* Ambril’s Tale
* Book 1
* Ambril moves to Trelawnyd after finding an Ashera, (a quest puzzle box of her grandmothers) her friend Mr. Huey tells her about his family’s puzzle box.
* Hazel and Siddhart are her protectors and unbeknownst to her have been watching over her since she turned 12. A strange personage, they call the Gray Lady is angry with her and has been trying to kill her.
* On the drive there, Siddhart (transformed into a crow) and Hazel who is a squirrel protect Ambril and her family from a dive bombing , larger than life gray eagle. Hazel shoots Christmas ornaments at the bird and the crow attacks it. Hazel is able to get in a direct hit which then gives Ambril’s family a chance to get in past the wall. They are oblivious to what Hazel and Siddhart have done for them.
* Ambril examines the Ashera and finds a small figure very much like herself at the bottom. There are words there in a language she doesn’t know.
* Traz gets angry with Ambril’s Mom, Tylia, when she suggests they take the name of her Fiancé; Feldez Petri. Instead of using their last name of Silva. Ambril get’s angry but Traz get’s so angry, their mother has to swerve off the road. Traz bolts from the car and runs into the forest.
* Ambril’s mother, distraught and upset decides to go after Traz and makes Ambril promise to not leave the car. Ambril promises. They are under a street light, there is one up ahead. She examines the Ashera again and finds a small little character which looks remarkably like herself running with the puzzle box in her hand.
* There are words underneath. She sounds out the words and hears a boom soe distance away. She sees a plume of smoke not far away. She looks at the puzzle box and then at the smoke and says “Nah”. The puzzle box is now glowing. There is another figure highlighted. A figure with glowing eyes and a large mouth. It ‘s hazy around the edges, like smoke.
* Ambril looks up to see that something is issuing from the forest beyond the streetlight. It looks towards the car, sees it and then screams a high pitched, metal grating, nails on a chalkboard kind of scream. It’s made of smoke, has glowing red eyes and a mouth. And is coming towards the car rapidly. Ambril looks at the running figure now blinking urgently at her and then at the smoky monster a couple of times and then when the figure lifts the car a little bit, she reacts and jumps from the car she runs into the woods.
* The monster chases her, she (use previously written scene)
* “She must be dead, she’s been lying like that for ages.”
* “Oh don’t be silly, she’s just been hit on the head with a brick.” I’d like to see you look so good. You’d be all in pieces.”
* The first voice appeared to be upset. “There you go making fun of me, you know how fragile I am!”
* “Fragile, my works, “ Came another deeper, more resonant voice. “You’re as hard as glass, and just as sensitive.”
* “SSSHHH” said the first voice. “She’s waking up!”
* Ambril opened her eyes expecting to see a room full of people. There was no one there.
* “Hello?” she said struggling to sit up. She felt her head, there was a large, painful bump. She winced.
* “Poor, thing”
* “SSShhh, you’ll scare her!”
* Ambril looked around. She could have sworn the voices were coming from near the window. But when she looked, there was only a small bedside table with a small crysal figurine on top and a feather duster leaning up against one leg.
* *It must be my imagination*  she thought, shook her head and looked around. She was in a small room with a large soft bed. A thick patchwork quilt was over it. A grandfather clock was next to the door. There was a large stone fireplace with a warm cracking fire an entire wall of windows to one side. Ambril looked out the window and gasped. The room was moving. She could see shadowy treetops moving past the window. In fact, the entire room was rocking gently from side to side.
* A strange hooting sound seemed to come from everywhere at once made Ambril jump.
* “Brace yourselves! Left turn ahead!” Ambril turned just in time to see the clock unfurl a large curlicue and wrap it around the door knob. Then the feather duster jumped on the table, grabbed the figurine and curled her feathers around the edge of the table. The table had already hunkered down in what looked like a boxer‘s stance.
* The room swerved sharply to the left . A small rock rolled across the floor before the room righted itself.
* “Oh poor Aggie!” said the feather duster.
