|  |
| --- |
|  |
| Ambril’s Tale, The Return of the Dullaith |
| **By Wendy Walter** |

|  |
| --- |
| **11/19/2011** |

**Reader Copy ed. 3**

# Chapter 1 the Forest of Trelawnyd

Croquet balls rained down on Ambril as her mother swerved sharply, dodging something in the road. “Aren’t you just a little excited?” Ambril’s Mom asked as she peered anxiously at her daughter in the rear view mirror. “Going back to where you were born? Finding out about your heritage? Think of it!”

Ambril rolled her eyes but not so her mother could see as she stuffed the croquet balls back in their case and fortified them with a bag labeled ‘future sock puppets’ . It didn’t count if you were going back to a place you didn’t remember; after all she’d only been four when they had moved away. Ambril wrinkled her fourteen year old freckled nose and tossed her lumpy brown pony tail. Trelawnyd was just a stupid country town to her. She had watched her real home, San Francisco slide by as the old minivan made its way through the snarled streets of the city, past the ticky tacky boxes lining the suburban hills and into the deserted coastal forest where they were now.

Strands of her mother’s blonde hair had escaped her messy bun as she turned to smile at Zane, Ambril’s older brother, who was staring fixedly out the passenger side window, his unruly blonde hair half hiding his face. Zane had that stretched look of a fifteen year old boy who had grown too tall, too fast. “Zane you remember Circle Park in the center of town? You played tag for hours there on the big stone circle.” Ambril watched as Zane’s shoulders tightened ominously and braced herself. He had been on edge since her Mom had announced they were moving again, for the ninth time. This time had been different though, for instead of moving to another apartment in San Francisco as they had every time before, she had told them they were moving to Trelawnyd to live with Feldez---and that he had asked her to marry him.

Ambril had been a little upset, no one liked Feldez…except her Mom, of course. Feldez had grown up with her Mom in Trelawnyd but had come into their lives again just a few months before. Zane, however, had gone nuts. He had raged and shouted and sworn that he wasn’t going back, they couldn’t go back, and finally that he’d run away and join the Foreign Legion, whatever that was, if they forced him. He hadn’t quieted until Ambril’s Mom had wrapped her arms tightly around him. It had shaken Ambril 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 and for once they had enough money for clothes and food.

Ambril’s Mom smiled a little too wide at Zane’s unresponsive shoulder, “and the old Wall trail through the woods? We used to take a lunch, walk for a bit, then picnic on an old log or a patch of grass. Do you remember?” She patted his leg but Zane jerked it away and continued to stare out at the passing landscape.

They had been driving for way too long, thought Ambril. Months, years---well maybe it had been just since lunch...but still. She peered out the window at the darkening northern California forest but saw nothing but the ghoulish shapes the shadows made out of the trees. Trolls, Monsters and Axe murderers…Ambril shook herself, too many scary movies. She was going to miss the sight and smells of the Bay, so reassuring, so beautiful. Now there would be nothing but oceans of trees all around. Just ahead Ambril saw they were approaching a stone wall. It towered over them as they slipped through an opening flanked by massive doors. It looked to be at least five feet thick and stretched out into the forest in both directions as far as she could see.

“There now, we’re through the Trelawnyd Wall, almost there!” Her mother sounded overly cheery as she switched on the high beams, which did nothing to dispel the thickening darkness. She cleared her throat. “Now that we’re all in a better mood, I have something to say.” She straightened in her seat and looked pointedly at the back of Zane’s head, “something important so listen. Feldez 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 had used her mother’s family name, Derwyn for as long as she could remember. “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, but, the townspeople are just, well they’re just a bit old fashioned about some things. It’s a new school, a new home. It would make things---easier for everyone if we all had the same last name.” She paused and looked at Zane’s unresponsive back. “What does everyone think?”

Then Zane mumbled something, “what was that Darling?” Ambril’s mother laid a hand on his shoulder. Without warning Zane threw himself around to face her causing the van to swerve erratically.

“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? Right?” 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,” as 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 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 woo-ooo-ods!” her last words petered out into a plaintive sob.

But Zane was long gone; the deep mossy black of the forest shut her out like a wall. She hovered indecisively on the edge of the road as Ambril scrambled out grumpily. It was bad enough starting a new school in a new town without all the additional drama. And what was her Mom not telling her? Something about her Dad? She rummaged in her pocket and found the mini flashlight she had bought at the Haight Street Fair. “Mom!” she said trying to sound braver than she felt, “I’ll go find Zane.”

Her Mom paced like a lioness about to charge near the edge of the road. When she whirled Ambril saw the cell phone glued to her ear.

“Ambril get back in the van this minute!” She grabbed her and started dragging her daughter back to the van. “Feldez, you have to come now!” she screeched into the phone, “I don’t care what emergency you’re on your way to---” swaying slightly she tried to stuff Ambril bodily back into her seat. But Ambril just glared at her unmoving, arms folded. “Of course he can get hurt inside the Wall! He doesn’t know the forest at all Feldez NOT 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.”

“I’ll go and find him, Mom.” Ambril hoped she sounded more confident than she felt. A forest at night was pretty intimidating to a city girl like Ambril. The closest she’d come to a forest was a picnic in Golden Gate Park.

Her mother huffed in frustration as she flicked her phone off and took a deep breath. “Don’t be silly, I’ll go, honey, I know this forest, I grew up here,” she said looking warily at the trees leaning over them.

Ambril sighed and handed over her flashlight before allowing her mother to stuff her into the van. As the door clicked shut her mother pantomimed locking the door and mouthed the words “stay put” just before she wheeled around and ran back to the edge of the woods. Whipping the flashlight around like a sword she stepped into the shadows and…disappeared. The forest settled in around the old van, still and silent.

Alone inside, Ambril fidgeted, unnerved by this strange, weird place and started mulling over what Zane had said. Or more to the point what he hadn’t said. What was going on? Something horrible must have happened to her family in Trelawnyd, so horrible that her Mom wanted to give up their family name…again. So horrible that Zane was even willing to brave the trolls, monsters and axe murderers in the forest---that was unbelievable to her as he watched more scary movies than she did. It must have happened just before they left, maybe something to do with her father’s death? Ambril shook her head, trying to make the fuzzy images of that time clearer in her mind.

Her Dad had been a scientist and had died in some sort of lab accident, she knew that much. She had been young, three or four. She remembered the funeral in flat, snapshot moments. How cold and empty the church had felt, how crumpled and sad her Mom had looked. She hadn’t understood why 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. There hadn’t been any time to think about the past. Maybe that was what her Mom had wanted.

She shook herself, willing the sad memories away and bringing back the dark interior of the van. Which wasn’t much better. But she pushed away her rising panic at being left all alone in a dark and brooding forest. They should have been back now shouldn’t they? It would be impossible to get her Mom to tell her what had made her run from Trelawnyd and then keep running; she’d have to get it out of Zane if she could. And that wasn’t going to be easy.

# Chapter 2 A Vicious Vegetable Attack

Frustrated Ambril peered across the road and into the forest as the moon came out from behind a cloud, revealing a path leading deeper into the gloom. Ambril bit her lip, she was used to lots of streetlights and people and noise. She double then triple-checked the lock on the door and was wriggling into a more comfortable spot when something in her backpack jabbed her. Curious, she unzipped it and pulled out the puzzle box that had whacked her on the head when it fell out of an old cupboard on its way to storage. Earlier that day, practically everything they owned had been packed into a slightly mashed moving van and carted away.

Her mother had wanted the puzzle box to go too, she had called it something funny, an Ashera as she pursed her lips and hiked her hands on her hips, a very familiar pose to Ambril, then said, “I’ve told you this at least a hundred times. Feldez 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 to pat the old grandfather clock as it marched by, “just won’t fit in.”

Ambril wrinkled her nose. *Modern, New, just won’t fit in*. Well what if she didn’t fit in? Would they wrap her in blankets and ship her off too? So she had stuffed the funny wooden tube into her backpack when her Mom wasn’t looking.

She looked down at this thing, this Ashera…and smiled. It was interesting in a filthy, ancient sort of way. It looked more like the thick part of a twisty branch than anything else; not perfectly round, a little longer than her foot and thicker than her wrist. The best part was that every inch of it had been carved with images of animals and plants all woven together with tracery. It seemed to tell a story. She wiped some of the dust off to get a better look then shook it slightly…it rattled.

She had shown it to her friend, Chao Feng when she had gone to see him for the last time in his herbal remedies shop. She would miss the wizened little man and his odd shop, which had been lined with drawers of every shape and color---star shapes, lion head shapes, plaid shapes... She had spent a lot of time there, playing checkers, laughing at Chao Feng’s stories---it had become a second home to her. Hidden in the drawers were mysterious roots, pungent berries and dried wriggly things Ambril felt positive were not of this world.

Just that morning when Ambril had gone to say good bye for the last time, Chao Feng had given her a grey-toothed grin as he slipped behind the store’s counter. “Now, I finally finish it---But where?---Ah! Here it is.” He had straightened up with a beaten up old robot in his hand. “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 be a little friend to you.” Chao Feng pressed a button and the robot began walking jerkily along the counter. “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.” 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. Its red metal was scratched but some of the lights on his helmet still blinked when it was turned on. Ambril had taken the old thing and tucked it carefully in her backpack, she could feel it’s hard metal body through the canvas of her backpack as it leaned reassuringly against her leg.

Then she had shown her old friend her new find, the old wooden Ashera. Her friend’s wrinkled hand had traced the engravings on it carefully, The more he examined it the bigger his smile. He 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 to unlock all its mysteries.” His hands moved slowly up the side of the box. “Then she locked them back into 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 it gently…until his face brightened, “ah yes,” He offered the cylinder to Ambril. “Now, press here and here!”

Ambril had only been able to feel the tiny bumps, she hadn’t been able to see them. She pressed gently and then harder until finally she heard a soft click, a drawer had popped out and a round object had slid into view. She had pulled it out and twirled it in the bright sunshine…it dazzled.

It was a medallion with a gemstone flower as big as her palm. The diamond like gem was shot through with colored light and decorated with gold tracery around the edges. Ambril thought it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

“This is keepsake of your ancestors. In my country, such things are more precious than gold and more powerful than swords. Guard it well.” Chao Feng had taken the chain and slipped it over her head. It had felt light around her neck, a whisper of family secrets. Chao Feng’s eyes had crinkled at the edges, “this must be a secret shared with your ancestors. Strangers, they not understand that your ancestors give this to you, that they *choose* you.”

All alone in the cold van the medallion felt warm under her sweat shirt. Ambril smiled, it didn’t make any sense but having the medallion made her feel safer. Maybe someone really was watching over her now. She turned her attentions back to the Ashera.

It glowed even in the moonlight, she rubbed it with her sweatshirt before holding it close to the window and smiled as the carvings almost came alive. She shook it gently and then a little harder until she felt something shift inside. “All right what else is in there?” she muttered to herself as she set to work pressing various lumps and bumps. But though she pressed until her fingers were sore, she couldn’t get it to do anything, “Toad butts,” she groused and whacked the car seat with it.

She later realized it was just a coincidence but at the time everything seemed to happen the moment the Ashera hit the seat. There was a bone-jarring boom as a spray of sparks erupted from the top of her Ashera and a brilliant flash of light lit the forest all around her. Shock waves thundered past. In the moonlight Ambril could see flames and a plume of smoke forming above the forest just ahead of her. Then something big hit the road and rolled toward the car. It was a sign with a face made out of vegetables painted on it. It grinned at her before clattering to the pavement. A volley of blueberries , brussel sprouts and avocados followed. The blueberries pelted the car making squelchy, pinging noises just before something hard slammed into the windshield scaring Ambril so badly she hit her head on the van’s ceiling. The produce had won. She grabbed her backpack and scrambled out.

To be fair, it wasn’t just the van that had been hit. The vegetables and fruit also rained fiercely down on the forest and road. Ambril decided she didn’t like getting whacked by vegetables any more than eating them and covered her head with her backpack to avoid the sting of the brussel sprouts. Fortunately the barrage stopped as quickly as it started and the forest became eerily quiet---holding its breath quiet. Ambril didn’t like that either, especially when she discovered that the billowing smoke above the fire wasn’t behaving the way it should. Instead of it drifting away into the night sky, it hung around and seemed to be shaping itself into something out over the treetops. Maybe it was a new type of explosion, a mushroom cloud from a nuclear blast came to mind as she squinted at it. She’d probably missed that day in Science when they’d discussed spontaneous vegetable combustion. Shaking her head she turned around and resolutely faced the real problem, the avocado spattered, blueberry smeared van with a broken windshield. Somehow she was sure to get blamed for it.

To her surprise there was a curious black box deeply imbedded in the glass. It hissed and steamed. Though no bigger than her hand, she saw to her horror that it had demolished the entire windshield; cracks in the glass raced out from it like rays from the sun. Ambril nudged it with the Ashera. It fizzled, then surprised her when the cover flipped open to reveal a statue of a winged boy…a fairy? Ambril flinched at his agonized expression. The statue was covered with sparking threads, which overflowed the box and stretched across the street pointing in a ragged tangle toward the explosion site.

Curious, Ambril picked up the statue and cleaned off the very sticky sparking threads with difficulty, burning her fingers in the process. Free of the cobwebs the six inch boy didn’t look so bad, if you liked fairies. In fact the boy would have been kind of cute if he didn’t look as if someone had just run over his dog. Who would want a statue like this?

As if it to take revenge for her unkind thoughts the statue began to vibrate and quiver. Then without warning, it shattered into a million tiny bits and flew in all directions, including Ambril’s face. She jumped in surprise and flung the statue away from her. Spitting out mouthfuls of exploded statue she stumbled and fell into a tangle of sticky, sparking threads. Staggering to her feet she ripped off most of the stinging threads as she limped toward the relative safety of the van brushing bits of statue from her face. It was not until then she felt the hair rise on the back of her neck. Something large was smacking its lips right behind her. She whirled around.

To add to the surreal-sci-fi-movie-turned-reality feel of the night, a monster hovered over the trees not more than thirty feet away. The smoke from the explosion really had formed itself into something, a monstrous head loomed over her---the skull of a horned beast with glowing red eyes and a too wide, jaggle toothed mouth. It’s skin was composed of sparking tracery which encased roiling black smoke. The smacking sound came again as the monster opened its jaws, testing their strength. It hissed and crackled as it moved her way. Ambril knew instinctively this was a truly evil creature.

She hunched down hugging the van as the monster came closer. The temperature around her plummeted. She shivered as her breath frosted up the exterior of the van’s back window. The monster paused to sniff the air and then let loose an eager, bone-jarring scream. Ambril crouched down near the back fender and willed herself invisible.

She couldn’t see the monster anymore but she could hear it snorting and sniffing. What was it searching for? Could it smell her? She could sure smell it, it reminded her of Girl Scout camp when she’d drawn the short straw and had to help clean out the septic tank. Her mother had been forced to throw her clothes away when she’d gotten home the smell had been so bad. The van’s front shocks squealed as it rocked back and forth, the creature seemed to be butting it almost playfully. Then quite suddenly…the van wasn’t there.

Ambril heard a gigantic crash as the van landed belly up twenty feet away. She was so surprised she dropped her backpack. When she straightened up she found herself staring right into the glowing eyes of the monster. She had just enough sense to jump to one side as the creature lunged at her. Fingers of electricity snaked out from where the creature hit the asphalt as it gouged long groves into the pavement with its teeth. Then it reared up again searching and sniffing, apparently for her. She must smell nice, Ambril thought, like…dinner.

That was it---that was the moment she panicked and took off running straight into the forest. She didn’t know where she was going but being attacked by a pack of rabid wildebeests was more appealing to her than battling that thing.

She stumbled on unseen rocks and branches and put out a silent plea that the monster would discover its great love of brussel sprouts and stop to graze on the road, but it wasn’t long before she felt a wash of cold and the smell of a port-a-potty left too long. The thing was still after her. It hissed as it drew nearer, riding high above the trees. She felt a sharp, stabbing pain in her side and cursed herself for slacking off in P.E. If only she could see! “Light, I need light,” she panted as she stumbled and fell.

She nearly dropped the Ashera still in her hand when a beam of light shot out of it. What was this thing that sparked and lit up on its own? She flashed her new light around and discovered something odd. Just a few feet in front of her where moments before a moonlit path had been a hedge had appeared. A thick, densely packed wall of greenery. It stretched out through the forest as far as her light could reach.

Maybe, she thought, she could hide out in there until the monster got bored and found a nice cow to munch on. She immediately half crawled half lunged into the wall of greenery. Her sweatshirt took the brunt of the scratchy branches as she burrowed her way in. Halfway through she wriggled through something that felt like dry water, a denser band of air, but forgot all about it when she suddenly popped out into a clearing. It really had been a hedge, a very tall, very thick one.

She froze when the monster screamed again, but this time it sounded frustrated. It seemed to be having no luck with the hedge. It rammed itself against it again and again but the hedge seemed to be holding. Then the grisly crackling sound faded as the monster turned away. Ambril sighed with relief and took a moment to shake the dead leaves from her hair before flashing her light around. She was in a large area surrounded by the neat and tidy and definitely man-made hedge she’d just tunneled through. Her heart lifted as her light flicked over the humped, gabled shapes of houses. There were several of them clustered around a central stone area.

“Help!” She cried, running toward the nearest home, “Monster! There’s one in the forest! Anyone here know how to get rid of them?” But no lights came on, the houses stayed dark and quiet. As Ambril drew near she saw the roof had fallen in on one and a chimney had drifted away from another. It was soon clear to her that the village hadn’t been lived in for a long time.

It hit her then; she was alone, lost in a forest and being chased by a foul smelling demon with nothing to defend herself with but a decorated stick. The moonlight was bright that night, it softly illuminated the forest beyond the hedge, there were acres and acres of it, she was standing in a sea of trees. The big question now was would she be able to find her way back to civilization? She could be lost for days or weeks---if she made it that long. She thought of her Mom and Zane and wondered if they would ever know what happened to her. Her lower lip quivered for just a moment until she squared her shoulders and shook herself hard. She *would* find her way out, she *would* see her family again---she just had to.

It was probably a good thing that she had no more time to feel sorry for herself as the sound of snapping branches and a shower of leaves let her know the monster had not given up and had found a weak spot in the hedge. It broke through not twenty feet away. The foul, hissing chunk of grinning evil shook itself like a dog until its glowering eyes latched onto Ambril.

Ambril did the first and only thing she could think of, she flashed her light in its eyes. Its brilliance surprised the creature just long enough for Ambril to race out onto the central stone plaza, silently cheering. But it recovered quickly. Ambril felt the air swish just behind her and heard the snap of its jaws.

“Back off, you mangy, stinky thing!” She turned and slashed at it with the light using the puzzle box like a laser sword. Surprisingly burning lines formed on the monster’s face where the light zigzagged over it. Ambril gagged, the stench of a wounded monster smelled much worse than a healthy one. The creature snuffled and wheezed and backed off. It began stalking her now, weaving its head back and forth as it circled her. Ambril warily watched its stealthy progress as she took a few steps back…and stumbled over the roots of an old lumpy tree growing out of the center of the stone plaza. It was more dead than alive with just a few leaves clinging to its old gnarled limbs. She scrambled up the roots and put her back to its trunk feeling comforted by its solid scratchy bark.

How could this be happening? Up until a few minutes ago she had been a completely normal kid, living a regular life. Somewhere she’d taken a sharp left turn into another reality. Her head filled with images of her own death. What would it be like to be dinner? How long would it take before she wasn’t able to feel the monster’s teeth ripping her apart? She shuddered and her light dimmed.

Then suddenly the brief respite was over. The creature reared up and attacked, opening its jaws wide as if to swallow her whole. Ambril realized too late that while circling her it had crept in close, too close. Caught without any defenses, she could only slip behind the tree trunk and cower just as the monster plowed into the tree trunk on the other side. It grunted in surprise and backed away. Ambril couldn’t think of anything more to try. She gripped the tree trunk hard and sent out a silent plea for help. It was then she felt something strange--- fortunately this time it was a good sort of strange. Under her shirt the medallion began to glow and a deep thrum resonated through her. It seemed to be coming from the tree as it warmed under her hand. A nearby branch startled her when it twisted and flexed independent of any breeze.

Then the monster came back in a big way, it rammed the tree so hard Ambril was knocked back off her feet. Brittle twigs and branches flew everywhere. With the groaning sound of wood being pushed to its limits the tree absorbed the monster’s charge. Then something changed. Every twig and branch on the tree came to life and set to work curling around the monster, gathering it in. The monster screamed again as it tried to jerk itself free, but it was too late.

Ambril skittered away and watched as the tree’s sinewy limbs slowly and carefully compressed the monster into a mini matchbox sized version of itself. Jets of smoke escaped harmlessly into the night sky. Then with a flash of violet light and one last puff of rancid smoke, the monster disappeared entirely. For a few moments the old tree waved its branches around in wild celebration, but after awhile it seemed to grow sleepy. In a few minutes it quieted and became still, like all the other trees…except for the smug air of satisfaction that remained around it.

Ambril fell to her knees as she filled her lungs with fresh forest air. She laughed and hugged herself amazed she was still alive. Her heart thumped rhythmically and loudly---too loudly. It wasn’t until the leaves on the old tree began to quiver with every thump that she realized it wasn’t her heart making the racket. A thumping rumble echoed through the forest; the kind of thumping rumble made by very large feet. Something huge was coming her way…another monster? What was it with her and monsters that night?

Her heart then matched the loud thumping as she stumbled away from the old tree and raced across the open area. If she could make it to the old buildings she could find a place to hide. The thing was close now, looking over her shoulder could see the hedge bowing out as something large and bulky forced its way through and into the clearing. It towered over her…she couldn’t make sense of what she was seeing. Then something hit her in the head. But just before she blacked out her head cleared enough to register its enormous yellow chicken feet.

# Chapter 3 FowlClun to the Rescue

Ambril awoke to the aroma of fresh baked scones and the feel of a warm comforter. For a moment she thought this might be heaven as memories of a lunging chicken footed monster returned. Her death had been painless at least--- But she realized her mistake when she tried to turn her head and winced at the pain. She was definitely still alive. She gingerly explored the top of her head and found a throbbing lump. Someone had thoughtfully placed an ice-filled cloth on it---which almost helped.

She recalled the last moments of the fight, the tree finishing off the monster, how she stumbled away just before she was nearly squashed by another monster, this one with huge chicken feet and blacked out. It had been as big as a house, silhouetted against the sky and she had been helpless. So---why wasn’t she dead? Her limited experience with monsters had been that they generally wanted to eat her, not tuck her into bed with an ice pack.

So just where was she? She lay there with her eyes closed, pondering this for a moment and became aware of an odd, rocking sensation---this place she was in was moving.

There were also sounds of movement nearby. She heard the whuffle of fabric, the crinkle of paper and the pong of someone on a pogo stick. There were whispers too…perhaps the monsters were planning a dinner party---with her as the main course!

Ambril slowly opened one eye. She found she was lying in a huge bed layered with patchwork quilts. She timidly opened the other eye and blinked. The ceiling, which vaulted above her, was covered with a fuzzy, warm fabric. Judging by the swinging lanterns hanging from the rafters they were moving along at speed. Still feigning sleep she took a careful look around keeping her eyes half closed. The room was spacious and filled with furniture softened with age. As far as she could tell she was alone in the room and wondered where the whispers were coming from.

She took another look. There was an old-fashioned kitchen, a huge stone fireplace, and an umbrella ponging around on its end all by itself and whuffling its fabric.

She stopped and looked again. As she watched the umbrella gathered itself then jumped and fluttered down into an umbrella stand where it smoothed out its fabric. The parrot beaked handle yawned and blinked. Ambril swallowed hard as she noticed a feather pen using its feathers to sweep crumbs off a kitchen table.

What had happened to the world? Had the juice she’d had for lunch been spiked or something? How did she end up in Beauty and the Beast? Ambril felt suddenly nauseous. She stared up at the ceiling and tried to focus on anything ordinary. She settled on one of the swinging lanterns, which proved to be a bad choice ---whether it was from her head injury or plain old motion sickness she didn’t know, but it wasn’t long before her body urgently wanted to relieve itself of lunch AND breakfast.

Overwhelmed she shut her eyes tight and concentrated on keeping everything down. She wished she could just reset the clock, go to sleep and wake up in her old familiar room with the sound of the streetcars outside. But what was she thinking? They didn’t even live in San Francisco anymore…they didn’t live anywhere. In fact, even if she managed to escape, how would she ever find her family? She imagined herself tacking up signs all over the forest: ‘PLEASE HELP!! LOST FAMILY! One blonde mother and one grumpy brother. If found, please send up a flare.’ She had to smile at that---which helped calm her. Her breathing evened out just as the whispers became loud enough for her to make out what was being said.

“—Such a slip of a thing, and chilled to the bone! How she ever took on a Dullaith is beyond my ken!” a young girl’s voice tisked-tisked from across the room.

A boy’s voice said grumpily. “And us out of the action---again Quill! Just once I’d like to make the party! The most exciting thing to happen around here is when Brolly falls over.”

Someone snorted in disgust as a dry, dramatic voice bleated, “I was nearly ripped to shreds when that awful tea tray rammed me last time!---TO SHREDS, I tell you! Not that any of you care what happens to me!” flapping fabric followed this.

“Of course we care, Brolly,” the young girl voice said not very convincingly.

“The cocoa’s ready but do you think she’d like tea instead Quill?” it was the boy asking. There were sounds of cups rattling.

“Cocoa’s perfect, Jute!” The young girl who must have been Quill answered.

The snappish voice belonging to Brolly sniffed, “what does it matter? We’ve more important things to attend to than babysitting a silly child. First Fowlclun is ambushed, AMBUSHED I tell you! Ohhh! The snags I endured as we went down! The HORROR! Why I nearly bent one of my ribs!” Brolly continued hysterically, “And now, this MONSTROUS Dullaith!” There were more flapping noises and then a soft ting. “Your scones are ready, Quill.”

“Oh! I nearly forgot them,” the young girl voice of Quill said.

There was the sound of an oven door opening and warm cinnamon smells wafted Ambril’s way as Quill continued. “Fowlclun’s fall was probably an accident, Brolly, but this tonight—”

“Accident aye? Quill, Do you recall the last time Fowlclun stubbed her claw? Never! Not in a hundred years, I’m telling you there was strong magic at work, someone wanted to bring us all down!” Brolly groaned, followed by the sound of metal stretched to its limits.

“Brolly go back to your corner and stop being so dramatic! You bend the wrong way like that again and you might just snap your handle right off!” Quill was angrily annoyed. Ambril didn’t blame her, she was already sick of the old guy. “Besides if it was a trap that made Fowlclun stumble it didn’t work did it. There’s nothing to worry about. Hendoeth will be in soon, she just went out to strap up the chimney.”

Ambril’s curiosity overcame her worries of nausea and she risked another look. The feather pen stood on its tip on a small, wheeled table with a steaming teapot and a plate of scones. It was watching the umbrella who was settling itself again in the umbrella stand.

The feather pen glanced over at Ambril smiled when she saw Ambril was staring back at her. Ambril easily spotted two bright eyes and a small mouth at the top of the shiny black shaft.

“Finally she’s awake!” Sailing toward her was a small paper World War II airplane with a piece of string dangling from it. The string was knotted into a huge smiling face. The airplane crashed into a pillow and immediately unfolded itself into a piece of paper on which was written the word HI!

The knotted face raised itself from the quilt it had landed on. “That’s Parch there saying HI!”

“Oh, Hi…Parch.” Ambril said feeling strange about talking to a piece of paper.

The paper crinkled and flexed itself clean then immediately drew a sketch of Ambril, blinking words appeared underneath, “WHAT’S YOUR NAME?” it said.

“He’ll do that all night long if you don’t answer,” said the string face. “My name’s Jute.”

“Hi Jute, my name is---Ambril.”

Her name appeared under her face, then the words “YOUR AGE?”

“Um---I’m fourteen.”

That appeared under her name.

“HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT RECYCLING?”

“Oh, recycling’s great, we do it all the time at home,” she answered.

Immediately a picture of a roaring crowd appeared---with the sound of a roaring crowd.

“Oh, you can make noises, can you talk too?” Ambril asked, fascinated.

Parch wiped itself clean and new writing appeared, “WE’RE HAVING A CONVERSATION AREN’T WE?”

Ambril shrugged and nodded.

“SO WE MUST BE TALKING.” The paper shifted to a picture of a man in a tuxedo with tails taking a bow as horns blared a finale blast and an audience clapped.

“You’re as white as a sheet!” said the feather pen as she pushed off and rolled the small table toward the bed. Ambril guess she must be Quill. “You’ve had a time haven’t you? First battling a Dullaith and then getting hit on the head by Fowlclun’s chimney brick!”

“That’s Fowlclun for you—first knocking out the good guys, then getting us all lost!”

Ambril went rigid as an earthquake rumbled through the house, every rafter moaned and creaked, even the bedsprings sounded irritated.

“Jute! You know how sensitive Fowlclun is! He can’t help it if he’s molting! Of course we aren’t lost, we’re just taking the long way around---you know we have to be careful about being seen.” Quill scolded.

“All right, look we know you didn’t mean to whack her on the head.” The string face of Jute yelled into the rafters.

Ambril hadn’t heard that last part she was still trying to get her mind around the fact that she was riding in a Fowlclun, which she suspected was some kind of a living house, complete with lace curtains and doilies on the sofa. She was chatting with a piece of paper, string and a feather pen. If her head hadn’t been hurting she would have banged it against the headboard to see if that might bring back reality.

Quill frowned at Ambril. “She thinks we’re going to eat her or something.”

Jute giggled. “Just how we’d manage that is a puzzle! Just look at us!”

“I guess we should introduce ourselves. This is Jute,” she pointed at the string face who winked at Ambril. “Yes he’s always this annoying. You’ve met Parch; he’s quite the prankster, you’ve been warned. That’s Brolly over there in the umbrella stand, he’s the drama queen of the bunch, and I’m Quill.” She said pointing a feather at herself. “And you’re---” She squinted at Ambril’s sketch that had reappeared on Parch. “Ambril.”

“Nice to meet you.” Ambril managed to smile and nod which made her ice pack shift over her eye. She righted it as she continued. “So let me get this straight, this---Fowlclun you call it? Did he eat us or something?”

The string face of Jute literally let his eyes fall out of his face, he giggled as he gathered them up again and said, “Legged Houses don’t eat people! Don’t you know anything? He’s our home, how else would we get around?---well---maybe we could lash ourselves to the chimney so we can knock out---excuse me---rescue more kids!”

“Be polite Jute!” Quill put two feathers on what might have been her hips and gave him a look that would have melted something more solid.

“Alright, alright---but I’m disappointed. This can’t be the Ashera wielding savior Parch keeps talking about. She’s too---average, she doesn’t know anything.”

There was a dry cough from the corner then Brolly said, “you can’t think that fortune teller was serious Parch? Pallleeese, he was just a garden gnome swathed in curtains having a little fun at our expense. Didn’t you see him laughing as we left?”

The paper quivered slightly as an image of Pinocchio appeared with the words, “I just want to be a real boy again!” printed beneath it.

“What does that mean?” asked Ambril. “Do you mean you were once people?”

“We were once but now---well we ain’t normal now are we?” Jute waggled his nose at her and let it grow into an elephant’s trunk.

Honestly Ambril couldn’t tell the difference between normal and not normal anymore but fortunately Jute didn’t expect an answer. “Fowlclun picked us up just like he did you--- wandering around in the forest---at least you know who you are, at least you remember your name. We on the other hand don’t remember anything before getting picked up.”

“And if Fowlclun and Hendoeth hadn’t picked us up, we’d have all ended up in the junkyard---broken and scared.” Quill nodded. “We owe them a lot.”

“Yeah, hurray for Fowlclun,” grumbled Jute, “but deep down we all can’t shake the feeling that we’re missing big pieces of ourselves and wonder about who we left behind."

“A fortune teller in Chert told us to be on the look out for the Ashera---that she would---make us whole again.” Quill shrugged and sighed. “It’s probably just as Brolly said---the fortune teller was just a gnome in a curtain having a bit of fun.”

# Chapter 4 Hendoeth

Just then a door slammed making Ambril sit up so suddenly she lost her ice pack.. A short, round and very old lady energetically trotted across the room wearing red cowboy boots and a wildly striped skirt. Her gray hair was braided with colored ribbons in a style only a seven year old would love.

“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 a gander at it when the sun comes up. Then we’ll get to fixing up that old hedge, something’s wrong there, it’s the first time something that evil has found its way through it.” She was wiping her hands on her skirt when she spotted Ambril. Her bright eyes crinkled as she smiled wide enough to show off a missing tooth.

“Still lying about, are ya?” She said cheerfully as she bustled over. Looking at Quill she said, “what? Ya haven’t fed her yet?”

“We were just getting to that Hendoeth.” Quill said defensively. “Hendoeth, this is Ambril Derwyn.”

Hendoeth picked up a mug and poured a large amount of steaming chocolate into it before handing it to Ambril. “Nice to meet you kid, Drink it all down, now.” She said. “There’s nothin’ better for what ails you than hot cocoa and one of Quill’s scones.”

Ambril obediently took the mug and one of the scones, she was afraid not to. She took a doubtful sip of cocoa---and then another. It warmed her clear down to her toes. The cinnamon scone crunched in her mouth, Yum. But though she soon felt better 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 new isn’t it?” She scratched her chin absently. “I’m guessing your Ma hasn’t said much ‘bout your family history. Some misguided effort to protect you from it, I expect.” She sighed. “I’m afraid it just don’t work that way. It’s been the death of more magic users than I am willing to count.” She put the chocolate pot back on the table and patted it thoughtfully. “Yep, you need to know what you’re in for so’s to figure out who the bad guys are and get prepared.” The old woman nodded to Ambril’s mug, “Take another swig of that you’re still looking a might peaked!”

Ambril dribbled chocolate down her chin when the old woman she slapped her hard on the shoulder.

“Yes, we have some explaining to do, don’t we.” Hendoeth chuckled as she heaved herself into a rocking chair and poured herself a cup of cocoa. Keeping her smile toward Ambril she set her boots on the bed.

“I see you’re wondering, Who, What and Why and maybe a little bit of How.” She smiled over her mug. “I’m Hendoeth and this is my home, Fowlclun---you’ve heard of us right? We’re big down Mexico way. Witch with a chicken legged house roaming the backwoods lookin’ for little kids to boil for supper?” she chuckled. “No? Well it’s just as well, those old tales are wrong, we’re mostly vegetarian nowadays.”

“No one seems to tell the old stories anymore.” Brolly sniffed from his umbrella stand. “Too busy with those blinky things, cell phones, game boys, and such.”

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

“Internet,” volunteered Ambril, proud she knew that.

Hendoeth shrugged, “Fowlclun will deliver you back to your family and what’s left of your---van.” She grimaced as if she couldn’t figure out why anyone would travel that way.

Ambril was almost afraid to ask but she just had to know, “so---who---what is Fowlclun? Is he some kind of living motor home or something?”

An injured hoot rattled through the house and the rafters groaned.

Hendoeth looked outraged. “Motor home! Watch your language! A finer example of a Legged House cannot be found anywhere in the universe!” She tried to calm herself by gulping more cocoa. “Or a sweeter one! I raised him up myself from a wee little shed! Now he’s trying to grow an upstairs for me, bless him!”

“Sorry,” said Ambril angling for the rafters as loud as she could.

After a bit Hendoeth calmed down enough to ask, “So, you’re a Derwyn are ya? You by chance related to Rosa Derwyn?”

Ambril nodded, “She was my Great Grandmother.”

“Ha! I knew it!” Hendoeth clicked her boots together. “Didn’t I tell ya?” She rounded on Quill. “She’s Rosa’s kin!” Quill gamely smiled but looked blank. “Rosa was a fair hand at using magic, I’ll tell you that much.” Hendoeth smiled broadly again at Ambril showing off her missing tooth again. “Best around of the human-kind, that’s fer sure. She was the last to wield an Ashera---until you popped up.” She leaned back in her chair.

There was another loud low squawk that shook the house again.

Hendoeth seemed to ponder the squawk before saying, “yep, course that’s true, Rosa wasn’t only a human-kind, but who is nowadays?”

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

Hendoeth screwed up her face in disgust. “They haven’t told you nothin’ have they? 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 and waved the pot at Ambril. “Want some more?”

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

Hendoeth frowned, “do you wanna know more about that funny family tree of yours? And how that thing helped save you from that ol’ monster the Dullaith, or not?” She said taking a loud, slurpy sip. She waited patiently while Ambril hesitated a moment before slowly pulling it out. It twinkled in the lantern light.

“That stone’s the Ledrith Glain. It’s ancient magic…powerful too. It marks you as fairy born, that you wear that medallion so easy. It would just spark and spit at most of us. Meaning, it ain’t just you’re your Great Gran who has fairy blood---you’ve a bit of the fairy in you too. I’d wager you’ve a fair lot of all four of the magical families, yessirree.” She twinkled at Ambril over her mug.

“Four magic families?”

“Yep, Tylwith Teg---that’s fairy to the rest of us, Anamalfia---shape-shifter types, magic wielders---that’s us humans, and earth-kind, they can literally move mountains though they spend most of their time looking under them for gems and gold and such.” She pointed at the foot of the bed.” “I betcha you got that pretty thing outta that Ashera, didn’t cha?”

Ambril looked down and found her puzzle box near her left foot. She grabbed it and held it close feeling suddenly very protective of it.

“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 shook her head at Ambril, “Nah, that’s your little adventure maker,” she reached over and patted the fuzzy wall. “I got my own to worry about, and she’s a sight more trouble, lemme tell you!”

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

“I’m jus’ teasin’ don’t go and git your tail feathers in a snit.” Hendoeth hollered up at the ceiling , just barely saving herself from falling off her chair.

“Do you mean, that this…” she searched for the right word, “puzzle box brought on that monster?”

“Ya best use its proper name, *Ashera,* or it’ll get ornery after a while.” said Hendoeth. “Yes and No. Your Ashera didn’t summon that old monster but the monster was sure attracted to your magical power. It was an ancient demon called a Dullaith. We haven’t seen one around here for at least ten years. He was after your magical energy. Waving an Ashera around under its nose and wearing the Ledrith Glain must have made him think Christmas and Easter had come on the same day! Now that Ashera is here for a reason---there’s something it wants you to do.” Hendoeth smiled at Ambril. “And no, I have no idea what that might be.”

“Because---I get to figure that out myself,” Ambril guessed, “so exactly what is this Ashera thing?” she asked.

“It’s a tool, your tool,” 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 and are only given only to those who have the chutzpah to use ‘em.” Hendoeth’s eyes narrowed, “It’s quite a combo, there, the Ledrith Glain and Ashera…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. “There are big doings in your future, darlin’.”

Ambril suddenly felt cold. Was she was up for this? It was one thing to watch someone else battle monsters on a big screen while munching popcorn and another to almost get eaten by one. Maybe just moving to a new town was enough of an adventure for now. Her head was starting to hurt again and the bumpy ride in the Legged house made her stomach feel as if it had just starred in a soccer tournament. Suddenly she just wanted to go home to her family.

“What if I don’t want to go through with this?” she asked hesitantly. Fowlclun suddenly dipped to the side and the Ashera gently rolled off, ending back at the foot of the bed. “Look, even Jute saw this right away…there’s been some mistake. I’m not special…and I’m not really good at anything…at least not yet anyway. Because I’m just an ordinary kid,” it was embarrassing to admit but it was a true.

Hendoeth’s face went from chuckling fun to deadly serious in half a second. “Don’t think we all haven’t tried that. Don’t think that every one of us that’s been called on a quest hasn’t wanted to just step back a bit and let someone else take over!” She wagged her head at Ambril. “The fact is kid that you’ve been tagged for this adventure. Ain’t another someone waiting in the wings. But you do have a choice. You can quit if you’ve a mind to, go back to your usual stuff, become a doctor or an accountant and live like any other human-kind. You know, just be normal. The question is, now you know can you be happy with normal?” She squinted gleefully at Ambril. “Don’t you worry about the world any, there will be another someone like you in another couple hundred years. And if it breaks to bits in the meantime, it won’t be ALL your fault.” Hendoeth jabbed her finger at her. “Truth be told no one can make this here decision for you. 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 Gran before you and her Great-Great Auntie Maimee, and then your Great-Great-Great-Great Grandfather…” she scrunched up her forehead in thought, “I forget his name, well anyway, it’s an unbroken chain of Derwyns that goes back to the first families. Wielding an Ashera is part of your heritage, sweetie, and a might fine one at that.” She leaned in toward Ambril her bright eyes ablaze, “you wouldn’t want to disappoint all of them ancestors of yours now, would ya?”

Fowlclun slowed, then after a lot of creaking and groaning he stopped and was quiet. Keeping her eyes on Ambril Hendoeth smiled, “and of course there’s the small matter of yer Daddy.” She paused a moment looking as if she’d like to say more but couldn’t then asked, “Well?”

Ambril looked at the crazy old woman. It made her really mad that Hendoeth had bullied and cajoled her into thinking she had to do this; more so because it had worked. Sewer breath demons aside, the whole magic stuff intrigued her and she was more than a little curious about her family---especially her Dad.

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

Hendoeth blinked as she slowly got up from her chair. “Now this is just a guess, mind ya. But I’m thinkin’ that not everything is known about what happened that night your Daddy died. She stretched until her back cracked twice. “If you do things right, you might could fix it so he’s remembered for who he was rather than what he got mixed up in.”

“What you’re talking about? My Dad died in a lab accident!”

Hendoeth grunted and shook her head sadly. “They really have kept you in the dark.” She looked at Ambril gently. “Do you love your Daddy?”

Ambril shrugged. “I don’t remember much about him but---yeah of course I love him.”

Hendoeth nodded slowly. “I want you to keep that in your head---always. Your Daddy was a good man, a strong magic-wielder and a good friend---maybe too good of a friend. I’m not gonna tell you any more as it’ll sound funny coming from me. Ask your Ma.” She looked hard again at Ambril as she set down her mug. “Back to your Ashera---what do ya say, darlin’, ya in?”

Ambril swallowed hard and thought about the monster, her Dad, being a fairy---did that mean she’d grow wings? Then she nodded---first just inside…to herself then she found herself looking Hendoeth in the eye and doing it for real. “I’m in.”

Ambril had no time to think about exactly what she had just agreed to because the door opened and let in a dark man with a cowboy hat and a scowl. He stood and stared hard at Ambril looking as if he’d like nothing better than to toss her out the window. A tall, thin, beak-nosed man dressed in black came in behind him carrying a sack. He at least nodded at her.

“Who summoned the Dullaith?” The first one growled accusingly at Ambril.

“Not her, she fixed it, well her and the old Derwyn Oak,” said Hendoeth jerking her thumb at Ambril. “Ambril, this here’s Koda, and Siddhart. Pay no attention to Koda, it ain’t personal, he’s like that to everyone.”

The one called Koda looked her over. Ambril now saw he was a Native American, “how did this little imp manage to take down a Dullaith?”

Siddhart pointedly cleared his throat, “It is an honor to meet you. I am glad to see you made it Ambril,” His voice was reedy with a slight Indian accent, “I wish someone had been there to help you battle the Dullaith, that was unexpected.” He lowered his head and sighed.

“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 what with Fowlclun’s game leg.”

Ambril shrugged and told them about the explosion, the Dullaith forming and the strange box hitting the car.

“Is this the box you saw?” asked Sid and pulled out the black box which Ambril had last seen starring in the demolition of her Mom’s minivan.

Ambril nodded vigorously.

There was a pause then Hendoeth grunted. “That’s a Morte Cell. I haven’t seen one of those in a month of Christmases.” Hendoeth looked grave. “And I sure wish it had been longer…bad doin’s that’s fer sure.”

“There was a statue of a sort of fairy inside. When I touched it with the Ashera it broke into a million pieces.” Ambril added.

Hendoeth eyed her, “that’s a weeper of a shame, that is. They say it’s intolerable, the pain---death by Morte Cell. It sucks the life right out of ya and channels it into something else. The victims are so damaged even their souls are scarred…they have only one place to go then…”

Koda shifted uncomfortably.

“Wait, the little fairy boy was hard like a rock, he couldn’t have been alive!”

Hendoeth snorted. “Little fairy boy? He was at least 200 years old, maybe more. And he had to have been alive or he would have looked more like your Ledrith Glain.”

Ambril suddenly felt like a failure. Here she had stumbled right into a murder scene without even knowing it. All this magic stuff was so confusing. She wished now she’d tried harder to save him…or at least stopped to pick up the pieces.

“Can’t afford to lose them fairies, they’re fewer and fewer of them every Moonrise,” Hendoeth looked sad.

Koda grunted, “fairies have skin thicker than a rhino, he probably just crawled off to lick his wounds.”

Hendoeth brightened considerably. “So true! Maybe it was only his outer aura that crystallized. If that’s so he’s probably kickin’ up his fairy boots in one of those circle parties even as we speak!” she patted Ambril on the back., “now we’ve talked enough, time to get you back to your kin.” She up-ended herself and rummaged under the bed until she came up with Ambril’s sneakers. “We’ll talk agin before too long. Fowlclun and I are always around lookin’ out for the bad guys. Something tells me you’ll run into a few more of them before you’re through.” She paused to hitch up her skirt. “Koda will take it from here. By the by, I wouldn’t go jawing about all this Dullaith stuff too much,” she said in a low voice, “Most won’t understand and for those who do it won’t make them feel easy being around you.”

Ambril’s stomach churned uncomfortably as she wiggled into her shoes before heading toward the door. Through the doorway she could see a farmhouse dwarfed by a big red barn with smoke curling up from its chimney. An ornate weather vane stood framed against the moon, a wolf dancing with a bird.

“You be careful now kid, try to stay inside the Wall, there’s a passel of protective wards running all through it. Though it won’t help none if someone calls up evil from the inside. Just holler if you get into trouble,” Hendoeth tweaked her ear as she went through the door.

The word “Thanks,” stuck in Ambril’s throat as she gathered her stuff, walked outside and stepped off the porch. She froze when she saw Fowlclun, really saw him for the first time. The house looked as if it was made of the usual materials, stone, wood, bricks and stuff. But the brass knocker on the front door wiggled as the porch steps bowed into a smile. The lacey curtains in the windows crinkled…in fact the whole house smiled at her. But the jaw dropper was what the house was wedged between--- two huge yellow chicken feet, attached to knobby chicken legs.

Ambril stared dumbstruck as the house winked a curtain at her then slowly began to rise---up and up and up. She made sure she was well out of the way when she saw the brick chimney wobble. Standing, Fowlclun brushed the highest treetops. He nodded to her and Ambril nodded back as the legged house turned and carefully picked his way through the forest, limping slightly.

Hendoeth stood on the front porch waving to the small figure.

“She’s the one isn’t she.” Quill said from behind her. “I wasn’t sure at first---she’s young…but while you were talking---I began to think that maybe...”

Hendoeth turned to find all of the talking household goods crammed in the doorway, their faces expectant.

Hendoeth grimaced and shook her head slowly. “That’s what we have to keep by us---maybe.” She waved her hand impatiently at them and with a whuffle and a crinkle they cleared the doorway. “She has it in her---you all can see that. But they are on to her already…does she even stand a chance? MAYBE is all we can hope for.”

Quill shuddered with joy anyway. “Maybe is loads better than nothing. At last---now we have something to hope for.”

# Chapter 5 Rosebud

Back at the farm Siddhart nodded to Ambril and Koda before turning toward the house. “Good luck Ambril, we will meet again,” Ambril looked longingly after the tall gaunt man and really wished he would stay as Koda still looked as if he’d like to eat her.

“You’ve stirred up enough trouble tonight, let’s get you back to your Mommy.” Koda sneered, making Ambril feel as if she were six years old and had just burned down someone’s house. He turned to a large bicycle leaning up against the side of the barn. “We’ll be riding Rosebud.”

Even in the flattering glow of the lantern light, Rosebud was no peach of a bicycle. It looked to be about 50 years old and had been dinged and scratched so much you could barely make out its name written in scrolly letters across the basket. It was a workhorse of a bicycle but oddly enough, the basket was decorated with flowers---rosebuds of course.

Flowers were the last thing Ambril thought she’d see on anything of Koda’s, he being a cowboy, but as she’d seen far stranger things that evening she barely blinked as Koda strode over to the bike and gently patted the largest of the rosebud blossoms before getting on.

There was an awkward moment when Ambril realized there was only one seat. Where was she supposed to ride? Perhaps Koda intended to lasso her and drag her along behind like a lost calf. But then Koda muttered something under his breath and suddenly the decorative rosebuds came to life. A sinuous budding vine shot out from the bike’s basket, wrapped tightly around her, lifted her bodily off the ground and jammed her into the basket. Not gently either. The bike seemed to be even angrier at the world than its owner. “No broken bones? Atta girl Rosebud!” Koda smiled for the first time.

For just a second Ambril thought about screaming, wriggling free and threatening a lawsuit not necessarily in that order. But immediately discarded that idea, who would hear her? And would they care? Her family couldn’t possibly be nearby. Besides Koda looked like he could stare down any amount of lawyers. So she settled for looking angry and turned to give an unusually large bud the evil eye. It immediately took offense, reared up and nipped her nose.

“Hey, that hurt!” Ambril struggled to free her arms to check to see how much of her nose was missing but the vines simply tightened their tangled grip. The best she could do was wiggle it a bit as she jammed herself into a corner of the basket and stared daggers at the giant bud. Koda grunted as he pressed down hard on one pedal, gravel sputtered from under the big tires as they began moving through the forest.

Now that Ambril had a chance to study Rosebud up close she began to doubt it was even a member of the rose family. First, it smelled nothing like a rose, its scent was more like orange sherbet tinged with shoe polish. Though the buds themselves looked very rose-like, the vines were ropey and tough and, fortunately for Ambril, thornless. Even stranger was the way the buds seemed to glow and sparkle in the moonlight. They were very much alive but not in an ordinary way.

After a few moments the large, vicious bud leaned toward her and sniffed her like a dog before it tossed its flower head and turned away as if to say that Ambril wasn’t worth any more of its valuable time. But it did loosen its vines, in a moment Ambril’s hands were free. After verifying her nose was intact Ambril gave the bud one last angry glare before turning away herself.

“Behave yourselves,” groused Koda from behind, “Both of you.”

What had she done? Ambril steamed silently as she watched the forest glide by. Perhaps it was the way the moonlight made the stones on the path ahead light up like an endless chain of reflective road bumps or the forest lightened ahead, but the forest seemed less scary to her now. The fact that she had some magical power tools at her disposal also made her feel more confident. Though she did wish she had a better idea of where the ‘on and ‘off’ buttons were.

It was surprisingly comfortable inside the basket. The rhythmic sway of the bike reminded her of Fowlclun and her conversation with Hendoeth. Now that the thrill of the moment had cooled a little she wondered just what she’d gotten herself into. It sounded like her family history was riddled with magic users at least on her mother’s side---but what about her Dad? It made her both very sad and frustrated that Zane and her Mom were keeping some awful secret about him from her, did it have something to do with his death? Did it have something to do with magic? It must have been something really bad for her mother to want to change their family name---twice.

Ambril’s head started to throb again. She patted it gingerly and tried to concentrate on other things. Her thoughts went to her family, what little she had. Her parents had both been only children. Her grand parents had died young, in fact her mother’s parents had died when her mother was just a child. So it had been Rosa, Ambril’s Great Grandmother, who had raised her mother.

Her mom had told her many stories about growing up with Gran. They had lived in a big old house with a wonderful garden complete with a blackberry patch and ancient fruit trees. Ambril’s Mom and her Gran would walk out and pull a couple of oranges off the tree and eat them in a Gazebo overlooking a pond. Ambril smiled as the old stories came flooding back. Listening to them had helped to ease the frantic pace of their life---moving here then there, never happy anywhere. She smiled as she remembered stories of her mother struggling to master the big old stove in her Gran’s kitchen and spilling tea all over Gran’s friends when they came to socialize. But her reverie was interrupted by a sharp tug on her ponytail. Godzilla Rosebud was examining her hair.

“Relax fertilizer breath! I washed my hair last Tuesday---and I’m parasite free.” She won back her ponytail in a tug of war---losing a hank of it in the process then had a glaring contest with the nasty bud, which was hard for Ambril because the flower bud didn’t have any eyes.

“If you can’t get along,” Koda growled ominously, “one of you’ll have to get out and run alongside.”

Ambril knew which one that would be so she had to content herself with fiercely folding her arms. “What is Rosebud by the way? She isn’t a rose.”

“She’s a warrior princess sort of being…part of nature’s spirit and just as ornery and short tempered as you are. Everything has a bit of nature’s spirit in it, Rosebud’s bit is---tough, hardy and strong.” Koda said proudly, which of course didn’t answer her question.

The bike chain made a tinging sound as they coasted down a small hill. Koda began to hum. Ambril smelled wood smoke, someone must be having a campfire.

Ambril grew hopeful; Koda seemed a titch less angry, maybe he would answer some of her questions. “You sound like you know something about the---magic side of things around here. Do you know anything about that, um Dullaith thing?” asked Ambril.

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

“I just want to be prepared, you know, in case it comes back.”

But Ambril had misread him, “a Dullaith’s nothing to play around with,” Koda said angrily, “it’s an ancient dark creature which feeds off its victims until they die. Lucky for you the Old Derwyn Oak took pity on you,” he snorted disgustedly. “There are few human-kind who face down such a demon and live. But it should not have happened, the honorable old tree risked too much to save you.” He sounded as if he would have preferred her death over the old tree losing even a small twig.

“What do they call it the Derwyn Oak?”

“Haven’t they taught you anything? That ancient oak was brought over from the old country by your ancestors, the Derwyn family.” He continued with rising anger, “that tree’s life straddles at least a millennium, it’s magic runs deeper than all that grows in the forest so if you think that you’re more important than it---guess again!” The bike bumped over some rough stones as Koda grunted and braked hard. Gravel spit under Rosebud’s wheels as they skidded to a stop.

Ahead of them a smoldering building lit up the forest. Fire fighters were everywhere. Jets of water showered the roof but fortunately the fire had just about lost the fight. Smoke and steam billowed out from the blackened structure and enveloped them. It was then that Ambril smelled it, the faint but unmistakable smell of the Dullaith. This was no welcoming bonfire for Ambril with marshmallows to roast.

Koda ordered, “you stay here,” as he leaned Rosebud against a tree. Ambril wasn’t sure if he was talking to her or Rosebud. “The Dullaith may be gone but it still ain’t safe,” he strode off stiffly toward the smoky mess.

Ambril was disgusted. She wanted to go investigate, after all hadn’t she just battled an evil monster? How unsafe could a burned-out building be? She struggled against the vines until she saw how much Rosebud was enjoying her frustration then sat back to think. As she did so her Ashera, still in her pocket poked her in the ribs. An idea came to her…it could work!

Trying to appear casual she whistled as she worked the Ashera free and pointed it at the vines she was tangled in. Then she willed the Ashera for just a few sparks. A spray of stinging electrical charges immediately enveloped her. Luckily the vines recoiled from the sparks just long enough for her to leap out of the basket. As she hit the ground Ambril reached up and felt for her eyebrows, they were mostly there. She ran toward the burned out building, hugging the underbrush.

The firefighters were shutting down the operation. Most of them were congregating near the road, but there were two men behind the building talking. As Ambril tiptoed past she recognized Koda’s voice and hid behind a tree.

“—Fair job they did of it too,” an elderly man quavered, sounding upset, “a shadow summoning circle! And look there! The ancient writing all around accurate to the letter,” he sighed heavily, “written in fairy blood.”

“How did they know to do this? I thought dark magic knowledge was locked up tight in the Archives!” Koda towered over the bowed back of his companion.

“I expect from what was stolen from the Archives last month.” The older man’s voice was grim. “And you say they used the Morte Cell?”

Koda nodded sounding distant, “Sid recovered it. There’s enough magical power in a fairy to fuel ten Dullaiths, I reckon.” He seemed to be looking at the ground in front of him. “But the fairy got away just in time. The way the girl described it, he had begun to transform into Glain.”

“This was done by someone with talent and skill,” the old man said slowly. “We’ll have to be more vigilant.”

“The Archive Vault is the poor step-child of the Library. Money’s a problem.” The old man murmured. “But I’ll do my best.”

The two men bent their heads over something on the ground, an eerie light lit their faces. “They didn’t get what they wanted this time…this won’t be the last we see of them,” the older man hunched his shoulders. “It’s a good thing the Dullaith got distracted and went off into the forest rather than attacking the town. There would have been such carnage.”

Ambril gulped as she realized that she had been the distraction and wondered what the Dullaith raiser had really been after. Ambril risked peeking over the bushes. What she saw startled her. On the ground a circle of symbols and writing sketched the ground with light. The images were tortured and dark, even the words looked evil. Ambril cringed to think that that the glowing paint was really the fairy boy’s blood.

She stretched to get a better look, as she did so a branch snapped just behind her and she felt something tighten around her arm.

She whirled expecting another monster; it had been that kind of a day. But instead she found Rosebud glaring at her; the entire bicycle was quivering with rage. Before Ambril could blink she was jammed back into the bike basket and strapped in so tightly she couldn’t even wiggle her pinky. The bike backed itself up until it leaned against the tree just as Koda had left them. Then they waited…and waited for what seemed like an age. Ambril’s nose began to itch…and a small bud wriggled itself under her arm, which tickled…then her foot began to tingle as it fell asleep…

Finally Koda returned frowning. He was so preoccupied with what he had seen that he didn’t notice Ambril’s predicament. He mumbled to himself as he got on the bike and pushed off. Once again they glided smoothly through the forest. After a short while Rosebud seemed to lose interest in torturing Ambril and relaxed her hold just enough for her to wriggle her toes, scratch her nose and drive away the offending ticklish bud.

Ambril sat back and started thinking about Trelawnyd. She was painfully aware of how little she knew about magic. Was everyone here magical? Would she be an outsider again? Not that she wasn’t used to it but still...

“So Koda, is everyone here a magician?”

Koda snorted. “We are magic-wielders not magicians. No rabbits jumping out of hats here. Most Trelawnyd folk are like everyone else these days, they’ve lost their magical abilities.” He looked at the stars above the treetops. “Nowadays they use only the magic they understand,” he continued. “Technology is human-kind magic now,” he shrugged. “It’s plenty useful, but a poor substitute for real magic.” He looked at Ambril stolidly and said with a note of warning in his voice, “those who don’t understand magic fear it. Fear makes people act crazy. The ones who still remember the old ways, we keep it to ourselves. You must do the same,” he said ominously before grimly training his eyes on the path ahead and refusing to answer any more of Ambril’s questions.

Ambril sighed and gave up, so much for help from the adults, she’d have to figure this out on her own. She squinted down the path and noticed the trees were thinning. The bike suddenly banked to the left and they rode out onto the road. Ambril’s entire being felt lighter when she saw her mother silhouetted by the flashing lights of a tow truck.

She was so excited she barely heard Koda when he said, “I think things must change now. The reason the Ashera has come to you is still not known but if its what I think it is this town’s in for a busting out fight. Magic may be the only way to protect ourselves.” Just as they coasted to a stop, he added. “But your Mommy ain’t the one to seek help from, her type never understands.”

Ambril nodded, she was beginning to understand that secrets grew high and tall in Trelawnyd, her family’s secrets among them.

# Chapter 6 The House that Feldez Built

“Ambril! My baby!” shrieked her mother, she ran over her eyes wide.

Ambril managed to shove her Ashera into a pocket just before she was engulfed by her Mom’s hug and wrenched out of the bike’s basket. Rosebud gave her one last pinch just before Koda turned his bike toward the forest and rode away without a word.

“Thanks Koda!” Ambril yelled as he disappeared into the shadows.

“Yes! Thank you---Koda!” her mother echoed before holding her daughter at arm’s length and giving her a shake, “where have you been darling? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE VAN!”

Ambril had to improvise. “Um…the explosion scared me so…I ran. Then I got lost and---Koda brought me back. Did you find Zane?” Ambril was finding it hard to talk as with her cheek squashed against her mother’s sweater.

“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 something from the explosion, it smashed the windshield,” Ambril shrugged.

“Oohhhh, you poor thing!” said her Mom launching herself at Ambril again for another claustrophobic hug. “I found your brother and dragged him back only to find you were gone…but WHAT HAPPENED TO THE VAN! How did it flip over like that?”

Her mother looked over her shoulder at Zane who was leaning against the tow truck watching the driver work. Ambril squinted at their minivan lying like a dead animal, its belly exposed on the side of the road. It looked pretty bad. Ambril couldn’t think of anything to say that wouldn’t sound crazy, especially the truth, so she just shrugged.

Her mother was still staring at the van, “this has been the weirdest evening.”

Ambril nodded vigorously. She could now see the tall, slim form of Feldez her soon-to-be-stepfather slipping out of a sleek sedan, looking annoyed with everything as usual. He beckoned to them as he walked over to inspect the van. Her mother released Ambril and began finger-combing leaves out of her hair as they walked toward him. With a lot of clanking and squealing, the tow truck driver managed to turn the van right side up.

Ambril put her hand on the old wreck she’d spent so much time in. The windshield, nearly gone now, was strewn all over the road in sparkling lumps. What was left of their boxes and bags was being loaded into another van. 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.

“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 on the truck with Zane who looked pale and avoided her eyes, clearly not wanting to talk about anything. He handed her backpack to her, “I found this on the side of the road.” Ambril took it gratefully, she remembered dropping it just before the monster had went for her the first time. They both watched silently as the driver flipped a switch; the front of the van groaned as it slowly began to rise.

“You two have had quite an evening, haven’t you?” suddenly Feldez loomed in front of them. 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? You fairly drove your mother insane with worry.” His eyes locked accusingly on Ambril. “And what happened to the minivan!” he demanded as if she had single-handedly bashed the windshield and flipped it over herself.

Ambril’s face grew hot, “I’d rather talk to my Mom about it, it’s her car anyway,” she said defiantly.

Zane slid up next to her protectively, “come on, Feldez, you think that Ambril did this?” he asked in disbelief, “she doesn’t even know how to turn the car on. Like the driver said, it was probably a hit and run.”

Feldez backed off a bit, “we’ll discuss your inconsiderate behavior later,” he pursed his lips as he walked back over to Ambril’s Mother.

Ambril couldn’t wait any longer, “did you---you know see the---”

“Quiet, he’ll hear you,” whispered Zane savagely and then quickly walked away.

So he had seen something too! Ambril felt her spirits see-saw up then crash down again making her feel more alone than ever. As usual, he didn’t want to talk about it.

The tow truck finished winching up the car and was just pulling away when Feldez waved Ambril and Zane over to his car. Inside it smelled of leather and freshly laundered shirts. Ambril closed her eyes and sank gratefully 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 fighters were rolling up their hoses and climbing into their trucks.

Feldez cleared his throat impatiently, “it was the Tupelo’s roadside stand, they’re local farmers, someone started a fire too close to their diesel tank and it exploded, look at this mess!” he nodded stiffly to a group of people standing near the road.

So that was the official story. As the car drove slowly by Ambril could see a family looking dazed and shattered. There was a girl about her age, her face streaked with soot and tears. As she watched a square shouldered boy with wild black hair walked up and handed the girl a cat. The girl shrieked and hugged it to herself sobbing. Nearby a firefighter was shaking the hand of a geeky looking kid with longish dark hair. Ambril yawned; she wondered if she would meet them at school…starting a new school seemed the least of her worries now.

The road wound around and through the forest for a while but soon began to straighten and widen into a well-tended country lane. Farmhouses gave way to orderly rows of lawns and picket fences which surrounded family homes. Feldez 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, “Here we are kids, our new home!”

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 the house had a certain sheen. Inside the stone floors gleamed. All surfaces were uncluttered, every corner free of dust. But as Ambril looked around she noticed there wasn’t an interesting nook to curl up in anywhere. It felt like a laboratory. Just inside the door her mother collapsed on a sleek angular sofa. She immediately groaned and sat back up again rubbing her back.

“Comfy?” asked Zane sarcastically.

Ambril’s mother glared at her son while pulling strenuously on the bits of leaves and twigs still stuck on her filthy sweater. Feldez walked in absently shuffling through some papers in his hands. “Welcome,” he said without looking up. Then he happened to glance at Ambril’s Mom and blanched at the wriggly creepy things crawling off her and onto his unblemished sofa. “Darling! Let us get you right into a bath,” he said wrinkling his nose and tugging her up.

Ambril’s mother let herself be dragged across the room. “I must look a sight.”

Feldez gestured up the stairs, “you need to take a nice long soak, I’ll get you something that will help you sleep,” they walked up the steps together, Feldez leading Ambril’s mother and Zane trailing behind. “A good night’s rest is what everyone needs.”

Ambril succumbed to a gigantic yawn before she followed the others upstairs. She wanted to pull Zane aside to hear what he’d seen but she found it hard to keep her eyes open, she was that exhausted. As she trudged slowly up the stairs she looked around, the house really was nice in its way; even Ambril could tell Feldez had spent a lot of money making everything just so. Ambril looked in the first bedroom she came to and found her moving boxes in the middle of the room. The room was actually very nice. It had bookshelves clear across one wall with a big long writing surface below. The bed looked unusually comfortable with lots of pillows tossed around; her mother’s idea, for sure. Ambril took three steps, dumped her backpack and collapsed on the bed. 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 Fridge!” Zane slouched by behind her.

Ambril discovered that she was 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, O.K.? Feldez is a stickler for neat and clean.”

No kidding, Ambril grunted and nodded, there was bound to be too much cleanliness in her future. 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 bypassed the herbed goat cheese and went straight for the peanut butter and jelly. She 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?” Ambril’s Mom playfully rumpled Zane’s hair as she set a mug of steaming 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 had another talk with Feldez and we both agreed that using his last name wasn’t a good idea,” she patted Zane’s shoulder as she sat down, “so we’ll be Derwyn’s until after the wedding…and,” she added hastily when Zane suddenly looked up angrily, “you will decided whether to change your name then or not.”

Zane snorted.

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

“Face what?” asked Ambril angrily as she plunked down a plate of sandwiches next to the strawberries, “what are you guys always NOT talking about?”

Ambril’s mother jumped as if she’d been pinched, “darling I don’t want you to worry about this,” she smiled at her, “you were so young, only four when it happened, kids your age won’t remember.” She squared her shoulders, “Zane, we need to forget what happened too. What’s past is past. It will be a little weird at first, but we’ll get over it,” she took a huge breath, “then we’ll finally be through it all.”

Zane grunted as he swallowed half a sandwich, “when pigs fly, Mom, you must be crazy to think these people will forgive and forget,” he said nastily, “you should tell her now before someone else does.” He stood up so quickly Ambril jumped, she was suddenly aware of how tall he had grown, “they’ll add stuff to the story, you know how evil he must have been…how it was a shame he’d been killed because it would have been nice to have watched him hang.” Zane’s eyes were pools of remembered anger and pain, “you’d better tell her all about it so she’s ready 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 so white for a moment Ambril thought she was going to faint, but she recovered enough to smile unconvincingly at Ambril.

“Mom---you have to tell me, what was Zane talking about?”

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 continued, “it’s--it’s just that your father died under---unusual circumstances.” She absently tucked her hair behind one ear, “the lab accident? They say he’d been working on something dangerous and---wrong, something that put everyone here at risk. Things got out of control---there was a fire---your father lost his life fighting it.” She looked down the empty hall. “Zane has a chip on his shoulder a mile high about this. I don’t want it to happen to you. That’s why I think it might be better if we don’t dwell on it and look to the future.”

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 a pat on the head.

“I have to talk to Zane. He’ll never get to sleep unless he calms down.”

“Mom, something happened in the forest---”

But her mother was already half way through the door. “We’ll talk more, 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 trudged into the hallway and was about to go upstairs when she saw a light on down the hall.

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 dog-eared maps, ancient drawings, and even rolls of parchment lying haphazardly on every horizontal surface. Musty old books were jammed into a bookcase which sat behind a desk swamped with faded blueprints with a laptop teetering on top. Trash overflowed the waste basket---it looked like it should have been condemned…which made it the most interesting part of the house. An old map with an ornate border caught her eye; she looked closer and discovered that it was of a town with houses surrounding a circular plaza, a tree in the center. Could it be a map of the ruins in the forest? There seemed to be notes scribbled in pencil on it, Ambril leaned in to read them and accidentally jiggled the laptop alive, she froze. There on the screen was a Dullaith!

Ambril jumped back and then felt a little silly when she realized it was just an image. It was a good likeness, smoke hemmed in by bright cobweb-like tracery which curled through it like tattooed skin. It was chillingly beautiful when it wasn’t trying to kill you, she decided. Underneath were a series of numbers ‘10—1 12:00 OLD COUNCIL HALL BRING GLAIN OR DIE’. She was about to tap the keyboard to see what else she could see when she heard a door slam and expensive shoes tapped their way down the hall. She raced for the door and darted through into the kitchen just as Feldez rounded the corner. He found her admiring the salt and pepper shakers on the kitchen table.

Feldez looked at her in surprise and then said, “what are you doing up at this hour?” his eyes took in her dirty jeans and shirt, “and you’re still in need of a shower, do that first before you get into your bed,” without missing a beat he turned into his office.

Perhaps it was because Feldez was so preoccupied with his own thoughts that Ambril got off so easy that night. Though Ambril waited for Feldez to turn around and angrily accuse her of going through his things, there were no fireworks, Feldez simply pulled the door closed behind him. As soon as the latch clicked she raced out of the kitchen and up the stairs to her room and stood a moment with her back pressed against the door.

