

CHRONICLES OF MELCEE 2016

Preamble

From time to time in the 109 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 ruins of Bosisto Hall, a carved box in which was found a scroll. The writing there found was transcribed by Ben Beaton, Dee Haughton and Kate Padman, themselves ancient cronos, who are conversant in several of the ancient tongues. They say this is what was written thereon:

Chapter the Hundred and Sixteenth

It was during the dark times when all of the scribes and pen pushers, the little people and those who toil in the dark places of the kingdom had retreated to their dwellings to rest from the blistering summer heat that a great peril came across the Kingdom of Melcee. As summoned by Peter the UnSullied - the Keeper of the Coins, it appeared in the form of a destructive, fire breathing mechanical dragon. Rebecca of the Strategic Vision did look from the window of her Tower of Centenary over the verdant greens and upon realising that she and she alone, still remained within the Kingdom did stride purposely down the siding tracks, and stepped into the path of the approaching dragon.

“Be still,” she cried. (“A line she had surely borrowed from the much loved little people parchment **Where the Wild things Are**, for an opportunity to learn and love parchment should never be missed”)

“Out of the way my liege,” called a round man clothed from the land of King Gee, and from the clan of the Wheelers of Barrows

“For I have orders to raise this Bastion to the Baron of Bosisto, but first we must eradicate this ancient and decrepit hall from the Kingdom.”

Rebecca of the Strategic Vision squinted and shielded her delicate eyes from the harsh sunlight. As she cast her all seeing gaze across the verdant green to the Hall of Bosisto there was a shimmering vision in the haze, and before her eyes it transformed into a beautiful vision of glass with silver battlements and open plan play spaces. And as she rubbed her eyes in amazement, and focussed hard, she saw little people and scribes laughing and dancing in the cool shade of the glass castle, and a new opportunity for the kingdom of Melcee, the J Why Build.

As she stepped aside she goaded the mechanical dragon and spake thus, “do your worst!” she exclaimed, “Wyverns are most welcome here.” donning her helmet of carbonised plastic and her giant boots of rubber.

And so it did follow that dust, dirt, scraps of parchment and a magical substance known only as aaah spess toss spewed forth from the gaping jaws of the dragon. Rebecca of the Strategic Vision looked for her trusted advisor Palm the Tree to impart her wisdom, but alas she was nowhere to be found. She traversed all corners of the Kingdom of Melcee, looking high and low, across the wasteland of the kingdom formerly known as Peelcee, beyond the Quarters of Claremont, the sand hills of Swanbourne and even the salt mines of Shenton until, weary and parched she came upon a clearing near a babbling brook.

There three wizened sisters appeared through the heat haze and spake to Rebecca of the Strategic Vision thus.

“Hail to thee” they cried, “Oh wise one of Melcee, why do you start and seem to fear? Seek not, Palm the Tree, for she now dwells in the land of retirement where her Garden blooms. But fear not, she proffered us a seed, germinated and transformed by a powerful AlChemist, planted on the Western edge of the Kingdom so that a part of her shall always dwell with the Scientites, and her knowledge will always flourish in the Laboratory of the Biological Sciences”

“Fantastical wretches,” cried Rebecca of the Strategic Vision, “who are you and how do you know of this sorcery?”

“We are the weird, wizened sisters”, said the tallest, “we seek refuge from the land of Pelcee. Like P follows M, so does Pelcee follow Melcee. I’m Lee”
“I too am called Lee,” said the second, “and this is Dee.” She said pointing a bony thumb at the third.

“For we have used conjuring tricks so that no-one can tell us apart. We come to you with knowledge of the dark magic from the land of Pelcee where we have perfected the art of mimicry, subterfuge and deception.

And the wizened sisters did bow low before Rebecca of the Strategic Vision and did say “We seek refuge in your bountiful lands, if you let us eke out a meagre living here, for a few copper coins we will reveal to you the secrets to the AlChemist know as **Bad Doc.**”

Rebecca of the Strategic Vision did turn to the gleaming white Laboratory of the Biological Sciences before her. Mystical creatures bubbled happily in the ooze and slime, and fish of garish colour darted and swam in the warm tropical waters.

“What would you do old friend?” She asked.

The heat haze stirred and on a light breeze the whispers could be heard
“VMMT, WLI, MMT, all good, all good”.

