Some say this has driven her to madness*.”

“*I so agree. So is she trying to kill me for something I do in the future*?”

fLit shrugged. “*Guess so, though it could be she just dislikes you on principle*.” He sneered. “*You being just a little human-kind Billy goat*---“

“Kid.” Corrected Ambril.

“--- *Who was given an Ashera and chosen by the Ledrith Glain*.” His eyes narrowed with envy, as he looked her over dismissively. “*Even if you weren’t human-kind, you’d still be so---normal*.” The fairy sighed. “*Very, very---ordinary.”*

Ambril pushed back hard from the desk. “*You know I’ve had enough of you, tonight*.” She said angrily. “*I’m going to bed*.”

The fairy jangled at her inside her head but she pushed it aside.”Not so fast, we have to do some training.” Said the fairy huffily.

Ambril sut her eyes tightly and breathed in and out a couple of times. She did need some practice…”O.K. what are we doing tonight?”

“*You’ve gotten the hang using energy as a weapon. Now let’s work on sighting*.”

“*Sighting*?”

“*Yes, when you look with your being and not your eyes.”*

Ambril was just plain confused. “*Come again*?”

fLit rolled his eyes. “*Right, I forgot what a plodder you are*.” He scoffed. “*Pick up your Ashera and close your eyes*.”

Ambril did as she was told and instantly the fog rushed in around her greeting her like an old friend. “fLit was there with her. “*You see all this stuff*?” He said pointing at the fog. “*This is here because you can’t sight.*”

“*Really? So---what do I do to gain sight?”*

*“You have to think---wider*.” Said the fairy pushing out the fog with his hands. *“You have to focus your energy in a broadening circle. Some magic weilders can look around the world, literally.”*

Ambril thought about it and then tried it…and then again…nothing. She couldn’t make the fog move one inch.

“*Try focusing on what’s next to you, all of it at once. But start with one thing at a time.”*

Ambril tried again. Tis time she became aware of her computer…it’s pointy corners and then the window behind it…and the shelves above…Each time she focused on the hazy images around her they began to clear away until she and fLit were standing in her perfectly ordinary room. “*O.K., so what? I can do this with my eyes open?*”

“Keep going.” Said fLit with a yawn as he floated by her lying down with his legs crossed.

Ambril grumbled but went back to work she pushed outward from her window to the tree beond. The fog cleared for her there. It was then she saw them. The little bits of glowing lights. “What are those?”

“Those little bits of light are other beings, it’s their life’s energy you’re seeing.” Said fLit. “Magical beings are very bright with energy while the animals living in this tree are a little dull.” He contined. “Using your Sight you can detect other beings magical or otherwise before they see you.”

“*I see how that might come in handy.”*

“*Very handy, especially if you need to draw off energy from them for your own use*---“

“*What? You mean take their life’s energy*? *Doesn’t that hurt them?”*

*“It might but what’s the problem? They’re lower life forms, Fairies do it all the time.*”

Ambril snorted at his arrogance and thoughtlessness. “*Alright, that’s enough for tonight”* She stormed at him.

“*We have to keep practicing, you still don’t know-*--“

“I said enough, you snotty little bug!” Ambril marched into her bathroom, brushed her teeth and threw on her pajamas. Then she remembered she needed a shower, tore off her pajamas, took the world’s fastest shower and threw on her PJ’s again. She took a quick look around just before she turned off the light. fLit was nowhere to be seen or felt. Hopefully he had gone out for the night. She sighed with relieve and snuggled down in her bed. That was just the way she liked it. She was glad he was helping her train but that didn’t mean she had to like him.

**Chapter 31 Gossip at Betula’s**

It was some days before the three of them could meet up again. The next morning, Ambril’s Mom suddenly remembered how angry she should have been with Ambril and grounded her for several days. But towards the end of the week even Sully’s penal servitude had been completed. It was Friday afternoon when they shoved their bikes into the stand in front of Betula’s and waltzed inside. At least Ygg did. Ambril was groggy from her late night practices with fLit. Though she had to admit the practices were paying off. After a rocky start she was getting fairly good at focusing energy. She just didn’t know how she was going to repair the burned marks on the walls in her room. Ambril stumbled into the Sweet Shoppe with Sully lagging behind her, dragging a huge sweet smelling box behind her.

“Here you go Betula, my Mom wanted you to have these strawberries. They’re really fresh.” She said falling into one of Betula’s famous hugs.

“You picked them yourself didn’t you!” Said Betula as she flipped open the box and smiled at what she saw. “I tell you what, you go take a load off over there with your friends and I’ll bring you a bowl of these and some lemonade. Doesn’t that sound like a fine way to cool down on a day like today?”

Sully could only nod as she dragged herself over and sat down next to Ygg.

“I had to pick those strawberries, weed the entire vegetable garden and help Dad clean out the tool shack. Jus because I was a little bit late---Well a lot late.” She blew up her bangs in disgust. “I’m just glad that’s over! Why do we have 23 screwdrivers? Don’t they all do the same thing?” She groused.

“Just think how bad it would have been had your folks found out what we really did!” whispered Ambril.

Sully grinned back.

“How about you Ygg, What did Mrs. Twid do to you?” asked Ambril.

Ygg shrugged noncommittally, “she does’na care what I do as long as I get me work done. But she made me clean out her root cellar and do some extra deliveries on account of the dance rehearsal.” Ygg shook his head slowly and screwed up his face. “She’s been acting strange of late. Watching me real close.”

“Well I had plenty of time to think these past few days.” Said Sully rolling her eyes. “It’s important to have something to think about when you’re pulling up milkweed.” She said and then leaned forward. “What if what Ambril thinks is true, that Mrs.Twid had a reason to poison half the town?” She nodded to the Shoe Stop across the streetand whispered. “A real estate reason!” “It’s all going according to plan but then…it stops working.” Sully poked Ygg in the chest. “You’re making the deliveries, she knows she put the poison tea in the store room but it’s not doing the job.” Sully took a long pull on her straw and started picking through the bowl of strawberries.

“So you be saying Mrs. Twid does know about me meddling with her tea?” Asked Ygg impatiently pulling the bowl of strawberries out of Sully’s reach.

Sully still came up with handful. She popped a berry into her mouth and chewed slowly while nodding at Ygg. “Yep, that’s what I’m saying.” She said giving the strawberries a longing look. “But the big question is, what would you do if you were Mrs. Twid?” She sat back and folded her arms. “Would you just shrug your shoulders and go back to hosting Church teas and teaching dance to kids you hate?” Sully smirked and shook her head vigorously. “No way! You’d try it again!”

Ambril and Ygg just looked at each other. “Well we be making tea already and the gnomes are delivering it.” Said Ygg matter of factly. “What more can we do?”

“She’ll go around us this time, right to her mark.”

“You mean she’s going to poison people herself?” Asked Ygg incredulously. “That be just stupid if’n you ask me. Everybody’ll know.”

Ambril was shocked at how naive they had been. Of course she would try again. They should have thought of that right off the bat. But what to do now?

Just then the door behind them opened. Ambril saw Ygg suddenly stiffen and knew who it was without turning her head.

“Are you lounging again you lazy clod?” A stiff sharp voice broke over their table.

“I’ve done finished me deliveries, Mrs. Twid. And me chores.” Said Ygg jumping to his feet and dipping his head at her.

Ambril hated it when he did that. She turned and saw Mrs. Twid towering over them with the birdlike Mrs. Flood latched onto her arm. Ambril realized with a start that Sully was right. Mrs. Twid had already done her dirty work. Mrs. Flood now looked a hundred years old again. Her face was nearly as gray as her hair as she walked hunched over clearly leaning on her taller stronger friend.

“I don’t want to see you in here, Ygg.” Said Mrs. Twid warily. “I have a sick friend in need of cheering up. So shoo the lot of you!”

Ambril jumped up and hurried outside right on Ygg’s heels. Sully though was less cooperative and took her time putting on her backpack and slowly making her way to the door.

“She’s so crafty! Poisoning her friend right under every one’s noses!” Steamed Sully as they turned down the side alley.

“What?” Asked Ambril bewildered.

“I think she’s doing it right here! She’s switching her tea for Betula’s and making Mrs. Flood sick right in front of everyone!” Sully hissed. “If you ask me it’s the perfect plan. She’s going to try to blame Mrs. Flood’s illness on Betula. Everyone knows how jealous she is of her!” Sully jerked her thumb at the Sweet shoppe next to them. “We have to see what’s going on in there!” She said anxiously.

Ygg brightened. I’m thinkin I know a way,” he said and led them to a small window half way down the side alley. “You can see behind the counter and a bit of the main floor.” He said. The window was very narrow but they squeezed together and managed to peer inside the half open window.

Mrs. Twid had just finished depositing Mrs. Flood into a chair and was settling herself across a table from her. She reached over and patted her friend’s hand. “Now, now, you look so poorly Daisy, let’s have jus a little bit of Betula’s tea before we tackle these real estate forms. Is that alright with you dear?” She purred.

She looked around the shop imperiously. “Betula! Please come here! She said loudly. “Daisy and I have a bone to pick with you, Neither of us have been feeling well since we had tea here last time.” She said pointedly. “Daisy is so poorly she hasn’t been able to eat a thing, poor dear! Just look at her.”

“Do you have any of the good stuff at all?” Whispered Ambril as she looked sadly through the window at Mrs. Flood who seemed to be struggling to stay upright.

Betula bustled over to Mrs. Flood. “Daisy? Is that you honey? You sure don’t look like yourself darlin.” Said Betula looking concerned. “Here now, I’ll fix you a nice pot of tea and some of my best scones to go with it.”

Ygg rummaged through his backpack once again. “He came up with one lint covered pouch of tea. “This is all I have on me.” He said looking dubiously at the pouch and picking the worst bits off.

“Here give me a boost.” Ambril said to Ygg and Sully.

Betula was setting up a teapot on the counter just as Ambril managed to wedge herself into the window opening. She could see the teapot on a tray just a couple of feet away and was just about to toss it in when---!

“And make sure it’s hot this time!” Said Mrs. Twid again louder than was needed. “It was lukewarm and tasteless last time!” Everyone in the shop turned to see what was going on.

The three friends pulled back just in time as Betula bustled up and picked up the tea kettle. She felt it and put it back on the stove. And then loaded a plate with blueberry scones. Humming to herself she turned back toward the stove.

“Now, do it now!” Whispered Sully urgently.

Ambril reached in with the tea bag but found she was a foot short of the pot. She took carefully aim and threw the it at the pot. The bag sailed toward its open top and was just about to drop inside when one of its trailing strings caught on the handle and the bag fell short, falling harmlessly on the counter.

Ambril was stunned. What could they do now? Betula bustled up and began pouring the boiling water into the pot.

“*This is really getting tedious*!” Said a bell like voice inside her head. She heard the zipper of her backpack slip open and a swoosh of displaced air. There was nothing but a little sparkle in the air around the teapot as suddenly the teabag miraculously slipped under the lid just as Betula clamped it shut.

“What the!---“ whispered Sully. “Did you see that?”

“No, funny thing, I didna see anything but I know I should have.” Said Ygg suspiciously looking first at Ambril and then at Sully.

Ambril said nothing and tried to look as innocent as she possibly could. They watched as Betula carried the tray over to the older women and insisted on pouring out the tea for them. Mrs. Twid was tight lipped at that. But Ambril guessed that she had already dosed Mrs. Flood liberally the day before. Betula gave Mrs. Flood a hug before turning to her other customers.

“I bet she wants Mrs. Flood to have some sort of fit right here to really humiliate Betula.” Growled Sully.

They watched as Mrs. Flood brought the teacup up to her lips and took a very small sip. Her lips puckered slightly and formed a little half smile. She thoughtfully took another sip and after a moment sat up a bit straighter. She smiled at her gaunt friend and picked up a scone. “My you were right Crystal. Having tea at Betula’s does wonders!” She said brightly and taking a very large swallow of tea she finished her cup and held it out for some more.

“Oh, well, I’m so pleased you are feeling better Daisy.” Said Mrs. Twid suspiciously peering at her friend as she refilled her cup. She looked anything but pleased.

Mrs. Flood finished off her second cup in a twinkling and started tapping her toe to the background music.

Mrs. Twid took an experimental sip of tea herself and jerked upright.

“There’s something terribly wrong with this! It must have artificial stimulants in it of some kind!” Her eyes narrowed and she began looking around the room carefully. “Daisy, I’m not certain this tea is---well---safe.” She sputtered as her friend hummed along with the music and tried to snatch her friend’s teacup away from her.

Mrs. Flood evaded her attempts. “I think it’s marvelous, this tea” she said dreamily. “It reminds me of some I had at Fern’s the other day with those nice kids.”

Mrs. Twid’s face suddenly went tense with anger. “What kids?”

“Those nice children who were just here.”

Mrs. Twid went very still. “you mean---Ygg and---“.

“Look who’s here, losers clogging up the alley! Can’t have that!” Came a voice from behind Ambril. She twisted around just in time to see blonde hair and Lance’s sneering face before she was shoved right through the window. She flailed in midair but lost her balance and tumbled on the counter. Her foot felt oddly---cold.

“Look Mommy, that girl has her foot in the ice cream!” Shouted a little girl at the counter.

Ambril’s foot was indeed ankle deep in chocolate. With effort she managed to pull her foot out. But just her foot, her sneaker remained sunk up to its laces in a half full tub of ice-cold goo. It looked like Kamikaze Chip.

“What the devil are you doing!” Shouted Betula equal parts surprised and angry.

“It…it isn’t what it seems, you see I can explain---“

“No doubt she was casing the joint, looking for things to steal. This one and her two accomplices in the alley.” She sneered as she looked from Ambril to the window.

Ambril relieved found that Ygg and Sully had had the good sense to duck out of sight.

“You’ll explain by working off the cost of that ice cream!” Betula thrust an apron at her and pointed to a huge pile of dishes. Betula tugged and tugged again on the shoe. With a squelchy slurp it finally came free. She threw it into a bucket and handed it to Ambril. “Better clean yourself up outside first!” She pointed at the back door.

“I’m really, really sorry.” Said Ambril giving the formidable woman a wide berth.

She half hopped half tiptoed through the door and found a hose in the alley. She was rinsing off her shoe when Sully and Ygg limped into view. Sully had a smashed peach in her hair and Ygg and taken a tomato right in the middle of his T-shirt.

“Lance---and his buddies.” Said Sully unnecessarily. “They pinned us down and started pelting us with---” She extracted the peach from her hair, “this stuff.”

“So what happened in there? Did anyone see you?” Asked Ygg anxiously clearly worried about Mrs. Twid.

Ambril held up her chocolatey shoe. “You could hardly miss me!” Then Ambril cut right to the chase. She realized Ygg was already braced for bad news. “Yep, I think she knows its us. She saw you in the window.”

Ygg winced and started pacing the alley.

“She’s still trying to work out how much we know, but she definitely looked...vengeful.” Ambril continued as she turned off the water and tried unsuccessfully to wring out her shoe.

“Look,” said Sully trying to put a good spin on it. “She might think that we just did it as a joke or something.” She picked a half rotten green pepper off her shoulder.

“Listen, you guys need to get out of here. The last thing we need is for Sully to get grounded and for you to get thrown out by Mrs. Twid. I’ll see you tomorrow, O.K.?” Ambril looked with disgust at her sloppy, wet shoe.

Before the other two could answer the alley door banged open and Betula filled the opening. She stood there a moment staring them down. “You have some explaining to do Ambril.” She surprised them by sounding not angry, just curious.

“Come on Betula, go easy on her. We did it for Mrs. Flood.” Blurted out Sully. “We had to save her from Mrs. Twid’s horrible, poisoned tea.”

Betula blanched and held a finger to her lips. She slowly backed away from the doorway her hands on her hips. “Ambril, Dishes.” She motioned inside.

Ambril nodded, put on her sopping wet shoe and slopped toward the door.

“We’ll be seein’ you then.” Ygg said resignedly.

Ambril nodded her head. Inside, she squelched over to the sink, turned on the hot water and dumped soap into it. Then she picked up the first plate and surveying the massive pile of dirty dishes she realized that this would take a while.

As Ambril washed she snuck peeks at the elderly ladies finishing their tea. Mrs. Twid was doing damage control. ”Now Daisy, all you have to do is sign here and it will all be over. I’ll be the one worrying about sales, lifting too heavy boxes and dealing with rude delivery men.” Ambril overheard her say. “You’ll be basking in the sunshine at your niece’s place in San Clemente.” Mrs. Twid shoved a sheaf of important looking documents in front of her elderly friend and held out a pen.

But Mrs. Flood wasn’t paying attention; she was humming to the music.

Mrs. Twid began to lose her patience. “Daisy? Daisy Dear! You just sign here, it’s just as we talked about. I’ll make all the arrangements for you. JUST SIGN HERE!” She pointed emphatically at the top paper where a blank line was drawn across the bottom and squinted at the older woman. “Can you hear me Daisy?” She said high and loud enough for everyone there to hear. “Honestly, I think there was something off again with Betula’s food.” She sniffed at her empty teacup and plate. “The tea of course was bland as usual, but this time I detected something really---odd.” She looked significantly at her friend again. “Daisy you are looking quite strange.” Her eyebrows rose rapidly. “How about a fresh pot of tea! We’ll just ask Betula for some hot water---with the tea on the side.” She sifted through her purse and pulled out a small packet, which she left on her lap.

“But, my dear Crystal, this tea is absolutely---thrilling!” Crowed Mrs. Flood. “It’s so good in fact, I feel like dancing!”

Ambril held her breath and willed the old woman to not try anything too dangerous, like doing double flips off the counter or swinging from the ceiling fan.

But Mrs. Flood passed quickly onto something else. She started looking over the stack of papers in front of her.

“Hmmmmm---I feel as if I’ve been in a fog lately, and the sun has just come out once again!” She said brightly as she began to peruse the documents in earnest. “So let me review this with you, Crystal, my dear old friend.” She said her voice clear and articulate. “You wish to purchase my little shop and---oh! ‘The property behind it’. That must be my home as well I assume?” She looked up sharply at her stiff friend.

Mrs. Twid looked as if she’d been caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

“Well---err---we did discuss this, Daisy. You said you wanted a clean break.” She said, twisting her napkin anxiously.

“Ah,” Mrs. Flood went back to flipping through the papers. “Oh---and the ten acre farm as well? The fine piece of land near the Tupelos?” Mrs. Flood was not smiling anymore. She looked accusingly at the woman she had just called her friend.

“Daisy, this is what you wanted remember? I was doing this all for you dear.” Sputtered Mrs. Twid.

“And I was to receive this paltry amount for all of my property?” Continued Mrs. Flood pointing with disgust at a number mid-stack, mid-page. “You know very well this is far below what my store alone is worth!”

“But it’s all I can afford!” Whispered Mrs. Twid. She seemed to wilt right there in front of everyone as she realized the fight was over and she had lost.

Mrs. Flood slapped the pages down and got up so quickly, Mrs. Twid dropped her teacup, the tea spilled all over the papers and swiftly dribbled its way to the floor.

“I really don’t know what to make of all of this Crystal. I thought we were friends. I’ve always trusted you.” Said Mrs. Flood tersely. “But now---well now I’d prefer not to say what I think of you---it wouldn’t be ladylike.” Mrs. Flood swiftly collected her things and turned toward Betula.

“I’m not sure what you put in your tea but I’ll be back for more tomorrow!” Mrs. Flood patted Betula’s cheek and trotted out the door.

Independently Betula and Mrs. Twid turned to look at Mrs. Flood and then at the tea now making a puddle on the floor.

Betula laughed a deep, heartfelt chuckle. “I’m glad she’s feeling better, aren’t you Crystal?” She eyed the thin woman now scrambling to her feet. “It’s funny how these things work out isn’t it?”

“It’s not funny---it’s downright---criminal!” Mrs. Twid’s glared at Ambril still hunched over the sink washing away. Her normally gray complexion had gone even grayer. Ambril hadn’t thought that possible.

“Well, isn’t that just a bit like the pot calling the kettle black now,” mused Betula nodding at the ruined, tea stained papers.

Mrs. Twid raised her chin and sniffed. “I see where things stand now Betula.” Ambril watched her muster enough dignity to march out the door and down the street.

Betula smiled. “I DO love to get under that woman’s skin!” She chortled. “Now, how you doing, just about done Ambril?” NO? Well keep at it…it won’t be long.”

Ambril looked at the dishes still stacked three feet high and knew that to be false.

**Chapter 32 Betula’s secret**

It was, however about an hour later when Betula turned the ‘OPEN, to ‘CLOSED’ sign on her door and shooed the last customers out. She stopped to stretch after pulling down the blinds, a satisfied smile on her face.

Ambril was just wiping the last of the dishes.

“Come out from behind there, Sweetie,” Betula boomed as she sat down, dwarfing one of her freshly wiped tables.

Ambril, one sneaker still squelching, padded over and slipped into a chair across from her. “I’m really sorry, Betula.” she said softly.

Betula leaned back in her chair. “Sure enough, and you’ve done your penance.” She nodded toward the huge stack of now shiny dishes, and pots and pans next to the sink. “Now, what I want to know is what did you put into my tea?” She folded her arms and waited. “You must know that I wouldn’t take kindly to some one meddling with my food, even if it was for a good cause.” She said her lips a flat line.

