

## CHRONICLES OF MELCEE 2015

### *Preamble*

*From time to time in the 108 year history of Methodist Ladies' College, during excavations to build new buildings, documents have been uncovered that seem to record the existence of a civilisation that may have inhabited this site in the past. Extensive research has failed to find any clues as to their origins, but contextual cues in the documentation suggest that it is certain that their habitation was from a time of great antiquity. Only last month, workers were surprised to uncover in the Boarding House Laundry floor, a carved box in which was found a scroll. The writing there found was transcribed by Dee Haughton, Helen Lydon and Kate Padman, themselves ancient crones, who are conversant in several of the ancient tongues. They say this is what was written thereon:*

### Chapter the Hundred and Fifteen

And once again the sun shone brightly over the Kingdom of Melcee where all appeared happy and calm. Rebecca of the Strategic Vision did look from the window of her Tower of Centenary over the verdant greens where the Little People did eat of their mean and nutritious gruel purchased with the use of their magic , Conjure Card. And she did smile for they were adorned in garments with purple ribbons and handcrafted buttons. For surely such beauteous vestments would cry out to passers-by;

“Behold we are on a continuous improvement agenda and therefore do strike fear into the hearts of those who gaze upon us; such as those from the tartan lands of Pelcee and the blue and grey fields of the Kingdom of Hilda the battle-axe.”

And it was true, for daily did Audacious Audrey the Pied Piper of Child Catchers net and entrap wandering Little People without Purpose and bring them by the cartload henceforth to the Kingdom of Melcee.

But alas just as quickly the Little People did tumble down the rutted cart tracks and disappear in clouds of dust as the dreaded Plague of the Economy did progress without mercy. All was not well across the lands beyond Melcee where gargantuan holes were dug so deep and the precious metals from within were sent in large reeded sailing ships to lands far, far away.

While in the Kingdom of Melcee a dreaded scourge had arrived that did render all who were exposed, to a dire disease caused by the use of acronyms, that we shall call the VMMT. This dreaded disease, the VMMT, did render all who succumbed, to a desire to flee from this the Kingdom of Melcee. The HOYs and those from the Clan of the Stealers of Thoughts and Readers of Minds consulted ancient scripts and runes to decipher the meaning of this dire disease of the acronyms. Alas, though they looked for the EMTs, the CLTs and the MMGs, the ancient scripts did not help.

The first to succumb was MazzaLeisa, the Sleepless who although she did move from hovel to hovel to avoid the dreaded VMMT, did finally go before Rebecca of the Vision, curtsy and say in tones both instructional and pleasant.

“ I can no longer continue for I am tired and confused by all the acronyms before me. I now choose to go forth from this kingdom to the Land of Retirement where I shall continue to cast my line into the muddy waters and shall return once again and then again with any Little People that I may find there.”

And though Rebecca of the Vision was sad at heart she did nod in acquiescence and did cast a handful of feathers over MazzaLeisa the Sleepless and spake soothingly saying

“Go and rest, for surely the Wings of Change are upon us and will cause much need for sleep before our time is done.”

And MazzaLeisa was soon to be followed by Bouncing Boyce of the Ball and Stick and Jacqui of the Hardened Wit and many others.

And so the days of toil did go on and on and on, one tedious day after another, the scribes and penpushers pushed their handcarts wearily up the dusty rutted lanes to the Mountain of Enlightenment and did continue to impart their pearls of wisdom to the Little People. But they were sorely vexed by the relentless invasion of I-Ben the Lord of Eyetee, and his shining acolytes, the Mac Maidens and Mac Men, who did mercilessly pursue the slower of the scribes muttering incantations of:

“Achievement Standards, VMMG, Attendance, TA, Reporting “ such that they had no choice but to succumb to their spells.

While across the WiFireless, pearls of wisdom did beam from shiny tablets in the hands of scribes to the shiny tablets in the hands of the Little People. But alas and alack! Many a time the WiFireless was

hindered and slow and many a time the pearls of wisdom did drop unrecorded and out of sight.

“Fear not”, called I-Ben from the realm of the InfoTechNots, “For we will make even greater fires to power our WiFireless and it will Connect all the Direct Messages from parents and the supplications from the Little People to the toiling scribes.” And so it was proved.

Hour by hour, long into the night, words flowed freely from hovels and huts around the Quarters of Claremont and the Sand Hills of Swanbourne and the Domain of Dalkeith, filling up the shiny tablets of the toiling scribes.

But alas, many were words of moaning and complaint that the scribes should etch more, and etch faster. “It is not enough” the parents cried “for your parchments to be full and for you to toil with the Little People. You must labour long into the night to etch your scratchings onto the bright and shiny tablets so we may check and approve of your toiling with our Little People. And this you must do, for **we pay you** those many shekels.”

And so the toiling scribes bent lower, and scratched harder, but sore were many hearts at this new and greater work thrust upon them.

As they toiled at this work, I-Ben the Lord of Eyetee and his acolytes came upon the scribes and spake in cautionary tones saying

“Remember as you work, you must not chip or scratch your shiny tablet, e’en though you labour long and hard and carry it hither and thither in the Kingdom of Melcee and beyond. For you have signed your name in blood, binding yourself to pay for any damage to your

tablet, and shekels will be taken from your near empty, shabby purses to pay for any such destruction.”

Meanwhile Brown Michael from the Bowels of Barclay did rub his hands with wicked glee for though he had already conquered the lower reaches of the Halls of Sumner his long awaited Machiavellian plot was unfolding. For soon his Camelot vision would be rising from the dungeons and torture chambers of Barclay and the Hall of Bosisto. And it would be clad in gold, with baronial feasting halls lined in panels of oak and resplendent in soft velvet drapes of green and purple, with tinkling waters passing through his Secret Garden, (but there would be no Fountain of Fertility.) Truly though, a magnificent abode for Brown Michael and his acolytes and his fecund maidens.