Was Feldez mixed up with conjuring the Dullaith? But why? What was he really after? It was so frustrating; she didn’t know where to begin. She screwed up her face and angrily jammed her hands into her pockets and felt something soft and small. She pulled out the piece of cloth she’d rescued from the minivan’s demolished windshield. She held it up to the light and saw to her surprise that it was a little cloth boot. It glistened in the light, curled up at the toes and had a quaint row of silver buttons up one side. There was a large hole in its sole, Ambril thought about the fairy in the box and wondered if there was a Craig’s List, Lost and Found for fairies---she set it on her bedside table.

Then it hit her again, just how tired she was. She dragged herself into the shower, dried off, then wiggled into her P.J.’s. But before she crawled under her crisp, clean sheets she rummaged around in her backpack and pulled out her new robot…new to her at least and set it on the bedside table. Had it just been that morning Chao Feng had given it to her? It seemed as if it was years ago.

Ambril smiled as she realized that giving her the robot was her old friend’s way of easing her loneliness in this new place. She fingered the fake button label on the robot’s chest, it had been partially ripped off, leaving ‘ff’ on one line and ‘Lit’ on another. “ff---lit. fLit, that’s what I’ll call you.” She yawned as she set him on her bedside table and tucked her Ashera under her pillow. She’d make time tomorrow to play around with them. She sure needed something to take her mind off all the foul smelling monsters, talking furniture, houses on chicken legs, and angry bicycles.

# Chapter 7 A Tiny Visit

But Ambril couldn’t get to sleep. The mystifying events of the day swirled around and around in her head. She lay awake a long time staring at the smooth ceiling wishing it was a little more cracked like the ceiling of her old room. At least then she would have had something to make interesting pictures with. She had just given up counting sheep as they kept turning into Dullaiths when she heard voices arguing in the hallway. She slipped from her bed and put her ear to the door.

“It’s not possible, Zane, it was dark, you were angry, you were imagining things,” Feldez’s voice sounded strained.

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

“Certainly not, it’s just that your new to this area, it could have been a trick of the eye, a swaying tree making an odd shadow, it could have been anything.”

“I remember what it looked like, Feldez.” Zane said in a low voice.

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

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

Ambril stiffened with surprise.

“Shh- shh, keep your voice down you’ll wake your mother. Come now, let’s finish this conversation in here.”

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

The voices receded. Ambril opened the door and peered out. There was a crack of light at the bottom of Zane’s door and a low rumble of voices from inside. She strained to make out what they were saying but didn’t dare move any closer. Suddenly the door was thrown wide and Feldez strode out. Ambril skittered behind her door, praying she hadn’t been seen.

“It’s for the best, for your mother certainly. Stop dredging up old memories!” Feldez commanded. There was only silence in the room, “alright then,” the door closed with a click and Feldez walked away.

Ambril had had enough of not knowing. When the coast was clear she crept across the hallway. She hesitated, then with her fingernail she tapped out their code, which she and Zane had used to signal to each other through the walls when they were young. No response. She was about to turn the knob when she became aware of the sound of boxes being ripped open and books toppling over. From the sound of things Zane 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 preparing to leave.

She opened the door wide. “What are you doing? You can’t leave me here all alone with Feldez!” She marched into the room. “I’m coming with you!”

Zane jumped a mile high then he leaped over the piles of clothes and electronic gear to close the door before turning to Ambril. “Quiet you idiot!” He stared at his little sister in consternation.

“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,” he ran his hand through his hair as he always did when he was tired. “Go back to bed and forget all about this,” he 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 thing? 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? Wait, describe it to me,” he sounded hopeful but wary.

As Ambril described the thing in the forest Zane got more and more excited, “I knew it! It really was there!” he said.

“So you’ve seen one before?”

Zane nodded, “the Dullaith, yeah, I saw one,” he paused to look hard at her, “the night Dad died.”

Ambril felt as if a stake had been driven through her chest. “What? Mom just told me Dad had been doing something---wrong when he died, did it have something to do with Dullaiths?”

Zane just looked. “He died fighting one. I was playing in the Park when it happened and saw it.” Zane hung his head, “you don’t remember anything do you?” his voice was low and sad, “you’re lucky---I can’t forget.”

Ambril felt as if all the air had been sucked out of the room, there was none left for her to breathe.

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

Ambril thought hard. “I remember them laughing.”

Zane bowed his head, “Yeah, me too, they laughed all the time together.” Then he 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.” He started worrying a small hole in his jeans. “The villagers were suspicious of Dad and by association our family from then on. Mom had a really hard time of it, people didn’t treat her right, I think they were afraid of her, they thought she had been in on it.”

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

Zane’s head jerked up his mouth a thin line. He got up and walked over to the window and cleared his throat, “the thing is that…if anything happens and we get blamed for it…Mom may not be able to come back from it again. At least that’s what Feldez thinks---so,” Zane straightened up and squared his shoulders. “Maybe Mom is right, we should forget all of this. “

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 tried to eat me! A frigging tree ate it instead! It’s one of the scariest and weirdest things that’s ever happened to me!”

Zane turned around, “there are scarier things than monsters in the world. How about Mom cracking up and leaving us with only Feldez as a parent.” Zane advanced on Ambril, “so you listen up---we don’t ever, ever talk about this again,” his voice was steely.

Ambril started backing up, “take it easy Zane,” she had never seen him 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 scared of people who aren’t like them, 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.

Ambril slumped a bit but righted herself. There was something really wrong about what Zane was saying. “But what if it comes back and hurts some one? Shouldn’t 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!” 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.

Zane stood there for what seemed to be forever before nodding, just once. “But, I can’t promise it’ll be for long.” A pained look crossed his face before he switched back into the new Zane mode. Grunting impatiently, he opened the door and shoved her out into the hallway. Ambril stumbled to her room and whisked her door shut then hugged herself, shaking like a leaf. So Zane had seen the Dullaith too! She shuddered as she tried to get her mind around the rest of it. About her father… a Dullaith had killed her father. She stood there letting her thoughts run around and around in circus clown circles until she felt slightly dizzy, then she took her desk chair and wedged it under her doorknob. No more trouble allowed tonight.

As she slipped under her covers she realized 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. But she felt a little better knowing that 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.

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 on a branch outside. The stars twinkled. Actually more than twinkled, one of them began swooping around wildly and with a breezy bump flew into Ambril’s window and onto her desk. He wasn’t a star really, and he wasn’t really twinkling, he just sparked now and then in a tired way. He crouched there for a moment 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 wings sprouting from his shoulders. He was missing a boot and looked tremendously tired as he scanned the room. Then his face brightened as he flitted over to Ambril’s bedside table and triumphantly snatched up the tiny boot lying there. He immediately put it on and smiled at both his feet.

Ambril mumbled something in her sleep and turned toward 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…then stared some more before flying nearer. Hovering over Ambril’s shoulder, he put his hand on the gem flower. It began to pulse, gently glowing warm; filling him with light. He giggled 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 warmed them both again. He jerked away and hung in the air a few feet above the figure, scowling. Ambril sniffed and turned over forcing the Ashera to slip from under the pillow and fall off the bed.

The fairy was on it immediately. With a wave of his hand he slowed its fall a look of amazement on his face. The Ashera glowed as the fairy flipped it around scanning every inch. A few times he stopped and looked again at the kid now curled into a ball, snoring softly. After several minutes he put the Ashera back and landed on Ambril’s shoulder, lost in thought.

Outside the large crow shook his feathers and stretching his neck nervously he hopped from one foot to the other until a furry head rose from behind a tuft of leaves.

“Quit fidgeting Sid, I’m hanging on for dear life, don’t you know!” A large fat squirrel with a white ruff of fur around her neck groused. “This branch is too small for both of us,” she blinked her blue eyes rapidly as they bobbed up and down.

“Aster, if you had 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.

The branch slowly stopped swaying as 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 has gone, that is a forest fairy! You know, a descendant of those who left during the rebellion? He has no love of human-kind I promise you. Not that the ones who stayed are any nicer. Besides, we can’t be too careful, just look what happened this evening. A Dullaith of all things!” The crow cocked its head and jumped to Aster’s smaller branch, which dipped dangerously.

“Watch it! You old Coot!” Aster 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 fairy. “It is our job to keep her safe until she is able to take care of herself, you know that.”

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

“What the!” squawked Sid as the branch suddenly snapped and went down. Aster managed to fling herself onto another branch as the crow gracefully flew to one nearby.

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 as he turned back to the bedroom window, “Where did he go?”

“Where’d who go, the fairy?” the squirrel stood up on her hind legs for a better look. Inside Ambril snored peacefully…all alone, there was no sign of the fairy.

“Maybe he hightailed back to wherever they hole up,” Aster mused, scratching her ear with her hind leg.

“I am surprised, I must say,” said Sid, “the young Miss saved his life, obligations like that are powerful in most magic families,” he snapped his beak a few times.

Aster looked thoughtful for a minute and then said, “Might be the forest fairies have a different take on being obliged to human-kind, they’re the worst kind of snob, thinking themselves above everyone, especially us human-kind.”

They stared silently at the sleeping child until the squirrel yawned, “I’m all tuckered out, you mind taking the first watch Sid?” without waiting for an answer the squirrel scampered over to a hole in the tree trunk, “there’s a nice cubby here that I---“ the branches rustled violently. “Oh! I am sorry Ma’am, I didn’t see you---well--- well---WELL EXCUSE ME!” Aster sputtered as an indignant possum poked its head out of a hole and took a jab at her. Aster retreated up the branch, “My goodness, how rude!” After indignantly flicking her tail a moment Aster wedged herself in the crook of two branches, “wake me when it’s my turn to keep watch…and steer clear of that old hole,” she tucked her head under her tail and settled herself for a nap.

The crow stood his silent watch as the moon made its circuit through the sky. 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 8 Tomato Slinging

When Ambril finally woke up the sun was nearly half way through the morning. Through her window the sky was blue from end to end, it was shaping up to be a stellar autumn day. As Ambril sat up and rubbed her eyes she heard a strange, whirring sound over by her desk.

Her mother had wandered in and was watching fLit as he walked the desktop experimentally flexing his knees. It tooted as it picked up a pink eraser. “That’s the smartest robot I’ve ever seen. Your other robots were not much more than something to stub my toe on.”

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

Her mother nodded. “That explains his smarts but how about his cheekiness?” fLit was winding up to throw the eraser but stopped to wink at them. Ambril’s Mom giggled then 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.

Her mother smiled ruefully as she picked up her daughter’s dirt encrusted jeans, “at least HE stayed clean. Feldez wants you out of the house today so that the new housekeeper can get organized.”

Ambril realized that was code for she couldn’t be trusted to wipe her feet, “we’re getting a housekeeper?” Ambril wrinkled her nose in distaste, “I don’t want a stranger going through my stuff.”

Her mother smiled, “think about it, you’ll never have to clean your room again, and…she bakes!” she said temptingly as she turned to go. “Come on lazybones, breakfast is waiting downstairs.”

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 fLit, her robot, before racing down the stairs.

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 bite---yum! Feldez had walled himself in with a newspaper. Facing her, the headlines screamed FIRE! Ambril chewed slowly as she read the front page. There was a splashy picture of the burned out building they had seen last night.

The article read:

**A fire broke out in the Tupelo farmer’s market off the Main Road. The Tupelos had just finished renovating the old building to sell their farm’s produce. “It’s a real shame though it’s always been an eyesore,” said neighbor and grocery store owner Larch Dogwood. “Do we really need a produce stand anyway? Dogwood market has everything anyone could ever need.” The Tupelos are one of the New Families that joined our community-**

Feldez chose that moment to carefully fold the paper and put it next to his plate. Then 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 further down in his seat and grunted.

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 showed a decided lack of thought,” he raised his chin and looked down at Zane, “as punishment you shall not be allowed to use any screens or cell phones for a week unless it’s for school work.”

Zane gave a short laugh, “that’s fine with me, cell phones don’t work very well here anyway.”

His mother shifted uneasily as Feldez glared at him, then he coughed drily. “I hope you will use your time wisely and familiarize yourselves with the town as you’ll be starting school tomorrow.”

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

Feldez cleared his throat and checked his watch. “I’m off to the office, there is some one here you should 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 wore gray pants and a sweater with a white scarf tied around her neck and the brightest blue eyes Ambril had ever seen.

“Hope you like the food.” She squeaked then bobbed her head and smiled showing off abnormally large front teeth.

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

“Breakfast was excellent, Mrs. Sweetgum,” Ambril’s Mother smiled, then sipped her coffee as if meeting her new housekeeper was an everyday occurrence.

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 you!” said Zane angrily.

“You will obey house rules for cleanliness and health,” cut in Feldez sharply, “which are as follows, you’ll be home 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 give them a close range glare. “You will limit your sweets to one treat a day.” He stared a few seconds longer and then straightened before taking another sip of espresso, “is that clear?”

Ambril was so angry she felt she could burst. But what could she do? 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 shrugged and looked away.

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. Let Mrs. Sweetgum handle everything she’s very capable.”

Ambril cringed as she watched her Mom grow smaller. Why did she let him do that to her? Ambril had seen her Mom go ten rounds with the toughest of tough---school principals and the ladies who worked in the unemployment office. She could be very strong when she wanted to be, but something about the way Feldez treated her made her feel as if she wasn’t. Ambril’s Mother stared down at her plate then took a tiny bite of muffin. “But I feel fine. I---I thought I’d take the kids around town.”

Feldez gave her a disapproving look as he rose to his feet, “I want you to rest. It’s a small community, the children can find their own way around town.”

She gave him a small nod then said hesitantly, “I thought we’d have a talk with the kids before--”

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

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

“His work is---very important,” said her Mother, trying to gloss over her fiancé’s behavior. “We all have to keep in mind that the role of Hospital Administrator is a big responsibility.” Ambril’s Mother’s head dipped but then as she caught sight of the glorious day outside she smiled, “Let’s go find your bikes, I think the movers put them in the garage.”

Outside they found the bikes parked three feet from the garage as if Feldez feared they’d contaminate it. Zane jumped on his and without a word took off.

“Wait honey! Let me show you something!” Ambril’s Mom yelled, but Zane was already around the bend and gone.

Ambril jammed her backpack in her bike basket and jiggled the handlebars experimentally. Her mother was looking out over the town, from where they stood the whole valley rolled out in front of them. The forest marched straight up the mountains all around them. With the exception of one barren hill on the far side of the valley everything was alive with life. Ambril spotted the Main Road winding around and on through a checkerboard of farmland and into the forest.

Ambril’s Mom began talking excitedly and pointing at the buildings below, “there’s where old Mrs. Jacaranda used to live, her daughter is the Mayor now. I used to have acorn wars with her older brother every fall. 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. “Trelawnyd’s a village really, but you’ll soon see you can get everything you need here. There’s the Hospital where Feldez works, and that’s the Library where you’ll of course be spending loads of time. ”

The Hospital was nothing special but the Library looked interesting, it was an imposing stone building sheltered by Redwood trees.

“There’s the old schoolhouse where you’ll be going to school, just as your father and I did.” The schoolhouse was a red brick two-story building decorated with frilly white woodwork and surrounded by pools of grass and a large playground dominated by a massive old Oak. “Now you see that long snaky thing that circles the entire town? That’s the famous Trelawnyd Wall. It keeps the lions and tigers and bears at bay

Ambril was anxious to get started, “thanks Mom, gotta go.”

“And don’t forget to visit Betula’s! It’s everyone’s favorite place,” called her mother as Ambril pushed off and coasted down the hill.

Ambril was soon gliding down a shady street. It was a strange new experience to ride through a small country town. No business people in a hurry, no cable cars to veer around, no clueless tourists standing in the street gawking at everything. She rode by the schoolhouse; it was much bigger up close, kind of intimidating. Then she found the Library and thought about stopping but she wasn’t ready to get off her bike yet.

She decided to turn around when the houses started to get few and far between when WHAM! An over-ripe tomato went splat right in front of her. She veered sharply and missed the worst of it. Braking hard, she heard laughter and looked up just in time to dodge a pear as it whizzed past her left ear followed by a shower of green tomatoes. One she caught.

“Knock it off!” she yelled and saw a head pop up from behind a rock. Taking aim she threw the tomato hard and was rewarded by a gratifying ‘Oof!”

More heads popped up---too many heads and they looked angry. What had she gotten herself into? Her tires spat gravel as she rode off as fast as she could. After a few turns she thought she’d lost them, the realized she was lost herself. In the distance she spotted another girl on a bike. As she drew closer she could see it was a girl about her own age. But when the girl looked around and saw her she started to pedal faster.

“Hey wait! Is this the way to town? I’m new here and I’m kind of lost!” Ambril yelled but the girl just pedaling more furiously.

What was she doing? Last she checked she didn’t look like a maniac, the girl could at least stop and answer her question…so much for small town hospitality. Just as Ambril scowled at this she heard a snicker from behind. Looking around she found that the gang of tomato throwing thugs had caught up to her. They looked as if they’d like nothing more than to tie her into knots and hang her from a tall tree. A big, angry guy with a mop of blonde hair rode in front, grinning maniacally. Ambril stood on her pedals and pumped as hard as she could, putting on a burst of speed. But she soon saw the boys were gaining on her. Ahead, the girl vanished around a curve. Ambril followed, pumping madly.

“Quick in here!” the bike rider beckoned her into a side street.

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 get really curvy. It’ll be awhile before they even realize they’ve lost us,” said the girl.

They were both breathing hard. Ambril stole a sideways glance at her rescuer. She was about her age and height, gawky, a little Asian looking, with long dark hair and almond shaped eyes with 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. “I saw you at the fire last night! We drove by on our way into town.” Ambril realized too late that this probably wasn’t something Sully wanted to talk about. “I’m sorry about the fire and…everything.”

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, “when they finally got it under control, our stand was gone.”

“I’m Ambril, 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 a new family I guess, it’s not like we remember anything from before,” Zane’s taunt face from last night flashed in her mind, “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, “you’ll hear that a lot around here, Trelawnyders are big on family roots. We’ve been here over six years and we’re still considered New Family!” Sully wagged her head then looked around. “I think the coast is clear, where are you headed?”

“No place, really, I was just riding around,” Ambril shrugged, “my Mom said I should go to Betula’s,” continued Ambril, “she said it’s everyone’s favorite place.”

Sully smiled hugely showing somewhat crooked teeth, “you have that right, Betula’s Sweet Shoppe is great! I love her bugs best.”

Ambril was both repulsed and intrigued by that.

“I have some time before I have to get back and help my parents with the fire clean-up. I could use a trip to Betula’s,” she disentangled her bike from the Bay tree, “come on, I’ll show you the way.”

“Thanks.” Ambril smiled as they walked their bikes down the dusty road. Perhaps she had made her first friend here.

“What happened last night at your Stand?”

Sully shrugged, “they’re not sure really but they think somebody set the fire intentionally, though why anyone would want to blow up broccoli and turnips is beyond me. But because we’re New Family the police are worried it might have been a hate crime.” Sully scrunched up her nose, “My parents find that hard to believe. Trelawnyd’s been good to us until last spring when Mr. Dogwood, the grocery store owner started to get greedy. He suddenly started paying us less for the stuff we grow. 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 and turned it into our Roadside Stand.” She paused to flick a fly off her handle, “everything was going great! My Mom and Dad were really happy,” Sully sighed, “then this happened.”

Ambril didn’t know what to say, it sounded so awful. They had just paused at an intersection when Sully smiled devilishly 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 a bit ahead until they rounded a corner and had to slow down due to the traffic on Main Street…all three cars of it. Little shops lined several blocks. Ambril smiled as she rode by two elderly woman, one small and frail the other gaunt with a flowered hat, admiring a gigantic, buckled boot filled with geraniums as it was being hoisted and chained under a sign proclaiming ‘Flood’s Excellent Shoes’. An old man with wild white hair stared at her suspiciously as she rode past a cluttered shop with dirty windows . There was a sign over the door which said, ‘Junkson’s Fine Collectables’.

“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 dark skinned lady with an infectious smile. Betula’s front window was filled with mouthwatering cakes and goodies. Ambril was so busy deciding what she’d try first that she tripped 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 glared at Ambril coldly. It was the lady with the flowered hat, 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.

“Sorry,” Ambril quickly picked up her backpack.

“Now Crystal, she didn’t mean to fling that in front of you!” said the frail woman kindly, “do you need help, Deary?”

Ambril shook her head as she brushed off her backpack.

“I see not, so quick you are!” she continued. “I’m Daisy Flood, I own the Shoe Store, 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?” she tugged on her thin companion, “why you must be Tylia’s daughter!”

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

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

The thin woman’s manner abruptly changed as she smiled down at the plump man, “how kind of you to run all this way just to give me my package, Robert, you’re such a gentleman,” she simpered as she extended her bony hand to take the package, “a rare find in society today. But since we’re nearly half way to my humble home, wouldn’t you like to come for tea? I’d so appreciate a demonstration on how to operate this complex machine.” Mrs. Twid eagerly leaned in closer which prompted the slightly sweaty man to quickly back up.

“Sorry I haven’t time for tea today, the machine is very simple, you just press the ON button and it goes,” Bob shrugged then nodded, “Have a nice rest of the day, ladies, I have to get back to my shop,” he took a larger 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 embarrassed as he tugged on his belt and turned to walk away. But Mrs. Twid wasn’t done yet; she tried out a flirty pout which came off more as a grimace, “but this evening, you promised to help me at the Tea?”

“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,” his whole demeanor changed as he twinkled back at Betula, “are you coming to the Church Tea this afternoon?” he asked hopefully.

Mrs. Twid flushed crimson. Ambril caught her giving Betula a predatory look before she collected herself then patted her shopping bag enthusiastically. “Daisy and I will be there. I’m planning to share my new Sunset Tea and homemade bread from my new machine!” she simpered at Bob who nervously adjusted his glasses.

“That sounds mighty tempting!” Betula caught Ambril eying her and winked, “though I’m a coffee drinker, myself. Bob, are you going?”

“Yessirree, you want to go together?” he paused chagrined, “wait, I promised I’d come early to help set up.”

“You know I’m always happy to help Bob, I’ll come early too.” Betula turned to smile at the now mortified Mrs. Twid and her friend, “I’ll see you at Church Crystal--- it’s such a pleasure to see you out and about again Daisy.”

Mrs. Twid gasped a little then said, “come now Daisy, we’re behind schedule,” she patted the wrinkled hand on her arm, “we’re off to review the lovely brochure the new retirement home sent. The shop is just getting to be too much for you isn’t it?” before her friend could reply she nodded to them all and set sail down the street with little Mrs. Flood clamped to her elbow.

# Chapter 9 An Alleyway Brawl

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 for money, she’s trying to get her hands on Bob and his holdings, you’d never guess it looking at him but he owns half the town,” She waved cheerily at Bob as he turned into 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 swept Ambril through the door and onto a stool in an instant. “Ambril Silva am I right?”

“We just got here last night---and my last name is Derwyn now,” Ambril kept her voice low.

Betula looked surprised but then nodded, “Derwyn’s a fine name too, and just as much yours.” Betula set a glass of water in front of Ambril, “do you like chocolate?”

Ambril nodded. What a ridiculous question, of coursed she did!

I’ve been tinkering 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?”

It was now obvious to Ambril why Betula’s Shop was everyone’s favorite place. Ambril smiled up at her.

“I’ll bring two spoons! It’s on the house!” Betula said as Sully slid onto the stool next to her, her shirt damp but tomato free.

“Yum, a new flavor, if I didn’t know I was going to spend the afternoon stuffing char broiled turnips into garbage bags I’d say this was my lucky day!” Sully put both elbows on the counter and leveraged herself up and over to better see what Betula was doing.

“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, “and, if you’re wondering,” she put both hands on her hips and beamed at Ambril, “it sure is nice to see her again.”

She looked past them and waved at a girl with curly blonde hair behind Ambril. “Hi there Lola, how’s your Pop? Feeling better?” Betula moved off to chat with other customers.

Ambril picked up her spoon and dug in trying to savor 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.

The shop was stuffed to the rafters with candy in fantastic shapes and colors. A large glass case sat in the middle of the counter filled with sugar figurines so lifelike Ambril could have sworn one of them winked at her. A large rabbit in red high tops leaned against a miniature Ferris wheel made of red licorice and a fat brown bear with an eye patch and an earring was laughing up at a striped giraffe with a long, long necktie.

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

Ambril nodded, “almost everyone will love it---but maybe not Mrs. Twid,” out of the corner of her eye she 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. “Crystal and I were friendly once but somehow she hardened as she got older, and turned bitter.” She absently reached into the glass case and rearranged a chocolate cannon, “she’s not ever satisfied…always wanting more and sadly she’s not too particular how she gets it.”

“New bugs! Ambril, you have to try the wolf spiders they’re my favorites!” Sully pointed at a large display of gargantuan iridescent bugs. “Help yourself, love,” Betula rocked back on her heels happily.

Sully grabbed a spindly green bug that Ambril had never seen before and then pounced on something fuzzy and brown. She shoved the whole green bug into her mouth and blissfully crunched down hard, “wow, watermelon!”

Ambril picked a polka dotted orange beetle with red striped wings and hesitantly bit off one of the legs… orange marmalade dipped in chocolate. Once you got over the fact you were eating a bug they were really good.

Sully had moved onto the hairy brown thing, “these are my Mom’s favorite!” Sully enthusiastically cooed as she snapped off a leg and handed it to Ambril, “Wolf Spider, my folks love bugs, our farm’s organic.”

“So you raise bugs on your farm?”

Sully snorted, “no, I mean we try to make the good bugs feel welcome, you know the ones who take care of the bad bugs? We try to get them to live on our farm.” Sully continued to cull through the pile of bugs. “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?”

Ambril didn’t really know how to answer that so cautiously she said, “she’s good, I guess.” What kid really knows? “She’s engaged to Feldez Petri…I think she’s a little nervous about the wedding---and everything.” Ambril’s voice trailed off.

“Feldez, he’ll have her eating all the right foods in the wrong way, food with no love in it.” She frowned as she straightened up, “what does he know about it all? His formulas and calculations aren’t gonna make anyone happy,” clearly Feldez wasn’t Betula’s favorite guy either. She raised her arms to encompass the entire store. “I don’t use any formulas, but we try to add a little love into everything we do so that with every bite we give away a bit of happiness.” She chuckled in that low rumbly way again, “we all need some of that, don’t we?”

She shot a measured glance at 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, “here’s a nice loaf of fresh baked cinnamon bread, I can’t sell it as it’s burned on the top,” she had it wrapped before Lola could protest, “you tell your Papa he needs to feed you more.”

Lola blushed then smiled as she turned away. Then Ambril caught Zane staring at Lola with a stunned deer-caught-in-the-headlights sort of look. It looked like her older brother had been smacked hard by the Love Beast, she might be able to use that. Standing next to her brother was an awkward kid with dark hair.

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

“Hey Betula, I’ve another fine offer for you!” the man boomed, waging his generous jawbone at her, “you won’t be able to refuse this one!” he stumped over to the counter grabbed a handful of candy centipedes and threw them into his mouth. Then he caught sight of the geeky boy next to Zane who was now licking an ice cream cone, “RILEY! CHORES! NOW!” he yelled.

It startled the boy so much he dropped his ice cream onto the floor. The large man harrumphed disgustedly, “clean that up before you go!” then turned back to Betula all sweetness and nice, “how’s my favorite sweetie huh?”

“Larch Dogwood,” Betula frowned at him, her arms folded, “that’ll be $1.75 and do you have to be so nasty to your son?”

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

Betula stared back stonily.

“I’m ready and willing to take this dump off your hands at any time Betula,” Mr. Dogwood nodded vigorously as he handed her some change. “Yep, this would be the perfect way for my store to expand. You and I both know this town needs a supermarket. I’ll even let you sell your sweets in my store.”

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

Mr. Dogwood’s sunny expression darkened, “I didn’t have anything to do with that!” he jabbed a puffy finger in the air emphasizing every other syllable, “though I’m not sorry that old shack burned down, it was a dump!”

“They’d fixed it up real nice, you know that. You couldn’t find a better tomato, anywhere and their produce was reasonably priced, more reasonable than your own.” 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 bulged just like the bug he was eating as he said tightly, “they’re not one of us, Betula, they don’t belong here.”

She met his gaze coolly, “Larch, they are good honest people who came when we needed them. When all the old farming families sold up and moved away, remember? They came and tilled the fields and tended the orchards. Where would we be without them?” Betula turned her back on him and moved away.

Larch seemed to remember himself and took a deep breath. “Well we don’t have to agree on everything, but I’d like to talk to you about this idea I have…” he followed her gesturing wildly.

“My Dad comes on too strong sometimes,” someone behind Ambril said. It was the geeky kid, his too long bangs half hid his amazing gray eyes.

“Oh, well it seems like Betula can handle herself ,”Ambril stuttered, “I’m new here, my name’s Ambril Derwyn,” then she blushed, mortified. Duh, she was new here what a stupid thing to say.

But the gray eyed boy didn’t seem to mind. “I’m Riley Dogwood, my Dad owns the grocery store,” he jerked a thumb at the wall of Betula’s shop, “next door.”

Ambril flashed on a scene from last night…the geeky kid shaking hands with one of the fire fighters. “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? I wasn’t supposed to be out last night.” he looked around furtively then started fingering the candy bugs, “so you’re new---what do you think so far?”

Ambril smiled again, “it’s not San Francisco but it’s---interesting.”

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 GET OUT OF MY STORE!” she took another swing at him.

“We’ll talk later,” Larch said angling his large frame toward the door, “when you’re feeling more---ladylike---I’m not giving up!” He deftly sidestepped another sweep of the mop. Over his shoulder he hollered, “Riley, let’s go.”

Ambril looked around but Riley had disappeared---smart boy.

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, that ice cream was the best I’ve ever had!” hoping to catch up with Sully she squeezed through the jostling crowd and out the door.

But Sully was nowhere to be seen. Betula waved cheerily at her as she got her bike out and pointed it down a side alley next to Betula’s shop. Ambril remembered Larch Dogwood’s snide comment about the Tupelo’s Roadside Stand and how he pronounced, ‘New Family’ as if it was a rare form of leprosy. Poor Sully, it must feel lousy to have people treat you like that. Then she thought about the explosion. It seemed Sully’s family had cut into Mr. Dogwood’s business, he had good reason to blow up their produce stand but could he really have been involved in summoning the Dullaith? She was so distracted by this thought that the overripe avocado whizzing past her head caught her by surprise.

It was the tomato gang again. Ambril launched herself from the bike and ducked behind some boxes while scoping out possible missiles to fire back. Apart from the gravel under her feet there was nothing. She braced herself for the next attack---and waited---it never came. She peeped over the boxes toward the end of the alley. There were soft, squelchy thuds coming from around the corner.

Then she saw Riley hunched down behind some crates. He lobbed a tomato at someone around the corner and grinned when he heard an answering groan.

So the tomato throwers had found someone else to bully, creeping up to the corner of the building, Ambril saw they were pummeling Riley with all manner of overripe produce from a nearby dumpster. The onslaught was ferocious, Riley was outnumbered seven to one and several had armed themselves with ball throwers. Then Ambril noticed another slimy arm lob a moldy grapefruit at the bullies. It was hard to tell at first what with all the rotting fruit running off her but Ambril thought it was Sully.

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, I’m thinkin’ we can do more from here.” whispered a big burly kid with wild black hair. Ambril couldn’t place the accent, it sounded almost Scottish though the boy could have passed for Pacific Islander. His white shirt and bow tie were uncomfortably tight but he smiled devilishly as he held up a moldy bag of green tomatoes.

Ambril smiled back as she grabbed a handful of the hard, green missiles. The new boy positioned himself at the corner then raised his arm and effortlessly let go a tomato. It blurred past Ambril. One of the bullies groaned and clutched his arm as his ball thrower clattered to the ground.

The burly kid made no attempt to hide. He leisurely picked out another tomato and launched it at a big blonde boy. Ambril recognized him as the boy leading the pack earlier that day. The tomato caught him just under the eye and he roared with rage as he put his hand to his face. His attacker paid no attention as he picked up another tomato.

The blonde kid located his attacked with his one good eye, “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 named Ygg snorted, “it’s nought a bit like last time Lance, ya great waltzing buffoon. It was nigh on fifteen to one and I was distracted by keeping you from sitting on Miss Fern’s garden gnomes,” Ygg continued as he almost lazily threw another tomato at a ratty looking boy just behind Lance.

The boy instantly clutched his eye then high-tailed it down the alley. Some of the other boys looked longingly after him. “I think I hear my Ma calling,” one of them mumbled just before he took off running.

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

Lance’s eye had swollen completely shut and was slowly reddening to purple as he said vengefully, “outsiders like you will always be losers,” he sneered. “You’re never gonna fit in here, or anywhere really. A loser’s always a loser.”

“Is that you, Ygg Drasil? I’m shocked to see a relation of mine behaving so disgracefully!” screeched a voice from down the alley. It was like fingernails on a chalkboard. An instant later Mrs. Twid marched up her flat feet flicking gravel.

“You ungrateful cur!” she sputtered the flowers on her hat quivering as much as her jowls, “after all I’ve done for you---why I’ve taken you in, I’ve fed you, I’ve given you meaningful work! And here you are behaving like a common hooligan!” she paused here to smooth out her dress. “Lord only knows how hard I’ve tried to correct the obvious omissions in your upbringing, why I’m speechless!”

Not really, thought Ambril.

Mrs. Twid turned to the blonde boy who was trying to suppress a grin. “I do apologize for my relation’s poor behavior, Lance. You and I both know that proper respect must be shown to our finest families, yours and mine being among them,” her cheeks quivering like underdone Jello. “You will clean this up,” she turned back to Ygg, “restock every shelf and deliver every Sunset Tea order tonight!”

“That’s fine, Mrs. Twid, we know it’s not your fault,” Lance smirked as he signaled to the other boys, “can you get him to turn over the compost heap too?”

“It seems a fitting penance for someone caught tossing vegetables around.” Mrs. Twid nodded pointedly at Ygg.

“It, it wasn’t Ygg’s fault, he didn’t start the fight, you see these guys, they---” Ambril began.

“That’s quite enough from you, young lady!” Mrs. Twid looked down her big nose at Ambril then seemed to compose herself, “Ah you’re the Derwyn child. One of the original families…well,” she managed a nauseating smile her checks wagging fiercely. “perhaps allowances should be made this once.”

She patted Ambril’s head as if she were a baby goat, “do say hello to your mother for me, won’t you?” then she snapped her fingers at Ygg as if summoning a waiter. “No supper for you tonight,” before marching back down the alley, her feet flapping at the gravel.

Lance waited until Mrs. Twid had turned the corner before he sneered, “Riley, stop messing around or I’ll put you where you belong---in the dumpster!”

The other boys laughed appreciatively. One of the last to slouch away was a too tall, thin boy. Ambril was stunned to see Zane trailing the bullies.

“Whew!” Sully stood up removing a glob of gooey tomato from her hair, “we’re sure glad you came along!”

Reilly stood up laughing while putrid pear juice dribbled off his arms. “That felt good! Watching my brother get taken down a notch in front of his gang!”

“Wait, one of those goons is your brother?” asked Ambril.

Reilly bent down to scoop up a couple of rotten apples and lobbed them into the dumpster, “Lance is my brother, the biggest of the bullies.”

Ambril was stunned, Zane looked like Mother Teresa in comparison. She knew a guy like Riley would hate to be pitied so she just grinned and said, “my brother was the tall one in back.”

They all pitched in and made short work of the clean up while laughing at Sully’s hair and Reilly’s messy shirt. Ygg tossed around the compost heap quickly and they were done.

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

“Yeah, see you at school.” said Reilly as he backed toward the storeroom. In a moment Ambril and Sully were alone in the alleyway.

“Well, that was interesting,” said Ambril.

“It sure was!” Sully crowed, “It was downright insane to see Lance get a black eye!” her smile was huge, then she gave Ambril a searching look. “You’ll find out tomorrow that Lance is not only the biggest bully at school but also pretty popular. And… it won’t take you any time at all to figure out 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 hopefully. “If you like I can meet you at the front gate tomorrow.”

“Great! I’ll look for you,” Ambril said as she pushed off.

The sun was lazily making its way through the afternoon as Ambril wound her way through the streets. A smile refused to leave her face, she had made a friend. She was so preoccupied with this happy thought she didn’t even notice the hard looks and suspicious glances she was getting from those she passed.

# Chapter 10 The First Day of School

The next morning the alarm clock went off too early. Ambril groaned as she rolled out of bed, into her clothes and slumped down the stairs. Another first day of school. It was the first day of October, school had been in session over a month; which meant that everyone had already made friends in their classes and no one wanted a new one. Once she’d tried to count up how many schools she’d been to but got depressed when she hit fifteen. You’d think she’d be good at it but she had just as many butterflies in her stomach as she always had. On the kitchen table were bowls of cereal and 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, “and I accept the offering.”

Ambril hadn’t seen Zane since the food fight in the alley, “what were you doing with those jerks yesterday?”

“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 d’ere, you’d ‘ave bin toast,” he rolled the cereal around in his mouth as he crunched. “You need to watch ou’ for those guys, they’re ou’ to get you,” said Zane taking another gargantuan bite.

“You’re not much help, if you’re egging them on, “Ambril scowled as she grabbed her bowl put it in the sink.

“I’m going to do what I have to do to stay healthy, if that means I have to hang out with Lance then I’ll do it,” Zane downed his orange juice.

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

Zane swallowed, “still asleep, Feldez gave her some more stuff last night,” Zane poured himself another bowl of cereal, “he thinks--”

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

Ambril stiffened instinctively as Feldez appeared in the doorway looking sleek and calm in an expensive suit.

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

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

It was all Ambril could do to keep herself from throwing her backpack at him. The engine purred as he backed the car out of the garage. The crackle of gravel signaled he was away.

Ambril let out a sigh of relief. “If he’s mixed up in this Dullaith business we should tell Mom.”

Too late she saw how tight the muscles in his jaw had become, he turned slowly t0 face her. “We don’t know for sure… besides I told you, we can’t tell anyone about what we saw, especially not her, not now,” he picked up his backpack and slid past his sister.

Ambril grimaced as she climbed on her bike, she felt as if her family had a bomb strapped to it without any way to defuse it. If she didn’t figure something out fast it would all go up in smoke. But the cool morning breeze lifted her spirits as she coasted down the hill. Minutes later, she pulled into the crowded schoolyard feeling much better.

“You made it! No more trouble last night?” Sully waved to her.

“No, I got home alright, but my brother, Zane thinks Lance and his buddies are out to get us.”

“It looks like they’ve moved on, they’re working over somebody else right now,” Sully nodded to a large group of kids milling around the play structure.

Ambril caught a glimpse of a thin dark haired boy being shoved around in a tight bunch of jeering boys. A big blonde boy was doing most of the shoving.

Sully sighed, “It’s Riley again, why can’t they leave him alone?”

Ambril hated watching it, it wasn’t fair, “shouldn’t somebody do something?” she asked and waited for a grown up to race out, arms flailing and march Lance off to detention. But the front doors remained locked. Finally, Lance shoved Riley right off his feet and laughed as he planted his face in a mud puddle. Still jeering, Lance and his buddies walked away. Ambril spotted Zane on the fringe of the group and was mollified to see how uncomfortable he looked.

“Come on, there isn’t anything we can do, the bell’s about to ring.” Sully grabbed her arm and towed her up the front steps.

“Does that happen a lot?”

Sully shrugged, “just sometimes…usually the teachers are pretty good about breaking up fights but if Lance is involved they look the other way. Lance’s Dad gives the school a lot of money. I hear he’s even bankrolling the new gym.”

Ambril shook her head, she had thought maybe there’d be a few redeeming features to a small town school, but her first impression of it made her want to try home schooling. At the office Ambril was given her class schedule with a sniff from the school secretary, the ancient Miss Jonquil who blinked at her mournfully from under heavy blue eye shadow and a pill box hat as she fingered her black pearls. She was sitting at a desk in front of an office with ‘Acting Principal, Mr. Pinwydden’ written in gold letters on the glass door. Sitting on Ms. Jonquil’s desk were framed photos draped with black ribbons. A scrunch faced, bleary eyed cat who appeared to be older than Ms. Jonquil looked out from every one.. “Your mother was supposed to come along today and sign some forms,” Ms. Jonquil’s voice was deeply dramatic.

“Sorry, my Mom’s ---not feeling well,” said Ambril almost truthfully.

“Moves are greatly unsettling, of course,” Miss Jonquil frowned as if she’d rather have a limb removed than subject herself to a move, “she must see me by the end of the week…or there will be trouble with the paperwork.”

“She won’t forget, Miss Jonquil, and---I’m sorry about Beauregard.” Sully nodded toward the nearest ribbon draped cat picture.

Miss Jonquil’s eyes grew misty as she sighed laboriously, “such a great loss to this sad little world we live in.”

Ambril and Sully nodded sympathetically as they backed into the hallway.

Ambril whispered, “I guess she really loved that cat.”

Sully was busily examining Ambril’s schedule. “No one can figure out why either, that cat was a holy terror, all the Rottweilers and Pit Bulls in town were terrified of Beauregard. But she loved him, he died two years ago and she’s still not over it. People have tried giving her cute little kittens but she’s rejects them all saying they’re too fluffy, too sweet, …if you ask me, finding a cat as ugly and ornery as Beauregard was is just impossible…Great! You have Pinwydden for English, Berry for P.E. and horrible Breccia for History.” She handed it back to Ambril. “Come on, let’s go find your locker.”

Ambril smiled as she followed her new friend, she’d had a lot of ‘first’ days, having Sully there to guide her made it absolutely the best one she’d ever had.

Sully jumped as a second bell sounded, “Pond scum! Forget the locker, we’re late!” they raced down the hall and skittered into class.

“So glad you could join us,” said a dry voice, “and set a bad example for our new student.” A tall, thin, neatly dressed man nodded. The crease of his pants was razor sharp and his moustache appeared to have been penned on with a ruler. He had short hair and a long Adam’s apple which bobbed at them above his plaid bow tie. “Ambril Petri? Correct? I’m Mr. Pinwydden, I do not appreciate tardiness.”

“Sorry,” Ambril said, someone hadn’t gotten the memo, she wasn’t about to use Feldez’s last name. “But my last name is Derwyn not Petri.”

Mr. Pinwydden’s eyebrows rose slightly as he made a note in his ledger, “Ambril Derwyn, welcome to English,” he gestured toward an empty seat near Sully, “please open your books to page 357, we are discussing Myths and Legends.”

Ambril slid into her seat and looked around and saw Ygg struggling awkwardly with his book. The rustle of books and paper reached a crescendo and then slowly died out just as Riley limped in, his shirt torn and took a seat in the back without looking up. Mr. Pinwydden frowned but said nothing.

Ambril wished she’d done something more to help Riley. She knew how it felt to be made fun of. That had been---move five? She couldn’t remember the details, but she’d never forget the jeering faces and sharp remarks she’d faced alone out on the playground.

Ygg had his hand in the air.

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

“I heard a story as a wee child about a man named Morz- or Morozey?”

“You must be referring to Dr. Thomas Moroz? I don’t believe this local legend has ever left these mountains. Yes, let’s begin with evil Moroz. Unlike most characters populating myths and legends, Moroz actually did exist. He was an orphan born sometime in the early 1800’s. Fortunately for him he was taken in by a local family. He turned out to be a very bright boy and attracted the interest of a wealthy benefactor who paid for him to attend one of the finest engineering schools on the East coast.” Pinwydden frowned slightly. “It would have been better for him---for everyone in Trelawnyd really, if he stayed there.”

“But he did not, when he returned, he went to work at the Mines and in a few short years made the Mines twice as profitable as ever before by developing efficient and more effective mining processes.” Mr. Pinwydden cocked his head, birdlike at them. “Let it be said he did wonderful things for the town, including rebuilding the roads and bridges into town and encouraging trade with nearby communities.” Mr. Pinwydden looked severely at them though a half smile played with his moustache. “And here we stray from reality. As the story goes, he was also gifted in the use of magic. His dinner parties were legendary. He was said to have taught his dining table to tap dance just after the soup course and his floral centerpieces to take wing before dessert. He regularly transformed his guests into the animal of their choice and charmed household items to be his personal staff.” Mr. Pinwydden paused and pursed his lips. “Sounds quite wonderful doesn’t it? Unfortunately, as often happens that when someone is given too much power, too young---Moroz’s sense of right and wrong became---skewed. Perhaps he felt he needed something more challenging than what Trelawnyd had to offer him? Or perhaps his dark side ran deeper than the rest of humanity---who knows? But he began to dabble in dark magic, when people began to notice, he told them his experiments were a scholarly pursuit of knowledge… but they weren’t. The dark nearly consumed him until he became virtually unrecognizable to all but his staff. He grew so powerful even the local authorities were afraid to confront him. It was only when the four ancient families of Trelawnyd combined their powers and ensnared him that they were able to bring him to justice. He was said to have enslaved hundreds of beings and maimed and tortured many more.” Mr. Pinwydden paused for affect though his Adam’s apple still wobbled excitedly, “it is said that he plumbed the depths of evil so deeply he shook the very fabric of the world beyond. An act so heinous, so brazen that the Shadow Hounds can still be seen running the forest in search of him.” Mr. Pinwydden straightened his bow tie.

A small girl with freckles and badly applied eye shadow raised her hand. “What are Shadow Hounds?”

“The Cerberus, also called the Hounds of Hell. Some say it a single dog with three heads and others that it is a group of three dogs that act as one. They are said to be as large as elephants, breathe fire and have eyes that glow red. They guard over the vilest of the evil, dark creatures of the underworld.”

Ambril sat stunned. Dog’s of the Underworld, Dullaiths, this was anything but a quiet little country town.

Riley had his hand in the air, the large bruise forming on his right cheek forgotten, “does anyone know where his prison is?”

Pinwydden chuckled, “it’s easy to be taken in but remember we are discussing a legend---it’s a fairy tale, really, more fiction than fact. Trelawnyd Historians are sketchy about what truly happened to Moroz but the odds are he simply went to prison and died.”

Riley had his hand in the air again, “does the legend say anything about how he was imprisoned?”

“No, 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, there is just enough truth in it to make it believable but also enough fantasy to make it laughable.” He chuckled then clapped his hands together this time making a dry little sound.

“Now onto another famous story, 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 magic prison. Was the wall around this town there to keep evil out or to protect the world from the evil here in Trelawnyd? The bell rang but it took a nudge from Sully for her to pick up her books and head to the gym to change for P.E..

They waited around on the playground until a plump man in a yellow jogging suit and a goatee walked hurriedly up. Ambril recognized the slightly sweaty man she’d met in front of Betula’s shop the day before.

“I hope you’ve welcomed Ambril to our school. Everyone calls me Bob, Ambril. And that you all had an enjoyable weekend,” he patted his ample belly, “ I certainly enjoyed mine,” his eyes swept the group and zeroed in on a large blonde kid. “I see some of us ran into trouble. Lance, Riley---are you fit to exercise?”

Lance sported a green tomato sized black eye. He scoffed at the question, Riley simply nodded.

“Excellent! I want two laps around the grounds.”

Everyone groaned as they stumbled to their feet and started off. Lance and his buddies streaked away to the front. Ygg jogged effortlessly but slowly just ahead of Sully and Ambril and let the others pass by. Ygg then slowed to a walk which prompted Ambril and Sully to do the same. Soon they were walking side by side.

Ygg gave them a lopsided grin, “It be best to steer clear of Lance until that shiner has healed.”

Ambril nodded and grinned, then looked around and 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 roiling clouds had begun to spill over the coastal mountains.

“That doesn’t look 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 I know a way in, there’s this really weird garden and a gazebo we can get under if it rains.”

Ambril beamed back at her, exploring a haunted house---what could be better? “how about you Ygg?”

Ygg looked surprised to be included but then shook his head, “I’ll be making more deliveries I expect, for Mrs. Twid,” he said glumly, “her Sunset Tea is gettin’ popular with the old ones.”

They were walking past the play structure just then when it happened. Later, Ambril remembered a strange, frizzing sensation just as an eerie scream curdled the air. Ambril whirled to see Lance who had come around on his second lap, jumping around as if he was at the mercy of a sadistic puppeteer. His face stretched taunt as he screamed again while whirling and hopping from one foot to the other. His friends raced up then stopped in their tracks unsure what to do without Lance able to tell them.

One smirked and took a risk. “Dude, I wouldn’t take those moves out of the basement just yet, keep practicing.”

He did look pretty silly hoping around like that but Ambril could see it was no joke when his face turned a chalky white and his body went rigid. Then Ambril was shoved aside as Bob blew through the ring of students.

He took one look at Lance and yelled, “Jeb!” he pointed at a skinny, pimply nosed kid, “go and ask Pinwydden for a nullifier quick! The rest of you get out of here!” When no one moved, Bob turned on them, “Don’t you understand? This is dangerous! MOVE!”

The kids turned obediently and began to amble toward the school building, but when the nearby monkey bars started to spark and hum there was suddenly a stampede for the safety of the school steps.

Ambril was running along blindly with the herd when she felt a tug on her sleeve. “Here! we can watch what happens from here, this ought to be safe enough,” Sully beckoned from a wooden bench. Ambril jumped up beside her friend and noticed Ygg had also hung back, curious.

Bob was hunched over peering at something on the ground near Lance. Quickly he brushed away some stones---then something odd happened, Ambril didn’t quite see exactly what he did but with a flick of his hand he began rolling up what appeared to be invisible carpet. It was transparent except for some glowing symbols which at his command twisted into a tight roll. Ambril’s heart froze as she saw the circular pattern of symbols surrounding Lance and how eerily similar they were to the ones that had been used to conjure the Dullaith.

“That’s a shadow summoning circle!” Ambril blurted out too loudly.

Ambril froze when Bob turned his head when she had spoken. Had he heard her?

“What did you say?” asked Sully absently, “Look! I think Lance’s hair is beginning to smoke.”

Fortunately Bob turned quickly back to his task. In just a few moments he had rolled the carpet of symbols up to within a few feet of Lance. He reached over and quickly pulled the boy to safety. Lance landed on the grass with a grunt and rolled around as if his shirt was ablaze all the time whimpering like a small child.

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

“Where –do you --want this?” He puffed, out of breath.

Without a word Bob took the pail and emptied the entire contents over Lance. There was a fizzing sound as a look of relief spread over Lance’s face.

“Come on, let’s get out of here!” Ambril tugged on Sully’s sleeve as she jumped down from the bench and turned toward the Gym.

“You three! Not so fast, we need to talk! Didn’t you hear me say the playground wasn’t safe?” he asked sternly.

Riley limped up behind them just as Lance struggled to his feet, his face filled with rage as he pointed his finger at his skinny brother.

But before he could speak, Bob grabbed Lance by the shoulder and tried to pull him back down on the grass. “Take it easy, Lance, your body just took quite a hit.”

I’m---peachy---just frigging peachy.” Lance said through clenched teeth as he stared angrily at his brother. But he said nothing more as he shrugged Bob off and began sloshing his way to the locker rooms.

Sully whispered “What no marshmallows?”

Ambril smiled as she realized that the brown liquid all over Lance was none other than warm chocolate milk. She hadn’t known it was so versatile.

The bottom of the ambulance grated against the pavement as it screamed onto the playground.

“Come on, you may feel fine but it’s best you’re checked out by a doctor.”

Lance sighed as Bob steered him over to the ambulance. Looking resigned he let the efficient Medical Technicians busy themselves with machinery, poking and prodding him as they questioned him.

Bob turned back to Ambril and her friends, “you three come with me! Riley, where were you? Never mind, Jeb got it done, now get on to your next class.” Bob beckoned sternly to Ambril, Ygg and Sully then marched them silently into the school. Just as the doors to the school swung shut behind them Ambril caught sight of a larger-than-average police officer heaving himself out of his car.

Bob ushered them hurriedly into his cramped office. There was one, abnormally large desk and no room for anything else. The walls were covered with pictures of smiling sports teams: basketball, soccer, bad-mitten and something that involved pogo sticks and funny hats. Younger versions of Bob smiled out of every one.

With difficulty, Bob shut the door and nervously swept his nonexistent hair off his forehead as he wriggled behind his desk and waved them into chairs. There were only two so Ambril and Sully shared one while Ygg took the other.

“Tell me what you saw out there.” Bob commanded tersely.

“Well,” Sully began, “We saw Lance jumping around as if he was being electrocuted.”

“Go on,” Bob folded his arms and tipped his chair back as far as it would go.

“Then,” Ygg continued, “you pulled him down on the grass and poured chocolate milk all over him. He got better right quick.” Ygg smiled slowly, “like magic.”

Bob glared at him for a long moment, “Magic! Don’t be silly! Magic is NOT ALLOWED here,” he paused and studied the dirty tiles on the floor then pulled at the collar of his sweatshirt, “magic users are considered dangerous to this community.” Bob took a deep breath, “Perhaps what you saw is Lance stumbling into some sort of toxic substance and I simply pulled him out then doused him with a---nullifier.” He looked hopefully over his glasses at the three children in front of him, and then his eyes narrowed. “Ambril I thought I heard you say---”

They were interrupted by a curt knock on the door. Bob looked as if he wanted to say much, much more but couldn’t. Scowling he reached over and opened the door. Outside the hulking form of the long-and-extremely-fit arm of the law stood. He had a square jaw, very straight teeth and shiny, button-like eyes. He looked as if he’d just stepped from a comic strip. His elaborate sheriff’s badge glinted as he blinked at them.

“Deputy Sheriff Skarn,” Bob nodded.

“Hi ya Bob,” Ambril was startled by his high, squeaky and unheroic voice. It sounded odd coming from such a big guy, “this makes it easy,” he fingered the clipboard in his hands as he turned his flat, shiny eyes on them, “the Med Techs said the victim is well enough to return to class---after he showers. Are these the kids Lance said were acting suspicious like?”

“We were just curious, Sir,” Sully said respectfully then nudged Ambril as if to say, ‘don’t tell him anything’.

Skarn looked them over as if sizing them for a ball and chain, “let’s hear it then, start from the beginning.”

Ambril looked at Ygg who gave her an almost imperceptible nod, “we were almost the last ones running around the field. I think it was just Riley behind us. Lance had come around again on his second lap when he just started yelling and jumping around.” said Ambril in a rush.

“Where was Riley then?”

The three of them looked at each other.

“We didn’t see him until after Bob ran up,” Ygg said, “maybe he set himself down for awhile, he was limping.”

Deputy Sheriff Skarn concentrated on his notepad, his tongue listing to one side like a school boy trying his first letters, “right, clumsiest kid I’ve ever met. Then what happened?”

“Well---Bob ran up and told us all to get inside.” Ambril looked at Bob scrunched down in his chair, “then this kid Jeb came with this bucket of---,”

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

“And Bob dumped it all over Lance…then--- you arrived.” Sully volunteered.

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

“We warn’t paying attention what with Lance doing his thing,” Ygg shrugged.

Deputy Skarn nodded as wisely as a cartoon character could, “sounds like a prank to me,” he leaned heavily on the doorjamb. “Kids’ stuff,” he frowned slightly at Bob. Ambril noticed beads of sweat on Bob’s forehead as he nervously swiped his forehead. But Skarn only shrugged, “it wouldn’t be the first time.”

After a few more questions followed by a lot of time waiting for Skarn to write everything down, Skarn finally straightened up, “I’ll look around the perimeter for any Perp’s who may still be around before making my report,” he nodded to Bob before walking down the hall, his highly polished shoes clicking efficiently on the vinyl tile.

“See you tomorrow,” the three got up to go.

“Wait, not so fast, Ambril I want to know why you said---,” he stopped and cocked his ear as he heard the clicking noises returning then groaned when Skarn leaned in, “just one more thing---”

Bob motioned for them to leave, “never mind, go on you’re already late for lunch. But it is best this isn’t---discussed with other students, we don’t want to create any undue excitement.”

“I keep myself to myself.” Ygg said pointing his chin at the Deputy and squaring his shoulders.

Sully and Ambril just nodded as they escaped to the hallway.

“That was beyond uncomfortable wasn’t it?” whispered Sully, “did you see that magic carpet with the glowing symbols? I bet that’s what nearly turned Lance into a crispy critter,” Ambril whispered.

“The chocolate milk thing was weird---he called it the great nullifier but then told Skarn it was cleaning solution.” Sully whispered back.

“It looks as if Bob knows a thing or two about Magic.” Ygg had that funny smile on his faced again. “It be true what he said about Magic here in Trelawnyd, Magic users are sometimes thrown out of town and jailed at other times. Worse there are rumors that the villagers have from time to time taken matters in their own hands, beatings and curious---disappearances have been known to happen.”

“So we’d better keep quiet, Bob’ll lose his job if anyone finds out.” Sully hissed.

“I’ve no reason to make trouble for him.” Ygg shrugged then veered off to the boy’s locker room.

Ambril and Sully 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 and a red light labeled ‘Alarm’ over it, “what’s in there, nuclear waste?”

“That, believe it or not is the janitor’s closet,” said Sully with a grin, “there are all sorts of stories about it because of---you know---the big silly sign.” Sully started counting them off on her fingers, “people going in and never coming out, weird noises, creepy voices---even rattling chains!” 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 lunch bag she knew her mother had been nowhere near it. Normally lunch was a squashed peanut butter and jelly sandwich, some wizened grapes and stale, store bought cookies. This lunch contained julienned carrots, a sandwich made with homemade bread, a shiny apple, and a large quantity of fresh baked cookies; all wrapped in red checked napkins. There was even a handwritten note, which said, “Enjoy your day Lovie!” Ambril couldn’t speak she was so happy. Her Mom had been right; having a housekeeper like Mrs. Sweetgum was outrageously great. She shared a cookie with Sully who rolled her eyes in ecstasy.

Ygg was sitting near them just staring out the window, the table empty in front of him. Not that she’d been keeping track but Ambril hadn’t seen him eat anything. She looked down at her last cookies. She was pretty full. She made a quick decision and gathering them up she walked over to his table.

“Do you want these? I can’t finish them,” she slid them onto the table.

His face lit up briefly but then frowned, “I’m not hungry, but thanks,” he turned slightly away but he couldn’t get his eyes to obey. Instead they did their best to burn a hole through the red checkered napkin. She’d been right, he was really hungry, but wouldn’t admit it, he’d probably forgotten his lunch. Ygg gave her a sideways glance. “Are ya sure you’re nought hungry? I do not want to take something that’s needed.”

Ambril patted her tummy, “I’m stuffed, go ahead!” she shoved the cookies right under his nose.

Ygg couldn’t help himself. He picked up the cookies and inhaled them so fast that Ambril became afraid they’d let the ambulance go too soon. After a few hefty pats on the back, Ygg seemed to be fine.

Ambril was turning back to pick up her lunch things when Lance swaggered in with his buddies wearing his black eye like a badge of honor. In no time he was jeering at a group of skinny boys who were constructing something out of tin foil and tooth picks. He picked up their project and grinned at them as he crunched it in his hand. Ambril hated to see how quickly they picked up their scraps and fled. Then Zane came in then, slid on a bench and looked away.

After tossing the ruined project at one of his pals Lance turned to leer at a curly haired girl walking by. Ambril recognized her from Betula’s Sweet Shoppe.

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

Lola took a long look at his black eye and sniffed, “it looks like you’re the one who needs the makeup. What did you do, trip over one of your victims?” She dropped her trash into the bin and flicked her hair as she flounced out of the lunchroom. Ambril happened to catch Zane smile as he watched Lola walk down the stairs with her friends.

Ambril and Sully left the lunchroom Ambril felt a cool dry hand on her shoulder. It was Ms. Jonquil who had draped herself in a voluminous tasseled silk shawl.

“no worries about the paperwork my dear, Dr. Petri has already taken care of it for your mother.” She nodded curtly as she glided off toward the office.

As Ambril and Sully started down the hallway toward the playground. Sully turned to Ambril and said, “Lola really gave it to him didn’t she?” but Ambril didn’t hear her, she had stopped dead in her tracks several paces back.

“What’s wrong?” Sully asked, “You look like you just saw your brother sprout antlers in embarrassing places.”

Kids shoved past them and jostled them both but Ambril hardly noticed, her eyes remained riveted on the janitor’s closet. The security light flashed a few moments then glowed a steady red. Did she really see that? She couldn’t have… she shook her head, willing the last few moments to rewind and replay differently. Because moments before there had been a drawing of the Dullaith tacked above the janitor’s closet. But what had really stopped her cold was seeing who had reached up and crumpled it in his hand before swiftly rounding the corner…it had been Feldez. Even from behind she had recognized his well tailored suit and perfect hair. 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 and yelling in her ear.

“We have to get out of the way!” Sully towed her out of the onslaught of kids and safely off to the side.

“You are freaking me out, we almost died out there! You should know by now that you can’t stand in the way of kids and the playground without paying for it painfully,” Sully ruefully inspected a new bruise on her arm, “what’s wrong?”

“Didn’t you just say no one was allowed in the janitor’s closet?”

Sully looked at her curiously, “well---the janitor uses it I guess so it’s not completely off limits,” and shrugged.

“Just give me a sec.”Ambril reached for the door but Sully pulled her back.

“Watch it! That alarm is REALLY sensitive, the cops hauled two sixth graders off last year after their science project crashed into the door.” Sully stared at the lock, “it was a paper airplane.” Then she bent over and squinted at the lock, “that’s weird, can you see that? I think someone really did try to break in.” she pointed to some scratches around the lock. “I lost the key to my diary once and had to pick the lock. It still has scratches on it like those. These are recent too---see how shiny they are?”

Ambril nodded but only for affect. The reality was she didn’t get any of it. What was behind that door? Feldez wouldn’t risk his reputation by breaking into just a janitor’s closet in broad daylight. Could some of the rumors be true? She grimaced in annoyance as she thought about the drawing of the Dullaith she’d seen hanging above it. What was his connection with it? She sighed, she was getting nowhere except more confused.

# Chapter 11 History with Ms. Breccia

“Keep your head down, don’t look her in the eye and…brace yourself.” Sully advised as they slid into the back row of Ambril’s History class. Sully ducked behind the pudgy kid sitting in front of her and made herself as small as possible.

“ORDER please!” the teacher yelled bullishly, dwarfing her desk as she scribbled away at something. Ms. Breccia was a large, cubic woman, with helmet shaped hair and bright red lipstick to match her shiny, square fingernails. Her rough voice had a bite to it as she bellowed, “I’m so excited about today’s lecture that I’m postponing roll call. History waits for no man or woman, it flows on and on.” she rose, raised a hand and affected a dramatic pose but ended up looking 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 sonorously as her small eyes darted around the room. When they found Ambril her eyebrows went up slightly. “We shall discuss the well-documented, TRUE history of our town,” then added condescendingly, “and then delve into the fanciful but highly inaccurate tales you’ve, no doubt, heard around the campfire.”

“This valley was first settled over 150 years ago by disgruntled gold miners anxious to start a new life.” She paced bearishly back and forth in front of the class her shoes making flabby, flapping noises. “Unsuccessful in the gold fields up north they brought their families down by horse and wagon to this valley, cleared the fields and built their homes around the circular plaza in the center of town. What we call the Circle Stone.”

She turned and pulled down a large map. It showed Circle Park in the center of town and streets radiating away from it. “Unfortunately the original settlement, Old Town was built in a marshy area and was abandoned soon after it was built after swamp fever broke out.” She waved her hand brutishly toward a largely unpopulated area. “It was pulled down when the townspeople moved to our current location. The new town of Trelawnyd has enjoyed growth and prosperity ever since.” She turned away from the map and smiled at the class. “Now class, who were the original four families?”

A skinny girl with braces raised her hand and recited, “Tylwith, Silva, Derwyn and Anamalfia.”

“Correct,” Ms. Breccia preened in front of the class, “my family, the family of Breccia came soon after, we were the ninth family out of twenty five.” She raised her considerable frame to its full height and looked over their heads, “yes, my forefathers built this town, WITH THEIR OWN HANDS---tilled the soil, and worked, really WORKED!” Her voice filled the room as she puffed out her chest, “to ensure this town’s health and prosperity.” Her eyes swept the room doubtfully assessing them. “Now, how many of you have a lineage such as mine? Who has 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 but quickly rallied. “I mean who comes from pure, unsullied stock? A direct lineage and no ‘New Family’ blood?”

Far fewer raised their hands. Sully slid down further in 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 Four Families,” now there were only three hands raised, one of them was Ambril’s. Ms. Breccia pointed to a small fashionable girl who was looking at her reflection in a nearby window. “Ah HEM!” The girl jumped guiltily. 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 snapped her gum and looked bored. “Um, It’s the Tylwith family,” she said rolling her eyes, “on my Mom’s side, she’s always going on about it.”

“REMOVE YOUR GUM! YOU KNOW THE RULES, NO DISGUSTING VILE HABITS ARE TO BE PRACTICED IN MY CLASSROOM!” Mrs. Breccia roared. Tiana hastily removed her gum and hunched her shoulders as if bracing for another attack but Ms. Breccia just cleared her throat and stared her up and down appraisingly. “Ah yes, I believe I see it, the small, thin frame,” Ms. Breccia narrowed her eyes and smirked. “Did you know your family is supposed to be descendants of---” Ms. Breccia barked at the class, “fairies?”

Tiana shrugged and popped her gum.

Still giggling, Ms. Breccia waved her hand at Ambril, “and you? You are very new here, perhaps you misunderstood me? Like your friend there---Suddy---are you not one of the New Families?”

Breccia’s tone and the way she seemed to be making fun of her friend made Ambril lose her cool, “my friend’s name is Sully. My name is Ambril Derwyn,” Ambril couldn’t stop herself from adding, “though I’m not sure it should make a difference to anyone.”

Ms. Breccia stopped in her tracks and glared at her, speechless at being contested in her own classroom. “A Derwyn---are you sure?”

It was Ambril’s turn to glare back, shouldn’t she know her own name? “My Mom’s last name is Derwyn and my father’s name…was Silva.”

Ms. Breccia’s eyebrows lifted in recognition, “well, well, I see!” she said her voice dangerously quiet. “I guess good breeding doesn’t guarantee mannerly behavior.” Ambril knew right then that she could kiss a good report card goodbye.

After a very long moment Ms. Breccia cleared her throat and strode back to the writing board, “now for the more colorful account of our town’s beginning. According to local legend, our forefathers 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---hundreds perhaps thousands of years ago.”

She turned toward the class dramatically, “Yes! The story goes that they came with the help of…” Ms. Breccia again smirked at the class, “magic.”

Laughter was heard around the room.

Lance called out, “on broomsticks maybe!” More laughter erupted.

“The old legends aren’t---err---specific about their mode of travel,” chortled Ms. Breccia. “The four families 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 were fairies,” she pointed briefly at Ambril, “ Derwyn’s were supposedly magic wielders.”

Lance guffawed, “can you work a little magic now and make yourself disappear?”

More laughter rang out, “abracadabra,” chanted the pudgy boy in front of Ambril as he waved his hand right in her face.

“The illustrious family of Animalfia were said to have been Shape Changers,” chortled Ms. Breccia, “beings who could change into animals on a whim! There are stories of how some would transform right on the street. One minute your neighbor is discussing the price of cheese with you and the next he’s a mouse running around underfoot!”

.Ambril thought it wasn’t a stretch to imagine Breccia as a nice grizzly bear---well maybe not so nice. She looked around and noticed that though almost everyone was laughing there were a few who looked downright uncomfortable

Ms. Breccia stretched her arms wide. “I’ve saved the best for last! “she cried. “The family of Silva is said to be Earth-kind,” Ms. Breccia again giggled as she enumerated on her fingers, “meaning Trolls, Gnomes and Dwarfs! Didn’t you say your father’s name was Silva?” She asked pointing at Ambril. “ You’re young yet but I’m sure it won’t be long before you develop some of the more obvious Silva traits---hunched back, projecting jaw, their tendency to grunt rather than talk.”

Lance started stomping on the floor and making guttural noises, “this is how Ambril’s family orders lunch!” he sneered at Ambril. Some of his pals joined in and soon the classroom rattled with grunts, stomps and jeers.

Ambril kept her eyes on Ms. Breccia but it was hard. She could feel her face flush hot with embarrassment. She hated having her Dad’s family belittled like this. Gradually the class settled down but there were occasional grunts and stomps throughout the period.

“Now let’s have your essays, ‘My family and Trelawnyd’.

Sully looked stricken and raised her hand, “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?”

Ms. Breccia frowned then rolled her eyes disgustedly, “but the fire occurred Saturday! You had all of yesterday to redo it. You mean to say that you have nothing, nothing at all?” Ms. Breccia’s glare burrowed down the rows of desks. “What a flimsy excuse! Even ‘New Family’ must learn to be responsible,” she drew herself up to her true Amazonian proportions, “zero on your essay and,” she spiked the air with her index finger, “that’s a demerit for you, if you get six of them your grade will be lowered. ” She swept her arm in a grand gesture and pointed to the door, “any other slackers here today?” she began to prowl between the desks as she randomly pointed an accusing finger at their occupants. “Did your essay burn up in a silly little fire too?”

Ygg raised his hand, his head down. Ms. Breccia frowned at him and jerked her head toward the door. “Demerits require you to be cast out into the hallway, you will be expected to keep up with the class of course.” Her eyes narrowed when she saw Ambril’s hand in the air. “Naturally I can’t expect an essay from you today as you are new,” she said with a disappointed grimace, “though a demerit may be in order considering your rudeness earlier,” she paused to consider this, “yes, why not? A demerit for Ambril the magic wielding Troll.”

The three scrambled to gather their stuff. Ambril couldn’t believe her good luck, though it stung a little to be called a Troll she had managed to get out of listening to Ms. Breccia and to hang with her new friends in the hallway. As the door closed Ambril heard her Ms. Breccia say, “Lance, where is your brother? He’s usually the first to get cast out.”