Ambril shrank back from her intimidating tone. She’d have to be straight with her. Betula would see through everything else. The question was just how far she could go. She had her friends to think about too.

She took a deep breath. “Well it all started when we---“

“We, being you and your friends, Sully and Ygg?” Interrupted Betula.

“We, rather it was Ygg who first noticed it---not that he’s responsible for all of this or anything.” Ambril rushed to add.

“Let me be the one to judge.” Betula nodded, looking---judgmental. “Go on with it.”

“Well, we just thought---,” and Ambril startled muddling through the whole story. She began with when all the old folks seemed suddenly older and them making the connection between Mrs. Twid’s tea and the increase in their aches and pains.

“Why’d you think people still buy the tea if it makes them feel bad?” Quiried Betula.

“Mrs. Twid’s Sunset tea makes you feel good at first, it probably has caffeine in it or something, but then it makes you feel awful after a little while, so you drank more of it.”

Betula made a big O with her lips, but stayed silent.

“Well then we---found this tea recipe---“.

“You just up and *found* it, did you?” Asked Betula skeptically.

Ambril hesitated “Well, sort of, we---um---looked it up in this old book we found---“

“You just *found* this old book?” Asked Betula even more skeptically. “On the side of the road?”

Ambril realized she was getting into hot water. “Well, we found it at my Great Grandmother’s house---“

“Rosa’s place?” Betula’s eyebrows went right up to the top of her forehead.

Ambril nodded.

Betula said nothing but her look of surprise morphed into amazed understanding.

“Then we mixed up a batch of the remedy and---sort of ---substituted the good for the bad tea.” Ambril finished hastily.

“Did you know old Mr. Samuels was doing cartwheels down Main Street here just last week?” Betula chuckled.

Ambril shrugged sheepishly. “It was a little strong there at first.”

Betula grinned then she quizzed, “and how did your plan work out?”

“Fine---until today when we noticed how bad Mrs. Flood was, she was worse than ever.” Ambril grimaced. “We figured out then that what Mrs. Twid was really after when we overheard someone mention that Mrs. Twid wanted to buy the shoe store. Today, when we saw them come in---”. Ambril stopped looked down. “We put some of our remedy tea into your teapot just before you served it.” Ambril mumbled into her hands. “Then Lance came along and shoved me through your window and I ended up in your ice cream.”

Betula was silent for a moment as she rocked back in her chair. Then she laughed her rumbly laugh. “Child, there is even more to you than even I can see---And I can see more than most.” She nodded appreciatively. “But that’s not the whole story now is it?”

Ambril just stared at her hands not trusting herself to say anything.

Betula got slowly to her feet. “I think we need to stop playing cat and mouse, us two. Especially seeing as we’re on the same team.” She beckoned to Ambril as she walked behind the counter and over to her large display case. Inside the candy animals Ambril had noticed on her first day stared back at them. Ambril marveled again at how carefully they had been crafted. The detail on the shoes---she could even see the stitches.

“I have to keep them in here for their own good.” She said as she unlocked the case. “Otherwise people would reach up and try to snap off a piece of them. Mind you it’s pretty nigh impossible but, if you know what you’re doing---“ She put up a hand to hide her mouth and whispered, “mind you, that’s how Slim here, lost an ear.”

“Nasty piece of goods that one was too.” Ambril jumped as she saw the giraffe lift its hoof unsuccessfully to try and scratch one of its ears.

Ambril jumped back in shock.

“Still itches, it does.” The giraffe continued mournfully.

“Here, you just need to bend a bit more, like this!” Suddenly the rabbit had raised a leg and scratched his own ear vigorously. “You see there? That’s how it’s done!”

“Come on, Red, he’s just not built like you.” Betula admonished the energetic rabbit. “Here, let me help you,” said Betula as she reached in to scratch help the giraffe. He wiggled appreciatively.

The rabbit wrinkled his nose as he watched them. “To me, it feels best if I do it meself.” Then he jumped out of the case to get a better look at Ambril.

Betula just laughed. “Shug, Red, Slim, this is Ambril. Ambril, these are my long time pals.” She said simply. “They came to me when I was about your age and helped me through some troubling times.” Betula reached over and patted a Sugar Bear fondly. A cloud of sparkling sugar enveloped Ambril and made her sneeze.

“Some powerful trouble that was.” Chimed in Shug the Bear as he clambered out of the case himself. “But a fine adventure!”

“Okay, now, we’ve work to do. The list is on the board. Why don’t you get things started while I walk Ambril out?” Betula nodded at the Bulletin Board upon which were about a hundred handwritten recipes.

“Righto chief!” Said Shug as he turned toward his friends.

“She’s always finding a way to get out of work isn’t she?” Red said ruefully. “So why do we let her get away with it?”

The bear dimpled and laughed. “Cuz we kind a like the work.” He lumbered over to an old fashioned radio and switched it on. “But mainly I suppose it’s this old radio.”

Immediately a ragtime tune came on and they all started tapping their toes as they pulled on some aprons.

Ambril really wanted to stay and watch but Betula steered her toward the door. “Now we got to let them work.” Betula said with a smile. “They’d get nothing done with an audience. They’re such show offs. I’ll just walk you down the alley a bit. The deliveries have all been made for the day so we should have it to ourselves.”

Betula was right the alley was silent and deserted. Ambril retrieved her bike and the started walking down the narrow road. “Now child, I done showed you my heart. I’m thinking you are sort of---built---the same way I am.” She eyed Ambril for a moment. “I could tell from the first day, you were so shiny bright with it.” She said softly and patted Ambril on the head. “Now tell me the whole story. I’ll help you if I can.”

Ambril took a deep breath, “It happened just as I said except that well---the old book we found is the Astarte. It’s filled with remedies…Miss Fern sort of helped us figure out how to make it…and there are the gnomes---Hey, maybe your friends could use some of the fixit juice we made for them? Anyway---” Ambril told the story all over again but this time included the magic parts to the story. Then she backed up to include the Dullaith, Hendoeth and her own concerns about Feldez.

They walked slowly down the alley. Betula occasionally interrupted her with questions. They were so intent on their conversation they didn’t notice a shadowy figure behind a trash bin. He followed them, listening intently. A few minutes later Betula gave Ambril a long hug and watched her ride away. By the time Betula had retraced her steps the alley really was deserted. The figure had slipped into the night.

At home, Ambril was so tired she could barely keep her eyes open at the dinner table. Feldez was working late as usual. He was always in a hurry, coming in or going out---mostly out. Even if she had gotten the courage up to confront him she couldn’t of done it. Upstairs, she slipped into her PJ’s and slid gratefully into bed. But just as she closed her eyes she was bonked on the head.

“*Up and At ‘em*!” Jangled fLit in her head.

Ambril moaned. He sounded so cheerful Ambril thought he’d been replaced by another fairy. But when she opened up one eye she could see the smug look on his face. He was enjoying her pain.

“Can’t I have just one night off? I’m bushed.” Grumbled Ambril as she yawned wide enough to satisfy even the most finicky of doctors.

“yo’ve still a lot to learn. Get up!” fLit chimed relentlessly bright.

Ambril sat up slowly and grabbed her Ashera from under her pillow. “What’s on today’s menu?” she said groggily.

*“Protective shields. I fashioned one for the both of us when I arrived. But I think it’s time you made one yourself*.” He said brusquely as he took her by the nose and pulled her up and out of bed. “*Stand there in the center of the room*.” He commanded.

“Now, go inside and I want you to try and sense the shield around you now.”

Ambril did as requested. As she closed her eyes the fog rush in to greet her like an old friend. Laboriously she pushed it away and then looked closely at the air around her. “*What exactly am I looking for?* *I don’t see anything like a shield.*” She thought at the fairy exasperated.

“*Not look, sense. I want you to try and sense it. Do you remember what the Dullaith’s skin looked like? Sort of a mesh of wires or threads? It’s like that but*…”

“*But what?”*

*“It’s invisible.”*

Ambril snorted, “*Well this should be easy*.” She grumbled sarcastically.

“Concentrate.”

Ambril looked around again. Nothing, she could see nothing unusual about her room. Maybe if she made it---unusual. Ambril went out to the edges of her site and found the fog. Carefully she enticed it back and let it swirl around her. She looked carefully at the fairy and then smiled. “*I see it*!”

“*Good*!” The fairy smiled back at her before remembering his disdain. The shield coated the fairy like skin in most places but not all. It glowed very faintly in the light under his chin and under his arms. She looked down at herself and discovered the same affect on herself. Bringing her hand up she spread her fingers and could see the webbing between each.

“*I’ve never---noticed this before. How powerful is this shield?”*

“*It is as strong as my magic energy. After tonight, it will be as powerful as the Ledrith Glain, your power source*.”

Ambril felt the warm thrum of her medallion under her P.J.’s and smiled. “So how do do it?”

fLit thought a moment and cocked his head. “*It’s something you pull out from our core energy and then over yourself*.” He shrugged. “*Do you see those lines on the Ashera? Try pulling those up around you.” But wait! Let me get rid of my shield.”* The fairy waved dismissively at Ambril. Ambril felt a whoosh of air and looking down could see no sign of the shield.“*Alright, begin*.” fLit commanded.

Ambril looked at the Ashera pulsing gently in her hands. The lines and images were thrumming along with the magical energy within her and around her. She looked closely at the top of the Ashera and concentrated on the edges of the decorative pattern. She willed them up and over her hand. It was tough at first. She had to work hard to pick up every thread or the whole thing collapsed on her. But after a little while she was able to pull up a magical sleeve of protection. She kept pulling until it reached her shoulder and then crept over her chest and down to her feet. She lifted up one foot and watched as it flowed up one leg and down the other. It tickled her nose as it gently enclosed her head then gathered itself at her other shoulder before continuing down her arm and off her fingertips. It wasn’t perfect. Ambril could sense some rather large holes. There were loops of magical energy hanging off one arm like a sash and it dropped between her legs. But when she flexed her fingers experimentally, she felt nothing; it seemed to have been absorbed by her own skin, flaws and all.

“*Messy! Very messy*!” fLit wrinkled his nose. “*But then again, it is your first time and you are-*--“

“---*just a human-kind,*” finished Ambril and made a face at him.

fLit smirked and waved his hand again. With another whoosh of air Ambril’s shield disappeared and was replaced by another; one without holes, loops or any other imperfections. “*We’ll try again tomorrow night*.” Said fLit as he skittered over to the window.

“*Wait, I just want to say thanks for---what you did for Mrs. Flood*.” But she heard nothing in response just the distant jangle of cowbells as the window slid closed. She smiled as she slipped once more into bed and thought that sometimes, all right just once in a very great while, it was good to have a fairy around.

**Chapter 32 A break-in at school**

Ambril hummed to herself as she coasted down the hill toward school the next morning. Maybe it was because of what fLit had been helping her learn or because she knew they had Betula on their side. She had woken up feeling lighter and freer than she had in a while.

But she stopped humming when she rode by The Sweet Shoppe. There was such a crowd of people on the sidewalk Ambril had trouble seeing the damage at first. Koda was struggling with sheets of plywood he had unloaded from an old truck.

“Please, wood comes through here now!” Koda shouted gruffly as he stood in the street balancing the unwieldy sheets. The onlookers parted just enough for Ambril to see Betula standing in a sea of broken glass Sid had his arm around her trying to comfort her. Her café was open to the breeze. The big front window was gone.

“Betula! Are you O.K.?” Ambril yelled as she jumped off her bike and tried to follow Koda through the crowd. But the crowd wasn’t having any of that and zipped shut in front of her, blocking her entrance.

One crotchety old man glared at her. “Git on to school now kid! Or else the police might think you and your friends did this---which might just be true.” He frowned.

After trying several times to break through the crowd, Ambril reluctantly got back on her bike and rode slowly away. The illusion of a perfect morning shattered. Who would attack Betula? There was something really weird going on and it seemed to be getting worse. Ambril took a deep breath and blew it out frustrated. But dealing with it would have to wait until after school. Koda and Sid were there helping Betula, she’d be fine. Her bicycle glided smoothly down the shady streets and into the schoolyard---and into complete Bedlam.

A fire truck was parked half way up the front steps and a police car with its lights still going was half on and half off the curb. Med Tech’s were busily unloading a stretcher from a nearby ambulance. Riley came up just as she put her bike in the rack. He looked paler and a more jittery than usual but his smile was quick when he saw her.

“What the heck’s going on?” She asked as she squinted at the flashing lights.

“It’s freaky today. Someone broke into the school last night and did some damage.” Said Riley a nervous smirk on his face. “I’m secretly hoping it was Breccia’s room. I need some serious distractions. She’s going to hate my diorama.” He continued as they walked over to Ygg and Sully. Ambril could smell rotting fruit on him again, he must have had an early morning dip in the dumpster courtesy of his brother again. “I ran out of time and had to use Lego people.” He smiled stiffly as he imitated Ms. Breccia, “A fine example of poor workmanship and planning, Riley, as usual.”

Ambril smiled and raised her shoebox. “Mine’s not so great either,” she mused. “I used marshmallows for the stone buildings. Does the school have an ant problem?”

Riley laughed, “Sounds like they will now! Good, I’m not the only one who cut corners.” He glanced over at her. “I couldn’t get into it I have a hard time with the official history.”

“Why?” Asked Ambril.

Riley looked at her appraisingly a minute as they joined up with Ygg and Sully. “You know, history’s written by the ones who win the battles. There’s always a lot left out of the story.”

“My aren’t we pithy today.” Commented Sully.

“Pithy? Don’t tell me, that’ be one of this week’s vocab words, right?” Asked Ygg right behind her.

Sully winced and then shrugged. “I’ve failed the last three quizzes so I thought I’d practice a little.”

The four of them moved toward the growing crowd around the steps. Everyone was jostling each other trying to get a look inside the front doors.

“Come on, I think I know a way we can get a better view,” Riley said in a low voice and motioned for them to follow him.

He led them to the large oak tree in front of the school. A fat, low branch low hugged the front window creating a low shelf before climbing skyward.

“Come on!” Riley said, “no one’s looking!” He started climbing up the trunk using the ‘Keep off, That Means You!’ sign as a step.

They shimmied up the trunk and out along the branch. As they hunkered down among the foliage Ambril gasped. There was a small clot of people hovering around some one lying on the floor. As they watched the med techs blew through the front doors and starting shooing everyone away. Ambril caught a glimpse of a pale, elderly woman in sensible shoes and a skirt…it was the school secretary, Miss Jonquil.

The med techs began checking her vital signs. Ambril could see her eyes flutter open briefly to attend to the tech’s questions. Beyond the flurry of action Ambril spotted the door to the janitor’s closet. Or what it once was, now it was hard to tell. It looked blackened and puckered as if it had blasted with a blow torch and then smashed with a sledgehammer. The door handle had sheered off clean. As she watched the janitor ambled up with a thick chain and a padlock.

“Here comes Skarn, maybe we can hear what’s going on.” Whispered Sully as she pointed to the overweight deputy sheriff as he strutted over to survey the damage.

“Nooobody panic! We have things under control!” Skarn bellowed loudly as he elbowed through some medical equipment. Ms. Jonquil was being carefully moved to the stretcher. “Now, before ya get wheeled off there, Ms. Jonquil, can you tell me what happened?” Skarn said authoritatively.

“I don’t want her over excited, Officer. Just a few questions, please.” Interjected one of the medical technician.

Ambril had to strain to hear her soft reply. “Well, Officer Skarn…I…I had just let myself in the front doors---“

“What time?”

“It was about 7:00 or so, I like to arrive early on Monday to get the week started right.” The secretary’s lip quivered as she continued. “I noticed the light right off---.“

“Light? What kind a light?” Asked Skarn as he scribbled madly on his pad of paper.

“Well, it was very bright, like a camera flash---and then there was this feeling…”

Skarn wrinkled his nose. “Now we want to keep to the facts, here, no---feelings.”

“Oh, yes, Officer---Of course. Well it was sort of a fizzle is all. Like a jolt of electricity.” The older woman grasped the blanket they had thrown over her. “Anyway, I turned to see what it was and…and this blast of filthy smelling air hit me!” She shut her eyes tightly. ”And—And then there was the monster---.”

Skarn sighed and rolled his eyes. “Yer sure, now? A real live monster?” Couldn’t just have been a bit of a fright you got yourself into now?”

“No…well…I’m not sure but I believe I really did see a large---skull…It had red eyes and a big mouth---“

Skarn just stared at her unbelievingly. “Right, large head, red eyes, big mouth…teeth? Did it had long yellow teeth to eat you with...my dear?” Skarn chuckled derisively. “Sounds like a fairy tale, what is it? Little Red Riding Hood?” He grumbled but went ahead and wrote down her description.

“Well, I don’t recall any teeth, no…”

Skarn finished writing and stared at her hard. “Kinda dramatic, that.” He said dubiously. “Ya sure you don’t wanta think about it a bit?”

Ms. Jonquil seemed to wither under his gaze. “Oh Dear…perhaps you’re right Officer…I….I will think about it…it does seem a bit far fetched now, really…Yes, I’m not sure, really as everything went dark just then…I think I screamed and then fainted.” She patted her forehead with a shaking hand. “When I came to my senses, I was on the floor and Feldez was here---.”

“O.K., That’s enough for now. Let’s get you over to the hospital.” Said the med tech smoothly as she motioned Skarn away. “Harry, get the door, will you?” Ms. Jonquil was soon whisked down the steps and into the waiting ambulance, which soon after roared away, its lights still flashing.

“Whoa, so some one was doing magic in the janitor’s closet.” Murmured Ygg.

Ambril nodded slowly. She was very familiar with that frizzy feeling. The jarring sensation that made the hairs on her arm rise. But something was wrong.

“It must have been a Dullaith, it sounded just like the one you saw Amb---“, Sully realized her mistake just a minute too late. Riley was staring at her.

“Well I mean, it sounds like---what I think a Dullaith would look like.” She finished quickly. “It was in the papers.” She said to Riley somewhat defensively. “Years ago.”

“Yeah, I think I remember hearing about that.” He said evasively. “Feldez was involved with that one too, wasn’t he?”

Ambril drew in her breath quickly. Riley was right, Ms. Jonquil had mentioned he had been on the scene here too! He always seemed to be right there whenever a Dullaith appeared…it looked like her soon-to-be-stepfather was mixed up in this as well.

“Uh Oh! We’re busted guys let’s scram!” Hissed Sully as she pointed to Skarn who was staring angrily through the window at them.

They jumped down hurriedly from the branch and ran to join the milling jumble of kids on the playground. Riley vanished immediately. The three friends stood in silence for a few minutes, waiting.

“You can’t really think that Feldez would---“, began Sully.

“He wouldna be so daft---.” Added Ygg.

But Ambril barely heard them. She had a feeling that something was off. Something was wrong. “You know, it’s weird but…It just doesn’t feel right.” She said finally.

“Yeah, I felt that too, sort of an uncomfortable feeling that you’re about to be zapped, right?” Said Sully.

“No, well yes, that’s true there’s a lot of magic still in the air. But I mean there was something sort of…missing. It just doesn’t feel---like a Dullaith was here.” She shrugged feeling frustrated. It was hard to zero in on something that wasn’t there, easier to talk about what was.

Just then the front doors opened and the janitor wearily beckoned them in. “Double file, please! Mind the cones!” The kids filed in slowly. The janitor had placed orange cones all around the janitor’s closet. There was a huge chain draped through the hole where the handle had been with a big padlock on it.

“We have to get inside that room!” Whispered Ambril.

They were just passing the office when Ambril heard a familiar voice.

“No, no officer, perhaps later, I’d like to check on Ms. Jonquil just now. Shall we meet after lunch?” Feldez was just leaving the principal’s office with Skarn and Chief Buckthorne in tow.

Skarn gave him a disgruntled nod. “You’re not helping any, putting this off. You gotta talk to us sometime. It was you who called 911.” He groused.

Chief Buckthorne said nothing for a moment but paused and sniffed the air experimentally. His face was blank as he nodded to Feldez and watched him turn quickly on his heels and leave the building.

“That’s it!” Hissed Ambril. The bell reverberated down the hallway and they had to run to avoid another tardy. As they ran Ambril said. “The smell!”

Ygg and Sully looked at her curiously. “I smell nought anything.” Ygg said mystified as they rounded a corner and slid through the English teacher’s door.

“That’s just it! The Dullaith really, really stinks!” Whispered Ambril excitedly as they slid into their seats, once again just in time. “Even afterward, you can still smell it.” She wrinkled her nose remembering. “It’s something like corpses with a little sewage mixed in, anyway a lot of rotting smells.”

Sully took a big sniff.

“Are you quite finished, Sully?” Mr. Pinwydden was staring down his nose at them.

“Oh, sorry,” she said reddening. “I’m getting a cold.”

Mr. Pinwydden lowered his head, bending over his roll book. “Please use a tissue next time, really, sniffing like that is quite rude.”

The class snickered as Sully slid lower in her seat.

Mr. Pinwydden launched into an involved explanation of essay organization and the preparation. But Ambril only half listened. She had to think through this. From Miss Jonquil’s description, it sounded like a Dullaith was raised in or near the janitor’s closet. But if that had been the case, Miss Jonquil would be dead and the entire school would stink to high heaven. The only logical explanation was that it wasn’t a Dullaith. Then what was it? And how did Feldez fit into it? He had his hands in everything, right up to his armpits. She sat puzzling about it as Mr. Pinwydden droned on until the bell rang. Ambril managed to stumble through the rest of the morning.

