

Melcee 2014

CHRONICLES OF MELCEE

Chapter the One Hundred and Thirteen

Preamble

From time to time over the history of Methodist Ladies' College, during times of excavation, ancient documents have been uncovered. The first instance of this was in the nineteen eighties and Lindsay Purdie, Chaplain at the time, took it upon himself to transcribe them and share them with the staff as they gathered to celebrate the end of the year. Copies of these transcriptions can be found in the library. Little or nothing is known of the origins of these documents. They appear, however, to refer to the existence of a former civilization to have inhabited this site.

Earlier in the year, another scroll was uncovered by workmen when digging for broken gas pipes in Corry Lynne. The scrolls required noxious fumes to be removed before they were safe, but they have been returned to us in time for our celebrations..

The following is that which was written

And yet again the seasons had turned, and yet again the scribes trundled their aged handcarts towards the gates of Melcee, eager to unfurl their scrolls and parchments and sharpen their quills so that they could share their Pearls of Wisdom with the little people. But as they gazed upward towards the Mount, the sun was obscured and a heavy Purple fog descended over the whole Kingdom of Melcee, so thick and heavy that even the cool breezes emanating from the Halls of the Lost and Abandoned Children, and from the Palace of the Scientites, could not clear the air. And some thought they could hear the wail of the Ancient Crones of Collegian prophesying that a pestilence would sweep the land

and that the worn and tattered sackcloths of the little people would never again flash gold, and indeed that the world might end. But then the voice of Rebecca of the Registration Quinquennalis rang through the Purple mists, and she did decree that gold would always be found in the Kingdom of Melcee, but henceforth it would be carefully hoarded in the coffers of the Bean Counters, safely away from the grasping hands of Brown Michael from the Bowels of Barclay, and was not to be wasted on finery for the little people.

And the Purple cloud gradually lifted, except for a small patch of Purple Haze which clung stubbornly about the Battlements of Sumner, and the clans of the kingdom turned towards their halls and towers and fields to go about their business.

But, lo, speeding from the horizon appeared a large and carefully waxed handcart, and it did race through the portcullis and came to a halt in the marketplace. And a sleek and tall stranger stepped forth, brushing dust from his jacket, and did declare” I come from the lands beyond the hill of MontClare, where men do wear skirts. My name is IBen, and I have come to the Kingdom of Melcee not to share Pearls of Wisdom, but to peddle Apples to all and sundry.” Forsooth did IBen make claims that this Apple would amaze all the tribes of the kingdom, and he strewed handfuls across the fields and plains, much to the displeasure of Barry of the Barrow, and his boys of rake and blower. But the Ladies of Needle and Ladle who dwelt in the galleys of Langsford, did gather them eagerly, and cut and grated and diced their Apples into pies, but they were sadly disappointed, and said of

this Puree of Apples that sometimes it worked, and sometimes it did not. And Naughty Haughty gathered a bucket full, and heated them in her cauldron over a Bunsen and pressed them to foment cider, but she found the Liquor of Apples gave her headaches and made her eyes bleary. And Brave Brian of Barclay steadfastly protested that this was not an evidence based fruit, and reminded the tribes that he still had plentiful crops of cabbage and parsley, mulberry and nuts, all of which were proven to nurture the little people, and could see no need to introduce exotic fruits to the kingdom. And David the Socialstud cried a warning from the tower of Connell, that the little people claimed their apples were rotten, and did threaten to smash them to pieces and hurl them from the windows. So IBen cravenly took shelter in the Virtual Dungeons of Eyeteer, and sent forth his hirsute minions, Roger de'Mo, and Dean Chinfluff, to dispose of the bad apples, but they also found the taste displeasing, and departed the Kingdom post haste.

Many moons later there came into the Kingdom a wandering friar who sang praises to the Lord, and Robert the Tuning Fawk skipped about and waved his new baton in excitement, for he had so far found None in the Kingdom Of Melcee who could hold a tune. And the people gathered to the friar, and Dennis Doc of the Mathemetites, who had dwelt since time began in the Kingdom, peered closely and declared that this was Hollis the Heavenly (pause), long thought to be lost to Melcee. And Hollis the Heavenly (pause) did tell tales of dwelling in Melcee in days gone by, and of his banishment by

Marg-ms the Magnificent who had eyed the clans flocking to his meetings with a jaundiced eye and had sent him on false missions to the Caves of Synod, from whence he escaped to wander lost for a year and a year in the dunes and deserts of the north until he found himself in the Kingdom of Stephen the Saint. And Hollis the Heavenly (pause) was lavished with many fine tapestries and carpets in the Kingdom of Stephen the Saint; yea even endless varieties of Apple such as IBen did peddle. But throughout these years Hollis the Heavenly (pause) did remember the godless tribes of Melcee and knew some day that it would be his destiny to return. So it came to pass that Rebecca of the Registration Quinquennalis did clasp Hollis the Heavenly, (pause) to her bosom, and did declare that Hollis the Heavenly (pause) should henceforth sit at her left hand.