“Whew! I’m glad we’re out of there,” said Sully. “Breccia is such a toad, I’ve learned more history reading out here in the hallway than sitting in her class.”

“Is she always that bad?” asked Ambril struggling to zip up her backpack as they walked up the corridor.

“That be her good side today,” said Ygg, “Riley wasn’t there. He usually takes the brunt of whatever she be dishing up.” He stopped midway down the hall. “Let’s set down here, if’n we go any farther we’ll get a citation for bein’ out a class without a note.” He threw his backpack down near a bank of lockers. “In case you’re wondering, 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 and a Derwyn,” Ygg looked sideways at Ambril.

Ambril noticed his hands were big and square like Ms. Breccia’s hands. They looked better on him, she nodded.

“I’m a Silva too, as well as a Drasil,” he put up his hand and stage whispered, “number seven,” then smiled.

“You should have said something to her, you know,” said Sully playing with her shoelaces, “it might make things easier on you if she knows you’re not a New Family like I am.”

“Well my connections aren’t doing me any good!” Ambril shrugged.

Ygg’s smile became smaller, “Ms. Breccia isna’ ever going to warm to me.” He said softly. “There be a part of me that’s too close to her, a part she daren’t own up to.” He shook his head slowly, “nay, best to just stay quiet and stick it out.”

Ambril watched his shoulders tighten and wondered what his life was like; having Mrs. Twid as a guardian must be pretty harsh. As she imagined what it would be like to eat dinner across from Mrs. Twid every night, she heard a curious thud then a muffled groan from nearby. The three looked around but saw nothing unusual. The thuds came again and then another louder groan.

“It sounds like the Creature from the Black Lagoon.” Sully scrambled to her feet. “It’s coming from one of the lockers, I think.” She knocked on lockers until on the ninth knock there came an answering thud.

Sully struggled to open it, “I think it’s jammed.”

An unearthly groan came from behind the door.

“It be sounding more like a Zombie to me,” mused Ygg. The locker wouldn’t budge. Ygg looked at it carefully, “right, it’s jammed.” He raised his fist 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 also seemed to be jammed in with 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 guys, it was getting hard to breathe in there.” He took another deep breath as Sully tore off the duct tape from his wrists.

“I be guessing your brother did this,” said Ygg.

Riley nodded, “still angry about last night.”

“But he started the food fight!” Sully exclaimed.

“And why would that matter? We are talking about my brother right?” Riley 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 better.”

Ambril was so angry she thought she could feel her hair spark. “You can’t let your brother do this to you, Riley!”

Riley looked at her in surprise. “What am I supposed to do? Everyone’s on his side,” he bent down and fished out his backpack from under a crumpled science test. “The golden boy---good at sports, good with his hands---and he has a half the school following him around like puppies. My Dad won’t hear a word against him.” He sighed as he brushed off his pack and let his hair fall down over his face. Then his voice changed, there was an edge to it. “But it won’t be forever, I have plans. One of these days, I’ll get him back so-oo good.”

As he raised his head Ambril caught sight of the anger searing his face before he replaced it with a smile. She wondered how long he’d been keeping all that anger inside.

Ygg grimaced at the trash, “this mess will be getting us another detention if’n we don’t clean it up right quick.”

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. Then he started backing down the hall, “I’d better get out of here, while I can,” he smiled brilliantly at them before quickly walked out the front door. They watched him limp off down the street.

“O.K. so life could be much, much worse,” mused Sully, “we could be Riley.”

“If’n he would just stand up to the moldering lump once in a while, it wouldna’ be so bad,” said Ygg shaking his head.

The jangling of the bell made them jump.

“Tomorrow then,” Ygg waved and was quickly 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 smoothed out the paper and gasped, it was the drawing of a Dullaith! She hadn’t imagined it, Feldez must have tossed it in the trash on his way out the 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 a stream of desperate students, “AGAIN!”

Ambril shoved the drawing in her pocket. As they walked to their lockers she thought about what she had seen. She was sure it was the same drawing as the top was ripped as if it had once been tacked up on something. Feldez must have tossed it in the trashcan right after he left the janitor’s closet then Lance poured it along with all the other trash in with Riley.

The hallway was beginning to clear out. Sully still stood there watching her closely, her arms folded. “This isn’t fair; I can tell you’re holding out on me, what’s going on?”

Ambril swallowed hard. Sometime soon she knew she would have to explain everything to her new friend even if it meant watching her walk away laughing. Sully would soon tire of being her friend if she kept secrets from her. But a crowded hallway wasn’t the right place so she just shrugged.

Sully sighed, “forget it, let’s ride over and explore the haunted house I told you about…but I have to warn you, it’s pretty scary,” Sully smiled.

Ambril smiled back, “Creature in the Black Lagoon scary?”

“Even worse.”

“I’ll race you to the bikes!”

# Chapter 12 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, grab her Ashera, some snacks, and at the last minute her robot, fLit before flying out the door. The afternoon was at it’s warmest, late blooming flowers stretched themselves toward the sun as she breezed by. Flit disentangled himself from the backpack and stuck his head out of the basket, his head slowly revolving. Up ahead, Ambril could see a boy on a bike talking to an elderly woman. Ambril recognized Ygg by his too small shirt and his too baggy pants.

Ygg looked up just as she pedaling past them, “hey Ambril!”

Ambril skidded to a stop, “what’s up?”

“We were just talking about you. Miss Fern, this is Ambril.”

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. Your parents used to bring you by when you were very, very small.”

“Really? Um that’s n---nice,” she stuttered, embarrassed and then looked around to see if she remembered anything.

It was a garden like no other. This was a gardener’s garden with not a weed in sight. Every bush and tree was radiant with life. Flowers bloomed, vegetables were ripening, but there was one odd thing Ambril noticed right away. An army of garden gnomes stood, sat and lounged everywhere. There must have been at least a hundred of them. They were dressed in green with long white beards, tasseled hats, belted tunics and boots with toes that turned up slightly. They were unnervingly life-like as if they’d simply been frozen mid-conversation. Ambril jumped when she found one peering up at her through the picket fence.

There was one gnome who was different. Larger than the others he was sitting on a bench staring right at Ambril. His beard looked ratty and dirty, he wore a woolen cap and shiny black boots.

“They remember you.” Miss Fern nodded vaguely at the nearest ceramic figurine as she struggled to lift a large watering can. Ambril decided Miss Fern must be like a neighbor they once had who vigorously discussed politics with the dust bunnies under the sofa when she visited.

Miss Fern tipped the watering can forward and let a foul smelling, green slush slop all over an innocent chrysanthemum. “I’ll make sure Daisy gets your delivery Ygg, she swears by that Sunset Tea…though I can’t see why.”

Ambril wrinkled her nose and leaned away as the wind blew the stink of the slush her way.

“Gardener’s Tea, the plants can’t get enough!” Miss Fern warbled as she moved on to slime a perfectly good pot of petunias. “Better than chicken manure!”

Ygg said in a strangled voice, “I best be off,” he waved before hastily pedaled off.

Ambril did the same, she made sure they were well away before taking her first breath, Ygg let out a gust of air just as she did, “so where are you off to now?”

“I don’t rightly know. The package just says, ‘Koda’s house’ do you know where that might be?”asked Ygg.

Ambril nodded proudly, “I think so, it’s the only place I’ve been to other than Betula’s shop, follow me!”

Ambril stood up on her pedals and off they went. They found the Main Road and turned toward the forest. Ambril was just starting to wonder if they’d gone too far when Koda glided up alongside them looking like he’d like to murder somebody. He was riding Rosebud who turned her flowerhead away when she saw it was Ambril.

Ambril kept her distance, “we were on our way to your house to deliver something, Koda.” They slowed to a stop and waited as Ygg groped around in his messenger bag and pulled out a small package.

Koda grunted when he saw the Sunset Tea label, “so this is what everyone’s talking about,” he said to himself then tossed it into Rosebud’s basket. Ygg’s eyes widened when she sneezed.

Koda nodded then swiftly rode off without a word, the gravel crackling under Rosebud’s tires.

“He be surly,” Ygg squinted as he watched Koda pick up speed “the flowers on the basket, they be---lively, especially the big one.”

“I’ll say!” Ambril agreed but didn’t bother to explain it further, how can you explain Rosebud? “Hey, why don’t you come and explore the haunted house with Sully and I?”

Ygg looked undecided. “I be having homework and chores---”

“I have cookies!” said Ambril, “and sandwiches.”

Ygg’s eyebrows shot up eagerly, “maybe I’ll come for a wee bit.”

“Good, now you can help me, where’s Sully’s house?” asked Ambril.

Ygg gave her a demonic grin as he pushed down hard on his pedal and whizzed past her, “now you can follow me!”

Ambril had to work to keep up with him, but not that hard. In no time they skidded to a stop in front of the burned out Roadside Stand. Ambril could see they had removed the burned parts already. New wood lay neatly stacked nearby. There was no sign of the shadow circle she was happy to see.

“Such a waste that was,” muttered Ygg.

An image flashed in Ambril’s mind, a boy giving a tear-stained girl her cat.

“I remember you there! You were the one who saved Sully’s cat!” Ambril exclaimed. “It was really awful for Sully…did you see anything weird that night?” she asked as they started down a gravel road.

“Weird? The whole thing was weird,” snorted Ygg as they veered around a bend in the road, “I be on me way home from a 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 firefighters,” Ambril was disappointed; if he’d been there earlier he might have seen the one who raised the Dullaith. But it sounded as if he hadn’t even seen the monster.

“Yep, but Riley was there early on, he be the one who called 911.”

Ambril wondered about what Riley knew as they rounded a red barn and pulled up in front of a long rangy, western looking ranch house. There were even wagon wheels decorating the front porch. The red barn was freshly painted, its doors opened onto a tidy arrangement of equipment and a wiry 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.

“Sully don’t forget your jacket, just in case it rains!” an Asian woman swathed in an oversized apron, wielding 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. The plants had gone wild, growing helter-skelter, rumbly poly; they eagerly clambered over each other and onto the path. Ambril had to duck more than once to avoid trailing and sometimes ferocious looking vines.

They soon broke out into a clearing making its last stand around a couple of abandoned buildings. A large stone mansion stood aloof between a dilapidated old garage and a crooked gazebo which was nearly consumed by vines. It was enchanting---and something else that Ambril couldn’t put her finger on. Sully was right, the mansion was pretty spooky. It had three stories with a collection of chimney pots in a row on one end. All of its many windows were boarded up but an inviting porch ran circles around it. It looked lonesome as if it hadn’t been lived in for a very long time.

“This way,” Sully led them to where a board had been pulled off a window. Inside it was dark and smelled of musty socks and moldy potatoes but the three of them wiggled inside anyway. In the light coming through the cracks between the boards Ambril could see it had once been a great house. Birds flew out of a large stone fireplace as they began to explore and up around a grand central staircase.

“Someone’s been camping out here,” mused Ygg.

There was an old mattress and tipsy chairs pulled up around a burned spot in the center of the living room, trash spilled out of every corner.

“Do you think they’re still here?” Sully whispered.

They all listened for a moment, holding their breath, but the house remained still and quiet. Ygg was the first to let his breathe out in a rush and step further into the space. Around the corner they found a kitchen colonized by rabbits who bolted through Ambril’s legs when she opened a cabinet. It startled her so much that she fell back and hit something hard as she landed in a pile of trash.

“Oof!” She groused as she rubbed her bottom and pulled out an iron plaque.

“It looks like a shield or something!” exclaimed Sully.

It was true. Ambril leaned it against a chair leg and rubbed it hard with her sleeve. There was a large circle with a tree in the center of it. The top half was missing as a jagged rough edge cut into it.

“It’s not a shield, its made of iron---too heavy,” said Ygg examining it.

“When did you become an arms expert?” asked Sully.

“Nought arms, I be earth-kind, metal runs in my blood.” Ygg held it up to the light. “That be someone’s family crest.”

It looked sort of familiar to Ambril but before she could say anything Sully said, “let’s try upstairs!”

They raced up the stone steps. But Ambril slowed near the top, feeling suddenly odd. “I’m getting a weird feeling about this place.”

“What like something’s about to pop out of a closet or something?” Sully slowed to match Ambril’s pace, “isn’t it great?”

“No more like---I’ve---been here before,” when they reached the second floor she pointed to a door on the left, “Like I know this room had a white fluffy bed in it and the bathroom here,” she pointed to a door on the right, “has green tile.”

Sully peered into the door on the left, then gave Ambril a funny look, “Yep, there’s green tile in here.”

Ambril hugged herself as she walked dazedly down the hall and pointed to another door on the right. “This room was spooky because it had a creaky floor.” Ambril continued walking until she stopped in front of a door at the end.

“You’re as white as my Mom’s favorite onions! Take a deep breathe, I bet the monsters only come out at night.” Sully pushed the door open too hard as she entered the room, it hit the wall and bounced back. As Sully swiveled at the noise she stopped and stared at something behind the door, the smile instantly leaving her face. “That’s weird, you need to see this.”

All in a rush her memories came back, she could see herself reaching up and pushing the door open. There were clouds painted on the wall, a pink dresser under the window---with pictures of a happy family on top. She suddenly knew why the house had felt so strange to her---so familiar.

Ambril took a deep breath and walked into her old room, the room her Dad had painted for her…clouds, a happy sun, a blue ceiling. Sully motioned her over and pointed to a section of the wall where there were tick marks where a child’s growth had been measured. “No wonder this place looks familiar to you.” Sully pointed to the top. There was a name scrawled in a child’s writing.

“Ambril,” seeing her name on the wall made it impossible to ignore. This had been her family’s home. She stumbled but steadied herself by grabbing the door. It seemed like everywhere she turned in this town, pieces of her past kept coming at her. She knelt down again for a closer look. The ages went from one year old and ended at four.

“I didn’t know your family was rich.” Sully carefully brushed away a cobweb hanging from the door.

“We’re not---some of the apartments we had in San Francisco would have made a rat cringe,” Ambril straightened up quickly, hoping Sully wouldn’t ask any more questions. It would only add to the mountain of them she had already.

Ygg came in carrying the old piece of metal Ambril had fallen on. “I found the broken piece in the fireplace. “I be 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. The old stories of her Mom growing up came rushing back to her. This had been her Great Grandmother’s house.

Ambril swayed a little, overwhelmed. Why hadn’t her Mom told her?

“Maybe it’s time we explored the garden,” Sully said watching her closely.

“Yeah, I’m starved” Ygg said.

Sully rolled her eyes at him. “Nice, Ambril finds out she was raised in a haunted, rabbit infested house and you’re thinking of sandwiches and cookies.”

“They be the very best cookies,” Ygg said defensively as he followed them out.

They went down the stairs and wriggled back out through the window, being out in the sunshine did make Ambril feel better. They made their way over to the Gazebo crowning a hill, though it wobbled to one side it straightened itself out near the top and let its curly spire streak up into the sky. Vines curled around the stone pillars and blanketed the top. Nearby the Trelawnyd Wall slid around the garden hugging a brilliant blue-green lake before lunging back into the forest.

“I brought lemonade,” said Sully as they raced up the stairs. The air hummed with life as they sat down on the curved stone benches ringing the Gazebo’s edge and looked up through the vines. Sully handed around lemonade and Ambril spread out sandwiches, cookies and mammoth red grapes on red checked napkins.

“So, this be your family’s place then?” Ygg said munching on his second sandwich.

“I guess so, but my Mom never told me about it. I probably would never had known if we hadn’t walked around in there.” Ambril busied herself with restacking the cookies avoiding her friend’s eyes. “It’s really weird to think…well it was---really hard sometimes in San Francisco… and here we had this huge house waiting for us all that time.”

“It be an old place and 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 not wanting to talk about it anymore. They ate in silence for a while.

Sully sat staring out at the overgrown foliage, “this is one wacked-out garden. I thought I knew all the plants that grow around here, but none of these plants look familiar.” She pointed with a carrot stick to a plant which seemed to have feathers instead of leaves and then another which looked like some sort of green tie rack. They spent a few minutes looking out over the greenery and at the lake.

They had eaten almost all the food when Ambril’s backpack unzipped itself and fLit appeared dragging her Ashera behind him. Ambril lunged at him, grabbed the Ashera, and tried to stuff it back in her pack before the others spotted it. “This is fLit, my AI robot, he’s supposed to be getting smarter,” she said over her shoulder.

“What’s that thing you’re trying to hide from us?” asked Sully.

“What this?” Ambril asked as nonchalantly as she could, “it’s just an old puzzle box that belonged to my Great Grandmother,” the robot gave Ambril an injured look as it watched her zip her pack shut.

“That’s some robot,” commented Sully.

“That’s some Ashera! It nought be just some old thing of your Great Gran’s.” Ygg nodded emphatically 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 be gettin’ your hands on one?” asked Ygg.

Ambril stared mulishly at him.

Ygg chewed thoughtfully, “where I come from those be precious,” he said nodding to her pack again, “they nought be something you let your robot play with.”

“O.K. SO WHAT’S AN ASHERA?” asked Sully again impatiently.

“It’s an old puzzle box…and I wasn’t showing off!” sputtered Ambril, “the stupid robot dragged it out, not me! Look, if you don’t mind, I’d rather not talk about it,” Ambril pulled her backpack to her protectively as she sat back on her bench wracking her brains for some way to change the subject.

After a long pause Ygg said “So, you don’t trust us then? It be true you just met us---but…I dunno…from the first moment I met you I thought that---maybe we could be friends.”

Ambril glared at the blue sky peeking through the vines.

“Maybe you be thinking we might run away scared or laugh at you?” Ygg snorted, “you be kidding, right? I be an outsider with no family here…I be nought one to judge you.”

“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?”

Silence hung between them like a day’s wash left out in the rain. Then Ambril stole a glance first at Ygg then at Sully. “O.K. I’ll tell you,” Ambril said finally then slowly she unzipped her backpack and removed her Ashera, “but you have to swear not to tell anyone else,” she added hesitantly, “and you can’t laugh---no matter what.” Ambril wondered at what point they were going to run away screaming.

Sully and Ygg both nodded solemnly, but then Ygg ruined it by smiling and saying, “I canna promise not to laugh at the funny parts,” but then he added more seriously, “but I will nought laugh *AT* you, that I promise.”

At that Ambril took a deep breath and told them. She started with getting hit on the head with the Ashera. Ygg did chuckle at that. Then she moved on to finding the medallion and pulled it out for them to see. Sully seemed mesmerized by the intricate details of the Ashera and the sparkling stone on her medallion. Then she told them about the explosion in the forest and the Dullaith. Both Sully and Ygg were on the edge of their seats during that part.

Sully was outraged they had chosen to bring the monster to life behind her family’s stand, “couldn’t they have found a nice trash heap or something---why there?”

Ambril tried to describe Hendoeth and Fowlclun and the talking household items 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 finally pulled out the Dullaith drawing.

“Now you see why I’d like to get into the janitor’s closet,” Ambril said as she smoothed out the drawing on her thigh. “What do you think this means? 10-1 12:00 Bring Glain or Die?”

“Well the ‘Bring Glain or Die’ is pretty obvious but the other part---sounds like today at lunch, October first at noon.”

“About the time I saw Feldez leaving the janitor’s closet!” Ambril exclaimed.

But instead of getting excited about this Sully just cocked her head, “are you sure you want to make trouble for your future stepfather? It’s O.K. with me if you want to ignore your own family politics but he’s a big wig in this town. Feldez is on all the committees that promote peace and harmony yada-yada; in fact most everyone thinks he’s a God.”

“Well if you don’t believe me I’m sure no one else will,” said Ambril feeling subdued as she shoved the drawing into her backpack.

“No, I didn’t mean that I didn’t believe you,” said Sully, “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.” Sully wagged her head, “the Janitor’s Closet has more stories built around it than downtown Manhattan. So I wouldn’t get your hopes up. It’s probably just a janitor’s closet filled with mops, brushes, and loads of cancer causing cleaning solutions.”

Ygg had been quiet, staring at Ambril’s medallion, “so that be the Ledrith Glain, it’s famous in Chert, where I come from. I dunna understand---Chert is just a mining village but we be using magic every day---life is easier that way. Trelawnyd be having a long history of magic. The four families came here when it wasna even California and yet magic be feared here.” He peered again at the medallion. “That be sacred to the Tilwith Teg, the fairy kin. It’s a right beauty, the carvings be done in the ancient way with even a bit of old Ogam.”

Ambril and Sully just stared at him.

“So now it’s your turn Ygg, what’s your story?” asked Sully.

Ygg put his head down and muttered something.

“Come on, cough up the goods, Ambril did it, so can you.” Sully cocked her head.

“So where’s Chert?” Ambril asked taking a bite of cookie, glad the spot light had moved away from her.

“Far up in the mountains,” Ygg said as he took a swig of lemonade, “much too far, nought many from me village ever make it out.”

“So why’d you do it?” asked Sully as she lazily played with a leafy vine.

“I wanted to finish school.”

“What do you mean finish school? This is America, everyone has to finish school!” Ambril said.

“ I be nought sure if’n we are part of America truth be told…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 fourteen, you be tested for magic. They tested me and I…” he hesitated for a moment…I failed.” He bent his head, so that Ambril could not see his face. “Now the mines, them are nought nice places.” He shook his head. “Though there warn’t any smoke nor fire down there it be mighty hot and hard to breathe. Miners stay down for hours and hours. Me Da and brothers all went down the mines and became old men over night.” He carefully brushed a purple striped bug from his sleeve, “I didna believe that that was all I was good for. I decided that there be a better way to live, somewhere, somehow. I decided I wouldna go down the mines,” his face hardened as if remembering something painful, “me Mam agreed with me, so I took me pack and I left.”

Ambril was impressed. To leave his home and go out into the world all alone took a lot of strength and courage.

“Mrs. Twid, she be doin this as a favor for me Mam as they be kin. I stay in her extra room and work for her,” Ygg fiddled with his collar.

“So tell us more about the magic stuff you do in your town.” Sully asked eagerly. “Did you clean your room with it or whip up chocolate ice cream out of thin air?”

“We practice Earth-kind magic mostly, like floating or casting for the Glain,” he nodded toward Ambril’s medallion, “Glain’s what that be made of.” Once it be found, the miners bring it up.”

“Do you use magic to rescue people?” Ambril said thinking about the miners trapped underground she’d seen on the news,

Ygg’s face went hard and cold. “Not in Chert, if’n there be a cave-in, they just dig another way.” Ygg had a faraway look in his eyes, remembering something painful. “They focus everything on getting the Glain, as much as they can, as quick as they can.”

There was a stunned silence.

“I can see why you left,” said Sully nodding her head.

Ygg screwed up his face, “still it be me home, I do miss it terrible, especially me Mam.” He looked at Ambril’s medallion hungrily, “that be worth a pretty penny in my neck of the woods. There be no more Glain of that heft to be found, mainly just grains of it buried deep.”

“So you must know something about magic---can you teach us?” beamed Sully excitedly.

Ygg looked startled and then laughed nervously, “me? What makes you think I be knowing anything about magic?”

“Well…the way you were talking, I thought---”

“I failed the magic tests remember?” said Ygg.

Sully looked thoughtful. “At least you know something about it…and then there’s Ambril’s Ashera thingy. Maybe we could figure out how to do it ourselves! I know! Let’s go to the library and look around, they must have something about it there.”

“We could get into a lot of trouble! Magic be powerful stuff.” Ygg exclaimed.

Sully shrugged, “we’ll start small---and work our way into trouble.”

Ambril stole looks at her new friends. Despite telling them about a weird monster that almost ate her and all the stuff about her Dad neither of them showed any sign of high tailing it out of there. She liked the idea of learning about magic; but it would be dangerous doing it themselves. Chao Feng had once told her, ‘baby ducks learn to swim on their own but mama duck teaches them not to make friends with snappy turtles.”

Ygg caught her looking, “bet you’re thinking you’d like to move back to the big city for some peace and quiet,” he yawned and lay back on his bench.

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 but nothing came to her. Then Sully began to snore.

She looked over at Ygg and they grinned.

# Chapter 13 The Dogs of Hell come to Tea

The next few weeks went by quickly for Ambril as she settled in to a routine of school and hanging out with Sully. Ygg joined them when he could and they’d talk about Magic and fiddle with the Ashera. But either the Ashera didn’t seem to be interested in helping them or they were going about it wrong. It remained just an unresponsive pretty stick.

Ambril’s robot, fLit though was…too responsive. He was always in their way, falling into holes and picking fights with dogs. He even refused to switch off even when Ambril pressed the ‘Off’ button twice. She had tried to leave him at home but somehow he’d find a way into her backpack. Ambril considered trading him in to the junk man but knew she couldn’t do it. It had been a gift from Chao Feng.

“You’re coming with me to the Harvest Festival right?” Ambril asked as they walked up to the Gazebo after school toward the end of October.

“Yeah---that is if you want.” Sully sounded hesitant. “My Mom insists on making my costume for me…last year I was a tomato, the year before a bunch of celery. You get the picture, right?”

Ambril grinned. “My Mom’s been really busy helping Betula get her booth ready, she hasn’t even thought about my costume. I may have to go as a lame ghost or something. You know, an old tablecloth with cut outs for eyes.”

Sully’s face lit up. “Can you bring two ghost costumes? That way---if it’s really bad I can just throw a tablecloth over it!”

Ambril’s grinned as she nodded, two stupid ghosts were better than one.

They spread out their snacks on a blanket in the sun to gain as much warmth from the October sun as they could. Her medallion spilled out into the sunshine as she bent over and sprinkled their feast with rainbows.

“Any of Sweetgum’s sandwiches in there? I’m starving.” Ygg bounded up the steps two at a time his bike on its side on the path with the wheels still turning.

“She made four this time, she must have known you were coming.”

“Four huh? That means Ambril and I will have to share one, right?” Sully smirked at him.

Ygg had his mouth full already so just gave her a dirty look. They ate in silence for a while. It had rained for the first time in several months and the grounds smelled fresh and clean. A faint image of a full moon rode high in the sky. Ambril cocked her ear---there was a new sound coming from nearby.

“Do you hear that humming sound?”

Ygg and Sully looked at her and shrugged, “Nope.”

Suddenly her backpack unzipped and fLit emerged carrying her Ashera. Before she could react he dropkicked it toward the lake. Luckily it hit one of the vine wrapped columns and rolled back toward her.

“Knock it off! That’s my Ashera not a football!” Ambril yelled as she scooped it up and stared hammers at the shiny red metal man. But then she stopped and looked at the wooden cylinder in her hand. It was humming. She felt its energy run up her arm.

Sully and Ygg were beside her in a second.

“What did you do?” Ygg asked.

“Nothing. Not a thing I swear.”

“What are those? Have they always been there?” Sully pointed at the top of the cylinder.

Images had begun to glow and rotate slowly around the rim. There was an image of a gryphon, a bird, a dragon, a flower and a three-headed dog.

Sully pointed to the three-headed dog, “isn’t that the Cerberus, you know the Hounds of Hell Pinwydden was telling us about? “What are they doing there?”

Ygg held his hand up to his eyes. “Do you mind putting the Glain away, it be a bit too dazzling.”

“Sorry,” Ambril scooped it up and dropped it under her shirt. Instantly the Ashera stopped humming and the images went dark.

“Bring that out again,” Sully said.

The moment the Ledrith Glain came out in the light the Ashera began to glow and hum again. Ambril tried putting it away and bringing it out again; every time the Ashera started humming the moment the light hit the gem.

“Hendoeth said there was a connection between them. That the Ledrith Glain stored energy and that you could transfer it to the Ashera,” Ambril said excitedly.

Ygg eyed the Ashera, “but why here and why now? If’n you can’t control it, it nought be of use.”

Sully was now squinting up at the sky, “maybe it’s because of the full moon? When’s the fall equinox?”

“That was weeks ago.” Ambril muttered. “I think we’re on the wrong track. Maybe all this talk of magic and playing around with the Ashera has strengthened it somehow.”

Sully and Ygg looked unimpressed, Ambril sighed, they were getting nowhere. Ambril’s eyes hurt from the sparkling gem, she closed her eyes briefly, and just like that everything changed. A curtain of fog rushed in, the world stood still and silent. Ygg and Sully disappeared in the fog. Ambril soon was alone…in the silence and the gray…slowly though she became aware that others were nearby, possibly human but maybe not; present with her in that place.

“Hello!...Um---Excuse me but---where am I? And what have you done with my friends?” she yelled but the swirling fog snatched her words away and replaced them with whispers and shadows. Suddenly a gryphon made of fog lunged at her, making her step to one side. Then a massive gray cat eye taller than herself opened suddenly as a jet of gray flames just missed her ear. A giant gray hawk swooped over her forcing her to duck as vines made of fog grew all around her.

Then…looming above her, as big as an elephant---the fog formed itself into a massive three-headed dog. The heads stared at her as their red eyes glowed, one head tipped skyward and howled a terrible, raging sound, which brought Ambril shivering to her knees her head down. She was sure to be eaten this time. After all they were the Guardians of the Underworld.

But after a bit more quivering on her knees she started to get angry. Exactly why was she going to get eaten? They must have some sense of justice---there was that whole heaven and hell, good and bad thing…she stood up slowly; not wanting to die on her knees anyway. When she raised her head she found the great heads watching her---looking only slightly hungry.

She risked breaking the silence, “you’re the Cerberus, right?”

She immediately wished she could take back her words for as soon as she spoke their name the foggy place began to resonate and thrum. She could feel it moving through the ground, in the air. The fog form of the Cerberus started to firm and thicken into a real being. Before it had fully formed, the Ashera flashed so violently it shocked Ambril out of her trance. She opened her eyes and the world of light and gardens and friends came flooding back.

“Nought the moon, maybe it be the sun AND the full moon togehter.” Ygg said as if nothing had happened.

Far out in the forest came a distant baying of hounds.

“What just happened? Did you see that? It was so weird, I closed my eyes for a second and suddenly I was somewhere else---with the Hounds of Hell.”

Sully stopped squinting at the moon and squinted at her instead, “See what? What are you talking about? You’ve been standing here with us the whole time.” The howls were louder now as the hounds grew closer.

Ygg half turned toward the forest as if only a part of him heard them. “Any more cookies?”

“We---we have to get out of here!” Ambril shrieked as she pointed to the top of the mountains just visible over the wall. Near the top of one Ambril could see the trees sway strangely as if in a high wind and then stop only to have other trees lower down sway in the same way. Something large, perhaps more than one something was barreling through the trees, coming straight at them. The baying of hounds was now punctuated with the sharp, staccato sound of snapping trees and bushes.

“Whoa, what did you do Ambril?” Sully demanded. Even Ygg was paying attention to the sounds of some huge animal coming straight for them.

Ambril felt herself grow cold. It couldn’t really be the Hounds of Hell that were after them could it? After all it was the middle of a sunny afternoon, monsters only came to call during dark and stormy nights right? But she decided not to take any chances, she quickly stuffed her Ashera in her pack and swept up fLit as she started backing toward the bikes wondering how long they could outrun them. The stone wall looked like it could withstand anything, but was it enough for the Cerberus?

“Sully, what do you know about the Cerberus?” asked Ambril anxiously.

“Are you kidding? Don’t you think we should start panicking now? Screaming for help? Running for our lives?” Sully was backing up twice as fast as Ambril and stumbled down the Gazebo steps.

“I think I--accidentally---called them.” Ambril said as she helped her up.

Ygg snorted incredulously, “so the Hounds of Hell be after us---accidentally?”

Ambril felt flatter than a gnat under a snoozing rhino, how could she have put her friends in danger like this? The hounds bayed again, judging by the amount of snorting and growling there was more than one of them.

“How do we call them off?” yelled Ambril over the din.

“I had to write an essay on them for Pinwydden last year---but I barely remember it,” said Sully, her eyes on the wall. “Let’s see…summoned by magic…independent minded…in other words doesn’t mind well…we had a dog like that once…”

As they watched a large Bay tree suddenly toppled over and with a loud boom slammed against the wall, spraying dust and gravel for a hundred feet in all directions and forcing them to cover their heads as dirt and gravel rained down on them. The beasts were there just on the other side of the wall, breathing heavily. Ambril could sense their terrible strength.

“But I don’t remember how to call them off! Maybe we can distract them.”

Ygg snorted, “Yeah, all we be needing is 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 rained down on them with every hit…but the wall held.

“They be the Guardians of the Underworld, why would they be coming for you?” hissed Ygg as he brushed gravel and dust out of his hair, “you murder anyone lately?”

Ambril just glared at him.

“Look we could be making too much of this. Maybe it’s just elephants---or dinosaurs or something…” Sully yelled as a couple of rocks fell from the top of the Wall.

Ygg just gave her a sarcastic look and waited.

“Right, sorry, Cerberus, elephants, dinosaurs---equally strange,” Sully muttered.

There was a scrambling sound as a massive paw shoved a large boulder off the Wall. Then a giant dog’s head, the size of a Volkswagen reared up. Its red eyes glowered at them as it fangs dripped saliva. A jet of flames escaped it’s jaws.

“Niiiccce doggie---Sit boy!” Sully cooed nervously.

Ambril wanted to run but couldn’t seem to move her feet. The dog’s red eyes found her and it paused, panting…it seemed to be waiting for something. Ambril had the strangest feeling it was 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 shrieked. As if sprung from a trap they all sprinted for their bikes, picked them up and slammed down the pathway, pedaling hard for the opening in the underbrush. They took the path fast, not caring if the thorny branches scratched or tugged at their clothes. A few minutes later they shot through the hedge and into the safety of Sully’s front yard. Ambril took her first deep breath in minutes.

“That was scary! Really really scary! Hollywood can throw anything at me now and I won’t even flinch!” Sully hooted as they coasted to a stop in front of the barn.

They all laughed though Ambril had to fake it. She could still feel the Cerberus at the wall…they wanted something…something from her. But what disturbed her more was their connection with her Ashera. She hadn’t thought it would endanger her like that, could she trust it? At the first opportunity she stopped and shoved the wooden tube down to the bottom of her pack.

# Chapter 14 A Ghostly Rutabaga

It wasn’t until the next day before school that Ambril told Ygg and Sully about the deep voice she’d heard in her head--- which lead Ygg to tell her not to go out alone---ever, and Sully to warn her about Dog parks.

Ygg rolled his eyes at Sully.

“What? If I were a dog who wanted to kick some butt that’s where I’d go!” Sully said defensively.

But as the Cerberus hadn’t followed Ambril home or pooped in anyone’s front yard they all forgot about it in their excitement for the Harvest Festival that evening. As soon as she got home, Ambril had commandeered some old tablecloths from the linen closet and was cutting eye holes at the kitchen table when her robot appeared walking trancelike and wearing an old doll head with darkened eye sockets drooling fake blood.

“Let me guess, you’re a---zombie robot!”

fLit stopped and put his hands on his metallic hips.

“JUST a zombie then. So everyone’s supposed to ignore your metal body and the fact you’re only a foot tall?” Ambril asked.

fLit just shrugged.

“You realize you’re not going with me right?”

fLit tossed his doll head which made it swivel around backward and walked away in a huff with the doll head staring vacantly off to the side.

“Look I can’t run around pulling you out of puddles and protecting you from curious dogs or worse tonight---it’s Halloween.” Ambril called after him and shook her head. He was really more of an obnoxious little brother than a toy now. She pondered just how overrated AI was as she finished the last eye hole on the second tablecloth and threw it over her head.

“Eeeek a ghost!” Her mother wandered in with a stack of laundry and a big grin on her face---which she immediately lost when recognized the tablecloths. “Ambril, that was expensive! Why didn’t you ask me?”

Ambril scrambled out from under the cloth, “I asked Mrs. Sweetgum. This one has a huge stain and this one is ripped, see?” She held up the first offense and then the second.

Ambril’s Mom looked only slightly mollified. “Well you could have asked for my help anyway, I hardly see you anymore, you’re always with your friends.”

“You’ve been busy too...besides how many times did you tell me to go out and play with my friends and I couldn’t because I didn’t have any! Now I have some and you complain about that!” Ambril began defensively until she realized that her Mom was right, she had been avoiding her.

The stinky truth was that she had been afraid to confront her about the old boarded up mansion for fear it would stir up more trouble. But just like old cheese stinky truths just keep getting stinkier. Standing there holding her costume for the night, all the frustration and confusion she’d kept hidden away came bubbling up, she couldn’t hold it in any longer.

“Mom, I know about the Mansion, the one that belongs to us.”

Her mother’s face tightened but she said nothing.

“You know what I’m talking about, there’s a Derwyn crest in the living room and and my name scribbled behind the door in my old room…I remembered it the minute I walked in.”

Her mother set the laundry down on the kitchen table and absently smoothed a wrinkle from the top shirt, “how in the world did you---that place has been boarded up for years, Ambril--- did you do break in?”

Ambril just cocked her head at her. “Me and most of Trelawnyd’s homeless.”

“All three of them,” returned her mother then shifted uncomfortably under her daughter’s gaze, “so you went back to Gran’s house,” she said softly.

“She must have left it to you…she raised you.”

Her mother took her time but finally nodded while staring at a spot on the wall.

Ambril screwed up her face. “How could you do that to us Mom! It was really hard sometimes! Sneaking out of dumpy apartments because we didn’t have the rent, living in the van--- and we didn’t have to? Mom! Remember those times we didn’t have enough money for food? All along we could have been living in a mansion---that place must be worth a fortune!” Ambril sputtered angrily.

Her mother went very pale. “I couldn’t sell it---it was impossible to sell it then and ---we couldn’t live here, not then. So---I just---left it,” she said softly.

Ambril was too angry to speak for a long moment.

Her Mom took a deep breath and gathered herself in. “It was a terrible time…I know I could have done it better---I just didn’t know what to do,” she looked Ambril full in the face, “I’m sorry honey, I---I wanted you to have an easier time of it. To not carry it around---knowing what your Dad did…living like we did was hard, I know…but living here---just then---you have to believe me--- would have been much, much harder. The people here---they were so cruel.”

Her mother paused here, Ambril waited hopefully for the truth---the real truth about her very, very different family, and her father. But instead her mother blinked away a tear then tried on a small smile. “The truth is that we’ll never know if staying here would have been best, she raised her chin, “life is better now, you have friends and a lovely home...Zane even seems happier.” She nodded with great finality as she gathered up the laundry again. “How is Gran’s house, is it really bad?”

Ambril tried one more time. “Mom we have to talk about what really happened the night Dad died. He was my Dad, I need to know!”

Her mother’s mouth flattened into a thin line, “rehashing all of that won’t fix anything. We’re moving forward, into this new life.” Her Mom’s face set in that way Ambril knew the Jaws of Life would have no luck with.

Ambril fingered the eyeholes in one of the tablecloths feeling beaten.

Her mother swerved to a new subject, “are you going to the Festival with your friends? If not, perhaps we could go as a family,” her voice, still brittle was overly bright.

“Oh boy, a family outing!” interrupted Zane as he slouched in, “count me out.”

“It would be fun!” Ambril’s mother sounded artificial.

“Not,” Zane grabbed an apple and crunched down on it.

The sounds of Zane’s munching helped mask a heavy silence as Ambril felt the gap widen between herself and her mother. Finally she’d had enough and began stuffing the tablecloths into her backpack. Her mother turned toward the hall.

“Perhaps it’s better you go with your friends, I forgot I’ll be there helping in Betula’s booth---look for me!” Ambril gulped as she watched her mother walk away looking breakable. She hadn’t seen it for a while but Ambril remembered it---it was the way her Mom had looked for most of her childhood.

Zane had stopped munching. Looking over, Ambril found him glaring at her.

“What?”

He jabbed a finger at her as his eyes narrowed, “knock it off!” he hissed.

“I found our old house.”

Zane looked startled but just for a second. “Yeah---so?” He bit down menacingly on his apple. “It doh chage any-ting--- leaf iih alone.” He stared at her a long moment before sliding out the door and away, leaving Ambril alone once again.

In a few minutes Ambril was on her way down the hill too, she managed to cool off a little as she watched the little monsters, vampires, and alien creatures race from house to house. A half hour later found her tucked into the deepening shadows of the Redwoods lining Circle Park, waiting for Sully. Booths had been set up around the stone plaza with a spooky archway of goblins and ghosts off to one side promising a haunted house, a spook alley and games. Ambril could smell pumpkin cookies and apple cider and saw her Mother smiling happily as she chatted with Betula in the Sweet Shoppe booth. At least their argument had created no lasting damage.

“That was the best haunted house ever! Did you see the monster claws next to it?” A small boy yawned as he allowed his mother drag him toward home. The circle stone was rapidly filling with townsfolk. Ambril looked around for Sully.

“Pssst! I’m over here!” came a loud whisper.

Ambril whirled around but saw no one, “where? Come on out.”

She heard a groan, then a large, lumpy creature hopped from behind a tree with Sully’s unhappy face on top. She was wedged into a large, purple-grey sack, tight at the ankles and bulbous at the top. There were green leaves sprouted from her hair and weird, grey tentacles from her body.

Ambril tried hard to keep the smile from her face.

“Your Mom made that? It’s---really interesting…sorry but…what are you?”

“I’m a rutabaga! You mean you can’t tell? Ohhh, this is worse than all the other costumes put together!” Sully looked ready to cry.

“Why didn’t you just tell her you didn’t want to be a vegetable?”

Sully screwed up her face. “I didn’t want to hurt her feelings, she slaves over these things…you should have seen the broccoli costume---she crocheted it…it took her months.” Sully began to wriggle out of the stretchy, lumpy bag. “Did you bring me something? Anything?” she pleaded as she started pulling plastic leaves out of her hair.

“Yeah--- here---you and I are seriously stupid ghosts---but at least no one will be able to tell who we are.”

Sully crammed the rutabaga costume in her backpack, “wonderful! It’ll be great not to be teased tomorrow at school for once. Come on, let’s go!”

“Let’s try the haunted house first,” Ambril said thinking about what the little kid had said.

Sully pulled the tablecloth over her head before joining the crowd under the goblin arch. “Keep your head down---Lance at three o’clock!” Sully hissed. Ambril turned and found Lance with greased hair and a muscle shirt shoving his way through a group of smaller kids, with his gang in tow. Every Halloween there was always one really popular costume. This year it seemed to be a hooded black cloak with a white grinning mask. There were several of them following Lance.

“The one with the lamest costume here gets a special treat!” Lance smiled nastily as he grabbed a skinny boy in a pirate’s costume and hung him by his fake hook hand on the goblin arch.

“Any one for second place?” he grinned evilly, “how about you Tooth Fairy boy! Step up and get your prize!” the bigger boys took off after a hapless kid who was running for his life.

“Let’s get out of here while we still can! I was second place last year!” Sully tugged on Ambril’s arm, “Look lets go to my house. I have the DVD of the Grim Reaper meets the Alien at home. We can trick or treat on the way.”

But Ambril wasn’t listening instead she was staring at a small house with mounds of black cloth draped on either side of it, one huge chicken claw peaked out from beneath it, “you have to meet the haunted house before we go.”

Sully stopped tugging.

“Just follow me!”

The two ghosts slid through the crowd and over to the small house ringed by disappointed kids. A ‘Closed’ sign hung across the front porch. Ambril bumped into a stocky boy with a too small Darth Vader costume on, “sorry---can’t see.”

The boy shrugged and took off his mask. Ygg’s face emerged, streaked with sweat. “Ambril? That must be a sight more comfortable than this thing Miss Fern found in her attic.”

“Leave it off, you look scarier with your hair all spiky like that,” Sully put in.

Ygg frowned at her, then stuck the mask under his arm and ruffled his crazy hair.

“Everyone stand back, we’re experiencing---um---technical difficulties! It won’t be long!” A mummy addressed the crowd from the porch wrapped head to toe in bandages. But one end had come loose exposing nothing but empty space and a couple of strands of twine underneath. Ambril hurriedly beckoned to her friends as she wedged herself through the crowd.

As she squeezed onto the porch she whispered urgently, “your…slip knot is showing Jute!” she grabbed the loose end of fabric and wound it back around its neck, tucking the end in firmly.

“Ambril? So that’s what freaked out that kid!---You’d better go inside, they’re looking over the damage.” Jute whispered just before a mournful groan sounded from above.

“Hey! My son was first! They’re butting in line!” a red faced Mom tried to elbow Ambril back.

Jute held up a cloth covered hand. “M’am you’re son still is first in line, this is---technical support!” he waved Ambril, Sully and Ygg toward the front door before saying, “it won’t be long now folks!”

“Jute, how’d you like to be a lovely root vegetable next year?” Sully fumbled for her backpack but Ambril steered her toward the door before she could pull the costume out, “later!”

“I’m guessing this be---Fowlclun?” Ygg said squinting up at the windows and nearly tripped over the doormat.

“No, really?” exclaimed Sully as she really did trip over the doormat and saved herself by grabbing the brass door knocker, “oops! Sorry about that!” She patted the door knocker and smiled too hard up at the house.

The door knob wiggled back as the whole house giggled making Sully trip again.

Ambril pulled off her sheet as she prodded Ygg forward, “Fowlclun, these are my friends Ygg and Sully,” she whispered to the door.

Fowlclun’s lacy curtains crinkled in response as a hollow cackle echoed around the house. Then the door creaked open on its own. Ambril had to tug her awestruck friends inside.

Poor Fowlclun, thought Ambril, it looked as if a bomb had gone off in the living room, the walls were blackened and a big pot of glowing green goop boiled merrily away in the middle of the room. There were skeletons dangling from the rafters and mummies piled up everywhere. A masked, umbrella winged ghoul swathed in a voluminous black cloak fussed in the corner. Ambril guessed that was Brollie, his umbrella stand seemed to be wedged into a fake monster foot, another one trailed behind him as he stumped back and forth practicing his moans and groans. Parch had folded himself into an origami bat and had draped a wispy white cloth over himself, which smoldered as it trailed behind him. He cheeped eerily at them as he swooped around.

A severed arm trailing red liquid clawed its way toward them over the kitchen table before the cuff on the shirt shifted slightly and Ambril’s saw a pair of bright eyes on a shiny black shaft peer out from underneath it. The hand raised itself and waved a greeting as the cuff shifted downward and Ambril could see Quill’s smiling face. “Hi! What do you think? Are we spooky enough?” She wriggled her feather filled fake hand at her.

“You’re very spooky! You really had me going, is that red ink you’re dripping?”

“Well lookey who turned up!” Hendoeth dressed as a voodoo witch doctor, her face smudged with soot and her hair braided around bones galloped over and gave Ambril a big slap on the back.

“This is Sully and Ygg, guys this is Hendoeth.”

Hendoeth nodded as she sized them up, “glad to know ya!” she gave Ygg a longer look, “it’s unusual to see earth-kind so far from Chert.”

Ygg stared back at her, “I be thinking I’ve seen you somewhere.”

“You could have done--- there’s a junk man in Chert I like to barter with.”

“What happened in here?” Ambril gestured at the fire bombed room.

Hendoeth looked surprised, then she relaxed into a giggle, “that there’s mostly window dressing---Fowlclun likes to get into the spirit of things on Halloween.”

“So this is Fowlclun’s---Halloween costume? That’s a relief but then, why did you shut down?”

But before Hendoeth could answer Quill gasped, “Tweek, you poor thing! One of the kids must have knocked her off her shelf during Brollie’s routine; he gets a little wild at the end.” Quill dove off the table then swept something up with her fake hand then stumped over to Hendoeth. Ambril heard the tinkle of glass as Quill dropped something into Hendoeth’s hand. There were bits of sparkling jewels and one large and slightly damaged one which was carved into a magnificent flower as big as Ambril’s hand. It was missing a few petals.

“Bandersnitches!” said Hendoeth, “not agin! This is a job for Fixit Joe…she’s more broke than not now. I do wonder where he took himself off to.”

Ambril could see the many mended cracks running through the jewel flower.

“Hey it looks just like your medallion.” Sully whispered.

She was right, the stone looked a lot like the Ledrith Glain.

“We’ll just have to do our best I reckon,” the old woman picked up one piece and experimentally tried to find its place. Then she put her face right down to the jewel and bellowed, “Ya O.K. in there, Tweek?”

Ambril jumped when she heard soft bells tinkle in her head as the jewel flower glowed faintly. Hendoeth worriedly nodded. “And that’s all we ever get from you, isn’t it.” She straightened up suddenly and rubbed her hands as she turned and looked at the fireplace.

“Put Tweek in a safe place, Quill, we’ll take care of her later. The real problem is Teg! He nearly roasted Parch earlier, good thing it warn’t one of them kiddies. Give him another good poke with the tongs will you?” she shouted at Brollie who sniffed.

“I’m not fraternizing with that little imp! He singed my cloth right down to the lining the other day!” Brollie said muffled behind his ghoul mask.

Hendoeth snorted, “grumpy are we? All righty then, I will.” The old woman skipped over to the fireplace and started poking around with long black tongs.

Ambril peaked over the back of the sofa and saw something red and scaly was curled up in the fireplace. She stretched enough to see it was a pint-sized gryphon with an eagle’s front half and a lion’s rear end. It appeared to be sound asleep despite the vigorous jabs Hendoeth was giving it. It finally raised its beaked head and yawned a spurt of flames. Hendoeth neatly sidestepped them.

“Hey there Teggy, having a snooze are ya? We need a bit more heat---no, now wait a minute---Teg!” She was cut off by a massive sneeze and an explosion of flames, followed by a funny sort of snap then the fire went out. Hendoeth jumped back but lost her balance and ended up on the floor with her feet waving over a liberal amount of petticoats.

The old woman quickly heaved herself back on her feet and brushed herself off. “Borogoves! He’s gone and sneezed himself away to that ‘in between’ place agin.” The fireplace was empty now the gryphon had vanished, “he’s been sneezing like that more and more.” To the umbrella winged ghoul she said, “ya best git some wood and light a fire the old fashioned way Brollie, no tellin’ how long that fire brand will be gone.”

Brollie created a small, irritating storm with his flapping wings, “Me, why am I always the one!” The umbrella ghoul cried, “ I am HIDEOUSLY flammable, why don’t’ you have Quill do it? She’s---”

“Cuz Quill does just ‘bout everything else around here.” Hendoeth rounded on the seven-foot tall ghoul and stared at it so heatedly it began to wilt.

“No more complainin’ or I’ll sign you up as a test subject for improving the health of cloth eating moths!” Hendoeth hollered.

Brollie shivered under his costume and immediately set to work building a fire.

“There, things’ll be better now... until he sneezes himself back. Ever-one back to your stations, we’re reopening!”

“We’d better go then.” Ambril said as she pulled out her tablecloth and slid it over her head.

“Just one more thing, Ambril,” Hendoeth gave her a sharp-eyed look, “mind you stay safe inside the Wall. There are bad doings out there in the forest. Creatures roaming about out there who don’t wish you well, you hear me?”

Ambril’s stomach clenched as she nodded thinking of Dullaiths and fire breathing dogs. For a little while there she’d almost been able to forget them.

“Just a few more minutes people---Madame, this is your second warning! Jumping the railing will put you at the end of the line!” Jute had both cloth wrapped hands up, trying to ward off the restless crowd.

“Mission Accomplished!” Sully yelled grandly over the crowd, “the haunted house is open for business!”

“Thank the inventor of Velcro!” Jute said sounding greatly relieved under his cloth wrapping as he turned toward the crowd, “listen up, we’ll be sending you through in groups of ten! Not eleven, not nine---TEN! Got it? We’ll do this in an orderly fashion or not at all!” he yelled authoritatively. But the crowd paid no attention to him as they stampeded toward the front door.

Ambril was slammed up against the porch railing and found herself next to Jute who had been momentarily flattened an overeager Mom. He turned his battered cloth face to her, “Finally we’re in the thick of things! Try jumping the railing around the corner, you’ll never get through here.” he said before the crowd bodily picked him up and carried away.

“This way then,” Ygg beckoned to Ambril and Sully as he nudged his way around the corner. The crowd thinned dramatically as they went. By the time they cleared the corner and reached the chimney, the hub-bub of the crowd had receded to background noise.

“We can climb down Fowlclun’s leg from here.” Ambril pointed to the black shrouded mountain of chicken leg next to the railing.

Just then Sully grabbed her arm and whispered, “wait, who’s that?” she pointed toward a cluster of trees near them. The shadows were so dense Ambril had a tough time making out a hooded figure with a grinning mask hunched behind some garbage cans. He seemed to be chanting something as he waved his hands around. Ambril felt an odd frizz in the air, the smell of something rotten hit her at the same time a huge ball of flames exploded above the goblin arch.

There were terrified screams as people raced away from the roiling flames. “Come on!” Ambril jumped the railing, landing on one of Fowlclun’s massive claws, then hopped to the ground.

There was a surprised caw from the house.

“Sorry Fowlclun!” Ambril yelled back then ran straight into the well tailored back of Feldez.

“What the---watch where you’re going!” he sputtered as he recovered from a graceless stumble. “I should have known it was you Ambril as you always seem to be in the wrong place at the wrong time!” he fumed. His eyes narrowed accusingly as his hand clamped down on her shoulder then dragged her out of the way of the terrified mob.

But Ambril was too preoccupied with the smoke now forming over the archway to answer. Feldez turned to follow her gaze just in time to see the smoke shape itself into the head of a Dullaith. The yawning mouth opened slowly as its glowing eyes stared sightlessly down at them.

“Get out of here! NOW!” Feldez commanded as he shoved her roughly aside before striding purposefully toward the now smoldering archway.

Ambril stumbled then sprawled in the dirt just as Sully and Ygg ran up.

“What happened?” Sully demanded.

Ambril just pointed as she shrugged off her backpack and unzipped it, she had to get to her Ashera fast praying it wouldn’t accidentally call the Cerberus again.

“Holy smoking cow skull!” hissed Sully.

“By the Glain---that be---a Dullaith right?” Ygg’s jaw dropped in awe.

But Ambril stopped to squint up at the monster, “No---no look, it’s breaking up.” The smoky head above them was now losing its shape as the hot air from the fire below swirled around it relentlessly. In a few moments it had vanished completely.

Ambril got to her feet. “Thank whatever God you think is responsible that it’s not a real one, because someone would be dead right now if it was.” Ambril watched the fire fighters run up with their hoses at the ready. Just before the hoses blasted Ambril saw Feldez bending over a circle of glowing symbols just under the archway. Just as Bob had done on the playground, Feldez flicked his wrist and the symbols rolled neatly into a glowing tube which Feldez then collected. He unbent himself and walked quickly away through the crowds leaving the fire fighters to their work.

# Chapter 15 Traipsing through the Archives

“I don’t care if you don’t believe it, I KNOW Feldez is mixed up in this somehow!” Ambril said angrily.

The three friends were sitting on the swings after lunch the next day discussing last night’s adventure.

“Look, we were there---and saw the guy waving his arms around in the forest. It wasn’t Feldez!” Sully countered.

“Maybe the guy we saw just had indigestion! We don’t know for sure that he was raising the Dullaith. Who else has been right there for every Dullaith appearance? Feldez is in on it somehow, I just know it.” Ambril knew she sounded like a stubborn child but everything pointed to Feldez.

“We nought be getting anywhere arguing like this, besides I got somut’ to---”

But Sully wasn’t listening, “It could have been anyone really, everyone and their brother had one of those robes and grinning masks on last night.”

Ambril sighed, “Look, let’s meet after school at the Gazebo---”

“Listen, there be something wrong about Trelawnyd that I’m---”

“We can’t go to the Gazebo tonight,” Sully cut in again, “we have to get those detention papers written for Ms. Breccia, remember?”

Ambril groaned, what had she done this time? Oh yeah, swallowed too loudly.

“Let’s go straight to the Library after school and knock them out. While we’re there maybe we can try to find out more about Dullaiths and stuff, then---”

“THERE BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE OLD PEOPLE HERE!” Ygg glared at Sully, “and if’n some of us would just listen for a sec, I’ll tell ya about it.”

Sully sighed and folded her arms.

Ygg continued. “The old people are---well older all of a sudden.”

“Yeah? Old people are like that,” Sully said smugly, “they get older every day.”

“Nay, nay,” said Ygg drawing his eyebrows together. “There be something really wrong. The old people I’m making deliveries to are acting---different, like they be all sickly from the same thing at the same time…like an epidemic,” his voice trailed off, “the only one who’s still herself, is Miss Fern.”

There was a pause as the three friends considered this.

“So, it’s just the people you make deliveries too?” asked Ambril.

“I dunno if’n there are others, but come to think of it, Miss Fern makes her own home remedies, she didn’t take to Sunset Tea.” Ygg grimaced, “I nought know why anyone would. People in Chert would call Mrs. Twid a Quoocker.”

“We call them Quacks,” said Ambril just avoiding a smile.

“So her stuff may not do any good but it doesn’t mean there’s something wrong with it, “reasoned Sully, “do you have deliveries to make today?”

Ygg shook his head.

“Why don’t we go straight to the Library after school, bang out these silly detention papers and then go see Miss Fern tomorrow. Maybe she’ll have some ideas.”

Ygg screwed up his face to consider this before nodding.

The bell rang and they all jumped off the swings and pointed themselves toward the school building.

Sully cocked her head. “Fern may even know something 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? Are you talking ‘Secret Nerd Code?”

His friends jeered loudly. “Good one!” said the one with the unibrow. Tiana and her two friends, all dressed in pink, were just in front of them, checking their makeup in their compact mirrors.

Tiana snapped her mirror shut the minute she caught sight of Ygg. “Hi! You sure can throw, are you going out for the baseball team?”

Ygg was suddenly shy, “I had’na thought about it.”

She winked at him as she snapped her gum, “I’d cheer for you if you did.”

Ygg blushed and shoved his hands deep in his pockets just as the second bell rang and they had to run for class. Ambril smirked as she noticed Lance looking angrily at Ygg and then at Tiana. For a moment she thought there might be trouble but the rest of the day passed uneventfully. Before Ambril knew it school was over and they were running up the steps of the Library. The quiet, cool of the Library felt welcoming as Ambril held the door for two elderly women. One nodded as her white hair tested the air currents.

Her friend chattered as she struggled with her glasses. “I was shocked to see it, plain as day, ‘For Sale’, right in the front window!” she raised a quivering hand dramatically. “Whatever could be the reason? Flood’s Shoes has been there since my mother was a child!”

“Daisy is feeling her age, I expect,” Her friend answered, “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 handbag and prepared to follow her friend down the stairs. “I hear Crystal Twid wants it!”

The first turned around and peered up at her friend. “Lord, save us! We’ll have nothing but cheap, overpriced shoes in there then. We’ll have to go all the way to Moon Bay for every pair of shoes!”

The door swung shut. Thoughts of Twid and the Shoe store flew out of Ambril’s mind as she inhaled the odd, enticing smell Libraries all seem to have---the dusty smell of possibilities. Ygg and Sully were arguing over the Library floor plan so Ambril decided to look around. She wandered over to a display case filled with town memorabilia. There were many old trophies with dings in them as if the sport had continued after the trophies had been handed out. Dignitaries smiled out of yellowed photographs accepting this award or that. She was about to turn away when something caught her eye. It was a small plaque featuring two men solemnly shaking hands. One of the men Ambril had rarely seen smile. Underneath she read:

**The Dragon Crest was awarded to Dr. Feldez Petri this year in commemoration of a courageous deed. Trelawnyd residents wish to express their gratitude to Dr. Petri for quelling a disturbance at Old Council Hall during which a life was regrettably lost but the town was saved.**

“Step back you!” A large squat woman with multi-layered jowls barreled toward Ambril, “you kids and your grimy fingerprints! I just cleaned that!”

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 as she pushed her aside, “you’re New Family, aren’t you,” she nodded knowingly as she briskly wiped down the glass, “I should have known.”

“I’m just here to return this book, NOT to pay the fine, you see it’s my broth---” Ambril turned to see Riley and a librarian with wire rimmed glasses grappling with a pile of books in Riley’s arms.

“I’m sorry but SOMEONE has to pay these fines!” said the Librarian angrily, “I can’t let you take out another book until they are paid in full!”

“But they’re my brother’s fines,” pleaded Riley, “not mine! He used my card because he lost his!” he tried to wrench his books away.

The librarian pursed his lips but let the boy pull away, “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 next time.”

“Next time right, I’ll tell Lance,” Riley turned 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 but I think we want the Archives.” Sully towed Ambril over to the map of the Library, “Dr. Afallen,” Sully read off the map, he’s the Town Historian,” she pointed to a small office near the Archives, “maybe he could get us started.”

The large librarian with the jowls sniffed at them from behind her desk as she rearranged her nameplate it read, ‘Mrs. Tittle’, “Dr. Afallen isn’t here every day due to budget cuts. But it’s Thursday? You’re in luck,” she pointed a slightly crooked finger to the stairwell, “down the stairs, then just follow the signs.”

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 hanging on the wall.

“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 toolbox and a ‘Hi my name is Steve’ label on his shirt.

At last they came to a nook where a messy desk sat in front of a set of double doors. A buzzing fluorescent tube lit a sign taped to the desk: ‘Trelawnyd Town History’. A teapot boiled briskly on a hotplate sitting crookedly on a stack of books. Ambril was immediately drawn to an iron bound glass case mounted on one wall. It was filled with an odd assortment of things. Ambril caught her breath when she saw a familiar black box, it was labeled,

**The Morte Cell**  
**In years past it was thought this box could transfer life energy from one magical being to another, often resulting in an indescribably painful death.**

Under the dull glare of the florescent light Ambril got a closer look at it and could see it was carved beautifully just like her Ashera but the stories told in images were much darker. Ambril shivered remembering the fairy inside and his expression of misery and pain. Next to the Morte Cell was a beautifully ornamented dagger. It had a blade which snaked to a dangerous point and glowed a deep purple. There was a metal cup the size of a doll’s tea cup chained to it.

**The Dorcha Blade**

**A dark magic tool capable of rending magical beings in two. It inflicts a deadly curse with every incision. The Dorcha chamber captures raw physical life energy allowing the blade wielder to use it without fear of injury.**

“That be the box you were tellin’ us about then?” Ygg pointed to the Morte Cell.

Ambril nodded vaguely still puzzling over the Dorcha chamber---was it the cup attached to it? It looked too small to hold much of anything.

“---Yes those are the latest codes,” a voice came through the double doors, Ambril recognized it as the voice belonging to the man she had seen talking with Koda after the fire. “That is correct, all the new 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 were then treated to loud, off-key humming.

“Dr. Afallen?”

“Oof!” There was the sound of books falling as a tiny man with a fluffy white beard peeked through the doorway. His surprise changed to delight immediately, “visitors on a Thursday? Wonderful!” he darted through the doorway and started bustling around tidying his desk then scurried around his desk and dusted off an old, sagging sofa with the sleeve of his jacket, “please have a seat,” he said bobbing a welcome.

The three sat down gingerly then slid together in a lump as the sofa sagged even more.

“Would you like some tea?” Dr Afallen asked as he anxiously jiggling the kettle.

“No thanks,” Ambril said trying to scramble up to the edge of the seat and failing, “we just need some help.”

“What can I do for you?” said the little man as he smoothed out his rumpled collar then plunked down in his chair.

We have to---” began Sully then she added hastily, “Or rather we’re *excited* to do an essay about the founding of Trelawnyd,” she smiled hard at him. “We were wondering if you had any---interesting reference materials?”

“Ah!” Dr. Afallen’s eyebrows went up. “I’m not allowed to discuss *everything* 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 turned to a nearby stack, rummaged around and brought out three shiny books, “here they are,” he said as he shoved them across his desk, “it’s the approved history of Trelawnyd.”

Ambril read the cover, ‘Trelawnyd, Our Noble Heritage’. It looked exactly like something Ms. Breccia would approve of, boring, boring and more boring. “Thanks but do you have something---that might explain a little more about what’s inside that case?”

Dr. Afallen sat up straighter as he followed her eyes. Then he pointed to the bulletin board again and said ruefully, “the items in the display case are about to be placed in our new high security vault. I’m not even allowed to talk about them. In fact this book is all I can let you check out.”

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 that it’s all fairy tales. I’ve no doubt that without proper supervision---the contents of the Archives would quickly be disposed of.”

“Well, what if you just gave us a bit of a tour? Ya wouldna’ have to talk about anything 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 are truly interested, are you?” he asked hopefully, “you’re not just here to make fun of all of this?” He leaned forward eagerly.

“We want to learn the truth about Trelawnyd,” Ambril said.

Dr Afallen nervously shuffled papers as he muttered, “I have to be so careful, you see, especially now,” he stroked his beard, “then again this knowledge must be passed on…” then his eyes closed, Dr. Afallen was silent for so long that Ambril wondered if he had fallen asleep when his head jerked up. “I’m sorry,” he said apologetically, “I simply can’t risk it, not now.”

They were crestfallen, Ambril especially. Would she ever know the truth about her family’s heritage? And what about the Dullaiths? Would they come for her again? And the Ashera…the Ashera!

Hesitantly she unzipped her backpack and pulled out the wooden tube. Could she trust him with it? He looked trustworthy---but not all bad guys had big teeth and breath that smelled like it could take the paint off your bike. Still she had to try something, “maybe you can help us with this then,” she said timidly as she handed him her Ashera.

Dr. Afallen twinkled as he took the Ashera reverently his mouth a big ‘O’ of delight. He drew in his breath sharply then madly went through his desk drawers until he found a bent pair of wire-rimmed glasses. “Let me see, what do we have here,“ his face brightened as brought it an inch from his nose, “lovely, lovely, it’s done in the ancient way with—look!---strings of Ogam!...the Latin was added later… interesting, very intriguing.” 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 found that one!” he chuckled as he slid it back in place. “There are others? I’m sure there are, an Ashera of this age holds many secrets.”

Ambril was on the edge of her seat, “Age? How old is it?” she asked curiously.

Dr. Afallen looked up so quickly she jumped, “It is ancient, hundreds if not thousands of years old…probably closer to thousands. These symbols tell its history.” He said pointing at the decorative lines swirling around the cylinder. He looked at Ambril appraisingly as he fingered the engravings 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 shared a common belief, which brought them here. It’s a good thing they fled the old country when 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 founding families believed their---knack---would strengthen if they worked together and combined their energies,” his eyebrows rose to new heights as he nodded, “quite revolutionary for that time. Most magic-kind back then believed that the purity of their lineage made them stronger so each family kept apart from the others. Unfortunately for them, remaining apart made it easier for them to be hunted down, captured, and exterminated.”

He turned the Ashera to better scrutinize the emblem on the top, “this is the Derwyn family crest,” he cleared his throat and squinted at the writing around the edge. “*ut supremus sic subter supter*,” he mumbled softly, “‘As Above, So Below’, it’s a reference to the Great Tree of Life. A belief many people of the ancient lands believed, that all life is interconnected, knitted or woven together. Do you see how the branches of this Derwyn Oak are entwined with the roots? It’s hard to tell where one ends and the other begins, you see? He settled back in his chair with a satisfied smile. “To find out the reason this Ashera has come into your life will require really looking into your family’s history,” his eyebrows rose slowly, “is that the real reason why you’re here?”

“Well that and the detention essays due tomorrow,” added Sully.

“Use these for your penance,” He rapped one of the shiny books with his finger, his eyes reluctantly straying to the bulletin board, “as for the rest…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 his teapot, “are you Bren and Tylia’s daughter?”

Ambril started, “yes, I am.”

Dr. Afallen’s bright eyes crinkled as he handed back the carved tube. Then he scooched to the edge of his seat and peered at Ambril over his spectacles, “this is 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 more excuses to destroy what little we have left. It isn’t just you who would be at risk,” then he smiled and said in a softer tone, “But I do have some things here that might be of service to you.” Abruptly he pulled a leather pouch from his desk drawer and opening the display case he carefully took out the Morte Cell and the Dorcha Blade, “I must take these items to the new vault anyway. He swiftly wrapped them in what looked like an old argyle socks and stowed them in the pouch before strapping it on. Then he grabbed a lantern from the wall and shouted “follow me!” as he scurried through the double doors.

It took a while for the three to scramble up from the depths of the sofa, Ambril just caught the tip of Dr. Afallen’s jacket as it disappeared down a winding stone stair just beyond the double doors. The stairs narrowed as they descended so much that Ambril had to hunch over to make it down the last few steps. At the bottom she straightened then gasped as she took in the view.

To call the Archives a large room would have been silly, it was a cavern, with rough hewn stone walls and veins of gleaming metal catching the lantern light. There was a gray, basement sort of daylight coming from somewhere toward the back which gave form to the walls rising so high that the light couldn’t reach the ceiling. There were stacks and piles and disorderly rows of everything you could imagine and a lot you couldn’t which marched off into the gloom.

Ambril caught sight of Dr. Afallen waving impatiently just before he disappeared down a nearby aisle. “Come on or we’ll lose him!”

“We’d better not do that, getting lost in here might be---fatal.” mused Sully as she stared up at a stuffed two headed Polar Bear.

Ambril was the first to catch up to the little man and his bobbing lantern as he zoomed down one corridor and then up another muttering to himself as he paused to sift through the shelves. 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, then.”

“Yes, my Mom told me lots of stories about growing up with her Gran.”

Dr. Afallen’s glasses reflected the lantern light swinging drunkenly from his arm. “I’ve lived long enough to have known several generations of your family. Rosa was my good friend. Her mother made the best ginger cookies in town! But my she could scold! Especially if you were caught sneaking peaches from her prize trees!” he blinked owlishly at her, “we snuck a lot of peaches together! Then later, I taught both your parents in school.” He paused here to stare down a particularly gloomy hallway, “your father had such an inventive mind,” he chuckled, “always joking!”

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, preoccupied with Feldez and the wedding, rarely talked about her Dad.