Someone kicked her.

“Hey, come on!” Sully said. “You’ve been doing that all day!” It was just after lunch and they were sprawled on the grass. “It’s like you’re sleepwalking or something!” She said grumpily. “There is nothing more frustrating than having one way conversations with someone who should be horizontal with their eyes closed.”

“Just thinking.”

“Yeah that’s what you said the last seven times. Come on, Breccia’s class.” The three walked back into the building and down the hall. But that was as far as they could go. There was a circle of teachers including Ms. Breccia blocking the door.

“No, No, that’s out of the question!” Ms. Breccia boomed. “The show must go on!” She towered menacingly over the other teachers. “Think of how disappointed the children will be if they don’t have the honor of performing our annual Maypole Dance!” She thundered.

Ambril, Sully and Ygg just looked at each other gleefully. It would be better than finding $100 in the street thought Ambril but Ms. Breccia wasn’t finished.

“The Maypole Dance has been a Trelawnyd tradition for over 150 years!” She continued. “Do you think our forefathers would have allowed a silly little death threat to hinder them?” She snorted so loud it made Mr. Pinwydden jump. “Nooooo! Of course not! They would have carried on until the bitter end.” Ms. Breccia raised her eyes heavenward and then scoffed. “Besides do we really know what Ms. Jonquil saw? I’m not sure she knows herself.” Ms. Breccia wrinkled her nose disdainfully. “She’s always been a bit fanciful if you ask me, there’s some Tylwith in her.” She snickered.

Mr. Pinwydden drew his skinny frame up and smoothed his tie. “I would agree with you Opal, if this were in any way important to the furtherance of Trelawnyd traditions but really, it’s just a Maypole Dance! We can---“

“Nonsense! All traditions are important to the continuance of our unique culture. Our forefathers must be rolling, positively ROLLING in their graves to hear you talk so flippantly about something that many gave their lives for!” Ms. Breccia pointed a square finger at Pinwydden’s nose and continued her tirade. “We must---we absolutely MUST go forward with our plans.” With that she nearly knocked a couple of students down as she swept from the group wrenched her classroom’s door open and strode inside.

The remaining teachers looked a bit shell-shocked. “Well we tried.” Said a small nervous looking man with red hair and suspenders.

“Yes, well, Mr. Gingko, let’s hope there isn’t any trouble.” Said Mr. Pinwydden as he straightened his tie and walked quickly back to his class.

Ambril, Ygg and Sully reached the door just as the bell rang. Ms. Breccia looked positively disappointed that she wasn’t able to give any of them a tardy. She threw down her roll book disgustedly looking even meaner than usual.

“Children, children! Your dioramas belong here,” she said pointing to an already loaded table. “And you---belong in the gym. It’s your last May Dance rehearsal!” She folded her arms and looked down her nose at them. “Mrs. Twid has been lamenting about your lack of grace and rhythm.” She sighed dramatically. “I believe she said, and I quote, “They have the lumbering gait of water buffalo stampeding over a cliff!” She paused and sniffed. “Please, do not embarrass me any further.” She pointed to the door. “Out! On the double!” With a grand wave of her hand she turned her back to them and began forcefully stacking dioramas. Two of them collapsed before Ambril could get out of the door.

“Whoo, I’m for once really glad to be going to dance practice.” Said Sully.

“She was in a rare mood, was she not?” Mused Ygg. “And she hadna’ had any of Mrs. Twid’s Sunset Tea neither!”

“Hey do you think Miss Fern would help us whip up another batch of tea tonight? Betula wants some to give out some to the elderly she thinks are still suffering.”

“Not necessary.” Said Sully. “I made up a batch of remedy tea and dropped it by Fern’s garden for the gnomes to deliver but they said they didn’t need any more!”

“What?” exclaimed Ambril. “It’s been at least two weeks. They must need more.”

Ygg shook his head. “They be making it themselves now. Making it, packaging it and delivering it. I don’t have to do a thing.” He smiled at both of them.

“But how’d they get the recipe?” Asked Sully, mystified.

Ygg looked quizzically at Sully. “Ya do know they can and will get into everything, anytime.” He said and nodded to her backpack. “Astarte in there?”

Sully nodded.

“Didna you leave it at the gazebo when we were flying?”

Sully nodded again.

Ygg shrugged.

Sully nodded once more much more slowly and hugged her backpack to her chest. “Geees, no privacy---I hate that.” She grumbled.

Ambril nodded to herself. “Tell me about it!” She said eyeing her own pack and jiggling it hard enough to hear a familiar metallic clank. She was treated to a series of artillery blasts in her head.

“Anyway, I told them to take it to Betula. After yesterday and Mrs. Flood I thought it couldn’t hurt. Everyone goes there.” Sully said as they turned into the gym.

Mrs. Twid stood stiffly by the piano, her mouth a thin line. Her eyes narrowed as she tracked the entrance of Ambril, Ygg and Sully until they merged with the crowd of unenthused kids.

“Now that you are FINALLY all here!” Mrs. Twid’s nasal voice was shrill. “Mrs. Flood is unable to join us today as she must supervise some---renovations at her shop.” Ambril watched Mrs. Twid’s neck muscles tighten as she said this. “So we’ll have to make do with a recording.”

“Now if you can possibly manage not tripping all over yourselves, we’ll begin.” CMrs. Twid nodded vaguely at the Maypole and it’s dangling ribbons. But the kids’ attention was diverted by a loud angry voice behind them.

“You nasty little rat! I know what you’re doing!” It was Lance yelling as he threatened his brother with his fist. “Stop messing with around! You can’t handle it!”

“Lance, look we’ve been over this a hundred times, They’re just experiments, ‘sciency stuff’ you know nothing about...” Said Riley quietly.

“I’ve been watching you! I know what you’ve been up to. Knock it off or else!” He snarled as he bore down on Riley.

“Lance! Riley! Control yourselves, honestly!” Said Mrs. Twid as she marched over to them with her hands on her hips. “I want you both to continue this family skirmish in the office!” But she had no affect on the two boys who were now circling each other. ”Do you hear me, you two? Down to the office now!”

“Or Else? What ‘Or Else?” Scoffed Riley. “Come on, you’ve already stuffed me in lockers, garbage cans and dumpsters. Beaten me up, run over me with your bike---“ Riley drew himself up to his full height and Ambril realized with a start that Riley was almost as tall as Lance. “I’d explain what if’ve been doing but I’m afraid you’d hurt yourself trying to think that fast.” Riley continued dismissively. “And no, I’m not going to stop until I get where I want to go.” He continued scornfully. “All you’re ever going to be is a lowly shopkeeper. Me? I’ve got bigger plans I’m getting out of here!”

His brother finally lost control and shoved him hard into a large pile of boxes his fists flailing. The boxes toppled down around them. Almost immediately the lights went out and smoke filled the room. A flash of brilliance illuminated the frightened faces of the kids as a large Dullaith appeared and hovered above them. Some of the kids screamed and stampeded the doors.

“Ambril, get your Ashera!” It was Sully who gripped her arm.

Ambril quickly swung her backpack off her shoulder and unzipped it quickly…but then slowed, unsure. She had to be careful and not flash the Ashera around. “No, wait…it’s…it’s not what you think.” Said Ambril quietly.

There it was again, that missing something, the lack of revolting smells. She wasn’t overwhelmed with terror. Nothing was trying to invade her mind. Ambril knew that it couldn’t be a Dullaith. But it was something strongly magical as there was a frizz of magic in the air. The room had emptied; it was just them and a frozen Mrs. Twid. Ambril took another hard look at the monster and pointed. “See? It’s not moving and look! It’s beginning to fade.”

The image had begun to get fuzzy and waver. The smoke had begun to thin as well. It was then a posse of teachers raced into the room with Bob in the lead.

Bob immediately tried the light switch a few times. “Must have blown a fuse or something,” he muttered as Mr. Gingko pulled out a screwdriver and attacked the faceplate.

“Ha! Here’s the problem!” Mr. Gingko said as he rooted around in the wall. It took just another minute or two and the room was flooded with light again. “Just a faulty wire, people!”

In the stark fluorescent light Mrs. Twid still stood stock still, her hand squeezing her pearl necklace so hard her knuckles were white. She took a deep breath. “Oh my!”

“Mrs. Twid, perhaps you’d like to sit down a moment.” Said Bob solicitously as steered her into the seat then looked around the room. “Is everyone all right?”

“Riley? Riley!” Lance was heaving boxes around. “I didn’t see him get up, and I was---waiting for that.” He threw a box over his shoulder and shoved another one.

In all the excitement everyone had forgotten Riley. The boxes were in a huge mound. Ambril imagined Riley pinned at the bottom.

“You bully! You might have really hurt him this time!” Yelled Sully as everyone began sorting through the boxes. It didn’t take long to see that Riley wasn’t there.

“He must have slipped out on his own.” Said Ygg.

‘No chance! I was watching, I tell you!” Said Lance angrily. “I would have seen him!”

“In the dark?”

“Easier then, you know when the door opens, the light from the hallway comes in.”

A pimply-faced kid named Jed came in with a large bucket of steaming liquid as Lance was talking.

“He’s right, Riley didn’t leave the room, that’s the only working exit and we were all standing in the hallway. We would have seen him too.”

“Well then where did he go? He didn’t vanish into thin air!” Shouted Lance.

A few more of the kids had returned and stood watching.

Tiana squealed and said. “Maybe it was that monster! The Monster took him!” Two or three of her friends shrieked in dismay and huddled together excitedly.

“Great, that’s great,” muttered Bob. “Mrs. Twid! Are you feeling well enough to walk the students up to Ms. Breccia’s room?”

A little color had returned to Mrs. Twid’s cheeks by then. She pursed her lips. “It certainly is beneath my station to perform such a menial task but in times of emergency, yes…I’ll make an exception.” She nodded curtly to Bob and got slowly to her feet.

“Come, children, this way.” She said as she turned on her heel. “If you are not immediately behind me, I shall tell Ms. Breccia to give you a tardy.” The kids scrambled to follow her.

Ambril, Sully and Ambril brought up the rear and were the last of the kids to pass the office. Lance’s parents had arrived and were deep in discussion with Mr. Pinwydden, the acting principal. Lance stood between them hanging his head. The three friends automatically slowed their pace in hopes of overhearing something.

“Now look,” Larch Dogwood said, “Lance didn’t mean it, you can’t expel him for a simple little spat between brothers, can you?” He blustered.

Pinwydden just stared at him and slowly shook his head. “Lance will at the very least be suspended from school.” He said firmly. “Next week, we’ll meet to discuss what further action…if any will be taken.”

“Naturally, this means he’ll be barred from any May Day School functions…after what happened this afternoon, the dance will be canceled. If he’d like he can participate next year. But the ball game will be played without your son.”

Larch Dogwood looked incredulous. “What? He can’t play for his team? The team I’m sponsoring?”

“Of course not, a suspension requires he is barred from participating in any school function.” As Mr. Pinwydden swallowed his Adam’s Apple jogged up and down.

“As for your son, Riley, the police have already begun an investigation into his disappearance and will need to talk with you.” He motioned toward the gymnasium.

“Now just wait a minute. Riley’s probably just sulking, he’ll turn up again just like all the other times when he gets hungry enough---.”

“Has this happened before? Has Riley run away in the past?” Mr. Pinwydden asked in a surprised tone.

Larch sighed heavily and then shrugged. “Not like this, no. But he’s unhappy with Lance’s---competitive spirit. He takes it the wrong way is all.” He nodded firmly. “Trust me on this, it’ll all blow over soon. Can’t we just forget the whole thing?” He pleaded.

Mr. Pinwydden said nothing just stared stone faced at the square cut man before him.

Mrs. Dogwood tugged on her husband’s sleeve. “But darling, I think we should take this seriously, he’s been more than a little upset lately---”

“Quiet, Scarlet, we’ll discuss this at home,” interrupted Larch glaring at his wife then turned back to the bow tied teacher he pointed his large, beefy index finger at his nose.

“Now listen up Pinhead! Lance playing ball for the school is a big deal for this town! He’s the star player! Now either my kid plays on Saturday or I’ll withdraw my support for your new gymnasium!” He stuck his head out like a turtle as he leaned in toward the thin framed man and poked his chest. “Got that?”

Mr. Pinwydden clucked disgustedly as he pushed Larch’s finger away. “I see you haven’t changed a bit since school. It isn’t hard to see where Lance learned his bullying behavior.“ He paused to adjust his glasses. “Your support will be missed but the school will not be coerced into mishandling such a serious infraction. Your son needs to learn self control.” “I suggest you begin practicing it yourself.” And with that Pinwydden straightened his bow tie and strode away.

Ambril, Ygg and Sully continued down the hall. “That was grand wasn’t it? Seeing Lance and his Dad get taken down a peg by Pinwydden, who would have thought it!” Crowed Sully as the three friends resumed their trek back to Breccia’s classroom. They rounded the last corner and saw Mrs. Twid holding open the classroom door and looking at her watch. She cleared her throat. “If you are not in the classroom in 15 seconds, I’ll ask Ms. Breccia to lower your grades one full mark!” She said with relish. ‘No running!”

They speed walked into the classroom and found their seats quickly but not fast enough. Ms. Breccia stopped writing on the blackboard and turned her beady little eyes at them, “well now, late again are we?” She sneered. “Class dismissed---except of course the three miscreants in the back-row.”

A belch of static heralded an announcement. “Attention, Attention please!” Mr. Pinwydden’s amplified voice boomed all over the school. “Due to recent events, the May Day Dance will be cancelled this year. I’m sure I speak for the entire staff when I express our sincerest apologies to those students who have practiced so diligently. We will of course resume this tradition next year. You will be free to participate then.” It ended with another whoosh of static and then silence.

Ms. Breccia stared open-mouthed at the loud speaker as the last bell rang. The kids were out of their seats in a heartbeat. Ambril could hear their elated shouts in the hallway. Everyone was relieved not to have to dance.

Ambril, Sully and Ygg looked resignedly at each other and stayed in their seats, waiting to hear their punishment. But Ms. Breccia surprised them when she said tersely. “Wait here.” And marched out of her classroom. In seconds the classroom was emptied of all but the three sitting glumly in the back row.

“So what’ll it be this time you think?” Muttered Sully her chin in her hand. “A 10 page essay documenting her great-great Gran’s method for floor cleaning? Or a three page poem proclaiming the virtues of the Breccia family?”

Ambril just sighed heavily. There went her weekend. She scanned the classroom for something interesting to look at. There was the jumble of dioramas on the table, stacked three feet high, the tallest one was a cutaway model of a very old building.

“Hey,” Ambril asked. “I don’t remember seeing that anywhere around here.”

“That’s because it doesn’t exist any more. Don’t you ever pay attention in class?” Asked Sully peering at her friend while she bit her nail. “It used to stand right here, where the school house was. It’s the old Council Hall. Nice huh? They had to tear it down for some reason around about the time everything was rebuilt---“

“So it was one of the really old buildings? Built at the time of Old Town? ” Asked Ambril.

She got up and picked the model off the top of the pile.

“Watch it! Ms. Breccia sees you doing that you’ll be in detention for life!” Hissed Sully.

Ambril ignored her and brought it over so they could all see. It was a model of a simple domed structure, not very large. The model had been cut about half way through so you could see the inside of the domed area. There were arches to help support the dome and a circular image on the floor.

With a start Ambril recognized the image. “I’ve seen that kind of image twice before. One was behind the shed where the Dullaith was raised and the other was on the playground that day that Lance was hurt.” She said quietly.

“I think I be knowing it too.” Said Ygg in a whisper. “Something like it be on the floor of our own Town Council at home. It be a magic gathering, a special kind of stone circle.”

“You mean like the circle stone in the park?” Asked Sully innocently.

Ygg nodded slowly. “Yes, but this be a special one, it was na for ever-day use. It’s used for power gathering, for special things.” Replied Ygg vaguely.

“Special? Like Holidays and the like?”

“No, no more like if there is a natural disaster or something where the town be thinking it needs extra help.” He continued clearly not comfortable with what he knew.

The three of them stared at the little model some more.

“Well if it’s anything like this thing here, it was a beautiful place.” Said Sully and then yawned. “Though I don’t think it has much to do with us. According to the history books, They tore that place down a long time ago.”

Ambril stared at the little model for a moment longer before putting it back on the pile; there was something nagging at the back of her mind. Something she was missing. She sat down in her seat and began to drum her fingers on the desk as she looked around the room again. On the bulletin board were the usual notices of homework due dates and reading assignments. An old map of Trelawnyd was pulled down partially hiding the announcements. Ambril looked at it again for what seemed like the thousandth time. She could see the old wall winding it’s way around the valley. The main road in, the gates, there were 4 of them, an early settlement way out in the forest and the town of Trelawnyd shown as it was in the 1870’s. Most of the important structures were there including the Library, the Town Hall, and all of Main Street. And of course Circle Park right in the center of town…the center of town…the center---.

“Hey, I just noticed something.” Said Ambril staring at the map closely.

“What?” asked Ygg who had his eyes closed.

“That the circle stone in the park is not the dead center of town. See?” She got up again and pointed. “Look if you take all the town roads and try to find their center, it’s over---“ But before she could show them the door banged open and Ms. Breccia stood there, seething.

Ambril skittered back to her seat as fast as she could but she was sure it would mean extra detention. Ms. Breccia though surprised them again. In fact she barely noticed them as she stood in the middle of her classroom clenching and unclenching her hands. When she did notice them she said quietly, “Go and help clean up the gym, that’s all.” She shooed them out looking like she’d like to kill someone. For once it wasn’t them.

“Boy, we got off easy that time!” Said Sully cheerfully as they walked toward the Gym. “Let’s do this fast and then go see what’s up with Betula.” She continued.

“And Miss Fern.” Added Ygg. “We should check up on her.”

Ambril said nothing she was still thinking about Circle Park and the true center of town. It couldn’t be---. Still lost in thought she pushed open the Gym door one more time.

Jed and Mr. Berry were mopping up the last of the hot chocolate when they walked in.

“Hi, do you need any help?” Asked Sully as Mr. Berry leaned on his mop.

He motioned to the boxes scattered over the floor. “How about moving these boxes back to the entry hall? They need to go back into storage.”

“Right!” Said Sully stacking up two and carefully picking her way across the damp floor.

Ambril and Ygg followed. Together they lugged them into the entry hall.

“I guess they’re going into the janitor’s closet? So this is as good a place as any.” Said Ambril as she set her box down near the blackened door.

The janitor came up just then and sneezed loudly into a large handkerchief. “Sorry, my allergies are acting up, I need my pills. Just leave them there and I’ll put ‘em inside.” He said sniffling as he fiddled with the padlock.

Ambril, Sully and Ygg headed back to the Gym to get more boxes.

“So who’s behind these attacks then? And what they be wanting? Asked Ygg.

“Search me, they probably want something like world domination…or having more of everything.” Sully smiled, “like in the Saturday Morning Cartoons.”

“No really, why scare people away from the Dance? What could that possibly prove?”

Sully shrugged, “Hey let’s not look a gift horse in the mouth. Who wants to Dance?”

They made several trips back to the Gym. Ygg had just picked up the last box when Ambril noticed a sheet of paper on the floor. “Whoops somebody’s homework probably---“ She stopped short looking at the paper. It was another drawing of the Dullaith.

“What’s that mean?” Ambril said pointing at some drawings and symbols at the bottom.

“Come on, let’s dump these first and work that out later.” Interrupted Ygg grumpily. The last box appeared to be heavy.

They carried the last boxes out and stacked them with the others. Ambril looked around as she rubbed her shoulder. It was then she noticed it.

She tugged on Ygg’s sleeve to get his attention. “Look! The janitor left the door open!” The chain was off the battered door and the door yawned temptingly.

“He probably went to get his pills. I bet he’ll be right back.” Said Sully coming up right behind them. “Wait!! You can’t be thinking what I think you’re thinking!”

Ambril had grabbed both their arms and dragged them over to the open door. “It’s worth a peek, right?” She said.

It should have been pitch dark inside but it wasn’t. An eerie red glow lit the room.

“What is that?” Asked Sully leaning in closer. “Where’s the light coming from? There aren’t any windows.”

Ambril took a step inside and then another. There was something familiar with the room, It was a beautiful room, much too fancy for a janitor’s closet. There were arches and a dome above---and then it came to her.

“So the history books were wrong again.” Whispered Ygg. “Here be Old Council Hall.”

It sure looked like the model. Some of the arches were built into the walls and filled in with intricate mosaic artwork. There was a map of the town on one wall. The arches were beautifully decorated with tracery images. Something was written across one of the arches.

“What does that say?” Asked Ambril pointing at it.

“That be the old language. We know of that in Chert.” Ygg said squinting hard at the word. “Chofnoda, yeah, that’s meaning ‘Come on in, friend’, or ‘Enter here pal’ or something.” Ygg mused. “Though where you were meant to go is a mystery, yeah?”

There were no other doors in the room and underneath that arch was a view of Trelawnyd Valley done in Mosaics. Ygg was right, there was nowhere to go thought Ambril. Along another wall were rows of shelves filled with cleaning products. A floor-waxing machine sat ready for use off to one side.

“Yep, it’s a janitor’s closet, big surprise.” Said Sully ruefully.