Now the Scientites were sorely vexed when they saw this. For they had been unscrolling their parchments on benches made from roughly hewn logs dating from the dark days, the hessian sacks that hung limp in their draughty windows were ragged and torn, and their gifts from I-Ben, the Lord of Eyetee were broken; no longer rendering lighten images upon the dirty and discoloured walls of their chambers nor did they have the magic beams of Wirefireless to operate their abacuses and tablets. They cried in voices weak from lack of nourishment and attention.

“What about us? We too need new places to peddle our ancient arts of Alchemy, Motion and Cycling and Recycling and the Studies of the Living and Dead.

So it was that the fair maiden ladies of the OMG heard the cries in the distance from their ancient towers of Craigmure and went to Rebecca of the Strategic Vision and spoke in conciliatory tones saying

“Behold for we have procured through our cunning and wiley ways – a small sack of golden coins. Perhaps it is time we had some friendly japery and competition such that those who have little, can compete for this small sack of gold coins. Coins that we have wrested from our beloved community, called the Circle of Excess, after plying them with much wine and sweets meats. “

And Rebecca of the Strategic Visions did smile beatifically at these clever conjurers of golden coins as she could see a Vision which pleased her greatly. And so it was that chosen damsels and vassals did practise their arts behind the roughly hewn doors in their hovels and on the appointed day they did emerge to do battle to win that small sack of gold coins that had been wrested so artfully from the Circle of Excess.

There was Brave Doug Houndstooth of the checkered jacket with his wizardry that allowed visions to appear upon the walls in the Halls of Hadley,

delicate Lady Annette Swan who used her cunning word craft to guide those who had lost their way,

and Lord Faulkner from the Clan of Minstrels who did sing sweetly like a siren and did attempt to blind the crowd using imagery from galaxies far, far away.

And then Birch of Willow and Wood, from the clan of the Physedites did go on bended knee pleading that the castle moat in which the

Little People did cavort and disport themselves in ragged vestments, be heated, though secretly no one thought that fire and water could mix in such a way.

But at the jousting's end, it was Katherine of the House of Padmannor, (formerly known as Paddo of the Whale from the Clan of the Scientites) who did conjure up images so desperate, of the poor and destitute state of the halls and dungeons of the Scientites, that the beloved community from the Circle of Excess, did throw their hands up in horror and cry as one

“Verily let us bestow our munificence upon these deserving wretches. So that they can continue to impart their pearls of wisdom on all things living and dead and those that live in the sea”

So that the Scientites were mollified, **somewhat**, but still await the day that they too may have a Camelot of their own. In secret, they did continue to study intently the wiley ways and cunning secrets of Brown Michael from the Bowels of Barclay. For he surely must have a hold the key to the Scientites future success.

And so it happened that one of the Scientites, Bruce the Besieged, was seen to be lurching from secret chamber to secret chamber and hiding in closets, muttering to himself. For he was speaking in the ancient language of Timetabler such that no one could understand of which he spoke, except for Purposeful Pauline of the Pinks who lingered outside his chamber, entreating him to come out.

And although Purposeful Pauline of the Pinks could be persuasive, Bruce the Besieged was not to be enticed, for he had decided that

speaking in foreign tongues was not his way; he yearned to return from whence he came those many, many years ago. And although he was long in tooth and grey of hair he would return to the Land of Serve It Right to teach the Little People there; way beyond the Quarters of Claremont, the sand hills of Swanbourne and even the salt mines of Shenton.

But yet even more disturbing news was filtering throughout the Kingdom of Melcee. For it had reached the ear of Rebecca of the Strategic Vision that one of the originals, a venerable sage of such wisdom and prudence, that her name and that of the kingdom's were considered inseparable, had succumbed to the dire disease of the VMMT.

She could be heard murmuring quietly to herself

“Walton Leadership, Walton leadership, W.L.I, W.L.I, W.L.I,

And whispering to herself “TA, TA, VMMT, MMG, MMT..... “

such that her trusty offsider and assistant, Lynne from the Lands of Elephant and Lion, did gently place cool cloths on her brow and say

“I am much afeared that Palm the Tree, formerly of the Clan of Bio and HumBio will not be with us much longer. For the acronyms have entered her tired brain and she is sorely tested”.

When the news went out across the Land, there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. The Little People and scribes did throw themselves upon the ground beseeching Palm the Tree, formerly of the Clan of Bio and HumBio, to stay but she cast a gentle eye over them all and spake

“It is time. For I am weary of the acronyms that plague this land and long to settle with my own kith and kin in the land beyond the eastern boundaries of this Kingdom of Melcee. “

And as she gazed thoughtfully around her she saw that all was good; for indeed the Little People were all dressed in new garments of purple and green with the handcrafted buttons, her work with the W.L.I showing the Little People the leaders’ way was fruitful, the scribes did smile often when they raised their weary heads from their shiny tablets and scrolls as she walked by and the Forests of Fig and Pine had recovered most beautifully some of their former splendour, having been safely encircled with bonds of iron..

So with a determined tread, firmly clasping magical orbs of purple and green and white, she stepped purposefully once more, out on to the fields of Melcee and sallied forth, with head held high, towards the Land of Retirement; where acronyms did not exist and further quests awaited. And as she disappeared off into the distance, through the clouds of dust, there came a very faint cry “Au revoir, au revoir, mes amis !

And after she was departed, Rebecca of the Strategic Vision did glance westwards in anticipation, with a gleam in her eye, from whence came a faint flurry of dust and wailing from the general direction of the blue and grey fields of the Kingdom of Hilda of the Battle Axe .

But that is a story for another time.