“Wait up!” Ygg raced up with Sully following, wheezing slightly and holding her side, just as they walked into a pool of light showcasing a shiny metal vault looking out of place all decked out in high tech locks.

“Now this won’t take a moment!” said Dr. Afallen. As he busily spun one lock around, stuck his finger in another, then had his eye scanned---twice. Finally, the heavy metal door slid open and revealed several sock bundles, stacks of papers and a few boxes. Dr. Afallen took off his pouch and laid it carefully on the middle shelf before heaving the door closed. The locks clicked and snapped and dinged for several seconds until a green light blinked at them: ‘RESTRICTED , KEEP OUT, ALARM WILL SOUND’. Dr. Afallen looked relieved, “That should do it!” he said as he prepared again to launch himself down another corridor.

“Is that where all the information about Dullaiths is?” Ambril asked looking back longingly.

Dr. Afallen stopped midstride, then swiveled to examine her face for a long moment a harsh look sharpening his features before he collected himself, “how silly of me, of course you would know of the Dullaiths, because of your father,” he patted her arm consolingly, “he was a good man, your father.”

Ambril felt wooden. “You know, I don’t really know how my father died.”

Dr. Afallen appeared shocked, “you mean your mother hasn’t shared that with you? I suppose she means to protect you---yes.” Dr. Afallen squeezed her arm, “I should talk with your mother before showing you anything, but--- perhaps I can show you something.”

He started off once more. They entered a part of the archives which appeared much older, some of the shelves were actually hewn out of the rock. The cobwebs were so thick in places it was hard to tell what was underneath. Soon things started to get really weird, they picked their way through a giant chess set of alien beasts and scrambled over a mountain of hair, which turned out to be a Mastodon lying on its side. A plant licked Ambril’s ear then snarled at Ygg as they paused at one intersection and Sully nearly lost her shoe in a puddle of quicksand in the middle of another aisle.

Finally Dr. Afallen exclaimed, “Ah here we are!” As he stopped in front of a rack of wooden crates and dusty cardboard boxes labeled ‘DO NOT PURGE! PERSONAL!! AFALLEN’. Dr. Afallen rolled up his sleeves and then without warning pitched himself into one of the larger crates and dragged out several intriguing books.

One seemed to be fashioned out of crystal. He heaved it with difficulty onto a nearby shelf. “My, I haven’t looked at this one in years, positively years!” he exclaimed as he lovingly wiped it with his sleeve.

Ambril peeked over his shoulder, etched in the glittering stone were the words: ‘The Troll Uprising’. Dr. Afallen motioned to Ygg. “Here, this might interest you. It tells the story of your ancestors and the reason they fled to Chert.”

Ygg stared at him his mouth open. “How did you know I was from Chert?”

“Simple, young man! Your accent! Your face! 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 man with too much hair and not enough teeth.

“Ah thanks…I think,” Ygg mumbled as he took the heavy book from him.

“Here my dear, this one is for you. It lays bare the complex and not terribly nice traits of the Tilwith Teg.” Dr. Afallen handed Sully a book made entirely of leaves, titled: ‘The Infamous Fairy Rebellion’. “The illustrations are…illuminating to say the least.” Dr. Afallen winked.

As Sully cracked the book open the room instantly filled with brilliant multicolored lights. She was entranced.

He turned to Ambril. “And this is for you.”

He handed her an ordinary scrapbook. “Alas this local paper which reported on the magical elements of our fine community, succumbed to fire nearly nine years ago; its archives were completely destroyed. This is a personal collection of articles I have collected over the years. A few of them contain information about your father,” Dr. Afallen’s eyebrows drew together as he said this, “as I said before, not all of us believed what was written about him.”

Ambril slid to the floor cross-legged as she opened it.

“Now, I can’t possibly let you take away these books, you’d be arrested.” He nodded fondly at the book in Sully’s lap. ”However, you may 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! I’ll be back to collect you in fifteen minutes or so,” he tripped lightly down the corridor and was gone.

“Mmmmm, uh huh,” mumbled Sully as she squinted at her book. The lights pulsed blue and green now, “any one got any sun glasses?”

The three friends read in silence, the only sound being the rustle of pages.

The scrapbook in Ambril’s lap was labeled, ‘Four Family Journal’ She opened it and found it packed with yellowed newspaper clippings of magical doings dating back many years. Ambril spotted a young Dr. Afallen receiving his diploma from Harvard and picked him out in various group pictures of unsmiling men and women posing with serious looking plaques and decrees. But there were also some where he appeared more relaxed, smiling and laughing among friends clearly celebrating something. She thought she recognized a much younger Mrs. Flood with her arm around a comfortable looking man in front of the shoe shop and a painfully thin Mrs. Twid receiving a trophy for broad jumping as a teenager. Ambril didn’t stop to read any of the articles, she was so anxious to find something about her Dad. She was half way through the book when she turned the page when she spied her family looking out of a yellowed newsprint image--- her mother and father smiled as they held hands with a little girl and boy in front of an old garage. The caption read:

**Dr. Silva gets a visit from his young family while working on his latest project GERN: Generating Energy in Rhythm with Nature.**

Her Father looked confident and relaxed, gone were the worry lines around her Mother’s eyes. There seemed to be a settled balance in the way they stood, leaning in toward each other. Ambril, the toddler in pigtails, stared apprehensively at the camera while Zane stuck his tongue out. They had been a typical family then…before everything fell apart. She looked at the picture long and hard before reluctantly turning the page. There were many more articles showing an aging Dr. Afallen. She was nearing the end of the book when she found it, at first glance it was nothing special, just a picture of a blackened room with a domed ceiling. But the headlines screamed:

**Trelawnyd Terrorized, A Monster Returns**

**Terror struck the hearts of Trelawnyd villagers last night when an ancient demon called a Dullaith was unleashed near Circle Park. Bren Silva, who was working on a mysterious energy project, had secretly been dabbling in dark magic. Last night he went too far and lost control of an ancient demon, a Dullaith. Feldez Petri, an associate of Dr. Silva was able to bring the demon under control but not before it consumed the life of Bren Silva. Mr. Petri was seriously injured in the process though his Physician 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 town.”**

Ambril stared numbly at the headlines in disbelief. It sounded as if her Dad had not only battled the Dullaith but that he also brought the Dullaith to life. So this was the dark secret no one would talk about. No wonder her Mom had left.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of leaves being blown by a swift wind. Sully had closed her illuminating book. The aisle reverted instantly to gloomy, “I can’t read any more of this, what snobs fairies are! Always talking about “Pure” blood…yuk.” she rose and crammed the book back in the cubby Dr. Afallen had taken it from. Still fuming she began to pace up and down the corridor until she stopped in front of another bookshelf. Slowly she pulled out a very worn, very old book. The binding crackled and moaned as she pried it open and slid down beside Ambril. Ambril could see it was written mostly by hand or by many hands, some in old, scrolly script and other parts in neat print. Sully leafed through the first few pages, “I think it’s some kind of history book, but with recipes.”

“A magic journal you mean? They be common in Chert.” Ygg muttered not looking up.

“Yeah---hey! There’s a whole section here on the Elixer of Life! Ponce de Leon would have given his eye teeth for this!---and a recipe for Love Potion #9!” crowed Sully as she sat down and buried her nose in her new find.

Ygg growled still reading his glittery book, “Moroz was one bad dude. Here it says he enslaved the Earth-kind miners and tricked them out of their profits. But the miners weren’t having any of that after awhile. A bunch of them got free and ran for the hills where they founded my hometown of Chert,” Ygg mused, “it says here that the Tylwith helped Moroz do this---then Moroz turned around and tricked them too! So then most of the Fairies left and settled in the forest---that’s why they’re called Forest Fairies.”

“He must have driven half the town away! No wonder everyone is so suspicious of magic users!” Sully exclaimed.

Ygg looked sad. “It’s a shame, all this magic, bottled up for years. No wonder people be funny about it! Unused magic can turn you mean inside.”

Sully sighed her agreement, “just think of how great it would be if we could learn to wave our hands around to brush our teeth and zap our zits away!”

Ambril was only half listening by then, she had gone back to looking at the picture of her family.

“No! 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’ll have to call security if you don’t—“NOOOO!” Suddenly, an explosion rocked the entire building followed by the braying of fire alarms. Ambril covered her ears and hunkered down as she was showered by old maps and books as the shelves swayed dangerously on either side of them. A small stuffed gryphon raked Ygg with its talons as it fell to the ground. Ambril hastily grabbed her backpack and jumped to her feet, which was a mistake. The room soon filled with smoke, fuzzing the blinking exit light and making it hard to breathe.

Ambril hunched down again and squinted down the direction they had come, “Dr. Afallen!” The smoke began to thicken forcing Ambril to cover her mouth with her sleeve.

“You go for help, we’ll see if Dr. Afallen is O.K.” Ygg said to Sully.

Sully nodded and scuttled toward the exit sign.

“This way,” Ygg was suddenly beside her as she clambered over a large pile of four fingered gloves and shoved a dress made entirely of harp strings twangily out of the way. Ygg crouched low as he walked. “The air’s a little better down lower.”

Ambril was nearly on all fours all ready. After many wrong turns Ambril squeezed around a listing bookshelf and her eyes widened in horror, “Dr. Afallen!”

Just ahead she could see Dr. Afallen lying inert near what a few minutes before had been the shiny new vault. It hung crazily from one hinge as smoke streamed out from the half open door. Ambril crawled crab-like over to Dr. Afallen. He was bruised in several places the worst being a large bump on his right temple. Ambril heaved a sigh of relief when she saw he was breathing.

The shush of a fire extinguisher erupted a few feet away.

Ygg, extinguisher in hand, was fanning the smoke away from the now blackened vault, “it warn’t much of a fire, it be out now.”

Ambril took off her sweatshirt and pillowed the old man’s head with it.

“He be needing a doctor,” said Ygg as he knelt down beside Ambril.

“Dr. Afallen can you hear me?” she touched his shoulder and wondered if his face could get any paler. The old man seemed to sink deeper into unconsciousness as they watched. Ambril risked a quick look around and saw the new vault had been cleaned out, the pouch with the Morte Cell and the Dorcha Blade was gone. “Do you think the person who did this might still be around?” she whispered.

“I wish! I’d like to give ‘em a piece of my mind I would, for doing this to a nice old guy like him.”

The old man suddenly moaned and moved his head.

“Just relax Dr. Afallen, Sully went for help.” Ambril said.

His eyelids flickered. “Sully, who is Sully?” the old man’s eyes flew open and fastened quizzically on Ambril.

“Who did this Dr. Afallen?”

“Who did what? Where am I?---Who---am I?” He looked closely at Ygg, “have we met sir? You remind me of---Chunnel.” Then the Doctor’s eyes slowly closed as he lost consciousness again. His head listed to one side just as the rumble of booted feet and yellow slickers surrounded them.

“I’ve a good mind to lock you in your room and not let you out again,” said a familiar clipped voice, Ambril turned to see Feldez glaring at her. He motioned her aside as a Doctor knelt down with his stethoscope.

“That’s them! That’s them!” Miss Tittle, the Librarian shrieked as she ran up and stabbed a finger toward Ygg and Ambril. “Those are the malicious thugs I was telling you about!” she continued yelling, “they were eyeing the priceless trophies in the lobby first---then they asked for directions to the Archives!”

“Priceless?” snorted Ygg, “those things?”

But the Librarian was too busy wringing her hands to listen, “to think I directed them to this treasure trove! These hoodlums should never have been allowed in here, it’s against regulations, I’m sure they muscled their way past poor Dr. Afallen…you brutes!” The Librarian’s mouth was practically lathering as she pointed her finger at them again, “they’re all New Family,” she nodded knowingly toward Ambril, “You can tell by their beady little eyes!”

Sully was suddenly beside them.

“Chief Buckthorne? These are my friends,” she was talking to a thick-necked man in a rumpled suit who had quietly shouldered his way through the crowd. “We were researching a couple of history papers when the explosion happened.”

Chief Buckthorne took a quick look at Dr. Afallen, “get this man to a hospital.” Two med-techs came through with a stretcher. Buckthorne gave a curt nod to Feldez who had unfolded himself to tower over everyone, “go with him Feldez.”

Feldez gave Ambril a hard stare then swept away behind the stretcher.

Buckthorne turned to Deputy Skarn who stood at square-jawed attention behind the Chief, “we’re gonna need some tea,” he said jerking his head toward the frantic librarian, “lots of tea.”

Then 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---?”

“We went over to the floor plan of the Library, then we---” Sully picked up the story and was off. 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 it again and again.

Skarn came back and efficiently offered them very sweet smelling tea. Ambril took a tiny sip but then made a face. The sweetness couldn’t disguise the sewer-like aftertaste.

“It’s good for you,” said Skarn and showcased his perfect teeth with a cheesy grin. “Sunset Tea, drink up!”

Ygg stiffened next to her, “it be Twid’s stuff, don’t drink it,” he whispered.

Skarn watched them closely. “Come on now, drinky drinky!”

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 stuff down?” she whispered as Skarn turned around long enough for them to empty their cups into a plastic plant.

Ambril gagged at the thought.

“Old people don’t taste so well,” whispered Ygg, “Mrs. Twid banks on that.”

Chief Buckthorne continued grilling them, this time 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 wearily to his feet.

“Can you kids find your own way home?” he said as he tugged on his belt.

Gratefully the three friends nodded to him then walked quickly under the blinking exit light and out into the twilight.

# Chapter 16 Mrs. Twid’s Sunset Tea

Ygg grunted as he jumped on his bike, “glad that’s over, tomorrow then,” he called back at them as he slid into traffic.

“Yek! I still taste that awful tea,” Sully rubbed her tummy just before she shoved off.

“Ambril! What happened?” It was her mother who had just pulled up in a shiny new SUV. “Feldez called and said you had gotten mixed up in something!” Her mother jumped from the car and tugged up the back door. “Let’s get the bike in then I want to hear ALL about it.”

They awkwardly maneuvered her bike in the back then jumped into the front seats. It had that new car smell, much better than the smell of stale Cheerios that their old van just couldn’t shake, “nice wheels Mom, did you get it today?”

“Don’t change the subject! But yes, Feldez picked it out, you like it?”

Ambril nodded, though she liked it less knowing that Feldez had selected it. Then she told her Mom what she’d just told Chief Buckthorne. As she talked she thought about how good she had gotten at keeping secrets, holding back the truth. The thought made her sad. The growl of Ambril’s stomach spoiled the symmetrical tick of the car’s blinker as it turned and purred its way up the hill. But when the car slowed to a stop, her mother ominously grabbed her arm.

“I know when you’re holding back something, Ambril…you used to tell me everything. When did that change?” she said sadly, “now I want to hear it 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, of course her mother had seen right through her. But what could she really tell her? Zane would try to roast her over hot coals if she upset her Mom again and what proof did she have that Feldez was wrong through and through?

Her mother’s jaws remained rigid. “Ambril, I need to know NOW.”

Ambril cleared her throat, “Mom, it’s not like we’re planning to rob a bank or anything...in school we’ve been talking about the old stories and we---we just got curious and ended up in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

But her mother’s eyes narrowed, still not convinced, “what old stories?”

“You know the ones about how the town was founded millions of years ago by fairies and trolls and stuff,” Ambril let her voice trail off, hoping she had said enough.

She was heartened when her mother relaxed a little, “those are just stories,” her Mon said firmly, “when I was your age, my Grandmother came to me and told me all about the fabled Derwyn family heritage. It was exciting---at first.” Her mother’s knuckles whitened as she gripped the steering wheel tightly. “But I learned the hard way that it’s best to not believe in some things, no matter how wonderful they sound. They can get you into trouble and hurt your friends, your family, even yourself…trust me on this it’s better to believe they’re just fairy tales,” she stared unseeing at the dashboard as she eased her door open, “just stick to the facts, it’s easier.”

“Where have you been? I’m hungry,” it was Zane in his usual foul mood standing on the doorstep, “Mrs. Sweetgum won’t let me eat without you because it’s impolite or some tripe, so can we get started, like before midnight?”

“Yeah, I’m starved,” Ambril said relieved for once to be interrupted by her big brother, she slid out of her seat and raced inside. There was salad, and heaps of steaming pasta on the table, plus slices of ripe melon. It smelled delicious. She almost felt sorry for Zane, driven half mad by all the good smells while he waited for them; she splashed her hands and face with soap and water and took her seat.

“I’m just going to put some nuts out for the squirrels,” Mrs. Sweetgum 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 body wanted.

“What’s the matta wif oou?” mumbled Zane his mouth full of meatball, “normally, you eat more tha’ me.”

“Not possible,” she countered watching Zane help himself to seconds.

“Honey you don’t look well,” her mother put her cool hand on Ambril’s forehead and frowned, “it’s probably all of the excitement, 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 then slid gingerly between the sheets. What a lousy day. She closed her eyes and groaned when she remembered she still had to write a detention paper. She reached for her backpack and pulled out the shiny ‘Approved History of Trelawnyd’ book. It was written in typical textbook speak, going on and on about ordinary things and leaving out the juicy bits. She sighed as she flipped through the glossy pages.

There was a soft knock on Ambril’s door, it slid open and Mrs. Sweetgum stepped in, smiling over a steaming tray.

“Sorry but I don’t think I can eat anything,” Ambril turned slightly green just thinking about it.

Mrs. Sweetgum peered at Ambril’s face as she trotted over and handed her a steaming mug, “I thought something was wrong when I saw you come in so I brought you some of my special tea.”

“You didn’t get it from Mrs. Twid did you?” blurted Ambril as she turned her face away. Everything smelled like toilet water to her.

“Of course not!” harrumphed the chubby woman as she held out the mug insistently, “I won’t have that stuff in my house! This will take that bad taste out of your mouth.”

Ambril sniffed. It did smell good. She took a very small sip. It felt warm as it slid down her throat. She smiled, the nauseous feeling started to leave 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 melon on the side. Ambril sniffed tentatively. It smelled great but how would it taste? Ambril hesitantly took a small bite of melon…it tasted---like food! She dug in and soon had cleaned her plate.

“That’s better,” said Mrs. Sweetgum as she gathered up the empty dishes and trotted toward the door, “I’m glad you’re feeling better, Deary.”

“Wait! Mrs. Sweetgum! Do you have any more of that tea?” Ambril remembered the look on Sully’s face as they left the Library, “I might need some for a friend.”

“I’ll put some in a thermos for you tomorrow,” Mrs. Sweetgum smiled cheerfully as she pulled the door closed.

Ambril yawned before picking up the Trelawnyd history book again. An hour later found her putting the finishing touches on a very correct but very boring essay. Ms. Breccia would love it. She switched off her light and snuggled down under the covers to mull over her day.

Whoever had been behind the attack on the Archive had taken lots of risks. Had they gotten what they wanted? Was it the Morte Cell and Dorcha Blade they had been after? Ambril shuddered knowing that losing control of such powerful magical tools could only mean more trouble. And then there were the articles about her Dad...How did Feldez figure into it? Her mind cycled through the odd happenings of the day until she fell into a dreamless sleep.

The next morning Ambril was shoving her bike into the school rack when Ygg coasted in beside her.

“How ya feeling?” he asked as he closely examined her face.

“I felt lousy until Mrs. Sweetgum fixed me up,” she rummaged around her backpack until she found her thermos, “I brought some of her tea for Sully.”

“Ooooohhhhh,” moaned Sully as she stumbled up, looking pale and green, “all I smell is a septic tank on a hot summer’s day, you don’t want to hear how things taste,” Sully bent over, holding her stomach.

“Take a swig of this, it really helps,” Ambril poured out a cupful of tea.

Sully turned her head in refusal.

“Come on, it’s Mrs. Sweetgum’s tea, it cured me,” pleaded Ambril.

“What do ya have to lose besides your breakfast?” chortled Ygg then he stopped, “oooh, maybe you’ve already done that.”

Sully made a face at him, then frowned at the thermos, “this must be what Zombies feel like, no maybe if you eat a Zombie you feel like this…are you sure this will help?” she took the cup and took a tiny sip…then she smiled, “hey this is good!” she took another swallow and straightened up. After a few more gulps she started rummaging around in Ambril’s lunch. “Do you have any cookies?”

Ambril smiled as she fished out a sandwich and a pile of cookies and handed them over. Sully grabbed them and consumed them in short order.

“I wonder if that’s how the old people be feeling?” mused Ygg as he watched Sully eat.

“If it is, we have to figure out a way to help them!” said Sully taking another swig of Mrs. Sweetgum’s tea.

“We could ask Mrs. Sweetgum to make a couple of gallons of that stuff,” suggested Ambril, pointing at the thermos.

“And then what? Invite everyone over for Tea every afternoon?” Ygg shrugged, “they’ll just be getting sick again as soon as they take another sip of the Sunset Tea they have at home.”

“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 she’s just cleaned her toilet with her tongue.”

“Oh yeah, I almost forgot! I stopped by Miss Fern’s house last night.” Ygg pulled open the front door. “She wants us to come for Moonrise tonight to see something special. That’s around eleven, do ya think you can sneak out?” he asked his eyes bright.

“Are you kidding? It’s 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 on to the California Gold Rush does anyone have any questions about the founding of Trelawnyd?” Ms. Breccia noisily sucked her teeth.

Sully had her hand in the air immediately, “I know that Moroz did a lot for Trelawnyd. Why isn’t he even mentioned in the history books?” she asked holding up the gold trimmed book from the Library. “There’s not one road or building named after him, no statues of him anywhere---why?”

Ms. Breccia went back to sucking her teeth. “It appears that he was a bit---rough with the miners,” she said thoughtfully, “too much brute force. 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. To some, you see,” she smiled horribly. “He was quite a hero---efficient and effective!” She said worshipfully and then sighed. “But, not everyone agreed with his---methods. He was tried for his crimes, found guilty and imprisoned.”

Riley had his hand in the air, “Mr. Pinwydden didn’t know but maybe a history expert like you might be able to tell us where he went to prison?”

Ms. Breccia preened at the compliment then pouted, “Sadly I cannot answer your question.” Her eyebrows drew together, “I can’t tell you because no one knows, not even I know where or how Moroz was imprisoned.” She fanned herself and looked out the window, “he was a powerful individual and not without friends---but curiously all record of his existence disappeared soon after his trial. He simply disappeared; it is as if the earth swallowed him up.” She looked critically around the room as if daring anyone to raise their hands and sneered, “any other questions?” without waiting for a response she continued, “no? Then turn to page 279 and tell me what those contraptions are.”

Ambril sighed she turned to the required page and found pictures of antiquated miner’s equipment, she had studied the Gold Rush the year before. She settled down for a serious day dreaming session.

Moroz had begun to interest her, mainly because he was such a mystery. There were bits and pieces about him everywhere---but not enough to paint the whole portrait. He must have used powerful dark magic to rouse the Hounds of Hell and earn himself a lifetime of imprisonment. Ambril shivered remembering the gigantic jaws of the Cerberus…why were they after her now too?

# Chapter 17 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 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 so that you could barely see it from the kitchen. It was the barely part she was worried about. But at the moment she had to work on fLit. She had her laptop in front of her as she had downloaded a cool little program that she’d been dying 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 and stared vacantly at her, “you press here, right?” she said encouragingly and pointed to a key on her laptop.

The robot put his hands on his hips and looked disgusted.

Ambril sighed, “let’s just 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 up on the keyboard and stomped on the ‘F1’ key.

From the laptop, Ambril’s voice said sleepily, “Good night, Mom!”

“And if my Mom says anything else, what do you do?” prompted Ambril.

Flit stomped on the ‘F2’ key.

Ambril’s recorded voice said even more sleepily, “can we talk about this in the morning Mom, I’m really tired, ‘Nite.”

Ambril grinned and poked the robot in the chest; “nice job!” she had to admit that it was handy having an almost smart robot around. But then fLit stomped on the ‘F3’ key. Immediately the room was filed with loud reggae music.

Ambril jumped over to the computer and jabbed the F3 herself, the music instantly stopped, she snarled, “listen, that can’t happen! If I’m caught I’ll be grounded for a month.” She inclined her head at the robot meaningfully. “That means you’re stuck in here with me.”

fLit tried to get to the keyboard but Ambril grabbed him before he could connect his foot with the F3 key again.

“It’s not like we’ll be hanging out together either,” she hunkered down so they were eye to metal eye, “you’ll be spending that month in the closet!”

The robot stared at her indignantly.

Ambril sighed and rolled her eyes. “All right, we’ll listen but only until I have to leave,” she tapped the keyboard and Reggae music again filled the room. She smiled as she watched the robot jump around, dancing slightly off beat; sadly her robot couldn’t do ‘The Robot’.

When she got bored of watching him dance badly she picked up her Ashera. Her hand traced the Latin words then the Ogam which ran around the Derwyn crest, small cuts along three lines, making a pattern, almost like a code…but how to crack that code? She tried to decipher the repetitive rhythm but soon gave up. Frustrated she started on the Ashera, pressing and twisting it to see if she could unlock any more of its secrets. Suddenly her fingers brushed a slightly raised bump near one end that she was sure hadn’t been there moments before. She eagerly pressed and with a whirring click, a new section opened up. Excitedly Ambril peered inside. Written inside, right on the Ashera itself were a series of hatch marks lined up on one side with English letters on the other. Ambril gave her Ashera a squeeze as she realized it was an Ogam translation.

Then she got right to work. Carefully she sorted out the hatch marks and after many false starts came up with 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.**

Where Vine and Root Forever Entwine---Present, Past and Future Combine…she rubbed her forehead, frustrated. How was this supposed to help her? It could be anywhere that vines and roots come together, like a riverbank, or a fallen tree. And what good would lumping the present, past and future together do? Life was confusing enough.

She pondered the poem until her eyes were bleary, looking up she realized time had flown by and she was now late for her adventure. She clicked off the music, shook a warning finger at fLit and raced to the window. A gentle breeze swirled the branches of the old Oak tree just outside her window as Ambril swung her foot out over the two-story drop. She frantically felt around with her foot for the ladder then woofed, relieved when her foot grazed its top rung, 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 into a pile of leaves. She floundered a bit but found her way through the plantings without making too much mess…she hoped. Pulling twigs from her hair, she got on her bike and rode down to Fern’s house. As she pulled up to the little house with the big garden she blinked at the warm light shining cheerily through the front windows and took the porch steps two at a time. Impatiently, she rapped on the door.

Sully pulled the door open, “what took you? Come on we’ve found a cure!”

“For what?” asked Ambril following her friend down a narrow hallway to the kitchen.

“For Twid’s Sunset Tea of course!”

Everyone was busy. Fern was perched like a small bird on a tall stool reading from a very worn, very old book. Curiously it looked just like the book Sully had been reading in the Archives, which they’d be arrested for if anyone found out they had. Ambril grabbed Sully by the arm and hissed, “that’s one of Dr. Afallen’s books! You just walked out with it?”

Sully looked uncomfortable. “I didn’t mean to, in all the panic I just jammed it in my backpack without thinking. When I found it there I thought about returning it until I remembered what Dr. Afallen said---that without him there, the other librarians would clear out everything.”

Sully shrugged. “So I decided to keep it---at least until Dr. Afallen is back on his feet…and you won’t believe what we found in there!”

Ambril went and looked over Miss Fern’s shoulder as she laboriously read through a neatly penned recipe in curly script. Ambril noticed notations in different handwriting scribbled in the margins and bits of other recipes clipped to the page. All of it looked mystical and slightly magical…it would be nice to learn more magic.

Ygg dumped a handful of purple berries into a bowl full of leaves and twigs at Miss Fern’s direction.

“That’s more than enough Elderberry Dear. Now stir it briskly, yes that’s right.” Fern then smiled at Ambril.

“We’re going to replace Twid’s nasty Sunset Tea with this remedy. When new orders come in, Ygg will use this instead of Twid’s tea, he does all the order filling anyway,” Sully’s eyebrows wiggled up and down, “I thought of that part.”

“She’s bound to figure it out at some point,” countered Ambril.

Sully shrugged, “we’ll figure out a way to handle that when the time comes, you know what that tea does, we have to take the risk.”

“You mean I have to take the risk,” Ygg said grimly giving the tea one last stir.

“That should do it, though, I warn you, it might be a little strong,” said Fern vaguely, “still everyone should calm down---eventually.”

Ygg put a couple of spoonfuls into a teapot and poured hot water in. “Let’s be trying it.”

“It won’t have much effect on you kids. It would be best to have an elderly person try it, one who---” just then they heard a timid knock on the back door. Miss Fern walked slowly over and opened it. “Daisy Dear, do come in, we’re having tea, will you join us?”

“I just came over to see if you had any red yarn handy, I want to finish a scarf for Crystal Twid before it gets too cold.” painfully Mrs. Flood maneuvered herself over to an overstuffed chair festooned with doilies and plopped down.

“Now, you must try my new tea Daisy, it’ll make you feel lovely!” she handed her a large mug of the steaming tea.

Mrs. Flood sniffed as scents of vanilla and cinnamon filled the room. “A nice cup of tea might be just the thing for me. Nothing else tastes quite right these days. Crystal has been so thoughtful lately, bringing me tea and taking me to church. She thinks it’s time for me to try something new…such as moving in with my daughter. I put a ‘For Sale’ sign in my shop’s window 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 smells like my Mother’s kitchen at Christmas time.” Mrs. Flood took a small sip and her eyes brightened, “my but that’s good!” then she took a big swallow and sat up straight, her walking stick clattered to the floor unnoticed. “This is lovely Fern, I’ve felt so chilled lately---but your tea makes me feel positively girlish!” she stood up and twirled.

Fern looked startled and said softly, “yes, too much elderberry.”

Mrs. Flood stretched, pointed her toe and…giggled.

Fern nodded decisively, “far too much elderberry!”

Mrs. Flood then started humming a tune from the 60’s while dancing around the kitchen, “thanks so much for the tea, Fern dear,” the old woman trilled as she pirouetted through the door, “I think I’ll take a turn around the block before bed,” then she was gone.

“Oh my!” murmured Fern, “we must tone it down a bit.”

Sully giggled, “but not too much, let’s let the old folks enjoy themselves!”

Fern laughed, “we’ll leave in just a little---fun then. We’ll need to calm the Impatience with something…Ah! Sage would be just the thing! I believe I have some drying in the garage, would you mind bringing in a bunch?” she asked Ygg.

“Happy to do it,” said Ygg beckoning to Ambril and Sully.

“It’s a bit of a mess,” Fern added just as the screen door banged behind them.

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 almost entirely with vines. It was made solidly of stone with an arched garage door punctuating the driveway, small windows marched down the garden side. Ygg pulled hard on one of the tall doors. It creaked resentfully as it opened to reveal a deeper darkness. Ygg disappeared inside for a second and then light flooded the building. Ambril liked it better dark.

“Yep, it’s a mess all right,” said Sully.

That was an understatement. Boxes teetered over them as they stepped inside. To one side, paint cans and tools lay haphazardly on a large stone table beyond which cabinets sagged under thickly draped cobwebs. Bunches of dried flowers and herbs hung from the rafters competing with vines which had somehow found a way inside.

“Is that a fireplace? What a funny thing to put in a garage,” Sully pointed to a fireplace imbedded in one of the stone walls.

“This garage was nought built to put cars in,” said Ygg as he scrambled up on the stone table. “It be more house than garage, Fern said Fixit Joe lived here once--- before that it was some kind of laboratory,” He reached up and pulled down a bunch of dried herbs.

“That’s right, Fern said it was my Dad’s Lab!” said Ambril excitedly and looked around with renewed interest. But it was hard to see past the cobwebs and neglect.

“I think this be Sage…no time for lollygagging now, let’s get back,” Ygg jumped down from the table and headed for the door.

Sully batted away a few cobwebs as she followed Ygg out but Ambril hesitated, wanting to explore a little more. But the longer she remained among the dusty clutter the creepier it became. The scratching of little rat feet soon sent Ambril racing to catch up to the other kids.

Back inside, Sully picked through the remedy and removed just some of the purple berries as Ygg added a few of the dried sage leaves. Fern finally gave a nod of approval.

Ambril lifted the top of the teapot and sniffed. “This smells like the tea Mrs. Sweetgum made for me last night.”

“Aster’s an old hand at this,” said Fern.

Ygg said. “Now all I have to do is replace the Sunset Tea with this, right?”

“Without getting caught,” added Sully.

“As if I don’t have enough to do what with schoolwork,” he grumbled.

The cuckoo clock chimed in at eleven thirty startling Fern, “Oh my, the time! We’d better hurry, it’s almost Moonrise!” the old woman threw a shawl around her shoulders and scurried for the door, “watch your step now, it’s a bit crowded out there what with all the gnomes.”

They all barreled through the back door and out into the starlit garden.

It took a while before Ambril’s eyes adjusted to the darkness. She shivered when she saw the looming dark outlines of the forest beyond the Wall. She hadn’t been near the forest at night since the Dullaith attack.

But Fern’s garden that night was extraordinary. In the soft glow of the patio lanterns autumn flowers swayed in the breeze while the trees embraced each other with feathery shadows. Ambril sensed something different…there was an emotion in the air. The night seemed to be holding its breath, waiting. Ambril could almost smell the anticipation.

Ygg set to work arranging rickety folding chairs and nearly tripped over a couple of gnomes standing in the middle of the patio.

Ambril found Fern at her elbow nodding at the vines growing on the garage, “That is my very favorite plant, the Vita Fiore. It’s very rare and blooms just once a year and this is its big night!”

The Vita Fiore buds looked very much like the vine they had seen growing on the Gazebo to Ambril.

“Hey, come take a load off your feet,” Sully beckoned to Ambril from one of the folding chairs. She had pulled up a grouchy looking gnome to help prop her chair up. Ambril found a frowning gnome with a long, tall hat near her chair.

“Did you know my garage is one of the oldest buildings in Trelawnyd?” Fern nodded proudly then she pointed excitedly at the moon peeking over the mountains, “here it comes, watch the vines now!” as the first of the moon’s rays hit the Vita Fiore 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 Vita Fiore buds began to quiver in time with the rhythm. As the moonlight touched each flower the buds unfolded into the most exquisite flower Ambril had ever seen. They glowed pure white and sparked with all the colors of the rainbow. Each had petals that cascaded like a rose and from the center a long arching stamen which began to grow. At its tip danced a dot of light.

“By all the Glain that’s pretty,” Ygg had his mouth open, amazed.

“Coadsnigs! I do agree,” whispered a voice reverently at Ambril’s knee. But Ambril was too mesmerized by the flowers to take any notice.

There were three flowers that grew large in the moonlight. The dots of light began to dance wildly, resonant with the thrum of the earth.

“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. The three flowers had now grown to several times the size of the other flowers. Their dancing dots elongated and grew into something familiar---a figure with 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. Looking closer, she saw that they were actually fairies hovering in the air watching the spinning, dancing beings within the flowers.

“Ooooh, look how sweet they are!” enchanted, Sully reached out to touch one. But the fairy swatted her hand away and gave her a nasty look.

“Ouch!” cried Sully as she pulled away, “touchy little things aren’t they?”

“Watch now!” Fern pointed as the fairies grouped themselves around each of the three forms. In the glow of the new being they looked happy and excited. Then the fairies began spinning, blurry fast in a dancing circle. Ambril could hear wild bells in her head, as the fairy circles became hoops of light as they detached themselves from the flowers and careened around the garden in a mad dance forcing Ambril to duck a couple of times when they zoomed too close. After a while, the thrumming changed its tempo and the dancers slowed and came to a stop. Ambril gasped, within each group hovered a newborn fairy, looking around in wonder. One 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,” mused Fern, “they only come at Moonrise to gather up their young.” Fern shook her head sadly, “not long ago we’d see fifty or sixty born each Moonrise, but lately, there have been so few,” they watched as the fairies vanished into the twinkling sky. Soon they were alone again in the garden.

“It be Booglish, that be true,” said a voice by Ambril’s knee. Ambril looked around but saw only the laughing gnome near her chair…Wait, something was weird.

Sully had noticed it too, “he was frowning before, wasn’t he?” she asked.

“You be meaning like this?” the gnome suddenly cocked his head and frowned.

Ambril yelled and jumped up so fast she bumped the little ceramic man.

“That be Bummil.” Ygg nodded as if garden gnomes coming to life were perfectly natural.

Bummil had drawn back rubbing his arm and looking puzzled.

“You shouldn’t be scaring them like that, you know you take some gettin’ used to,” Ygg scolded.

“I be no doolally,” the gnome looking at Ambril reproachfully.

“He be speaking the old language a bit,” continued Ygg and shook his head at Bummil. “He does it to look clever.”

Bummil now transferred his glare to Ygg while still rubbing his elbow.

Ygg sighed, “let’s have a look-see, then.”

Bummil sidled over to Ygg, “she be Batie in the head, aye?” he whispered as he dropped something into Ygg’s open hand.

“Nay, she be right in the head,” Ygg held up a small chip of green to the light, “most days at least…it be a lucky thing I brought glue,” he motioned to Bummil to hold out his arm as he pulled out a small tube.

Bummil raised his elbow 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 because her chair support had come to life and was grumpily removing his toe from underneath her chair leg.

“Give a body some warning, will you?” said Sully her eyes wide.

The gnome gave the chair a shove and it clattered to the ground. “You best watch who you be using to prop up your own self, Missy!”

“Now Baldot,” Ygg squinted knowingly at the gnome who was now trying to look innocent, “you could have politely asked her to move.”

Ambril looked around and saw all the gnomes stretching and talking among themselves.

Baldot grinned, “you be right there, Ygg, but I love to see human-kind jump and jibber,” he straightened his cap, “Seeing as it’s just about all they’s good for.” A faint crack was heard, “Garn! Oh fer Fixit Joe!”

Ygg pulled the pudgy gnome closer to the light, “is it the same place we mended yester week?” he asked.

“It be so. So you see why that glue t’ain’t near as good as it should be. Not near!” He said patting his hat gingerly.

“Right---so---let me get this straight,” Sully said, “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,” said another gnome with a long curly beard and little round glasses, “but mostly less---we’re garden variety ceramic---now your Gran’s is very likely porcelain---”

“Blagoor, stop your jawing and give us some peace to work in,” grumbled Ygg as he examined the new-old crack on Baldot’s cap.

Sully rolled her eyes, “where was I? Oh yeah, the gnomes break and you fix them with this super-strength glue,” she grabbed the tube from his hand. “My Dad swears by this stuff,” she said handing the tube back to Ygg. “But he just fixes lamps and tea cups that don’t---jump and jibber,” she eyeballed Ygg. “YOU are fixing a living---,” her eyebrows came together suddenly, “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 green tunic. We Gnomes be much more refined, don’t you know,” Baldot demonstrated his refined locomotion by plunking along the patio making tink-tink noises with every step. Ambril thought he looked and sounded like a two-legged goat but she didn’t say a word.

Sully gave Baldot a dirty look, “I was about to say that maybe we could look for something better, you know, in our magic recipe book,” Sully put her hands on her hips and stared down at the little men,” 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 said clearly stunned.

“I take it back, you never jump and jibber, that be OTHER human-kind, nought you,” said Baldot smiling hard and displaying five chipped teeth.

Sully cringed. “I liked you better when you were rude and obnoxious,” but Ambril could see she was thinking. She raced back into the kitchen and returning with the old book and started paging through it, “here! There are some good glue recipes, a little invisible paste, even this everlasting bubbly gum might work in a pinch. Oh! Here’s a good one! Smart Lip glue---especially effective on mouthy grumpy little gnomes who---”

“Stop playing with them and getting their hopes up,” Ygg yawned, “besides, I’m tired and want to get to bed.”

Baldot snorted in disgust and turned away.

Sully looked miffed, “sorry---seriously though I think one or two of these remedies might work,” she mused reading through a few more pages, “I’ll have another look tomorrow, shall we meet at the Gazebo for lunch?”

Ambril nodded, she was glad it was Saturday the next day, her eyelids were drooping, “good night Miss Fern, it was fantastic.”

“I’m glad you three came by, now don’t forget your remedy,” she said handing Ygg a large brown bag.

“I’ll be delivering this stuff all day, I can’t be meeting you tomorrow,” Ygg looked crestfallen.

“We can try and find a cure for the gnomes next week then.” Sully nodded.

“No, no wait, what is it needs delivering?” Baldot trotted up to Ygg and put his hands in the general vicinity of his waist. “We be experts at borrowing---but we be good at delivering too. How’s about we’ll do the delivering and you do the glue making---deal?” he twinkled up at Ygg.

“The gnomes do have a knack for getting into places unseen,” Fern nodded, “lock or no lock.”

“Right you are!” crowed Bummil.

“Alright then, if Miss Fern says you aren’t no Booglish lay bouts, then you aren’t,” Ygg smirked then turned to Sully and Ambril, “I’ll just explain what needs to be done to these little tykes---”

“Tykes! Who you be calling tykes! Yelled Baldot, “I be nearing two hundred years old!”

“And you be acting like you’re eight!” growled Ygg as he scooched down on his knees and was soon surrounded by tasseled green hats.

As they turned to go Sully asked, “I wonder whatever happened to Mrs. Flood?”

Fern woriedly pointed a shaky finger at her neighbor’s rooftop, “she’s quite enjoying herself!”

Silhouetted by the moon’s light there was Mrs. Flood, twirling on the tippy top of her weather vane.

“That is some kind of tea, Miss Fern,” said Ambril admiringly.

# Chapter 18 The Gazebo Garden

Noon the next day found Ambril coasting to a stop at the Gazebo. She had come early to poke around a little in the garden. It had always intrigued her especially because it was her Great Gran’s garden. She wondered if there weren’t a couple more plants like the Vita Fiore which was taking over the Gazebo just like Fern’s garage, plants unique to Trelawnyd. As she struggled to free her overstuffed backpack from her basket, Mrs. Sweetgum had been generous with lunch, something hard banged her hip.

Oww!” she yelled as fLit’s head emerged from her pack, “didn’t you hear me? I told you to stay home!” she grumbled as she rubbed the sore spot, “listen, if you don’t behave yourself today I’m locking you in my bottom drawer---you’ve been warned.”

She dragged her pack to the Gazebo and zipped the robot back inside before skipping down the steps and into the sad, tangled, wondrous mess of her Great Gran’s garden.

The flagstone path before her tipped and turned every which way. Although it was early winter it was choked with the tiniest of pink flowers with an intoxicating sweet scent. Her hunch had been correct, hidden among the scruffy weeds were dozens of weird looking plants, some of whom weren’t pleased to have Ambril around. Ambril tried to avoid the more dangerous looking plants as she ducked under a frilly bush with what looked like beach umbrella’s hanging from it, then eased through a thicket of reeds whistling tunelessly in the breeze. The garden seemed to go on and on. She followed the path until it ended abruptly in a sea of slippery green leaves the size and shape of a baby grand piano lid. Skiing down some and sliding down others lead her to another stone pathway with a crumbling stone wall and listing statues to keep it company. The pathway became rougher and more over grown the farther she went. Often Ambril had to detour around plants that had grown right over the pathway,

Ambril was fighting her way through in a curtain of sticky tendrils that looked and smelled like old cheese when something soft plopped on her head. She reached up and pulled off a wildly plaid sock. Turning around she saw a clothesline which might have been a small tree. It was hard to tell as it it had at least sixty mismatched crazily colored socks hanging from its branches. It waved a virulently green polka dotted sock at her before slipping behind a bush loaded with leaves shaped like saw blades and disappeared. Ambril heard the whir of a saw and was blanketed with fine bits of thread.

Brushing them off she yelled, “Um thanks.” Stuffing the sock into her pocket she turned and found herself up against a long tall hedge bristling with smooth black nuts the size of basketballs and boulders. The path dead ended there though she sensed there was more garden beyond it. The garden around her was cratered with blackened pits as if there had been a battle fought there recently. After searching for some sort of hole in the hedge for several minutes Ambril had to admit defeat. She’d have to save that adventure for later. She turned and surprisingly spied the Gazebo turret just over a hill. She couldn’t believe it, it felt as if she’d been walking for miles when all along she had been walking in circles. Had the garden had been playing tricks on her.? She looked down at her scratched hands and torn clothes, she wouldn’t put it past it. She looked around her carefully and sensed that the garden was aware of her. It felt to her as if she was being watched. She grimaced as she trudged back to the Gazebo, well she hoped it had enjoyed itself. She took her frustration out on one of the beach umbrella blossoms she was passing by batting it aside a little too hard.

She should have seen it coming, after all she was in the garden of a great magic wielder---but it surprised her when it whacked her back---so hard that she lost her balance and fell face down, getting a mouth-full of dirt. The beach umbrella blossom seemed to smirk and blew a long, loud raspberry in her general direction.

“Ooch, she’s a right Lovey isn’t she?” came a scratchy voice.

“Gooorgeous!” said another slightly raspy one.

Ambril jumped up and looked around spitting out dirt as she did so. There was no one to be seen. The sound of the garden was louder here…and different, instead of the usual buzzing insect sounds expected in a garden Ambril heard clickity clacking noises…Ambril had heard that sound before but couldn’t place it.  
 “Except for them teeny tiny stalks.” said a third voice. “they’s ghastly.”

“Do you think she’s right in the head though? Jumping and spitting, kind of odd that!”

For some reason Ambril thought of the elderly schoolteachers who had lived next door several moves back; every day, all day Ambril had heard them arguing through the walls. They spoke loudly so they could hear each other over the clickity clacking sounds their knitting needles made…that was it! The sound she heard was exactly like the old ladies knitting. But who would be knitting in her Great Gran’s garden? Ambril chuckled as she stooped to brush off hser pants---then she froze.

“She finally spotted us.”

Ambril just stared not at all sure that what she was seeing was real.

“She don’t say much does she’s.”

There at the base of the Gazebo, nestled in the dirt were three lumpy, turnip-like growths knitting furiously. Each had small pinprick eyes just above a long wrinkled mouth. The middle one had on old fashioned spectacles. Like the last potato in the bin left a little too long they were nearly covered with wrinkles and where they weren’t wrinkled hairy tendrils had sprouted and collected dirt clods of various sizes. While Ambril watched, one stopped and pulled out long muddy roots from the ground to knit with. Their communal knitting had produced a muddy, smelly mass of woven muck. Bits of roots and rotting leaves dangled from it. The one with the spectacles on squinted up at Ambril as she screeched, “it needs more pink!”

“You think it always needs more pink,” groused the large root in the center.

The one on the left rudely snatched the spectacles away from the other while still knitting furiously and peered through them at Ambril, “She is a Lovey though,” she sighed, “you can tell the nice ones can’ts you?” then she sighed sadly, “why is it always the nice ones who gets it hard?”

“Done are we?” grunted the one on the right. She held up the muddy blanket they’d been working on, shook it and then turned it over. A worm flew off and landed on Ambril’s nose. But Ambril didn’t mind for the other side of the blanket was spectacular. It seemed to be woven of the same pink fragrant flowers that were growing down the garden path.

“You---you knitted that? But…that’s impossible!” gasped Ambril then realized how silly that sounded, after all she was chatting with turnips who wore spectacles.

The one on the right grabbed the glasses and gave Ambril a curious look. “Course it is, impossibles is acres more fun than usuals ain’t it?” she scrunched up her face, “makes yourself useful then,” and she threw the blanket at Ambril.

“Just spread it out over there, Deary,” said the left one pointing with one of her needles at a bare patch nearby, “we hates the ugly spots.”

“Hates ‘em, we do,” echoed the right one.

Ambril fingered the blanket and felt it thrum with life. The tiny flowers turned toward her and began to glow.

“Well looks there! They likes her!”

The middle one ripped the glasses from her sister’s face, “can’t work out why---she’s as dull as a patch of pigsweed,” her mouth went all prunish.

“Don’t be silly, they likes her so I likes her too!” said the one on the right defensively.

Ambril, not knowing what else to do, took the flower blanket and spread it out on the bare patch. She tried to smooth out all the wrinkles but before she finished, the flowers began to take root.

“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. “You better pull away quick or’n you mights be there for centuries.” she warned.

Ambril got right to work and pulled on her shoe hard, after a few tugs she was able to rip her shoe free. Turning her shoe over she found that the flower tendrils had grown right through her shoe.

“Well she almost gots it right,” said the left one as she grabbed the glasses off her sister’s nose.

Ambril said nothing as she picked bits of plant from her favorite sneakers.

“I thinks she’s a bit soft in the head,” the middle one then waggled her top lump.

The left one snorted, “you’ve gone soft in the head, she was chosen.”

The middle one sucked in her mouth as she stole the glasses from her sister then banged her on the head with them, “she’ll be lunch to one of them that’s after her, if’n she doesn’t smarten up right quick though.”

“Won’t makes it to lunch, she’ll be mid-morning snack,” waggled the left one.

The right one sighed heavily.

“Excuse me, but I don’t like being talked about like this,” broke in Ambril somewhat huffily, “my name is Ambril and this used to be my great grandmother’s garden. Who are you?”

“No need to gets all tangled about it. We knows who YOU are,” 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 sister’s face.

“Sorry Lovey, it’s just we’s not used to any human-kind seeing us.”

“It’s the Glain, it is,” mused the middle one.

“No, no there’s something more---she’s ones of foursies,” said the one on the right. “Lookey!” she whacked her bigger sister with the spectacles.

The middle one took them without comment and peered once again at Ambril. “Ones of fours AND with Fairy Glain, my, my.” She eyed Ambril up and down and then again.

“So who and---what are you exactly?” asked Ambril.

“Everyones calls us Aunties,” said the middle one. Her tendril fingers reached out and brushed aside some of Ambril’s messy hair, “it tis a shame---“

“Now, now, it is just what’s been foretold,” said the left one, “sometimes it works out different.”

The center one huffed. “Have you gone rotten?” “It’s been wrongs only once in all the years we’ve---”

“Once is enough, you know that one was a doosey! ” said the right one as she tried unsuccessfully to grab the glasses.

“We see’s EVERYTHINGs you know. We see’s the future---YOUR future.” said the one on the left nodding just as furiously as she was knitting, “but we can’t tells, we can’t says…at least not directly,” she twinkled, “We gots to go Deary,” said the middle one and then began to wriggle vigorously deeper into the dirt. “We’s so much to do,” she began to shrivel right before Ambril’s eyes.

“Wait, I’m confused! What about---”

“No time---Lovey,” whispered the one on the right who was no more than a wrinkled smile on one of the ropy vines growing around the Gazebo.

Ambril just stood there looking at the place the Aunties had just been and wondered if she had asked nicely if they would have helped her with Breccia’s next exam but thought probably not.

“Ambril? Who are you talking to?” Sully was just getting off her bike.

“I just had the weirdest experience.” Ambril called back as she waded through the weedy grass to the stairs.

“Run-of-the-mill weird or run for your life weird?” Sully plopped down on the steps the old book of recipes in the crook of her arm, “and why is it always you?”

Ambril paused to scratch her head. “I don’t know, maybe I just wasn’t 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 on the path. Several other gnomes popped out of the bushes.

“This garden’s a disgrace, you know!” Baldot yelled, “I’d like to hogtie whoever let it get so very bad.” He stared accusingly at Ambril.

“Don’t look at me,” she said innocently, “I’m just a kid!”

“A Derwyn kid and this be the Derwyn Estate!”

“But we haven’t lived in Trelawnyd for ten years, my Mom hasn’t even seen this place yet,” Ambril sadly looked around. “That might be a good thing, it’ll break her heart to see what’s happened to it… I don’t know how we’re going to clean it up.”

Bummil twinkled, “are you askin’ what I think you be askin’? You want us to work here?” He sounded oddly hopeful.

“I can’t pay you,” Ambril shrugged.

“You just find a way to fix our broken parts, that be payment enough. It be crowded at Fern’s and we’ve nought enough, that garden’s real gentile. This one you be takin’ your life in your hands just strolling about.” Baldot nodded appreciatively at the beach umbrella blossoms. Ambril couldn’t agree more.

“It be a grand, fine garden!” Bummil grinned foolishly until Baldot hit him with his hat.

“Did ya get all them deliveries done?” Ygg came up just then.

Baldot snorted, “easy as a lay-about afternoon! We even snuck some into Twid’s tea! Dried up old Newt that she is.”

Ygg’s face turned thunderous. “I told you to be staying away from her! She don’t cotton to magic folk. If’n she get’s the idea that I be the one to switch things, I’m out on me hoochallaly--- then what would I do?”

“Well you could stay with us at the farm,” piped up Sully, “we can always use some extra---hoochallaly.”

But Ygg just shook his head, “your parents would ask questions---too may questions---then they’d try to send me back to Chert thinking it be best for me, that’s what parents do.” He bent down to the ceramic men who were looking very uncomfortable. “So ya nought do anything that might make her suspicious.”

“She didna notice a thing, it nought had any effect on her---some folks are hopeless,” Baldot sniffed, “pity that, I’d a like to have seen her somersaulting down the stairs like old Mrs. Dogwood,” then he cleared his throat and groused impatiently, “time’s a wasting! YOU need to be making some fixit juice NOW to hold up your part of the bargain.”

Ambril nodded. In the bright sunlight she could see that the gnomes were riddled with cracks where they had been mended.

“We’ll get right on that.” Sully said but looked a little sick as she motioned to Ygg and Ambril to follow her up the Gazebo steps. She sat down heavily on a bench and patted the worn book, now bristling with bookmarks. “This is an Astarte by the way, a magical remedy book,” she opened the book and removed the first bookmark. “I found a bunch of remedies that I think might work---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! I’m even hazy about what a beaker is.” She hunched over the book and shook her head.

“A beaker is one of those cup thingies in the science lab,” put in Ambril.

A commotion erupted in the garden, “get out a there, or you’ll be damaging its teeth!” Baldot yelled.

Ambril jumped up to find that one of the beach umbrella flowers, the one that had whacked her before, 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.

“fLit again,” muttered Sully.

“Sorry, it’s not my fault---he stowed away again,” Ambril said sheepishly.

“Can’t you at least keep him corralled in your backpack?”

Ambril just shook her head, “Nope, he just unzips it, then gets into whatever trouble is handy.”

“No offense but that is the stupidest smart robot I’ve ever met,” said Sully as they raced down the steps to help.

Baldot and the other gnomes had armed themselves with ropes. They managed to rope one of fLit’s legs, three of the gnomes had lined up and began to pull hard on it; but the blossom seemed to relish the fight and pulled back, refusing to let the robot go.

“Never you mind, we’ve got him sorted!” shouted a particularly fat gnome as the three friends ran up. “This one’s called a Brellie plant on account of the umbrellie flowers. They get grumpy this time of year, they’re anxious to launch.”

Ambril was jostled out of tshe way as a gnome began to tickle the flower just under the blossom with bunches of prickle grass while dodging the other Brellie blossoms who were vigorously trying to whack him. One gnome failed at this and sailed off over her head. He landed in a tangle of brambles but scrambled out, grabbed a stick, and went back in.

These gnomes were warrior gardeners, Ambril thought. After a few moments, the plant started to giggle, then it chuckled, and finally broke into a belly laugh. At last, with a belch it spit out the robot. The three gnomes who had been pulling on him 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, then blew it out in a whoosh launching itself into the sky looking much like a jelly fish.

“Look at Boucher, he be flying!” shouted Bummil. Sure enough, Boucher, the fat gnome had gotten his foot caught in a rope and dangled below the escaping Brellie.

“Stand back!” yelled Baldot as he twirled a lasso over his head. He took aim and threw just managing to hook Boucher’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 of work,” groaned Ygg.

Flit had landed on the gazebo roof where he had become tangled in the vines.

“What the heck is he on about!” shouted Baldot. “He should have more sense than to play at this!”

“Sorry!” Ambril ran up and started tugging on the vines, “he’s a smart robot but he still has a lot to learn---”

“Smart robot my checkered undies!” snorted Baldot, “I know what he be, we don’t like his kind on principle,” he screwed up his face angrily, “they’re sneaky and nought to be trusted, we learned that well and good.”

So the gnomes were anti-technology too, that was no surprise, it seemed that most magic wielders were.

“Come on, now, break it up!” Ygg said calmly he pointed back to the garden. “That big one there needs an attitude adjustment, don’t you think?” asked Ygg.

Another Brellie blossom had just slurped up a gnome and was chewing away on him.

“Coadsnigs, that’s Blagoor!” Baldot swore forgetting his anger, “tickle just under the nape! No, lasso his right leg, the left one broke last month!” Baldot raced back into the fray.

Ambril tugged and wiggled the vines until she was able to pull the robot down. There was just one little vine wrapped stubbornly around his middle.

The ever annoying fLit grabbed at her medallion and hauled it out into the light, which dazzled the Gazebo with tiny rainbows. The moment her medallion connected with the budding vine Ambril felt the thrum of the garden heighten and pulse right through her and combine with the bright energy of her medallion. The bud on the vine flew open and there was the beautiful flower she had seen just the night before.

But Ambril sensed another presence there…watching her. This time she sensed it wasn’t something in the garden, this wasn’t out to play a practical joke, it sucked the bright energy of the garden away. Ambril shivered, her medallion dimmed slightly as she instinctively shoved the jewel under her shirt and pulled fLit clear of the vines. The flower bud instantly closed. Fortunately the malevolent present slid away as well.

“Master Ygg!” Bummil ran up then, “Boucher’s in a bad way,” he huffed and pointed down the path. They followed Bummil to where Boucher, a particularly plump gnome lay on the ground. His left leg had been cracked.

“I fell and hit this here marker is all. Can you fix me up Master Ygg?” Boucher peered over his expansive belly at his leg.

“We’ll have you right as rain soon enough,” Ygg said easily as 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 cows you’d a’ seen them by now,” groused Baldot scornfully then he walked over and tapped one of the gray stones that lined the garden paths.

Ambril brushed aside some dry leaves to reveal something carved in the stone, “Sweet Collar Bramble,” she read out, “Uses: Sour throats and Adam’s Apple maladies,” the plant consisted of long velvety scarf like leaves and smelled like cough syrup.

“Here’s another one!” cried Sully and bent over another gray stone in front of an empty area. “Orphan Sock Tree.”

“I think I met that one earlier!” Ambril cried thinking about the sock covered clothesline-tree.

Looking down the path, Ambril now could see many markers. There was one next to Ambril’s knee. She read out, “Vixen Brill.”

“Hey! That’s one we need!” said Sully excitedly.

The Vixen Brill was a compact, six foot tall frilly plant with black tipped seedpods on long stalks waving high above the greenery.

“Great, this looks easy, I’ll just grab a few of the leaves,” said Sully and reached out but just as quickly snatched it back, “Ouch! It’s prickly!”

“Prickly my patootee! it’s 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. See, look at them teeth!” He pointed at one of the seedpods. Ambril could now see that the seedpod was shaped like a fox head. It barred its vicious, needle-like teeth at them as it weaved and bobbed looking like 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 fell flat on her back right next to Baldot.

Baldot and some of the other gnomes laughed until they cried.

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 to mend your ungrateful patootees.”

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, “Look lively! Bring the Lambs Ear!”

One of them trotted off and came back with a handful of soft, fuzzy things that were shaped just like lambs ears.

“You didn’t kill cute little lambs just for this ?” asked Sully apprehensively.

Baldot looked offended, “Nay, that’s a right disgusting thought. Lambs Ear is a plant, don’t you know.” Wrinkling his nose, Baldot got right to work and tied some of the leaves to a stick, which he began to swing in front of the vixen 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 Brill, right?” The pods stopped snapping at Ambril and Sully and went into hunting mode, their heads down eyeing the lamb’s ear. 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 snapped at his elbow.

Ambril and Sully stealthily inched closer to the plant, “the gnomes sure know these plants,” said Ambril. She saw the shy orphan sock tree lurking behind some bushes. She remembered her gift and decided to put it on one of her hands, the garish plaid might make a good distraction if the seedpods got too close.

Sully nodded, “they’ve been---helpful, but I still think they are the rudest, nastiest garden ornaments I’ve ever laid eyes on.”

They had gotten well off the path and were within grabbing range. “ready,” said Ambril, “One, two---three!“ Ambril lunged at the plant first but then tripped on a root and fell to her knees. She scrambled back to her feet only to find a Vixen seedpod smiling evilly inches from her face. Ambril put her hands up to her face and felt the Vixen mouth her sock covered hand. It snagged on one if it’s teeth, the seedpod pulled back to munch giving Ambril enough time to turn and ran madly back to the path. Sully raced up behind her with handfuls of leaves, three seed pods snapping at her heels.

Whew!” said Sully waving her leaves, “Success!”

“At least for you,” Ambril watched the last of her powerfully plaid sock disappear down the Vixen Pod’s throat. Sully stuffed the Brill into her bag then opened the Astarte again.

“There’s more we need.” Ambril said to Baldot as he trotted up with his fishing pole now empty of Lambs Ear.

“Slag Fern, we need the Gooberous part and the fiber from a medium size Bomber Nut.” Sully read the recipe from the Astarte.

Baldot smirked, “JUST the fiber, aye?” he said sarcastically and rolled his eyes, “piece of cake, I’ll let you grab those then,” he turned and trotted off down the path, “come on then, don’t keep me waiting!”

Sully and Ambril jogged to keep up. As they rounded a bend they found gnomes busily raking leaves and pruning or trying to prune some of the more unruly plants.

“Watch it Bandler!” yelled Baldot as a giant lion shaped seed pod snapped viciously at a gnome, his mane looking as ragged as a homeless man’s beard, “just give that dandy-lion a little trim to get him used to it, you can’t be trying for a stylish look for at least a month or two.”

He gestured to the overgrowth, “You see? These plants have had to fend for themselves so long they’ve gone raving mad!” Then he cupped his hands over his mouth, “hey Bittle! We’ll be needing some Goober from that Slag Fern!”

Bittle was trying to rake around what looked like an enormously purple tropical drink complete with frilly paper umbrellas which turned out to be lethal looking serpentine seedpods with teeth as long as Ambril’s middle finger. One of the seedpods snaked toward them hissing angrily. Nearby another gnome was lazily swinging a lasso around his head. The trunk shifted slightly as several seedpods lunged at Bittle. Ambril heard a glubbing, sloshing sound coming from its trunk.

“Anytime there Beadle no hurry,” said Bittle sarcastically as he dove to one side to avoid the snapping jaws of the seed pod. Beadle seemed not to have heard him he was so focused on the sinuous movement of the seedpod. Finally he let the lasso let the lasso go. It sailed effortlessly over the seedpod’s head and snagged on its frilly headdress.

Beadle immediately pulled it taunt. “There, now Bittle you can stop your dancing and come help with the tugging.” he chuckled as he hunkered down and pulled hard on the rope. The seedpod struggled wildly to free itself but when Bittle and several of the other gnomes lent their strength the entire central trunk began to tip forward as if it was hinged at the base.

“Get your beaker ready then!” Baldot said to Sully.

Sully looked blank. “beaker? Beaker! We forgot the beaker!”

He rounded on her his hands on his hips, “a pail maybe, paper cup, your Mom’s thimble collection---anything? ”

Sully shook her head and looked sheepish.

Baldot snorted. “What you be planning to cup your hands and carry it that way? What would you be doing without us?”

“We’d not be making Fixit Juice that’s for sure!” Sully said looking bothered.

Baldot muttered something under his breath as he marched over to the bristly hedge with huge nuts that Ambril had run into earlier and picked off a nut the size of a basketball. Using a sharp stone he neatly cracked it in two. Inside was a shiny black ball that immediately began to fizz and smoke. Ambril heard a faint ticking noise which grew louder…and faster.

“Cragnuts! These Bomber Nuts be overripe too!” exclaimed Baldot as he picked up the black ball and tossed it between his hands looking wildly around. “Fire in the Slime!” he yelled and tossed the bomb at the Slag Fern. The evil looking seedpods with frilly umbrella hats yelped and dug their heads into the dirt like Ostriches. All the gnomes dove for cover as the Bomber Nut exploded with a squelchy boom. Caught in the open, Ambril and Sully were instantly coated with what looked and felt like Lime Jell-O, but smelled like unwashed underwear.

For the second time that day the gnomes roared with laughter as Ambril and Sully wiped smelly goo from their eyes and slipped on the goo covered path.

After a few moments, Baldot threw Ambril something the size and shape of a bike helmet. “Here be your B---Bomber Nut,” he giggled, “the fiber is inside.”

It was half of the shell he’d just pried open. Ambril reached inside and pulled out handfuls of what looked like greasy, monkey’s hair…it smelled like it too.

“Who knew that magic would be so stinky?” complained Sully.

Ambril stuffed wads of the fiber into Sully’s bag and then filled the nutshell with the slime they scraped from their clothes.

“Yuk!” said Sully gagging. It tastes worse than it smells!”

Ambril decided not to test that out as she didn’t think that was possible.

“Where’s the hose?” asked Sully looking around.

“Who be needing a hose when you have a pond to be swimming in,” Baldot huffed then stopped, “but watch out for the---”

“Relax, we can handle it, right Ambril? Frogs, snakes, slugs, bring them on.”

Baldot shook his head, “well this be a little bit diff---”

“We’ll figure it out,” said Sully waving him off dismissively.

As they squelched down the path, the blue-green pond glittered invitingly.

“It’s like a postcard, isn’t it?” asked Sully, “picture perfect.”

They squelched out of their shoes and jumped in with their clothes on. The water cooled Ambril’s sticky, goober covered body. The water seemed just the right temperature, which was odd considering it was nearly winter. Ambril ducked under water and swam out toward the center of the lake. It was surprisingly deep at the center with long ropy strands of bright green slime crisscrossing the lake bottom. A perfect place for a Sea Monster Ambril thought as she surfaced for air. As a kid Sea Monsters had been her worst fear.

Sully was floating lazily on her back staring at the blue sky, “wish we could spend all afternoon in here, instead of helping out annoying garden ornaments. But we’d better get back or else they’ll find some new way to embarrass us,” she started paddling back toward the shore.

Ambril nodded but dove down for one more glide through the serene, sun streaked water. Her body felt almost weightless, the swush of her pants against her legs was all she felt. When she was almost to the shore, she noticed a plastic ball half submerged with a black ball floating inside. Probably one of the homeless people had tossed it in the pond. She reached out to grab it but her hand went right through it, it seemed to be made of gelatin---it wriggled away then it terrified Ambril by---blinking.

Ambril realized she was staring at an enormous eye. She screamed as she madly lunged for the shore. Thankfully her feet touched solid ground almost immediately and she scrambled out sputtering and coughing. Sully was already there.

“What! Wait; don’t tell me---another weird plant right?” Sully asked as she picked up her shoes and vigorously swished them through the water.

Ambril stood staring at the lake. “I---I think I saw a Sea Monster.”

“A Sea Monster? What---it came after you? Maybe it likes the taste of gooberous slime.”

Ambril purposely slowed her breathing, she was safe, come to think of it the Sea Monster hadn’t seemed to want to hurt her, “no, it just---blinked at me.”

Sully looked at her skeptically, “I was expecting at least a near death experience, you know you look like you’ve just been attacked by an army of Dullaiths. So it---blinked at you? Come on, just today we’ve been snapped at by rabid vixens, escaped an explosion, slimed with something that hopefully isn’t toxic---and you’re terrified by something---blinking at you?”

“It was a huge—and---horrible eye!”

“The horrible blinking eye….Whooo---scary!” Sully schlepped over to the Gazebo steps and tried to wring out her clothes while still in them. “Look I’m sorry something scared you but 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 maybe it’s one of the good ones.” Sully fought with the laces of her wet sneakers, “let’s hope these dry quickly,”

“This is going to sound really weird but I think I---recognized that thing.”

Sully looked incredulous. “You think you met this Sea Monster before? What at the local coffee shop or something? Don’t they usually hang out in black lagoons or on alien planets?”

Ambril sighed then put her face toward the sun and felt silly. Was her mind playing tricks on her?

“Come on let’s eat,” Sully took the Gazebo steps two at a time. Ambril followed slowly, when she reached the top step she turned to look at the pristine waters of the pond. What she really wanted to do was jump back in the water, find the

Sea Monster and wrestle it out of the water, it may not help them make fixit juice or just understand this mad, captivating garden but at least she’d feel in charge of her own life for a little bit.

# Chapter 19 Fixit Juice

They found Ygg well into the sandwiches. “What took ya?” he asked.

Ambril sighed, “it’s a long slimy story, and smelly too; pass the grapes.”

The food made Ambril feel a bit more normal. Afterwards they lay back on the warm stone benches and watched puffy white clouds scuttle overhead.

Sully pulled goo from her hair, “this stuff is soooo sticky!”

“Perfect for Fixit juice,” Ygg was still rooting hopefully through the lunch leavings looking much healthier thanks to Mrs. Sweetgum’s industrial sized supplies.

Sully knocked on her head sideways and a slime ball bounced out like a super ball. “That can’t be good, it’s starting to morph! We’d better get to work,” she opened the Astarte remedy book, “Fixit Juice, recipe #158--- it seems pretty simple, we just put all this stuff together and stir,” she continued to read, “There is something weird at the end though…I guess we’ll just have to wing that part.” She rubbed her hands together smiling at Ambril and Ygg, “ready?”

The Gnomes had brought over a Bomber Nutshell the size of half a boulder for them to use. It wobbled when Ambril touched it and refused to sit straight.

Sully read through the recipe again, “we’ll start with the easy stuff first,” she said as she dumped out her bag. Under all the Bomber Nut fiber and Vixen Brill was a clump of wilted leaves. “These are from my Mom’s herb garden; she’d kill me if she caught me in there,” she started busily sorting through the greenery. “It calls for three sprigs of thyme--- I guess you want it to last.” She threw in a few twigs with small green leaves. “Next, some Speedwell, to make it fast acting---ah! Here it is! Five strands with buds.” She threw in something with purple flowers. “Four flower heads of Everlasting,” she extracted some papery yellow flowers and tossed them in carelessly. “And three drops of Milk Weed.” She held up a stiff stock, snapped it in two and squeezed out three milky drops. “And then my personal favorite, seven leaves from a cast-iron plant,” Sully triumphantly held up a bunch of thick green blades before shredding them into the shell, “I got lucky, we had these in our front yard.”