“Pretty fancy one though.” Said Ambril as she admired the ornate stone carvings on the column and archways. There was a strange smell in the air, sweet but with a bitter aftertaste to it.

Where’s the light coming from?” Sully asked again as they took a few more steps into the room. Then they saw it.

“What did you say that was?” Asked Sully elbowing Ygg hard and pointing at the floor.

“It be a power gathering circle.”

In the center of the room the boxes and clutter had been cleared away to reveal a tiled circle stone. It reminded Ambril of her Medallion except that the images around the edges were not just words and lines but images of plants, animals and people. It was hard to make them out, however as a glowing red ink had sketched other images and words on top. The central image, normally a flower or starburst had been altered to have two glowing eyes and a gash for a mouth…

Ambril drew in her breath suddenly. “Its Moroz!” She blurted out.

“What? Where?” Yipped Sully as she jumped around, staring into the shadows.

“No, No, Someone tried to draw him in there in the center!” She said pointing.

“So the intruders last night decided to doodle an image of Moroz on the floor? Why?“

“Someone doodled what?” Asked a cold voice from behind them. “And what might you three be up to now, pray tell? This area is off limits to students.”

All three of them jumped and turned to find Feldez watching them. There was no telling how long he had been there and what he had heard. Beside him stood the janitor looking sheepish.

“My fault, I left the darn fool door open to get my pills.“ He sneezed again into his large red handkerchief. “I shouldn’t have left it open…you know with the reputation that this room has…I think any kid would have liked to get a peek inside.” He winked at them.

The kids smiled hopefully back but a moment later Chief Buckthorne came up behind him; his face an instant thundercloud.

“What the blazes are you three doing? Get your tails on out of here.” Chief Buckthorne raged. “This is a crime scene! You’re destroying evidence!”

“But, but we think you should know that…well we think we figured out---“

Chief Buckthorne was seriously annoyed. “You kids stay out of this! You need to let us handle this from now on.” He eyed them coldly. “No more ‘investigating’ on your own, is that clear? You’ll just end up getting into trouble, which means I’ll have to come and get you out of it. I just don’t have the time! Understand? Now GET OUT OF HERE!” The last was at the top of his lungs.

The kids scrambled for the door. Ambril had one last glimpse of Feldez staring thin lipped at her before the door closed behind them and they were free.

“Wow! Today is our lucky day! Do you realize we’ve been caught doing things we shouldn’t three times and not been publicly flogged?” Asked Sully exuberantly as she turned her bike toward Betulas. Ambril and Ygg were right behind her. As they veered onto Main Street they could see a crowd still gathered around the Sweet Shoppe’s door.

“Uh oh!” Said Ambril tersely. “I hope nothing more has happened to Betula!”

“It makes me boiling mad to think of it!” Said Ygg as they stashed their bikes. Word had gotten out about the attack on the Sweet Shoppe and it looked like the entire town was trying to get inside all at once.

“Excuse me! Coming through! On your right!” Sully yelled as they wriggled through the crowd. Ambril saw that Koda had replaced the front window with plywood and that a hand written sign had been tacked up on it.

**Excuse our Mess!**

**Announcing Sunrise Tea**

**Free to the Elderly**

Despite the break-in, Betula was a woman of her word. Inside it was an absolute mad house. But Ambril could see that things were not moving along with its usual efficiency.

“Where’s my muffin!” Complained an old man in overalls from one table.

“I ordered a Blueberry muffin not blackberry!” Screeched a heavily jowled elderly lady. “I’ve been waiting a half an hour for my tea!” Whimpered a large woman as she rapped sharply on a table with her cane.

Betula was nowhere to be seen. Instead Ambril saw it was Mrs. Flood who raced distractedly from one table to another never quite finishing anything. And Miss Fern was the one who manned the cash register and sat unruffled ringing up the orders with a smile. Ambril managed to squeeze through to the counter and flagged down the harried Mrs. Flood. “Where’s Betula?”

Mrs. Flood’s face lit up when she saw Ambril. “Oh there you are!” Betula’s has been asking for you Dear every five minutes since school’s been out.” She pointed vaguely to the backroom. “She’s holed up in there and won’t come out. Fern and I just grabbed some aprons to help out when we saw what was going on---or rather wasn’t going on in here.” She put her hands on her hips and blew a damp strand of hair from her eyes.

Sully surveyed the room. “Look, we’ll stay and help out here,” she said as she grabbed a couple of aprons and handed one to Ygg. “While you see what you can do for Betula.” She then said authoritatively, “all right, Ygg---you do ice cream and tea, I’ll wait tables, Mrs. Flood you handle the counter. Miss Fern you’re fine where you are. O.K.?” Without waiting for an answer she picked up a tray of muffins and teapots and launched herself into the glut of waiting customers. “Who wants tea?”

There was a huge answering shout as Ambril turned toward the back room. She took a deep breath as she pushed through the double doors and into what felt like a wall of magic.

“Betula? Betula!” She called nearly tripping over a large sack of flour catching herself by grabbing onto a rack of spices. It looked like it have snowed inside. Everything in the room was coated with an inch of powdered sugar.

“Ambril?” Called a strained voice. “Come on back child, we’ve been waiting for you.”

The room was dimly lit but after a while Ambril’s eyes adjusted to it, she saw there was a faint glow coming from around a stack of boxes. She picked her way through the cluttered room, rounded a teetering pile of boxes and stopped.

“I didn’t expect to find you here!”

“I didn’t expect to have to be.” Came Baldot’s grouchy retort.

Bummil stood solemnly next to a tired Betula. She was holding something in her arms and softy humming. Slim and Shug were feverishly working on something using an upturned pail as a table. A strong, tangy magic swirled around the room, sugar magic.

“Now brace yourself, kid, this isna pretty.” Said Baldot surprisingly thoughtful.

As Ambril drew nearer she saw the long ears of a rabbit draped over Betula’s arm.

“Red? Oh no! What happened?” Ambril cried as she knelt down beside the rabbit cradled in Betula’s arms. He was alive but just barely. His right leg was heavily bandaged and looked odd.

“Just hang in there, Red---We’re almost done!” Said Shug over his shoulder. A bright jolt of magic lit up the room like fireworks followed by a gentle spray of sugar which floated down over everlyone. Shug sighed heavily.

Red’s eyes fluttered open. “Now I just want to be sure your making a right one, yeah? No two left feet for me!” He said as he tried to laugh. It came out more like a cough. He gave up and winced before he closed his eyes again.

Ambril realized then why the rabbit’s leg looked so odd. His bandaged leg ended in a stump. Red’s right foot had been cut off. “What happened Red?” She whispered. “Who did this to you?”

Betula raised her head sadly. ‘Let him sleep honey, he’s about done in.” She sighed. “Late last night someone busted out my front window, came in as bold as you please and cut Red’s red sneaker right off!”

“But I thought that was really tough to do!” Said Ambril shocked. “That you needed really powerful magic to do that!”

Betula just nodded. “We couldn’t see his face he wore a mask.”

Slim picked up the story, “but he was tall, taller than you and thin.” The striped giraffe continued. “He seemed to know what he wanted as he went right up to Red and slashed off his shoe before we could even blink.” Slim swallowed hard before he continued. “He had this black knife---with a monkey and a snake on the handle---“

“The Dorcha Blade! “ Cut in Ambril. “I’ve seen it! It was stolen from the Library Archives they day I went to see Dr. Afallen!”

“When was that exactly?”

“A few weeks, maybe a month.“ Replied Ambril.

“I can’t for the life of me think why anyone would want one of Red’s smelly old sneakers.” She continued almost to herself.

“So then what happened?” Ambril asked turning back to the Giraffe.

“Well that was it, he just took the sneaker and left.” Slim shrugged.

“So, he came for the sneaker and only the sneaker.” Said Ambril softly and then turned toward Betula.

“O.K., what does the sneaker do?” She asked.

Betula looked confused. “Well nothing special, it’s just a part of Red’s magic.”

“Sugar Magic, right?” Asked Ambril. There was something jiggering at the back of her mind. Something… that glowed red… “There was a break in today at school! Someone forced their way into the old Janitor’s Closet. Sully, Ygg and I snuck in and saw this this glowing stuff on the floor written over what Ygg called a power gathering circle. It…smelled like cherry red jelly beans…sweet---and tangy. Just like how it smells in here today. I think somehow they melted down Red’s sneaker and used that to do their workings last night.” Said Ambril.

“That’s despicable.” Growled Shug angrily.

They were all silent, considering this.

“It makes sense, that does.” Breathed Betula as she rocked her friend back and forth. She drew her eyebrows together and shook her head. “I’ve been thinking and thinking today.” She said softly. “In a way my friends are just like the gnomes here. Their bodies of made of magic really. So I reckon if you were working a big magic, the kind that needed a big shot of power…” Her voice faded away as the rabbit winced suddenly and groaned. Betula hugged the Rabbit closer. “They’ve always been precious to me but I didn’t realize how they might be prized by others. The magic is sort of their life’s blood only Red’s is soft and sugary and the gnomes here, we’ll they’re hard and brittle.”

“And not so sweet.” Put in Bummil.

She shook her head hard. “But we can’t spend time on this, right now we have concentrate on how to get Red healed. “You see when they opened him up the magic just started to flow out. And it will until we find a way to button him up again. Already a good part of him has spilled out. That’s why he’s so depleted; he’s lost so much of his magic energy. If we can’t figure out a way to close him up, he’ll leave us.” Betula’s voice broke as she clasped the sugar animal to her. “And we can’t seem to figure that out.”

“Now let’s not give up hope yet, there’s still stuff we haven’t tried.” Said Slim courageously. “Right Shug?”

But Shug didn’t respond.

“Did you try fix-it juice?” Asked Ambril

Baldot snorted . “What do you think we’re daft? We tried it first thing!” He said offended but then added softly. “But it didna work…no reason not to---“

“Not enough sweetness, I keep trying to tell him.” Cut in Bummil.

“We are a bit on the sour side, if you hadna noticed.” Baldot agreed reluctantly.

Ambril looked over Shug’s shoulder. On a clean white napkin lay a small lifelike red hightop. “So you have a sneaker ready to go,” she said, “What’s exactly the problem?”

Shug turned his tired, blood shot eyes toward her. “We can’t seem to get it attached. The two parts just won’t stick together.”

“Oh yeah, I remember we read in the Library that the Dorcha Blade is a cursed knife. And it spreads its curse with every cut.” She said.

“That sounds about right.” Shug said looking more angry and frustrated than a cute little bear should. “It just resists everything we’ve thrown at it.” He reached up and brushed off a layer of powdered sugar from his brow. “We just can’t find a way around that persnickety ol’ curse.”

Baldot cleared his throat. “So you see why you’re here.”

Ambril was thinking hard as she slowly slid her backpack off her shoulder. She realized what they expected of her finally. They wanted her to perform some sort of miracle magic. An anti-curse. But how could she? She didn’t even know where to begin.

There was a soft jingle of bells and she heard fLit’s voice in her head. “*They are not your kind, you needn’t help them.”*

Ambril sighed and thought hard back at him. “*That’s where you’re wrong, he’s my friend. Besides, we’re all connected, especially us magic kind. You never know when you might need someone’s help.*” She sounded preachy even in her own head.

A train whistle sounded and the skidding of tires echoed around in her head. *“Ha, never! Their kind help us?*” The fairy scoffed.

Ambril shook her head, “But…but I don’t know what to do!” She stammered.

Betula wiped her eyes and kissed her friend gently. “Look at him Ambril…Just look at him!’ “She said softly. “There’s no more time---and there’s no one else…I’m supposed to be the expert and I…I’ve failed...” Betula hunched her shoulders protectively over her friend wich made her look so vulnerable.

A cascade of falling books sounded in her head. “*You’re not really going to do this!”* Snorted fLit.

Ambril slowly and carefully pulled out her Ashera, it glowed with magic energy.

*“I need your help.”* She let the words resonate in her head. “*Or he’ll die”.*

His reply was quick and sharp. *“You don’t need to help this lowly creature, he is…inferior to even human-kind.”*

“*He isn’t inferior, he’s just different. Besides, I have to try to help him, Betula’s my friend and so is Red*.”

“Now we’re back where we started, *No, you don’t*!” fLit thought at her brusquely*. “You shouldn’t deplete your energy like that, it’s wasteful!”*

*“Wasteful? You really mean that it’s wasteful to try and save a life?”* She was so angry her thoughts seemed to roar through her. *“Look, I know you want me to think, that you’re some sort of superior being, because you’re a fairy. But really when it comes down to it---you’re just as ordinary as the rest of us. A small-minded, silly sort of being who won’t, yes, refuses to try and think---,”* Ambril cast around for the right word*. “WIDER about the world! You can’t be bothered to just try and see things in a different way!”* She had to pause here as an airplane crash and volleys of explosions echoed around in her head drowned out her thoughts. Finally it quieted enough for her to continue.

*“Can’t you---just one time think for yourself! Here---now---LOOK AT HIM!” He’s in pain! They’re all in pain!”*

She blew out her breath so hard Bummil took a giant step back, still watching her intently. *“You know, even a hard hearted little chit like yourself must know what it must be like to lose a friend.* Ambril braced herself for what she thought would be the war of the worlds in her head. But she waited, and waited some more---and then started to get really annoyed. Not because of noise in her head, no, this time there wasn’t any. The fairy was silent. And that was even worse than the noise.

*“Hello? Are you there?”* Ambril thought at him. Still Silence.

*“So, that’s it, fine, I’ll do it without you.”*

“O.K.,” she sighed and out loud said, “I’m ready.”

“But, what about---“ Bummil began but was shoved aside by Baldot’s elbow.

“But nothing! We should have known, his kind, why would he help?” Said Baldot gruffly.

Ambril said nothing but wondered if the gnomes had the power to not only get through any locked door, but into her head as well. Ambril knelt in front of Betula who quickly unwrapped the leg and laid the red, sugary sneaker next to it. Ambril could see the stump was cut clean. Inside the sugar animal was a sort of red gel. She was puzzled. No blood. There was nothing to show that something was wrong, except the space between the shoe and the leg.

“We just can’t get it any closer.” Said Shug as he climbed up next to her.

Ambril took a deep breath and closed her eyes. She watched as the gray fog curtain came down around her and brusquely pushed it away until the room was cleared. Betula, the gnomes and the animals were like statues all around her.

She could now clearly see the magic flowing from Red. It was as red as the gel inside his body and swirled around her like a river. Now she understood the urgency. The flow was enormous. In fact, even the few seconds she had spent watching the magic flow she could see the rabbit dimmed slightly…and then a little more…

Ambril heard the gentle jangle of wind chimes. “*Don’t just sit there, Use the Ashera*, *the Ledrith Glain will empower you*.” A bored voice sounded in her head.

Ambril pointed the Ashera toward the Rabbit and thought about what she wanted to happen. First, she should recharge the rabbit.

Just as she thought it, the Ashera resonated. The Ledrith Glain flashed warm against her chest as a huge ball of energy shot out at the rabbit. It hit and exploded in a spray of sparks. He jerked briefly and glowed for an instant before he relaxed. He looked immediately better but still magic energy flooded the room, flowing out of him and around her. Again he seemed to dim before her eyes.

*“Look closely at the wound, do you see the curse threading?”* fLit chimed. *That’s the reason they’ve not been able to heal him properly. It’s the curse from the knife.”*

“Well what do we do with it?”Asked Ambril.

*“We must unpick it of course, before weaving a healing*.” Came the fairy’s reply.

“Unpick? Weave? I don’t know what you’re talking about. How do I do that?”Ambril wished she’d paid attention when her Mom tried to teach her how to sew once upon a time. “So how?”

There was a long pause.  *“Remember what we’ve practiced. Visualize, Focus and then Will it to happen.”* Said the Fairy quietly.

Ambril pointed her Ashera one more time and focused on the thin threads of darkness.

The Ashera produced a laser-like brilliant beam of light directly at the blackness. Everywhere it touched it annihilated the curse. She went once around the cut and then once again trying to pick up all the little bits she had missed the first time.

*“Did I get it all?’* She asked anxiously, squinting at her work critically.

*“Just that one little piece… yes there… I think that was the last one.”* Said fLit.

*“Now, you must weave a healing*. *Better do it now, he’s losing energy too fast.”*

Ambril had no idea what weaving felt like, she’d never done that either. Didn’ you have to have some sort of contraption to do it well? But once again, she pointed the Ashera with one hand and picked up the red shoe with the other. She gently held it up to the leg and with a soft slurp they stuck together. For a moment the ebb of energy stopped but Ambril could see some of it curling up like whisps smoke from the incision. She stopped suddenly afraid and blinked hard.

*“Come on, you said you had to try*.” Chided the fairy

She forced herself to think about the incision line and the edge of the new sneaker. Now that the energy flow had stopped she could see that the edges of both were like frayed cloth. Gently, carefully she began to fuse them together. It was awkward at first but after a bit she got the hang of it. It was slow work. Ambril had no concept of time, She felt weightless, and in fact she couldn’t feel her body at all. It was as if this small, simple task brought her down to such an elemental place in the universe, all else was meaningless. She had no idea if what she was doing would work but she kept on. But it felt right for some reason. Then she knew she was on the right track when the rabbit’s big toe began to wiggle. And then all of Red’s toes flexed at once. She smiled broadly as she fused the final strand.

fLit had forgotten himself and had come to hover near her looking almost unrecognizable as he was smiling. Then he actually laughed a low treble chime. The rabbit’s ankle wiggled gently then and she heard a rumble from someplace far away…and then…

Ambril found herself flying across the storage room. There was a chorus of laughter as she landed in a tangle of mops and brooms.

“Sorry! Sorry about that! Didn’t mean to do that!” Came the Rabbit’s voice. “No control, yet!”

Ambril raised her head and saw Red had jumped up, large as life on the pail he’d moments before been lying near death on.

“Works a treat!” He said cheerfully as he jumped and bounced around.

Betula kissed the Rabbit on the top of the head and laughed happily as she picked her way over to Ambril. “You did it Sweet Pea! You saved him!” Ambril was soon free of the mops and brooms and swept up in a big Betula hug.

“Oh yeah, thanks bucket’s there, Ambril!” Red had hopped over quickly to join them, balancing on Betula’s shoulder and pulling Ambril’s ear. “Don’t know what you did but it did the trick!” He said and letting go of Ambril’s ear began pulling his own. “I guess I owe you one.”

“One! I’d say you owe her twenty or thirty at least.” Mused Slim as he ambled over nearly tripping on one or the brooms lying on the floor.

“He’s always been a bit stingy.” Said Shug smiling as he looked critically at his friend over the heads of the gnomes. “And still a might pale. I’m thinking he still needs a bit of a rest.” He continued. “Maybe you ought to see how things are going out front and we’ll try to get Red corralled. It didn’t look too pretty out there a while back and has no reason to have gotten any better---“

Betula let Ambril go quickly. “Why you’re thinking around and mostly ahead of us as usual, Shug.” She smoothed out her hair and grabbed a fresh apron from a nearby peg.

“Slim you and Shug get Red to lie down and take a rest yourselves.” She said very businesslike but then smiled. “We can celebrate some more after closing time.”

“We’ll be taking ourselves off now.” Said Baldot and Bummil.

“Thanks boys for giving it your best.” She winked at them. “You were right after all about the fairy, he’s not so bad.”

Baldot immediately bristled. “Now I never said anything nice about that little Gypsy Moth!”

It was Bummil this time who elbowed Baldot. “We’ve more work in the garden tonight.” He shoved the older gnome toward the back door. “So we best be going.” Then to Ambril he said. “Knew you could do it! Well I sort of hoped…no it be more like kinda wished…then you surprised us and done it right good!”

Ambril really had nothing to say to this as she watched the gnomes file out the backdoor. The now familiar tink-tink of their ceramic books on the stone threshold made Ambril smile as she turned toward the shop and braced herself. Shug was right, it wasn’t going to be pretty. Betula stood framed by the doorway, hands on her hips, immobile. “It’s that bad is it?” asked Ambril as she peaked around her.

“---And that’ll be $10.75 Miss Thyme,” Sully smiled at a large woman in the flowery hat who smiled back at her. It was the large woman with the cane who looked ready to kill someone when last she had seen her.

Amazingly all the tables were filled with happy customers and the line at the counter was moving smoothly. Sully whizzed around the tables with ease.

“Saint’s alive,” whispered Betula to herself. “She reminds me of me, years ago!”

Sully breezed past them with a teetering pile of plates, “you have that hot fudge for table 7, Ygg?”

“Yep and the last of the shortcakes as well.” Ygg piped up just before they both noticed Betula and Ambril watching them. Mrs. Flood and Fern had apparently been sent home. “We’ll be needing more of that shortcake real soon, Betula, it’s real good, everyone’s asking for it.” Said Ygg.

“Got it all squared away back there?” Asked Sully as she scooped up the sundae and shortcakes and was off but just as quickly was back again.

Betula’s laughter rumbled around the kitchen. “Well I see I should just put my feet up and watch the show! You two seemed to have it all covered!” Betula squinted at the clock and walked gingerly over to the front door. “Why don’t you kids skedaddle?” “I’m thinking that for the first time since I opened my doors twenth years ago, I’m closing early!” She quickly flipped the OPEN sign to CLOSED.

“Closing Time folks! Be sure and come again tomorrow though, we’ll still be serving our lovely Sunrise Tea!” She boomed.