“You’re right old friend, it is time to seek counsel afresh for you are now well content in your place”

Rebecca of the Strategic Vision steadied herself and returned to the sanctuary of her chambers.

“I’ll just call by the Receiving Hall of my Tower of Centenary,” she thought “to catch my breath”, but as if by magic one of the weird wizened sisters was already there. Crouched beneath the winding staircase, she guarded the door where once Audacious Audrey the Pied Piper of Child Catchers would entrance little people and their parents.

And beyond the hearth of her Great Hall a great whirring and sound of glass beakers touching caught Rebecca's interest. Peering through the door she saw a most fantastical sight. Dressed head to toe in the brightest crimson, then blue then purple, sat the **Bad Doc** herself stirring potions and creating all manner of tonics and tinctures.

"What have you done with our Kingdom's portal?" said Rebecca of the Strategic Vision. "Where is Julie who spake in soothing tones, what is the meaning of all this? Don't you know we have a 10 year strategy in place?"

But the **Bad Doc** did continue her conjuring tricks and without looking up muttering to herself, "Nothing is as it seems. Up is down, left is right and day is night." With a wave of her wand, the Bad Doc transformed her vestments into brilliant azure blue for she truly understood magic.

"Palm the Tree is no longer your adjutant. But fear not, oh normally fearless one, do not be distressed for I have brought my own acronym, For now cometh the time of Cee I Ess."

The **Bad Doc** then looked west to the land of the Scientites whose cries for new places to peddle their ancient arts of Alchemy, Motion and Cycling and Recycling and the Studies of the Living and Dead had finally been answered.

She summoned her acolyte, the strongest and most restless man in the Kingdom, Baron BicycleBiff to work the magic tablet and conjure new ways for the Scientites to take over the Kingdom.

"Baron Biff," she cried, "For too long the Alchemists have toiled long and hard in the dark caves at the western edge of the Kingdom. We need to bring light to the dark, and peddle our wares to all corners of Melcee."

As sure as night follows day, testing follows teaching and revelry follows reports, life in the Kingdom of Melcee found a sensible pace.

Brightly clad men came and went toiling long into the night carrying glass, steel and gip rock to fashion the J Why Build, and for a brief while at least, scribes and pen pushers contented themselves with what they did best.

For the briefest of times, all was good in the Kingdom of Melcee. Until a cold wind blew across the battlements and open lands, and some of the little people succumbed to new ailments that they had brought back from family crusades to faraway lands. With such a sharing and warm community of learners, it wasn't long before the rutted cart tracks, dungeons and great halls of Melcee were empty and devoid of laughter and song, as little people and pen pushers alike succumbed to the terrible plague.

'What can I do?' " Rebecca of the Strategic vision managed in a raspy whisper, "who can we turn to in our hour of need?".

Lee, Lee and Dee, the weird, wizened sisters. appeared as if in a dream, "A powerful plague needs a powerful potion" they spake thus, "Verily there is no more powerful sorcerer than the **Bad Doc.**"

So Rebecca of the Strategic Vision did send for her adjutant who appeared before her clad in vestments of brilliant purple hues, and thus Rebecca knew then that all would be well.

"**Bad Doc,**" she said, "It is reputed across these lands that although you carry the special strain that ails us all, that on your travel across the Kingdom of Hilda of the Battle Ax, Curtin and CeeCeeGee Ess that you have built up certain immunity and can vex these ailments with your potions and spells. If you can save us and help Melcee regain its place as the strongest Kingdom in all the lands, then we can open our doors to Pelcee Little people, CCGS Little people and I'll even make an exception for one little angel from the Kingdom of Hilda of the Battle Ax that bears your name."

And so it was that **Bad Doc** did not disappoint and once again for the briefest of times the Kingdom of Melcee was calm and peaceful and prosperity came

to all who dwelt there. The pencil pushers etched their numerals and words in parchment, the coin collectors counted out the silver and bronze shekels, for gold had not come their way in many a year. The grass cutters, preparers of victuals in the kitchens and villagers all tended the little people with their customary boundless energy.

But

The Kingdom of Melcee is rarely without quarrel or discord. For even though the Kingdom is built on such high values as Integrity, Mastery, Enterprise and Justice it was to be dealt another blow. For in the Bowels of Barclay, in the cart tracks and lane ways of the Muddled Years, and even in the once quiet and dormant House of Sumner, trouble was brewing.