* “She’s alright, fo course, she’s a rock.” Said the figurine getting up slowly from the table top.
* “There, that’s better. I do wish we didn’t have to go so fast.” said the feather duster. Picking up the rock fro the floor and jumping back up to the table too. She set the rock down carefully on the table. It glowed and tinklied lke a bell. Ambril looked closely and saw a small little face near the top of the handle. There was a cord around the top which stood up at an odd angle. She reached up a feather and smoothed it down. “Alright Crystal?” No harm done!”
* The crystal figure was inspecting herself carefully. “This wretched house, can’t it be just a bit considerate once in a while?” she said in the small peeved voice Ambril had heard earlier.
* The feather duster looked up at Ambril. “Sorry, Hendoeth wanted to make the introductions, but—“.
* The door banged open and a small squat woman with long ribbons in her pigtails barreled through. “Here we go! Soup’s on!” She boomed like an ocean-going frigate on a foggy day. She swung a large tea platter onto the table and hopped onto the foot of the bed. Her face wrinkled as she smiled lopsidedly, a gold tooth winked out at Ambril.
* “How’s that old noggin of yours, sweetie?” She looked over at the table.   
  “What are ya waitin’ for Maple, Git over here.”
* The table jumped rattling the dishes and leaned closer to the bed. “I’m forgetting myself, I know. I’m just so glad she’s here at last!”
* “Yes! We’re going to be saved!” said the crystal figurine as she daintily picked her way through the tea things and jumped onto the bedclothes. “Finally, we’ll be out of here.”
* “Hold yer horses, Crystal. “ said Hendoeth crossing her red cowboy boots one over the other as she handed a large steaming mug of hot chocolate to Ambril. “Ain’t gonna be no saving today. This little girlie’s battled a Dullaith and bonked on the head by a piece a FowlClun’s chimney. “ She shook her head then raised it and shouted at the ceiling. “I done tol’ you we had to stop and tidy you up now didn’t I!”
* She watched as the crystal figurine minced her way up Ambril’s leg. “She sure as heck ain’t gonna have it in her to save yer twinkly little but!”. With that she picked up the glittery figure and put her back on the table top. The figuring stuck her tongue out at Hendoeth and flung herself at the feather duster sobbing.
* Ambril took a sip of hers. It was the best she’d ever tasted. Warm, very chocolaty and creamy. She could feel the warmth spreading through her body.
* Another strange rattling hoot vibrated through the room.
* “Yeah well.” Hendoeth turned to Ambril. “FowlClun wants me to tell you how sorry she is ‘bout that thar bump on yer head. “ She paused and blinked hard. “She’s awful embarrassed by that. Normally she’s a right neat and tidy bird. We’ve just been real busy lately. Strange doings. It’s been like herdin’ cats. ”
* “Um, excuse me, but who is FowlClun?-- and –and—where am I?—and—and How did I get here? –and-and.”
* Hendoeth put her hand up. “Sorry, Sorry. I shoulda started at the beginning.” She put her hand up to her jaw and squinted out the window. “Problem a’ course bein’ is where just the beginning begins.” She said. She straightened up and shrugged.
* “Let’s just start with today.” Her bright blue eyes locked onto Ambril. “Yer riding in Fowclun, my house. “ Another hoot resonated around the room. Hendoeth looked toward the ceiling again, peeved. “Tarnations! I done tol’ her yer sorry now stop interrupting!” Hendoeth continued. “Now, Fowlclun is just like every other house ‘cept she has long legs like the beautiful bird she is and she’s, well she’s alive, of course.”
* My name’s Hendoeth. We came to help you ‘cuz my pal Siddhart –“ she pointed a thumb at the door, ”-called us when he saw you was about to be eaten by that nasty Dullaith.” She leaned over closer to Ambril. “Not many can say they bested one of them baddies.” She nodded her head and her eyes hardened. “yessirree, for some one who didn’t have an iota of sense to be strolling around the forest in the dead of night and not a lick of magic know how. “ she crossed her arms. “you at least didn’t get yerself killed.”