A low rumble of discontent greeted her.

“And, it’ll still be free!”

There were more interested grunts of approval now as the scrapping of chair legs on tile sounded throughout the shop and people filed obediently out the door. Betula took the aprons from everyone. “Thanks again to you all, free ice cream for you three for the rest of the month!”

That put a smile on Ambril’s face as they walked out into the sun slanting toward evening. As they got on their bikes Ambril heard the muffled sounds of ragtime music. Ambril smiled wider.

“So, you’re coming to Miss Fern’s for dinner are ya?” Ygg asked as they started off. “She’s been asking about you.”

“Sure, but I’ll have to call my Mom.” Said Sully.

“Me too.” Said Ambril though it would be Mrs. Sweetgum who would answer.

The three sped off down the street just as the sun was making it’s last curtain call and preparing to dive behind the western hills. The shadows had begun to grow and deepen. As they turned the corner and coasted toward Miss Fern’s house, a tall thin shadow disengaged itself from Mrs. Flood’s front porch and moved resolutely toward them. It’s long flat feet slapping the pavement.

“Uh Oh, it’s Twid,” hissed Sully, “and she does not look happy.”

That was an understatement. She marched toward them, her hands formed hard, knobby fists at her side and beat a merciless rhythm. She bent slightly in front of Ygg and towered over him. Her face was tight with rage.

“Ah, Hi Mrs. Twid, visiting your friend were you? Did you have a nice time?” Jabbered Sully nervously.

Mrs. Twid paid no attention to her. Her upper lip curled in a sneer as she said quietly, “I know all, now. It was you all along, wasn’t it?” Her eyes narrowed before she shrieked “You imbeciles ruined everything!” Ambril stumbled sideways she was so surprised at the depth of her anger. “I could have had a home befitting a Twid once again and finally received the attention and homage that this village owes my family! “ She was panting now and her cheeks puffed in and out with every breath. “The Twid name once meant something here! Why before the Mine closed---we were like Gods to the villagers---and lived like royalty.” She sputtered angrily. “It was those fool miners---all along! YOU! “Yes, this is all your fault you lousy little Miner’s son---Miners were always the trouble!” She screeched, “wanting better wages, safer working environments, wanting, wanting, wanting until there was nothing left to run the mine! Ridiculous! Why should we care about your sad, little lives, when there are always so many more to take your place!” Mrs. Twid seemed to go limp then and her shoulders rounded. “They had to close the mine then.” Her voice lowered from a high pitched screech to a sadistic hiss. “And then when the money ran out, everyone left. Everyone but my family, because---we knew that one day the family of Twid would rise again and this town would once again bow down to us!” Mrs. Twid gripped Ygg’s shoulder so tightly he yelped. Her eyes burned with maniacal anger. “It was to begin today---Our rise to glory! And it would have happened---if had you hadn’t gotten in the way!”

“Look, we’re sorry, Mrs. Twid but we---“ began Sully but was cut off as Mrs. Twid lashed out at her with her free hand and Sully sprawled out on the sidewalk.

Ambril grabbed Ygg’s arm and tried to pull him away, but it was too late. Mrs. Twid grasped his shirt collar and had begun to twist, her mouth stretched in a skull-like grin.

“But now, I’ll have my small revenge on you Miners!” Her grin widened as Ygg began to choke. “I had an interesting conversation with your older brother today.” She breathed at Ygg inches from his face.

Ygg went still and white as a statue as he stared at her in horror.

“Yes,” She said smoothly and then to Ambril and Sully. “Did you know that your friend here has a price on his head? He’s wanted in Chert.” She sniffed. “Not much of a reward, but seeing as you’re just a worthless little miner’s runt…it’s a pleasant surprise.” She grinned evily as she said in a sing-song voice. “You’re brothers are on their way to collect you.” She lifted Ygg right off his feet and stared in fascination as his face darkened as he struggled to breathe. “Poor little Ygg, not able to finish school like his sad little Mommy wanted! No, you’ll go down the mines to die just like your father and father’s father!”

There was a resonant boom as two huge, hairy feet landed next to Ambril. Ambril nearly fell over as Unk stepped forward and without preamble grabbed Mrs. Twid and around the waist and began shaking her.

“Let me Yggy go!” He thundered angrily inches from the face of a now terrified Mrs. Twid. She froze for an instant as Ygg wrenched himself free of her steely grip. Her face whitened as she realized she was in the grip of a giant man---.

“Troll!” She screamed. “Troll! Run for your lives!” She tried to do just that but being several feet off the sidwalk ended up looking much like a cartoon character. She then made a desperate attempt to wriggle free. Unk looked at her in disgust and shook her once experimentally and then again. She stopped wriggling then and simply cowered, covering her head with her arms and whimpering.

“I be no Troll, I be Ygg’s Unk…I here to guardy him, protecting him from nasties like you. ” Scoffed Unk. He opened his fist suddenly and watched as Mrs. Twid slid to the ground and unsteadily took a few steps back.

“You, bad! You work him too hard he still a young one!” Unk stormed at her. “I be done with you. We be not trusting you. NOW GO!” He thundered. Ambril could feel the strength of his shout resonate through her. There was that familiar frizz of magic as Mrs. Twid was knocked backward as if by an invisible hand. Her shoes went flying. She finally got her legs working well enough to put them to use and was half a block away in the blink of an eye.

Unk watched calmly as she raced out of sight. “Good, she be gone, now, won’t bother me Yggy.” He said matter-of-factly turning back to his nephew. “I sorry to be going so long.” He said smiling down at his nephew then he looked concerned as he saw Ygg’s terrified face. “You feel Ok-ee?”

Ygg had by this time gotten his breath back but the shock of what Mrs. Twid had said had hit him hard.

“It be not any matter if’n I be O.K. or no---I be going now. I have to get well away from here before they come for me and take me back,” he said sadly.

Unk looked at him quizzically and scratched his head. “What you be saying? You tell me you want to be schooled here.” He said mystified. “Why you be wanting to leave? I will be telling them you stay here when they come, your Mam wishing you to stay, they go home again when they know what’s besty for Ygg.”

“No, no, they not want what’s best for me, they be wanting what’s best for themselves.” Ygg lowered his head and sighed. Ambril thought he looked beaten. “You heard her say she’d talked to me brothers and they be knowing now where I am.” He said quietly looking again at his shoes.

“Wait just a minute here, there’s something you haven’t told us isn’t there? What’s this about having a price on your head?” Quizzed Sully.

Ambril was curious about that as well. Ygg was the least likely outlaw she could imagine. “Yeah, you’re just a kid, what’d you do?” She asked.

Ygg’s head went down as his shoulders came up. “Remember me telling you about magic wielders and miners in me village---How you be tested and if’n there be no magic, you go down the mines?” Asked Ygg looking warily at both Sully and Ambril. “Well, I….I lied to you. I didna fail---I be testing high in magic wielding.” He shrugged. “They told me I be off the charts in magicking.”

Ambril and Sully just stared at him.

“You lied to us?” Asked Sully incredulously.

“I nought be telling anyone about that. I---afraid to trust you then.”

“Thanks a bunch.” Ambril snorted, “So after I showed you the Ashera and told you all about the Dullaith and everything---you lied to us.”

“But I be saying the truth but for that.” Said Ygg anxiously. “I be sorry.”

Ambril and Sully just stood there with folded arms, until Sully said warily.

“So they want you back because you can help them find that Glain stuff?”

Ygg nodded his head and looked miserable. “They had me down the mines the day of the cave-in.” His voice became strained, and his entire body seemed to bend inward like a bow. “I heard them give the order to leave him---to nought try to dig him out. They said it was a danger and they had to close down the level. I be telling them for weeks they be too deep, they be diggin too fast---but they didna listen.” He folded his arms tightly to him. “They acted like they be concerned for me and mine but and that I should be proud about me Da giving up his life for the good of the whole mine. For the whole mine? Are they daft? For the good of their profits.” Ygg began to get angry. “Nought for bettering our village as they be telling me.”

It was Unk’s turn to look angry. “I be seeing now, I be.” He said. “But your brothers? I still be wondering…I canna ken---”

“Me family’s not high in the village. We be regular folk. Me brothers, they always be thinking of being bigger, richer.” Ygg shrugged. “They not just be looking to collect the reward but also be getting a ticket to higher places in the village. It was na important to me, never saw the good without the tarnish of the bad. And there be a lot of bad.”

“I can’t believe you lied to us!” Said Ambril indignantly. “I mean we’ve already been through a lot and then we find that---“

“I be nought lying about anything but that, it be the truth!” Said Ygg and looked them both straight in the eye. “And I be promising nought to do it ever again.” His eyes pleaded with them. “After I be leaving, I---want you to be thinking well of me, I do.” He hesitated a moment and then grimaced. “Don’t think I’ll be faring well otherwise.

I been thinking I had found a new home and a new kind of family, and now, I be leaving this one too.”

Sully’s foot tapped impatiently as she folded her arms and said stiffly. “So that’s it then? You’re giving up? Turning tail and running for the hills?” She asked incredulously. “What happened to ‘don’t quit Sully the best parts of life are always the tough ones you have to wrestle to the ground! Sound familiar?” She was miffed.

Ygg snorted. “This be not some remedy making, this be my freedom.” Ygg shook his head. “They be not letting me get loose again, I be too good at finding them the Glain.” He grimaced.

Just then headlights flashed across them as a car rounded the corner and bore down on them. As it slid through the pool of light under a nearby streetlight, Ambril caught her breath. It was a police car. “Ygg! It’s the cops!” She said and tried to shield him from the lights, “you have to hide!”

Ygg vaulted off his bike aiming for the bushes but was stopped mid-jump. Unk slowly lowered him to the ground and set him upright as the police car slowed to a stop.

“We nowt be running or hiding. We stand here together, we be family. I help.” Said Unk patting his chest, which made his hairy pouch wriggle as if alive.

Chief Buckthorne slowly and wearily stepped from his car. “I should have known, YOU three again.” He said pursing his lips. “Trouble just follows you like a love-starved pup, doesn’t it? I should just assign a deputy to you, it would save time.” He got out his weathered notepad and flipped through a couple of pages as he walked slowly up to Ygg. “So, I had a call from Crystal Twid who’s been acting as your guardian…as far as that goes.” He paused here to sift through some more pages. “And she claims you’re a runaway, my boy.”

Ygg didn’t even look up he just shrugged.

“Is that all you have to say? You know I have to take you into protective services, don’t you? Can’t let an underage kid fend for himself now, that wouldn’t be right.” He cleared his throat and mumbled to himself. “Though how you managed to stay alive in Mrs. Twid’s care is beyond me. She doesn’t exactly lean toward motherliness,” he looked Ygg up and down. “Yep, it looks like you could use a little feeding up. Now come on along kid, we’ll see about getting you a bed and some supper anyhow.” He put his arm around Ygg and patted his shoulder.

“Mr. Officer? I be wanting you to read this---it be from Ygg’s Mam.” Said Unk. He pulled the hairy pouch from around his neck and handed it to the Chief who took it cautiously as if he half expected it to bite him. Ambril thought it looked like it could, almost.

“I be Ygg’s Unk-ly.” I be here to take his care up and guard him. His Mam wants it.” He nodded hard at the pouch in the Chief’s hands.

Holding it at arm’s length, the Chief opened the pouch flap and gingerly pulled out a sealed envelope. The red wax was messily applied with another large thumb print in the center. He handed back the pouch, looking relieved when it was out of his hands and broke the seal. He unfolded the letter and read the letter. Then he looked carefully up at Unk and down at Ygg---twice before showing the letter to Ygg.

“Is this your mother’s writing?” He asked curtly.

Ygg looked at it and smiled. “That be me Mam’s writing!” He scanned the letter quickly and nodded appreciatively. “She be right sharp me Mam, always thinking.”

Ambril had been able to peer over Ygg’s shoulder just long enough to read:

**To whom this might mean something,**

**This be Ygg Drasil’s Mam, Skylla Twid Drasil. I wish all to know that I be wanting Ygg to finish schooling in Trelawnyd. I be nowt wanting his brothers to get at him no-ways. His Uncle, Urgan Drasil should be taking up his care until he is growed and able to go his own way.**

**Hoping you Best Wishes,**

**Skylla Drasil**

There were some official looking papers with the letter and a family photo snapped at a happier time. There was a boyish Ygg and Unk sitting next to a broad, smiling man who had Ygg’s unruly hair and bright smile. A tall thin woman stood proudly behind them with a homely but happy smile on her face.

Chief took the papers back. “These guardian papers look complete. Made out to Urgan Drasil.” He peered up at the Giant in front of him. “That you?”

“That be me, I Urg.” Said the big man. “I be Ygg’s Unk and Guardy.” He said proudly.

“So that’s where you went!” Whispered Ambril up at him. “You went back to Chert to get these papers together.”

Unk nodded. “I knowed it be nowt long before Ygg’s brothers finding him. They be wanting him for mining work that be true. When Yggy told me he be not wanting that, I went back to tell his Mam how he is. She so happy to hear you be happying here.” His smile was huge, remembering.

“Well we’ll have to verify all of this of course. Where are you staying?”

With that Unk looked confused and stared back at Miss Fern’s house. “I be just back today---”.

The Chief looked at him quizzically. “No home? Well then, you’ll have to come with me anyway Ygg.”

“No, I’ll stay here with me friends and Unk.” Said Ygg firmly.

“Yes, they can stay at our house until they find a place!” Put in Sully.

But the Chief was emphatic. “Nope, can’t be done that way, you need a roof of your own and a place to break bread. I can’t just leave you here on the sidewalk.”

“Why Chief Buckthorne whatever are you talking about? Unk now don’t you remember asking me about my spare rooms?” Came a quavering voice from the shadows. Miss Fern stepped into the light her smile kindly. “They’re staying with me, of course,” her voice firm. “In fact, supper is waiting, would you like to join us Bucky?”

**Chapter 33 Supper with Fern**

*“Bucky?”* Thought Ambril barely disguising a smile with a small cough.

Chief Buckthorne looked more uncomfortable than usual in his rumpled suit. He fiddled with his tie. “I’m going to have to see these---rooms of your Fern.” He said.

“Well sure! Come and take a gander, we were just on our way out there anyway, that’s where supper’s laid.” She said easily. “Would you mind helping me back there? I’m a little wobbly today.” She took up the Chief’s arm. “You kids go one ahead, don’t wait for us.” She waved them on.

But where were they supposed to go? “Come on!” Whispered Sully, I think she means the Garage.”

Ygg looked apprehensive as they jogged up the driveway. “I’m sure it’s been cleaned up, Ygg.” Said Ambril encouragingly.

“They must of, no one could live in that place the way it was.” Ygg grimaced as they raced around the house.

At first the garage looked the same as always, more like a plant support than an actual building. But then Ambril noticed there was a welcome glow through the small paned windows. And the arched garage doors seemed to have been freshly painted.

As they jumped up the porch steps Ambril could see the gleam of the newly-polished door knob. The door opened easily on freshly oiled hinges. Inside Ambril barely recognized the place. All the spiders had apparently been coaxed out as their webs were gone. The stone walls and rafters had been thoroughly cleaned. The vines above them looked contentedly well tended. The soft glow of a blazing fire lit the room and a large black teapot burbled garrulously on a hook just above the flames.

The heaps of rusty equipment and trash had been removed and the floors polished. The kitchen had had a fresh coat of paint. The workbench now doubled as a kitchen table with a large bowl of cherries set in the middle of it. The place was furnished not with style but for comfot. The chairs overstuffed and the mismatched chairs around the table were big enough for even Unk.

The Chief and Miss Fern had come up behind them. “Well, this looks right nice, Fern.” He said admiringly as he tucked the important papers under his arm.

“We’ll be down at the police station bright and early Monday Morning, Bucky, I’ll bring you some of my peach scones.” Said Miss Fern. “Come on in.”

There were two doorways cut into the back wall, One so large the other looked puny beside it.

Sully went straight over and looked inside. “Hey Ygg, this must be your room!”

Ygg raced over with Ambril right behind him. The room was small but snug. There was a simple wooden table and chair, and bookshelf stuffed with books next to a bed covered with a worn quilt. There was also a window open to the garden. Ambril could here the low staccato of crickets outside.

Ygg gasped. “Me bed! These are me books and…and me Mam---she made this quilt for me when I be a youngin’!” He said excitedly.

He flopped down on the bed and tried to hug the whole thing at once.

“The books be no trouble but the bed was trouble.” Unk slightly bent over smiled through the doorway. “It be poking at every branch and vine on way.” I be getting so angry I nearly leave it for forest sprites.” He looked hopefully at Ygg. “You be liking it?” He asked.

Ygg just smiled up at him.

“That be making it worth it.” Unk said.

Something sounding like an earthquake or some horrible sci-fi creature filled the room. “Sorry, I be that hungry.” Ygg grabbed his belly sheepishly.

They all laughed and headed out to the kitchen.

Fern was waving out the front door. “No? Sure you won’t stay? Monday, then!” She smiled as she tugged the big door closed.

A cupboard door slammed as three gnomes tinkled out from around the workbench. “Thought he’d never leave!” Groused Baldot. “So what do you think of the place?” He said looking proudly around. “Not bad for a couple of day’s work!”

Slowly a small smile formed on Ygg’s face, which seemed to grow and grow until it was much too big for his face. “This be right fine, right fine enough!” He said. “You be right good friends.” He said softly looking at them all. “If I get a chance, I be returning the favor, that I will.”

Baldot looked uncomfortable for a moment and then scowled at Bummil. “Whatcha waiting for you loll-about! Where are the supper fixin’s?”

Bummil jumped, startled and in an instant he and Boocher had whipped out platters of sandwiches, artichokes, and a lovely chocolate cake. Baldot in the meantime had laboriously climbed a stool to the stove and had begun to ladle out bowls of steaming tomato soup.

“I’m starved!” Said Ambril as they all grabbed nearby stools and chairs.

“Yum, my favorite!” Exclaimed Sully eyeing the artichokes greedily as she dragged her seat nearer to them.

Mugs of tea and soup were handed around. They helped themselves to the rest. Ambril could not remember when food had tasted so good. There was nothing but slurping and chewing noises for several minutes. Ambril tried to keep track of how many sandwiches Unk put away but lost track after five.

“Ambril, see if you can find a knife in one of those drawers behind you---it’s time to cut the cake!” Said Fern waving to the cupboards. Still munching Ambril turned and opened the one farthest on the left. It was the junk drawer and looked undisturbed.

Rusty nails, screwdrivers and bent paperclips littered the bottom. Ambril was about to close it when a weathered notebook caught her eye. It was a dirty green with the letters G.E.R.N. handwritten across the cover but then had been scratched out and the words ‘household accounts’ written underneath. Ambril grabbed it, and flipped through it, curious. G.E.R.N. had been the name of her father’s company. The first few pages were written neatly and methodically with sketches and mathematical formulas mixed in but then some one else had come along and used the back part of the book to make lists of expenses and grocery lists.

“Hey, we’re hungry for cake here and it’s about to get ugly!” Said Sully.

“Oh right, sorry,” said Ambril shoving the drawer closed. She rummaged around before she found the perfect cake knife in a lower drawer and handed it to Fern.

She set the notebook on the table as she accepted a large wedge of cake.

“Oh look! That must be one of your father’s lab books.” Said Fern still carving away at the cake.“ He was always scribbling in them.” She paused to lick a finger as she looked over the book. “No wait!” She squinted hard at the writing. “My that looks like Fixit Joe’s writing there too.”

“It looks like my Dad didn’t finish this one and Joe found it and used it himself.” Mused Ambril.

“You keep it. Fixit Joe isn’t here and probably won’t be back.”

“Thanks.” Said Ambril after swallowing a large bite of cake.

Fern gathered up some crumbs as she handed a slice of cake to Sully. “This was once his laboratory for the G.E.R.N. Project, his last unfortunately.” Fern said wiping her hands on her apron. “He was such a nice man, your father. Such a shame really, it all ended so badly.” She shook her head sadly. “And your poor father blamed for it.”

Ambril was suddenly no longer interested in cake. “So, you don’t think it was his fault then?” She asked.

Fern slowly shrugged. “Anyone who knew your father sensed that something wasn’t right. The newspaper got things wrong somehow and said things about your father that just wasn’t true. Such as that he was experimenting with Dark Magic, raising monsters…he just wasn’t capable of such things.” She mused and then looked down at the little notebook. “Perhaps there’s something in there that might shed some light on it.” She gave it a little pat.

Ambril looked longingly at the notebook. She wished she could read it right then but this was Ygg’s night. She slipped it into her back pocket.

Sully got up and stretched, yawning hugely. “Well, I guess it’s time to hit the road.”

“Why yes, I expect you are all tired out---what a day you’ve had! Fern said as she gathered her shawl around her.

“So right, I’m exhausted.” Ambril jumped up eager to be alone in her own room to read the notebook. She glanced over at Ygg who was rubbing his eyes as he struggled to his feet. He must be three times as tired as the rest of us, she thought to herself considering what he’d been through. Ygg yawned so large, he lost his balance and stumbled and fell. Something clanked when he hit the floor.

“I’m alright, I’m alright,” He said embarrassed as he scrambled back up while feeling around in his back pocket. Coads nigs!” Grumbled Ygg as he stared at the key in his hand with surprise.“ It’s the key to Betula’s storage shed. We ran out of napkins today and I had to get some more. He said wrinkling his forehead. “I must have put it in me pocket without thinking.”