It began with a whisper, that an ancient one was about to retire. It was rumoured that before the great fire that forged the iron clock that stood proudly above House of Sumner, the ancient one who once had shunned the ire of all the lands and lived simply in his cave, surrounded by strange baubles on sticks used for measuring the very fabric of time.

In this sacred place he surrounded himself with damsels, each charged with the duty of disseminating his teachings to the little people and translating his scratchings, so that order and symmetry could be hewn from the chaos. This wise Doctor of Ire now emerged from his garret and proclaimed with his passing, it was time for his acolytes to take the great migration to a new place. A dangerous and important journey, across the verdant green of the Court of Greatness, past the noble houses of Langsford and Connell to a new resting place much in need of structure, regulation and rule – such that only the Mathematities could bring. The Muddled Years.

And so it was, at it sometimes is, that when one great and respected elder speaks, others seek to stand up and fill the void, proclaiming to any that would listen that they too are great, and ancient and wise.

Brown Michael, soon to eschew the Bowels of Barclay, took heed as the Mathematities began their great trek, rubbed his hands together with great glee and saw yet another chance to further extend his reach.

“These little people are only getting bigger”, he cried as he led his people into battle for new territory in the once great House of Sumner.

“**Sumner is coming**” he cried as he smote all and any in his path, “and be forewarned, for we may be small, but we are mighty.”

While Rebecca of the Strategic Vision, the Bad Doc and others of the Cee El Tee were gathered in one their ritualistic huddles other noble houses took up the charge and began to question the old ways.

The druid folk who proselytised the word of the lord began a pilgrimage to new lands in the House of Connell joining the sooth Sayers and Speaker of Tongues in their quest to moralize the little people.

The Map Makers and Keeper of Secrets and Ancient Runes, annoyed at the incantations and smell of incense made their own move, “Even the Muddled years has to be better than this,” said Brave David of the River Crossing to his followers, and with a wave of his hand they followed in his wake.

Sadly, and somewhat ironically, the Tellers of stories and writers of truth, misunderstood their great warrior leader and a true descendent of Genghis Khan, and are still wandering the Kingdom to this day, trying to find sanctuary and a place to ply their red markings to the many parchments the little people produce.

As the flowers started the wilt in the mid-day sun, and the little people grew weary of their study and started to look towards harvest season, a time of reflection and renewal, Rebecca of the Strategic Vision knew she needed to gather the Kingdom together once more to show Purposeful Camaraderie, and gain vantage over Pelcee and the Kingdom of Hilda of the Battle Ax.

She called upon the Grand Wizard and sower of seeds i-Ben for one last great display of unity and Ohana. So it was that i-Ben emerged from his temple, and his bright young nubiles clothed in vestments of orange and yellow followed and he called to all the little people in the way of the ancient Pied Piper.

“Look to the Skies Little ones,” he cried. “For I will show you such trickery, for I control the sky creatures, and you will all bow before them and throw off your shackles.”

But while the scribes and the pen pushers, mostly immune to i-Ben’s great powers of persuasion, retreated to the shadows and corridors of the kingdom, the little people, exposed to the noon day sun, did bow to i-Ben’s will.

“Look to the Skies,” he cried again, as the **Bad Doc** whipped the little people into a frenzy. And lo, it was true. For above them all a wondrous sight was to behold. Flying creatures took to the skies darting and swooping over the little people, corralling them into a circle above the crops.

“This is truly the future,” thought Naughty Haughty, “a kingdom where strange creatures watch over the lands, leaving the scribes and pen pushers to take solace from the heat and rain. No more toiling in the fields and dungeons for my Clan.”

Rebecca of the Strategic Vision also saw the true value of this sorcery. “i-Ben”, she commended, “take your creatures and your nubiles out across the faraway lands and strategically round up all of the little people you find. Drive the pen pushers, the sages and the prosperous here to the Kingdom of Melcee so that we may be ready to face the challenges ahead.

And so it was, that the Kingdom of Melcee thrived.

Bad Doc tinkering with her tinctures. **Rebecca of the Strategic Vision** consorting with the weird, wizened sisters. The Noble Houses striving to strengthen their authority

New hovels and stables were constructed by the Wheelers of Barrows and the fertile soil tilled so all could find succour and safe passage here. But most of all, busy preparing for a mysterious time of Cee I Ess, and Registration and 20 25.

But that is a story for another time.