Ambril found a stick and stirred the leaves, nothing happened.

“Now for the more interesting stuff,” Sully unceremoniously dumped in the Bomber Nut fiber and the Vixen Brill all at once.

Instantly they were enveloped by a cloud of yellow smoke smelling of rotten eggs. “Something tells me things are going to get a whole lot crazier,” Sully coughed as she reached for the nut filled with Gooberish Slag and upended it over the mixing pot. It took its goobery time and hung in long slimy dangles until Sully gave it a firm shake.

Ambril hastily stepped back as the pot began to bubble and fizz in a big way. The smoke became an ominous blue. But when it didn’t explode, they braved the smoke and took turns peering into the pot. Ambril saw it was now a molten mess of greenish goo and stank of excitable skunks and dead cats. Apart from burping at her, it did nothing more.

“How long will it keep doing this then?” asked Ygg as the remedy began to fizz and pop like firecrackers on Chinese New Year.

Sully frowned and consulted the Astarte again, “so now we’ve come to the part I don’t understand, we’re supposed to give it a shot of life energy, whatever that is,” she said uncertainly then looked thoughtfully at the smoking, steaming pot, “I went to a wellness camp once…maybe we could try joining hands and meditate.”

“Just who are you trying to kill you Dingslags?” shouted Baldot motioning wildly toward the top of the Gazebo, “Look! The Vita Fiore is about all-in!”

Through the steamy haze Ambril could see that Baldot was right. The noxious fumes had made the vines above them wilt. One of the larger buds sneezed, which remindeds Ambril of Rosebud and her Ashera…An idea flashed through her head. She rummaged through her backpack and raced for the concoction, which now seemed to be spitting Molotov cocktails which it pitted the ground surrounding it with balls of firey gloop.

“What you be doing?” asked Ygg dubiously.

Ambril held her nose as she was advanced toward the foul smelling pot, “we hab da do somethig before we choke da death.” Ambril’s hand shook as she raised her Ashera---here she was doing something dangerous that she’d never done before for what seemed like the twentieth time that day. She held her breath and grasped the Ashera tightly in both hands before timidly tapping the nut.

There was a loud boom and a brilliant flash of light inside Ambril’s head. But then gripped her heart with cold despair as she was suddenly yanked sideways so hard it took her breath away.

When she opened her eyes it was frigidly cold and dark. She definitely wasn’t anywhere near the sunlit Gazebo anymore. She could hear water dripping and sensed she was underground. When her eyes grew accustomed to the dark she was able to make out the outline of something monstrous…a darker shadow was there with her in the darkness. She asked her Ashera for light which illuminated nothing but thick black fog swirling around her. But when the evil being took shape before her, she almost wished for the darkness again. That she was in the presence of a powerful evil she had no doubt and began instinctively to search for some sense of what she was facing. The figure seemed to shift and change, writhing like a mass of eels then shifting to a more human form.

“So kind of you to offer yourself to me Ashera, so open, so trusting---it was too easy,” a gravely voice said. Its grating laughter sent spiky chills through her, she backed into a rough stone wall then stepped on something small and furry. It whimpered and shifted away.

The shadow seemed to grow larger as it fed on her terror. There was a tug on her neck as the creature grabbed her medallion and tried to rip it from her. The chain bit into her skin but didn’t break.

“I want the Glain… I need it,” the creature said patiently as it twisted the chain tighter and tighter until it began to choke her. She struggled but the creature was incredibly strong. Spots formed in front of her eyes and her knees weakened as she began to lose consciousness. At the last minute she lashed out at the monster. Luckily her Ashera responded, an arc of blue white energy erupted, the creature grunted in surprise and released her.

She stumbled away and pressed her back to the wall, taking in as much of the fetid air as she could stand.

The creature loomed over her and said musingly, “I see now the taking of this must be done carefully.” The thing grasped the medallion once again and slowly pulled her up off her feet while pinning her arms to her side.

Struggling got her nowhere in moments she was choking again. The spots reformed in her eyes…she knew she had only a few minutes left…death? She was too young to die. Her head became fuzzed with sadness, she didn’t want to die alone with this creature. She wanted her friends and family---images flashed before her eyes as her movement slowed and her brain focused inward on her life not her death, her Mom laughing with her over dinner, Zane smirking as he made a joke, the myriad of friendships she had made growing up in San Francisco, Chao Feng puzzling over a checker board, Sully, Ygg, Miss Fern, Mrs. Sweetgum, even fLit her stupid robot…

With an electric crack and the sounds of tires screeching followed by 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 lay there happy to just breathe. She sat up and looked around. The area around the Bomber shell pot looked scorched and singed from the explosion. There were several gnomes clambering out of the bushes and trees where they had been thrown. The fairy was nowhere to be seen.

Ygg found her first. “You O.K.? That be some explosion!” he offered his hand.

Ambril took it and got unsteadily to her feet. Time seemed not to have passed, had she just imagined the monster in the cave? “I’m O.K.”

“What did you get tangled up into this time?” asked Sully looking at her hard.

“What do you mean?”

“Those red marks around your neck, where’d they come from?”

Ambril’s hand flew to her neck she could feel welts where the Medallion’s chain had bit into her skin. Fortunately there was no blood. “One of the vines maybe,” she said vaguely.

“This mighta gotten in the way of things.” Blagoor trotted up with her badly mangled robot. fLit’s head was askew, one leg had been torn off and there was a piece of string tied around his middle. “Strangest thing---the chest cubby wouldn’t stay closed at first, now it won’t open.”

Ambril took the robot and looked at it closely. She shook it gently and heard the faint sound of bells...

Ambril suddenly understood, “ no worries, it’s just a stupid toy,” She stowed the ruined robot not too gently in her backpack and zipped it firmly shut.

“Bob’s Bots can fix him.” Ygg nodded. “He can fix anything.”

“Excepting us, grumbled Baldot, then brightened, “speaking of that!”

Everyone looked over at the remedy which had thankfully stopped smoking. There was already a large group of gnomes eagerly gathering around it.

Ambril craned her neck to see inside, “did it work?”

The mixture was crystal clear and glossy smooth, it smelled of new rain.

“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 began arguing over which would be the first one was cured.

“Nay, nought you live un’s,” said Ygg, “what we need is a broken pot.”

“How’s this?” asked Bummil dragging a large something out from under a bush. It was a three-footed jug, lion-like paws jutted out from the bottom and balanced the jug on its padded toes. A large piece of its handle was missing.

“I broke it this morning while trying to water the Elli-plant.”

“Fine,” Ygg nodded as he picked up the broken handle and dipped it in the Fixit juice. He was about to fit the piece in 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 be meaning prayer or something?”

“A wish more like,” Baldot shrugged.

Ygg shrugged. “O.K. then, how’s this. I hope this pot be put all-together again,” he said out solemnly then stuck the broken piece back where it belonged.

When the pieces touched Ambril heard a soft click, then the break lines began to glow and fizz slightly. 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. “It be as good as new!” he said just before he was knocked sideways.

The jug shook its fist handle at him as it reared up on its clay feet.

“Well I’ll be jiggered and sold for scrap!” said Baldot in surprise, “The thing’s come alive!”

“And become nicely grouchy too!” said Bummil approvingly.

The jug swaggered around, as if looking for a fight. Fortunately Bummil seemed to know from experience how to deal with grouchy ceramic beings. After ducking a few times to avoid jabs from the handle he said matter-of-factly. “Do you fancy a job?” he had to step quickly to one side to avoid a kick, “we be needing help carting water around, don’t you know.”

The jug stopped to consider this.

“Come and see then.” Bummil started walking up the path beckoning to the jug. The jug boxed with the air a moment then reluctantly, as if it couldn’t think of anything better to do, it followed him.

“That be a right fine jug!” Blagoor said admiringly, “plenty of spirit.”

Apparently being rude and grouchy was just good manners to a gnome, Ambril thought.

“Now, I want you to fix me,” Baldot turned to Ygg, “and I ain’t be taking NO for an answer. We be waiting years for Fixit Joe--- he don’t seem to be coming back so I’ll take my chances with this stuff.”

Ygg looked unsure, “I think we be needing more testing---to make sure there be no side effects.”

Baldot grabbed the tip of his cap, “how’s this?” there was a small chip missing from the white tip, “we can test on this wee bit.”

“We might could try it.”

Baldot’s smile showed all five of his cracked teeth again as he walked up to the remedy, but before he dipped in his cap he paused and said stiffly, “I hope this be making this old goat whole, and thank ye for it,” then without hesitation he grasped the shell and jumped in headfirst.

Ygg yelled as he lunged for him but missed. Baldot was completely covered with Fixit Juice before Ygg finally fished him out. “What you be playing at?” Ygg growled as he held up the dripping gnome by his left foot.

For a moment Ambril feared the worst. Baldot was as stiff and still as 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.

“Baldot?” asked Ambril anxiously, “are you alright?” she bent down so she was eye to eye.

For a long moment nothing happened, and then slowly his right eye opened.

Ygg held him up higher and yelled in his ear, “can you hear us?”

Baldot’s face slowly relaxed as he blinked both eyes and said sarcastically. “The great Trolls of the North can hear you, you Lummox!”

Ygg unceremoniously set him down, right side up.

Baldot began to stiffly move his arms and legs, “am I fixed?” he hesitantly took a step then another, “I be fixed!” he cried and began skipping around, “look at me! It works!” He said then he did a somersault off the Gazebo.

The other gnomes cheered and made a mad dash for the remedy.

“Hold on there, now, one at a time!” said Ygg battling through to the pot. Every gnome was dipped that night which made them unusually cheerful. Bummil came up and hugged Ambril’s kneecap seven times and Baldot only frowned when Bummil tried to hug him. The sun was setting over the mountains before they finished and got on their bikes to wind their way through the heavy overgrowth and through the hole in the hedge.

“I’m beat,” Sully yawned as she stashed her bike by the side of the barn. “But---I think this was the best day I’ve ever had.”

Ambril stopped just short of agreeing when she remembered the creature in the dark cave.

“The best part is I don’t think we’ll have to make a new batch for a long, long time. Just before we left I checked it, it hardly looked touched! That batch will last forever! You want to stay for dinner?” Sully asked, “I’m sure it’ll be O.K.”

“Of course it is! We’d love to have you both!” Sully’s Mother was heaving a basket over her garden gate filled with a mountain of spinach and slim carrots. “You should stay you two. Carrots and new potatoes tonight!”

Ygg nodded vigorously, Ambril was about to accept when she remembered the unfinished business she had, “I’m really tired tonight---but Thanks.”

“Another time then,” said Sully’s Mom as she headed for the kitchen door.

“See you tomorrow,” the gravel spit from under her tires as Ambril shoved off. It had been an amazing day with some terrifying parts. Truth be told, certain parts had been amazingly terrifying…but the day wasn’t over yet. Her eyes went frequently to the backpack stuffed in her basket.

# Chapter 20 The Stupid Truth About Smart Robots

Zane was eating as usual when she stuck her head in the kitchen. Mrs. Sweetgum smiled as she handed her a bowl of stew and a large slice of homemade bread. It was heavenly. There was nothing but slurping noises for several minutes. When Ambril finished she set her bowl in the sink.

“That was great, Mrs. Sweetgum,” Ambril yawned as she scooped up her backpack, “where’s Mom?”

“She’s resting, Feldez thought she looked a little tired.”

Ambril’s stomach tightened. Feldez seemed bent on controlling every aspect of her mother’s life; soon he’d have her into a padded cell. She fumed as she took the stairs two at a time. After locking her door her she swung her pack on her bed.

“Come on out of there!” she said sharply facing the pack.

She waited for a full minute, no reaction.

“I know you’re in there,” Ambril muttered angrily, “and I know WHAT you are,” Ambril shoved the backpack hard, “so show yourself!”

Still no reaction, Ambril was so angry now she couldn’t keep her hands from balling into fists. “I don’t like being spied on and I really don’t like it when someone pretends to be something they’re not,” she sputtered, “SO GET OUT HERE!” She yelled and punched the bag hard.

With a bang, the backpack burst open. fLit, her robot emerged just long enough for the string to break around his chest. He subsided back into the pack as an angry blur of light whizzed right at Ambril’s face.

It was the fairy all right, and he was angry. He opened his 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 more grating sounds, then switched to piano destruction followed by the sound of a dentist’s drill. He streaked around the room before zipping back to her and kicking her nose.

“Knock it off!” said Ambril raising her arms defensively, but she was helpless, the fairy was way too fast. He zipped in to kick her then was away again before she had time to duck. All she could do was cover her face with her arms---leaving a huge amount of real estate unprotected.

After several minutes of being poked, punched and kicked Ambril said through her fingers, “you’ve been in that robot since the Dullaith attack, haven’t you?” she winced as the fairy kicked her right ear, “watching everything I do, getting me into trouble, annoying my friends. Why? What am I to you?”

Sounds of an entire symphony of musical instruments being crushed in a trash compactor while being played filled her head followed by a head-on collision.

“You don’t want to be here I can tell,” Ambril bit her lip as the fairy pulled her hair hard, “tell me why you’re here, then maybe we can work something out.”

The fairy let go of her hair and was quiet.

Ambril cautiously peered through her fingers to find the fairy hovering a few inches from her face. She slowly put her hands down---but not too far.

The fairy began to speak, this time in a long cadence of chimes and bells with just a few grating screeches thrown in.

“I can’t understand you,” Ambril said, “there’s another way of communicating, isn’t there?” The fairy looked offended and sniffed as if it was beneath him.

“Back there in the dark, you spoke to me,” Ambril tapped her head, “in here. Maybe you didn’t mean to, maybe you don’t want to now but can you think of another way?”

The fairy looked disgusted but then he opened his mouth and a torrent of bell tones came out, then some clangs. Then the fairy screwed up his face with effort and she heard clearly in her head, “*Donkey*!” clang, ting, screech, “*Butt*!” then, “*You’re the Butt of a Donkey*!”

Ambril looked startled, “I heard that! You called me a Donkey’s Butt!” she drew her eyebrows together and concentrated. It was pretty weird being insulted in her own head perhaps she could return the favor. She willed some words back at him.

The fairy jumped then punched her in the nose.

“Ha! We’re even!” said Ambril rubbing her poor, abused nose, “besides it’s true, you are a pain in the b’ass akwards.”

The fairy made a face and flitted away, the picture of a sulking child.

Ambril tried 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.”*

She heard the sound of cars being dropped from a great height, 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, and looked as if she should be impressed.

She wasn’t.

Then he kicked her in the ear.

“*No more hitting and kicking, will you? We humans don’t do that during polite conversation, it tends to make us a lot less polite.”* Ambril rubbed her ear. “*First up, you don’t owe me a thing. I was curious that night I found you in the Morte Cell…really I saved you more by accident than anything. Second you repaid the favor this afternoon. You came and brought me back from that awful cave. Thanks by the way, so that means we’re even right?”* A second later Ambril had to duck as the robot slammed into the wall just where her head had been.

Sounds of a runaway elevator racketed around her head, “*you know nothing! You silly, stupid---plodding---HUMAN-KIND!*” he said it as if being a human was worse than being a dung beetle slimed by a slug then sat on by a baboon. The fairy now flew in tight circles around her head, making Ambril very dizzy.

“*There isn’t anything more loathsome for a fairy than to be CHAINED to another being, but a HUMAN-KIND! That’s the worst of the worst! The lowest of low*!” The fairy began to slow enough for Ambril to catch sight of his face, no longer angry, he looked sad and frustrated. Ambril got a flash that there was something more to this, something personal; but when the fairy caught Ambril watching him he landed a smashing blow to her chin.

“*Alright already*!” she shrugged him off and picked up her ruined robot. “*Let me spell it out for you again, I saved your life and today you saved mine so we’re even*,” she walked over to her window and opened it wide, “*you’re free!”*

But the fairy stayed where he was, watching her. After a moment she sensed his sadness, “*It’s not that simple*.  *There are traditions to be upheld, protocol…”*

Ambril snorted, “*and you call us stupid, this is something new, something that isn’t covered by your precious protocol. It means we handle things a little differently, you have to change right?* ”

This time the fairy snorted. “*We don’t change dung-breath. The Tylwith Teg have been around since the dawn of time. We have perfected ourselves. We have no need of change.”*

Ambril laughed out loud. “*So you’re perfect---really? That’s not what I see*. *I see a sad, angry fairy who loses his temper and pokes me in the eye when I say things he doesn’t agree with*.”

The fairy poked her in the eye again then went back to sulking near the window.

Then it slowly dawned on her. “*It’s not an obligation you have that keeps you here is it? Fairies wouldn’t feel any obligation to any “lowly” human-kind,”* she continued. “*It’s something else*.”

The fairy suddenly looked uncomfortable as his eyes strayed to Ambril’s shirt...the Ledrith Glain. She pulled it out and watched it twirl in the light, “*it’s 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. I’m here to protect it! Today’s a good example. You practically gave it to him! It can’t fall into his hands.”*

“*Whose hands? You mean that creature in the cave*?” asked Ambril.

The fairy nodded. “*Moroz was once human but now*…*who knows what it is?”*

“*Moroz? That was Moroz?”*

The fairy looked mildly surprised. “*You know of Moroz*? *Then you must have learned that Moroz was the last human-kind that we fairies ever trusted*, *we paid a high price for that*,” the fairy shot a hateful glance at Ambril. “*He betrayed us so we vowed to never have any dealings with your kind…EVER again*.” Then the fairy’s shoulders sagged, “*until now, anyway*…*because you saved my life, stole my boot and now have the Ledrith Glain hanging around your unworthy neck*.”

Ambril decided to change the subject before she got her head kicked again. “*So what’s the Ledrith Glain to Moroz?*”

“*The Ledrith Glain is one of the most powerful sources of life energy in existence* *which makes it one of the most powerful things on earth. To a Tylwith, it is sacred. We once thought better of human-kind and foolishly shared it with you. We learned the hard way how unreliable and untrustworthy you are. Most of you are weaklings and easily corrupted by power. The last straw was Moroz.”* He drew his eyebrows together in concentration. *“So I am here to collect the Ledrith Glain and take it back to my people. But for some reason, the Ledrith Glain has chosen you to be its bearer*.” Ambril could feel his curious probing. “*It’s been centuries since it has chosen a bearer, it has never chosen a human-kind before.*” It flew slowly backward looking her up and down, “*it is true that you bear the Sign of the Four, but stronger and wiser beings have also had this lineage and not been chosen*,” he stared mystified, at Ambril.

The Sign of the Four, Foursies…she had heard it before, what the heck did it mean?

“*It means* *you bear the heritage of all four magical kinships, you half eaten sausage!*” fLit answered her unasked question.

Ambril shuddered at his intrusion into her thoughts. She realized she had absolutely no privacy around him. Trying to clear her mind she held up the medallion, “*so I’m the only human to own this?”*

The fairy flew at her in a rage and pulled her hair, “*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. There’s nothing remarkable about you!”* He threw his hands up in frustration, “*you’re just so—average*.”

Ambril had heard this too many times before for it to hurt anymore…besides she believed it. Not for the first time she thought about how ridiculous it all was. She was just a regular kid. Did they really expect a normal, average kid to go out and save the world or whatever it was she was supposed to do? She stood there thinking for a long moment thinking about the Dullaith attack and the creature in the cave, “*you know how to protect this better than I do*, *what would happen if I just gave it to you*?”

The fairy didn’t answer, he just watched her.

“*Well*?” still no answer…so Ambril lifted her medallion from around her neck and held it out to the fairy, “*Just take it and go*.”

The Ledrith Glain glittered in her palm lighting up the fairy’s face, a look of longing, of greed crossed it, then he sighed heavily, “*this isn’t going to work. I’ve tried to take this off you at least once every night. But just in case*---”

In a flash the fairy flew over, grabbed the chain and flew full speed toward the window, the chain played out to its full length and then jerked to a stop. Like a dog on a chain fLit flattened out, then the chain swung backward until it dangled from Ambril’s hand with the fairy attached. The fairy tried again and though he pulled and tugged the medallion stuck to Ambril’s open hand like glue.

“*See?*” He threw the chain down in disgust and watched it swing. “*It won’t leave you…believe me I’ve tried everything.”*

Ambril was shocked, she slowly put her medallion back around her neck then went over to her backpack and pulled out her Ashera, “*you’re rude and ridiculously arrogant---but you’re right. I’m too young and inexperienced to be carrying these things around and attracting monsters everywhere I go. I have to learn how to use them somehow, to protect myself and to figure all of this out,”* she looked at the hateful fairy, “*you know how to use an Ashera right?”*

“*It’s a simple tool which comes with instructions,*” he smirked as he pointed to the decorative lines and images on it.

Ambril resisted the urge to tweak his wings, “*do you think---you could teach me how to use these things?”*

The fairy 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.

Ambril squeezed her head and waited, “*you haven’t anything else to do*.”

She was treated to a crescendo of broken glass ending with a tinkle of bells.

“*What have you got to lose?”*

fLit drifted back to her amid a chorus of blaring car horns, “*just the respect of everyone I know. Associating with human-kind is worse than bringing home a flatulent toad for tea,*” he studied her, then grimaced in annoyance, “*hold it lower down, like a wand…not a tube of human-kind toothpaste,”* he instructed.

Ambril adjusted her hand.

“*Better…if we’re to do this, and I’m not saying we are---it will be hard work. We’ll start with protective wards, you must have wards around your person at all times now that we know Moroz is aware you have the Ledrith Glain. Then we’ll move onto defensive and offensive moves and into, sighting…you must constantly practice magic methodology of course---Visualize, Focus, then Will it to happen. But as human-kind are so ploddingly slow you’ll be middle aged before we’re half way done.*” he hovered a moment, lost in thought. “*I’ll of course continue to protect the Ledrith Glain*.”

Ambril pointed at the demolished robot, “*just how will you manage that*?”

“*I hid in the robot because I was too weak from the Morte Cell. But I’ve recovered enough to make myself invisible some of the time.”* He squinted at Ambril’s messy head, *“Or I’ll hitch a ride in that---hair of yours*,” He sniffed and wrinkled his nose. “*When it’s clean at least…One more thing, you can’t tell anyone about me, NOT ANYONE.”*

Ambril hesitated, how would her friends take it when they found out she’d allowed a fairy to spy on them? But the fairy folded his arms firmly, he wasn’t giving her a choice---finally, she nodded.

The fairy flew over to the window, “*you are safe here and at school, this house is unusually well protected,”* he paused at the window. “*I’ll be back by morning.”*

“*Wait! What do I call you? What’s your name?”*

The fairy laughed mirthlessly and emitted a complex cadence of bells then cocked his head.

Ambril snorted. *“I’ll call you fLit then, the robot’s just a robot now.”*

The fairy shrugged then made a beeline out the window.

Ambril headed to her bathroom and picked up her toothbrush. She should have known, no robot was that smart or that much trouble. And now she had Moroz, one of the most evil magic wielders ever, after her medallion. She finished brushing her teeth and stood there lost in thought until her eyes refused to blink at the same time. Exhausted, she threw on her PJ’s and fell into bed.

# Chapter 21 An Uplifting Adventure

The days marched on with school taking a back seat to fLit’s nightly instruction. The fairy proved to be an experienced magic wielder but not a patient teacher. But she was learning. By Christmas she had been able to fashion a couple of protective wards which hadn’t been pretty but seemed to work. fLit had tested them by throwing energy balls at her for about an hour, smiling all the time.

Sully had surprised her with a small potted whistling reed plant for Christmas. She had taught to whistle Jingle Bells---unfortunately off key. The plant was so proud of itself it whistled constantly---day and night. After a day and a half Ambril blearily had to smuggle it out of the house and plead with the gnomes to do something with it. They had taken it to Fern’s garden and taught it a bunch of Irish drinking tunes, which it sang perfectly.

Heavy rains in January and February had kept them from meeting at the Gazebo until Ygg had made a fort from the giant slippery green leaves and Sully had figured out that green bomber nuts only grew warm when shaken and didn’t explode. They had brought a couple of old blankets and camped out almost every afternoon, warming their hands over a couple of green nuts and experimented with magic. Sometimes Ygg would try to teach them earth-kind magic---seeking for water or hunting for metals or Glain in the surrounding soil. So far Ambril had only been able to sense earthworms, which there were lots of. Sully had mixed up a couple of remedies, some of which had actually worked. Ambril had volunteered some of what fLit had taught her but she had to be careful when she did. She hated having to lie to her friends about anything, especially because they accepted what she said so easily, they really trusted her.

fLit had begun to teach her fighting moves just after Valentines Day. With all the practice her Ashera had begun to feel comfortable in her hands and to respond to her thoughts almost before she made them. But the more she learned the more she found there was to learn.

She blinked blearily one early spring morning after a particularly rough practice using pinpointed laser beams. She was a little slow erecting a protective ward during one of fLit’s more vicious assaults and her arms stung a little as she coasted into school. She noticed Ygg sitting on the steps looking upset.

“Mrs. Twid suspects,” he said before she could even get out a Hello.

“How do you know?” Ambril asked as she sat down beside him. “She’s probably realized that Sunset Tea wasn’t poisoning her friends the way it used to and is taking it out on you is all.”

“She be acting strange and hinting about wanting me gone.” Ygg said wearily.

“That wouldn’t be the worst thing, would it?” asked Sully as she plunked down on the other side of Ygg, “I’m serious about us needing help on the farm right now.”

“Twid would probably be offended enough to get me sent back home. But it be getting bad, last night she ‘forgot’ and locked me in the cellar all night.”

“We have to find a way to get you out of there,” said Ambril tensely, let’s meet at the Gazebo later and talk about it.”

It was getting crowded on the playground with gaggles of kids milling around. Tiana winked at Ygg as she and her friends sashayed by.

Ygg moaned.

“I think Tiana might have a thing for you!” Sully mimicked Tiana’s giggle. Ygg blushed just as the bell rang and they raced up the steps and into school just as it started to rain.

It rained all that morning but fortunately it stopped and the sun had come out by the time the three made it to the Gazebo. After polishing off one of Mrs. Sweetgum’s snacks of homemade bread, thick wedges of cheese, carrots and cookies, Ambril leaned back and stared out at the garden. The gnomes had been hard at work and the plants had acquired that well tended look she’d noticed in Fern’s garden. The ground smelled sweet like spring, even the air seemed brighter. But a cool breeze made Ambril draw her sweatshirt close around her. Looking up she saw the rain hadn’t finished with them, thunderclouds were forming again over the mountains. “What’s this big surprise you have for us, Sully?”

Sully smiled and whipped out a small plastic box looking like a three year old on Christmas morning. “I‘ve been playing around with a few things,” she held out the box, “and came up with this!”

Inside was a bunch of ordinary gray powder.

“Yeah? So?” Ygg squinted at it looking dubious.

“It’s FLYING powder!” Sully said excitedly. She carefully opened the box and held it out again. “Here look!”

Ambril peered into the box. At first it looked like ordinary dust but as she looked closer she began to see tiny sparks exploding from its surface, like eruptions on the sun.

“How’d you make it?” asked Ambril.

“You know those mad scientist labs in old horror movies? The kind with bubbling concoctions connected with curling tubes and flames and stuff?”

“Yeah!”

“It wasn’t anything like that. It was just a whole lot of grinding and pounding and---more grinding.” Sully smiled proudly at the powder, “want to try it out?”

Ambril just stared at her friend, “How safe is this stuff? Is there a chance we’ll shoot off into space?”

Sully waved her off, “I tried it on my pillow, it hovered in the air for a few seconds and then came down,” Sully started taking her shoes off, “We’ll just float around the Gazebo for starters,” her smile faded when she saw the hesitancy in their faces, “look if you 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? “I’m in.”

“Take your shoes off then.”

“Earth-kind be the type to keep their feet on the ground.” Ygg frowned at the powder but took off his shoes anyway.

Sully got out a spoon and ladled a heaping tablespoon into their shoes, “I thought if we put it inside our shoes it won’t blow off as easily,” a sharp gust of wind made Sully pause before putting the powder in the last shoe.

“You’re nought overdoing it, are you?” asked Ygg still frowning.

“This is what you need for a ‘sprightly sail’ the book said.”

“That’s what the book says?” Ygg peered dubiously at the powder in his shoe.

“Do you really think I could make that up?” Sully sounded annoyed as she put her shoes on.

Ygg opted to leave his laces untied. As they stood up Ambril braced for whatever was to happen. They waited…and waited…and waited for nothing.

Sully’s face went from supreme elation to horror then settled into dejection in about half a minute. She looked down and stamped her feet, “It worked perfectly last night, maybe I didn’t put enough in.” she swooped down, grabbed the powder and began sprinkled it lightly over all three of them.

“Not so much!” was all Ygg got out before a great gust of wind came through the Gazebo, took the powder right out of the box and swirled it all around them.

“It tingles!” Ygg said as he jetted off the floor and bumped into the roof of the Gazebo, “Ouch!”

Ambril was sneezing too hard to notice Ygg’s predicament, then suddenly she began feeling different---lighter, airier---like a dust mote on a summer afternoon. She looked down at her toes and found them lifting slowly off the ground. Sully hovered next her, “isn’t this incredible? I feel like dandelion fluff!”

But then another powerful burst of wind howled through the Gazebo and before Ambril could grab onto something it swept them both away. Ygg grabbed a vine but the wind was so strong, it came loose in his hands, both he and a part of the vine blew away after them.

Ambril found herself caught in a dizzying whirl as she tumbled head over heels. She screamed until she was hoarse and then curled into a ball when the nausea hit her. Suddenly she had a lot more respect for dandelion fluff.

“Ambril! AMBRIL! Cross your legs like mine,” still tumbling, Ambril looked over and saw Sully sitting the wind current as if it were a magic carpet, “only go slow, no sudden moves!”

Ambril stuck her feet straight out and found herself rocketing backward which is when she rammed into Ygg.

“Oof, thanks,” he said surprisingly as he grabbed her and held on tightly, “I just about lost me lunch!”

“Cross your legs! Cross your legs!” Ambril yelled over the whooshing of the wind and took her own advice. Ygg tried to imitate Ambril but ended up in a squat with his feet pointing straight down. They rocketed upward, “no, like you’re back in kindergarten sitting on the floor!”Ambril yelled and helped him rearrange his legs. After shooting off to the side, plummeting downward and gliding weirdly in a spiral, Ygg got his legs to cross; they found themselves floating over the forest 500 feet up. Birds flew below them eyeing them suspiciously.

In another universe Ambril knew she would enjoy this but she couldn’t stop thinking about what would happen if the powder suddenly wore off.

Sully bobbed up next to them, “hey look at that!” Sully pointed below them.

“I don’t think I’ll be doing that,” said Ygg nervously, his eyes firmly shut.

“Afraid of heights are we?” said Sully as she calmly floated over to him and linked arms, “come on relax and look around, you’re flying!”

“Come clean! You practiced, didn’t you!” accused Ambril.

“Maybe a little,” said Sully sheepishly, “I had to make sure it worked, there are so many variables---like wind currents, air temperature and the amount of moisture in the air.” Sully began to retie her shoelace.

“What happens when there’s moisture in the air?”

“It washes off I think---at any rate it stops working.”

Ambril froze when over Ygg’s shoulder she spied a massive thundercloud about to roll into them, “Hold on, we’re about to get hit by a very big variable!”

Seconds later they were engulfed in a freezing, fuzzy, whirling blanket of cold. Ygg must have panicked then, she felt him push away flailing which left her lost in the grayness. “Where are you?” she yelled but her voice sounded flat and small as if she was yelling into a pillow.

Then she heard Sully yelling, she sounded above her, “just relax, Ygg, I’ll tow you down. Let me rearrange my feet a little then---Ygg not you—No!” Ambril was the one suddenly rammed by Ygg and Sully. They carried her along with them as they punched through the storm cloud and rocketed straight down toward the forest below.

“Pull up! Pull up!” screamed Sully but Ygg had gone rigid with fear the moment he spotted the trees rushing up to meet them. Sully reached down and wrenched one of Ygg’s shoes off, they instantly slowed, “whoa! That was close!”

“This flying be nought for me,” Ygg’s eyes were still round with fear as he kept an eye on the treetops just below them.

Sully handed Ygg’s shoe to him, “don’t put that on until I say so!” she said as she began to fold Ygg’s legs. She was interrupted by a bolt of lightning snaking right under her nose and a bone-jarring thunderclap. Ambril felt the hair on her arms singe just before they were pelted with raindrops.

That sinking feeling in Ambril’s stomach she found was real…they were sinking…slowly at first but soon they picked up speed until the wind whooshed past them with hurricane force. Like runaway trains they entered the forest canopy.

“It’s gonna be rough!” shouted Ygg.

Duh, thought Ambril as the slick branches of a redwood tree whipped past her as she barreled through its branches. She instinctively put out her arms and tried to grab onto something but the wet needles slipped through her fingers. Tree branches whacked her in the face as she tumbled and flipped end over end until she finally came to a stop. She laughed right out loud, surprised to be alive.

“Sully? Ygg?” she called hoarsely. Rain dripped down her nose as she slowly looked around. She found herself caught in between two branches halfway up a very tall Redwood tree. Ambril wriggled enough to untangle her feet, then gingerly stepped down to the branch below her. She was getting ready to do it again when she heard a decisive snap.

“Oh no, no---NO!” she yelped as the branch under her gave way and she was off again. This time she managed to slow her fall by slipping and sliding from one branch to another all the way to the ground. She landed with a thump on a mound of redwood needles. Straining to breathe, she sat up slowly and found herself looking into the upside-down face of Ygg.

“I’m gonna kill her if she isna’ dead already,” he said resolutely, “help me?”

He looked like a spider’s bedtime snack, all tightly tangled in a vine. Ambril found a sharp stone and sawed away at a couple of the vines until Ygg slumped to the ground.

“Are you all right?” she asked as he got shakily to his feet. Ygg nodded grumpily as he picked leaves out of his hair.

Ambril took a deep breath, “SULLY!” She listened intently but heard only the soft sighing of the wind and the dripping of the rain.

“I only half meant that, about wishing Sully dead,” said Ygg.

The clear, high screech of a hawk sounded above them.

“Sully, where be you!” Ygg bellowed as he tried to wring out his jacket sleeve. Then he stopped and cocked his head, “hear that? It be from over there,” Ygg pointed toward a bright spot in the dense trees. “Sully!”

“Over here!” Ambril heard the faint reply.

Relieved, they limped toward the sound and found a clearing. As they broke free of the forest, the sun sent shafts of sunlight over the early spring grass there.

Sully stumbled toward them , her sweatshirt was torn but otherwise she looked all right. “Where the heck are we?”

Ambril was about to say something snide when she felt rather than heard distant thumps of something large running through the forest. It was coming their way.

The hawk screamed again, this time much louder. Everything was suddenly too quiet now in the forest. The birds had even stopped chirping. Ambril looked up and saw a gigantic gray bird at least three times the size of a regular hawk circling overhead.

Ygg braced himself and looked around. “You didna accidentally call the Cerberus again did you?” he looked at Ambril anxiously.

Ambril was indignant, “Look I don’t even have my Ashera! It’s back in the Gazebo!”

Ygg looked uneasily around, “Those footsteps be the sound of something large and possibly monstrous. We be beyond the Wall here and would be better off hiding in the trees. We’re sitting ducks out here.” Ygg pointed to the trees which rimmed the clearing and broke into a run.

Ambril had just turned to follow when it happened. A stabbing, cold flash flooded Ambril with pain. She doubled over and shut her eyes as 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.

Ambril opened her eyes and gasped for breath.

“Ambril! get a move on!” Sully beckoned to her watching the monstrous bird above them. Ygg had just disappeared in the underbrush. Ambril lurched into a run. She squinted up at the massive hawk, could that be who was in her head?

But the thumping footsteps pushed the fear of the hawk away, they were too loud to ignore. Could it be the Cerberus? Maybe she had called them without knowing it. Whatever it was it was very close now. Ambril ran flat out now for the trees and felt rather than saw the monster break through the trees behind her on the other side of the clearing.

Sully had reached the edge of the clearing and was staring dumbstruck at something above them as Ambril put on a last burst of speed. Squinting up at the hawk she saw it break into a dive just above her. “Run!” she shouted to Sully then scrunched into a ball under a bush as the deafening footsteps…stopped right over her.

Wait, this was too familiar, she’d done this already--- for instead of being punctured by giant teeth or shredded by spiky talons she heard Fowlclun’s hollow caw ripple through the forest like a tsunami.

She looked up in time to see the hawk fail to pull itself out of its dive, and ram beak first into Fowlclun’s chimney instead. She covered her head this time to avoid the falling bricks.

“You git back to whar you belong!” came a scrappy voice. “If it warn’t for my trick elbow, I’d take ya over my knee, you flea bitten old crow!” Hendoeth hollered then said in a more normal tone, “Err---sorry, Sid, no offense.”

“None taken,” Ambril heard Sid say quickly.

“Vamoose, ya yellow bellied old Coot you’ve no business being here!”

There was an injured screech and a brilliant snap of light as Ambril felt the gray presence slip sideways. Feathers floated down all around her as she got up and saw to her relief Sully and Ygg struggling out of the underbrush.

“Ambril, are you O.K.? I could even feel how much that hawk hated you!” Sully limped over nursing a nasty scrape down one arm as Fowlclun brought the house down with Hendoeth astride her front porch decked out in a big grin.

“My there ain’t nothing like sparring with an old enemy to get the blood flowing agin!” She crowed then she put her hands on her hips and glared at Ambril. “Just what are you doin’ out here? Didn’t I tell you to stay put inside the Wall?”

Ambril could only shrug, “It was an accident---long story.”

Hendoeth looked all three of them up and down, then sighed, “by the looks of things I guess you’ve learned yer lesson.”

“Come on in, we’ll talk while Fowlclun runs you home.” She turned but found the doorway blocked by a heap of beaming household junk.

“We came as soon as we could!” Quill piped up.

“And lost another tea cup and saucer along the way,” grumbled Brollie.

“Borogoves! Give a body some room!” groused Hendoeth.

The household items cleared a path as Hendoeth lead the way inside flipping back one of her braids as she did so.

Sully looked around in amazement, “you clean up so well, Fowlclun!”

Ygg was looking around and nodding too. Ambril suddenly remembered Sully and Ygg had seen only Fowlclun in his haunted house costume and smiled.

“Yep that takes a whole lot of elbow grease,” Hendoeth jerked her thumb at Jute, “it’s a lucky thing Jute’s so handy.”

Jute rolled his eyes and suddenly produced sixteen hands, “Isn’t it? All that hot water makes me frizzle.”

Sid nodded to Ambril as she sat down on the big sofa. “I will be off then, glad to see you all are still in one piece.” He said as he slid through the door and out into the forest.

Quill bustled over with a first aid kit clutched in her feathers, “let’s have a look at that arm---Sully is it?” she hopped up on the sofa to examine Sully’s arm.

The room lurched to the side as Fowlclun got under way and a jewel flower began to slide off the coffee table, Ambril managed to catch Tweek before she fell.

“Mercy, that was close!” Hendoeth called over the sofa, “ya alright in there Tweekie girl?” the flower glowed dully in response. Ambril heard a faint tinkling of bells in her head as the flower glowed warm in her hands.

“That’s a Vita Fiore flower right?” asked Sully looking curiously at the sculpture as Quill bandaged her arm, “they’re all over Trelawnyd.”

“But not anywhere’s else. It’s nearly forgotten outside of these hills,” Hendoeth frowned as she took the glittering flower from Ambril, “it’s sad but Tweek here, she’s even forgotten herself. It’s not right for her to be cooped up in there so long.”

Ambril faced Hendoeth, “I’m not sure what’s worse, forgetting yourself or not knowing what’s going on. Why did that hawk attack me? Was it another kind of monster, like a Dullaith?”

Hendoeth grunted, her face thunderous, “that Gray she-devil! She’s got no business in my forest. She’s not your average good hearted magic wielder but neither is she pure evil like a Dullaith.” Hendoeth rubbed one of Tweek’s petals.

“The Gray Lady was once a great magic wielder who fell from grace. Because of her actions she was forced to live in the Gray Lands on the banks of the River Styx.” When the three kids looked incredulously at her she nodded, “Yep, THAT River Styx…THE River that separates the living from the dead.”

“The Gray Lands are a wasteland where magical beings go because of what they’ve done or what they should have done, but didn’t. Some are there because they’ve been so damaged by magic they have no other place to go. Cant’ go on, can’t go back. Many think that living there among the lost for so long---made the Gray Lady lose her own mind.”

Hendoeth looked curiously at Ambril, “I don’t know why she’s after you, darlin’ but I’ve a notion she don’t know herself,” Hendoeth smoothed out her apron. “So here’s what we’ll do. Fowlclun and I’ll keep a look out for her out here and you three STAY INSIDE THE WALL, you hear me? That Wall’s strong enough to hold back Hades himself.”

Ambril thought of the fire breathing dogs, she could see that.

“Ruff!” was heard from the fireplace.

“Stay Teggy! Stay where you are!” hollered Hendoeth, “I just got them new curtains up!”

The fire gryphon was awake and sparks flew everywhere as he wagged his tail. Teg’s stubby beak opened in a grin as his amber eyes stared up at them adoringly. Hendoeth grabbed a charred potholder and began to scratch under his chin. He was soon purring.

Then the Gryphon wrinkled his nose and shook his head.

“Uh oh---stand back everyone, he’s gonna blow!” Hendoeth barked, “Brollie! Grab the rug!”

“Why is it always me?” Brollie rolled his eyes then pegged over and nudged it with his pointy part, the rug neatly rolled up and banged gently into the sofa.

The gryphon screwed up his nose again and huffed once, twice and then…

“Take cover!” Hendoeth shoved the kids behind the sofa then crouched down behind them.

With a great gust of fire, the Gryphon sneezed, filling the room with flames. Ambril’s toes curled as she felt the heat go right through her sneakers. Then the flames were gone leaving the air smelling of singed feathers.

“Ya O.K.?” asked Hendoeth swiftly appraising them.

An injured hoot resonated through the house.

“Nothing to worry about, nothings burning,” Hendoeth yelled into the rafters as she reached over and stroked the feathered wall.

Ambril looked over at the fireplace and stopped short. A scaly, red tail wagged all by itself in the fireplace, it was attached to nothing but thin air. It looked like Teg hadn’t sneezed all of himself away this time. The tail flicked to the left and stirred up clouds of soot.

“Bandersnitches!” said Hendoeth and made a grab for it. She got it on the third try and tied it loosely to the pothook, 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. Wish we knew what the little guy was allergic to,” mused Hendoeth watching the tail jerk around.

“Any one hungry?” A platter appeared carried by a long string arm on string wheels. Jute slid the platter on the table and switched back to his string face. “Hear you’ve been having adventures without me.” He said reproachfully.

“Come on kids make him jealous,” said Hendoeth. “Tell us all what happened back there.” Hendoeth bounced on the sofa and beckoned to Ambril and her friends. “Now start with when we last saw you, Halloween wasn’t it?”

And they began. First Ambril talked, but soon Sully and Ygg were adding to the story of finding the Astarte, Mrs. Twid’s tea and the gnomes. When they got to the flying powder Ambril thought Hendoeth would have a heart attack she laughed so hard.

After they finished, Hendoeth wiped her eyes, “lemme see that stuff.”

Sully pulled out the empty plastic box from her pocket, “we spilled most of it.”

“YOU spilled it, ya mean,” groused Ygg.

Hendoeth gave it a sharp rap with her knuckles and peered inside, “there’s still some left,” she said holding it up. Ambril could see a light dusting of powder coating the bottom of the container.

“This might just be enough, I reckon,” she mused.

“For what?” asked Ygg his eyes widening.

“Getting you over the wall, that’s what!” Hendoeth jumped to her feet. “It’s a bit hard on Fowlclun going back and forth.”

Ambril suddenly noticed that Fowlclun was standing still. Outside the window she could see the Gazebo’s spire just beyond the Wall.

“Great!” said Sully jumping up, “look it’s still light out, I won’t even be grounded!”

They stepped into the beginning of a spectacular sunset. Hendoeth turned and said, “Ya git just one shot, there’s not enough for more.”

She held the box up and sprinkled a few grains of powder over all three kids.

“Why’d you do our heads and not our feet?” asked Sully.

“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.”

“Will we have any trouble with the Walls’s protective wards?” asked Ambril.

“Naw, it knows you belong inside,” said Hendoeth, “off you go, remember ya get one jump, try and make it a good one.”

“We got that,” said Ygg rubbing the bump on his forehead.

Ambril stepped off Fowlclun’s porch and onto Trelawnyd’s formidable Wall, it was at least five feet thick in most places. As her feet touched the stones she could feel something denser than air slice through her for an instant, then it was gone.

“You ever need us, just give a holler!” Hendoeth called as Fowlclun stepped back and turned toward the forest. Just before the chimney disappeared from view Ambril heard Quill ask, “are you sure that stuff will work?”

“Well, almost…they’re kids though, they’ll bounce, right?” Ambril hoped Ygg hadn’t heard that. He was standing well back from the edge looking apprehensively at the ground.

Sully had squeezed her eyes shut, intent on something, “I think I’m feeling it!” she said excitedly and grabbing Ygg’s hand she began dragging him over to the edge. Then she burped. “Oops, false alarm.”

“Let’s be waiting a bit longer,” Ygg said pulling his hand away and stepping back hurriedly, “like until next week!”

By then Ambril was feeling something too. It was a light-headed, tingling feeling, which made her nose twitch and her ears wiggle.

“O.K. enough stalling!” Sully firmly grasped both their hands and pulled them right over to the edge.

“Wait, wait!” Ygg said clamping his eyes shut.

“Come on, you can’t spend your life up here!” Sully said giving his hand a shake. Ygg clenched his teeth and wrinkled his nose.

“Just one big jump, on the count of three, ready?” said Sully.

Ambril felt herself beginning to levitate.

“One, two---Jump!” shouted Sully as she soared up and off the wall.

Ambril followed, Ygg lagged behind. Just before he jumped Ambril heard him sneeze. Sully got the most height from her jump. She easily cleared the brambles, sailed over the pond and made a beeline for the Gazebo.

“Wheeeeeee!” Sully managed to do a couple of somersaults before grabbing one of the Gazebo’s columns. Grinning broadly she jumped to the stone floor. Ambril too bounded over the tangled mess of greenery easily but made a less graceful landing when she tripped on a treetop, skimmed the pond and found herself rolling up the porch steps.

“Wasn’t that great?” giggled Sully. “I’m gonna try to make a new batch tomorrow, but this time I’ll---”

“Whoa, what?” It was Ygg whose jump hadn’t been nearly high enough. He had gotten tangled in the overgrowth, and with the wrong sort of plant.

The brambles shifted to reveal long rows of shiny thorns which glinted around a large mouth-like hole. It wrapped its spiky tendrils around Ygg’s ankle and began pulling him toward its mouth, its thorns clicking excitedly.

“We have to do something!” screamed Sully unhelpfully.

Ambril thought immediately of her Ashera but before she could react she heard a jangle of off-key horns.

“*Stay where you are, you’re so clumsy you’ll probably kill him---the plant I mean. Perhaps I’ll save your friend too*.”

Light streaked toward Ygg as Ambril felt a frizz of magic. The plant puckered as if it tasted something sour. Then 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 grabbed the vines at the last moment and tumbled to the floor.

“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.” She tried to pull Ygg to his feet. “So your jump wasn’t high enough and---”

“By the Glain, I just want to be breathing in and out for a minute, without being a part of a science experiment of yours,” said Ygg crawling to a bench.

“Any more damage?” asked Ambril looking him over for new bite marks.

Ygg moved his arms and legs experimentally as he got to his feet, “it’s hard to tell I be so bunged up all ready. I know now that I be better off with me feet on the ground.”

Sully patted him on the back distractedly as she looked anxiously at the fading streaks of sunlight. “Whatever---we ought to get a move on. My Mom’s probably dialing the sheriff’s office right now wondering where the heck I am.”

Ambril got a flash of her Mom’s anxious face. “Right! Let’s go!”

The three bounded down the Gazebo steps, grabbed their bikes and pedaled hard toward home.

# Chapter 22 A Short Visit From Someone too Large

They had made it through the worst part of the garden when Sully screamed, “Ambril! Look Out!”

Ambril had no time to react as she was grabbed from her bike and lifted up and up she watched as her bike continued on without her for a while before it sheered off into a bush. Something gripped her tightly around the middle.

“Iggy? That you Ygg boy?” A deep gravely voice boomed in her ear. She rose in the air until she was parked in front of a broad, flat face. It grinned malevolently, displaying an array of crooked, yellow teeth. Then the smile faded, “nought Yggy boy,” he grunted and tossed Ambril away.

Fortunately, the garden was so overgrown Ambril wasn’t flung far. She landed in a tall, prickly bush then half-slid, half-fell to the ground. She was getting good at that. As she struggled to her feet she saw Sully kick away her bike and run full tilt at a mountainous man who must have been over seven feet tall.

“Let him go, you overgrown Rambo!” she screamed and started kicking his ankle, but the big man hardly noticed, he now had Ygg in his fist and patted him on the head with his meaty hand. It looked like it really hurt.

“I told them I be finding you Ygg boy…I be getting my reward now---new boots for me,” he growled a chuckle.

Sully gave up on his ankle and started whacking his knee with a stick. “Ambril come and help me I think I’ve almost got his attention!”

As Ambril waded through the underbrush she took stock of the gigantic man. He certainly wasn’t from Trelawnyd---or anywhere else it appeared. His homemade clothes were worn and fastened with bits of bone and wood. He wore a leather tunic with many pockets over baggy shorts. Ambril could see why he wanted new boots, as he had on just one. An enormous, ratty old sock, looking like it had once been a windsock at an airport covered the other foot with ‘Alaska, Go Nanooks!’ printed across the top.

“Put me down,” panted Ygg his face now a nasty shade of lavender.

“Put you down? You worth too much,” said the big man, turning him back and forth in his hand as if he were a toy, “I be taking you back to Chert now to collect my money,” He turned toward the forest as if to go, with Ygg still struggling desperately in his hand.

“Wait! Wait just a second!” Ambril raced over straining to get a good look at the big man’s monstrous boot. It---looked familiar. “I---I think I might know where your other boot is.”

The bounty hunter turned slowly around his bright little eyes narrowing as he said accusingly, “how you be knowing that? You be the one to take it?”

Ambril backed up a little nervously…because when someone that size looks like he wants to drop kick you to China…that’s what you do. “No! I---I didn’t take it but I think I might know where it is.”

The big man still looked dangerous---but also curious. “Where it be?”

“I’ll get it for you…it’d be nice to have your old boot back wouldn’t it? old boots are so much more comfortable then stiff, new boots that would give you blisters for a week.

Listen, if you let Ygg go and promise not to drag him back to Chert, we’ll get your boot for you.”

The big man’s furry eyebrows fused together as he thought about this. He looked at Ygg still struggling in his fist then back at Ambril, “but if’n I put this rascal down, he be running and hiding. Then I be having no reward and no boot.”

“No, he won’t run and hide---you can trust him,” Sully cupped her hands and yelled up at her friend “Relax, Ambril has a plan!”

“A plan? What kind of plan? You mean like the plan where the dogs of hell came after us? Or like the plan where we shot off into space using that stupid flying powder?”

“This is a new and improved plan---come on, what other choice do you have?”

Ygg stopped struggling, “this plan better be good, Ambril,” he wheezed, then he nodded at the bounty hunter, “I won’t run, you can be putting me down.”

The Giant looked unconvinced, “by the Glain you swear?”

Ygg nodded slowly, “by the Glain, I swear.”

But just as the big man was about to set the boy down a ball of greenery sailed over Ygg’s head and exploded over the Giant. It unfurled and draped over him like a net.

“Charge!” Came a tinny yell as Ambril’s bike sailed down the path pumped by gnomes, two on the pedals, one steering and three in the basket with sticks.

“No prisoners!” Shouted Baldot as the bike crashed into the big man’s boot and upended itself, launching the gnomes straight at the amazed bounty hunter. The Gnomes grabbed hold of the first hairy thing they came in contact with and began kicking, biting and poking him.

“You’re ruining everything, knock it off!” Sully began pulling off whatever gnome she could get her hands on.

But the gnomes paid no attention to anything but the glorious fight, “you leave our Ygg alone you ten ton ape!” grunted Blagoor. He scrambled on top of the big man’s shoulder and started jabbing his hairy ear. That was when the bounty hunter decided he’d had enough, he shook himself---just once, but it was enough to send every gnome flying.

“Bandersnitches!” Bummil yelled as he sailed over Ambril’s head, then she heard a series of thunks, groans and loud cracks as the gnomes peppered the landscape.

The big man tore the vine netting away as if it were paper lace.

“Stop the fighting!” Ygg yelled, “we be reaching an agreement here.”

Baldot stumbled out of the undergrowth, “why didn’t you say so instead of yelling like a stuck pig!”

The Gigantic man rubbed his ear then grunted, “If’n you weren’t earth-kind, I be grinding your bones to powder about now,” he wiggled his sock toes, “but I nought be taking my revenge on ones such as you,” then he set Ygg down roughly on the ground but pinched his arm between two fingers, “I be needing security before I be letting you go.”

Ygg filled his lungs gratefully, when his color evened out he reached inside his shirt and pulled out a leather packet. “These be precious to me, I nought leave without them.” he handed them over.

The Giant took the packet looked at it once, then again, and one more time, giving it a long appraising look before shoving it into one of his many pockets. He stood there a moment looking at Ygg, deep in thought.

“We’ll need some time to get your boot,” Ambril said trying to sound confident.

The bounty hunter squinted at the moon just rising above the mountains, “we meet here next saucer moon.”

There was a swish of air around Ambril, as suddenly the big man’s face appeared just inches from Ambril’s own. Ambril could see where the hard lines from living rough had creased his face, “bring me mine boot---orn’ you won’t be seeing your friend ever again,” he whispered dangerously.

Ambril could only gulp and nod. He held her gaze for a moment longer…curiously Ambril was struck by how they softened. Then without warning, he melted into the forest. Not a twig snapped or a branch swayed. The too large man just up and vanished.

Ambril felt the now familiar frizz of magic, the Giant was not only powerful physically, he was gifted in magic as well. She felt a little dizzy thinking about what might happen to them especially Ygg if they failed to get his boot…they just wouldn’t fail.

Sully snorted at Ygg. “You have a lot of explaining to do. You can start with why a guy like that came after you.”

A look of longing followed by sadness flashed across Ygg’s face before he ducked his head, “A strong young back is worth a little something to the Mining Company,” he said to his shoes. “ It nought be like they can replace me with someone from a neighboring town, there be no neighboring towns around Chert.”

“You mean there’s a reward on your head offered by the Mining Company? Hasn’t that been illegal for a couple of centuries?” Sully asked incredulously. “I never thought I’d say this but you’re better off with Mrs. Twid.”

“What was in the packet you gave him?” Ambril asked.

Ygg still looked at his shoes, “they be letters from me Mam is all.” he shrugged, “they help during the lonely times.”

Ambril’s heart sagged as she wondered how many lonely times there had been for him since he’d left home.

Sully was still staring pitchforks at Ygg, “there’s something you’re not telling us, I can see it in your face.”

“Nay, he’s mastered the art of befuddlement, in Chert they hold contests to see who befuddles best,” Bummil came up supporting Blagoor who smiled as he handed his left foot over to Ygg.

“We showed that bounty hunter!” He took a deep breath and let it out in a satisfied way. “It be a dandy of a fight warn’t it?”

Ygg groaned as three other gnomes marched up with cracks and chips, “I be wishing it had been a sight less dandy. This’ll be taking half the night,” he sighed as he got out the fixit juice and went to work on Bummil’s foot. Then he turned to Ambril, “seeing me life be riding on it, what’s this grand plan of yours?”

“The bounty hunter’s boot is hanging under Flood’s Shoe Store sign. You’ve seen it, big black boot with geraniums growing in it? All we have to do is get it down and clean it up.”

“But we can’t steal it from Mrs. Flood! She’s a nice old lady!” countered Sully.

“You’d rather have Ygg get hauled down the Mines? We have no choice! We’ll just have to find something to replace it with.”

“Well---I don’t know---maybe...but I still don’t like it,” groused Sully then mused, “I wonder if Junkson would have anything?”

Who’s Junkson?” asked Ambril.

Ygg looked surprised, “Junkson’s Shop next door to the Shoe Store? You mean you haven’t been there yet?”

“It’s great---if you don’t mind your stuff really, really used. And dealing with creepy Mr. Junkson,” Sully cringed.

“It’s just his lazy eye---you don’t know what he be watching.”

Sully’s shoulders went up, “and that he takes his teeth out and leaves them on the counter, his long, dirty fingernails…I don’t think he’s ever washed that jacket he wears…you know I’m right, he’s flat out creepy.”

Ygg just shrugged, “creepy or no, he may have something we could use.”

“I’ll check with my Mom, it’s unbelievable the stuff we have in our basement.”

Sully added then she turned back to Ygg, “Come on, you know how I hate secrets, we’re all friends here.”

Ygg’s eye twitched as he pointed his chin at the deepening shadows, “Weren’t you saying something before about how your Mam’s been known to call the police if’n your just a few minutes late?”

Sully looked up at the darkening sky and shrieked, “Holy tractor belts! I’ll be grounded for a week!” then she raced for her bike, “I’ll see you when---or if they take the manacles off!” then she pushed off hard, in another second she disappeared through the hedge.

Ambril’s heart nearly stopped when she realized the stars had been out so long they’d had baby stars. She hurried to her bike. The gnomes had brushed it off and put her backpack in the basket, “nearly good as new!” said Baldot, “though I care nought for the nasty twit hiding in your---“

“Night everyone!” Ambril yelled trying to drown out the gnome’s words.

Ambril started off, it had made her nervous when Sully had accused Ygg of keeping secrets. She scrunched her nose at her backpack. When she finally told them her secrets would they still think of her as a friend?

She was about to barrel through the hole in the hedge when she heard Bummil shout after her, “it be true, none of us be liking him!”

# Chapter 23 Boot Nicked

“Ouch! That’s my foot!” Sully whispered, “It’s the only part of me that doesn’t ache! I had to clean out the vegetable garden as part of my penal servitude for being so late the other night…and I’m grounded.”

“I’m grounded too but I at least I didn’t have to clean anything,” Ambril whispered back. The two were huddled together in Betula’s alley across the street from the Shoe Store waiting for Ygg. It was just past midnight and a little chilly. Sneaking out while being grounded had proved to be a lot easier than Ambril had expected, it helped that her Mom was downing sleeping pills every night.

“I brought these to replace the boot with,” Sully pulled out something that looked like bootie wind chimes but sounded like file cabinets being pushed down a flight of stairs, “my Mom bronzed every baby shoe I ever had…they’re very sentimental, my parents. But the wind chimes idea didn’t fly---too clunky sounding don’t’ you think?”

Ambril put her hands over her ears and said between clashes,“won’t your---Mom miss---these?”

Sully shoved the clanging bronze booties back into her pack, “not likely, she has two more sets.” Sully pointed at an object swinging in the breeze above the Shoe Store, “are you sure that’s it? It looks more like a flowerpot than a boot.”

“I think so, I checked this morning but it’s hard to tell what with all the geraniums. It’s sure big enough.”

“Bigger than two of me!” said a voice at Ambril’s knee.

Ambril jumped, “Bummil! Where’s Ygg?”

“Ygg wants you doolallies to join him across the street; Baldot’s run into a snag.”

Ambril squinted up at the big boot and realized that it wasn’t a breeze that was blowing it around; swinging around the boot were several gnomes attached to ropes. Sully and Ambril snuck across the street and found Ygg leaning against the Shoe Store, “what took you?” he asked.

Suddenly Baldot hovered an inch from Ambril’s nose, “we be having a problem getting the boot unhitched. It be chained up but good! We can saw through it but it’ll be noisy,” he jerked his chin toward the junk shop next door. “Junkson there’s a light sleeper.”

Ygg and Ambril stared dumbly at each other, but Sully started rummaging around in her backpack. She popped up triumphantly with what looked like a bottle of perfume in her hand. “This might work! I whipped this up a couple of days ago and haven’t had a chance to try it out.”

“Making the boot smell nice won’t be helping,” Ygg sounded annoyed, “though a few of the gnomes could use something, any of you been hanging out with farm animals?” several of the gnomes snickered, then shrugged.

Sully looked slightly injured, “this is a REMEDY not perfume! It’s Disappearing Spritzer.”

“You mean like making something invisible? Just how that be helping? Making the boot invisible nought be better than making it smell nice!” Baldot picked his teeth as he swung from his rope.

Sully was miffed now, “No, you spray this on a link in the chain which makes it disappear just long enough to pull the chain apart…you see?”

Some of the gnomes still looked mystified but Sully handed the spritzer to Bummil and said firmly, “just try it, but be careful where you spray it, it’ll make anything disappear.”

Bummil sniffed the spritzer dubiously. “It nought be smelling too---frilly? The boy’s would be having fun with that.”

“I had to make it in my Dad’s manure tea jug, believe me it doesn’t smell frilly,” Sully said and wrinkled her nose.

“Then I’ll be trying it,” Bummil swung up to the boot. Ambril heard a Pffft sound and then another…then Baldot yelled, “nought both chains at once, you Ding slag! --- Look out below!” They managed to duck out of the way just as the boot landed with a monumental smack on the sidewalk, geraniums and potting soil flew everywhere. Everyone held their breath as Ambril and Ygg dragged the boot into the shadows. Expecting some sort of reaction they held it a little longer. Finally Ambril let hers out in a soft rush of relief and smiled at Ygg.

Bummil and Baldot stepped out from the shadows as Bummil said, “it works a treat! We could be using this with the carnivorous plants!”

Suddenly a wild haired, skinny-legged apparition charged out from the Junk shop next door, a shotgun in his hands. “Thieves! Beggars! Lottery losers! You keep away from my valuables, you hear me?” He banged his shotgun on the ground which frightened Bummil so much he accidentally spritzed Baldot’s head with the disappearing remedy.

Baldot’s head instantly disappeared. Headless, his body began walking zombie like toward Junkson. Before anyone could drag him into the safety of the shadows Junkson spotted him. He gawked at the ceramic apparition as Baldot marched right by him. He looked up and down the quiet street and followed the headless gnome for a few moments before carefully scooping him up and tip toeing into his shop. Ambril could hear a series of clicks, slides and thuds as Junkson fussed with the locks on the door.

“What are we going to do, poor Baldot.” Sully whispered.

“Baldot can take care of himself, once he is himself. It’s Junkson I be worried about. He could be having a heart attack or calling the police in there.” Ygg whispered then beckoned to Ambril and Sully as he slunk over to the Junk Shop’s dirty windows and peered inside. In the glow of a desk light Ambril could see the gloating face of Junkson as he set Baldot on his back and watched the gnome’s body continue to walk.

“The stuff should be wearing off about now,” Sully whispered.

Sure enough, Ambril could see the outline of Baldot’s head begin to glow. Fortunately Junkson became preoccupied with switching on another light just as Baldot came to his senses and froze.

When Junkson turned back his face went from gleeful greed to disappointment in a heartbeat when he found instead of a unique and possibly valuable object he found an ordinary garden gnome. He spent the next fifteen minutes feeling around for a switch examining Baldot’s neck, banging, poking and trying to wrench Baldot’s head off. Finally he gave up, opened a large wooden cupboard behind the counter and locked Baldot inside. Mumbling foul things to the universe he turned off the lights and limped up the stairs. Silence settled around the room comfortingly.

“Now what do we do?” whispered Sully, “He’s locked inside the cupboard!”

Ygg just chuckled, “He’s a gnome isn’t he?”

Bummil was already working on the Junk Shop door. He expertly jiggled it, just once. Ambril heard several clicks, squeals and thunks before it whispered open. They followed Bummil inside. Ambril looked around and shivered, even a Dullaith seemed tamer than a Junk Shop after midnight. In the dark the piles of junk morphed into monstrous shadowy shapes---shapes with fangs and too many limbs….Ambril could have sworn the coat rack leaned toward her and that a flowery arm chair tried to nip her. After that, Ambril kept her head down as she followed Sully and Ygg to the cupboard behind the counter; just as Sully reached for the knob it miraculously slid open. Baldot stood there with a bag over his shoulder; he winked and jumped into Sully’s arms, “miss me?”

Sully snorted and set him down. The bag clinked slightly as he made his way out the front door. The other’s waited while Bummil with a wave of his hand relocked the front door.

Not until they were safely back in Betula’s alley did Ambril begin to breath normally again. A couple of gnomes dragged the dirty black boot across the street which Ygg then pounced on and looked over carefully under the street light, then he looked up grinning hugely, “it has the same buckle, it be about the right size, this might could be it.”

Sully smiled, “that went well, we have the boot and no one even lost a limb.”

“Baldot did lose his head---but it be only temporary,” put in Bummil sounding disappointed.

“Do you be having any fixit juice on you?” Baldot asked Ygg.

Ygg pulled out a vial and held it out, “who is it now?”

“It nought be for one of us, you Ninny, it be for this fine thing!” Baldot pulled out a very ornate ladies shoe, big enough for a basketball player, from his bag. It laced up the side in a quaint, old-fashioned way but the ornate buckle had snapped loose and the heel had broken off.

“Hey! That’s the stolen shoe! The one that was stolen from Mrs. Flood’s sign before she put the black boot up, where’d you find it?” Sully gasped.

Baldot frowned at her, “I nearly sat on it in the cupboard…it nought be Mrs. Flood’s no more, I’m taking it to ease the pain I went through at the hands of that snot-nosed codger. He nearly broke me neck three times!”

“We’re talking about nice old Mrs. Flood here, it was her shoe first!”

Baldot stared mulishly at her.

Ygg picked up the shoe and held it up to the light, “What would Junkson be wanting with this old shoe? He stole it from his neighbor of forty years…then he just hides it in a cupboard?”

“I be finding it fair and square---if’n she misplaced it before, that’s nought to do with me.” Baldot groused and glared at Sully as if he’d like to boil her in beet juice.

Ambril nudged her friend, “offer him something,” she whispered.

Sully rolled her eyes, “All I have are the brass bootie chimes---like that’s going to work,” she sighed but then with a clatter she pulled out the booties , “I know it’s not much but would you take these instead? They’re real bronze.”

Baldot’s mouth dropped open as he stared at the shoes in open admiration. “They’re like me Mollie’s shoes! She wore some just like those!” He reached up and grabbed one of the uglier booties and held it to his chest.

“Mollie’s a girl’s name---so there are girl gnomes?” Sully asked.

Bummil sighed, “It be a long sad story with lots of arguing in it…after which they all ran off never to be seen again.”

“I guess this means you’ll take them.” Ambril smiled.

Baldot nodded still hugging the bootie.

Ygg had just finished repairing the shoe. He stopped to stare at the ornate buckle closely, “I be seeing this somewhere… but I can’t place it.”

“You didn’t use fixit juice on that thing did you? Don’t you remember what happened with the three legged jug?” Sully warned.

Ygg blanched then took a step back just as the shoe’s toe twitched slightly. Then before Ygg could clamp both hands on it the shoe wriggled and hopped into the shadows. Ambril then heard munching sounds and smelled something pungent.

“It seems to like geraniums,” mused Bummil.

“Great, how do we get a live shoe up on Mrs. Flood’s sign?” Sully asked.

Bummil squared his shoulders. “All objects want to be useful is all, let me talk to it a bit.” he marched over to where the sounds of munching were loudest. “Hey! We be having an important job that needs doing, you interested?”

The munching continued.

“It be a job requiring lots of---high level observation---only the keenest eye-lets will do.”

They still heard only munching.

“Geraniums be involved.”

The munching stopped. Out from the shadows emerged the shoe with bits of geranium still stuck in its stitching.

Bummil crouched down to it. “Now this be a secretive sort of job, you must nought let anyone see you doing your observing, are you up to it?”

The shoe wrinkled its toes thoughtfully then twitched its top up and down.

Bummil beckoned to the shoe, then marched back across the street. Ambril watched him gather up some of the geraniums from the pavement and plant them in the shoe before hoisting it into place.

They watched the shoe swing gently back and forth, and nip at the geraniums.

Ygg yawned as he picked up the big black boot and dusted it off. “I’ll be taking this back home to clean it up,” he squinted up at the moon, “I’m guessing the moon will be saucer full in a few days.”

“Good! I’ll be ungrounded in time to risk getting grounded again,” Sully put in as she pulled her bike out of the rack.

Ambril waved goodbye as she too jumped on her bike and pedaled home. Her mind ran back and forth over the evening’s events and kept going back to the shoe—and its ornate buckle. She wondered where Ygg had seen it before.

# Chapter 24 The Bounty Hunter comes back

A few days later Ambril and Sully were hurriedly eating their snacks at the Gazebo when Ygg lugged a badly wrapped brown paper parcel tied with string up the Gazebo steps. “I thought you be still grounded,” he said to Sully.

“I am, I snuck out---cleaning the tractor engine put me over the edge,” Sully said taking a huge bite of cookie.

“I be having a time bringing this here, used half of Mrs. Twid’s paper to cover it.” He tore off the string and paper to proudly show off a now shiny black buckled boot. Ygg had worked hard to clean it up, the leather looked smooth and supple and the brass buckle glinted in the sunlight, “I hope it be the right one for him.”

“It be the left one I be needing.” Ambril whirled to see the Bounty Hunter had materialized just behind her. He reached down and grabbed the boot and held it up to examine it.