**Chapter 34 The Code is Cracked and a Plan is formulated**

“I’ll take it back on my way home.” Offered Ambril holding her hand out.

Ygg slapped the key in her palm. “Truth be told I don’t think I’d make it there and back, I be that tuckered out.”

“Hey you dropped something,” Sully pointed at a folded paper on the floor.

“Must a come out of me pocket.” Ygg stooped and had it unfolded before he straightened. He let out a short laugh.

“Well, here now—I plum forgot this what with all this excitement.”

He smoothed out the paper on the counter. It was the Dullaith threat from school.

Fern drew the paper to her and pulled a large magnifying glass from her pocket. She peered through it for several moments. “Yes, this is certainly a likeness of a Dullaith. Crudely drawn, mind you but just the same, very unnerving.”

Ambril agreed with her entirely. She noticed something along the bottom of the page.

“Look at these symbols, a message, maybe? The other one we found was ripped at the bottom remember?” She asked.

There were skull and crossbones on either end. The second one was a bell with a number one on it.

“This symbol here, the one with the bell and the number? Is First Bell on May Day.”

“First Bell? Asked Ambril.

“Yes, It varies every year but first bell is usually around lunchtime.” Fern nodded.

Fern was silent a moment longer. “And that little drawing there is Glain, yes, they want 500 grains. Of it.” She laughed and shook her head, “A fools request! A grain is an old, old-fashioned measure of weight. It’s the weight of a grain of barley. 500 grains is just over an ounce.”

“Well that’s not much is it? They can’t do much with that, right?” Scoffed Sully.

Ygg shook his head. “Glain is powerful stuff.” He said ruefully.

“No matter, really. A stone that large has not been seen for several hundred years. It simply doesn’t exist.” Said Fern bending over the magnifying glass until her nose touched it.

The kids just looked at each other thinking about the Ledrith Glain, weighing several ounces. Her hand went to it protectively.

Sully had drawn the image to her and was studying it intently. “So to recap, The skull and crossbones means death, probably by Dullaith if they don’t get their 500 grains of Glain before First Bell of May Day. Is that right?” Asked Sully.

Fern clucked to herself. “It appears that’s their threat. To raise a Dullaith at First Bell tomorrow.” Fern sighed and drew her shawl closer to her. She looked very tired, suddenly very old and tired. “I’ll make sure Bucky is aware of this, though I’m sure he’s already received a similar threat. The hand that clutched her shawl was translucent. Ambril thought it looked like a map of the L.A. freeway system. “I’ll call him now, I think you have everything you need Urgan.” She started wobbling toward the front door.

Unk stood up, “I be walking you safe home.” He said and offered her his hairy arm.

She took it gratefully. But turned back to them as she reached the door. “Now I don’t want you behaving rashly tomorrow. Bucky may not look it but he is a very capable policeman Let him handle it.” She nodded firmly at them.

“Night all!” She said and waved as the front door closed. “By the way I called your parents to let them know you wre safe, no worries there.”

“Thanks Miss Fern!” Ambril had completely forgotten all about that. After the door closed they all stared in silence at the Dullaith threat.

“It’s a despicable, evil, nasty thing to do.” Said Ambril.

“Raising a Dullaith in the middle of the May Day festival,” Added Ygg.

“If they don’t get what they want.” Put in Ambril.

“And it doesn’t sound like that was ever a possibility,” said Sully.

“Do you think the police have figured this all out too? About tomorrow and all?” Asked Sully.

“Who knows?” Said Ambril. “Would they know what to do if they had?”

“Well remember Feldez has put down a Dullaith before.” Sully looked apologetically at Ambril.

“That must be why he was involved right from the beginning.” Said Ambril softly.

How easy it would have been for Feldez to cover his involvement if he had firsthad information. “And all those people…in danger.” She whispered herself. “Feldez always seems to be helping but he’s the one who’s in the right place at the right time to do the most damage.”

Sully shook her head. “Can’t imagine watching anyone die. Suppose it was some one we knew?” She sighed. “I think I’d rather die myself than watch that.”

“So we’re agreed we have to try something.” Said Ygg firmly. “We canna be sitting on the sidelines---we have to find a way to best it, to fight it---“

“With the Ashera and the Ledrith Glain I can finish if off…I think. But we’ll have to keep it from hurting anyone until I can get it done. It might take a while but if we figure out a way to fight---“

“Did some one say fight?” Piped a tinny voice from under the sink. The cabinet door burst open again and a ceramic boot appeared followed by the rest of Baldot. He looked as if Christmas had come early. “You’re not funning with us now?” He asked staring furiously at Ygg. “Fighting is just about the best thing---“

“Fighting, Rugby, arguing,” cut in Bummil who was right on his heels. “It be all the same fun for us.”

“We be talking about tomorrow now. At the May Day Festival, in broad daylight.” Said Ygg folding his arms and staring back at the ceramic men. “Can you help us then?” He asked doubtfully.

Baldot drew himself up to his full two feet. “We gnomes are always ready for a good fight.” He paused here and scratched his head. “That’s a tall order, sure enough. We can’t be seen, you know, it’s against the rules.” Baldot looked worried and grim for a moment, “But we be in, we’ll be finding a way.”

“Of course, it’s a fight!” Chimed in Bummil not being able to contain himself, he danced a jig.

Baldot cleared his throat and stared down his nose at him as he turned toward the sink. “We be needing a council of gnomes. And as many bomb nuts as we can gather…and some more slime throwers---we’ll have to borrow a few more of them toy squirty guns...”

“From them kids down the block?” Asked Bummil following him into the cupboard.

“No, that’d be too obvious, of course, the kids around the corner, they have too much of everything.” He retorted.

The soft tinkle of ceramic boots grew distant and then there was silence. Curious Ambril opened the cabinet. There was nothing but cleaning products and a garbage pail. The cupboard walls were solid. She shrugged and smiled. In and out of everything.

“I’ve just about perfected my flying powder. I’ll bring some of that and then maybe some---“ Sully said.

“Nought for me,” said Ygg firmly. “I be of earth-kind. I’ll nowt be flying again. Besides I’ll be of more use down on the ground then losing me breakfast from up above.”

Ygg grabbed a piece of paper and began sketching furiously. “What we need is a plan.” He said “Let’s be trying this.” The three friends put their heads together talking through their plan. Ambril grabbed the Dullaith image and made a sketch on the back. Ygg finally leaned back and stretched. “I be bushwackered.” He yawned.

Sully’s eyes were blinking out of sync as she answered. “Me too!” She looked at the clock and bolted out of her chair.

“Me three,” groaned Ambril. “But I’ll swing by Betula’s on my way home.” Ambril grabbed her backpack and stumbled behind Sully out the door.

Outside a mountain had planted itself in the middle of Miss Fern’s garden. There was a cloud of butterflies swarming around it’s top and the Navel-Mundi seemed to be stretching out to touch it. It turned as the front door slammed.

“I be watching the moonrise.”Said Unk.

Ambril and Sully waved good bye as they trotted down the driveway to their bikes.

**Chapter 35 Back at the Alley**

In half a minute they were off in different directions. It was a moonless night which made Main Street distractingly spooky. As Ambril headed into the alley, she nearly ran over someone emerging from the shadows.

“Hey watch it, Moron! That’s my foot!” Lance hopped around holding one foot.

“Didn’t see you.” Said Ambril who was glad it was dark and she didn’t have to hide her smirk.

Lance stopped when he recognized Ambril’s voice. He limped over and grabbed her handlebars.

“Have you seen Riley? Have you talked to him?” He asked his anxious face was half lit by a floodlight. He looked strained, almost concerned. Ambril was surprised.

“You can’t mean you actually care about your brother?” She asked skeptically as she leaned back, folding her arms in judgment. “Not after the way you’ve treated him.”

“I’ve always cared, of course, he’s my brother. He just takes it the wrong way is all.” Lance scoffed. I’ve been waiting for him here---he likes to do experiments in the shed. Some scientist left his stuff in there before Dad took it over.” He cocked his head toward the half open door. “I thought Riley would at least come for that stuff. He set such store on it.”

Ambril was again surprised at Lance’s clear signs of concern for his brother. “Well it’s probably like your Dad said, he’ll come back when he gets hungry and tired.”

Lance’s face tightened and he shook his head. “It’s different this time, he left a note and everything. Saying his good-byes and that he was done with us.” Lance lowered his head. “He said he’d had enough…My Mom is in pieces about it.” Lance caught his breath in a way that sounded suspiciously like a sob.

There was silence between them as the space between them slowly lessened. It was too little too late but Lance did seem to be genuinely broken-up about Riley’s leaving. As she watched him struggle with his emotions Ambril realized that all the hateful things she had wanted to say to him had flown right out of her head.

“I guess it must be hard on all of you.” She said finally.

Lance released her handlebars so forcefully she was nearly knocked sideways.

The old Lance came back with a vengeance. “Yeah well, if you do see him, tell him from me I’m waiting for him here. Tell him I know something he needs to know…and I’m getting pretty sick of waiting!” Ambril watched him walk stiffly toward his Dad’s storage shed, the one next to Betula’s. Then Ambril stiffened for beyond Lance’s silhouette Ambril could see the shed’s floor through the open door. The center of the shed had been cleared. Ambril could see a drawing on the floor…a circle stone drawing.

“Hey wait Lance! What’s that on the---“ But it was too late, Lance had slammed the door on her and vengefully turned off the flood light.

**Chapter 36 Sugar Animals and Betula**

The darkness fell on her heavily. It took her eyes a minute to adjust as she climbed off her bike and groped around for the nail by Betula’s storage shed door. She found two nails, side by side. One of them already had a key on it. Ambril guessed that it was for the Grocery’s storage shed. She pulled out the key in her back pocket and hooked it on the empty nail. Then she stumbled toward Betula’s backdoor, grateful for the light above it. At her knock Betula answered and swept her inside.

“Look who’s back boys!” She called as they walked into her warm kitchen. The sugar animals hallooed at her and then went right back to work. The smell of shortcake, brownies and fresh bread made Ambril wish she was just a little bit hungry. But she refused all offers of goodies and wasted no time explaining their plan.

“We really need your help, will you do it?”

There was silence then as they all digested the information. Ambril sighed as she watched their faces. She knew it sounded incredible, ludicrous, even downright dangerous. Any normal being would turn her out on her ear.

Red looked thoughtfully at his shoe. “What we got as ammo Bets?”

Shug lumbered over to the glass case. “We can use that ol’ cannon, right?”

“How bout that Ferris wheel? It can make itself useful for once.” Put in Slim as he trotted behind.

Betual turned and smiled at her. “Now don’t you worry, we’ll be ready tomorrow. Go on home now, you look done in.”

“I could stay and help---“ Began Ambril.

“We have it covered.” Said Betula smoothly ushering her through the door.

**Chapter 37 A Family Fight**

As she pedaled home in the dark she heard the sound of cowbells in her head.

“*The alley bares the strong stench of dark magic*.” fLit thought at her.

“What, the rotting fruit smell? That was the dumpster,” She wrinkled her nose. “But some one was working with dark magic, Did you see the shadow circle? Do you think it was Lance?”

fLit snorted “*That beetle larvae isn’t capable. He’s far too simple-minded.*”

But Ambril wasn’t sure. She had seen him out on the playground and with his friends. He definitely had smarts and social power. But was he capable of working dark magic? She didn’t think it was possible.

“*Why would he hex himself on the playground, I ask you*?” Put in fLit.

“He could have just stepped into his workings by accident.”

“*Well he is that much of an idiot, I grant you that*.” Mused fLit.

But seeing Lance’s concern about his brother made her think not. Amazingly Lance seemed to actually have a heart.

“*AND he’s an idiot*.” Added fLit. “*Who else? Riley*?”

Ambril immediately discounted that option. Riley had been the one to call 911 at the Tupelo’s fire. And maybe it shouldn’t count but he had always been nice to her. “I don’t know, he seems so---“

“*Geeky? He is but he’s also smart and I’ve noticed he’s pretty good at lying to people. Of course human-kind are such imbeciles that*—“

“Enough,” Ambril interrupted. “But you know if you think about it, it could have been anyone working that shadow circle. “ She said. “First the alley is deserted after hours and the key is hung beside the door, it would have been easy for anyone to get in there.”

“*We’re not getting anywhere.*” Sniffed fLit.

Ambril sighed, so what was new? She turned off the main road and pedaled hard up the last hill. The house was unusually well lighted as she finally coasted into the driveway. Her mother stood silhouetted in the open doorway.

“Ambril! Finally!” Her mother frantically raced down the stairs toward her and squeezed her tightly.

“I’m O.K. Mom, really.” Ambril’s Mom released her just long enough for her to park her bike and then put her arms around her again as they walked toward the house.

‘It’s been such an odd day.” Ambril’s mother said as she wedged her daughter firmly under one arm as if she was afraid of her being snatched away.

“The attack on Betula’s, and the School and now Mrs. Sweetgum has gone missing…”

“Mrs. Sweetgum? Missing?”

“Well, she went out for a walk mid-morning---she puts nuts out for the squirrels…and she disappeared it seems. The police and a few of her friends have been out searching for her for hours.” She heaved them both through the door and slammed it shut behind them.

“I’m so worried about her, about everything.” Ambril’s mother still held her tightly as she half dragged her daughter to the kitchen table. There was a plate of lumps on it.

“I guess you won’t be wanting dinner.” She said and heaved the lumps into the trash.

“It’s a shame I’ve already eaten.” Said Ambril trying to sound sincere.

Ambril’s must have sensed her insincerity as she turned with one hand on her hip and pointed the still dripping plate at her daughter. “You should have called earlier! Your long suffering mother needs to know your whereabouts at all times!” She stormed. “Even Feldez asked about you! It’s been that difficult a day for everyone.”

“Feldez asked about me?” Asked Ambril thinking his interest wasn’t concern for her welfare. Changing gears quickly she said. “I’m sorry Mom, I’ll try to call earlier next time. I’m really tired, it was a big day, sooo---” She backed toward the door.

But her mother wasn’t having any of it.

“Not so fast, Ambril!” She fairly screeched. “Your stepfather---“

“You mean my not-yet-stepfather.” Interrupted Ambril and realized that was the wrong thing to say. Her mother had worked herself into a rage.

“Your SOON-to-be stepfather, whom I LOVE requires respect!” She yelled.

Ambril stopped then and just looked at her mother, standing there breathing heavily her face full of anger. Could she really be in love with a man who was out to get the entire town? “Mom, do you really, you know, love Feldez and---and trust him? Don’t you find him a little secretive?”

Ambril’s mother looked at her suspiciously. “Why, why of course, I love him, why else would I marry him?” She sputtered.

“It’s just that, he’s gone a lot, where does he go? What does he do? He can’t be working all the time…”

“Well of course he has other---obligations, meetings to attend, decisions to make…of course I trust him---why wouldn’t I?” Ambril’s mother was beginning to get flustered.

“It’s just that Feldez, well I don’t think that Feldez is just what he seems to---“

“What she means is she doesn’t think much at all, or at least not very well.” Cut in Zane from behind her. As usual, he was angry with her.

He grabbed Ambril’s shoulder and whirled her around his eyes steely with determination. “For Mom’s sake, you’re gonna shut up now.” He whispered through a clamped jaw. He then shoved her roughly toward the stairs. “We’re going upstairs to have a little chat.” He said reassuringly to his Mother and then turned back to Ambril and whispered. “What a first class idiot you are! Can’t you see how upset she is?”

Ambril stumbled but managed to stay just a step or two in front of him. He followed her into her bedroom and slammed the door. “What is it with you? Are you blind, deaf and dumb? Haven’t you noticed how bad it is for Mom lately? It’s like she’s going to blow any second!”

Ambril sat down heavily on her bed. In fact she hadn’t noticed. She had been so wrapped up in her own life that she’d forgotten what it must be like for her Mom, moving back to this place, dealing with people’s suspicions… But ignoring what was about to happen, glossing everything over so as to not upset her Mother would make it even worse. Zane, as much as he said he didn’t want to, needed to know.

She took a deep breath. “Zane, hold it, there’s something going on that you should know about.”

Zane gave her a disgusted look.

“I know you don’t want to hear this---but I---we think there’s going to be another attack---a real Dullaith this time---“ she said hesitantly.

Zane snorted, “yeah, I heard all about the Dullaith in the gym. “It was a fake. It was just some kids playing around---and this is more of it.”

“No! Here take another look!” Said Ambril picking up the paper and handing it to him again. “Check out the the Bell symbol, See? It’s First Bell on May first, tomorrow! And the rock thing? It’s a drawing of Glain, they want an ounce of it or else—You see there the skull and crossbones, death.”

Zane laughed mirthlessly. “You are such a dolt.” He sneered as he balled the drawing up and threw it across the room. “It’s just a bunch of kids goofing off!” Then he rounded on her. “So you and your little friends are now experts on Dullaiths is that it? And you three little kids are going to save the town?”

“It sounds silly but---“

Zane went rigid with anger. “You can’t get involved in this stuff! Don’t you see! This Dullaith stuff all started when WE arrived.” He continued, his voice taunt. “People are going to put two and two together…our family…Dullaiths…we’re bad news already! They’ll run us out of town AGAIN!” He shouted and then threw his hands up in the air. And here I’m supposed to be the insensitive one! Do you want to be responsible for killing your own mother?” He asked. “No? Well that would do it.” He thundered. “So I’m telling you---You have to keep out of this! No more saving the town….If there’s a Dullaith raised tomorrow, you are not going to be anywhere near it, you get me? Understand?” Zane bore down on Ambril as she sat on the bed. Ambril was trying to squirm away when she felt something poke her…something in her pocket. Surprised, she pulled out from under her a little green notebook “Oh Yeah, I found this in Dad’s old lab, you know Miss Fern’s garage.” It has Dad’s writing in the beginning, I guess it’s the last of his lab books because it’s only a few pages of his stuff and then---“

Zane snatched the book from her hands.

“See? It says G.E.R.N on the front of it.” Said Ambril as she sat up on her elbows.

Zane skeptically flipped through it. “Mostly some one else’s boring bills.” He scoffed as he ripped out the Monster Truck Ralley advertisement, crumpled it and threw it in Ambril’s face. and threw it in her face. “Our legacy, Thanks, Dad!” He sneered as he threw the book against the wall and focused again on his sister. “Look if you won’t do it for yourself, then do it for Mom.” He said still angry. “She’s been happier here than anytime I can remember. And I remember a lot more than you. It wasn’t easy for us early on.”

Ambril blinked hard. She did remember some of the bad parts…sneaking out of apartments because they couldn’t pay the rent; living out of the car; eating hot dogs for dinner, sometimes for days.

“Can you imagine what they’ll do to us if Mom cracks up for good?” Zane continued quietly. “We’d be wedged into some one else’s family---foster care. Maybe they’d be good to us, maybe not, but they sure wouldn’t love us like Mom does.” And then Zane sagged, all the fight gone out of him as he turned toward the door. “So, think about that tomorrow, as you’re riding in to save the day.” He said sarcastically and slammed the door behind him.

Ambril stunned, slid back and stared at the ceiling just breathing in and out.

Bell chimes in her head. “*Lovely display of human-kind-ness*,” quipped fLit .

“Oh shut up and leave me alone!” Yelled Ambril. She jumped up and ran into her bathroom and slammed the door. Not that it did any good, the fairy was still in her head. But at least he had the good sense to keep quiet as she went about getting herself ready for bed.

As she slipped on her pajamas she mulled over what her brother had said. It was true that many of the villagers looked at her funny; as if she wasn’t trustworthy. She had thought it was because she was a newcomer. She began brushing her teeth mechanically. She couldn’t imagine living life without her family. Would they really split up her family? She rinsed her mouth.

She stood staring at her self in the mirror. She didn’t want to cause trouble for her family but at the same time, she couldn’t stand by and watch them get hurt. Besides, her friends were counting on her. She’d have to help them. The town may not love her but she realized with surprise she had come to think of it as her home.

And what about Feldez? He was so well-respected here. He had experience with Dullaith. Chief Buckthorne and probably Dr. Afallen were probably counting on him to protect the town from whomever was behind these threats. He had some other agenda Ambril felt certain, but just what it was…

Maybe as Zane thought it really was just a bunch of kids acting tough. Maybe nothing will happen, she reasoned. She tried to think of a way she could not risk destroying her family and protecting the town. Perhaps she could hang back a little, stay in the background. She could be the back-up plan.

She nodded and yawned. Boy she was tired. Her mind felt like mush, her eyes were so red and dry that it hurt to blink.

She wandered back into her bedroom and slid gratefully under the covers. What was it she had wanted to do before going to sleep? There had been something… Her eyes roved around the room and landed on a small green book on the floor. Her Dad’s labbook! She scrambled to retrieve it wrapping the covers around her snuggly. It wouldn’t take long it read through it quickly, it was just the first few pages which were in her Dad’s writing. She opened the green book to the first page.

The first entry was dated in early August 3.

