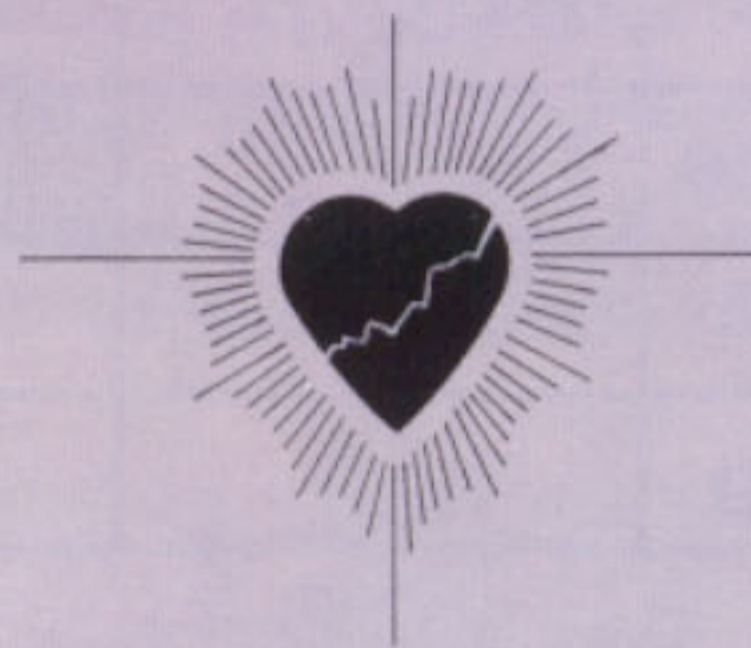


LOCAL HISTORY SERIES

No. 4



THE LEGEND OF WISHBRINGER



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LOCAL HISTORY SERIES

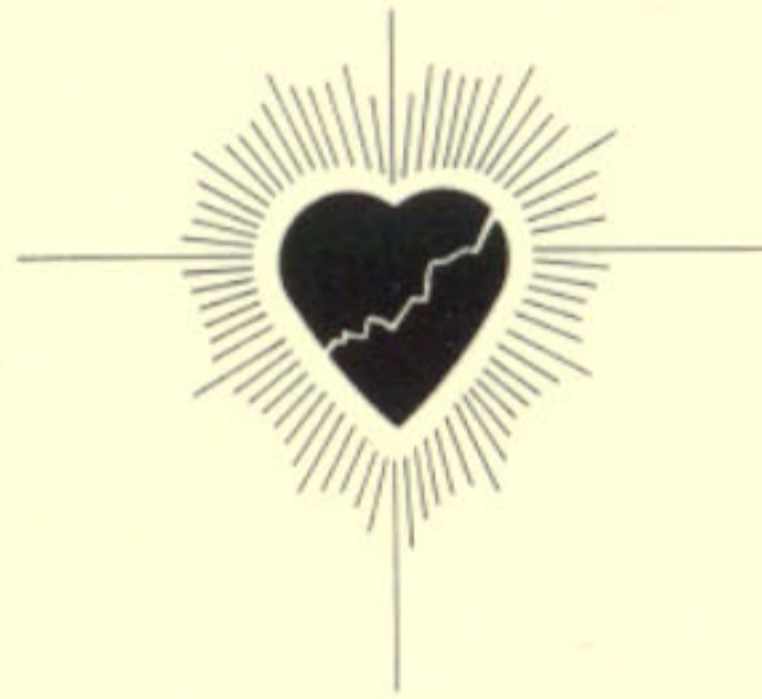
No. 4

A Moral History, in Verse,
of the
**MAGICK
DREAM-STONE**

recently unearthed by the
Society of Thaumaturgic Archaeology,
and commonly known as

WISHBRINGER

including a substantial body
of hitherto unpublished discoveries
regarding the mystical properties
of said Artifact.



CHAPTER THE FIRST

Of Morning-Star's birth and great beauty,
and how she was abducted by the envious Queen Alexis.