Ambril held her breath, the boot on his foot looked the same but it was hard to tell as his was caked with mud and cracked in several places. Was the new boot the right size? The big man sat down a stone bench and removed his filthy ‘Go Nanucks!’ sock before slipping the boot on. He stood up and wriggled his toes.

“Yep, it be me boot all right,” he said with a smile and stomped hard enough to make the entire Gazebo quiver. He looked over at Ygg and nodded, “I’ll be holding up my end of the bargain, I’ll nought take you in.” He reached into one of his pockets and pulled out Ygg’s leather packet and tossed it to him, “those be from your Mam?”

Ygg started, “you be reading me letters?” he said angrily.

The bounty hunter shrugged, “I nought had much else to do, waiting for the moon to fill out. Be your Da’s name Daegon Drasil then?” he asked casually though Ambril could tell he really wanted to know.

Ygg scrunched his face up angrily then nodded, “nought that it be any of your business!”

The bounty hunter gave him a long appraising look, “you be here on your own then? Does your Mam know where you be?”

“Me Mam wanted me to come and finish my schooling here. She nought want me to go down the Mines like me Da. I be staying with a relation, Mrs. Twid.”

The bounty hunter made a face, “she be no true relation to earth-kind.”

“She be mine, she’s me Mam’s cousin.”

“But she nought true, she be nought caring for you, I can see that.”

Ygg took a step back, “I be a sight better off here than down the Mines that be well and true,” he looked at the big man apprehensively, “you nought be going back on your word are you?…I be warning you, you won’t be taking me without a fight.”

The big man gave him another long look before slowly shaking his head, “I nought be here to brew trouble, I’ll be taking my leave of you then.” He bowed his head and in a sudden rush of wind he was gone, leaving only leaves to swirl over the red checkered napkins at their feet.

“He makes a banging exit doesn’t he?” said Sully as she settled back on the warm stone floor, “I don’t know about you but I’m glad that’s over. I guess that means you’re safe now, Ygg!”

But Ygg didn’t look as if he felt safe at all as he stared up at the forested mountains, “for now at least.”

# Chapter 25 Gossip at Betula’s

Friday afternoon a few weeks later found them shoving their bikes into the rack in front of Betula’s before waltzing inside. At least Ygg did. Ambril stumbled in after him, still groggy from her late night practices with fLit. The practices were paying off though. After a rocky start she was getting pretty good at focusing energy and using it to defend or attack. She just didn’t know how she was going to repair the burn marks on her bedroom walls. fLit wasn’t as rude to her as before. He hadn’t said anything to her of course but she got the feeling that she was learning faster than he thought she would. Recently he had started to teach her 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 was instantly surrounded by a dense fog, it rushed in and greeted her like an old friend.

“*You see all this stuff*?” fLit pointed 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 wielders can look around the world, literally.”*

Ambril thought about it and then tried it…and then again…nothing. The fog just swirled closer.

“*Try focusing on what’s next to you, not all of it at once. Start small, with one thing at a time.”*

Ambril tried again. This 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 a fog free 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 beyond. The fog cleared for her there. It was then she saw them, the little bits of glowing light. *“What are those?”*

“*Those 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 just animals and so glow less.”* He continued. “*Sighting helps you 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 from other sources of life energy for your own use*.”

“*What do you mean by ‘sources of life energy’?”*

The clatter of household goods rolling down a flight of stairs rattled through her head, *“exactly what I said, we are all connected, all beings are sources of energy for us, you can draw from them whenever you need to.”*

“*What? You mean take their life’s energy*? *Doesn’t that hurt them?”*

*“What’s the problem? They’re lower life forms, Fairies do it all the time.*”

*“But don’t they need that life energy to, you know, live?”*

*“Don’t be silly, we take only what we need, except in dire circumstances, besides magical beings being of a higher order are naturally entitled to it.”*

*“We’re---entitled to behave like parasites and take someone’s life?”*

flit was annoyed now, the sound of an avalanche roared through the front of her mind, *“we never take enough to kill---usually. But as I said, we are all connected, what of it?”*

*“What of it? It’s stealing! You’re deliberately taking something precious from other beings just because you can…well I won’t.”* Ambril had stubbornly folded her arms and refused to even attempt it. Eventually fLit had gotten angry enough to zip out the window in a huff, which is how most of their sessions ended.

Ambril really liked sighting though. It was something she could practice anywhere, anytime and there weren’t any burn marks to clean up afterward. When school got a little boring that’s exactly what she did. She had gotten good enough to keep the swirling gray mist at bay when she closed her eyes which she thought was a good sign.

Sully came in after Ambril, dragging a huge sweet smelling box behind her.

“Here you go Betula, my Mom wanted you to have these early strawberries.” 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.”

Sully could only nod as she dragged herself over and sat down next to Ygg.

“I had to pick those strawberries, rake the entire herb garden and help Dad clean out the tool shack yesterday,” she blew up her bangs in disgust, “Why do we have twenty three screwdrivers? Don’t they all do the same thing?”

“Just think how bad it would have been had your folks found out what we’ve really been up to!” whispered Ambril.

Sully grinned back.

“Did you check out the shoe? Everyone seems to be glad it’s back.” Ambril nodded at Mrs. Flood who was out in front of her store proudly pointing out the sign to some elderly passerby’s.

Ygg squinted at it. “It made the front page of the local newspaper---‘The Mysterious Buckled Shoe’, they even interviewed old Junkson about it.”

“What’d he say?”

“The usual, he’s always raving about how the world’s circling the drain and that we’re about to be taken over by little green men only this time he talked about how they be headless.”

They all grinned as Betula came over and set down glasses of lemonade and a big bowl of strawberries. Sully picked out the biggest and reddest one, “I’ve been doing a lot of thinking this past week, it’s important to have something to think about when you’re pulling up old pumpkin vines and turning compost heaps, I kept going back to Mrs. Twid and her Sunset Tea.” She leaned forward and popped another berry into her mouth. “What if Mrs. Twid had a reason to poison someone?” She nodded to the Shoe Store across the street and whispered, “a real estate reason! Remember what Betula said about Twid? how she’d do just about anything to get rich? Well I think Twid poisoned half the town to camouflage her real reason, getting Mrs. Flood to sign over her property!”

Sully leaned forward, the gleam of revelation in her eye, “Twid poisons half the town with her nasty Sunset Tea. When Mrs. Flood starts feeling poorly, Mrs. Twid, doing her best Florence Nightingale imitation and swoops in to ‘help’ her with her store, her house and her investments!”

“It’s all going according to plan, Twid can almost taste the caviar, she even succeeds at getting Mrs. Flood to put a For Sale sign in her window…but then suddenly…it stops working. For some reason Mrs. Flood starts feeling better, the For Sale sign comes down and she starts taking ballroom dancing classes.” Sully took a long pull on her straw. “Victory was snatched away from her at the very last minute. Now what would you do if you were Mrs. Twid? Would you just shrug your shoulders and go back to hosting Church Teas and clipping coupons?” Sully shook her head vigorously. “No way---you’d try it again! But this time you’d make sure it worked---you’d go right to your mark.”

“You mean she’ll poison Mrs. Flood? In front of God and everybody?” asked Ygg incredulously, “that be just stupid if’n you ask me. She could be going to jail.”

Sully shrugged, “Who would suspect her? Twid’s such an upstanding, church-going old lady, why would anyone think she would poison her good friend?”

Ambril was shocked at how naive they had been. They should have thought of this before now…but what could they do?

Just then the door behind them opened and Ygg stiffened, Ambril knew who it was without even turning her head.

“You are lounging again I see,” a stiff, sharp voice broke over them.

“I’ve finished me chores, Mrs. Twid,” said Ygg jumping to his feet and dipping his head.

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 had been right. Mrs. Flood looked two hundred years old. Her face was nearly as gray as her hair. She was quivering so much she had to lean on her tall strong friend just to stay upright.

“I don’t want you causing trouble today Ygg,” Mrs. Twid sniffed and pointed to the door, “I have a sick friend in need of cheering up.”

Ygg nodded and headed for the door. Ambril jumped up and hurried outside right on Ygg’s heels but Sully took her time.

Outside Sully steamed as they turned down the side alley, “she’s so crafty, poisoning her friend right under every one’s nose!”

“What?” asked Ambril, bewildered.

“She’s doing it in Betula’s shop! She’s replacing Betula’s tea with her awful Sunset Tea and making Mrs. Flood sick right there for all to see---then she’ll blame Betula! She wants Mrs. Flood to have a fit right there,” growled Sully and jerked her thumb at the Sweet Shoppe. “And by the look of poor Mrs. Flood it might be today she gives her the fatal dose. We have to see what’s going on!”

“Over here!” Ygg had his head in a half open window. “You can see behind the counter and a bit of the main floor from here.” The window was very narrow but they squeezed together and managed to peer inside.

Mrs. Twid had put Mrs. Flood in a chair and settled in across the table from her. She reached over and patted her friend’s hand, “you look so poorly Daisy; let’s have some of Betula’s tea before we tackle these real estate forms.”

She looked around and called imperiously, “Betula! Daisy and I have a bone to pick with you; neither of us have felt well since we had tea here yesterday. Daisy hasn’t been able to eat a thing, poor dear! Just look at her.”

Betula bustled over, “Daisy? Not yourself today I see, here now, I’ll fix you a nice pot of tea and a plate of my best scones to go with it.”

“Do you have any of the remedy tea on you?” whispered Ambril as she watched Mrs. Flood struggling to keep from sliding out of her chair.

Ygg rummaged through his backpack and came up with one, lint-covered bag. “This be all I have.” He said trying to pick the worst bits off.

“Give me a boost,” Ambril said. Ygg and Sully heaved her half way through the window.

Betula was setting up a teapot on the counter just below her as Ambril wedged herself into the window opening. She was about to drop the remedy in when---

“Make sure it’s hot, now!” Mrs. Twid shrilled, “It’s always lukewarm!” Everyone in the shop turned to see what was going on.

Ambril pulled back just as Betula turned to fiddle with the teapot. Then she turned away again to load a plate with blueberry scones.

“Now, do it now!” whispered Sully urgently.

Ambril reached in but found Betula had moved the pot farther down the counter. It would be a stretch now. She took carefully aim and threw the teabag at the pot. The bag almost made it but right at the last moment its trailing string caught on the handle and the bag fell short, landing on the counter. Ambril was stunned. What could they do now? Betula bustled up and began pouring boiling water into the pot.

“*This is so tedious*!” said a bell like voice inside her head, she felt a whoosh of air and smiled as the teabag miraculously slipped under the lid just as Betula clamped it shut.

“Did you see that?” Sully whispered.

“Funny thing, I know I should have seen something---but didn’t,” said Ygg.

Ambril tried to look innocent. They watched as Betula carried the tray over and insisted on pouring out the tea for the two elderly ladies. Mrs. Twid was tight lipped at that. Ambril guessed that was when she usually slipped in the poison.

They watched as Mrs. Flood brought the teacup to her lips and took a very small sip. Her lips puckered slightly then formed a little half smile. She thoughtfully took another sip and after a moment sat up a bit straighter and picked up a scone. She smiled at her gaunt friend. “Crystal you were right, having tea at Betula’s does wonders!”

“I’m so pleased you’re feeling better Daisy,” said Mrs. Twid looking anything but pleased.

Mrs. Flood finished off her tea in a twinkling and started tapping her toe to the Ragtime music Betula always played.

Mrs. Twid took an experimental sip of tea herself then jerked upright, her face puckered like an ancient prune. “There’s something terribly wrong ---Daisy, I’m not certain this tea is quite right.” she snatched at her friend’s teacup.

But Mrs. Flood evaded her attempts, “I think it’s marvelous, this tea,” she said, “it reminds me of some I had at Fern’s with those nice children.”

Mrs. Twid’s face suddenly tensed with anger. “What children?”

“Those nice children who were just here, afterward I felt marvelous, just like I do now!”

Mrs. Twid went very still. “You mean Ygg and---”

But that’s all Ambril heard, someone suddenly grabbed her from behind, “losers clogging up the alley, we can’t have that!” She twisted around just in time to see Lance’s sneering face before she was shoved right through the window. She flailed in midair a moment then tumbled to the counter. Her foot felt oddly cold.

“Look that girl has her foot in the ice cream!” shouted a little girl with freckles.

Ambril looked and found her foot was indeed ankle deep in chocolate ice cream. With effort she managed to pull her foot out. But just her foot, her sneaker was sunk up to its laces in Kamikaze Chip.

“What the devil are you doing!” shouted Betula both surprised and angry.

“It…it---look I can explain!”

Betula said nothing as she tugged on Ambril’s shoe until with a squelchy slurp it finally came free. She threw it into a bucket. “Better clean yourself up outside!” she pointed to the back door, “and take this out to the trash!” she handed Ambril the half full tub of Kamikaze Chip---with essence of sneaker.

“I’m really, really sorry,” said Ambril giving the angry woman a wide berth, she half hopped, half tiptoed to the alley and threw the ice cream in the dumpster. She was rinsing off her shoe when Sully and Ygg limped into view. Sully had a smashed avocado in her hair and Ygg had taken a tomato in the T-shirt.

“Lance and his buddies,” said Sully unnecessarily, “they pinned us down and started pelting us with this stuff,” she extracted a mango from her hair.

“What happened in there? Did anyone see you?” asked Ygg worriedly.

Ambril held up her chocolaty shoe. “You could hardly miss me!” She could see Ygg was braced for bad news so she continued, “she knows it’s us, Mrs. Flood let it slip that we were at Miss Fern’s house the night of her last recovery.”

Ygg started pacing the alley, his whole body stretched like a taunt wire.

Ambril winced as she watched him while trying to wring out her shoe. “It’s time you got out of there anyway, Ygg. Look, I’ll talk to my Mom---”

Suddenly 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.”

“But first you’re gonna clean every one of my dishes!” she continued angrily and motioned inside, “just you, your friends have to leave.”

Ambril nodded as she wriggled back into her wet shoe and slopped to the door.

Just as Ambril slipped inside she heard Sully say, “you’re coming home with me tonight Ygg! No more Twid!”

Inside Ambril squelched over to the sink and picked up the first of a massive stack of dirty dishes. With luck she thought she’d be done next month.

As Ambril washed she stole looks a t the elderly ladies finishing their tea. She found that if she kept the water at a slow dribble she could just hear them.

She heard Mrs. Twid doing damage control, “I don’t know why we come here Daisy, it’s so noisy and distracting. Now all you have to do is sign here and it will all be over. I’ll be the one worrying about sales, lifting heavy boxes and dealing with rude customers. You’ll be basking in the sun at your niece’s place in San Clemente,” Mrs. Twid shoved a sheaf of important looking documents under her friend’s nose and held out a pen.

But Mrs. Flood paid no attention to her old friend; she was too busy looking around the shop and humming to the music.

“Daisy dear, It’s just as we talked about, I’ll handle everything---JUST SIGN HERE!” Mrs. Twid said impatiently as she pointed to a long blank line.

But Mrs. Flood just smiled and looked out the window.

Mrs. Twid stared hard over her glasses at her friend, “Daisy you are looking quite strange,” her eyebrows rose, “how about a pot of Sunset Tea! I just made a very special batch today.”

“No more Sunset Tea Crystal, I feel marvelous,” crowed Mrs. Flood, “in fact I feel like dancing!”

Ambril held her breath and willed the old woman to not try doing double flips off the counter or swinging from the ceiling fan like some of the other old folks.

Fortunately Mrs. Flood just giggled as she put down her teacup then started looking over the papers in front of her still humming to herself, “I feel as if I’ve been in a fog and the sun has just come out! So let’s review, Crystal, my dear old friend, you wish to purchase my 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. “We did discuss this, Daisy, you said you wanted a clean break.”

Mrs. Flood went back to flipping through the papers, “oh---and the ten acre farm as well? That’s a fine piece of land,” Mrs. Flood wasn’t smiling anymore.

“This is what you wanted. This is 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. “This is far below what my store alone is worth!”

“But it’s all I can afford!” whispered Mrs. Twid, beginning to wilt.

Mrs. Flood slapped the pages down and got up so quickly, Mrs. Twid dropped her teacup. The tea spilled over the papers and dribbled its way to the floor unnoticed.

“I don’t know what to make of this Crystal. I trusted you, I thought we were friends,” said Mrs. Flood quietly. “But now---well now I’d prefer not to say what I think of you---as it wouldn’t be ladylike.”

Mrs. Flood swiftly collected her things and turned toward Betula. “You’re new tea is marvelous! I’ll be back for more tomorrow!” She patted Betula’s cheek before she skipped out the door.

Betula laughed a deep, heartfelt chuckle but looked a little mystified, “my she’s perked up!” she mused as she eyed the thin woman awkwardly rising to her feet. “It’s funny how these things work out.”

“It’s not funny---it’s downright---criminal!” Mrs. Twid glared at her then at Ambril as she marched toward the door then turned and sniffed; “I see where things stand now Betula.” she turned and marched stiffly off down the street.

Betula nodded at the tea stained papers, “I do love to get under that woman’s skin!” She turned to Ambril, “Not done yet? Well keep at it…it won’t be long.”

Ambril looked at the dishes still stacked three feet high and knew that was a lie. An hour and a half later Ambril dried the last dish as 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.

“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 really am sorry, Betula,” she said softly.

Betula leaned back in her chair, “Sure enough, you’ve done your penance.” She nodded toward the now shiny stacks of dishes next to the sink then folded her arms, “I know what you did. You knew I wouldn’t take kindly to someone meddling with my food,” her lips were a flat line, “so what did you put in my tea?”

Ambril shrank from her intimidating tone. She’d have to be straight with her, but she didn’t want Sully and Ygg getting into trouble.

She took a deep breath. “Well it all started when we noticed the old folks, the ones who bought Sunset Tea, seemed to be sicker and older all of a sudden,”

“We, being you, Sully, and Ygg?” interrupted Betula.

“Well 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.”

Ambril then muddled through the entire story but kept the magical parts out. She nervously examined her sneaker as she finished with, “---so then we slipped Miss Fern’s remedy in the teapot---and that’s when I fell into the ice cream.”

Betula said nothing for a long while then she asked, “did you know old Mr. Samuels was doing cartwheels down Main Street here just last week?”

Ambril shrugged sheepishly. “Miss Fern’s tea was a little strong at first.”

Betula rocked back in her chair as she laughed her rumbly laugh. “Child, there is even more to you than 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 a display case. Inside her famous candy animals stared back at them. She remembered them from her first day in Trelawnyd. Beside a licorice cannon stood a two foot tall striped giraffe with the world’s longest eyelashes. Next to him a white rabbit with red, high top sneakers lounged against a sugar coated Ferris wheel and a tubby black bear with a gold hoop in his ear and an eye patch stood next to him. The bear seemed to be looking her straight in the eye. Ambril marveled at how well they’d been crafted…the detail on the shoes---she could even see the stitches.

“They’re in here for their own good.” Betula 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 whispered behind her hand, “that’s how Slim here, lost an ear.”

“Still itches, it does.” Ambril jumped as the giraffe lifted its hoof unsuccessfully to scratch its ear.

“That ain’t any way to scratch, you need to bend a bit more, like this!” Suddenly the rabbit raised a leg and scratched his long floppy ears vigorously, coating everyone with sugar, “that’s how it’s done!”

“Come on, Red, he’s just not built like you.” Betula admonished as she reached in to scratch the giraffe’s ear. He wiggled appreciatively.

“These are my pals, Shug my bear friend, Red, named for his sneakers and Slim,” Betula patted the skinny giraffe affectionately, “named for obvious reasons. They have helped me through some troubling times,” Betula reached over and pulled on the Sugar Bear’s ear. The Bear shook himself loose with a chuckle.

“Powerful trouble too,” chimed in Shug as the fat bear clambered out of the case, “but a fine adventure!”

“Boys, the list is on the board. Why don’t you get things started while I walk Ambril out?” Betula nodded at a Bulletin Board, which was covered with lots of scribbled recipes.

“Why do we always let her get out of working?” Red said ruefully as Ambril turned to follow Betula out the door.

“Cuz we kind a’ like to do it ourselves,” the bear dimpled as he flipped a few switches and turned a knob, “but mainly I suppose it’s the music.”

They started tapping their toes to a ragtime tune as they put on their aprons. Ambril wanted to stay and watch but Betula steered her toward the door.

“They get nothing done with an audience. It’ll be quiet now in the alley.” Betula slung her arm around Ambril as they walked down the silent, shadowy street, “Child, I done showed you my heart, now tell me your story---the real one.”

Ambril took a deep breath and everything rushed out, “It happened just as I said except we found an old book in the Library called the Astarte…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. Then she backed up and told her all about the Dullaith attack and her Dad. Betula clucked and nodded in all the right places and occasionally interrupted her with questions. They were so intent on their conversation they didn’t notice a shadowy figure as he followed them down the alley, listening intently. When Ambril finished, Betula gave her a hug and waved as she watched her ride away. By the time Betula retraced her steps the figure had slipped away into the night.

# Chapter 26 Mrs. Twid Gets Dirty then Ygg comes Clean

Just after sunset the following evening Ambril was coasting down the hill to Miss Fern’s house for dinner. Sully and Ygg were invited too. Ygg had stayed at Sully’s house the night before and had helped out on the farm that day. He’d managed to get his stuff out of Mrs. Twid’s house without running into her. But they all knew it was only temporary. Judging by the last glimpse Ambril had had of Mrs. Twid’s livid expression, there would be fireworks when they ran into her again. Somehow Ygg had to work something out with his legal guardian or he really would be sent home. As she turned the corner and cruised toward Miss Fern’s driveway, she could see Ygg and Sully laughing as they got off their bikes.

“Hey you survived! Hope it wasn’t too bad,” Sully smiled as Ambril coasted up.

“My hands have never been so clean, I had to wash about a thousand plates. But afterwards, we talked. I found out that Betula’s a magic wielder!”

Sully and Ygg’s couldn’t have looked more astonished if Ms. Breccia had just strolled down the street in a bunny suit.

“Betula? I wonder how many other people around here might be too,” Ygg looked around as if he expected to see magic users jumping out from behind trees, and try to turn them into Newts.

“You have to meet Betula’s sugar animal friends, you know the ones in the case? They’re like the gnomes except made of sugar and they’re easier to get along with.”

Ygg and Sully just stared at her.

“That be making sense, every so often I’ve noticed that the rabbits shoelaces are untied and the Bear’s patch switches from eye to eye,” Ygg said.

Just then Sully pointed down the street, “Is that who I think it is?” Ambril turned and saw a figure approaching them, moving stiffly and resolutely, her long flat feet slapped the pavement.

“It be Twid!” cried Ygg. “And she’s nought in a good mood!”

Mrs. Twid’s was huffing like she’d just eaten a whole bottle of extra hot salsa, her thin wiry hands curled into fists as she stopped in front of them and bent over Ygg, her upper lip curled in a sneer, “it was you all along, wasn’t it? I should have known! You---you nasty, stinking fool of a Miner’s son!” she hissed.

“Wait, Mrs. Twid, we should sit down and talk about this rationally—maybe over Tea?” began Sully before the rigid arm of Mrs. Twid shoved her roughly away.

“If it wasn’t for you the great family of Twid would have risen to where it belongs, a ruling force in Trelawnyd’s society!” Her jowls wobbled with every breath. “Before the Mine closed---we were like Gods to the villagers! Then the little people, the miners started making trouble -- wanting better wages, demanding safer lifts, taking, taking, taking until there was nothing left!” Her eyes narrowed into slits as she said in a deadly whisper, “Then you came to me---another fool of a miner’s son!” she viciously spat out the last words, “to have you in my home was torture, but I endured it---it pains me to say it but there is Twid in you. Then I find that you went behind my back and foiled my plans!” A manic light gleamed in her eyes as she grasped Ygg’s collar and began to twist, “but now, I’ll have my revenge! I had an interesting conversation with your older brothers today.”

Ygg went as still and white as a statue as he stared at her in horror. Mrs. Twid just watched him for a moment, fascinated by his tortured expression.

“Yes,” she said in a singsong voice, “you’re brothers are on their way to collect you. Poor little Ygg, not able to finish school like his sad little Mommy wanted! Now you’ll go down the Mines to die like your father did!”

Ambril went cold, it all seemed so hopeless, Mrs. Twid had the law and Ygg’s family on her side. Try as she might she couldn’t think of one single thing that might help.

It was then that two huge black boots landed next to Ambril with a resonant boom, Ambril nearly fell over as the bounty hunter stepped forward and grabbed Mrs. Twid around the waist.

“Let the boy go!” he thundered angrily, Mrs. Twid’s face stretched in horror as she realized she was now being lifted off the ground by a giant...

“Troll!” she screamed, “Run for your lives!” She tried to do just that but being several feet off the sidewalk her legs flailed, and her arms pin wheeled like a cartoon character. The bounty hunter looked at her in disgust and then shook her just once. She stopped wriggling then and simply cowered in his fist, whimpering.

“The name of Twid be known to us forest dwellers. It be the name of schemers, liars and tricksters!” The big man boomed, he opened his hand and let the thin woman slip to the ground. Mrs. Twid unsteadily took a step back.

“From now and forever the house of Twid be nought linked to the house of Drasil. We wash our hands of you and yourn.” The big man said firmly, “YOU GO!” he flicked his wrist as if he were batting away a fly. Ambril felt a frizz of magic as Mrs. Twid was knocked backward several feet as if by an invisible hand. Then Mrs. Twid got her legs working well enough to put them to use and was half a block away in the blink of an eye.

The big man watched calmly as she raced out of sight.

Sully cleared her throat, “wait---did you say you’re a Drasil? Are you one of Ygg’s relatives?”

The big man squared his shoulders and turned a surprisingly gentle face toward them, “that be true, this moon I be learning this, I be Ygg’s Unkley, I come to help my brother’s boy,” he strode over to his nephew, “it’s true, I be your Unk Urgan.”

By this time Ygg had gotten his breath back but the shock of what had occurred hit him hard, “I---I nought remember any Uncle---me Da said nought about you.”

“Never? He never speak of me?” the big man asked.

Ygg shook his head, “I---I thank you for your help. But now I best be going, I must be getting well away from here before me brothers come to take me back,” he said sadly.

Unk looked at him quizzically and scratched his head. “What you be saying? Your Mam wish you to stay, she knows what’s besty for Yggy boy.”

“It’s me brothers, they nought want what’s best for me, or care what me Mam wants, they be wanting what’s best for them.” Ygg lowered his head looking beaten.

“What is it you haven’t told us?” Sully asked stridently, her hands on her hips, “the Mines don’t just want your strong back, they wouldn’t go to all this trouble just for one Miner. They’re after you ---why?”

Ygg’s shoulders came up defensively, “remember me telling you about magic wielders and miners in Chert---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. “I….I lied to you then…I didna fail, I be testing high,” he shrugged, “I be off the charts in magicking.”

Ambril and Sully stared at him. “You lied to us?” asked Ambril “why?”

“I nought be telling anyone. I--- be afraid.”

“But we’re friends, how---how could you do that?” Sully asked looking incredulous and hurt at the same time. “Ambril showed you her Ashera and told you about the Dullaith, her Dad and everything---and you still couldn’t trust her?”

Ambril felt horribly conflicted. On the one hand she did feel betrayed by Ygg’s lies and the fact he hadn’t trusted them but on the other she had been doing the same thing by not telling them about fLit.

“I---I be sorry,” said Ygg anxiously.

Ambril and Sully just stood there with folded arms.

“So they want you back because you can find Glain for them?” Sully asked.

Ygg nodded looking miserable, “they had me down the mines the day of the cave-in,” his body bent inward like a bow, “The engineers had been telling them for weeks they be digging too fast---but they didna listen. I heard them give the order to leave the men---they nought even try to dig them out. Me---me Da was down there…he died down there that day.” he folded his arms angrily, “they acted concerned for me family and said I should be proud about me Da giving up his life for the good of the Mine…for the Mine? Are they daft? For the good of their pocketbooks!”

It was Unk’s turn to look angry, “I be seeing now, but your brothers? I canna ken.”

“Our family’s nought high in the village, we be regular folk. Me brothers, they always be wanting more---wanting to be richer, bigger, best.” Ygg shrugged, “they nought just want the reward but also a higher place in the village...through me. But I don’t want it; I’ll never see the good without the tarnish of the bad now.”

Ygg turned and looked Ambril and Sully straight in the eye, “I’m asking for your forgiveness, after I be leaving, I---want you to be thinking well of me.”

Sully’s foot tapped impatiently as she said stiffly. “So that’s it then? You’re giving up? Turning tail and running for the hills?”

Ygg shook his head. “They nought be letting me loose again, I be too good at finding the Glain.”

Just then headlights flashed as a police car rounded the corner and bore down on them, “Ygg it’s the cops!” Ambril tried to shield him from the lights, “you have to get out of here!”

Ygg lunged for his bike but was stopped by a very large, very firm hand, “we nought be running and hiding. We stand together, we be family,” Unk turned to face the police car as it slowed to a stop.

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? It would save time if I just had a deputy follow you around,” he got out his weathered notepad and flipped through a couple of pages as he walked slowly up to Ygg, “I had a call from Crystal Twid, your guardian,” he paused to sift through more pages, “she claims you’re a runaway, my boy.”

Ygg didn’t even look up.

“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, that wouldn’t be right,” he cleared his throat, “though how you managed to stay alive in Mrs. Twid’s care is beyond me. Come on along, we’ll see about getting you a bed and some supper anyhow.” he put his arm around Ygg and patted his shoulder.

Unk cleared his throat, “I be wanting you to read this---it be from Ygg’s Mam.” Unk handed a hairy leather pouch to the Chief who took it cautiously as if he expected it to bite him. Ambril thought it looked like it could, almost.

“I be Ygg’s Unk,” I be here to take up his care and guard him,” he nodded 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. There was a messily applied red wax seal with a dirty thumbprint in the center. Breaking the seal, he unfolded then read the letter. He looked carefully up at Unk and down at Ygg---twice before handing it 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 beamed, “that’s me Mam, always thinking.”

Ambril peered over Ygg’s shoulder and read:

**To whom this might mean something,**

**I, Skylla Twid Drasil, wish all to know that I be wanting Ygg to finish schooling in Trelawnyd. I be nought wanting his brothers to get at him no-ways. His Uncle, Urgan Drasil be taking up his care until he is growed and able to go his own way.**

**Hoping you Best Wishes,**

**Skylla Drasil**

Unk then handed some official looking papers to the chief and a family photo. There was a boyish Ygg sitting next to a broad man who had Ygg’s unruly hair and bright smile. A tall thin woman stood proudly behind them with a homely but happy face.

Chief looked through the papers, “these guardian papers look complete, made out to Urgan Drasil.” He peered up at the Giant in front of him, “that you?”

“I Urgan Drasil,” said the big man, “I be Ygg’s Unk and Guard.”

“We’ll have to verify all of this of course. Where are you staying?”

Unk looked blank, “I be just back today.”

The Chief looked at him quizzically, “No home? Well then, you’ll have to come with me anyway Ygg.”

“But he can stay with us on our farm!” said Sully.

“Or at my house!” put in Ambril.

But the Chief was emphatic, “can’t be done that way, Ygg needs a home of his own with a roof to keep the rain off and a place to break bread. I can’t just leave you here on the sidewalk.”

“Why Chief Buckthorne whatever are you talking about? Don’t you remember asking me about my spare rooms Unk?” came a quavering voice from the shadows. Miss Fern stepped firmly into the light, “they’re staying with me, of course. In fact supper is waiting, would you like to join us Bucky?”

*“Bucky?”*  thought Ambril barely disguising a smile.

Chief Buckthorne looked more uncomfortable than usual in his rumpled suit as he fiddled with his tie, “I’m going to have to see these rooms of yours Fern.”

“Well sure! Come and take a gander, we were just on our way out there anyway, that’s where supper’s laid,” Fern said easily, “would you mind helping me back there? I’m a little wobbly today,” she took up the Chief’s arm then pointed toward the back, “you kids go one ahead, don’t wait for us.”

“Come on!” whispered Sully, I think we’re supposed to go to the Garage.”

Ygg looked apprehensive as they jogged up the driveway. Ambril remembered all the trash, cobwebs and dirt everywhere, “I’m sure it’s been cleaned up,” she said optimistically.

“When? There’s been no time to clean it! The Chief’ll just get huffy, turn around and take me away,” Ygg grimaced as they raced around the house.

“Fern’s pretty resourceful, I bet she managed something,” Sully added.

At first the garage looked the same, more like a plant support than an actual building. But then Ambril noticed a warm glow through the small paned windows. The arched garage door was freshly scrubbed. As they raced up Ambril could see the gleam of the newly polished doorknob. Inside Ambril barely recognized the place. All the spiders had been coaxed out, their webs swept away. The vines above them now wound contentedly through the rafters in peaceful coexistence. 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 were shiny clean. The workbench had been transformed into a kitchen table with a large bowl of cherries set in the middle of it. The lounge chairs and sofa were worn but comfortable looking and the mismatched chairs around the table were big enough for even Unk.

“This looks right nice, Fern,” Chief Buckthorne said admiringly as he poked his head through the door.

There were two doors in the back, one so large it dwarfed the one beside it. Sully went straight over and looked inside the smaller one, “Hey Ygg, this must be your room!”

Ygg’s eyes were wide, “I never be having me own room before,” he said simply but then raced over with Ambril right behind him. The room was small but snug. There was a simple wooden table and chair, and an overloaded bookshelf next to a bed covered with a patchwork quilt. The window opened to the garden.

Ygg gasped, “it’s me bed! Me books! And…Mam made this quilt!” He flopped down on the bed and tried to hug the whole thing at once.

“The books nought be trouble but the bed...” Unk smiled through the doorway. “It be poking at every branch and vine on way.” I be getting so angry I nearly left it for the wood sprites,” he looked hopefully at Ygg, “you be liking it?” he asked.

Ygg could only smile and nod. Then the sound of an angry sci-fi creature filled the room, Ygg grabbed his belly and looked embarrassed, “sorry, I be that hungry,”

“Me too, though I’m not going to broadcast it like that!” giggled Sully as they all headed out to the kitchen.

Fern was at the front door waving, “Sure you won’t stay? Monday, then! We’ll be down at your office; I’ll bring some of my peach scones,” she smiled as she tugged the big door closed.

A cupboard door slammed as three gnomes tinked 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 fifteen minutes work!”

Ygg’s smile grew until it was much too big for his face, “this be right fine, right fine enough!” he said softly looking at them all.

Baldot scowled at Bummil, “what you be waiting for you loll-about! Where are the supper fixing’s?”

Bummil jumped, then whipped out platters of sandwiches, artichokes, and a lovely chocolate cake. Baldot laboriously climbed a stool to the stove and began to ladle out steaming tomato soup into mugs.

“I’m starved!” said Ambril as they all grabbed a chair.

“Yum, my favorite!” exclaimed Sully eyeing the artichokes greedily.

After the mugs of soup were handed around they helped themselves to the rest. There was nothing but slurping and chewing noises for several minutes as Ambril tried to remember when food had tasted so good. She tried to keep track of how many sandwiches Unk put away but lost count after five.

Finally Unk leaned back and rubbed his belly, “that be right fine eats, thanks.” Then he cocked his head at Ygg, “so your Da nought tell you about me?”

Ygg looked at him sideways, “I remember him saying he be having a brother who had to go away, but that be all.”

“I was a wee boy then…younger than you when the Elders took me from me family---I was lonely… I nought want that for you,” he looked resolutely at Ygg.

Ygg stared at him, understanding coming to him slowly. “ You must be---you be the throwback then.”

The big man nodded sadly, “that’s what they called me.”

Ygg shook his head,” he didna’ say you be his brother though.”

“What do you mean by throwback?” asked Sully,

“In Chert if’n you be growing too fast, too big, they be branding you a throwback,” Ygg shook his head sadly; “they say all throwbacks be too wild, part of a strain of earth-kind that must be taken back to the wildness. Da told me once that he watched the Elders take a young boy by the hand and lead him out into the forest and leave him there alone,” Ygg kicked at his chair, “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 followed the boy and watched where they left him.”

The big man grunted, “your Da he came to me and comfort me. We be building a shelter and a fiery place by starry light.” Unk 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 until I be finding the other Forest Dwellers,” he said softly, “then when your Da got all married, he came less, once a moon or so. We sit around my fiery place and talk and laugh. I be showing him my doings, he be bringing me pictures of his baby boys,” then his smile faded. “One time, your Da brought your biggy brothers---but they nought like me. They call me---freaky--- and run away.”

“Your Mam, she come to me in the forest. She tell me about your Da,” the big man’s face spasmed with pain, “she so sad, I so sad, then she talk about you…I be good at seeing people. I see love for you all through her,” he reached into another pocket and pulled out another letter and handed it to Ygg, “I go to see her this past moon, that’s when we decide I be guard to you and she give me this.”

Ygg took the letter, broke the seal and smoothed it out before reading it. Ambril peeked over one shoulder. It was tear stained and written in a shaky hand.

**My Deary Ygg,**

**I be missing you. But more I be hoping you be finding a happy place, a home place where they be nought forcing you to live a narrow drip of day, but a wider river of life. Trust your Unk Urgan, he be good and true. He be wanting to help you grow to be a Man.**

**I be so happy you make the choosing you did. Your brothers they turned out differenting. They be loving the Mines and wanting to be biggies there. You must not be blaming them they just come out this way. I be thinking of you every day, 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,**

**Mam**

Ygg blinked hard trying to hide his tears as Ambril quickly brushed some from her own eyes. Unk wept with such gusto he had to pull out a pink and green paisley handkerchief and blow a long blast with his nose.

Fern looked around at all the blubbering and cleared her throat, “so who’s up for dessert? Ambril, see if you can find a knife in one of those drawers behind you, it’s time to cut the cake!” Ambril, thankful for the distraction, turned and opened one of the drawers.

It was the junk drawer; rusty nails, screwdrivers and bent paperclips littered the bottom...no knives. 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 they had been scratched out and the words ‘household accounts’ written underneath. Ambril grabbed it, and flipped through it, curious. GERN had been the name of her father’s last project. The first few pages were filled with sketches and mathematical formulas but the back part of the book had monster truck rally fliers pasted in it and lists of expenses in a different hand.

“Hey, we’re hungry for cake here and it’s about to get ugly!” said Sully.

“Right, sorry,” said Ambril shoving the drawer closed, she laid the booklet on the table then searched around for the perfect cake knife and handed it to Fern.

“Oh look! That must be one of your father’s lab books,” Fern paused to lick a finger as she glanced at the little green book, “that’s Fixit Joe’s writing there, he must have found some blank pages in the back.” Fern handed a slice of cake to Sully. “He was such a nice man, your father. Such a shame really, it all ended badly 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…why would your father be raising monsters? He just wasn’t capable of such a diabolical act,” she looked down at the little notebook, “perhaps there’s something in there that might shed some light on it.”

Ygg had just finished mopping up the last of his cake when Sully got up and stretched, yawning hugely, “I guess it’s time to hit the road.”

“Why yes, I expect you are all tired out---what a night it has been!” Fern said as she gathered her shawl around her with a shaky hand. “I think you have everything you need Urgan.” She nodded to Unk and then wobbled toward the front door.

Unk stood up, “I be walking you home,” he said and offered her his hairy arm.

Ambril slipped the little green lab book in her backpack as she got to her feet. Exhaustion hit her like a grand piano falling from a great height, suddenly she felt a million years old, fLit had worked her hard the night before, then with the excitement with Ygg and Unk on top of that was just a little too much. After saying good night to everyone she pedaled home but had to walk her bike up the hill for the first time. Upstairs, she stashed her backpack near the door, shrugged off fLit and the night’s training and rolled into bed, the little green book forgotten.

# Chapter 27 A break-in at school

Ambril hummed to herself happily as she headed toward school Monday morning. The day had started out so well, the sun was shining, she’d woken up on time, and there had been pancakes for breakfast. But she stopped humming when she rode past the Sweet Shoppe. There was a huge crowd of people milling around.

Koda was struggling to unload some sheets of plywood from an old truck parked in front. “Move or you’ll get splinters in your backside, I’m coming through!” he shouted angrily. The onlookers parted enough for Ambril to see Betula looking shaken, standing in a sea of broken glass. Behind her, the Sweet Shoppe 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. But the crowd zipped shut in front of her, blocking her entrance. After trying several times to break through the crowd, 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 accusingly at her.

“Ambril that you? Ambril you come and see me right after school, ya hear me?” Ambril heard Betula’s strained voice over the buzz of the crowd.

“Betula, what happened? Are you all right? Is EVERYONE all right?” Ambril yelled back. The old man turned and glared at her again.

“I’m fine, but I need your help, so come quick as you can!” Betula responded.

Ambril reluctantly got back on her bike and rode slowly away; the illusion of a perfect morning shattered. Who would attack the Sweet Shoppe? Ambril took a deep breath and blew it out, wishing she could turn around and help, but she knew if she tried, Betula would just send her on to school. Her bicycle glided smoothly down the shady streets and into the schoolyard---straight 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 Techs busily unloaded a stretcher from a nearby ambulance. Riley came up as she was racking her bike. He looked pale and jittery but his smile was quick when he saw her.

“What the heck’s going on?” She asked as she squinted at the flashing lights.

“Someone broke into the school last night and did some damage,” Riley smirked nervously, “I’m hoping it was Breccia’s room so we won’t have to turn in our dioramas today, she’s going to hate mine.” As they walked over to Ygg and Sully Ambril smelled rotting fruit on him; 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 on mine,” he smiled then did an imitation of Ms. Breccia, “As usual this is an example of poor workmanship and planning, Riley.”

Ambril smiled, “mine’s not so great either, I had to use marshmallows for the stone buildings. Does the school have an ant problem?”

Riley laughed, “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 swallowing 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 our Vocab words, right?” asked Ygg.

Sully winced, “Bear with me here; I’ve failed the last three quizzes.”

The four of them moved toward the growing crowd around the steps. Everyone jostled each other trying to get a look inside.

“I know where we can get a better view,” Riley said in a low voice and motioned for them to follow. He led them to the great oak tree in front of the school. A fat, low branch hugged the building, creating a low shelf before climbing skyward.

“Quick while no one’s looking!” Riley started climbing up the trunk using a ‘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. Inside there was a clot of people hovering around a still figure lying on the floor. A pillbox hat had rolled to one side and lay forgotten in a corner. As they watched the Med Techs blew through the front doors and shooed everyone away. Ambril caught a glimpse of a pale, elderly woman dressed in black…it was the school secretary, Miss Jonquil. The Med Techs began checking her vital signs and to Ambril’s relief as she started responding to the Med Tech’s questions.

Beyond the flurry of action Ambril spotted the door to the janitor’s closet. Or what was left of it. It was blackened and puckered as if it had been blasted with a blowtorch then smashed with a sledge hammer. The door handle had been sheared off clean leaving a gaping hole. She watched as the janitor ambled up with a thick chain and padlock.

“Here comes Skarn,” whispered Sully as she pointed to the deputy sheriff strutting over to survey the damage.

“Nooobody panic, everything is under control!” Skarn bellowed loudly as he elbowed through some medical equipment. The elderly woman was lifted onto a stretcher, “Ms. Jonquil, can you tell me what happened?”

“I don’t want her to get excited, Officer just a few questions, please,” interrupted one of the medical technicians.

Ambril had to strain to hear her warbled reply, “I’m not sure I know, Officer Skarn…I…I had just let myself in the front door when it happened.” the secretary’s lips quivered as she continued. “I noticed the light right off.”

“Light, can you describe it?” asked Skarn scribbling madly.

“It was very bright, like a camera flash---and then there was this feeling…”

Skarn wrinkled his nose. “Just the facts, M’am, no---feelings.”

“Oh, yes of course…it was sort of a fizzle really…like a jolt of electricity.” The older woman grasped the blanket they had tucked around her. “I turned to see what it was and…and this blast of air hit me! It smelled just like the dumpster behind Dogwood Market,” she shut her eyes tightly, “and—and then there was the monster.”

Skarn sighed and rolled his eyes, “A real live…monster?”

Ms Jonquil hesitated, “I’m not sure but I believe I really did see a large---skull…it had red eyes, horns, and glowing…tattoos.”

Skarn stared at her in disgust, “right, large skull, red eyes, big mouth…teeth? Did it have long yellow teeth to eat you with...my dear?” Skarn chuckled derisively, “Like in Little Red Riding Hood?”

“Well…yes, I believe it did have teeth,” Ms. Jonquil was beginning to look embarrassed.

Skarn put his pencil down and jutted his jaw at her, “kind of dramatic, that,” he said dubiously, “maybe we should continue this when you’re more…coherent.”

Ms. Jonquil seemed to wither under his jaw, “Oh Dear…perhaps you’re right Officer…it does seem a bit farfetched now, really…everything went dark then…I think I must have fainted,” she patted her forehead with a shaking hand. “When I came to my senses, I was on the floor and Feldez was here.”

“That’s enough Officer, we have to get her 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 then roared away, its lights flashing.

“Whoa, someone was magicking in the janitor’s closet.” murmured Ygg.

Ambril nodded slowly. She was very familiar with that frizzy feeling and 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 Ambril---” Sully realized her mistake just a minute too late. Riley stared at her curiously.

“I mean, it sounds like---what I think a Dullaith would look like,” she finished quickly, “I read something about them appearing here…years ago.”

“I remember hearing about that; Feldez was involved then too, wasn’t he?” Riley asked. Ambril drew in her breath quickly. Riley was right, Feldez always seemed to be right there whenever a Dullaith appeared.

“We’re busted, let’s be getting out of here!” hissed Ygg as he pointed at Skarn 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 slipped away immediately.

“You can’t think Feldez would do this,” said Sully, reading Ambril’s thoughts.

“He wouldna be so daft,” scoffed Ygg.

But Ambril barely heard them…she had a feeling that something was off, “this sounds weird but…it just doesn’t feel right,” she said finally.

“An uncomfortable feeling that you’re about to be zapped, right?” asked Sully.

“No, well yeah… there’s a lot of magic still in the air. But I mean there was something sort of…missing. Like at the Harvest Moon Festival, it just doesn’t seem like a Dullaith was here,” she shrugged feeling frustrated. It was hard to zero in on something that wasn’t there. Just then a kid walked by eating a scone.

“Hey, that reminds me! There was an attack on the Sweet Shoppe last night! Someone broke the front window; I saw it on my way to school.”

“Who would attack the Sweet Shoppe? A mad, angry diabetic maybe? There isn’t anything valuable in there,” mused Sully.

“Was anyone hurt?” asked Ygg.

Just then the front doors opened and the janitor wearily beckoned them in. “Double file, please! Mind the cones!” The kids filed in slowly carefully avoiding the 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.

Ambril looked at it longingly; she just had to get inside that room. They were just passing the office when Ambril heard a familiar voice.

“No time Deputy Skarn, I must check on Ms. Jonquil just now.” Feldez stepped out of the principal’s office with Skarn and Chief Buckthorne in tow.

Skarn gave him a disgruntled nod. “You’re not helping us by putting this off. It was you who called 911.”

Chief Buckthorne said nothing but paused and sniffed the air experimentally, his face blank. Feldez turned and marched out of the building.

“That’s it!” hissed Ambril just as the bell reverberated down the hallway, “the smell!”

Ygg and Sully looked at her curiously, “I smell nought anything,” Ygg said mystified as they rounded a corner and raced into English.

“Exactly, Dullaiths really, really stink!” whispered Ambril excitedly as they slid into their seats just in time, “It smells like corpses and sewage and stuff.”

“Ms. Jonquil said she smelled something rotten didn’t’ she?” Sully sniffed loudly.

“Are you quite finished Sully? Sniffing like that is quite rude,” Mr. Pinwydden stared down his nose at her. The class snickered as Mr. Pinwydden launched into an involved explanation of essay organization. But Ambril only half listened. She had to think through this.

From Miss Jonquil’s description, it sounded like a Dullaith was raised 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? 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.

“Come on!” Sully said grumpily, “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! There’s nothing more frustrating than having one way conversations with someone who’s just pretending to be among the living.”

“Just thinking.”

“That’s what you said the last seven times…come on, Breccia’s class,” Sully rolled her eyes disgustedly as the three walked back into the building and down the hall. But that was as far as they got. There was a circle of teachers including Ms. Breccia blocking the door.

“No, No, the show must go!” Ms. Breccia boomed as she towered menacingly over everyone, “think of how disappointed the children will be if they don’t have the honor of performing our annual Maypole Dance!” she thundered.

Ambril thought most kids would think it would be better than finding $100 in her shoe, but Ms. Breccia wasn’t finished.

“The Maypole Dance has been a Trelawnyd tradition for over 150 years! Do you think our forefathers would have allowed a silly little death threat stop them?” She snorted so loud it made Mr. Pinwydden jump. “Nooooo! Of course not! They would have carried on until the bitter end. Besides do we really know what Ms. Jonquil saw?” Ms. Breccia wrinkled her nose disdainfully, “she’s always been fanciful if you ask me, there’s Tylwith in her.”

Mr. Pinwydden drew his skinny frame up and smoothed his tie, “I would agree with you Opal, if this were important to the furtherance of our traditions but really, it’s just a Maypole Dance! The student’s safety and well being come first. This threat must be taken seriously. As the acting Principal, I think---”

Ms. Breccia pointed a square finger at Pinwydden’s nose and continued her tirade. “Nonsense! Our forefathers must be ROLLING in their graves to hear you talk so flippantly about this! We MUST go forward with our plans.” She towered over poor Mr. Pinwydden who stared nervously back. Eventually he lowered his eyes and nodded. Ms. Breccia smiled widely, “I knew you’d come around, Pinwydden, you always do,” with that she turned and swept from the group, wrenched her classroom’s door open and strode inside.

The remaining teachers looked a bit shell-shocked, “we tried,” said a nervous looking man with red hair and suspenders.

“Yes Mr. Fig, we did…but if there is any more trouble I’m going to have to put my foot down,” Mr. Pinwydden straightened his tie and walked quickly to his classroom.

Ambril, Ygg and Sully reached the door just as the bell rang. Ms. Breccia threw down her roll book disgustedly, looking positively disappointed that she wasn’t able to give any of them a tardy.

“Children, syour dioramas belong here,” she said pointing to an already loaded table. “And you belong in the gym for the Maypole Dance rehearsal!” She folded her arms and looked down her nose at them. “Mrs. Twid doesn’t think you are capable of doing justice to this tradition, 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,” she pointed to the door, “out, on the double!” With a grand wave of her hand she turned and began forcefully stacking dioramas, she smashed two before Ambril could get out of the door.

As they walked down the hallway Sully said, “I made up a batch of remedy tea and dropped it by Betula’s yesterday. I figured after what happened to Mrs. Flood it was a nice safeguard.”

“Good thinking,” Ambril said as they entered 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.

“If you can possibly manage not tripping all over yourselves, we’ll begin.” Mrs. Twid’s nasal voice was shrill. But she had to stop then when a loud angry voice behind them said, “you little rat! I know what you’re doing!” It was Lance threatening his brother again, “stop messing around! You can’t handle it!”

“Stop going through my stuff!” Riley countered.

“I’ve been watching, knock it off or else!”

“Lance! Riley! Control yourselves!” Mrs. Twid marched over to them, “you will continue this family skirmish in the principal’s office!” But the two boys paid no attention to her. The boys started gathering around, expecting some action.

“Or else? What or else?” scoffed Riley, “what more could you do to me? You’ve already stuffed me in lockers, garbage cans and dumpsters.” Riley drew himself up to his full height, “I’d explain what I’ve been doing but I’m afraid you’d hurt yourself trying to think that fast,” Riley continued dismissively, Ambril had never seen him like this, “and I’m not going to stop until I get what I want.” He chuckled scornfully, “All you’re ever going to be is a shopkeeper. Me? I’ve got bigger plans; I’m getting out of here!”

Lance couldn’t take it anymore and shoved his brother hard into a large pile of boxes then followed him, his fists flailing. The boxes toppled down on everyone. Then things started getting weird, 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 through the doors.

“Ambril, get your Ashera!” it was Sully who gripped her arm.

Ambril quickly swung her backpack off her shoulder and started to unzip it…but then slowed, unsure. There it was again, that missing something, it smelled bad for an instant, but it smelled more like rotting fruit than corpses more importantly she wasn’t panicking, nothing was trying to invade her mind, she felt perfectly fine. Ambril zipped up her backpack. “It’s not a Dullaith.” She said calmly.

But there was a frizz of magic in the air, there was definitely something magical going on. The room had emptied by then. Except for a terrified Mrs. Twid who whimpering in the corner, it was just the three of them. Ambril took another hard look at the Dullaith and pointed. “See? It’s not moving and look! It’s beginning to fade.”

The image had begun to waver; as the smoke cleared a posse of teachers raced into the room with Bob in the lead. Bob flipped the light switch a few times. “Must have blown a fuse,” he muttered as Mr. Fig pointed a screwdriver shakily at the fading Dullaith.

“That’s nothing to worry about Hal, see how it’s fading? We need you over here,” said Bob steering him toward the light switch.

Mr. Fig looked relieved to have his back to the monstrous image and applied his screwdriver with gusto. After a moment he exclaimed, “here’s the problem, it’s just a faulty wire, people!” In moments the room was flooded with light.

In the stark, fluorescent light Mrs. Twid still stood stock-still, her white knuckles squeezing her pearl necklace, “oh my!” she gasped.

“Perhaps you’d like to sit down a moment..err..Crystal,” said Bob solicitously as steered her into a chair.

“Riley, come on out!” Lance, still itching for a fight, was heaving boxes around.

In all the excitement Riley had been forgotten, Ambril imagined him pinned at the bottom of the huge mound of boxes.

“You bully! You might have really hurt him this time!” yelled Sully as everyone began sorting through the boxes. But curiously when the last box was lifted Riley wasn’t there.

“He must have slipped out in all the confusion,” said Ygg.

“No chance! I was watching!” said Lance angrily, “I would have seen him!”

Jed came in with a bucket of steaming liquid as Lance was talking.

“Guess this isn’t needed anymore. But Lance is right, Riley didn’t leave the room, that’s the only working exit and we were standing in the hallway, we would have seen him too.”

“Where’d he go? He didn’t vanish into thin air!” shouted Lance.

A few more of the kids had trickled in when Tiana squealed and said, “It was that monster! The Monster took him!” Two or three of her friends shrieked and huddled together excitedly.

“Great, that’s great,” muttered Bob then said with authority, “there is a rational explanation for all of this but right now you need to get to class, Mrs. Twid will you walk the students back please?”

A little color had returned to Mrs. Twid’s cheeks by then. “It is beneath my station to perform such a menial task but as it is an emergency, and it’s for you Robert, I’ll do it.” she nodded and creakily rose to her feet, “children, this way,” she said as she turned on her heel, “if you are not immediately behind me, you’ll be given detention---ON MY TERMS,” the kids scrambled to follow her.

Ambril, Sully and Ambril brought up the rear. As they passed the office, Ambril saw that Lance’s parents had arrived and were deep in discussion with Mr. Pinwydden. The three friends automatically slowed their pace in hopes of overhearing something.

“Now look,” Mr. Dogwood said, “you can’t expel Lance for a simple little spat between brothers, can you?”

Pinwydden firmly shook his head, “at the very least Lance will be suspended from school. Naturally, this means he’ll be barred from any May Day activities, which means 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 not allowed to participate in any school functions,” Mr. Pinwydden’s Adam’s Apple jogged up and down nervously. “As for the disappearance of your son, Riley, the police have begun their investigation and wish to talk to you,” he motioned toward the Gymnasium.

Larch scoffed, “Riley’s just sulking, he’ll turn up when he gets hungry just like all the other times.”

“Are you saying Riley has run away in the past?” Mr. Pinwydden asked, surprised.

Larch sighed heavily and then shrugged. “Not like this, no…he’s always been unhappy with Lance’s---competitive spirit. He takes it the wrong way is all,” he nodded firmly, “trust me on this, it’ll blow over…can’t we just forget this happened?”

Mrs. Dogwood tugged on her husband’s sleeve, “But darling, don’t you think we should take this seriously? He’s been quite upset and---very odd lately.”

“Scarlet, we’ll discuss this at home!” Larch glared at his wife then pointed his beefy index finger at Mr. Pinwydden’s thin nose. “Listen up Pinhead! Lance is the star player of your team! Either my kid plays on Saturday or I’ll withdraw my support for your new Gymnasium!”

Mr. Pinwydden clucked disgustedly as he pushed Larch’s finger away. “You haven’t changed since we were in school. It isn’t hard to see where Lance learned his bullying behavior. Your son must learn to control himself, I suggest you begin practicing it yourself,” he paused to adjust his glasses, “the school will not be coerced into mishandling such a serious infraction,” with that Pinwydden straightened his bow tie and strode away.

Ambril, Ygg and Sully continued down the hall, “it looks like Pinwydden might be developing some back bone, he won that round!” crowed Sully. The three friends rounded a corner and saw Mrs. Twid holding open the classroom door.

“If you are not in this room in 15 seconds, your grades will be lowered one full mark!” she said with relish, “no running!”

They speed walked into the classroom in just under 15 seconds and found their seats…but not fast enough. Ms. Breccia stopped writing on the blackboard and turned her beady little eyes on them, “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 through the school, “due to recent events, the Maypole Dance will be cancelled this year, thank you,” there was another whoosh of static.

Ms. Breccia stared open-mouthed as the kids vaulted out of their seats and into the hallway while Ambril, Sully and Ygg slumped down in their seats, waiting to hear their punishment. Then Ms. Breccia surprised them when she marched out without a word.

“So what’ll it be this time you think?” Sully muttered, her chin in her hand, “a ten page essay on her great-great Gran’s toe nail clipping method? Or a poem about the famous Aldoon Breccia the greatest pig farmer Trelawnyd has ever seen?”

Ambril sighed heavily as she thought about the Sweet Shoppe and poor Betula, who was probably wondering where they were right then. She scanned the classroom for something interesting to take her mind off things. The jumble of dioramas caught her eye; there was one teetering on top that looked interesting. “I don’t remember seeing that anywhere around here.”

“That’s because it doesn’t exist anymore. Don’t you ever pay attention in class?” asked Sully as she bit her nails, “It’s the old Council Hall; they tore it down along with Old Town.”

Ambril got up and cautiously plucked the model off the top of the pile.

“If Ms. Breccia sees you doing that you’ll be in detention for life!” hissed Sully.

Ambril ignored her as she examined the model. It was of a simple domed structure, the model had been cut half way through so you could see both the inside and the outside at the same time. There were ornate arches supporting the dome and a circular image on the floor, “look at this circle stone, it’s different than the one in the Park.”

Ygg came to look over her shoulder, “it be like the power gathering circle for special summoning we have in Chert, it be used only if’n there be a flood or a collapse in the Mines…you know, when the town be thinking it needs extra help.”

“Yeah, yeah so what?” Sully yawned, “it doesn’t have anything to do with us as it was torn down a long time ago.”

Just then the door banged open and Ms. Breccia strode in, seething. Ambril just had time to slip the model back on the pile and slide into the nearest seat. She felt Ms. Breccia’s eyes on her and bent her head, she felt sure she was about to lose at least one limb. But Ms. Breccia walked right by her, clenching and unclenching her fists. Ambril didn’t dare move, in fact she didn’t dare breathe. But Ms. Breccia wasn’t her usual self, she looked at them as if she’d like to kill somebody…and for once it wasn’t them. “Get out of here,” was all she said.

The three were up and out the door in half a second, “whoo! Dodged another bullet!” said Sully cheerfully as they walked toward the door.

“Come on we have to get over to Betula’s shop!” Ambril began running toward the door. But as they passed the Gym a harassed and harried Bob stepped into the hallway holding a mop, “would you mind moving these boxes to the entry hall? They need to go back into storage,” he motioned to a stack of boxes just inside the door.

Ambril was about to refuse when Sully said, “Sure! We were on our way out anyway!” Sully smiled genially as she stacking up two boxes.

“But we have to get to Betulas!”

“This’ll just take a sec, right? Bob looks almost done in.” Sully pointed her chin at poor Bob who nervously brushed away his nonexistent hair…three times in rapid succession. Ambril and Ygg followed her lead but not quite so cheerfully. Together they lugged the boxes into the entry hall.

So who’s behind these attacks then? And what they be wanting?” asked Ygg.

“World domination maybe? Wanting to be the evilest of evil geniuses?”

“You’ve been watching too many Saturday Morning Cartoons,” accused Ambril.

“But really, why scare people away from the Dance?” Ygg asked mystified.

Sully shrugged, “Hey why worry? We’re getting our Saturday morning back right? This is a great, great thing!”

“This is as good a place as any,” said Ambril as she set her box down near the blackened metal which once was the janitor’s closet door.

The janitor came around the corner and sneezed loudly into a large handkerchief. “Where’d I put my allergy pills? They’re sure acting up today. Just leave them boxes there and I’ll put them inside myself,” he sniffled as he removed the padlock then turned and walked away with it.

Sully stretched, cracking her back several times. “That’s better, they were way too heavy!”

Ambril rubbed her shoulder ruefully then stopped dead, the chain was off the battered door, and it yawned open temptingly.

Sully spotted it too, “look, the janitor left the door open!” she whispered.

“He went for his pills…I bet he’ll be right back,” said Ygg, “wait, you can’t be thinking what I think you’re thinking!”

Ambril grabbed her friends and dragged them over to the open door, “just one little peek, then we’ll go.”

# Chapter 28 Inside the Janitor’s Closet

“Where’s the light coming from? There aren’t any windows.” Sully squinted into the gloom. Sully was right, Ambril thought, it should have been pitch dark inside but it wasn’t. An eerie red glow lit the room. Ambril took a step and then another. It would have been a beautiful room if it wasn’t for the blackened, sooty walls and ceilings. A fire had raged through the room in years past. There were arches and a dome above…

“So the history books were wrong,” whispered Ygg, “here be Old Council Hall, they must have built the school around it.”

The arches, half covered with cobwebs and soot were filled in with intricate mosaic artwork. One was a map of the town. Just above it there was something written across one of the arches.

“What does that say?” asked Ambril pointing.

“That be the old language.” Ygg said squinting hard at the word. “Chofnoda, yeah, that’s meaning ‘Come on in, friend’, or ‘Enter here pal’.” Ygg mused, “Though where you’re meant to go is a mystery, yeah?”

Ygg was right there were no other doors in the room. Along another wall were rows of shelves filled with cleaning products. A floor-waxing machine sat ready for use off to one side.

“Big surprise, it’s a janitor’s closet.” 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 like red cherry candy but with a bitter aftertaste.

Where’s the light coming from?” Sully asked again as they took a few more steps into the room. Ambril was nearly on top of it when she looked down and gasped.

“What did you say that was?” Sully elbowed Ygg hard as she crouched down for a better look.

“It be a power gathering circle. It looks as if someone wanting to summon someone in particular.”

On the floor was an ornately tiled circle stone. Like the circle stone in the Park it was decorated with plants, animals and people. But they were hard to make out as someone had scribbled over them with glowing red ink, deforming and mutating the original images so that they resembled monstrous beasts. Someone had added two glowing eyes and a gruesome gash for a mouth to the central flower.

Ambril drew in her breath, “its Moroz!”

“What? Where?” Yipped Sully as she jumped around, staring into the shadows.

“No, no, someone tried to draw in Moroz!” she said pointing, “there on the floor!”

“Um, Ambril…” Sully tugged on her arm.

But Ambril shrugged her off and leaned out over the image as far as she could, “see the weird eel things growing off his head? And his mouth, he looks just like that.”

“How could you possibly know?” came a cold voice from behind Ambril.

Ambril whirled to find Feldez just inside the door, “only someone who has studied Moroz, his practices and teachings…someone who has scoured Trelawnyd to learn his history would know this,” His voice was so quiet it was difficult at first for Ambril to hear the rage that boiled underneath his words, “this is no game, Ambril, toying with powers like these can only lead to someone getting hurt…or worse.” He took a step, his thin pallid hands reached for her.

Just then the janitor popped his head in, looking sheepish and thankfully forcing Feldez to take a step back.

“My fault, I left the darn fool door open to get my pills,” he wheezed. “I shouldn’t have…you know the reputation this room has.”

Chief Buckthorne then came in behind him; his face a thundercloud.

“You three, again? Are you three so anxious to spend a couple of nights in Juvenile Hall? Trouble just follows you around like a love starved pup doesn’t it? I’d save time if I just assigned a deputy to follow you around! What the blazes are you doing? This is a crime scene! Get your tails on out of here!” Chief Buckthorne boomed.

The kids scrambled thankfully for the door. Ambril had never been so pleased to get yelled out. She had one last glimpse of Feldez staring thunderbolts at her before they slipped through the door and 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 they turned their bikes toward Betula’s Shoppe. As they veered onto Main Street they could see a crowd gathered around the Sweet Shoppe’s door.

# Chapter 29 Operation: Red Sneaker

“It makes me boiling mad to think of someone attacking Betula’s shop!” said Ygg as they stashed their bikes with difficulty in the alley due to the crowds. To Ambril, it looked as if the entire town was trying to get inside the Sweet Shoppe all at once.

“Excuse me! Coming through! On your right!” Sully yelled as they wriggled through to the front door. Ambril saw that Koda had replaced the front window with plywood there was a sign tacked up on it.

**Excuse our Mess!**

**Announcing Sunrise Tea**

**Free Today only!**

Inside it was an absolute mad house. Things were not moving along with their usual efficiency.

“Where’s my ice cream!” complained an old man in overalls at one table.

“I ordered a Blueberry muffin not blackberry!” screeched a heavily jowled woman in polka dots.

“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 it was Mrs. Flood who raced distractedly from one table to another never quite finishing anything. Miss Fern was attempting to man the cash register. 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 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 grabbed some aprons when we saw what was going on---or rather what wasn’t going on in here.” She put her hands shakily on her hips and blew a damp strand of hair from her eyes.

Sully surveyed the room, then grabbed a couple of aprons herself, “look, we’ll stay and help out here,” she threw an apron at Ygg. “while you see what’s going on back there.” Then she turned and said like she’d trained as a drill sergeant, “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. Are we clear?” 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?”

Amid the clamoring shouts Ambril turned toward the back room. She took a deep breath as she pushed through the door and into what felt like a wall of magic.

“Betula? Betula!” She called nearly tripping over a large sack of flour with an inch of sugar on top. In fact there was sugar on everything, it looked like it had snowed.

“Ambril?” came a strained voice from the back, “come on back child.”

There was a faint glow coming from around a stack of boxes. Ambril picked her way through the cluttered room then stopped. Betula looked up at her, her face gray with fear and exhaustion. She smiled weakly while rocking something wrapped in blankets in her arms. Slim and Shug were feverishly working on something using an upturned pail as a table. A strong, tangy sugar magic swirled around the room.

Slim looked up, “brace yourself, kid,”

“It ain’t pretty,” Shug nodded toward the bundle in Betula’s arms.

Betula slowly opened the blankets enough for Ambril to see a rabbit ear twitch. “Red? What happened to him?” Ambril cried as she knelt down beside Betula’s arms. Red looked barely alive, he squeezed his eyes tightly as he winced in pain. Ambril could see that 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 them. Ambril could see Shug was working on a red high topped sneaker.

Red’s eyes fluttered open. “Now I just want to be sure you’re making a right one, yeah? No two left feet for me!” He tried on a laugh but ended up coughing instead.

Ambril realized then why the rabbit’s leg looked so odd. His bandaged leg ended scarily in a stump. Red’s right foot had been cut off. “Who did this to you?”

Betula raised her head sadly, “let him rest honey,” she sighed. “Late last night someone broke through the front window and cut Red’s sneaker off!”

“But I thought that you needed really powerful magic to do that!”

Betula brooded, “you’ve no idea how powerful,” she fussed with Red’s blanket.

Slim picked up the story, “we couldn’t see his face he wore one of those grinning Halloween masks but he was tall, taller than you and thin.” The striped giraffe swallowed hard, “he seemed to know what he wanted and had Red’s shoe and was gone before we could blink…he had this black knife---with a squiggly blade.”

“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!”

“I can’t for the life of me think why anyone would want one of Red’s smelly old sneakers,” Shug mused softly.

Ambril turned back to the Giraffe. “So he came for the sneaker and only the sneaker.” Something niggled at her from the back of her mind. “What does the sneaker do? Does it have some special magic power?” she asked.

Betula looked confused, “nothing special, it’s just a piece of Red’s magic.”

There it was again, something jiggering her thoughts…something that glowed red, “that’s it! The Janitor’s Closet! Which is really the Old Council Hall---someone broke in last night and wrote with red glowing ink all over the summoning circle there. It smelled like cherry red jellybeans…sweet and tangy. Just like how it smells right now. Do you think someone melted Red’s sneaker and used that to do the working last night?”

They all fell silent, considering this.

“That’s despicable,” growled Shug.

“It makes sense, that does.” breathed Betula as she rocked Red back and forth. “Red’s made of solid magic really. I reckon if you were working a big magic, the kind that needs a big shot of power, a piece of Red would do the trick.” Her voice faded as the rabbit groaned and she hugged her friend closer. “They’ve always been precious to me but it never occurred to me that they might be valuable to others.”

She turned toward Ambril her eyes pleading, “We thought we could fix him ourselves, but…we just can’t seem to button him up. Already a good part of him has spilled out.” Betula’s voice broke as she clasped the sugar animal to her breast. “He’s lost so much magic energy…he’ll leave us if we don’t find a way to heal him soon.”

“We’re not giving up, there’s stuff we haven’t tried,” said Slim courageously, “right Shug?”

But Shug just shook his head then turned his tired, blood shot eyes toward Ambril, “It’s like Betula said, the two parts just won’t stick together.”