And it came to pass that Lustful Lynne of the Latex, did make her curtsy before Rebecca of the Registration Quinquennalis, and said “Long may you live, but my eye grows dim and my spirit grows weak. I have been peddling Cucumbers of Lebanon to the little people since time began, but my trade has diminished since Apples have been strewn free across the fields and plains of the Kingdom and my Cucumbers of Lebanon grow flaccid and limp under the burning sun of Melcee. So I will put on my hat and long sleeved garment and go forth from this Kingdom, and take with me the Game player Gairns to push my handcart , and we will wander afar

to find the mythical Land of Retirement, from whence few return.

Meanwhile while the clansmen were distracted by Hollis the Heavenly (pause), Maria the Mischievous had cast Magic spells on her Halls, and there was much Merriment as her scribes were plied with Mead and sweetmeats, for they needed much inducement to live in the Tower of Muggle, as the tribe of little people who dwelt in the eastern reaches of the Kingdom were particularly wayward and naughty, and indeed needed Magic powers to restrain them from removing their scanty rags and waving them at the barbarian tribes who roamed the land beyond the Eastern Gate, for this incited the barbarians to breach the walls, and it was suspected that it was the barbarians who had stolen into the Tower of Muggle, and had most foully murdered the fish called Flop, beloved of Jan of the Silver Foyle.

But it came to pass that Maria the Mischievous did tire of keeping the little maidens of the eastern reaches from harm, and she too did make her curtesy before Rebecca of the Registration Quinquennalis, saying, “Long may you live, but I have come before you to confess that I have taken to my bosom an husband, Michael, who lives far away on the Mount called Lawley, and he is gravely vexed that I toil so near to the Fertile Fountain, and calls on me to return to our Mansion to Mould the Minds of our Many offspring, and to teach them to speak in tongues and to balance on high, high, heels when they walk. But before I leave my Tower of Muggle and the Kingdom of Melcee I would ask that you seek out the scribe

RuthLess, who has laboured long and thanklessly in the Bowels of Barclay, and make of her the Satrap of Eights, for I hear told she practices dark arts which may tame the tribes of wayward and naughty children who run wild near the eastern gate. And so it was, and Maria the Mischievous made Merriments in the Tower of Muggle and in the feasting Halls of the Kingdom, and even in the Taverns of Subi, and departed.

Then Hollis the Heavenly (pause) did whisper in the left ear of Rebecca of the Registration Quinquennalis, that the tribe of Esswhy suffered from the malady of Glums, for they had grown anxious and depressed, and clung frightened to the skirts of their mothers and their mother's mothers since their chieftain, Mazzaleisa the Sleepless had departed for far lands on the Leave of the Long Serving. And Palm the Tree, formally of the clan of Humbio, who now sits on the right of Rebecca of the Registration Quinquennalis, did whisper that KizmeKate who dwelt amongst the Scientites, had great powers, yea had even tamed tigers in the kingdom of Tasman, and could certainly detach little people from the skirts of the mothers of Melcee. So KizmeKate was raised up to join the Sanctum of EMT, to sit somewhat below Hollis the Heavenly (pause) and Palm the Tree. And Rebecca of the Registration Quinquennalis looked around her, and did call on SuzyShoe the Satrap of twelves, formally of the Clan of Players, and did ordain that SuzyShoe would henceforth lengthen her skirts and become Assistant to KizmeKate, and must particularly take charge of merriments and festivals to cure the little people of Esswhy of the Glums.

Then Bruce the Besieged came forth from his secret Tower, and proclaimed that the scribes and penpushers of Melcee had grown flabby and soft on their diet of Apples, and entreated Rebecca of the Registration Quinquennalis to appoint Naughty Haughty and the Viking Pam to dress in hose of purple and green stripes, and rubber thickened sandals, to act as pacesetters and lead the people on forced marches through the swamps and mountains and fields of Melcee until they became lean and fit again..

But instead Rebecca of the Registration Quinquennalis looked over her Kingdom, and saw that the little people had grown exceedingly in number so that they were like unto the stars in the sky, or the sand by the seashore, and she was vastly pleased, and ordered that the coffers of the Kingdom be opened- briefly- so that merriments should be provided for all of her peoples. And the benches did groan with platters of sweetmeats and mulberries and parsley, cabbage and nuts, and tankards of mead, and all of the people did gather to feast and praise Rebecca of the Registration Quinquennalis.