It happened in the reign of mighty Anatinus, King of Misty Island, that there was born into a peasant home a daughter, blessed with rare and perfect Beauty. Morning-Star they named her; and the legend of her beauty spread through all the kingdom, even to the court of Anatinus.

There beside the throne sat Queen Alexis, heavy-hearted. For her newborn daughter, cursed by fate and prophecy, was sightless. Loth the Queen to look upon her blind child's face! And how the baby Morning-Star, more beautiful and perfect, made her jealous!

Envy breedeth Evil: Queen Alexis caused the simple peasant home of Morning-Star to burn. The sleeping family perished, all but Morning-Star, who, being rescued by the Queen's design, became her daughter, sight restored by Prayer.

(The one true Princess,
left behind to fill the vacant cradle,
perished too, and never saw her mother.)

CHAPTER THE SECOND

Of Morning-Star's coming of age, and of the many knights
who sought her fair hand in Marriage.

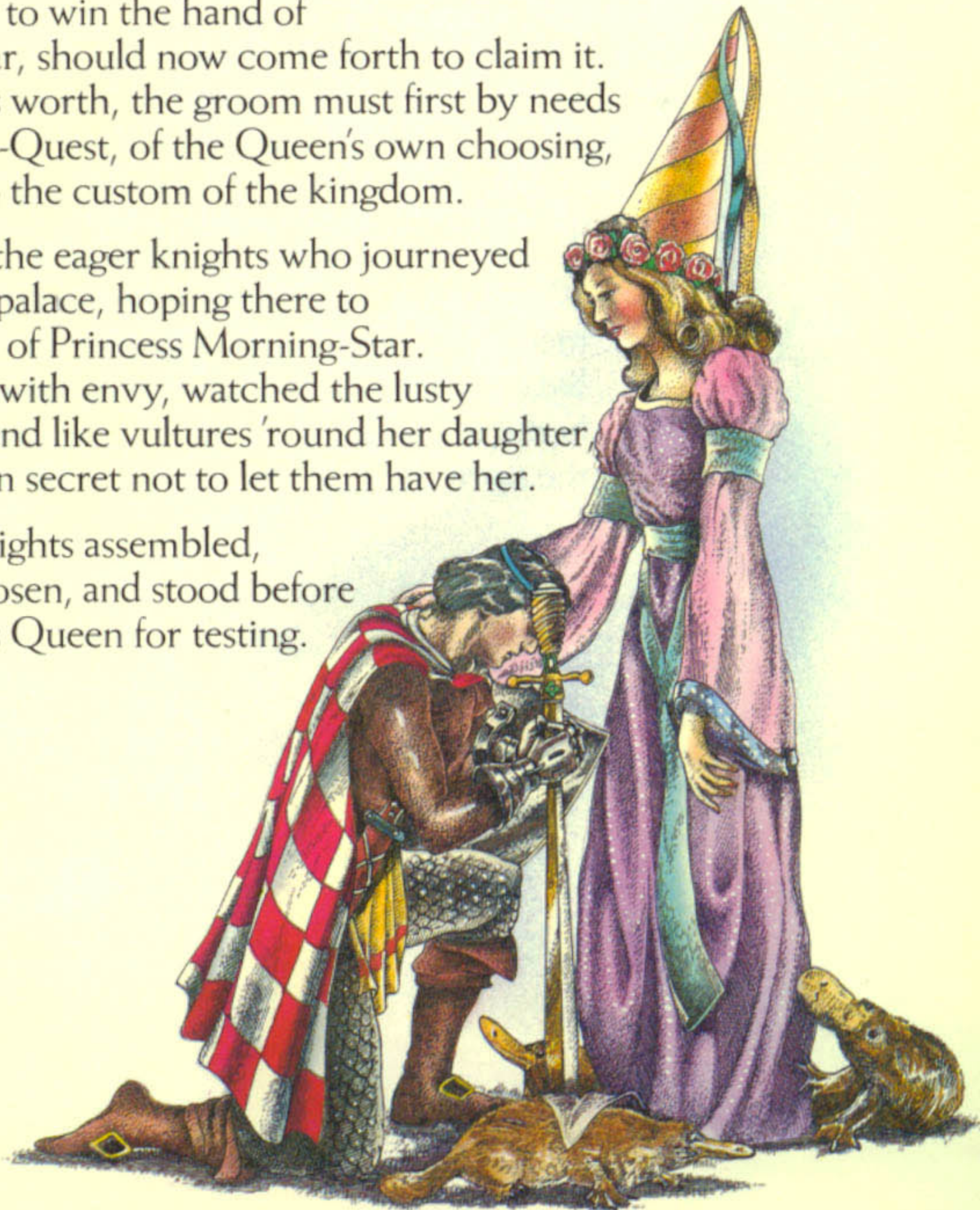


The years were kind
to Morning-Star. Her beauty
blossomed like the fragrant water-lily
into full, abundant maidenhood.
Anon befell her ten-and-seventh
birthday.

Anatinus made it known that whosoever
might desire to win the hand of
Morning-Star, should now come forth to claim it.
To prove his worth, the groom must first by needs
fulfill a Love-Quest, of the Queen's own choosing,
according to the custom of the kingdom.

Many were the eager knights who journeyed
to the royal palace, hoping there to
win the love of Princess Morning-Star.
Alexis, dark with envy, watched the lusty
swains descend like vultures 'round her daughter
and vowed in secret not to let them have her.

From the knights assembled,
Six were chosen, and stood before
the heartless Queen for testing.



CHAPTER THE THIRD

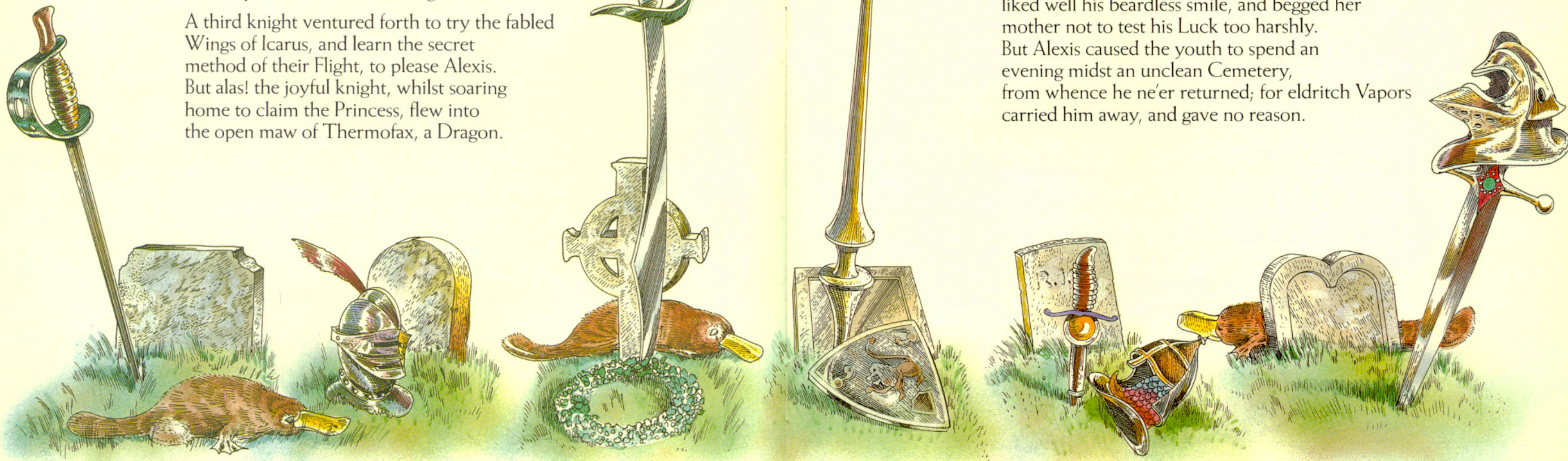
Of the impossible Love-Quests devised by the crafty Queen Alexis,
and how the six knights fared by them.