Ambril screwed up her face, trying to remember what she had seen at the Library, “the Dorcha Blade is a cursed knife, it spreads its curse with every cut.”

Betula was still looking at her, “so you see why you’re here.”

Ambril then realized what they expected of her. 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, fLit’s thought at her, “*you don’t need to help this lowly creature; he is inferior to even human-kind.”*

Ambril sighed, “*Aren’t you always telling me we’re all connected, especially magic kind? You never know when you might need someone’s help,*” she grimaced, hating how preachy she sounded.

A train whistle sounded and the skidding of tires echoed around in her head. *“Their kind help the Tylwith? They would never!*” the fairy scoffed.

“*Go away*,” Ambril pushed the fairy away in her mind.

Betula wiped her eyes, “look at him Ambril…Just look at him! I’m supposed to be the expert and I…I’ve failed.” Betula looked scared and vulnerable as she hunched her shoulders protectively over her friend.

A cascade of falling books sounded, “*you’re not really going to do this!”*

Ambril slowly and carefully pulled her Ashera from her backpack, it glowed with magic energy, *“I have to try…or he’ll die”.*

His reply was quick and sharp, *“you shouldn’t deplete your energy like this, it’s wasteful!”*

*“Wasteful? You really think it’s wasteful to try and save a life?”* she was so angry her thoughts roared through her, *“you fairies think of yourselves as superior beings. You’re not, you’re just as ordinary as the rest of us; small-minded, silly beings who can’t be bothered to even try to see things in a different way!”* She had to pause here as an airplane crash and volleys of explosions echoed loudly around her head trying to drown out her thoughts. Finally it quieted enough for her to continue, *“LOOK AT HIM!” He’s in pain. LOOK AT HIS FRIENDS, they’re suffering too!”* She blew out her breath hard, *“even a hard hearted little chit like you 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. She waited, and waited---but the fairy was stayed quiet…and that was even worse than the noise.

Betula had unwrapped Red’s leg and laid the red sneaker next to it. Ambril could see the stump was cut clean. The sugar animal was made of red gel covered with sugar. She was puzzled, there was no blood…nothing oozing out of the rabbit’s leg to show that anything was wrong, except the almost magnetic repulsion which kept the shoe and the leg from fusing together.

Ambril took a deep breath and closed her eyes and in her mind brusquely pushed the gray fog away. She could now see the hot, red magic flowing from Red; it swirled around her like a river. She watched the rabbit a moment and realized how quickly she would need to act, the flow of energy was enormous, she could see the rabbit dimming slightly…and then again…

Ambril was pointing the Ashera at the rabbit’s leg when she heard the jangle of wind chimes in her head, “*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.”*

Ambril felt a rush of confidence, fLit hadn’t abandoned her---maybe with his help she could actually do this. “*What do I do*? *I’ve never worked with curses*.”

*“Unpick it of course, before weaving a healing*.”

Unpick…weave…Ambril wished she’d paid attention when her Mom had tried to teach her how to sew once upon a time.

*“Still slow like a plodding camel...remember what we’ve practiced, Visualize, Focus, then Will it to happen.”*

Ambril pointed her Ashera and focused on the thin threads of darkness. The Ashera produced a laser-like brilliant beam of light. Everywhere it touched it annihilated the dark curse threads. She went around the cut once and then again to pick up all the little loose bits she’d missed the first time.

*“Did I get it all?’* She asked anxiously, squinting at her work critically.

*“Just that one little piece… yes there… good. Now, you must weave a healing*. *Better do it now, he’s failing.”*

Ambril saw fLit was right, The rabbit’s glow was very weak. She took a quick breath then pointed the Ashera with one hand pressed the red shoe to the leg with the other. There was a soft slurp and a blinding brilliance of light as the two pieces fused together. Ambril blinked hard trying to get the spots out of her eyes. Now that the energy flow had stopped she could see that the edges of the wound were like frayed cloth. She watched as Red’s magic began to knit a closure. She lent him a steady flow of energy until she saw Red’s big toe wiggle. Then all of Red’s toes flexed at once…

Ambril suddenly 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---didn’t mean to do that, no control, yet!” Ambril raised her head and saw Red jumping around, testing his new foot, “works a treat!”

Betula kissed the Rabbit at the top of one jump and laughed happily as she picked her way over to Ambril. “You did it Sweet Pea!” Ambril was soon free of the mops and brooms and was swept up in a big Betula hug.

“Thanks bucket’s there, Ambril!” Red hopped over to join them, balancing on Betula’s shoulder he pulled on Ambril’s ear, “I owe you one.”

“One! I’d say you owe her twenty or thirty at least,” mused Slim as he tripped on a broom lying on the floor.

“He’s always been a bit stingy,” said Shug smiling as he looked around critically, “maybe you ought to see how things are going out front Betula, it wasn’t pretty out there a while back and has probably gotten worse.”

“Shug, as usual, you’re thinking right past us,” Betula smoothed out her hair and grabbed a fresh apron from a nearby peg. “Now it’s your turn to do the impossible Shug, get Red to lie down and rest.” Betula bustled toward the door then added, “we’ll celebrate after closing time.”

Ambril braced herself as she tried to follow Betula into the Sweet Shoppe but Betula stood frozen in the doorway, hands on her hip, “How bad is it?” asked Ambril as she peaked around the chubby woman.

“---And that’ll be $5.75 Miss Thyme,” Sully collected money from a smiling woman with a cane, the same one who had looked ready to kill someone a half hour before. Amazingly all the tables were filled with chattering customers and the line at the counter was moving smoothly.

“Saint’s alive,” whispered Betula as she watched Sully breeze past them with a teetering pile of plates, “she reminds me of me, years ago!”

“You have the hot fudge for table seven?” Sully asked.

“Yep and the last of the shortcakes as well,” Ygg piped up then noticed Betula. “We’ll be needing more of that shortcake soon, Betula, everyone’s asking for it.”

“Got everything squared away back there?” asked Sully as she scooped up the sundae and shortcakes and was off…then just as quickly, she was back again.

Betula’s laughter rumbled around the kitchen. “Maybe I’ll just put my feet up and watch the show!” But then she squinted at the clock and walked gingerly over to the front door, “I’m thinking that for the first time since I opened my doors twenty 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 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 collected all the aprons as Ambril tried to shake sugar out of her hair.

“I can’t ever repay you, not really, but I’ll start by giving you free ice cream for the rest of the month!” Betula smiled at all three of them.

Smiling they walked out into the sun slanting toward evening. As they got on their bikes Ambril heard the muffled sounds of ragtime music.

# Chapter 30 Handlebar Wrestling

Sully pulled out first, “The May Day Festival is tomorrow, you want to meet there in the morning?”

“Great, meet me by Betula’s stand, she’s making berry popovers.” Ambril yelled back.

“Race you!” Ygg yelled, he and Sully were off like greased pigs in a rodeo. Ambril smiled as she headed down the alley now filled with deepening shadows. Ambril assumed that’s why she nearly ran over someone coming out of one of the sheds.

“Hey watch it Moron, that hurt!” It was Lance who was hopping around in front of her holding his foot.

“Sorry, didn’t see you,” said Ambril trying hard to hide her smirk.

Lance stopped when he saw it was Ambril and grabbed her handlebars.

“Have you seen Riley? Have you talked to him?” He asked as the dying sun half lit his anxious face. He looked…almost concerned.

“You can’t mean you actually care?” Ambril snorted skeptically as she leaned back in her seat, “not after the way you’ve treated him.”

“Of course I care, he’s my brother…he just takes it the wrong way is all.” Lance scoffed sounding just like his father. “This is where Riley does his experiments. 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 back for that stuff.”

Ambril didn’t know what to say, Lance was clearly concerned for his brother. “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 saying good-bye and that he was done with us,” Lance lowered his head. “My Mom is in pieces about it,” Lance caught his breath in a way that sounded suspiciously like a sob.

There was silence as the space between them slowly lessened. 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.

But then it was over. Lance must have realized how much of his human side he’d shown and not liked it. The monkey part of him came back with a vengeance. He released her handlebars so forcefully she was nearly knocked sideways. “If you do see him, tell him I know something he needs to know…I’m waiting getting sick of waiting for him!” As he walked stiffly toward his Dad’s storage shed Ambril froze for beyond Lance’s silhouette Ambril could see a faint image on the shed’s floor through the open door. It was scratched and scruffed and looked as if it had been down a long time but Ambril recognized the drawings of grotesque images on the floor…it was a shadow summoning circle.

“Hey wait Lance! What’s---”

Lance whirled around and sneered, “I don’t want to talk to losers like you, I only want to talk to my loser of a brother, got that? Now get out of here!” he slammed the door so hard the entire shed shivered.

It took a while for Ambril to leave the alley. For a long time she sat gripping her handlebar, staring at the storage shed and watching Lance’s shadow move back and forth, back and forth. She only realized she was in the middle of the alley and blocking traffic when a truck horn blared at her. She started off home reluctantly thinking about who had originally drawn such a circle. It had looked too weathered to have been lately in use she thought. She picked up speed as she pedaled up the last hill and noticed that every window of their house was lit. Her mother stood silhouetted in the open doorway looking tired and worn.

“Ambril, finally! “I’m so glad you’re safely home, it’s been such an odd day.” As Ambril came up the steps she wedged her daughter firmly under one arm as if she feared she would be snatched away. “The attack on Betula’s, and the School and now Mrs. Sweetgum has gone missing…”

“Mrs. Sweetgum? Missing?”

“She went out for a walk this morning---she puts nuts out for the squirrels…and she never came back. The police and a few of her friends have been searching for her for hours.” She heaved them both through the door and slammed it shut behind them then half dragged her daughter to the kitchen table. There was a plate of lumps on it.

“Did you make…dinner Mom?” asked Ambril apprehensively eyeing the plate. At least the lumps weren’t moving. “It looks…interesting. But I’m not hungry,” she patted her tummy, “nerves probably, it has been a bad day,” Ambril tried to sound sincere. “I’ll just take an apple with me upstairs.” She grabbed one from the bowl of fruit on the counter.

Ambril’s Mother felt her forehead, “All right honey, then why don’t you get some rest, Everyone’s on pins and needles today, even Feldez asked about you!”

“Feldez asked about me?” asked Ambril, she’d forgotten about what he’d been like in the Janitor’s closet and wondered if she should have slept over at Sully’s house. “Is he home?”

Her mother shrugged, “I don’t know where he is, he went out again right after dinner.”

Ambril eyed the lumps and thought she knew why. She suddenly yawned. “I’m really tired, Mom, it was a big day, sooo…” she backed toward the door.

“Not so fast, Ambril! I don’t like how you are treating your stepfather!”

“You mean my not-yet-stepfather.” Ambril grumbled.

“Your SOON-to-be stepfather, whom I LOVE requires respect!” She yelled.

Ambril stopped then and just looked at her angry mother. “Mom, do you really, you know…trust Feldez?”

Ambril’s mother looked at her suspiciously, “why of course, I trust him, 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.”

“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---”

“What she means is she doesn’t think much at all, and when she does not very well.” Cut in Zane from behind her. He grabbed Ambril’s shoulder and whirled her around his eyes steely, “for Mom’s sake, you’re gonna shut up now,” he whispered through clamped jaws. He then shoved her roughly in front of him; “we’re going upstairs to have a little chat,” he said to his Mother. As they trudged up the stairs he whispered, “what a first class rat 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? 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’d been so wrapped up in her own life that she’d forgotten what it must be like for her Mom having to deal with the likes of Mrs. Twid and Ms. Tittle.

She looked up at her big brother, knowing what he was going to say, “Look, glossing over all the bad parts so that we don’t upset Mom will make it worse for her. She’s going to find out about it all anyway, the gossip here is thicker than that stuff Mom made for dinner. She’ll be blindsided---and that will hurt more.”

Zane gave her a disgusted look.

She took a deep breath. “Zane, “I know you don’t want to hear this---but it isn’t over, I think there’s going to be another attack, another Dullaith.” she said hesitantly.

Zane snorted, “like the one in the gym? That was fake, it was just some kids playing around.”

“No my friends and I saw something at school today that---”

Zane rounded on her and really lost his cool, “so you and your little friends are now experts on Dullaiths are you? And being big heroic magic wielders you’re going to try to save the town?”

Ambril just shrugged defiantly.

Zane went rigid with anger. “You can’t get involved in this stuff! Don’t you see! It all started when WE arrived,” Ambril sensed a current of fear under his anger, “people are going to put two and two together…our family…Dullaiths… they’ll run us out of here AGAIN!” he stopped to glare at her, breathing heavily, “And I’m supposed to be the insensitive one! Do you want to be responsible for killing your own mother?” he asked, “Because if something that awful happens to her again…that might do it,” he thundered, “so I’m telling you---you have to keep out of this, understand?” His hands worked themselves into tight little fists, “Do it for Mom if you’re too much of an idiot to do it for yourself. Mom’s been happier here than anytime I can remember, and I remember a lot more than you. It wasn’t easy 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 minivan, eating hot dogs for dinner, sometimes for days...she still couldn’t eat a hot dog.

“Do you know what they’ll do to us if Mom cracks up for good?” Zane continued quietly. “We’d be wedged into someone 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 whooshed out of him as he turned toward the door, “so think about that the next time you ride in to save the day,” he said sarcastically and slammed the door behind him.

Ambril slid back on her bed and stared at the ceiling just breathing in and out. Would they really split up her family? She didn’t want to cause trouble but at the same time, she couldn’t stand by and watch anyone get hurt.

She went over to her desk and spread out her homework, but ended up staring at the wall instead. Finally she gave up, got into her P.J.’s and went to bed. Maybe it would all be clear to her in the morning.

But it wasn’t rest her mind wanted. She was whirled into a labyrinth of nightmares where she was chased, head butted and slobbered over by a gang of Dullaiths egged on sometimes by Feldez and sometimes by Mrs. Twid who kept screaming ‘Troll!’ at the top of her lungs. In her dream Ambril ran through a forest and onto a circle stone. But instead of a tree Ms. Breccia grew out of the center of it. She laughed as she pointed to an old map. Then there was only darkness and two staring eyes, a rasping voice whispering, “it’s time….it’s time…”

# Chapter 31 A Chit Chat with Feldez and other Horrors

Ambril sat bolt upright in her bed breathing hard. The sun streamed through her windows, the house was quiet, too quiet.

“Mom? Zane?” she yelled. There was no answer. They must have gone to help set up for the Festival. Her backpack lay in the sunlight half open on the floor with its contents half in and half out. Peaking out was a worn green book, her Dad’s lab book. She’d forgotten all about it. She scrambled to retrieve it without having to touch the floor then wrapping the blankets around her like a furry tortilla, she cracked it opened. Her Dad’s writing was messy, like her own.

August 3.

**I can’t help but think this is it!. Honestly, if Feldez and I hadn’t made that bet I would have given up and moved on to something else long ago. But creating the world’s first biomass regenerative energy solution has been exciting. I’m glad I stuck with it, combining ‘natural energy’ and science is a risk, but I’m convinced we can find a way to explain it rationally to the public…back to the salt mines.**

Below this entry Ambril found a bizarre mass of scribbles, numbers and Greek letters with sketches messily drawn crazily in the margins. It looked mostly scientific but Ambril thought she recognized some of the images on her Ashera. Toward the bottom there were a couple of equations crossed out over and over again; with one at the bottom circled and underlined several times. The next entry read:

**This is definitely it! I’ve gone over and over it. The next step is to test it. I’ve put in a call to 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, or I’d have gotten paunchy from all those scones and cupcakes just like he has!**

So Feldez’s old lab had been downtown…close to Betula’s place. Below this was a line scribbled hurriedly:

**Test run’s tomorrow, we’ll see if it works, if it doesn’t we’ll try it again.**

There were lists of equipment and a sort of timeline of what had to be done during the experiment. Then he wrote:

**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 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 cup of coffee. I tried not to be smug.**

**Feldez talks of nothing but his pet project:: melding inorganic and ‘natural energy’ sources. He thinks it’s possible he might invent a new form of organism but he’s blind to the inherent danger of playing with life creation. There is something off about these workings too, too many unknowns, too dark.**

**Even more worrying is that he got these ideas of his after studying Moroz’s last workings. 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.**

That was the last of his writing. A Monster Truck Rally advertisement was pasted on the next page followed by Fixit Joe’s careful accounting.

Moroz! Here was the connection between Feldez and Moroz; he was working on some formulas of Moroz. ‘The melding of inorganic and natural energies.’ Combining metal and stone with magic maybe? The twisted, writhing creature in the cavern had looked like that…sort of a metallic mold or a misshapen stone tree. Could the weathered circle stone painted on the floor of the Dogwood’s storage shed have been his? It certainly fit, it was close to Betula’s Shop plus Lance had mentioned there was a lot of lab equipment left in the shed when the Grocery Store had taken it over. It was then she heard the quiet click of the front door and the clipped sound of expensive shoes in the hall. Feldez was home.

Ambril jumped out of bed and dressed hurriedly. She was very certain she didn’t want to confront Feldez in pink pajamas. She grabbed the little green book then took a deep breath and slipped downstairs. Sounds of rustling paper were coming from Feldez’s study. Feeling like an avenging angel at high noon Ambril marched down the hall and banged the door open. Feldez looked up in surprise, his face haggard and drawn.

“Ambril, what are you doing here? Why aren’t you helping your mother at the May Day Festival?” He said, irritated.

Ambril held up the little green lab book, “I’ve been doing some reading, it’s good, this book, you’d like it. It’s all about you and him and was written just before the Dullaith killed him.”

Feldez froze in place, then faster than Ambril thought possible he slipped around his desk and shut the door. The lock clicked softly into place.

He towered over her, “explain.”

“My father left behind a lab book, sort of a diary about G.E.R.N.” Ambril’s face screwed up with anger. “You were the one experimenting with dark magic, not him! But you let everyone think it was him!”

“No, that’s not entirely true, I didn’t---”

“Don’t lie to me, you were the one doing experiments in the shed behind Betula’s shop weren’t you? I saw the shadow circle you painted on the concrete there!”

“There’s more to it than you think---”

“Now you’re threatening everyone in town with more Dullaiths. So everyone gets scared and then, lucky you, they turn to you for help. The Archives are opened wide for you all its magical secrets are there for the taking. Everything you need to know to release Moroz!”

Feldez just stared at her.

Ambril was too worked up to notice his silence, “Moroz knows more about magic than almost any other being. If you could gain access to his knowledge, you could be great too. That’s what you want isn’t it? To gain that kind of power?”

Feldez continued to stare but not at her any longer, he stared through her. A slight tick formed in one eye before he straightened, “firstly, you have everything turned around, it isn’t at all what you think---but I don’t have time to explain it slowly and carefully to you right now.”

“You have to tell everyone the truth and clear my Dad’s name! Have you any idea how awful it’s been for my Mom? ” she raised the lab book and flapped it in the tall man’s face. “If you won’t tell the truth then this will.” Feldez stepped back then and tried to snatch the little green book away from her. But Ambril sidestepped around the desk. Feldez stood there a moment observing her then he grew calm and shrugged, “your father’s lab book is of little value---who would believe you anyway? You are your father’s daughter in so many frustrating and annoying ways,” he smiled briefly then walked briskly toward the door. “But I don’t have time for this! As you appear determined to mess things up once again you leave me no alternative,” he said in his clipped, quiet way then he quickly slipped through the door, the lock clicked smoothly in place a moment later.

Too late Ambril realized what that meant, “NOO!” she screamed then lunged for the door---it was, of course, locked from the outside. She started pounding it---but the door was so solid she doubted anyone could hear her. When her fists started hurting she stopped and giving the door a kick she slid to the ground…she was trapped, alone in an empty house. Worse, Feldez was out there free to make more trouble for everyone---especially for her family.

And what would he do to her when he returned? Would he kidnap her then dump her in the forest to die? Feldez didn’t seem to be the violent type. Perhaps he’d sell her on Craig’s list to a drug lord who wanted a live-in scullery maid and wasn’t too particular about how he got one. Her head dropped into her hands as she let herself wallow in self-pity, sobbing quietly as she thought about what her disappearance would do to her Mom. As she cried she realized that something in her hands was getting soggy, eventually she raised her head to find the slightly damp lab book stuck to her forehead. She pried it off and was about to toss it aside when something caught her eye, the brightly colored Monster Truck Rally advertisement had come loose. She ripped it out and discovered one last page of her father’s notes behind it. Drying her eyes she read:

**‘Now it’s my turn to help Feldez, I’ve warned him but he won’t listen. We’re going to do it at Old Council Hall to tap into the power of its Circle Stone.**

**I have to say that Feldez’s ideas are original and if successful might be more viable than Gern.**

**But I still have my doubts, he thinks he can control it---we’ll see. I’m boning up on natural energy containment just in case. He’s my friend and he did help me with Gern. But I’m worried.**

**I took Gern to a safe place today. I can’t think of Gern as a ‘test batch’ anymore---I’m set to run the final tests tomorrow---after that I won’t be able to put my decision off any longer. I’ll have to decide whether to announce my discoveries---or not. Sometimes doing the right thing is painful, it just is.**

Ambril sat there stunned. Everyone had it backward! It sounded as if it hadn’t been her Dad who had raised the Dullaith, he’d only been there to help Feldez with his dark magic workings---it had been Feldez all along, Feldez trying to raise Moroz to get at his knowledge, but instead he had raised a Dullaith and had put the entire town in peril.

As Ambril quickly ran through it all the pieces fell into place. The day after her father had written the last entry in his lab book he had stood by his friend’s side as Feldez did his dark workings. Feldez probably hadn’t meant to raise a Dullaith---that must have been an accident. And when Feldez had lost control of the evil creature, it had turned on her father first and consumed him.

Then Feldez had made it worse by trying to cover up his mistakes and placed the blame on her father. When her family had left town, all had been well. But Feldez hadn’t been satisfied with that, for some reason he had coaxed her Mom back to Trelawnyd…why? Maybe he wanted to continue his research and experiments. If things went wrong again, he could always use her family as cover. Just like Zane had said, they were the perfect ones to blame.

She jumped to her feet, energized, she had to get out of there and show the lab book first to her Mom then to the rest of the world. Her Dad was innocent or course, she had always known that.

Unfortunately she had left her Ashera zipped up tight in her backpack in her room. She looked carefully around the room, there was just one small window set too high in the wall. Sighting was more difficult without her Ashera but after a lot of effort she was able to discern something unnaturally thick and sluggish hugging the space. Feldez’s office was wrapped with powerful protective wards. How would she ever break out on her own?

Sounds of mules brayed in her head followed by twangy country western music, “*Really? After all I’ve taught you, all you can think to do is stand in the middle of the room and look stupid*?” fLit’s voice in her head sounded like a bad radio connection.

“*fLit, you can hear me?”* Ambril could now make out a fuzzy twinkle beyond the wards.

She was treated to the sounds of crunching metal mixed with a lot of high pitched screeching, *“of course I can hear you, like a badly tuned saxophone, I can’t help but hear you.”*

“*You sound like you’re in China, this is a really bad connection.”*

“*I’m in the hallway trying to find a way through the wards Feldez has put up. I always knew he was paranoid but this is beyond---”* Ambril heard an electric sound, like a bug zapper, “*Ouch! ---beyond thorough---the son of a camel tender---may he fall into a vat of bat guano with his mouth open!*”

She was treated to some bad opera with the national anthem chanted in pig latin simultaneously, followed by more bug zapping---fLit groaned. “*This isn’t working, even I can’t break through this mass of protective wards---you’d have to have skin made of cast iron… which gives me an idea,*” then everything went quiet.

“*fLit---are you there?”* She tried sighting the fairy but the wards were so thick she could only make out fuzzy shadow images…and none of them were fairy size.

She sat back on her heels trying to figure out where the fairy had gone. After what seemed like an eternity Ambril spied new fuzzy images coming toward her. Larger than fairies but smaller than a kid they made tink tinking noises in the hallways. They all clustered around the locked door. Ambril could see the handle jiggle slightly then there were more bug zapping sounds as the fuzzy images all jumped back. They all were soon shaking their heads. Then the largest of the fuzzy images squared off against the fuzzy twinkle of a fairy.

“If’n you want our help you best stay out of the way you pesky gnat! I be running this operation!” Ambril heard Baldot’s muffled voice.

One of the shorter ones pounded on the door. “Ambril, how you be? You be breathing enough oxeeygen in there?” came the anxious voice of Bummil.

“Of course she be breathing enough you soft headed dolt! This be a modern house with air ducts and everything! Speaking of which---Boucher where be ya?”

Somewhere above her Ambril heard the tap, tap of ceramic boots followed by lots of huffing and puffing. It seemed to be getting louder. Then a half second later the air duct in the ceiling disappeared and was replaced with the chubby face of Boucher.

‘All right there, Ambril?”

Ambril smiled hugely and nodded. Then Boucher let fall a rope which Ambril tied around her waist.

“All set then?” Boucher asked, before Ambril could even nod she fairly flew through the air and slammed into the hole in the ceiling. Grabbing the edge she managed to wriggle inside. The metal duct whined under Ambril’s weight but held. Boucher greeted her with an arm punch.

“You’re lucky this duct be a bit bigger than most and you be a mite smaller than some,” he turned and trotted off, “come on then!”

Ambril elbowed and shimmied her way down to where Boucher stood next to another duct opening. The cover was off and light was streaming through.

“Time’s a wasting!” Boucher nodded once and jumped through the hole. Ambril braced for an accompanying sound of breaking china---but there wasn’t one. She wriggled over and peeked through the hole. There was a small net erected below, it looked to be the right size for a gnome but it was three sizes too small for a girl.

“What’s plan B?” Ambril asked apprehensively.

Baldot glared at her from below. “There nought be any! Now don’t you be getting cold tootsies over this, we’ll catch you!”

But Ambril wasn’t so sure. Ambril wished heartily they’d spent a little time making up a fixit juice for humans. Then she took a huge breath and carefully wriggled head first through the hole in the ceiling.

“So what happens if your net---whoa---LOOK OUT!” She wriggled out too far and lost her balance. All of a sudden she slid through the hole and into midair her arms and legs flailing. She landed face first in the netting and bouncing nearly up to the ceiling again she grazed one wall before sliding down the hallway on her back.

Baldot trotted up a self satisfied smile on his face, “worked a treat didn’t it?”

She struggled to a sitting position, doing the usual, checking for any broken bones, “yeah thanks but don’t you understand how things break...I mean you’re made of ceramic!” Beyond Baldot’s grinning face she noticed fLit hovering, his back to everyone. “You too fLit---thanks.”

Baldot turned around and scowled.

Ambril scowled at both of them, “During what century are you going to learn to get along? Do you even know what it was that started this feud?” asked Ambril eyeing them both, “And wasn’t that a really, really, really long time ago?”

Baldot screwed up his face with rage, “it nought be so long, we nought be forgetting…we are what we are because the Tylwith betrayed our kind. They sided with Moroz---and helped enslave us like this.”

The other gnomes came to stand with Baldot and glare at fLit as Ambril asked, “You mean Moroz---made you like this?”

Still keeping his eyes on the fairy Baldot nodded, “his kind, they set snares and laid traps for us. We were simple miners then, just breaking shift, on our way up and home.” Baldot’s hands tightened into fists. “The Tylwith, they trussed us like animals and took us down to the deepest shaft---Moroz was waiting---I nought remember much else except the pain---when we woke up, we be like this…forced to work day and night in the darkness…until the rescue.”

So the gnomes really were over a hundred years old Ambril thought. fLit turned around then looking annoyed, she braced herself for something insulting but all she heard were chimes in her head, “*but that’s not the whole story.”*

Baldot shivered involuntarily and held his hands up to his ears. “Do you mind? I’ll nought have the likes of you rolling around in me head!”

“*You have it wrong!”* fLit snorted. “*So like your kind! You know of how Moroz betrayed us too and how the Tylwith rebelled and helped capture him.”*

“That nought count, you be doing that to save yourselves, you did nought to help us!” Baldot snorted.

“*Don’t interrupt you rude lump of clay!”*  fLit sniffed, “*What you don’t know is there was a group of us who didn’t agree with the ruling Tylwith Teg’s decision to side with Moroz. We planned a rescue of both your kind and a few of our own whom Moroz had also enslaved and abused.*  *In fact we had already broken into the Mines and were working on the wards surrounding Moroz’s private study when word of his containment reached us. A group of miners were already on their way down to release you so we continued working to release our kin.”*

“Did you manage to release them?” asked Ambril.

fLit stared off through the hallway walls, “*most---but not all.”*

Baldot grunted, “I never heard that story, nought from any of our kind, or even any of yours.”

“But we’ve only met the one fairy,” Bummil pointed out.

“Which be suspicious on its own. Fairies are nought alone and never within the walls.” Baldot screwed up his face as he looked at the fairy. “I’m thinking you’re an outcast.”

Ambril cringed expecting an all out assault from the fairy, at the very least Baldot would be ground to dust, but the fairy simply balled his fists and drifted away.

“*So it’s true then? So that’s why you were captured and put in the Morte Cell, being alone made you more vulnerable. But why? What did you do to get you thrown out by your own kin?”*

fLit silently shook his head but said nothing.

Baldot folded his arms and looked hard at flit. “We learned the hard way nought to be trusting Tylwiths, this one here, everyone should stay well away from, there’s no telling what he’s done---he’s certainly not.”

fLit glared back at him a moment and then with a twinkle vanished.

Ambril sighed, for a moment there she’d thought they were really getting somewhere, “*you can’t just twinkle off somewhere when things get uncomfortable. “Talk about it---explain yourself if you don’t everyone will just think the worst!*” Ambril thought at the fairy.

“*It is of no use, earth-kind such as them will never understand. I see it now…I can see whose side you’re on!* Freight trains roared through Ambril’s head as Ambril felt the fairy’s presence slide away from her---for the first time since she’d woken up in Trelawnyd there was a void in her head. They’d been apart of course but this felt different. This felt almost…permanent. She was surprised at how big an empty space he left. He was obnoxious, annoying, arrogant and always in a snit about something, but she knew she would miss him. He’d become more than a friend---he was almost family. She felt heavy with sadness as she got to her feet and headed for the stairs.

“Where you be off to?” asked Baldot gruffly.

“Feldez locked me away because I know he lied about my Dad raising the Dullaith. I have to tell my Mom about what he did and then get him to tell the truth…that is if I have time before he raises another monster and tries to take over the world.”

The stubby gnome blanched, “You think a Dullaith will be raised any time soon?”

“I---I don’t know…but one thing’s for sure. If I can, I have to stop him,” she said simply. She turned stumbled up the stairs to collect her backpack. She felt a million years old and was bruised from head to foot and the day had just started.

Baldot tinked to the foot of the stairs, “if it’s a fight you be having, we’ll be there, unlike your flighty fairy friend!” Ambril smiled over her shoulder at him. She knew he meant well but how could little ceramic men help against a Dullaith?

# Chapter 32 A Whirlwind of a Disaster

Ambril slammed down on her pedals and rocketed down the hill toward the center of town. Her wheels hummed as she wove through the crowded streets trying to avoid the glut of villagers who seemed to be lugging everything they owned to Circle Park.

“Sorry…excuse me…coming through….thank you!” Ambril yelled as she threaded her way through the crowd which was thickening like overcooked pudding.

“Watch it Grandma, there’s another hooligan!” A man in a loud Hawaiian shirt shouted as he dragged a frail woman carrying a picnic basket out of the road.

The crowds worsened so much that in a few blocks she had to abandon her bike, and run then walk the rest of the way. Finally she made it to the circle stone. Rows of booths had sprouted overnight around it. Betula waved her over to one of the larger ones and handed her a bag of popovers. “Your Mama wanted to make sure you had something special for breakfast,” Betula put her hands on her hips and peered into her face, “Child, you’re as white as Red’s whiskers after a roll in the sugar bin, what’s up?”

“I’ll explain later, where is my Mom?” she asked anxiously as she stuffed the bag into her backpack.

“She was just here,” Betula shielded her eyes and scanned the crowd, “I’ll tell her you need to see her.”

“Thanks,” Ambril looked out on the circle stone and spotted Mr. Pinwydden talking with an efficient looking woman with a “Hi, I’m Mayor Jacaranda” badge clipped to her lapel. The stone right in the center had been removed, leaving a gaping hole. Ambril guessed the May Pole would have been installed there if someone hadn’t made threats at the school. Off to one side the high school band was warming up beyond wooden barriers. Ambril could see security was tight, Police Officers and fire fighters paced behind barricades which lined the circle stone. She fought her way to one of the barricade entrances.

“Stay back please!” Skarn paced self-importantly behind a strip of caution tape and a crooked line of orange cones.

Ms. Breccia steamed just behind the yellow tape, looking like a mad Viking woman, a large wreath of bristly flowers were jammed on her head, she had thrown a leather hide over her shoulders and her bare feet slapped impatiently on the pavers as she glowered at Skarn, “but we must get in place for the Spring Dance of Maidens!” Several lumpy women nodded with her as they peered from under their bristly wreaths.

“Orders are orders, no one gets on that stone until the Chief says it’s safe,” Skarn waved her back dismissively.

The band started playing a rousing marching tune, slightly off key but extra loud to make up for it. Then a familiar, lean figure strode stiffly onto the stone. Feldez was making his way swiftly to the center, his face was taunt like a mask as he stopped and peered down into the hole.

“No!” Ambril 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.”

“What’s up?” surprisingly it was Riley who appeared at her elbow.

“Riley! Where have you been?” Sully appeared next to Riley with Ygg just behind her.

“Long story, but it’s a good one, I’ll tell you all later.”

Ambril smiled then froze when she saw that Feldez was now bent over the hole in the center. She watched as he reached down into it.

“Stop him!” yelled Ambril frantically, was he going to try something right then and there? He couldn’t---he wouldn’t risk so many lives---would he?

An amplified voice rolled out over the crowd, “Sorry for the delay, now that Circle Park has at last been deemed safe I’m happy to announce the opening of the May Day Festival!”

Sully tugged at her sleeve, “what’s wrong? Tell me!”

“No time, but Feldez has to be stopped!”

Riley grinned mischievously as he grabbed the caution tape and ripped it away, “what’s keeping us? I’m about to be grounded until Christmas anyway, after you!”

Ambril didn’t hesitate, she was through and running hard toward the angular man hunched over the circle stone in seconds with her friends at her side.

Skarn bellowed from, “stop them!”

Ambril’s heart jumped into her throat as she saw Feldez whispering to himself over the hole---was he chanting? He seemed to be struggling with something, trying to wrench something out of the ground. Beside her, Riley matched her stride for stride.

“Get those kids out a’ there!” Now Chief Buckthorne yelled and waved his hands at them.

“I’m trying’!” Skarn yelled from close behind them. She felt a hand grab her ponytail but she yanked it away. She was just a few paces away from Feldez when his head swiveled up and she saw his eye grow wide. There was no time for finesse, she launched herself into a full tackle.

“Not again you’re not! Not this time!” she screamed, bells sounded signaling the start of May Day just as she made contact with Feldez and the two of them rolled away from the central stone.

It was a perfect tackle the gnomes told her later but just an instant too late. For just as the bells pealed a fountain of acrid smoke shot up from the hole in the center of the stone followed by sparks thirty feet high.

Ambril scrambled to her feet feeling her chest tighten with fear as a crackling, slithering sound drowned everything in thick smoke. Her worst nightmare was forming overhead, the black smoke took shape as the fountain of energy defined the full extent of the Dullaith’s head. It was real this time, Ambril felt its biting cold, the smell of it made her wretch.

She looked around quickly as she pulled out her Ashera and threw her backpack aside. Unfortunately Ygg and Sully stood coughing at her side. Riley was nowhere to be seen---at least he’d had enough sense to keep running. Looking down, Ambril discovered Feldez however was lying at her feet, unconscious.

“Will you do me a favor and get him out of here?” she asked Sully and Ygg. They picked up his arms and dragged him out of danger. “Try to keep everyone back!” she yelled after them. As Ambril turned to face the terror she could feel it trying to infiltrate her mind.

Off to the side, Chief Buckthorne was staring dumfounded up at the monster. Behind them Ambril watched Skarn turn tail and run.

“Get that kid gone NOW!” shouted the Chief fingering Ambril then turned as Sully tugged on his arm.

Ambril knew she’d be first on the Dullaith’s list, she would have to act quickly to cut off its energy supply. Without hesitating she dove toward the twisted stem of the monster. Cold numbed her mind the closer she ran. Soon her breath grew ragged as her brain fuzzed and she faltered.

“*Snap out of it!”* fLit was suddenly there punching and kicking her in the face. “*Listen, it sees you! It wants your power and when it’s finished with you? It will come for everyone else, including your friends and family! So MOVE!”*

The sharp sting of the fairy’s boots did the trick. Ambril concentrated on pushing away again the panic that had rushed in to overpower her senses just the way fLit had taught her. She shook herself and then gathering all the energy she could muster she plunged inside the smoky darkness.

Coughing she squeezed her eyes shut and felt the dense malevolent magic jetting around her trying to wriggle through her defenses. She shivered knowing she had just a few seconds before she’d be o n her knees to it. But she still had those seconds to work with.

Blindly she held her arm out full length and slashed at the magic’s source. She felt the sinuous magical bonds snap and fizzle as she slashed at it again and again. The Dullaith’s anguished screams were 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 as she felt around for it. Just when she thought her lungs would burst her fingers closed around something angular and cold, she hugged it to her chest and stumbled away. As she broke through the dense wall of smoke she hungrily filled her lungs with fresh air. Still panting she looked down and found acrid, black steam curling from the Morte Cell, stinging cobwebs trailing behind it. She jabbed at it with her Ashera and gasped as the limp form of a fat squirrel with a white ruff of fur around its neck fell out and landed in her hand.

A large black crow swooped out from nowhere, and transformed into the tall thin form of Sid, “Aster!” He cradled the squirrel in his arms, “we’re counting on you Ambril, you’re the only one who can take that thing down,” he shouted over the wailing of the monster, then he turned and ran for safety.

Great, no pressure, thought Ambril. She took a big breath as she turned back to the monster. The severed threads of dark magic sizzled beneath it as the monster seemed to gather itself before doing something that Ambril dreaded most---it sniffed the air and inhaled, just before its glowing eyes locked onto her. The hunter had found its prey. fLit was right, it was drawn to the power she wielded. There was no way for her to escape it now; its stench became overwhelming as it began to stalk her.

Ambril fired off a massive ball of energy which took out one of the creature’s eyes. But as it shook its massive head at her Ambril could see the eye blink back on. This creature was more powerful and resourceful than the first she realized.

Then from behind her Ambril heard the townspeople roar in terror as they pointed at something in the sky. A flock of ungainly jellyfish flying in formation was bearing down on them. Ambril smiled softly as she recognized them as Brellies draped heavily with vines. She could just barely make out the outline of the gnomes lashed to their massive stems. They swooped down over the monster and let loose a volley of bomber nuts. Where ever they landed their sharp explosions made the Dullaith wince then a stream of Gooberous slag rained down on the creature, hissing on contact. The creature’s magical fiber fizzed, curled and snapped under the barrage. Ambril held her nose, Dullaiths smelled even worse when slathered with slime and blasted with explosives.

“Come on guys, time to get jumping!”  It was Betula, she’d cleared the barricades away from her booth and pulled up the tablecloths draping the tables, revealing Red rolling out a 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 hissed as they melted, the Dullaith’s skin dimmed as the smell of burnt sugar filled the air. The Dullaith dipped lower and lower.

“Shug! Slim! What’s keeping you?” Betula yelled, “we’ve got him on the ropes!”

“We’re coming, we’re coming, hold your unicorns,” Shug said as he and the Giraffe rolled out the candy Ferris Wheel loaded with jelly beans.  
“Fire it up!” nodded Shug as he gave the wheel a spin. The Giraffe lent a hand making the Ferris Wheel spin faster and faster.

“Wait until he comes around again---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 jelly beans launched themselves at the Dullaith’s head liquidating and spreading themselves into a solid mass of goo which slowly dripped to the ground.

“It’s working!” shouted Red gleefully as he reloaded his cannon.

It seemed to be as the Dullaith was now on the ground breathing heavily.

But then suddenly it wasn’t. Ambril felt a bolt of white hot energy singe her mind. It came from the jumble of booths and debris. Someone was feeding the creature life energy, someone crouched behind the wreckage of the Festival, hidden from sight. The creature’s eyes flickered purple then glowed with renewed energy as the monster shook itself, spewing burned jelly everywhere and reared up, once again on the hunt, it’s jaws snapping hungrily as it lunged at Ambril. Ambril sidestepped just in time and raced around it trying to buy herself time. It roared at its attackers then blasted the Brellies with its smoky breath. The Brellies tumbled crazily like leaves caught in an updraft, “prepare for crash landing boys!” Ambril heard Baldot call as the flailing Brellies were blown out of sight.

The boom of the sugar cannon echoed off the stone as another volley of sugar bugs attached themselves to the monster. The monster inhaled deeply, then blasted the sugar animals with foul black smoke. The cannon and Ferris wheel melted instantly. Ambril’s heart caught as she watched the sugar animals were blown into nearby trees. It seemed to be up to her now…how would she ever bring down a rechargeable Dullaith? She looked out over the tables and booths tipped on their sides searching feverishly for any sign of a tall, pale maniacal man. Feldez must have regained consciousness and had figured out a way to replenish his creation’s energy.

The snap of a jaw too close made her whirl around to find the creature bearing down on her, its mouth open wide. Ambril was so close she could see past the jaggly teeth and straight into the monster’s being. Inside hundreds of ghoulish faces swirled in a mass of gray fog. It was mesmerizing---one face in particular stood out, it was grotesquely scarred and opened its mouth in a wide grin of horror. At the last moment, Ambril ducked then dove into the dense black smoke under the monster. She rolled to her feet then began fighting her way out, swinging her Ashera in front of her and spraying the monster continuously with energy sparks. The smoke began to thin as the creature howled in pain. Just as Ambril was beginning to hope she could bring it down she felt something tighten around her neck briefly then give way. Someone shoved her hard from behind and she somersaulted out of the smoke.

She instantly knew something was very wrong. Her body felt heavier, drained. She cut off the flow of energy to her Ashera as she scrambled to her feet and raced to the edge of the circle stone. She examined herself briefly, two arms, two legs, one working head, no gashes or burn marks…what was different?

Bells clashed in her head, “*The Ledrith Glain! Where’s your medallion!*”

*“What?”*  Ambril felt around her neck---fLit was right, her medallion was gone! *But…how?*

*“He must have used the Dorcha Blade, back there in the smoke.”* fLit sounded anguished and sad.

“*Was it Feldez? It must have been Feldez!”*

*“Whoever it is, they’re still under the monster in the smoke…can’t you feel him there?”*

Ambril sighted briefly and felt the bright energy spot directly under the monster. Ambril looked down at her Ashera still sparking with life. She knew what she had to do. She pointed her Ashera at the energy spot and began walking toward it.

“*That’s suicide, that monster has a nearly unlimited power source now!”*

*“Now maybe, but if I can get that medallion back it won’t!”*

She sent a bolt of energy at the Dullaith’s face and immediately felt her heart seize from the effort. The Dullaith blinked just briefly. A plan replaced the wild anger in her mind. She’d have to time this just right, there’d be no second chance.

She focused on the black smoke spewing from under the Dullaith. When she was just a few strides away from the monster she leveled two short blasts of energy at the creature’s eyes and watched them fizzle and dim as she gathered in as much untainted air as she could then ducked once more into the darkness. But just a few feet into the smoke she rammed into a solid, icy cold wall of black ice. She fell backward dazed, the wind knocked out of her. For just a second too long she lay there, fighting to breathe, gathering what little energy she had left to her. As she rolled to her feet she was enveloped with dank fetid air as the Dullaith’s jaws clamped down on her and her body went numb.

She was now among the swirling faces, as memories of her life drained away. Her voice combined with their voices as they whirled around, consuming her, consuming each other. She felt her feet leave the ground, feeling lighter and lighter. Just in front of her now was a brilliant white ball of light. It drew the swirling mist into it. It fascinated her, it called her by name and after a few moments she stopped resisting. All she wanted at that moment was to enter the light, to be a part of the light. She had one last rational thought, this must be it, the end, her end. It was so lovely, this ending---the light seemed to smile at her as it welcomed her in.

But then something annoying happened. Something tugged at her, and pulled her away from her dance with the light. It grabbed her hair and pulled her face around. A horribly scared face grinned ghoulishly at her as it dragged her into the cold gray mist. “Ambril! Snap out of this, I know it’s hard---Call the Cerberus! They promised remember? When all hope is lost, they said they would come---Say it with me! Cerberus!”

The figure had hard nasty limbs---what were they called? Arms...hands. It shook her mercilessly with them. “Say it Ambril! Cerberus!”

Maybe if she said it he’d leave her alone and she could go back to the light, Ambril thought dreamily.

“You’ve come all this way, don’t give up now--- sometimes doing the right thing is painful, it just is. Say it---Cerberus!” the man was frantic now.

She opened her mouth slowly, trying to remember how to form words---it had seemed such a long time ago that she had done it---Cerber…us.” She whispered.

“That’s it---that’s my girl,” the man laughed as he hugged her to him for just a second then swiftly spun her around and gave her a shove.

# Chapter 33 Nice Doggies from Hell

Reality stabbed her in the heart as she flew back through the jaws of the Dullaith and skidded along the hard cold stone. After rolling a few times she came to a stop and raised her head. Looking back she saw the roiling gray fog swirling around the deformed grin of the scarred man. What had he said? Who was he? Already his memory was fading from her mind. A massive gray hawk swooped down and batted him aside as it winged toward her through the fog toward the opening of the Dullaith’s jaws and Ambril. For a moment she thought the gray hawk would make it through—but at the last moment the head of the Dullaith was ripped to one side and its mouth clanked shut. The Dullaith screamed in agony as a pair of gigantic jaws crushed the right side of its face.

Ambril struggled to clear her mind. When she had gotten the hang of breathing in and out again, she turned and saw the Cerberus, massive black dogs the size of mastodons lunging at the demon. Their heads and body were fluid with dark power, their razor sharp teeth ripped and shredded the demon and their breath singed her arms. The Cerberus had come, just as they said they would. Smoke billowed around them as chunks of fizzling demon fell to the stone. An eye landed near Ambril, she watched as it slowly dimmed then faded to nothing as the smoke thinned, then was gone. In moments it was over and a gentle breeze blew the rancid stench of the Dullaith away. Ambril filled her lungs with fresh air as she tried but failed to get to her feet.

There were only two of them, slowly they turned toward her, towering over her with their teeth clearly visible through their fiery breath. Was this her destiny then? To be some giant doggie treat? If it was, she willed it to be over quickly, there was no way to fight the not-so-mythical beasts. Fortunately, she didn’t have to wait long as the largest one suddenly opened its mouth and engulfed her in flames.

She flinched, expecting to be burned. But the fire invigorated her as if she was warming herself at a stove not burning at the stake. The warmth blew through her and re-sharpened the edges of her mind. She felt her heart strengthen.

Time seemed suspended. The dog beasts stood before her but when they moved Ambril caught a glimpse of something else---something kingly and masterful. The largest one nodded, “We thank you for calling us to the Dullaith. They will not bother you anymore. They haunt the weak points of this world’s defenses and take advantage of any opening. We will take them deep into the maze of Hell, they will never return.” He dipped his head closer to Ambril. “May you find solace in these words through the dark times ahead Ashera,” his voice resonated with power, “when all hope is lost, we will come. This is but a reminder---that at the end---we will come.”

Ambril looked up at the great beings before her. Shimmering with power they seemed to smile. But there was something slightly wrong. “Thanks for saving my life and all and …I don’t want to be rude, but aren’t there supposed to be three of you?”

The smaller one snorted sending jets of flame around her again. “We…we have lost one of our number.” He said quietly. “It is written---it is foretold that the Ashera shall---”

“Enough, we cannot speak of such things,” the larger one looked pointedly at his younger brother.

The smaller one rolled his eyes, snorted then was silent.

The larger one turned back to Ambril, “we have cleared the memories of most of the villagers. They will remember a powerful twister touching down on the stone, nothing more. I must warn you though there will be some who wish to cause trouble for you, beware of them.”

Ambril immediately thought of Feldez, no worries, she’d be on her guard.

The two dogs regarded her in silence for several moments. Then the larger one gathered himself and leaped into thin air. One instant his massive body was solid and warm beside Ambril and the next it just wasn’t there. The smaller one gazed at her a moment longer and sighed, clearly wanting to say something more then, just as his brother had, he leaped away.

It was as if someone had flicked a switch on, as soon as the smaller Cerberus had vanished, the day rushed back to her with a vengeance. There was noise and dust and the lingering stench of the Dullaith all around her.

“Hey are you all right?” It was Riley who limped up first and pulled her to her feet. Behind Riley Ambril could see the devastation beyond. The booths looked as if they’d been recently bombed. Much of the merchandise had been ruined by the onslaught of slime, monster and burnt sugar.

“You did it child, you did it!” Betula came racing up, Sid at her side and gave her a one armed hug still holding the fat squirrel in the other arm.

Then he hugged the squirrel close. “Aster needs rest but tell your Mom she’ll be back to work before too long.”

“What, Aster works for my Mom?”

Sid gave her a narrow glance, “well sure she does, she’s your housekeeper.”

Ambril was stunned, “that’s Mrs. Sweetgum?” She thought about the big teeth gray clothes and the white scarf Mrs. Sweetgum always wore around her neck, and of course her fondness for hazelnut scones…she felt a little silly not to have seen it before.

“We’re Animalfia, I thank you, Ambril,” Sid’s bright eyes twinkled but then grew sober, “but you must leave now, it isn’t safe for you here.”

The more intrepid townsfolk had begun to make their way through the wreckage looking anything but elated to have been freed from a monster. Most of them looked angry, and they were all staring at Ambril.

*“They won’t thank you for your efforts and do not wish you well.”* fLit chimed a funeral dirge.

“*So you made it, I wasn’t sure what happened to you there at the end.”*

*“I slammed into the wall under the demon just like you…then I think you stepped on me because I blacked out for a while. I came to my senses just as the Cerberus were leaving.”*

*“Any idea who stole the Ledrith Glain?”*

*“None, I can feel it’s presence but its camouflaged by something else---possibly the Dorcha Cup, it hangs on a chain on the Blade’s handle…if the being who did this cut the chain then used the Dorcha cup to encase it, it would be practically invisible to us.”* fLit blasted a fog horn in her head, *“I’ll keep feeling around for it.”*

“Ambril! Ambril, my darling! Are you all right? Ambril was nearly smothered by her mother’s hug. “I thought you were going to be taken away by that awful twister! It was like something out of the Wizard of Oz!”

“I’m O.K., Mom, really, just a little bruised is all.” She beamed up at her mother so vibrant and alive. She thought about her Dad then, there was something about her Dad she wanted to tell her Mom about---but the more she thought about him, the fuzzier her thoughts became. Finally she gave up and pulled the little green lab book from her back pocket and handed it to her Mom. “I don’t have time to explain any of this to you now, but I promise to tell you everything soon. But you can take this and read it, it explains what really happened to Dad the night he died. It wasn’t his fault Mom! Look the first pages are Dad’s last notes on the Gern experiment. It’s sort of Dad’s diary of the Gern experiment. It didn’t happen the way everyone thinks…and show it to Zane but whatever you do, DON’T show it to Feldez until you’ve read it. Don’t let him get near it.”

Her Mother looked at the book curiously before she slid it into her pocket. “If it will help put all of this behind us, I will.” She said resignedly, “but I can’t promise anything.”

“Riley? You’re home! Where have you been?” Riley’s mother came up and folded her son in a brief hug, “we’ve been so worried!” Riley stood there mutely studying his toes. Mrs. Dogwood gave Ambril and her mother an appraising look as she dragged Riley away. “What---odd weather! Let’s go find your father.”

As Ambril looked around them she could see that there were lots of others eyeing them suspiciously. Soon a crowd had formed around them grumbling about the damage and speculating about what had brought about the destructive twister. Their eyes never strayed far from Ambril. Ambril smiled as she saw Ygg running toward her with Sully just behind him.

“Ambril! Are you all right? There was something strange about that twister wasn’t there? It seemed to suck you in then spit you out again!” Sully looked her friend over for injuries just as the Chief walked up, looking stern.

“What the heck do you think you were doing running right into that storm? It’s a miracle you weren’t killed! Why if it wasn’t for the quick thinking of Feldez here…you would have been!” The Chief bellowed over the crowd.

Feldez appeared beside the Chief a large lump on his forehead but otherwise unruffled. He glared at Ambril.

“Feldez? Are you kidding?” Then Ambril stopped when the Chief gave her a particularly potent glare.

“We should get the children out of here immediately. It’s about to get ugly.” Feldez said tersely, his eyes surveying the crowd behind them.

The Chief snorted. “They darn near 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.

Ms. Breccia, her floral wreath askew, loomed suddenly. “Aha! I knew it! Chief you must arrest this child!” She pointed a square finger at Ambril. “I taught her this year and I’ll have you know I have never had a more troublesome miscreant in all my years of teaching! This!” She said pointing a stumpy finger again at Ambril, “this---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 visiting mayhem in the form of a monstrous tornado upon us all!” She brayed into the crowd. “I don’t know how she did it.” she nodded at Feldez, “I didn’t see it myself as I was teaching those less in the know how to take cover during a crisis. But we all know it must have been Feldez who saved the day!” She began clapping and the crowd joined in, soon everyone was admiring Feldez.

“We are greatly indebted to you!” simpered one of the middle aged maidens adoringly.

Ambril felt nauseous as anger telegraphed all through her body. He was getting the credit for this too? But before she could lose her temper the Chief stepped in front of her and stared her down. “We’ve had enough drama. Help me save your neck by staying quiet. We’ll work this thing through later.” He waited until her breathing slowed before stepping back to address the crowd. “We’ll release a full statement after we’ve completed our investigation. “Now let’s all just settle down---”

“Did you see what them kids were doing?” A pot-bellied man shook his finger at Ambril and sneered, “this one had a magic stick with sparks shooting out of it!”

“That one went after Feldez, I saw it myself!” said the woman in a red sweater as she pointed at Ambril.

“Hooligans! They somehow brought the storm down on us all!” another man shouted.

“They’re out to get us, those nasty kids!” quavered a squinty-eyed lady in a nauseously pink jogging suit.

The crowd around them tightened angrily around them, “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!”

“Let’s throw them out and be rid of them!”

“Now calm down, calm down!” shouted the Chief, “can you hear yourselves? We have come a long way since the ‘old days’. We have a name for people who dump defenseless children out in the wilderness, we call them murderers.”

“We sure as heck don’t let them stay so they can bring us more trouble!” countered the red faced man.

“I say into the forest with all of them!”

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, Tylia Silva! I remember you now, you’re Bren’s wife and probably in on this too!” sneered the weasel-faced woman.

Ambril watched as her mother’s shoulders crumpled. Zane appeared at her side and put his arm around her. He wouldn’t even look at Ambril.

The crowd was so worked up now Ambril, Sully and Ygg were getting jostled and shoved. Skarn came up just then talking with Riley.

“Now that’s enough!” The Chief boomed, the veins on his neck now looked more like ropes. “If any of you puts a hand on these kids, you’ll be spending the night in jail!” but the crowd was well past the point of listening, it roared over him.

“Chief, why don’t I take these kids on over to Moon Bay! They can keep them there until we get everyone here calmed down.”

The Chief looked surprised then nodded at his bright eyed deputy, “good thinking Skarn, you do that, right now!”

Feldez suddenly appeared at Ambril’s side. Without warning he wrenched her Ashera out of her hands then handed her over to Skarn. “We’ve had enough trouble from you today,” he hissed.

“Hey, that’s my Ashera, give that back to me, it belonged to my Great Grandmother, not yours!” Ambril struggled to free herself of Skarn’s grip but he was too powerful. Skarn grabbed Sully and shoved Ygg roughly in front of him. “March! My car’s over there.”

“But Ygg and Sully didn’t have anything to do with this!” They couldn’t punish her friends for just being her friends, could they?

“Sully! Sully! What’s going on!” It was Sully’s parents, white lipped and dazed, reaching out for her. But the crowd kept them apart.

“Mom! Dad!” was all Sully could get out before Skarn shoved her forward.

Chief Buckthorne cupped his hands and roared at his Deputy, “right now, Skarn! MOVE!”

*“I’ll wait for you here,”* fLit announced.

Ambril nodded at the nothing just above her left shoulder, “*keep searching for the Ledrith Glain then.”*

Skarn shoved them roughly into the back seat of his police car then wedged himself behind the wheel. Sully wiped tears from her face as she waved good-bye to her parents. The mob had followed them and shouted nasty things about their parents and brothers and even dogs as they pounded on the police car’s windows. Skarn quickly eased the car out and away. Away from everything they knew and loved.

# Chapter 34 The Mines

Shell-shocked, the kids lapsed into silence as they watched the forest thicken and darken. Ambril felt totally beaten, stripped of her medallion and her Ashera she felt frightened and unprotected. Just outside the wall, they turned off the Main Road and entered a part of the forest Ambril had never seen before where the trees grew so tall the branches seemed to form a sort of sky all of their own.

“This be old growth forest,” mused Ygg.

Skarn coasted to a stop in front of a pair of heavy steel gates. There were a dozen rusty ‘NO TRESPASSING’, ‘KEEP OUT’ signs and one ‘WARNING---INSTANT DEATH---$200 FINE ’ sign nearly obscuring the gates.

“It’s the Mines! hissed Sully trying to peer through the old gates, “I’ve always wondered about it.”

Skarn heaved himself out of the car and stretched. He stood for a few minutes checking his watch and looking expectantly down the road. Nearby a stream ducked under the road and disappeared into the forest beyond the fence.

“Who’s he waiting for I wonder? asked Sully.

“And what’s it got to do with us?” added Ambril.

Ygg released his seatbelt and scooted up to the edge of his seat. “I don’t think it be good,” he said as he peered over the driver’s seat at the dash and studied it intently, “And I don’t want to be waiting around to see.” Steel bars separated the driver from the occupants of the back seat; the good from the bad.

Outside Skarn impatiently dialed his cell phone. “Yes…we’re here, where are you? Oh…I guess they would want to keep you close now wouldn’t they…What you want me to do with them?” Skarn walked slowly away, “No…you know I can’t do that, they’re not even under arrest…and when do I get my money?”

Ygg was right; this really wasn’t at all good.

“I be thinking…because we’re kids we have certain advantages over garden variety criminals.”

“Like what?” asked Sully.

Ygg slid his hand between the driver’s door and the seat. “We have small hands and we’re free to use them.” He stretched and strained…until there was a soft click and the whine of an electric motor. The seat began to move, another click folded the seat forward leaving a small gap, “and we be smaller than the average thug as well!” He said as he wriggled out between the seat back and the bars above it. “You coming?” he asked as he crouched down beside the open door and pointed toward the gate. Ambril and Sully wasted no time wriggling through after him.

“Look we can squeeze through here…see?” Ygg pointed to a ragged hole in the fence.

“But it’s the Mines!” whispered Sully tersely, “there are all kinds of wild stories about what lives in there: man-eating fish, one eyed monsters, poisonous gas… really bad stuff!” she shook her head, “Maybe we should just go with the Deputy…our families will come and get us eventually.”

“Didn’t you hear what he was saying?” Ygg asked skeptically, “he brought us here for money, I don’t think he ever planned to take us to safety.”

Sully’s face went a little pasty as she thought about this.

Ambril mulled it over herself, “we don’t have to stay inside the fence for long, we could find a way out just as soon as we get away from Skarn.”

Sully still looked unconvinced which made Ambril feel guiltier than ever, “maybe I should go on alone. Because, it’s me they have a problem with, me and my family. You’ll have less trouble without me.”

Sully and Ygg looked incredulously at her.

“So you be thinking you’ll just find a cave and live out here on your own?” snorted Ygg.

Can you imagine what it’s like out here at night?” Sully shuddered. “Besides what you said isn’t true, all of us went out there, we’re in this together. Speaking for myself I’ve always felt like an outsider. Honestly, I never felt like I belonged until I met you guys.”

Ygg nodded in agreement, though he looked a little uncomfortable talking about it, “so we be in agreement then----now we need to be getting free of Skarn,” he whispered, “he’s still on his cell phone. I’m thinking we can make it---ready?”

Ygg snuck over to the fence and scrambled through, Sully right on his heels. Ambril slipped through the fence easily enough but just as she thought she was safe, her backpack snagged a rusted wire which shook the fence enough to bring one of the signs crashing down. The noise was impossible to ignore. Even for Skarn. The three kids held their breath as Skarn raced up on the double, scanned the empty car then banged noisily on the fence.

“Dang it! Come on now kids it’s not safe out here! Come on back!”

His phone rang. “Hello?...Chief!...Well, No we got ourselves a bit of a problem, you see…Yeah well one of the kids needed to make a pit stop…yeah…So I pulled over and they all made a run for it…yeah well I tried to go after them…Where? We’ll we’re in the forest…No outside the wall…yeah…well no---we’re near the Mines…we pulled off the road for---privacy’s sake.” Ambril could hear the blare of anger through the phone even from where she crouched, “easy there, Chief…I’ll find ‘em, they can’t have gone far.” Skarn walked away still talking to the Chief.

Ambril looked around. The landscape didn’t look so scary. “Look, the hill slopes away from here and toward the Wall. If we just follow the creek down, we’ll run right into it.”

They wasted no time picking their way down the hillside and through the rocks. The fence veered away from them never to be seen again. But it didn’t bother them after awhile. The forest felt peaceful that afternoon. As they walked Ambril filled Ygg and Sully in on what she’d found in the Lab book and what had happened during the fight. At first, they didn’t believe there had actually been a Dullaith in the Park, the Cerberus had done a good job modifying their memories. But gradually hazy images began to come back to them. Before long they were recalling a more accurate version of the event. Ygg had ran over to Betula’s shop for more sugar bugs and Sully had spent a long time talking and talking to the Chief before persuading him to not race in and get himself killed. Before long they had followed the creek down until it widened into a small lake the color of a tropical island postcard. Its color reminded her of the small lake by the Gazebo.

“Whoops! Be careful there!” Sully had put her foot wrong and slipped on some bright green slime growing on the lake bottom.

The sun was warm and the water burbled pleasantly along the shore. Ambril sat down on a long flat rock, which slid far out into the water. Ambril listened to the sounds of the forest around her. The curt chipping of an annoyed squirrel, the retort of a crow and the far off scream of a hawk…

She suddenly shivered and looked around her, feeling like she was being watched. But how could that be? There was no one around. The lake water was so clear that Ambril could sense the roundness of each pebble on the lake bottom. The ropey green slime streaked around everything.

Sully had taken her shoes off to rub her feet as Ambril scooched next to her. “I guess the rumors of fantastic creatures aren’t true, I haven’t seen anything but the same old squirrels, birds, trees and fishes all afternoon.” Ambril said.

“But this green slime counts for something doesn’t it?” Sully scooted over to the edge of the water, “it isn’t…normal.” She found the crystal clear water mesmerizing. The strands of lime green mold crisscrossed the rocks below. “Hey what’s that?” Sully leaned out over the water as a glassy ball drifted into view. A glassy ball with an odd black center…it looked familiar---and sort of like---Ambril leaned in closer.

The glassy ball…blinked at them.

Ambril blinked hard and suppressed her fears, she’d been here before but Sully’s screams were so loud they created ripples in the otherwise still water. Sully jumped to her feet and started running flat out toward the cover of the forest trees. Ambril raced after her finally catching up to her just before they reached the forest. She tugged on her arm.

“Sea Monsters, they’re everywhere!” Sully slowed to point frantically at the placid lake. “There was this eye…staring at me…BLINKING!”

“You remember telling me that if a monster just blinks at you it’s probably one of the good monsters?” Ambril panted.

Ygg raced up, “what be wrong now?”

“Ambril was just doing what she does best---attracting monsters.” said Sully sounding embarassed, “and—and it blinked---maniacally at me.” She sat down in a rush and began picking prickles from her socks not looking at either of them.

A flock of crows flew out of the trees and away and the forest got a lot quieter. There was another cry of a hawk it was louder this time.

Ygg looked disgusted, “it be blinking, nought anything more?”

By then Sully had gotten control of herself and managed to look contrite. “Sorry, you’re right it must have been just another friendly neighborhood monster---that blinks maniacally.” she said trying to make her voice calm. She gave up on her socks and took them off before scrambling to her feet and limping back to the lake.

Ambril dragged along behind suddenly feeling the affects of the day. It was late afternoon and her shadow stretched out before her. Suddenly, the shadow of a large bird flashed over her once, twice and once again. Ambril looked up to see it hover over Sully briefly. But Ambril didn’t get a sinking feeling, the kind of feeling she got when she was about to be eaten, until the giant predatory shadow moved back over her and stayed on her growing larger and larger…

“Sully! Ygg! Run! Run!” She said lunging to one side.

Just in time---the hawk swept down, talons splayed, and grazed the ground where she’d just been standing. Ambril felt a cold stabbing spike of anger pierce her mind…they had so much on their minds they had forgotten about the danger of being on the wrong side of the Wall---it was the Gray Lady.

As the gargantuan beast swept past the Gray Lady shrieked, “*No one takes from me…Breaks with me! One comes, one must goes on!”* the great bird banked off to one side.

Luckily Sully and Ygg had found safety in the jumble of rocks near the shore, if she could make it to the water she might be able to evade the Gray Lady’s talons and beak for a while. With luck the evil witch might tire of the game and go off to find a nice buffalo to munch on. “Stay here!” she yelled to her friends as she broke into a run. Her feet pounded the grass as she watched the hawk sweep around for another attack. Not bothering to gain height, she bore down on her prey, the wind underneath her wings flattening the grass with each stroke. Ambril caught the crazed gleam in the hawk’s glassy eye as Ambril willed her legs to go faster.

She had one chance, just one. As she reached the lake she flung herself into a shallow dive then swam frantically under an overhanging rock. Seconds later Ambril saw the head of the hawk enter the water, and stretch toward her, its razor sharp beak opened wide and---missed. The force of the big bird’s maneuver had driven it too far forward and she snapped at open water. But just as Ambril was beginning to think she was safe, talons lashed out and gripped her shoulders, then she felt herself being lifted from the water. Her eyes blurred with pain as the talons bit into her skin, and she could struggled to breathe.

The gray hawk’s anger rolled through her mind, “*Mine! They’re mine you will not take them!”*

“We’ve never even met you crazy bird! I can’t possibly have taken anything of yours!” Ambril yelled up at the hawk but the bird shook her harshly and climbed higher into the sky.

Her friends were yelling at her from below, Sully began throwing rocks…luckily she was a lousy shot, the lake shimmered like a tropical sea. They were very high now, Ambril began to shiver as a chill gray mist swirled around them. Is this what the Gray Lands were like? Is that where they were going? Stabbing shards of icy pain began to invade her mind, slowing her senses. Soon all the color of the forest below was gone---everything but the lake. The lake remained a brilliant blue green. Ambril felt herself weakening, she had lost all feeling in her arms and legs and hung limp like a rag doll. Soon the pain had even left her. She smiled in a detached way as the lake appeared to come alive. She knew reality had forsaken her when the lake itself reached up and plucked her out of the sky.

She was falling now in her dreamlike state, safely wrapped in something soft, and wet and green. It had a warm, wet magic sense to it and smelled like summer rain. Her fall slowed and came to a stop as she neared the lake’s surface. Just beneath it she could see a large transparent bubble floating with a black ball in the center. It blinked at her.

That snapped Ambril back to reality. She gulped air which helped to clear her mind. But reality made no sense. She really was wrapped with some sort of green-blue slime and hovering inches above a large eye in the middle of the lake.

“Stay away from her, both of you monsters!” Shouted Sully from the shore as she threw a rock toward what appeared to be a long gray streak in the sky. The killer hawk was back and ready for more.

Another piece of the lake looking suspiciously like a sea monster’s tentacle reached up and wrapped around the bird with a slimy squelch. It squeezed the struggling bird tightly then flicked the hawk high into the wild blue of the sky. The bird went up and up and up until it simply disappeared into the blue.

“*Bye bye---bye bye--- good bye*!” A voice sang out in Ambril’s mind.

Ambril felt the Gray Lady’s spiky cold magic slide away as she swayed gently above the water her eyes locked on the blinking eye. Was it the eye that had just spoken in her head?

“Hey,” Yelled Ygg from shore. “Can you be getting that thing to bring you back or will it be keeping you as a pet?”

As if in answer, the eye bobbed up and down then Ambril began moving smoothly toward the shore, the eye keeping pace.

It set Ambril down gently on the long slab of a rock by the shore. Ygg and Sully ran up looking concerned. As Ambril rubbed her sore shoulders and flexed her fingers, miraculously she seemed to be still in one piece.

“Are you all right?” Sully asked.

Ambril nodded as she got unsteadily to her feet. Sully then turned to the bobbing eye in the lake apprehensively. “I take it this monster really is the friendly type. Are you going to introduce us?”

“*Megern---megern---megern—Me Gern! You Am---you am---you am---you Ambril!*” A voice hummed through them.

“Wait---did you just say you were…Gern?”

The eye bobbed excitedly in response.

“As in my Dad’s last experiment? You’re---alive!” Ambril turned to her friends a wide grin on her face, “this is why my Dad was hesitating to announce his experiment, it’s because Gern’s alive...he’s a real being!” Ambril had never felt prouder of her Dad. He had succeeded in creating something great, something world changing but he was struggling with the idea of exploiting this live being, someone who must have become his friend.

“But I thought he was working on some new kind of energy source? Not a Sea Monster.” Sully paused to peer closely at the eye bobbing in front of her.

