

In a time before yours and mine, there was a kingdom known as Calentine.

This was a land where anything was possible, although a lot of it wasn't allowed according to king Gossible. He ruled this land with an iron fist. Though he made some people mad. They were a bit *cough*.

The king had some rules to keep things in line, but really many thought it was fine.

"No sorcery no alchemy no witchcraft at all. No carving any pumpkins, except in the fall."

There was few upset by some of these laws. These people would point out all of their flaws.

"It's totally absurd!" The brewer would say. "These potions can heal. We'll need them one day!"

A witch came to town. She gave many warm greetings, but the townsfolk warned her of many harsh beatings. "The king says so. We have no control. If you use witchcraft, you may as well go."

The people didn't live well, no it wasn't the best. It actually was crap compared to the rest. The price of bread was truly quite mad, when people saw the numbers; they were anything but glad, but mostly sad. The earth in this land was not very fertile so it didn't produce very much, so what there was in that place cost a lot as such. The livestock needed to be fed but they lacked the greens to eat. If what was left didn't survive there wouldn't be any meat. The weather wasn't grateful. It didn't rain at all. It was always very dry, not a drop would fall. The townsfolk didn't know what they should do. They had it a lot worse than you. You have to sit and listen to this tale, and the villagers had to work or else they would fail. They needed help, they needed it bad. But right now hope was all they had.

The residents were worried that they wouldn't survive if their pitiful livestock did not thrive, for winter was coming quick, and winter was coming fast and many people thought that it would be their last. They needed help soon, they needed help now. They had to grow their crops, but goodness me, how? The land wouldn't help them and they didn't have any cash, so they couldn't buy supplies and they had no remedies if they

had got a rash. Without any money, they couldn't buy any food, and for the king to ask for help, he wasn't in the mood. He was very stubborn and he had too much pride, but he was quite a coward, if he saw something spooky, he'd hide. Many wondered why he was king. They all asked, "Well, what can he bring? He doesn't help us with growing our plants and it's way too expensive to buy food and pants. I saw a pair of trousers for 18 pieces of gold and it would cost three for you to simply hold. I don't see why he controls the price on all of the goods. Why can he choose the price at which to sell rice?" So many complained as you can see. I'm glad that I live at this time if you would ask me. Though I would find it charming, but enough about me. This part of the story's alarming so pay attention you see. Some people were fed up by now. They wanted to get rid of the king and it didn't matter how. So in the midst of the night, a man snuck into the castle and took a turn to the right. He headed to the king's bedroom, brandishing a knife in hand. He was then told to halt by a voice giving a command. He dashed away from the voice and into the king's room; he burst through the door to bring the king's doom. He raised his hand high into the sky. He was about to stab down, but was stopped by an ironclad guy. He was arrested soon after and put on death row, but it showed how desperate they were though. They really needed help right gosh dang now. They wanted it and they didn't care how.

It was all looking bleak on that one day. It was the best thing to happen some would say. A seemingly normal young woman walked into town with head held high and her feet were down. She walked down the path and looked with disgust, as it smelled that many needed a bath. She walked up to a man leaning on a wall and she asked him "I think this town's about to fall"

"This awful place?" The man said with a sigh, "Well this here is called Calentine."

"Well what happened to this poor town? Why does everybody frown? Are you faced with awful drought? Are you fighting a lifetime bout against Mother Nature here, is that what's happening my dear?"

"Yes my dear, that's spot on, for now all of our rain is gone. In recent time our prices rise to pay for bread and helpful guys to help us keep our homes intact, it's taking

an awful toll in fact. We need help now, we need help here so give us a hand, would you dear?"

Here the witch cracked a smile that then became so large it stretched a mile.

"Well today is your lucky day, for I can help in several ways. For I am a witch, I am indeed, soon of this trouble you'll be freed." The man hushed her quite quick and put his hand over her face.

"Do you want to get hit on the head with a mace? Our king is quite strict when it comes to the likes of you. If he finds you're a witch, many terrible things he'll do. He'll send in the guards to take you away and you might not live another day. I suggest you stay low or get out while you can. If you're still alive tomorrow, it's because you ran."

"Well it's quite awful that your king is so mean, how a witch's powers cannot be seen. I could help you all; I can do what I can. I could do it if it was okay with the big man.

"Well why don't you do it against his will? Send over your spell while hiding behind a hill?"

"Well it won't work like that, it wouldn't go well. I need permission to use my spells. It's the witch's code, we follow it strong. If I didn't abide, that would just be wrong."

"Well I'm pretty sure we'd all agree of all worries you'd make us free. We'd start a petition to convince the king and then all of the help you can bring."

So they wend down to town to inform the masses. They caught attention as everyone passes.

"People of the kingdom!" The man shouted out. "This woman can help us without a doubt. She'll bring us good luck and very many crops. What she can do is real. There are no props." People gathered around to see the commotion. To hear such news had filled them with emotion. Something they hadn't felt in a long time while in the kingdom of Calentine.