* “Excuse me, but what’s a Dul—“
* How in tarnation did you wind up fighting a Dullaith in the middle a nowhere all by yerself?” interrupted Hendoeth. She rummaged through a large and rather dirty apron pocket. “And how did you get your grubbly little hands around this?” She pulled the puzzle box from her pocket and held it under Ambril’s nose.
* “Wait! She grabbed the puzzle box from Hendoeth. “That’s mine! What do you think your doing going through my stuff!” She pulled herself up a bit and tried to make herself look fierce which was pretty impossible in a large soft bed sipping hot cocoa.
* “Now, now,” said Hendoeth. “Just sit the saddle gently, don’t’ rile the horse.” She smiled again. “We’re on the same side, we’re on our way back to where your Ma and brother is.” She pointed to the puzzle box. “I wouldn’t dream a takin’ that from you dearie, wouldn’t do me no good anywhere’s.” She continued. “That there’s an Ashera. And a very special one to boot.“
* “An Ashera?”
* “Yep, that’s the Derwyn Ashera. I recognized it immediately. “ She suddenly looked sad. “Belonged to my pal Rosa-“
* “Rosa Derwyn was my Gran’s name.” Ambril said hesitantly. “She died before I was born.”
* Hendoeth eyed her closely. “Yep, I see now. Ya have yer Gran’s eyes and a’ course her hair. “ She looked fondly at the wild mass of amber curls. “She was a fine one with magic. “ She flipped one of her pigtails back sending the ribbons flapping.” “Had a real flare.” She looked over at the Ashera in Ambril’s hand.
* Ambril thought to herself about how this morning she hadn’t even dreamt of becoming mixed up in something like this. “Why, How, what’s with all of this magic?” Ambril screwed her eyes shut. “You know it’s just not normal. I don’t get why I’m suddenly all involved in this.”
* Hendoeth smiled widely, this time Ambril counted 2 gold teeth. “So you’re just waking up to the fact that you ain’t in Kansas anymore ay?” She slapped her knee “Hah, He hee!!” it took her a minute to stop and wipe her eyes. “Must be quite a shock to you.” She said finally. “Fiding out your heritage walks hand in hand with magic.” She looked at Ambril and smiled again. “It’s not fer ever’one.”
* Hendoeth pointed at the Ashera.
* “How’d you come across it?” she said.
* “It fell out of a cupboard and hit me on the head.”
* “Hah hee hee! Hear that FowlClun?” Hendoeth leaned back and roared again. “Wonder if it happens that way every time! Hee Hee!” she recovered herself and sat up.
* “Okay, so its yers alright.” She stopped to wipe her eyes. “Had to check ya see. Them are might powerful things. Can’t let it fall in the wrong hands.”
* “So ,“ Ambril tried again. “What exactly is a Dullaith?” she continued. “And why do you think it came after me?”
* Hendoeth recrossed her legs and proper herself up with her elbows on the bed. “well, now, that last part’s the $64 question, ain’t it.” She continued. “The first part I can answer. A Dullaith is an ancient evil. They’ve surfaced throughout time. Sometimes doin’ terrible damage. And sometimes like tonight,” Here she smiled kindly at Ambril. “When they run run full tilt into some one plucky enough and powerful enough to stop ‘em.” She nodded emphatically. ”Not much at all.”
* She suddenly jumped down off the bed and began to gather the tea tray things. “you were plum lucky that Dullaith was just a small ‘un. “ She said. “I ‘spect the one who called it doesn’t know any more ‘bout what he’s doing as you do.”
* “The one who called it? You mean you don’t know, and”- she continued. “He’s still out there?”
* Hendoeth picked up the tea tray. “don’t know who called it or why.” She pointed the tray toward the door and marched toward it. “I think that Ashera of yours might have an idea, though, they usually hold their cards pretty close to the chest. “
* Fowlclun’s strange hoot sounded again as Hendoeth maneuvered to the door. “I know I know, we’re almost there. “ She said. “Ambril, you oughta git yer stuff corralled, we’re ‘bout there.