“My Dad wrote about how something unexpected happened something that he wasn’t prepared for,” Ambril smiled at the slime monster, “I think my Dad was trying to create a living energy source, because living entities generate a lot of energy. But somewhere, somehow along the way Gern developed into a being.”

“It be magic or science?” said Ygg studying the slimy creature.

“Both, I think,” Ambril shrugged.

Sully slowly tentatively extended her hand, “I’m Sully, this is Ygg.”

Gern’s eye bobbed up and down as two slime tentacles appeared and wrapped themselves around Sully’s hand and, because Ygg’s hands were both shoved in his pocket, Ygg’s leg.

Ygg groaned involuntarily, “it be so…slimy.”

“Shhh, you’ll hurt his feelings,” hissed Sully.

With that Gern giggled.

Ambril wasn’t sure where to begin.“Can you tell me anything about my Dad?”

H*e wake---wake me. He teach---teach me*.”

“So he made you in his lab and watched you grow, then what?”

The eye seemed to grow sad. “*I live---live in lab with him. He study---study---worry---worry. I study---study—worry---worry with him.”*

“What was he studying and worrying about?”

“*Moroz*---*Magic---gic---gic containment*, *Feldez want to---want to but Bren Silva no want---no want.”*

“Feldez wanted what?” put in Ygg.

“*Moroz---Moroz---Moroz.”*

That sent chills down Ambril’s spine. The lab book had told her as much. He had her Ashera and the Ledrith Glain, how could he be stopped?

“Feldez wanted Moroz? Did he want to set him free?” Sully asked.

“*No free---free---free---more know---know---know his power*. “

“They must have been trying to find out more about Moroz’s energy source at the Old Council Hall that night, instead they accidentally raised a Dullaith.” Ambril said quietly.

“Accidentally?” Sully asked incredulously.

“Yeah, one of the Cerberus told me that the Dullaiths were always testing this world’s weak spots. Something Feldez did created an opening, it didn’t hesistate, the Dullaith came right through and attacked my Dad.”

“*Me not know---know what happened*.” Gern looked very sad now and seemed to quiver.

“He brought you here for safe keeping didn’t he?” Ambril scrunched up her face in concentration, “they must have thought that Moroz was imprisoned at Old Council Hall. But he wasn’t was he?” She turned back to the great bobbing eye, “Gern, did they ever find out where his cell was?”

*“No---no---no they not.”*

Ambril sighed, another dead end.

“*They not know---know, but Gern know---know---now*.”

The three friends stopped and starred at him.

“Wait did you just say…Do you mean you know where Moroz is?” asked Sully.

The eye squinted in distaste. “*Tastes bad---bad---bad. Earth poisoned---poisoned---there.”*

“Where is it? Where’s Moroz?” asked Ygg impatiently.

“*Moroz---Moroz---Moroz is under circle stone---stone---stone*.”

“Yeah, but which circle stone?”

*“Place where there are no more---more---more people, very old, very quiet, very sad.”*

“You mean…it sounds like you’re talking about Old Town!” Ambril said. It made perfect sense now, of course.

“But I thought Old Town was torn down years ago,” said Sully bewildered.

“That’s what everyone be thinking,” said Ygg slowly, “that’s what they wanted everyone to think.”

*“It hidden---hidden by magic.”*

“So that’s why it’s never been found! Problem solved then, Feldez won’t find it either---the town is safe!”

“I don’t think we can bank on that,” Ambril said remembering the old plans of a village around a circle stone she’d found in Feldez’s study. “Feldez is pushing too hard, he knows I’m onto him. At the very least we should make sure the magic that contains Moroz is still strong.”

“Are we absolutely sure he’s contained in Old Town?”

Ambril shrugged, “I think Feldez does now---it’s the last major circle stone he hasn’t tried.”

Her friend’s faces turned sober. Sully turned slowly to Gern, “you know where it is right? Is there any way you can take us there?”

Gern blinked rapidly a few times. “*I go---go---go through earth, you not squeezy---eezy enough.”*

Ambril sighed, just as they were getting somewhere they suddenly find themselves a million miles away again.

“So we now know where Moroz is, but not really,” said Sully looking confused.

Gern looked from one to the other bobbing slightly, “*me want to help---elp---help.”*

Ambril smiled at the bobbing eye, “you’ve helped a lot already…but right now, unless you can get us to Old Town…”

“Or even into town!” Sully looked as if a light bulb had appeared above her head, “do you remember what was on the wall in Old Council Hall?”

“There was some sort of mural…a map maybe, covered in soot.” Ygg volunteered.

“A map of what?” asked Sully excitedly.

Ygg looked annoyed, “stop hopping around like a bunny in a carrot bin and making us guess!”

“It’s a map of Old Town!” Sully squealed and hopped some more.

“What makes you so sure?” asked Ambril skeptically.

Sully looked disgusted, “the date of course! 1787 right underneath the title ‘Old Trelawnyd’, didn’t you notice?”

“I be too busy noticing the sticky sketch of Moroz,” said Ygg, disgruntled.

Sully paid no attention and continued, “the new city wasn’t built until 1849 right? So the mural must be of Old Town!”

Ygg and Ambril just stared at her, “she’s right! It has to be Old Town.” Ambril said finally.

“Of course I’m right, so now all we have to do is take a look at that map!” said Sully triumphantly.

“Is that all,” said Ygg skeptically, “we somehow find our way over the Wall, sneak through a hostile town, break into the school and then into a padlocked high security room, that be it then?”

Sully shrugged and nodded.

“Do you have a better idea?” asked Ambril.

Ygg sighed and shook his head slowly. “I guess that’s what we’ll be doing.”

The glassy eye bobbed furiously up and down. “*Gern can---can help you.”*

Ambril shook her head ruefully. “Thanks but we have to get back to town.” She stooped down and collected her backpack.

“*Can---can---I can help*!”

“No, no…we aren’t …squeezy enough, remember?” Put in Sully squishing up her face.

“*River run---run, we run river!”*

“What?” asked Ambril.

Gern raised a tentacle out of the water just enough to break the surface. It ran all the way through the lake and disappeared down the stream. Then, off in the distance beyond the wall, a bright green tentacle waved back at them.

“So, how far can you stretch Gern?” Ambril asked dumbfounded.

“No stretch, me here---there and there---here.”

“You be miles long,” said Ygg, clearly impressed.

“So…can you take us back to the Gazebo?” asked Ambril.

Gern bobbed up and down excitedly, “*me---help---elp---me help*!”

“We’re not going to have to squeezy---eezy through the ground?” asked Sully warily.

Gern stopped to think, before saying “*no squeezy---eezy needed.”*

They stuffed their shoes into their backpacks then lined up and waited as Gern pulled a large tentacle above the water just in front of them. Ambril tested it with her foot---it quivered like runny gelatin before she sliding on as Sully clambered on in front. Ygg grabbed her elbow tightly as he awkwardly lunged for a place behind her splashing everyone with water.

“Thanks for that Ygg,” Ambril wiped water from her eyes “Ready?”

“I be as ready as I’ll ever be,” said Ygg grimly as he firmly gripped her arms.

Gern raised the tentacle behind Ygg and they slipped away, skimming along the top of the water like a water skeeter; water spraying out in a ‘V’ behind them. They coasted through the warm afternoon, shadows making patterns on the water as they swished along. Then, just as in the movies, a roar of water made Ambril stiffen. The river ahead disappeared abruptly, there were plumes of water spray erupting from below---it was a waterfall!

“I hope Gern knows what gravity can do to those of us who aren’t as squeezy as it is,” Sully yelled over the roar of the water.

They had no time to think about this as all three of them were abruptly launched into the air. Ambril’s stomach jumped into her throat as she sailed through the misty air. Twenty feet below there lay a frothing pool of water, with sharp, pointy---painful rocks all around it. Ambril shut her eyes and curled into a ball. Her body slammed into the surface of the water an instant later, making her feel as if she’d been slapped all over by an army of Mrs. Twids. But the next moment… she bounced out of the water and into the air again. Opening her eyes she found they were bouncing on a slime trampoline. Ambril began to giggle as she watched Sully do a double somersault and Ygg, looking terrified did his best imitation of a piece of wood. Now thoroughly wet, they bounced a little more then found themselves off again. Ambril had just finished wringing out her ponytail when they rounded a bend and she saw they were headed straight toward the Trelawnyd Wall. The water disappeared ominously underneath.

“Uh oh! Gern, no squeezy please! I’d really like to keep all my limbs!” shouted Sully as they barreled down the slime slide straight at the Wall.

Ambril felt only slightly better when a tentacle reached out and removed a steel grate from the wall.

“Hold your breath, we be going in!” Ygg yelled right in Ambril’s ear just before they were sucked under the wall.

# Chapter 35 Way Too Long Arm of the Law

Moments later they were squirted into a small lake on the other side. After floundering a little, Ambril found herself wading toward a familiar Gazebo.

“Phew! I have to admit I was a bit worried there, right at the end---well---almost the entire time really,” said Sully as she schlepped out beside her.

Ygg turned up on Ambril’s other side and said shakily, “riding a sea monster be almost as bad as flying for earth-kind,” he wiped his face as he set his feet gratefully on the garden path.

“And here you are dripping slime all over me tidy garden!” Baldot tinked tinked down the path looking grumpy as usual, “it’s gonna leave a mark,” beyond him Ambril was surprised to see Koda sauntering down the path, a sack in his hand.

“Ah, that was it, the smell of unwashed kids and slime has made all these little pink flowers close up.” He snickered then frowned at the gnomes who in turn frowned back.

“What are you doing here Koda?” Ambril asked.

Koda still frowned at the gnomes as he said, “Fowlclun’s been hurt. Someone laid another trap for him last night, he and Hendoeth are holed up at my place. I’m here to pick up some remedy ingredients.” The bag wriggled slightly in his hand. “And keeping an eye on these little---tykes.”

“We nought be tykes and we naught be needing another grouchy boss, we already have one.” Bummil groused and nodded at Baldot.

“That be for sure,” chimed in Boucher as he trotted up.

“We need to get to the school house, can you help us?” Ambril interrupted as she tried unsuccessfully to wring out her pants while still in them.

Koda looked them over thoughtfully as Sully shook like a dog without much affect, “Rosebud might take you but not like that, she hates a soggy basket.”

Bummil nodded wisely, “Windbog first then.”

Baldot looked at him as if he were crazy. “Better you than me, I haven’t the staying power for that,” he turned and stumped up the Gazebo stairs.

Bummil shrugged, “It’s all in what you feed it.” He motioned to the kids to follow him down the garden path. A moment later he stopped in front of a marshy area filled with reeds. The marker read, ’Windbog Extremus’. Its leaves looked like wrinkled, deflated balloons. There was a large pile of musty old books stacked nearby. Bummil rummaged through them and pulled out a thick mildewed one with what looked like a bite out of one side. “Just the thing,” Bummil said looking it over, “Economic trends of the twentieth century. It went on and on for nigh on an hour about the nineteenth.” Bummil lugged the book over to the swamp and circling around like a shot-put thrower heaved the book into the middle of the bog. It landed with a splash then gurgled as the book slowly settled itself into the mud and disappeared with a burp.

“Won’t be long now,” Bummil said watching the pool closely as it began to bubble and froth. The limp, rubbery balloon leaves began slowly to inflate. Ambril heard the hum of voices in deep discussion burbling up through the mud, “now you have to disagree!” said Bummil as he plugged both his ears.

“What?” yelled Ambril, the voices were arguing loudly now.

“Just be saying something like ‘I nought believe you!’” Bummil yelled back and scrunched his face in anticipation. As he did so a large blast of hot air squirted out of one of the balloons, the voices roared over them as Bummil was nearly blown off his feet, “now you try it,” he nodded encouragingly.

Ambril turned toward the bog feeling silly but before she could think of anything to say Sully yelled, “that’s nonsense!”

Hot air whooshed around them as the voices treated them to a strident and lengthy debate concerning the origins of the Great Depression. A moment later the argument had run its course and the warm wind stopped. Ambril already felt less damp.

“Now get really insulting!” said Bummil taking a firm grip on a nearby vine.

“Ridiculous, that be a lie!” shouted Ygg.

Another blast of hot air and a gale of opinions for and against Reaganomics swirled around them, plus a lecture on Ygg’s grammar. Sully giggled.

“That’s Tripe, you can’t prove that!” yelled Ambril feeling her nearly dry hair. Several voices yelled at her about what should have been done about the dot-com bubble. This went on until they all felt entirely dry.

“That did the trick!” said Sully trying unsuccessfully to finger-comb the tangles from her hair.

“Like I be saying before, it’s all in what you feed it.” Bummil nodded wisely, “Baldot threw in a book on why fairies feel superior,” he shook his head ruefully, “that be a bad afternoon for all.”

“Thanks Bummil!” Said Ygg and the three of them raced back down the path, the sun had just slipped behind the mountains and the shadows were beginning to deepen.

They found Koda wrestling with a Bomber Nut near the Gazebo, “Rosebud’ll take you there herself,” Koda nodded at the bike parked on the path.

Ambril braced herself, Rosebud didn’t look pleased, “Rosebud, how are---” She wasn’t allowed to finish as Rosebud whipped out vines, grabbed them and then jammed them roughly into her basket. It was a very tight fit.

“Wouldn’t it look better if one of us at least pretends to ride the bike?” asked Sully eying the large flower bud dancing over her head.

“She knows the way,” the big man shrugged and grinned broadly as the bike jerked forward and accelerated down the path, “you’ll be there in no time!”

“Yeah but will we still be alive!” shouted Sully.

The garden flashed past as the bike sped out into the darkening forest. The sun was setting and the shadows were gaining in strength as the bike skidded and bumped along mercilessly. Ambril felt like she was in a large wicker blender as they sprayed gravel around a tight curve and took some air over an old log.

“She’s off the trail!” shouted Ygg.

“She’s off her rocker!” Sully yelled back.

“No, look! She knows what she’s doing! It’s her own trail, see?” Ambril nodded with difficulty at the narrow groove they were following.

‘I think---Oww!--- I jus’ bi’ my tongue,” said Sully as they jounced over some rough ground. After being thoroughly shaken and then stirred, they burst through a hedge near Circle Park. Without ceremony Rosebud ejected them onto the grass near the Circle Stone. Ambril lay still for a minute while she tested everything to make sure there were no broken bones before raising her head just in time to see Rosebud disappearing back into the forest.

“She’s never going to forgive me for zapping her with my Ashera,” Ambril muttered as she gingerly pulled herself to a sitting position.

“That much be clear,” mused Ygg as he pulled a branch from his shirt-pocket.

”You could have warned us,” Sully stretching her arms uncertainly.

Church belled tolled dolefully in her head, “*You’re back, I’d say Welcome Home but I don’t really know where your home is now. Your mother had it out with Feldez earlier. She and Zane packed up everything and went to Betula’s place.”* fLit sniffed.

Ambril felt shocked, happy and uncertain all at once. fLit was right, where would they live now? Then she shook her head hard, she’d have to think about that later, “*Where is Feldez?”*

*“Madly racing around in his car, he’s so overly excited I can’t take more than a few minutes in his presence.”*

That didn’t sound good, thought Ambril. What was he excited about? Could he be closer to finding Moroz? Ygg squinted at the old school building across the street lit by one lone flood light, “anyone figured a way in yet?” then he stiffened, “who’s that?” he whispered pointing at two figures wrestling on the front lawn.

“That’s it! You’re coming with me and the way I’m feeling you won’t be out until Christmas!” Ambril recognized Skarn’s angry, aggressive voice. He seemed to be holding down a struggling figure much smaller than him.

“You’re not going to get what you want this way!” surprisingly it was Riley.

“Oh yeah? We’ll see about that!”

There was a sharp, smacking sound, Skarn slumped forward just as Riley broke free and raced behind the school. Skarn staggered up with his hand on his face and then ran after him. Ambril was relieved she’d had enough sense to stay in the shadows. If Skarn had seen them…well she didn’t even want to think about that. Ambril struggled to her feet just as headlights grazed them. A sleek sedan swung around the corner.

“Duck! Ambril whispered hoarsely as she dragged Ygg and Sully behind some shrubs. Ambril’s heart nearly stopped as the car slowed to an idle in front of the school. The angular features of Feldez were dimly lit by the dashboard as he talking angrily on his phone. Then he turned on a small light and looked over some old maps and blue prints One of the them had a beautiful border around the edges. With a start Ambril recognized it as the one she’d seen in his office just after she fought the first Dullaith. She’d forgotten all about it. Was it a map of the old ruins with the hedge around it? Not that it mattered much, Ambril had no idea where she had run to in the forest that night…but Fowlclun and Hendoeth knew! Her spirits rose but just as quickly plummeted. Koda had just told them that Fowlclun was hurt. Who knew how long it would be until he was able to take anyone anywhere. She screwed up her face in frustration as she watched Feldez’s calm cool profile as he poured over the map. He was wasting no time searching for Old Town. Moments later the car pulled away.

Ambril’s jaw clenched as she ran out into the street to watch the car lights fade into the night. Here was the guy who nearly got them all killed and all she could do was hide in the bushes.

“*He’s looking for Old Town fLit! You have to follow him!”*

The sounds of a wailing, crazy woman echoed around her head, “*he’s flailing he’s no idea where it is...but as I think this expedition of yours isn’t going anywhere either, I’ll go,”* the fairy sighed dramatically then Ambril felt him slip away.

“Come on! We have to get to Old Town before he does!” Ambril cried as she darted across the street. Hugging the building they made their way to the back of the school checking windows and doors as they went.

“Hey! Is that one open?” Sully asked pointing at a window high off the ground toward the end of the building.

“That’s the art supply closet, they always forget to close that one,” said a voice behind them. Riley grinned as he stepped out of the shadows.

“Riley! You turn up at the oddest moments, why is Skarn chasing you?” Sully exclaimed.

“What do you mean?” he asked warily.

“We saw you two fighting. You need to steer clear of him, that guy’s nothing but a liar and a kidnapper,” Ambril added.

“A kidnapper? Skarn?”

“Yeah he was supposed to take us to Moon Bay this afternoon after the Circle Park---issue but instead we wound up in front of the Mines waiting for his accomplice.”

“His accomplice? You mean, the Chief?”

“We don’t know who it was,” said Ambril ruefully, “but it’s not the Chief.”

“Big day for you---tornado at the Park, getting kidnapped and now breaking into the school! You are well on your way to becoming hardened criminals,” Riley said smirking, “but you’re right about Skarn he is bad news. He likes to gamble, he wanted me to make sure that Lance would play ball today.”

“Then you two ended up in a fight which got him kicked out of the game.” Sully nodded.

Riley shrugged, “I just couldn’t take it anymore.”

“Finally, Lance needs a dressing down on a regular basis! I can sort of see why Skarn be angry at you.”

Ambril was disgusted. “Yep Skarn’s a first class jerk.”

“So what are you guys doing here?” Riley asked.

“It’s a long story---ending with we have to break into the janitor’s closet---”

She was interrupted by a loud snort. Skarn had snuck around the corner and now stood leering at them, his big square hands on his hips, “well lookey here, it’s a juvenile delinquent convention!” he sneered as he spread his arms wide and came toward them, “I’m getting a bonus this month for sure!”

Ambril looked anxiously at the window set well above her shoulder, it was their best option against the muscle bound cop, but how would they manage it? Fortunately Ygg had the same thought, he took a running jump and vaulted in easily then reached back to pull Sully in. “Here, I’ll give you a boost!” said Riley and grabbing her around the waist practically threw her at the window. She grabbed the windowsill and felt Ygg and Sully pull her inside.

Ambril was about to shut the window when she heard Skarn say, “I’ll let them go for now, you’re the one I want to spend quality time with---we still have things to settle, boy! It’s time you felt some real pain, play time’s done!”

Ambril reacted without thinking and reaching for the boy below she said tersely, “Riley, get in here!”

He grabbed her hand and half jumped half scrambled up the wall while Ambril pulled him through the window. They landed in a jumble on the floor just as Skarn lunged through the window at him.

Ygg was ready for him, before the big man could gain a foothold he lunged at him and shoved the big man back through the window. Skarn sprawled on the asphalt swearing like a sailor as Ygg calmly dropped the window and locked it.

‘This ain’t over for any of you! That’s breaking and entering, evading arrest…” Skarn yelled a list of crimes and punishments at them as they staggered into the dark hallway.

“I’m glad Skarn didn’t get a chance to pound you into the pavement but I have to warn you, you’ve probably made things worse for yourself hanging with us,” warned Ambril.

Riley laughed, “I’ve been blamed for stuff I didn’t do my whole life, remember my brother is Lance,” he smiled. “I’m safer in here with you, with Skarn out there on the prowl, I wouldn’t get far.” Riley looked at her critically. “So what gives with the sudden interest in law-breaking?”

“We have to find Old Town,” Sully quavered as they felt their way down the stairwell. The shadows made even this familiar place feel spooky.

“Old Town? I thought that place had been pulled down?” Riley asked suddenly very close to Ambril.

Ambril could smell rotting fruit on him again. Didn’t Lance ever let up? “We just want to---check---something.” She said lamely. They had reached the bottom of the stairs. A huge booming sound echoed through the hall making them all flinch. “I know you’re in there you little runts!” Skarn’s voice was right outside the main doors. Ambril could see the padlock and chain draped loosely on the closet’s door.

Sully tugged on Ambril’s sleeve looking terrified, “let’s sneak out the back while we still can!”

“Hold on---don’t give up now, didn’t you say you wanted to get in here?” Riley picked up the padlock and spun the face. “This happens to be my old lock. Bert confiscated it when Lance used it to chain me to the basketball hoop last year,” Riley shook his head, “he and I are friends, sort of. He’s fished me out of more dumpsters than I can count.”

Another booming thud made the front door flex.

“He’s nearly through, hurry!” yelled Sully frantically.

With a final spin the lock clicked open and Riley pushed the door open wide. Just as Ambril skittered through the doorway behind Sully part of the front door gave way. Skarn’s angry face was framed by the ragged hole. Without another thought they plunged into the dark. Riley restrung the chain and snapped the lock on the inside of the door. He was just in time, with a creaking sound they could hear the front door surrender and bang open. Ambril held her breath, praying Skarn wouldn’t notice the lock wasn’t visible. She could hear him there on the other side of the door, breathing heavily.

“It’s just a question of time kiddies, before I find you and then---then you’re all gonna pay!” he sneered a chuckle.

The hard, clean light of a flashlight illuminated the one dingy window just above the door. Skarn stood for a long time listening…then slowly he began moving down the hallway, shouting insults as he went. His voice grew distant and Ambril exhaled slowly in the oppressive darkness. But along with Skarn went the light. In the close room Ambril picked up the faint scent of dark magic.

Someone lit a match, in its glow, Riley’s face smiled, “I think we’ll have to risk this,” he whispered as he lit an old-fashioned kerosene lantern.

“We need to be keeping that low,” whispered Ygg, “and put it out right quick before Skarn comes back.”

“He’s not going to leave, I bet he’s already called for back-up. Even if we get out of here we’ll just get escorted to jail.” Sully kneaded her hands fretfully.

“He won’t call for back up. Skarn doesn't want the Chief to know what he’s been up to,” Riley shook his head confidently. Ambril agreed, Skarn would lose his job if the Chief ever found out about what he’d been doing the past few days. “With him bellowing like that we’ll have plenty of time to douse the light before he gets anywhere near here.” Riley lifted the lantern high, “what is it we’re looking for?”

The soot covered walls absorbed most of the light and did nothing to lighten Ambril’s mood, how would they ever get out of here? Fortunately the sticky red stuff had been cleaned off the floor, it sparkled in the soft glow of the lantern.

“Over here, bring the lantern over here!” Sully pointed at the large mural on the wall. “See the date?” She pointed confidently at some scrolly writing at the bottom barely visible through the cobwebs and dirt. It read: ‘Trelawnyd, 1787’. “See! This is a map of Old Town!”

“This might be a map of Old Town, but it be nought helpful.” said Ygg squinting at the map, “everything’s…catawampus.”

Ambril followed his gaze and could instantly see what Ygg meant, the map was confusing. The Buildings were too large. The roads were all different sizes and the forest with its trees evenly sized and spaced looked more like a tree farm.

Sully stared at the mural for a long moment. “Now hold on, maybe we can still figure it out…we just need something familiar, a landmark or two.”

“Who cares? Old Town was torn down right?” Riley asked

Ambril hesitated. “We think it still exists, it’s just been hidden and forgotten.”

Sully nodded, “but we’re not the only ones, someone else is looking for Old Town, someone who is trying to free Moroz.”

Riley still stared at the mural, “and you think he’s imprisoned in Old Town?” The tall, thin boy looked impressed for a moment, then he laughed softly. “Yeah, I get it now…but why are you involved? You’re what…saving the town…just for fun?”

“Fun? You call being chased by monsters, supersized hawks and riding on sea monsters…O.K. the sea monster part *was* really fun…but the rest…you call that fun?” Asked Sully incredulously. “Plus Ambril’s family has been blamed for raising the Dullaiths because of what happened to her Dad.”

Riley looked at Ambril surprised, “who would go after you and your family? You’re all so nice.” He smiled at her in a way that made Ambril feel---a little uncomfortable.

She looked down at her shoes.

Meanwhile Sully had turned back to the mural, “Hey, I’ve found something, look here!” she coughed as she brushed layers of dust and dirt from the wall, then pointed to a Gazebo with vines growing over it, underneath it was a familiar name.

“Derwyn,” Ambril breathed. “It’s my Great-Gran’s Gazebo!”

Sully began jabbing the wall getting soot all over her fingers, “So it’s near the Derwyn Estate…here’s the Main Road and here’s the wall--- now we just need one more landmark,” Sully squinting at the wall.

The mural was hopelessly dusty, but Ambril thought she saw something further up the wall. There was a small building with a weather vane of a wolf and a bird. “It’s Koda’s barn! Right there!”

“That ‘s it! So…Old Town is east of the road and between the Gazebo and Koda’s farm! We did it!” crowed Sully.

Ygg sighed heavily “That be one big piece of possibility, there be acres of forest there. We’ll never be finding it tonight or even next week.”

Even Sully looked crestfallen as that piece of news sank in. It was frustrating to get so close only to run into another brick wall, or in this case a tiled one.

They were suddenly jolted back to reality by the sound of someone large falling down the back stairs. It seemed to go on forever when it finally quieted, Riley whispered, “we should start thinking about how to get out of here.”

“There be just the one door,” said Ygg, “with Skarn on the other side.”

Riley looked curiously at the ceiling as he held the lantern high looking above them all at the archway. “So why label this an entrance?”

It was what they had all wondered the first time they’d snuck in. They all turned and stared upward at the words running along the archway framing the back wall. The brighter light of the lantern brought out images that had not been visible before. Ambril could see the curling decorative lines so like her Ashera winding around other images. On one side fairies flitted, dragons roared and gryphons flew, on the other, three lumpy turnip shapes with faces stared down at them, one was even wearing spectacles.

# Chapter 36 A Sharp Left Turn

“The Aunties!” Ambril cried and laughed when she saw they were even knitting.

“What, your Aunties look like turnips?” asked Sully.

“No that’s what they like to be called, I met them at the Gazebo.”

“I wonder why they’re on the archway?” Sully mused.

Ambril wondered that too and wanted to ask them that very question, she also wondered how the heck she was going to get their attention, for the tenth time she cursed Feldez for taking her Ashera and Ledrith Glain. But she closed her eyes anyway and tried sighting. The gray fog rushed in around her making everything fuzzy.

A car horn blared in her head “*This is just feeble,” fLit sighed.*

*“I can’t help it, I don’t have my tools!”*

*“You ninny, haven’t you been listening? They are only there to help focus you, you’ve always been able to do this.”*

*“Oh really? How come it’s so much harder without them?”*

*“You’ve been relying on them too much. Try harder, I’ll give you a little boost.”*

Ambril gathered herself then resolutely pushed again at the gray fog swirling around her. Maybe it was because fLit had just told her she could do it or maybe it was because she was trying so hard but before long she was able to push it all away. She opened her eyes and smiled to herself.

“Whoa! Look at that!” Ygg pointed at the floor. In the center of the circle stone, the floor was fading, transforming into an intricate web of tracery. The blackened walls of the janitor’s closet also faded to reveal an immense starry sky riddled with glowing, nearly transparent tubes. The room filled with rustling sounds as budding vines grew out of the floor and up along the archways. But the rustling noises were soon replaced by the clickity clacking sounds of knitting needles.

“Told you---too soft in the head, took her ages to figure it out.” said a scratchy voice.

“She got this far didn’t she?” grated another.

“Her friends don’t look any smarter neither,” the scratchy voice added.

Ambril looked up, there they were, three large knobby lumps hanging from the vines that had grown up around the archways, knitting industriously. The middle one blinked owlishly through spectacles.

The Auntie on the left snatched the glasses, “that earth-kind looks like a plodder to me. Did you bring a change of undies Dearie?”

The one in the middle sniffed, “all earth-kind look like plodders if you ask me.”

Ygg reddened, “rude little rutabagas aren’t they?”

The right one snatched the glasses away from her sister and screeched, “but that other one’s a dear, so chirpy!” She leered at Sully then rounded on Ambril and sniffed, “shame she’s so scrawny,”

Ambril had now gone from startled, to uncomfortable, to downright insulted but held her tongue, she knew it’d be worse if she didn’t.

Unfortunately Sully didn’t know this, “Why are you so rude?” she asked.

“We says what we sees.” nodded the biggest one in the middle.

“We’s never lies,” the left one nodded solemnly.

“No we never does,” said the right one. “but sometimes it looks like we do! Things change---we don’t controls everything.”

The middle one snatched the glasses back and shook her head sadly, “too true, shame though---only one way---straight through on into it.”

“Maybe she’ll gets through---” said the left one encouragingly.

Ambril shook herself as if trying to shed all their pity, she had had enough of this. “We need to get out of here, can you help us? Is this a way out?” she pointed to the hole in the floor.

“A way out and a way in Lovie,” The one on the left nodded sagely at her.

“A way into everywhere.” the middle one pronounced.

An idea suddenly came to Ambril, “Is this a way to Old Town then?”

The middle one blinked at her behind the glasses. “I just said didn’t I? The chutes goes everywhere? she huffed, “maybe it’d be clearer if I spells it? It starts with an ‘EV’ then you ad a ‘VREE’ and end with a ‘WHAR’…Evvreewhar…see?”

All three aunties nodded as if it was perfectly clear.

Ambril sighed. “Alright, O.K., so to get out of here I remove this lacey stuff---”

“No WE’S removes it.”

“You remove it--- then what?”

“Well, nothing of course as we’s can’t let you through,” the one on the left shook her head vigorously.

“Why not?” asked Ambril exasperated.

“You’d get lost wouldn’t you? Without a proper guide.”

“What---what about that one there, he’d do.” Said the larger one pointing above Ambril’s left shoulder.

“What, the Tylwith? Have you gone rotten? He’d never!” said the middle one squinting.

“He’s helped her before.”

They all looked expectantly at a point near Ambril’s left ear.

“Nothing…do you think he’s deaf?” the middle one exclaimed.

“Not deaf, just not interested.”surmised the one on the right.

“Beneath him he thinks,” sniffed the one on the left.

A plane crash echoed painfully through Ambril’s head followed by an explosive “*NO!*” As everyone in the room jumped, Ambril guessed fLit’s anger had pushed his words into everyone’s heads. Her friends looked around curiously.

“Sorry guys, I’ll explain later, Ambril said aloud then she thought at the fairy, “*come on we’re really in jam here.”*

“Oh lookie, they’re talking! A human-kind and a fairy…friends! How long’s it been since that’s happened?” The left one as she vigorously batted away her sister’s tendrils, she kept the glasses.

“Never happened.”

“Sure it has, once…maybe?”

The middle one shook her head with assurance, “never”.

With a twinkle fLit appeared and kicked Ambril hard in the nose. Ambril heard a swift swipe of discordant harp strings and then, “*NO, I SAID NO!*”

Sully’s mouth forming a perfect ‘O’ as she stammered, “Ambril? I…I don’t get it…Who’s this?” Sully looked utterly bewildered.

Ambril sighed, this was going to be rough, “I’m sorry, really sorry guys but fLit and I had an agreement, he wouldn’t let me tell anyone he was here,” Ambril’s words came out in a jumbled rush, “I found fLit in the Morte Cell, when it totaled our windshield that first night? He hung around to teach me how to use my Ashera and protect the Ledrith Glain.”

“Well that nought worked out well…fLit? That’s no fairy name.” said Ygg.

“No, that’s the robot’s name---wait---was he inside the robot---spying on us?” asked Sully incredulously.

“Not the entire time,” Ambril shrugged sheepishly. “Just at first.”

fLit folded his arms and sniffed in a superior way, “*It was necessary to be as invisible as possible. The less you knew of me, the better*.”

“We’d a kept your silly secret if’n it was right and true, even for fairy-kind such as you,” muttered Ygg his eyes narrowing.

“How are you doing that?” asked Sully, “you and Gern, you know that whole being in my head talking without words…thing?”

fLit looked at her, “*you all appear to be unusually receptive to magic*,” here he shrugged, “*not as receptive as a fairy of course, it is highly unusual amongst the lower species.*”

Ygg glowered at him, “so predictable, thinking you be superior.” Ygg squared off and clenched his fists.

Ambril stepped between them, waving her hands, “O.K. yes, he’s insufferably arrogant and grumpier than a gnome, but we can trust him to get us out of here.”

Ygg took a step back as if he needed more space to think about that.

Sully looked at Ambril thoughtfully. “So you think this little guy can get us to Old Town safely?” She asked skeptically, “sure he has a lot of magical fire-power but fairies aren’t known to be loyal to beings other than their own kind.”

‘He be thinking he’s above us all,” growled Ygg his face was ugly mad now.

“Do you want to get out of here or not?” hissed Ambril, “yes I do trust him, he’s saved my life more than once.”

Surprisingly Sully said, “O.K.”

Ygg looked at her stunned, “O.K.?”

“Yeah, Ambril thinks he’s alright… and I trust Ambril don’t you? It’s rotten that she didn’t tell us about him,” she gave Ygg a hard look, “but I can think of someone else who kept secrets from everyone---besides we don’t have a choice.”

Ygg’s shoulders went up uncomfortably high, then he looked at Ambril, then at the fairy. “It be your funeral if’n anything happens to me friends on your watch, you be hearing me?” Ygg said belligerently to the fairy.

fLit snorted then filled their heads with the sounds of a donkey braying.

“Easy there bug boy!” Ygg said angrily.

“Now see there? You spoke too soon, they’re never friends.” said the one on the left, still knitting furiously.

“*I won’t do it.”* fLit folded his arms obstinately.

“Figures,” snorted Ygg.

Ambril was incensed, “*Why? You know we’ll never get out of here otherwise.”*

“*Evil lurks in the chutes…nasty beings wait for the innocent ones and pluck them from their journey and bend them to their will. They will take you down so deep into the darkness that you will never seen again.”* fLit said bitterly as he stared through the wall.

“*So you lost someone in there---did Moroz have anything to do with it?”*

fLit colored and zipped huffily across the room, “*that’s none of your business…and the answer is still NO!”*

They were interrupted by a massive shuddering thud on the door. They’d been so involved in their discussion they’d forgotten all about Skarn and his great need to bash their heads in. He’d been sneaky and crept up on them silently.

“I know you’re in there, whispering and giggling! Breaking into high security areas, we’ll just add that to the list of felonies you’ve committed. After today, they’ll lock you in the deepest, dankest prison cell and walk away!” The next thud was accompanied by a splintering crack. Ambril caught the glint of an ax blade. “No worries, you’re gonna enjoy jail, I’ll be your full time guard!” sneered Skarn

“fLit you have to get us out of here! That guy is completely crazy!” blurted Ambril right out loud.

Another blow of the ax made the door shiver like an aspen tree in a high wind as the center panel splintered out. Skarn’s eye leered at them.

fLit suddenly hovered inches from her nose, “*it’s on your head if anything goes amiss!”*

A hand grasped hers, Ambril looked around and was startled to find Riley there, he’d been so quiet she’d forgotten he was there. “Don’t let go!” she winced as fLit grabbed her ear and gave it a tug.

“I’m coming in kiddies, better be saying your prayers!” bellowed Skarn.

Ambril knew the door wouldn’t last much longer, between the earlier attack and Skarn’s axe the door was all in. Riley took Sully’s hand as Sully dragged Ygg over. “*On my mark!*  *Don’t let go or you just might find yourself on one of the moons of Jupiter---forever!”* fLit’s voice vibrated so powerfully through Ambril’s head it made her head throb. *“Especially you at the end earth-kind!”*

“I be nought stupid, fairy-kind,” Ygg growled back at him.

The Aunties finished their knitting, the larger one in the middle grabbed it and draped it over the center stone on the floor. Instantly a dark hole yawned at their feet, Ambril felt a cool breeze ruffle her hair.

fLit’s hand tugged at her ear, “*ready*? *One, Two, Jump!”*

Ambril felt her heart jump into her mouth as they half fell half slid into the Chutes.

The webbed chutes thrummed with magic as they whirling down a long spiral. Ambril stared out through the nearly transparent webbing into endless space. There were chutes all around them some winding upward, some downward and others branching out all around. fLit maintained his firm grip on her ear as he steered them through an series of intersections. Riley’s hand felt warm and strong in hers. But after another few minutes of gliding, whooshing and sliding, Ambril began to wonder why they hadn’t arrived at their destination.

“*Where are we, the center of the Earth*?” She thought at him.

fLit snorted “*You human-kind always think so small. I wasn’t joking before about the Moons of Jupiter, this isn’t merely the earth, this is the Universe.*” he thought at her disparagingly as he tugged her ear hard to the left.

*“Ouch! The entire Universe? But why are we traveling through the Universe just to go a few miles?”* She asked.

“*The chutes don’t work that way*.” fLit answered sounding like his usual annoyed self, “*just as the Gray Lands cannot process time, the chutes can’t process space*. *It works on the connections of spirit. You know, memories, friendships, family bonds…since Old Town is ancient, we have to go a long way out to pick up its connection.*” fLit squeezed them through a narrow tunnel, “*now* *stop bothering me or we’ll never get out of here!”*

Ambril shut her mouth tight and contented herself with watching a meteor shower, she ducked briefly then found they were passing a pastoral scene filled with dinosaurs, before sheering through what looked like the rings of Saturn by way of the kitchen of a New York City apartment. A small bald man looked up then dropped his bagel. After what seemed like hours of this Ambril began to wave and smile at the passing beings, some human, some not. But she grew bored with even that. She was yawning for the tenth time when she noticed the webbing around them had started to fade and the world beyond came into focus. Familiar trees and rocks and night sky sailed by as they began to slow down. But just as they were almost safely…somewhere, everything went wrong.

In the darkness, Ambril felt a knife like pain at her ear as Riley’s hand slipped from hers. She was shoved roughly to the side and suddenly found she was alone and falling. Tumbling end over end she struck a patch of wet grass then rolled several times before coming to rest against a rock wall. She lay there stunned for a moment and then struggled to her feet.

“fLit! fLit where are you? Anyone!” There was no answer. She realized that she could be anywhere in the universe but as she looked around her at the familiar grass and uncomfortably hard rocks she began to feel better. The moon rode through the sky in the right way, the big dipper twinkled at her. This was definitely Earth. But where and when was she? She looked around at the dense forest held back by a tall green hedge…this place really did look familiar, she had been here before. Her hand touched the stone wall she’d bumped into, she took several steps back and realized it was part of a tumbled down house, stones lay in puddles all around it. In the moonlight she saw a stone circle with a knarled, twisted tree in the center. With a smile she realized that fLit had done it, she was standing in the middle of Old Town and it was the same place where she had faced the first Dullaith.

Ambril heard footsteps behind her, “Ygg? Sully? Finally, I was getting worried!”

But the figure who emerged from the shadows was much too tall, too stiff and too angry, “why is it Ambril that you are always in the worst place at absolutely the wrong time!” Feldez said tersely as he marched toward her, “you’ve made a mess of everything, including your Mother’s life...she left me…left ME!” Feldez ended with his hands raised incredulously. Ambril noticed he had her Ashera in one hand.

It was all Ambril could do to keep from leaping at him and let her fists do the talking, but she knew that wouldn’t get her very far, “my Mother left you because she finally knows the truth about my father’s death and your part in it!”

In the moonlight Feldez glowed with blue-white rage. “Are you accusing me of killing your father? The Dullaith did that not I!”

“But it was you who raised it and you who let my father take the blame for it! When all he had done was try to protect you!” Ambril shrilled. “But that wasn’t enough was it…when you found us in San Francisco you brought us back here to use as your camouflage so you could continue your search for Moroz!” Ambril’s body had gone rigid from the effort of maintaining control, but she knew she just had to get all of this out before she took a swing at him. “You were there when the first Dullaith was raised and then again at the library when the Dorcha Blade and Morte cell were stolen! You even have blueprints of Old Town in your office and images of the Dullaith on your computer!” Ambril’s throat grew tight as her thoughts turned to her mother, “people were suspicious of us from the moment we arrived…and now…well they all seem to want to throw us all in a deep hole somewhere in the forest---thanks to you!”

Feldez’s face went starkly pale in the moonlight as it tensed with so much disgust and rage he appeared inhuman. “How dare you preach to me! You have gotten everything twisted into a mess!” he hissed as he bent over her and raising her Ashera brought it down on her head.

Several things happened rapidly, the most satisfying for Ambril was when a bolt of energy shot out of her Ashera and through Feldez making him light up like a Christmas tree struck by lightening. Shock registered on his face as the Ashera slipped from his hand and dropped to the ground. Ambril hurriedly picked it up and showered him with a burst of sparks. Both shocked and surprised now, Feldez staggered back into a pile of stones and fell to the ground. Ambril walked warily over to where he lay.

Feldez croaked from the shadows, “so it’s true, the Ashera has chosen you,” He struggled to his feet and flexed his hand as if it were numb, “I have read the prophesies and had heard the rumors that one had been chosen---but I hardly believed it could be a fourteen year old walking disaster like you,” he regarded her stiffly, his face wiped clean of emotion.

Ambril nodded still watching him closely. “Tomorrow my Mom and I are going to the press to let everyone know what really happened the night my father died and how you’ve been raising Dullaiths ever since trying to free Moroz.”

Feldez’s chuckle startled her. It was so…natural. She saw his shoulders slowly relax, “I haven’t raised any Dullaiths except for the one that regrettably killed my best friend, your father, and that was an accident.” Feldez looked unseeingly into the night sky, “an accident that has been eating me alive ever since.”

He paused a moment before looking at Ambril full in the face, “I know you won’t believe this but I would actually welcome having the truth come out at last.” He smiled briefly and without warmth. “Your father’s last words were to make me promise to stand by your family and help however I could after he was gone.” Feldez sighed, his eyes filled with longing and regret. “He also forced me to agree that he was to take the blame for raising the Dullaith---I think he thought it would blow over quickly…alas he was wrong.” Feldez lowered his head and shook it sadly,

“I was seriously injured from the fight, when I woke up in the hospital, you and your family had gone…I spent the next ten years trying to track you down. Ten years of enduring compliments I didn’t deserve, accepting awards I hadn’t earned…I know that this secret that I kept at your father’s request has changed me, it---broke me.” He paused lost in a swirl of memories then continued resolutely. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry for what your family went through. It was wrong.” Feldez’s shoulders drooped as the last vestiges of his masquerade slipped off. “And for the record, I actually was hesitant to bring you back to Trelawnyd, it was your mother who thought it might help to heal the wounds…I think she was thinking mostly of Zane.”

The air felt thick with the tattered remains of the past. Ambril took a deep breath and looked skeptically up at this man she had hated for so long. She wasn’t entirely sure she’d be able to fully forgive him---but she would try. She realized she was glad she finally knew his side of the story. Then something niggled at her from the back of her mind, “O.K., so if it wasn’t you, who’s been causing all the trouble lately, raising Dullaiths, robbing the Archives and all the rest?”

“That’s why I’m here, I’ve been trying to track down who is responsible for all of this mayhem…In fact I have you to thank for providing me with a link to Moroz. Up to that point I’d always thought it was the power of the Glain the Dullaith raiser wanted. When you mentioned Moroz everything came together. I realized it wasn’t a power hungry idiot bedeviling our town. No, it’s someone who wants what I wanted in the beginning, knowledge and understanding. He knows that knowledge is the true power…wait, there’s someone else here. Who else came with you---who is that?” Feldez was staring into the shadows directly behind Ambril. A breeze blew back the strong smell of rotting fruit. Ambril whirled just as a searing bolt of violet energy streaked by her nose and hit Feldez squarely in the chest. He flew back and slammed into a rock wall then slumped senseless to the ground. Then another burst of energy hit Ambril’s arm so hard it knocked her Ashera from her hand. It landed twenty feet away as Ambril fell to her knees a cold spiky pain numbed her arm and blurred her vision.

But it was only Riley. Riley, with a satisfied grin stood there laughing evilly, looking first at her then at Feldez’s inert body. Gone was her joking, smiling friend. The new Riley’s smile was bitter, his face hard.

“I have to thank you and your friends for bringing me here. I never would have found it on my own---honest,” something dark and powerful glinted in his hand.

“Riley, what---what are you doing? That’s the---Dorcha Blade!”

His laugh grew deeper as he held it up in the moonlight. A darker slit against a dark sky. Then she saw a glimmer of gold wrapped around his wrist and a round object, black but with a sparkling jewel in the center swinging gently beneath his arm. It still resonated with power but seemed to be encased in something dark and evil. “That’s the Ledrith Glain! But it looks different with that black thing all around it, that must be what the Dorcha Cup does---”

He sneered then, waiting for her to realize…

“It couldn’t have been---not you,” whispered Ambril incredulously. “you sent the threats? You raised the Dullaiths?”

Riley smiled proudly. “My first one, the one at the Tupelo shack?” He shrugged. “It was just for practice. I didn’t expect much, it took me a long time to snag that fairy…”

“Then the Playground, it was you who did that to your own brother?”

Riley grimaced, “poor Lance, he caught me doing some workings in the store room, you know Feldez’s old lab? That’s why he went after me that day in the alley throwing tomatoes. So on the playground, I decided to scare him a little to get him off my back,” he shrugged, “it didn’t work as you know.”

Ambril sighed heavily thinking about how wrong she had been about everything. Her thoughts raced through the past few months, “how could you hurt someone like Dr. Afallen?” accused Ambril thinking of the happy little man whizzing around the Archives.

“I’m not all bad you know. I didn’t mean for him to get hurt. He just surprised me when I was getting the knife and the Morte Cell out of the vault. I had to eradicate his memory,” he said sheepishly, “the explosion was just a smoke screen, they’re what I do best.”

Ambril felt nothing but disgust for Riley now, “and Red---what did Betula and her friends ever do to you?”

Riley snorted, “don’t be stupid, you know why I needed Red’s magic.” he was getting annoyed, “you’re missing the point here, it’s not what Betula, or Afallen or any of the rest of Trelawnyd did to me, its what they didn’t do,” Riley sneered angrily. “When did they ever try to include me in anything? I wasn’t invited to birthday parties or backyard barbeques---I was so lonely.” Ambril felt the sadness and frustration in his words. “Thanks to my brother and sometimes my Dad, I’m the town---joke,” his voice broke a little at the end.

“So this to get back at everyone?” asked Ambril disparagingly, “you’re shooting yourself in the foot, you know, Trelawnyd is where you’re from, where most all your memories have been made.” Ambril took a step toward him in spite of herself. “You’ve no idea what you’re giving up. I’ve spent the past ten years carted from place to place, never fitting in. I didn’t know it but we were running away from who we were.” She stood in front of him willing him to understand. “But this is worse, at least I was able to come back---my Mom and brother too. If you continue this way you’ll cut yourself off forever, never feeling anywhere is truly home. It may not look like it but your family does love you---even Lance. You have to try and work this out. Talk to your family and tell them you’re hurting.”

But Riley backed away his face hard, “you don’t think I’ve tried that? I’ve talked and talked to them,” his face twisted into a tight mass of anguish, “they never listened, finally I realized that if I didn’t do something to change things they’d never ever see me as anything other than---embarrassing.” His face filled with resolve, “but now---now they will…I’ll show them,” he nodded simply, “And finally they’ll see me as I really am, a powerful magic wielder! With Moroz to guide me---”

Ambril scoffed, “Listen I’ve seen Moroz, he’s not even human anymore. The last thing he’ll want to do is to help a kid take revenge on his family!”

Riley snorted. “No one’s seen Moroz for 150 years!”

“Unfortunately, I have…he tried to kill me and take the Ledrith Glain just like he’ll do to you. Look even the most powerful magic wielders of his day knew they couldn’t control a being like Moroz, that’s why they put him away.”

It was Riley’s turn to scoff. “Come on, how powerful can he still be? He’s been locked away, alone in the dark…I’ll release him, he’ll explain some stuff to me, then he’ll crawl off to die somewhere.” Riley yawned then pulled a familiar dark metal box from under his sweatshirt., the Morte Cell. “I’m sorry about this, Ambril. I don’t---hate you as much as the others. But---I have to do this.” He straightened up and began backing away from her as he raised his hands and uttered a series of foul sounds. Ambril felt another jolt of power as her being was briefly encased in violet light. She too fell to the ground and rolled to the side, blearily she found her Ashera inches from her hand. She reached out and stuffed it under her sweatshirt.

Riley gave a short laugh as he walked over and bent down over her, observing her as if she was some sort of laboratory experiment, with a clunk he dropped something metallic and heavy. She recognized the Morte Cell. Stunned Ambril looked down and saw her friend fLit inside, just as on her first night in Trelawnyd he was frozen in a gut wrenching expression of pain and terror.

Riley chuckled softly,“the Dorcha Blade doesn’t have to cut you to curse,” he looked over at Feldez, inert and pale, “I’m impressed with Feldez, he should have died the moment the curse hit him, I gave it to him good…so good. He deserved it for all the trouble he caused me.”

Riley straightened up, “sorry about your fairy friend, he’s an outcast you know, that’s how I was able to catch him the first time around. I had to use his energy to take you and Feldez down. I need all the power of the Ledrith Glain for my next trick---releasing the greatest magic wielder that ever lived!” Riley chortled.

Ambril couldn’t move a finger, she was completely paralyzed and could only breathe in and out as she watched him turn and jog slowly out toward the Old Derwyn tree. That was the last thing she saw before the pain took her down and away into the dark.

# Chapter 37 The Center of Everything

Ambril opened her eyes to find herself riding a river of roiling black smoke. Tendrils of it were beginning to infiltrate her body through the curse wound in her arm, slowly working their way toward her heart and mind. With the last of her energy she pushed back on it just as fLit had taught her, slowly gaining enough ground to place protective wards around her mind, heart and finally her body. She sat up groggily and felt her Ashera poke her in the chest. She grasped it and felt immediately better. Looking around she saw found she was riding in a chute but could see this one was different. Instead of glowing bright with health, its delicate tracery was gray and dull. Power streaked through it occasionally erupting in a stinging spray of sparks, much like the cursed webbing of a Dullaith. Just ahead of her she could see someone else almost entirely covered with smoky tendrils. A flailing hand with long, pale fingers was visible briefly. Ambril’s stomach lurched as she recognized Feldez’s hand.

She couldn’t let him die like this, but what could she do? She barely had enough energy to sit up after beating back her own curse threads. Looking out through the deadened tracery of the cursed chute she saw they had traveled into an unfamiliar part of universe. It was darker there, there were few chutes and far fewer stars. Clouds of gas formed and reformed around her just as they had when the universe was very young. Ambril realized they were back at the beginning of everything, where they universe began. Ahead the clouds of gas parted for an instant and she saw a brilliant glowing tree, its trunk massive like a redwood tree. The curse threads were pulling them toward it. Ambril could now see the Great Tree of Life at the center of everything, extending out in all directions, branches, roots and budding vines all knitted together to form the fabric of the universe itself.

With a flash Ambril suddenly got it, what fLit had been telling her all along; that the life energy of every being was shared with the universe itself---the universe consisted of nothing more than their shared experiences, hopes, and struggles---all that every being had ever created---all the quirky, unique, silly, trite, wonders were then blended back into the very fiber of the worlds that were in the throes of creation all around her. That was why fLit gave little thought to drawing the life energy of the beings around him. He recognized the shared nature of their existence. Ambril sat up a little straighter, she knew what she had to do.

Ahead Ambril could see a burn mark spreading out on the great trunk where the curse threads had begun their attack. The curse threads were using Feldez’s life energy to launch an attack on the Great Tree. She raised her Ashera and sighted down it, then sharply drew in her breath as the similarities between her Ashera and the sinuous branching trunk beyond it hit home, the swirling tracery of images, the glowing lines of Ogam…her Ashera was nothing more than a cutting from the Great Tree itself.

She stored this revelation away as she pointed at the center trunk and instead of using her own energy to attack, she willed its energy to her. Her Ashera sparkled with brilliance as the warm glow of health instantly surrounded her, then she moved the flow of energy and channeled it back through her Ashera and into the inert form of Feldez, hoping she wasn’t too late. The roiling mass of curse threads thinned instantly, Feldez’s limp body became visible then began to glow. His hand twitched and went to his chest and he groaned. Ambril smiled as she saw the cursed chute start to fade around her and the burn mark slowly heal on the Great Tree. She grabbed Feldez’s hand and refocused her heart on home and the last few moments she had spent on earth. It was there she was needed most.

As soon as the image of the abandoned homes brooding at the edge of Old Town’s ancient circle stone formed in her mind, they were there. Feldez’s sharp intake of breath beside her made her turn toward him. “Was that? Weren’t we just at the foot of the Great Tree?” he mumbled, then he shook his head and smiled weakly at her. “It seems I owe you the same debt I owed your father, thanks for saving my life.”

“You can repay me by telling the truth about my Dad,” Ambril said simply as she struggled to a sitting position. She put out a hand to steady herself and felt something cold, hard and angular under her fingers. The Morte Cell. Swiftly she touched her Ashera to it and felt her heart connect with the energy of the Great Tree. No longer would she worry about spending her own life energy. With a spray of sparks and an explosion of Glain fLit rolled out of the Morte Cell and into her hand, his body limp, his face pale. She would have to work fast to save him.

She was raising her Ashera to deliver a blast of life energy when she felt a sickening lurch, downward and to the right in her stomach. She looked up to see Riley standing at the center of the stone circle. The smoldering remains of the old tree were strewn all around the circle stone. Blue sparks flew all around him as he struggled to ignite something.

“Ambril you have to stop him now!” Feldez pulled her Ashera up and pointed it at the boy.

But Ambril hesitated, she looked down and saw curse threads wrapping around fLit’s body. He was being taken. In another moment fLit would be gone from this world, forever bound by the dark energy already consuming him. She couldn’t let that happen to her friend, even if the world twisted sideways, she had to help him. She jerked her hand away and let loose a blast of energy so powerful the curse threads vaporized on contact. fLit’s eyes fluttered open.

Simultaneously a massive bolt of energy exploded out of the circle stone in front of them and blew the remaining stump to pieces. A series of shockwaves and the sound of thunder followed as chunks of wood rained down everywhere. Riley threw himself off the stone and scrambled for safety as it quivered and shook. With a booming crack the stone split itself in two leaving a gaping fissure running through its center, black smoke escaped the opening.

A long, sinuous finger slithered up and out of the hole followed by another and then another. Soon there were hundreds of flailing limbs, dark and shiny in the moonlight, each one seeking purchase on the weathered stone. They struck out at the boy who frantically crawled backward and into the shadows. Then something massive heaved itself out of the void. It had a thick, metallic body pierced only by glowing eyes and a narrow gash of a mouth. It lifted itself up and out by its tentacles attached Medusa-like to its head and root-like at its other end. It blinked then flinched in the moonlight as it half crawled half slithered into the shadows with reptilian grace.

Riley scrambled to his feet, “wait! You’re Moroz, and I…I’m the one who freed you. I…I command you to pledge yourself to me,” he said his voice shaky, “in return I’ll---”

Ambril heard a low guttural sound, something like a laugh, come from the shadows, “you command me, boy?” a racking cough followed. Without warning a tentacle snaked out, gathered Riley up and tossed him twenty feet across the stone. He landed with such force he rolled several times before coming to a stop at the edge of the smoking fissure and lay motionless, unconscious. The monster was on the move again. Moroz slithered toward the far end of the circle stone and the forest surrounding the clearing. He paused just as he reached its edge. “Still…he might be useful,” he mused. Several metallic tentacles snaked back toward the boy binding him securely. Then Moroz crawled into the deepest shadows of the forest dragging the still form of Riley behind him.

# Chapter 38 What a Mess, Somebody Grab a Broom

Ambril probably would have sat there staring at the point Riley was dragged into the shadows for a long time if an irate fairy hadn’t come along and punched her in the eye. A New York City traffic jam invaded her head then fLit thought at her, “*I can’t believe you let Moroz get away! What’s the matter with you? Haven’t you learned anything?”*

Ambril held him off with her hand. “*What are you talking about? I had to save your life!”*

“*No, you two headed trout you did not! What you had to do was save the Universe! Now look at the mess you’ve made!”* A six story glass house clattered painfully to the ground in her head.

“He’s right,” Feldez was sitting bolt upright next to Ambril glaring at the fairy. “What’s one less Tylwith to this world?”

fLit froze his face a picture of outrage before he flew at Feldez and began kicking his ear. Feldez chuckled as he put up his arm to keep the fairy at bay. “I meant you should have stopped Riley from freeing Moroz!”

AMMMMBRILLL! WHERE ARE YOU! WE’RE LOST IN THE WASTELANDS HERE! HELP! Sully’s voice rang out behind them. Turning Ambril saw it was snowing in the forest.

Well not really snowing, the twenty foot tall hedge lining Old Town was releasing its leaves to the winds, But in the moonlight it looked a little like snow. Behind the hedge they heard the rustle of branches, two heads popped through and were immediately engulfed in swirling leaves.

“The invisibility wards were broken when Moroz was released, Old Town is once more accessible to all,” Feldez said.

“How did you find it by the way?”

“By using your Ashera,” Feldez nodded to the decorated stick in Ambril’s hand. “Handy little tool you have there.”

“I’m surprised it even worked for you.”

“Me too come to think of it,” Feldez mused still eyeing the wooden tube. “I suspect it was trying to find its way back to you.”

Sully and Ygg emerged from the barrage of green leaves spitting and waving their hands around. They wiped their eyes and looked around in wonder.

“So this be Old Town!” said Ygg wonderingly.

“It’s a real fix-er-upper isn’t it?” Sully squinted at the still smoldering hunks of wood scattered around the circle stone and the dilapidated houses beyond. “Where’s Riley? Isn’t he with you?”

Before Ambril could answer a massive shape materialized above them followed by a hollow caw. Feldez ducked as a brick narrowly missed his head.

“My on my! Somethin’ big’s happened ain’t it? Hendoeth hollered down from Fowlclun’s porch. “I felt it run clear down my spine and out my tippy toes!”

Fowlclun brought the porch down to ground level just as Parch set sail as a ocean schooner over Ambril’s head. A video of a pirate with a parrot on his shoulder played on one of the sails, the parrot cawed and said, “get the bootie, get the bootie!”

Jute hung from the anchor, “we’re late again as usual but we’re going to take a gander at all the death and destruction anyway.”

“Hop aboard, I’ve been instructed to collect you and bring you home.” Hendoeth waved to the kids.

“Who by?” asked Sully.

“Chief Buckthorne of course, he found Skarn angrily making mince meat of the Christmas decorations in the Janitor’s closet. He was a might perturbed to not find you in there with them. He got him to confess everything.” Hendoeth winced as she nodded sadly, “He knows about Riley too, you three are in the clear,” Ambril heaved a huge sigh of relief as they ran up the steps.

“Feldez is it? You wanna ride?” Hendoeth squinted at the tall man looking wildly around first at Jute and Parch, who had stopped to hover over something interesting out on the Circle Stone and then at Hendoeth and Fowlclun. “Why no---thank you. My car is parked nearby.” He backed up several paces, “Ambril I’ll be gone for a while, I must do some---research. But I will write a letter to the press regarding your father before I go.” He gave them a short bow before turning away.

“What kind of research?” Ambril called after him.

“How to save the Universe kind of research.” He yelled back and waved.

Ambril waved as she watched the erect figure pick his way to the denuded hedge and vanish into the forest.

“Need a little help here!” Parch and Jute were back, this time Parch had adopted the shape of a pterodactyl struggling to stay aloft with Jute strung around his neck. Something dangled and swayed beneath them.

Ambril reached for it and pulled it closer. Encased in a harsh blue-black metal was the Ledrith Glain. Ambril touched it with her Ashera and willed a blast of energy at the metal surrounding it. It curled and peeled away like old skin revealing what was left of her medallion. It was still beautifully carved, the golden tracery around the jewel was intact but the gem itself was lifeless and dead. Even the warm glow of Hendoeth’s lanterns couldn’t coax a sparkle from it.

*“It’s been pushed beyond its strength. It will probably never regain its power again.”* fLit sighed heavily as his shoulders bowed. “*I thought if I could recover the Ledrith Glain---they would let me return.”*

“*So you really are an outcast then, and this was your ticket back? Why didn’t you tell me?”* Ambril asked.

Wrong thing to say, Ambril watched fLit’s shoulders rise defensively as dozens of women sobbed and moaned in her head. “*Because I didn’t want to hear the pity in your voice, besides what could you do? It’s all written there on your Ashera. The Ledrith Glain will fulfill its final destiny in the hands of the Ashera, the Four. That’s you if you’re wondering.”*

Ambril didn’t feell ike thinking about that right then, she’d had enough of saving the world for the day. She looked sadly down at her medallion and fingered the broken chain as she felt Fowlclun ease to his full height and begin the short walk back to Trelawnyd. Jute crawled up her shoulder.

“Here, I think I can fix that,” he said.

Ambril handed him the medallion and chain. Jute groaned slightly as he ripped off a tiny bit of himself and applied it to the chain.

“Doesn’t that hurt?”

“A little, kind of like snipping too much of your toe nail off.” He handed her back the medallion, with the chain mended, a tiny bit of Jute held the pieces together. Almost out of habit Ambril slipped it back around her neck and under her shirt.

“Thanks.”

“So what happened back there?” Sully asked as they all sat down on the sofa.

Ambril took a deep breath and filled them in on everything that had occurred since losing they were separated in the chutes. When she finished they all sat there with their mouths slightly open looking stunned.

“Wow, when we saw you sliding out of the chutes we tried to follow you. Ygg here got stuck in a tree, it took a while to get him down, you know how he is with heights.”

Ygg looked annoyed, “then you be leading us around in circles for hours.”

Sully shrugged, “no matter, we were standing right in front of that weird hedge without really knowing it until it suddenly appeared and started shedding all of its leaves.”

“Hey, bring your fairy friend over here, I want to see if he can get a rise out of Tweek, she’s been too quiet of late.” Hendoeth beckoned to Ambril as she held up brilliant gem flower.

A chorus of triumphal trumpets blared through Ambril’s head followed by a cacophony of bells as fLit streaked over to Tweek and wrenched the flower out of the old woman’s hand. He danced with it around the room, circling them blindingly fast. When he stopped Tweek sparkled and twinkled so brightly Ambril had to hold her hand over her eyes.

“What do ya know! What she needed was a dance with one of her own kind!”

fLit streaked back over to Ambril grabbed her nose and squeezed it hard, his face the happiest she had ever seen it. “*It’s her! I found her! The one that was taken and bound! I’ve found her*!” He circled her head a dozen times at warp speed then streaked back to Tweek. A series of chimes and bells clashed and tinkled until Fowlclun slowed and began to lower himself to the ground.

“Are we home? It seems like we’ve been gone for weeks.” Sully trotted toward the door. Ambril turned but then stopped when she realized she didn’t really have a home anymore. She guessed they’d be sleeping on Betula’s floor for a while, maybe in the storage room with the sugar animals, Ambril hoped they’d had a chance to clean up all the sugar.

Ygg was first through the door, behind him Ambril could see Unk grinning broadly at him shoulders above everyone else in the crowd. Sully’s parents ran up and grabbed her mumbling something about strange methods of travel and bundled her off to a nearby car. Then Ambril gasped for behind them stood a magnificent stone house, the Derwyn mansion, every window lit up like it was Christmas.

“Now I’m right proud of what we did today.” Said someone at her knee.

“We be having all afternoon to do it so’s we even had time for a mid afternoon nap.” Said another voice. Ambril found Baldot and Bummil beside her nodding up at the house.

“You---you cleaned up the old mansion? In an afternoon? For me?” Ambril felt overwhelmed.

Baldot squinted up at her grouchily. “Course not, we be doing it for that nice lady there on the porch.”

Ambril’s Mom smiled and waved from the front door and beckoned her up the path. Betula stood beside her and there were faint sounds of ragtime coming from inside the house. Zane was walking down to meet them, his face looked funny. After a moment Ambril realized it was because he wasn’t looking as if he’d like to kill her any time soon, in fact he looked almost happy. He had something in his hands.

“We met the gnomes when we got to the house, Mom remembered them from when she lived here with Gran. We just meant to look around but when we saw it---we knew we wanted to stay. Our furniture’s coming tomorrow.” Zane gave her a half smile. “After reading the lab book we talked to Feldez. He made me realize how great a guy Dad was and that---you and Mom were---sort of right, we have to stay and make this work, not just for Dad but for us too.” He held up a shiny red metal man. “I found this in your room a few weeks ago. You aren’t treating him right, what did you do to him? Run over him with a tractor or something?” He shook his head disgustedly, “never mind, but I took him to Bob’s Bot’s and he fixed him. He works great now.” He held the robot out on his palm and switched him on. At first the metal man just blinked and did nothing then slowly he started bobbing to the sound of the music coming from the house before breaking into a dance.

“Look at that! The robot’s figured out how to do ‘the robot’! Ambril burst out. Zane looked surprised and a little embarrassed as he switched him off,“he need s a little practice, what do you call him?”

Ambril smiled, “you can call him anything you want, he’s yours now.”

fLit snorted near her left ear, “*and good riddance, I can’t look at that man shaped prison cell without cringing.”* Ambril turned and saw there was just a slight depression in the air which gave away the fairy’s location.

“*So…thanks for everything. Without your training I wouldn’t be here.”*

fLit groaned, “*You’re not going to start thanking me for every little thing are you? Because that would get tedious.”*

*“Just this once I want to say thanks for sticking around and all the rest, O.K.?”*

“*That’s twice. You said Thanks twice.”*

Ambril sighed and changed the subject. “*Since the Ledrith Glain is gone I guess this means you’re leaving right?”*

There was no response from the fairy for a bit then Ambril heard in her head, “*I believe I’ll stay on to see to Tweek, she needs tending.”*

*“Oh right, well---I’m glad.”* She stared at the empty space next to her for a moment, “*so I’m just curious, would you call us friends?”*

*“Friends? I think that might be going too far, you know Tylwiths don’t normally befriend human-kind.”*

*“I know what normal Tylwiths don’t do but you’re not the normal, run of the mill Tylwith. What would you call us?”*

fLit was silent a moment then said*, “Comrades, I’d call us comrades in arms.”*

Ambril wrinkled her nose, “*That sounds too much like we’re going to war together.”*

fLit twitched, *“We are going to war together, now that Moroz is free he won’t stop until he has the world in his grasp.”*

Ambril gave the fairy a long look,  *Well I think I’ll stick with ‘friends’ anyway.”*

Zane grunted as he headed back up the path toward the house. “When you’re done daydreaming, come up to the house, supper’s waiting and Mom didn’t cook it. Betula helped out when she heard Mrs. Sweetgum’s ill.”

Ambril paused to wave goodbye at Hendoeth and Fowlclun before turning back to her home. Something niggled at the back of her mind as she walked up the path, something she’d read recently about doing the right thing---but she pushed it aside when the photo of her happy family popped into her head; she in pigtails, Zane sticking out his tongue and her Mom and Dad leaning in toward each other. It would never be that way again for them but Ambril did get the feeling that things were going to be better from now on. Finally they were in a place where they belonged. The Universe was about to go to pieces but at that moment, right then Ambril felt pretty good about her own little life.

There was an article in the newspaper the very next day:

**FELDEZ PETRI SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT**

**Feldez Petri, Trelawnyd’s most eminent scientist and medical professional has graciously come forward to set the record straight regarding his colleague and close associate, Dr. Bren Silva. Dr. Petri tells us that on the night of Dr. Silva’s death certain events occurred which, he claims, were inaccurately reported at the time.**

**He wishes all Trelawnyd residents to know that it was he that inadvertently raised the Dullaith that night, not Dr. Silva. All who know him feel certain that he must have done so in the name of scientific research and the furtherance of humanity. But that though he was able to finally subdue the creature, his heroics came too late and Dr. Silva, involved only in attempting to control and bring down the creature, had already succumbed to the monsters vicious attacks.**

**Indeed, Dr. Petri was in a coma himself for many months following his Herculean deed. And as it took him some time to realize the error in the accuracy of the incident’s report he offers this as his excuse for his tardiness in setting the record straight.**

**He wishes to extend his full apologies to the Silva family who recently moved back to Trelawnyd and also points out that at no time were any of the family involved in any of the Dullaith raisings, which occurred recently. Indeed he went so far as to say that we are all indebted to the Silva family as one of its members was responsible for vanquishing the monsters that have so terrorized our fair city.**

**On behalf of our entire community we wish to extend an acceptance of his confession and hope that his leave of absence does not mean he will be vacate his hometown for long. *Dr. Petri has taken a leave of absence from Trelawnyd General Hospital.***