"I can help this poor old land" The witch now spoke. "I can help you all with the wave of a hand. For I am a witch and I'm not scared to say it. If I'm told to leave, I will say 'Nay it!' I can help this place in its time of need, I can help out those for help they

plead. We shall confront the king and tell him what-for, and then you shall suffer this epidemic no more.”

“If we’re arrested, who would really care? We haven’t much to live for. A good day is very rare. Lets go up to the castle and barge through the door and we will show him the power of the massed poor.” So with that last note a large group set out. They would soon prevail, that without a doubt. They ran up to the castle and knocked down the door. Then the wooden remains fell to the floor. They continued to walk until a voice said, “Stop”, there was an armored knight with a large helmet on top.

“Why have you entered this castle on this day?” A man spoke up, “We have something to say!” The knight denied access to the king’s room still. Then suddenly, “Hey, what’s going on Bill?” The knight turned around and to his surprise, there stood the king with a guard by his side.

“These peasants want to have a word with you, sir.”

“Well let them speak. I concur.” The knight stood slightly shocked.

“As you wish, sir.” He then stepped aside.

“Look here now, we’ve had an idea arise. This here is a witch, a thing you so hate. Now take a look, nothing will change at this rate. We all need help, this is not fun, but finally, we’ve found the one. She will help us in our time of need so let her use her powers. This we plead.” A voice was heard from the mass of people. The man who spoke was as tall as a steeple.

“You must be joking. I won’t allow that! What’ll you do? Call me fat? I’ve made it quite clear about all these rules. You should understand that by now you fools. We’re going to be fine just give it a bit. In time this kingdom will be fit. So just get out, there’s nothing you can do. Just leave now. You heard me, shoo!”

“Alright look here you insufferable man, you really must go through with this plan.” The witch stepped forward from the crowd. Everyone stared at her, one man even bowed. “This town has had enough of all of this suffering. Listen now; listen well for this is my last offering. I wanted to be peaceful, but you’ve forced this. You are keeping your kingdom from bliss. If you don’t give me permission to use magic, then the outcome of your castle will be tragic.”

“Oh what will happen? What will you do? Will you cast a spell and turn it to goo?”

The king asked in a sarcastic voice. He would just make the crowd leave if he had the choice.

“Oh no, I won’t do that. I’ll send a fireball and burn your castle flat.”

“Well now, is that true? Is that really what you’ll do?”

“Yes it is, you pompous jerk. Now if you’d like I could go to work.”

“Well then, go. Have a try. I’m a rather considerate guy.”

“So you say you’re giving me permission?”

“Why yes. Go. Continue with your ‘mission’.” So the witch advised for her friends to leave. She now began, but her powers the king would disbelieve. The people left without a word and then her magic words they overheard.

In an instant a ball of fire flew from her hands. It caught on a curtain and the flames grew higher. The witch and the king and all of his men ran from the castle that was burning hotter than a pepper called cayenne. Everyone escaped, they were all fine, and then the king began to whine.

“What in the world have you just done? My castle is now burnt like the sun! How could you do this? You’ve ruined me now! How will I live in this town? How?” The king’s rage petered to sorrow. He felt as if he wouldn’t make it to tomorrow.

“Oh don’t you worry, I can fix it so don’t you go into a big fit. Not only can I fix your castle, I can fix the luck of your town without any hassle.”

“You really could? Are you sure? You sure you won’t burn the land more?”

“I’ll do it faster than you can say ‘Saint Thomas’, but first you must make a promise.”

“Yes! Anything! Just give me my home back. You name what you want, and I’ll give it to you, I’m no quack!”

“It’s not too much, just be a bit more nice, and when it comes to goods, set a fair price. Take good care of your kingdom; it’ll help you out. The people will actually like you without a doubt.”

“Okay, very well, I’ll do as you say. Just return everything as it was yesterday.”

“As you wish,” the witch said, but then stopped. “But there’s a catch,” the truth was dropped. “To perform such a spell is no easy task. So here’s a question I must ask, would it be a crime to always speak in rhyme?” The town spoke about this news, but in the end it wasn’t hard to choose.

“We’re in too much trouble to worry about it. Just help us now; we’ll get into the spirit. It probably won’t be too hard to do a lot.” It was a good idea. That’s what the king thought. “Just do it now. Get it done. I actually think this might be fun.” The king cracked a grin, and his last one it wouldn’t have been.

And so at that, the witch cast her spell and all was well, or so they tell. The land was blessed with much more rain, and to buy some bread was a lot less of a pain. The king was loved by all his folk. He was a very happy bloke.

So in the end, all was well and it was all because of one spell. The witch left town, and the king made a frown. But he was glad because he had his kingdom at his side, and he even found himself a bride.

And so, that is the story in all of its glory. Our home’s history is no longer a mystery.

The past of our home
in a time before yours and mine
in the land
called Calentine.