**‘I can’t help but think this is the final leg of our long journey. Honestly, if Feldez and I hadn’t made that stupid bet I probably would have moved on to other projects. But it does have merit; discovery of the world’s first biomass regenerative energy solution using a combination of ‘natural energy’ and science. Back to the salt mines…**

Below this entry Ambril found a bizarre mass of scribbles, numbers and Latin letters were intermixed with sketches and graphs messily sketched into the margins. It was physics, partly, but Ambril thought she recognized some images found on her medallion and on her Ashera. She couldn’t even begin to figure it out; she was no scientist.

Toward the bottom there were a couple of variations of the same equations repeated over and over again; crossed out a couple of times and rewritten, with one or two circled.

The next entry was dated August 30th

A neatly lineal equation was inked in. It looked more formal than the other and Ambril thought that it must be the final G.E.R.N. solution. This time Ambril could at least find the beginning and the end of it, and though she still had no idea what it meant it definitely looked like a combination of science and magic. She guessed that what her father meant by ‘natural energy’... was magic. He wrote:

**‘I think this might be it. I’ve gone over and over it and have not found any errors. Can’t wait to try it out. I’m getting everything ready and have put in a call for Feldez. He’s never in his lab, always at Betula’s shop. I’m glad my lab isn’t a stone’s throw from there. I bet I would have developed a paunch just as he has!**

**Will be in operation by tomorrow. A test run. To see if it works and what needs to be tweaked.**

There were a couple of lists of lab equipment and a sort of timeline of what was to occur and had to be done during the experiment.

The next entry was dated September 15

**‘I’ve done it! It worked! My test Gern is strong and gaining strength. Initial tests are off the charts but there seems to be issues I didn’t foresee…It’s now debatable whether this is an energy source we’d feel comfortable using or exploiting. I plan to finish all the tests though and then decide. Feldez is taking his loss hard but did take me in to Betula’s shop for my winning coffee and snacks. I tried not to be smug.’**

Then the last entry without a date:

**Feldez is excited about the melding of inorganic and ‘natural energy’ sources. He talks of nothing else, it’s so boring and scarily myopic. He thinks it’s very possible he might invent a new form of organism but he can’t see the inherent dangers involved. There is something off about these workings too, they’re too dark.**

**Even more worrying is that he got these ideas of his after studying Moroz’s papers from the last days of the mine. We never really heard why they had to close down the mines, All records of what occurred there seem to have been destroyed. Lord knows Feldez has tried every way possible to find out. All I know is that something went very wrong back then and brought this little town to its knees. It changed everything here. Thanks to Moroz, ‘natural energy’ now has to be hidden.**

Moroz! Here was the connection between Feldez and Moroz. Feldez was working off of some old formulas of Moroz. The melding of inorganic and organic energies. That was the perfect way to describe that thing that had tried to kill her in the cavern. Because the twisted, writhing creature that had tried to wring her neck had looked like that…sort of a growth of metallic mold or perhaps a misshapen tree. Either way, it wasn’t human any more. It had gone way beyond that. She’d have to tell everyone first thing tomorrow morning before the big celebration got underway.

She lay back in her bed and switched out the light knowing she had to get some rest before tomorrow. Just in case, she’d be there to help. And to keep a close eye on Feldez. She tossed and turned for some time before falling into a web of nightmares where Moroz oozed toward her his limbs thrashing her and Feldez appeared as a metallic spider, his face a hideous mask of death.

**Chapter 39 May Day Begins**

She woke finally to the sun sketching shadow patterns on her face. She struggled out of bed not feeling much more rested than when she had gotten into it.

“AAAMbrilll!” Screeched her mother from below. “For the ninth time, come on!”

Ambril rubbed her face energetically. The clock told her it was later than it should be. She lunged toward the bathroom but slipped on something. She landed on her back with a resounding thud.

“Oooooch! “ She cried rubbing the back of her head. She could feel a large bump already forming. Underneath her foot was a crumpled paper. There was a swipe of color staining the carpet where she had slipped on it.

“I’m leaving right now Ambril!” Her mother shrieked. “Are you coming or what?”

Ambril limped to her door and yelled, “Sorry I overslept…I’ll see you down there.”

“As soon as you can darling!” Her mother called up in a more reasonable tone. Ambril heard the door slam and the house went quiet.

Ambril limped back over to her bed with the crumpled paper still in her hands and yawned. She was about to toss the balled up paper into the trash when something caught her eye. A corner of it had ripped off when she fell. Underneath was more of her father’s handwriting. It looked like Fixit Joe had glued the adtervisement on top of his last journal entry. She carefully pealed away the rest of the advertisement and found an entire page filled with neat handwriting. The crumpled paper read:

**‘Now it’s my turn. Feldez has asked me to assist him. I’ve voiced my concerns but he won’t listen. We’re going to do it at the Old Council Hall as he needs the power of the Circle Stone there.**

**I have to admit it though, his ideas are very original and if successful and controllable might be more viable than Gern.**

**I have warned him but he insists that part of the old experiments have merit and are worth a try. He thinks he can control it. But I have my doubts. I’m boning up on ‘natural energy’ containment. I’m obligated to help him; after all he’s my friend and he did help me with Gern. But I’m worried.**

**Gern is surprising. Will have to work this out. Can’t think of it as a ‘test batch’ anymore…But I’m set to run the final tests tomorrow and if they look good, I’ll announce my discoveries and introduce Gern.’**

**Chapter 40 Resolved to Act**

Ambril sat stunned, her eyes glued to the page. It hadn’t been her Dad who had raised the Dullaith, it had been Feldez. Her Dad had been there to help him and to protect him. Everyone had it backward. In fact it had been Feldez all along. It had been Feldez…and his attempts to raise Moroz to get at his power. He had raised the Dullaiths. Ambril quickly ran through it all.

There were references to Dullaiths earlier in the town’s history but nothing recent until the one that killed her father. And Feldez had not only been there, he had raised the Dullaith, lost control of it long enough for it to kill her father and then let him take the blame for it. As far as she knew there hadn’t been another one until her family had arrived back in town. Why the delay? Ambril wondered and then realized that Feldez had been using the threats and break-ins to continue his search for Moroz’s cell. He needed her family as cover just in case something went wrong again, the town would naturally blame them because of her Dad’s reputation, they were easy targets. And then he might have wanted access to her father’s old lab notes. It had been her father who had done the research into ‘magical containment’ which certainly formed the framework for Moroz’s imprisonment. Then she started thinking about the way the Town Elders must see him. He was their boy wonder, skilled in fighting this particular threat she wondered if they had given him what he really hungered for, access to all the town’s heavily guarded magical secrets. Access he’d been denied in the past. And if that was so, there was no hope for the town, he held all the aces…unless they could surprise him. He certainly wouldn’t be expecting any resistance today.

Her Dad had said Feldez’s lab was close to Betula’s shop could it have been the storage shed behind Betula’s shop? The one with the circle stone drawing on the floor? That’s why it had looked so clear, it had been freshly painted and recently used. Riley had been the easy fall guy there. Riley the friendless geek. Her Dad had been a geek too, but he hadn’t been friendless, he had had a family. He had her.

She grabbed the worn green lab book and carefully reinserted the last entry back into the book. She began to look for a safe place to hide it. It had become precious to her. But she came up short. Anyplace in Feldez’s own house was probably not safe. But then she had an idea. She raced across the hall to her brother’s room. The bed roiled with sheets, towels and a parge pile of clothes. Apparently Mrs. Sweetgum hadn’t been allowed in here. Ambril smirked. This was the perfect place to hide it, Feldez would have to be crazy desparate to wade into this. She shoved the notebook deep into the pile of clothes and heaped a few more on top of it. It looked even worse than before, perfect! She rushed back into her room and dressed hurriedly. Then grabbed her backpack and checked for the Ledrith Glain, warm and reassuring around her neck.

She knew what she had to do she thought to herself as she headed down the stairs. Zane wasn’t going to like it but she really had no choice. Feldez was going to take her family down, regardless of what she did or didn’t do. Worse he might actually succeed in releasing Moroz and jeopardize the safety of the entire town.

“*Are you ready*?” She thought at the fairy as she zipped up her backpack and slung it onto her back.

*“I am, though I think your thoughts are slightly off in certain areas…fairies of course have superior thought processes so if you’ll let me point out…*”

“*Save it, we don’t have time right now. Just tell me this do you think Feldez is guilty*?”

There was a long pause. “*I do, based on the writings in the lab book. But there might be something---“*

*“There’s always something, let’s go talk to him and see if we can get him to explain all the somethings. If nothing else, we’ll distract him and possibly get him to put off his plans, sound good?”* She thought at him.

*There was no reply, just the sound of an old car starting up.*

**Chapter 41 May Day Candles and Charms**

In the kitchen she bypassed the burned, pebbly thing set out on a plate for her and grabbed a banana hoping fervently that Mrs. Sweetgum would be back soon.

She was on her bike and down the road in a flash pedaling hard toward the center of town. Her wheels hummed as she wove through the crowded streets. The one day she needed speed---she had never seen the streets wo crowded. Everyone in town seemed to be lugging everything they owned toward Circle Park. Families with picnic baskets and blankets jostled each other as they hurried to claim picnic tables or a little patch of grass for family and friends to gather.

“Watch it! You nearly ran down my Grandma!!” A man in a loud Hawaiian shirt shouted as he dragged a frail woman clutching a lounge chair out of the road.

“Sorry! Coming through!” She sang out as she threaded her way through the thickening like overcooked pudding.

She passed Mrs. Flood who twinkled and waved at her from under a flowery hat.

Everyone seemed so happy and excited. Oblivious to the coming threat.

“Ambril! Finally!” Her Mother came out of nowhere and grabbed her handlebar so fast Ambril nearly went over.

“Park that thingand---“ she heaved a massive canvas bag onto Ambril’s lap nearly unbalancing her, “---give me a hand.”

“But Mom—I really need to talk to---“

“Later! I’m your mother!”

Ambril’s mother picked up three other bags even larger than Ambril’s and began to heave and drag them toward a cluster of booths that had sprouted up around the park.

“Zane is nowhere to be found!” Panted her mother.

Ambril sighed as she swung the heavy bag onto her back and trudged over to where her mother was already spreading out a polka dotted tablecloth over a very long table. This was going to take a while she thought surveying the real estate.

‘Hey Ambril, take one, no take two please!” It was Tiana Twee looking bored while handing out flyers. “I can’t leave until I get rid of all of these.” She said stuffing two into Ambril’s back pocket. “It’s agony sitting here, when everyone else is having fun.”

There were two rows of booths with a central walkway all around the circle park. The inner tables were right on the circle. Ambril was relieved to see that her Mom’s booth was on the other side of the walkway facing inward, farther away from the action.

The last thing she needed was her mother racing in to try and save her. As She plunked down the heavy bags Ambril spied Betula’s booth right in the center of things. People had already begun to gather around it. Betula came right over as soon as she saw them and gave them both a big hug.

“Need any help?” She asked with a big smile. “Cuz we’re all set.” She gave Ambril a meaningful wink and nodded to her heavily laden tables. Ambril caught a quick glimpse of a red sneaker peeking out from under the tablecloth. She knew she could count on Betula. Betula handed her a bag smelling of fresh baked bread and cookies. “Save that for later.”

Ambril smiled as she stashed the goodies in her backpack but then asked anxiously. “Have you seen Feldez?”

“Haven’t seen him.” Said Betula, “But every other Big Wig’s been on patrol since sun-up.” Betula nodded toward the circle stone.

Across it Ambril could see Mr. Pinwydden talking animatedly with Bob Berry. Off to one side the high school band was warming up. Larch Dogwood was having a heated discussion with Miss Jonquil who wore what looked like an oversized flowerpot on her head. The flowers nodded emphatically along with every point she made. Chief Buckthorne lectured Deputy Skarn as they surveyed the additional security forces they had on duty today. Police Officers lined the perimeter with barricades set up all around the circle stone. No chances were being taken today.

Ambril turned toward Betual and whispered tersely, “I found more information about the first Dullaith. You see my Dad---“

“Ambril help me with these things, will you? Neatly, Make sure they look good or they won’t sell!” Her mother cautioned her as she began arranging her charm bracelets candles and soaps. Ambril sensed a frizzle of magic, lavender scented in her mother’s case as she spread the candles out as neatly as she could. Which wasn’t very. Ambril had a hunch that her Mom’s magic infused wares would sell like hot cakes regardless of how they looked. She wondered if her mother sensed the magic in the things she made and how many other people in the crowd could knew the reason for the calming waves of well being wafting over them. A few minutes later Ambril set out the last popourri.

“O.K., thanks Ambril…my it’s nearly first bell---“

“What! First Bell’s around lunchtime isn’t it?”

“Not this year. The first bell coincides with the stars aligning---or something like that…anyway this year it’s early, just after 11:00. It’s in your program there, the one in your pocket.” She nodded to the program Tiana had stuffed there.

Ambril pulled it out and opened it. Inside were a list of events and Bells with numbers on them. Under each time was it’s ringing time. Ambril’s eyes widened in horror as she saw that under First Bell it said: 11:03AM.

Ambril stiffened as she looked at the clock. The time was 10:45.

She had 18 minutes until someone made good on a death threat.

She launched herself into the stream of humanity threading through the booths and around the barricades. Looking for Ygg or Sully along the way. She was able to fight her way through to an entrance to the circle stone.

“Stay back please! Everyone!” Said Skarn pacing self-importantly behind a strip of caution tape and a crooked line of orange cones.

Ms. Breccia stood there steaming, looking like a mad Viking woman, hands on hips, a large wreath of bristly flowers jammed on her head, and a leather hide thrown over her shoulders. Her feet were bare. She glowered at Skarn.n“But we must get into our places for the spring dance of maids just after First Bell!” She said firmly.

Several lumpy middle-aged women stood behind her peered out from under equally large wreaths of flowers.

“No can do---ya see M’am orders are orders---no one gets on that there stone ‘til after first bell! So get on back there!” Skarn waved her back authoritatively.

Ambril stretched herself upward to see if Ygg or Sully were anywhere nearby. Finally she spotted Sully at her parents produce booth and with difficulty managed to wriggle her way over to her.

Sully was just making change when she saw her, “---and a dime makes $2.60! Thanks.” Seeing Ambril she leaned over and whispered. “Hey! You should see what the gnomes came up wi---“

“---We…we have a problem!” Cut in Ambril. “It’s Feldez! It’s been him all along. I know for sure now…But no time for that. Did you see? First Bell is early this year! It’s at 11:03!” Ambril said tensely. “We’re out of time!” Ambril pointed at the program.

Sully’s face tightened with realization, “So it’s not noon--- it’s---“ her head swiveled wildly to get a glimpse of the clock tower. “---In fifteen minutes? Coads Nigs! We have to alert the gnomes, Betula and where the heck is Ygg?” Yelped Sully.

“I’m here of course, what you be blithering on about?” Asked Ygg as he squeezed past a tubby man holding up a bag of tomatoes.

“That’ll be $4.75 sir!” said Sully shifting gears and then deftly made change

“I was just talking with Baldot and Betula, we’re nearly ready for anything that monster has to dish up!” Ygg whispered confidently.

Ambril’s terse explanation about the early First Bell wiped the smile off his face. “You’d think one of us would of checked! I’ll be going back to Betula and Baldot to get them going--- and there’s Unk---“

“---You can’t do it all, there isn’t enough time! No, I have an idea…I’ll tell Baldot, you tell Betula and Unk---“ cut in Sully and then disappeared under the table to suddenly reappear next to Ambril. “Mom! I gotta go for a minute!” She called over her shoulder as they raced away.

“And I’ll try and head Feldez off.” Said Ambril as she turned and plunged into the fracas in the opposite direction. Ambril slipped through the crowds and arrived back at the barricade. Things had not changed much. Ms. Breccia and her cronies were still arguing with Deputy Skarn. Ambril was relieved to find the circle stone empty as the clock ticked towards eleven.

“Chief’s orders---no one allowed on the stone until after First Bell, not before.” He said firmly.

The band started playing a rousing marching tune, slightly off key but extra loud to make up for it. Across the stone Ambril could see some sort of a commotion start.

Suddenly a tall, lean figure strode stiffly out onto the stone. It was Feldez making his way swiftly to the center of the circle stone, his face taunt like a mask.

“No! Chief Buckthorne! Keep Feldez away from there!” She screamed as loudly as she could. But all she did was attract the attention of Skarn who walked toward her his head cocked warningly.

“Take it easy kid, stand back….” But Skarn stopped suddenly and turned away.

“Hi Ambril, what’s up?” Surprisingly it was Riley who appeared at her elbow.

“Riley! Where have you been, everyone’s been looking for you!” In her surprise she was temporarily distracted. That ended when she saw Feldez bend down over the central stone and peer into it.

“Stop him!” Yelled Ambril frantically as she pressed against the wooden barricade. There was a small opening in between two of them with yellow caution tape stretched between them.

Riley tugged at her sleeve. “What’s wrong? Tell me!” He said urgently.

“It’s a long story, but Feldez has to be stopped! He’s going to try to kill the whole town at First Bell!”

Riley looked amazed for a moment and then smirked. He grabbed the caution tape with one hand. “Hey I’m about to be grounded until Christmas anyway, why not do it in style!” He said grinning. “After you!”

Ambril wondered later why she hadn’t thought of ripping the caution tape away herself. But she was through and running hard toward the central stone and the tall angular man hunched over it. She could hear Skarn lat out a large bellow from behind her. The marching band began a drum roll as an amplified voice rolled out over the crowd. And “Now the official start of May Day Festivities, First Bell!”

Riley had caught up with her and was matching her pace. Her heart jumped into her throat as she saw Feldez slowly reach out his hand to touch the central stone.

“Get those kids out a’ here!” It was Chief Buckthorne yelling from the sidelines.

“I’m trying’!” Skarn yelled from close behind them. She felt a hand grab her ponytail but she yanked it away. Realizing there was no time for finesse, she launched herself into a full tackle.

“No!t again you’re not! Not this time!” She screamed. Just as the First Bell sounded she made contact with Feldez and the two of them rolled away from the central stone.

**Chapter 43 A two Horned Demon and Flying Jelly Fish**

It was a perfect tackle the gnomes told her later but just an instant too late. At the first peel of the bell a fontain of acrid black smoke shot up from the stone, sparks thirty feet high erupted simultaneously.

“Ambril, what did you do!” Yelled Feldez shoving her roughly aside.

“What did I do? Look what you did you monster! Are you going to try and pin this one on me just like you pinned the other on my Dad?” She yelled back, but her voice was drowned out by the crackling slithering sound Ambril recognized as the Dullaith. Overhead the black smoke was taking shape as the fountain of energy defined the full extent of the Dullaith’s head. Ambril felt the biting cold, the smell of it made her want to wretch. She felt the terror begin to infiltrate her mind. But thanks to fLit she had practice with this and pushed away her own hysteria. She scrambled to her feet and pulled out her Ashera.

She saw the Chief try to drag an inert Riley away to safety, he must have fallen and hit his head. The fire chief was madly trying to get a fire hose in place as Ambril threw her backpack off to the side and faced the now nearly complete Dullaith.

“Get that kid gone NOW!” Shouted the Chief pointing a warning finger at Ambril.

Feldez lunged at her his eyes intent. Ambril jumped to the side just in time. Skarn made another grab for her but only managed to rip her shirt. Ambril knew she didn’t have time for this. She snuck a glance at the Dullaith who had begun to inhale deeply, already on the hunt. She had to do something fast or some one would be killed. Off to the side Ambril caught a glimpse of a familiar figure, the largest man in town. “Unk! Help! Stop them!” Yelled Ambril frantically as she skittered away from the two men.

Unk raised his head and frowned. “You be leaving Amby alone now!” He shouted. With a flick of his wrist he called up a series of dust devils one of which caught up Feldez and Skarn and whirled him away. The firefighters and the Chief were caught up in another.

Ambril smiled up at him. “Can you keep everyone else off the stone?”

Unk nodded and with another flick of his wrist the mini tornadoes arranged themselves around the stone. Next to him Ambril saw with surprise one of the trees nearby transformed into the Forest Sprite, She danced swiftly around the trees lining the stone. At her touch, the trees stretched out their branches and formed a solid wall of greenery, difficult for even the most inquisitie eye to penetrate. Ambril just hoped that would be enough.

Ambril sensed immediately that this Dullaith was more powerful than the last. It was larger, faster and already the stench of it made it hard for her to breathe. The creature was intent on hunting, seeking its next victim. She knew once he’d found her, she’d be first on its list.

A frantic jangle of bells sounded. “*Cut off its source of energy fast!”* fLit thought at her urgently. “*The source is a magical being of some sort, I just can’t tell which kind… but whoever it is will be dead soon if we don’t act now!* ”

Ambril didn’t hesitate and dove toward the central stone. The closer she got the more numb with cold she became. Within three strides she could barely feel her legs, her brain fuzzed…she faltered.

“*Snap out of it! Remember what we’be been practicing! Push it away!”* fLit was suddenly out in the open punching and kicking her in the face. “*Listen, it sees you clearly! It wants your power and then when it’s finished with you? It will come for me and the rest of your friends! So MOVE!”*

The sharp sting of the fairy’s boots did the trick. Ambril concentrated on pushing away the hysteria that had rushed in to overpower her senses. In a few seconds her mind was clear again. She shook herself and then gathering all the energy she could muster she plunged again toward the monster. Another painful stride and she was within reach. The smoke was so thick and dark she couldn’t see or breathe. Coughing she took as big a breath as she dared and held it as she squeezed her eyes shut and saw that the dense purple magic jetting around her, totally immersing her in a vortex of malevolence. It was so thick she could feel it again pushing back her defenses. She shivered as she realizing that in another few seconds she’d be on her knees to it. But she still had those seconds to work with. Resolutely she held her arm out full length and brought it blindly around in a wide arc.