One brave knight, a lad
but one-and-twenty, was sent
across the sea to beg
Lord Nimbus, God of Rain,
to quench the thirsting fields
of Frotzen. But the God,
not sympathetic, smote his vessel with
a bolt of lightning.

The second knight, a weapons-bearer, strong
of limb and spirit, scaled the mountain peak of
Matter-Horn, to seek Advice from spirits.
The hopes of Princess Morning-Star fell with him.

A third knight ventured forth to try the fabled
Wings of Icarus, and learn the secret
method of their Flight, to please Alexis.
But alas! the joyful knight, whilst soaring
home to claim the Princess, flew into
the open maw of Thermofax, a Dragon.



Alexis sent the fourth knight deep into the
Mines of Mendon, there to slay a Grue,
and drag the carcass up where all might see it.
But Darkness overcame the hapless knight, who,
lost without a lamp, was soon Devoured.

Another knight, the fifth, directed by the
Queen to steal the Cocoa-Nut of Quendor,
chanced upon a lair of hungry Implementors,
and did not Foresee his peril.

Lastly stood before the Queen a gentle
boy, no older than the Princess. Morning-Star
liked well his beardless smile, and begged her
mother not to test his Luck too harshly.
But Alexis caused the youth to spend an
evening midst an unclean Cemetery,
from whence he ne'er returned; for eldritch Vapors
carried him away, and gave no reason.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

Of the Edict of Alexis, the demise of Morning-Star, and the discovery, many years after, of a Magick Stone, called Wishbringer.



Queen Alexis cried, "Is no man in the kingdom fit to wed my only daughter? Methinks she must remain unmarried, then, and Virgin all her days." So was it Written.

Morning-Star hoped death might grant her Freedom from the Edict of Alexis, by her mother's timely passing. But the Reaper (busy elsewhere with a Plague) heard not her praying; so Alexis lived, and laughed, and watched her daughter's beauty fade away, and all her Wishes dwindle in her bosom.

Many kingdoms after, when the reign of Anatinus was forgotten, and the names of Morning-Star and Queen Alexis lost in Time, there came unto the Misty Isle a Scholar, who, amid the crumbling tombs of monarchs, chanced upon the mortal relic of the Princess. All was Dust, except her Heart, which, hard and shrunken to a pebble in the grave, was shining brightly with the stifled Wishes of her lifetime.

Thus, the Magick Stone of Dreams discovered.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH

Of the Seven Wishes,
and what ye must know to invoke them.



even is the number of the Wishes bound into the Stone; and if ye speak a Wish, that wish is Spent, and lost forever. Also know, that ye must hold the Wishing-Stone within thy hands to wield its Magick. Look ye, then, upon the Seven Wishes:

RAIN falls only for the bearer of the Stone who standeth under an Umbrella.

ADVICE may bring wise counsel to the bearer of the Stone who listeneth to Sea-Shells.

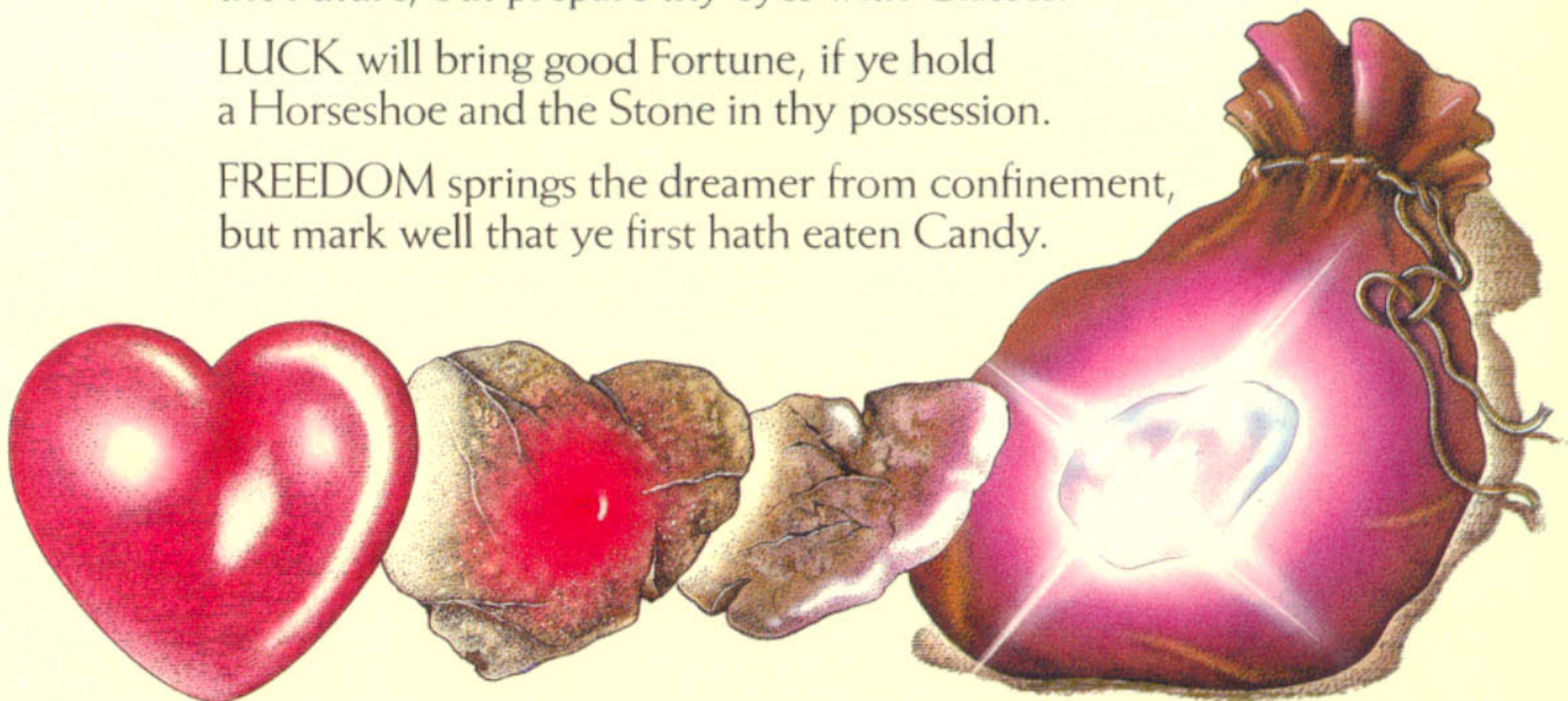
FLIGHT shall bear the Magick-wielder swiftly home, if ye be sitting on a Broom-Stick.

DARKNESS, blacker than the Night, shall fall across the land if Milk of Grue thou drinkest.

FORESIGHT lifts the veil of Time, and shows the Future, but prepare thy eyes with Glasses.

LUCK will bring good Fortune, if ye hold a Horseshoe and the Stone in thy possession.

FREEDOM springs the dreamer from confinement, but mark well that ye first hath eaten Candy.



EPILOGUE

Now ye know the Origins
and Magick
of the Wishing-Stone.
But know ye also,
bold Adventurer,
that every problem
ye encounter in thy travels
may be also bested
by the spell of Logick.
Exercise thy Brain,
and work thy Wits!
Forget ye not that Morning-Star,
a Princess,
who threw away her Youth
in easy Wishing,
died in vain.
Let her fate be thy Warning.

Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.

So you want to work for the Post Office, eh? Okay, sport. Take this letter over to the joke shop on the other side of town. And don't listen to the creepy old dame who runs the place. She'll go on and on about black cats, trolls, magic quests and somebody she calls the Evil One. Says she's got a rock that makes wishes come true. Probably talks to UFOs, too.

Be polite. If she offers you a gift, don't take it... and whatever you do, don't let her send you on any errands!

PS: Better hurry. It's getting Dark outside.

The Boss