The Ashera found its mark. She felt the resistance of the strands of magic snap and fizzle as she whirled the Ashera around again and again. The Dullaith’s anguished scream was so loud that Ambril felt rather than heard the clank of a metal box hit the stone. Her mind reeled from the stinging rage pulsing around her. But the black smoke thinned enough for her to find the box. She grabbed it and stumbled away from under the Dullaith, light-headed from the lack of oxygen. She filled her lungs with fresh air as she broke out from the dense dark smoke. The evil box in her hand numbed her hand an acrid steam curled from it and around her arm. She jabbed at it with her Ashera and gasped as the limp form of a fat squirrel fell out and into her hand.

The Dullaith was reeling in agony, the severed threads of dark magic sizzled as they whipped around beneath it. It rose about thirty feet in the air. Ambril was afraid it would clear the encircloing trees and winds but then it did something even worse. The Dullaith stopped and---sniffed. Its massive jaws opened and inhaled---then it turned, its glowing eyes locked onto her. The hunter had found its prey.

fLit was right, it could sense the power she wielded, it drew it to her. The stench was overwhelming as the popping slithering sound grew louder as it approached. Ambril just had time to focus on a central point between its two horns. Her Ashera shook slightly as a massive energy ball erupted out of her Ashera and launched itself at the roiling smoky madness bearing down on her.

The ball of energy exploded on impact taking out one eye and severing a large chunk of its head. It exploded away from it and arced toward the ground, a jumble of smoke and flailing magic strands. For a moment Ambril thought it would land on the outside, possibly hurting some of the townspeople but luck was with them. It glanced off a dust devil and fell harmlessly to land on the circle stone itself. Outside the stone Ambril could now hear frightened screams and what sounded like a stampede of people as people raced over and through whatever was in their path to get to safety.

“Easy there, hold off, we be needing to anchor the nasty blaggart.” Yelled Ygg suddenly beside her. Cupping his hands he yelled into the trees nearby.

“Hey up there, whatcha be waiting for! Time to be fighting!”

On cue the branches parted and Sully sailed out a large water gun in her hands. Ambril could see a blur of magic just under the soles of the gardening boots she was wearing. Flying powder!

‘”Quit yelling!” She retorted. “We heard you! Bummil was having trouble with his Brellie!” She had a thick rope tied around her waist. Behind her followed a string of Beach Umbrella flowers draped heavily with vines. If you knew what to look for you could make out the outline of a gnome lashed to the massive stamen with Bomber Nuts hanging from their waists. But only if you knew what was there. It was a pretty good camoflauge. They looked like ungainly flying jellyfish, the deadly kind. Ambril watched as one of the brellie’s got within throwing distance of the monster and a stream of bomber nuts were fell from it. Sharp explosions made the Dullaith wince and look up.

“Higher there kid! Whatcha thinking, we look like sausages on a string to him!” Ambril recognized Baldot’s grumpy voice as another volley of bomber nuts fell.

Sully pumped up her water gun and let loose a stream of Gooberous slime which hissed wherever it landed and shorted out the creature’s magical fiber. It smelled even worse when barbequed.

The Dullaith inhaled and blew out at the Brellies, buffeting them back but Sully held tight to them and brought them back on course. A continuous stream of bomber nuts and slime rained down on the Dullaith and it slowly began to sink.

Ambril stumbled her legs were still wobbly. Betula appeared at her side steadying her. She held out her hand and nodded to the nearly lifeless form in Ambril’s hand. “Leave her to me!” She said taking the limp squirrel gently from her.

She turned abruptly and belted out a command, “Come on guys, time to get jumping!”  The tablecloth rose like a curtain as Red rolled out the sugar cannon.

“Fire in the hole!” He yelled touching a candle to the fuse. With a puff of cherry red smoke candy bugs exploded from the cannon and rained down on the Dullaith. The bugs melted with a hiss wherever they touched, the smell of burnt sugar filled the air as the magic mesh shorted and sparked and the Dullaith dipped even lower and lower. Panting and straining to rise again.

“We need to get him stuck to the ground!” Ambril shouted to Betula above the whirl of the dust devils and the crackle of the monster.

“Don’t you worry about a thing, honey, we’re experts with sticky gooey stuff.”

“Shug! Slim! What’s keeping you!” Betula yelled.

The two sugar animals rolled out the candy Ferris Wheel loaded with Swedish fish.

“We’re coming, we’re coming, hold your unicorns,” Shug said as he got himself into position.

“Ready?” asked Slim.

“Fire it up!” Nodded Shug.

Slim flipped a switch making the Ferris Wheel spin faster and faster. Shug manned a lever carefully gauging the speed of the wheel before…

“Wait until he comes around again---ready, are you aiming for the jawbone?” Yelled Slim.

“I’m aiming, I’m aiming!” Groused Shug.

“Now!” Yelled the giraffe.

Shug pulled down on the lever. Volleys of Swedish fish launched themselves at the Dullaith’s head liquidating and spreading themselves into a solid mass of goo. It dripped slowly down toward the ground. Other Brellies slathered the monster with streams of bright yellow gel which ran off the monster and stretched itself downward. In a matter of minutes the monster’s massive head was finally tethered to the ground.

“It’s working!” Shouted Red gleefully as he reloaded his cannon.

Ambril took a deep breath. “*I guess we’re up*,” Ambril thought at fLit.

“*Let’s go*!” said fLit with a clang of steel.

But Ambril could sense his nervousness. After all he nearly died the last time around. “*Look we can do this!*”

The fairy snorted with annoyance. “*Cut the pep talk*, *Let’s just get this done*!” Ambril pulled out her medallion and summoned its power. She gritted her teeth as she felt it pulse and glow in her hand. It was now or never. Everyone was counting on her this time. It wasn’t like she could just turn and run off into the woods as she had done the first time. She pointed her Ashera at the monster focusing the energy into a solid continuous stream. The beam was so bright it nearly blinded her. It completely enveloped the Dullaith. With a burst of sparks the monster began to implode, its mesh-like skin shorting out in a great burst of sparks. Lelaving a burnt husk of the demon which slowly folded into itself until there was nothing left but a cloud of black smoke and a lingering smell of evil.

**Chapter 44 An Angry Mob**

Ambril’s knees buckled as she released the power stream and hugged her Ashera. Despite having the Ledrith Glain with her she still felt drained and disoriented.

“Hey are you all right?” It was Riley who limped up first and pulled her to her feet.

“Are you?” She countered looking at him with concern.

He rubbed his head and shrugged. “I’ve had worse, you do remember I’m Lance’s brother?” He smiled. “I just caught the tail-end of that but that was some show. Is that Glain?” He asked looking curiously at her medallion.

“I guess so.” She said trying to sound casual as she hastily slipped it back under her shirt. Behind Riley Ambril could see Unk’s dust devils slowly unfurling; revealing the devastation beyond. The booths looked as if they’d been recently bombed. Much of the merchandise had been carried off by the wind and what was left was covered with dirt. The more intrepid towsfolk had begun to make their way through the wreckage. Some were equally coated with dust and durt. None of them looked elated to have been freed from a monster. Most of them looked angry. Two detached themselves from the rest and ran towards Ambril and Riley.

“Ambril! Ambril, my darling! Are you all right? Just what were you doing? One minute you’re over talking to your friends and the next you’re inside a huge whirlwind!” Ambril was nearly smothered by her mother’s hug.

“I’m O.K., Mom, really. I was…um…just in the wrong place at the wrong time.” “Riley? It’s Riley honey!” Riley’s mother came running up next. “Where have you been?” She folded her son in a brief hug and then started to inspect him for injuries. “What happened to you? Where hae you been? You can’t possibly mean what you said in your note!” Riley stod there mutely studying his toes. Riley’s Mom then rounded on Ambril and scowled. I’m not sure I like your new friends. Were they the ones who encouraged you?” She asked looking Ambril up and down as she dragged Riley away.

There were lots of others eyeing her suspiciously in the crowd that ws forming around her. Her heart sank as she realized that Zane might have been right. Magic in broad daylight was an unforgiveable sin. But just how much did the townspeople see? Hopefully not the gnomes or the sugar animals in action.

“Now, we need to get you out of here, sweetie! The townspeople are in such a mood.” Her mother tugged on her sleeve. But Ambril couldn’t leave until she was sure everyone was all right. She spotted a very dusty Chief Buckthorne pointing up at one of the tallest nearby trees.

“I want her down pronto, you hear me? I want all three of those kids!” Ambril followed his pointing fingers and to her relief spotted Sully dangling upside down in the tree, her foot caught in a vine. The fire fighters maneuvered a ladder truck to tug her down. Ambril smiled as she saw Ygg with her backpack running toward her, Unk just behind.

“That be fine workings Amby!” Said Unk.

“Same to you, Unk! You kept everyone out with those whirlwinds of yours!” Ambril squinted up at him.

The Chief walked up just then. Up close, looking unusually rumpled and grumpier than usual. His hair stuck straight out every which way and his pockets were filled with leaves. His clothes were so stiff with dust that his tie stood out at an angle.

“Time for a nice long chat, you three. What the heck do you think you were doing in there with that thing? You could have been killed! In fact it’s a miracle you weren’t! If it wasn’t for Feldez here who came to your rescue at the last minute…you would be!” The Chief was bellowing much louder than he needed to and yelling out over the crowd around them. Feldez appeared beside the chief having just finished combing his hair. He looked unruffled as always. He stared mystified at Ambril.

“Feldez? Are you kidding? He didn’t have any---“ but Ambril stopped when the Chief gave her a particularly potent glare.

“Darned if I know what really happened. I didn’t really see much of anything what with those---dust clouds and---trees getting in the way.” The Chief looked significantly up at Unk before sneezing into a large handkerchief but because the handkerchief was so dusty, he sneezed again.

“We should get the children out of here immediately. This crowd is turning ugly.” Feldez said terselyhis eyes surveying the crowd behind them.

The Chief snorted. “They darn near nearly killed each other running away from this and now they think they’re experts as to what went on.” He said in a low voice.

Sully walked up just then, a pair of flip-flops on her feet. She was stuffing some old gardening boots into her backpack but with difficulty as one of them kept floating away. “Wheew! Am I glad to be right side up!” She said as finally shoved the the boots far enough inside to zip it closed.

Ms. Breccia, her floral wreath askew, loomed suddenly. “Aha! I knew it! Chief you must arrest these children! I was forced to teach them this year and I’ll have you know I have never had more troublesome miscreants in all my teaching career! This!” She said pointing a stumpy finger at Ambril, “I have just learned---is a Silva,” she said nastily as if Silva was a dirty word. “A Silva! As in the infamous Bren Silva!” She paused to appreciate the Oh’s and Ah’s of the crowd. “She is HIS daughter! For those of you with shorter memories than mine; he was the one responsible for raising the Dullaith years ago!” She was enjoying the attention now. “And now his daughter has taken up his vile ways and raised another! Yes, it was a Dullaith, A monstrous beast it was!” She brayed into the crowd. “We are so fortunate to have Feldez among us, of course he must have been the one to put this monster down as well!” She started to nodd and clap at Feldez. The crowd behind her vollwed her lead and soon everyone was admiring Feldez.

“We are greatly indebted to you again it seems,” added one of the other floral wreathed maids. “Such a hero! What would this town do without you?”

Ambril was disgusted. Was he going to take credit for this too? She was about to fly at him with both fists but she caught sight of her mother smiling beside her. The Chief grabbed her shoulder and gave her a withering glance.

Feldez sputtered, “We don’t really know all that occurred but I have to say that…”

Ambril simply couldn’t contain herself any longer, she lunged at him, “LIAR!” She screamed as she raised her fists which were then neatly corralled by the Chief who stepped in front of her and stared her down.

“Easy there, we’ve had enough drama for the day. This crowd is getting dangerous, missy. Help me save your neck by just staying quiet for now. We’ll work this thing through later.” He waited until her breathing slowed before releasing her hands and stepped back to address the crowd. “We’ll release a full statement after we’ve had a chance to gather all the facts.” Cut in Chief Buckthorne. “In the meantime I think we should withhold judgment, you know these kids are pretty good with techno stuff---and you can get just about anything on the internet now.” Continued the Chief in a loud voice. “Now lets just---“

“Did you see what them kids were doing?” A pot bellied man with the loud Hawaiian shirt shook his finger at Ambril and sneered. “This one had a magic stick which shot sparks out of it at the monster!” His face was reddening with fear and anger.

“They were telling that monster what to do, is what I think!” Another man snorted loudly. “They magicked it up to kill us all!”

“And a piece of it nearly fell on my head!” Quavered a squinty eyed lady in a nauseously pink jogging suit. “They’re out to get us, nasty kids! Can’t ever trust ‘em!”

The crowd around them tightened getting angrier and more demanding. “In the old days, they put their kind out in the forest to fend for themselves.” Said a weasel-faced woman. “And it didn’t take long for the forest to take care of business! It’s nature’s way to weed out the abnormal and depraved!”

“Well they can’t stay here! Let’s throw ‘em out and be rid of them!”

“Now calm down, calm down!” Shouted the Chief “Can you hear yourselves? We have come a long way from the ‘old days’. We don’t dump defenseless children out in the wilderness to die these days do we?”

“We sure as heck don’t let them stay so’s they can bring monsters down on us whenever they please!” Countered the man with the red face staring angrily at Ambril.

“I say into the forest with them three!”

Ambril’s mother drew herself up to more than her full height and facing the angry mob put her hands on her hips. ‘Over my dead body will you take my daughter out into the forest to die!” She yelled.

“Well that can be arranged too! Tylia Silva! I remember you now, you’re Bren’s wife and probably in on this too!” Countered the weasel-faced woman.

Ambril watched as her mother’s shoulders stiffened and crumpled. Feldez immediately put his arm around her which made her even angrier. The crowd was so worked up now Ambril, Sully and Ygg were jostled from side to side.

“Now that’s enough! The Chief was bellowing so loudly now the veins on the side of his face looked more like ropes. “If any of you lays a hand on these kids, you’ll be spending a the night in jail!” He threatened, but the crowd wasn’t in a listening mood. They started shoving him around too. “Skarn! Take these kids on over to Moon Bay and talk to Child Services! They can keep them there until we get everyone here calmed down, got it?”

Skarn grabbed the three kids and shoved them roughly in front of him. “O.K. Kids, let’s march! My car’s over there.”

“Sully! Sully! What’s going on!” It was Sully’s parents, white lipped and dazed, reaching out for her. But th crowd kept them apart.

“Mom! Dad!” Was all Sully could get out before Skarn shoved her forward.

“It’s just for safe keeping, you can pick them up tomorrow.” Chief Buckthorne said reassuringly.

Ambril was nearly knocked down by a large woman with a pink parasol. “They need to git!” A skinny man yelled from behind her.

“Right now, Skarn! You hear me, GO!” The Chief said urgently to his Deputy.

The kids walked woodenly to the police car. Sully wiped tears from her face as she waved good-bye to her parents. Skarn wedged himself behind the wheel and turned on on flashing lights on top. Part of the mob had followed them to the car. They leered at the kids as they shouted nasty things about their parents and sisters and brothers and even dogs. Some of them pounded on the windows. But slowly Skarn was able to ease the car out and away. Away from everything they knew and loved.

The three kids lapsed into shell-shocked silence as they watched the houses thin and then the trees crowd out the farmlands, and then the forest thicken and darken.

“Look Deputy can’t we just go home? Our parents and guardians will take good care of us.”

“No sirree kiddo!” Said Skarn chewing gum so slowly he looked like a cow chewing its cud. “You saw that there crowd, looking like a riot was about to form right then and there! No, no, no…We’ll just let things cool down for a day or so and then bring you right back home.” He said attempting kindness.

“But we didn’t raise that Dullaith! We defeated it!” Said Ygg angrily.

Skarn looked at them skeptically in his rear view mirror. “Come on now! I don’t know, I didn’t see much as I was stuck in that same dust storm as the Chief but---you kids? You took that thing down?” He half smiled. “That’s right hard to believe.” He pulled at his nose. “You must of raised that thing by accident or something…to show off to your friends.” He nodded to himself. “And then Feldez somehow or other took the thing down like he did the last one.”

Ambril didn’t know what to say. Everything was turning out wrong. Why wouldn’t they believe them?

“Never you mind thought,” Skarn added after sucking his teeth a bit. “The Chief will have it all sorted though before you know it, you can bank on that.” He continued. “We’ll just take you over to where it’s nice and safe for a bit and wait it out there.”

The three kids lapsed into shell-shocked silence as they watched the houses thin and then the trees crowd out the farmlands, and then the forest thicken and darken. They had just passed through the wall when Skarn said.

“Yep, you’ll be safe and sound in Quarter Moon Bay in no time.” The car abruptly swerved off the highway and onto a narrow dirt road. “But first, we’ll just take a little detour.”

Ambril tried the door, it was locked and the windows wouldn’t roll down either. They rumbled by a rusted out sign hanging askew when Ambril realized---they were trapped.

**KEEP OUT**

**PROPERTY OF TRELAWNYD MINE**

**Chapter 45 Trelawnyd Mine**

**Almost the same amount of print of manuscript page (less one line)**

**Samples of kids oriented book pages for length assessment. (Prisoner of Azkaban)** Classes. Worst of all was Potions. Snape was in a particularly vindictive mood these days, and no one was in any doubt why. The story of the boggart assuming Snape’s shape, and the way that Neville had dressed it in hi s grandmoter’s clothes, had traveled through the school like wildfire. Snape didn’t seemt to find it funn;y. His eyes flashed menacingly at the very mention of Professor Lupine’s name, and he was bullying Neville worse than ever.

Harry was growing to dread the hours he spent in Porefessor Trelawney’s stifling tower room, deciphering lopsidedshapes and symbols. Trying to ignore the way Professor Trelawney’s enormous eyes filled with tears every time she looked at him. He couldn’t like Professor Trelawney, even though she was treated with respect bordering on reverence by many of the class. Parvati Patil and Lavender Brown had taken to haunting Professor Trelawney’s tower room at lunchtimes, and always returned with annoyingly superior looks on their faces, as though they knew things the others didn’t . They had also started using hushed voices whenever they spoke to Harry, as though he were on his deathbed.

Nobody really like Care of Magical Creatures, which after the action-packed first class, had become extremely dull. Hagrid seemed to have lost his confidence. They were now spending lesson after lesson learmimg how to look after floberworms, which had to be some of the most boring c= creatures in existence.

“Why would anyone bother looking after them?” said Ron, after yet another hour of poking shredded lettuce down the flobberworkm’s slimy thoats.

At the start of October, however, Harry had something else to occupy him, something so enjoyable it more than made up for his.

**(the Hunger Games)** “Don’t think so, Wouldn’t make much sense. See, they’d have to reveal what happened in the Training Center for it to have any worthwhile effect on the population. People would need to know what you did. But they can’t since it’s secret, so it’d be a waste of effort,” says Haymitch. “More likely they’ll make your life hell in the arena.”

“Wel, the;y’ve already promised to do that to us anyway,” says Peeta.

“Very true,” says Haymitch. And I realize the impossible has happened. They have actually cheered me up Haymitch picks up a pork chop with his fingers, which makes Effie frown, and dunks it in his wine. He rips off a hunk of meat and starts to chuckle. “What were their faces like?”

I can feel the edges of my outh tilting up. “Shocked. Terrified. Uh ridiculous some of them.” An image pops into my mind. “One man tripped backward into a bowl of punch.”

Haymitch guffaws and we all start laughing except Effie, although even she is suppressing a smile. “Well it serves them right, It’s their job to pay attention to you. And just because you come from District Twelve is no excuse to ignore you.” Then her eyes dart around as if she’s said something totally outrageous. “I’m sorry, but that’s what I think,” she says to no one in particular.

“I’ll bet a very bad score,” I say.

“Scores only matter if they’re very good, no one pays much attention to the bad or mediocre ones. For all they know, you could be hiding your talents to get a low score on purpose. People use that strategy,” said Portia.

**(Paperback)**  The time they were all back in Uncle Vernon’s car, Dudley was telling them how it had nearly bitten off his leg, while Piers was swearing it had tried to sqeeze him to death. But worst of all, for Harry at least, was Piers calming down enough to say, “Harry was talking to it, weren’t you Harry?”

Uncle Vernon waited until Piers a=was safely out of the house before starting on Harry. He was so angry he could hardly speak. He managed to say, “Go cupboard---stay---no meals,” before he collapsed into a chair, and Aunt Petunian had to run andget him a large brandy.

Harry lay in his dark cupboard much later, wishing he had a watch. He didn’t know what time it was and he couldn’t be sure the Dursley’s were asleep yet. Until they were, he couldn’t risk sneaking to the kitchen for some food.

He’d lived with the Dursley’s almost ten years, ten miserable years, as long as he could remember ever since he’d been a baby and his parents had died in that car crash. He couldn’t remember being in the car when his parents had died. Sometimes, when he strained his memory during long hours in his cupboard, he came up with a strange vision? A blinding flash of green light and a burning pain onhis forehead. This, he supposed, was the crash though he