

Melcee 2012

CHRONICLES OF MELCEE

Chapter the One Hundred and Twelve

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. 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 week, another scroll was uncovered in the bowels of Barclay. It was badly damaged and some parts may be missing, and analysis of its style suggests that previous authors may have met a violent end in some revolutionary events.....

The following is that which was written

It was Proclaimed that in the year of Oh Twelve, the Third in the reign of Rebecca the prophetess, that Inquisitors would descend upon the Land of Melcee, Inquisitors of such power that they could imperil the very existence of the kingdom.

Rebecca the Prophetess had instructed Peter of the Pursestrings to distribute Largess and handfuls of scheckels to the scribes to celebrate the birth of her new child. In adulation, Maria the Mischievous of the Muddle School did herald that she too would bring forth issue to add to the numbers of little people. Whereupon Mazza Leisa the sleepless formerly of the Mathematities did cry in alarm, that While grateful for some extra scheckels, she had only ever brought forth boys from her loins and must find other ways to show her dedication to the Kingdom.

Meanwhile Brown Michael from the Bowels of Barclay barely noticed, for he had other plans in mind. Indeed it was rumoured that he instructed Neil of the Nails to brick up and remove the Fertile Fountain so that there could be no more issue from his scribes.

But the maids of Melcee paid him no heed and verily they were **inspired** by little Eve the Effervescent, and the patter of little feet became such that it was threatened that the gates of the Kingdom would be shut to further fecund scribes.

Then Brown Michael from the Bowels of Barclay donned his chainmail and wrested the quills and parchments from the hands of the scribes, and forced them to wield mops and brooms and hammers to patch and polish the aged and decrepit halls of Barclay. With whip and sword he did force Barry of the Barrow and his Boys to fell trees from the dwindling forests of Melcee, but that they had to do this in dead of night to forestall the protestations of Palm the Tree formerly of the Clan HumBio and others of the Order of the Green Thumb.

And Sand that was strewn upon the pathways to imperil scribes and little people attempting to leave the kingdom was reluctantly swept aside to impress the Inquisitor of Safety and Seals.

And so with increasing fervor, Brown Michael from the Bowels of Barclay did say that he would refurbish the cavorting halls of his loyal staff, but without using any scheckles from the coffers of Melcee. He beseeched tributes from the guardians of the little people; suggesting the scribes would gladly forgo their end of annum gifts of gratitude. And some of his scribes did wail and gnash their teeth and cried that this idea was most foolhardy and foul, and plotted treason against Brown Michael from the Bowels of Barclay's preposterous notion whilst they did wait patiently in line for the Closet of the Single Pail and Faint Flush.

Yet others were inflamed by the visions of Brown Michael from the Bowels of Barclay, such that Deborah the Debtor undertook to raise some scheckles through much discussion of hounds and stallions, stakes on great sporting feats and parchments that scratched away to reveal secret codes, such that this discussion replaced the usual learned converse of the scribes. But most mysteriously did all these ill gotten scheckles amount to nought, so that still the scribes rested their raggedly clothed behinds upon the bare springs and coils in the Halls of Barclay.

And whispers were hears throughout the kingdom that Jan of the Silver Foil, and her valet, Valiant Varley in the far towers of the Muddle Years, were jousting to beat the Barclayites, and they conspired to keep the Inquisitor's gaze on the fresco while the scribes of the MuddleYears did whisk away their unruly and barely clad little people to hide in the undergrowth down where the river flows brown and salty.

Inquisitors or not, the business of the Land did proceed, and so the thespians did travel to far away lands. Their journey was long and perilous and met with great illness such that MazzaLeisa the sleepless, formerly of the Mathematities and now the Medico, did ply the little people with willow of bark. Buoyed by their relief of pain, the weary travelers did find the Marketplaces of the New World were most wondrous and spent many scheckles on cloaks of fine fabrics, and multi coloured boots. Rumour has it that upon return to the Kingdom of Melcee, Jodee the Joyful, did succumb to the plague and was nowhere to be found when the Inquisitors did seek answers to the worrisome question; How did the female characters in the musical japery of Chicago align with the values the Kingdom of Melcee.

.The Ladies of the Brown Luncheon Pail, on hearing of the extra scheckels the scribes were paid did decree that forthwith sustenance must be paid for, rather than giving false promises of scheckels to be paid back later. But the scribes were loath to part with their newfound wealth, and resorted to dry biscuits and sweet tea. Indeed some had traded for new handcarts and wanted to protected their springs by avoiding the protrusions in the road on their way up to the mountain of enlightenment each morning; taking devious routes and risking detection by Mark of Sharp Eyes.

And so the big day cometh. It was secret to none, that all future increases in scheckels from apparently penniless Peter of the Pursestrings hung in the balance. Gathered shoulder to shoulder the shufflers of parchment to confound the Inquisitors with their policies read by candlelight as soon as they were written, and learnt by heart in the wee hours of morn. They brandished the school values, practised on the Platform of the Oracle found under the mighty Fig trees of the Great Court, all the while keeping a lookout for

missiles landing from the pine trees nearby. Secret pneumatic codes were devised and carried in pockets, behind ties and up shirt sleeves, in case of an unexpected interrogations.

And verily the Inquisitors were astonished, and the kingdom of Melcee was rebranded as **Amazing**, and they proclaimed that Rebecca should henceforth be known as the Rebecca of the Registration Quintanni. (Five years), and proclaimed her even greater than Beth of the Kingdom of Pelcee and even Joy of the Kingdom of StHags.

However, her happiness was dimmed when Rebecca of the Registration Quintanni found herself unable to alight from her chariot in the usual fashion. For someone else had parked their impudent chariot on her hallowed ground. And so it came to pass that, Carly the Capable, breaking with tradition proclaimed an alert to all. It was Naughty Haughty up to her usual trickery, and she was lucky to avoid the rack. But in such times of celebration and japery she did escape this dire punishment with a stern warning to take her handcart elsewhere..

There were many great stresses amongst the Clan of the Mathematities for DennisDoc was overtired from his battles of E-bay, and left to recuperate on far away beaches with his handmaid as his sole companion. Much wailing and gnashing of teeth followed the decree that Saunders the Sage was henceforth handing in her quills, her abacus and filing her parchments and would be seen no more in the Kingdom of Melcee. The Clan of the Harp and Lute were also much aggrieved when Bobby broke his baton of joyful noise and had to travel to far away lands of palm trees and gentle breezes to find a new one.

Unaware of what was to come and still smiling beatifically upon her minions, Rebecca of the Registration Quintanni, was knew not of secret plots from the Bowels of Barclay. For Brown Michael of the Bowels of Barclay, eyes gleaming with secret desire; was plotting his next move. Sneakily and steadily Brown Michael has sent his minions to infiltrate the Wearers of whistles in the exiled kingdom of the Physedites, the cool corridors of Sumner and the new Lounge of Literature.

For now he had his eye on the dungeons of the clan of the Lockout known as the Bringer of the Zinger in years gone by, Unaccustomed to any colour, beyond the glare of their abacuses and attuned to the tap, tap, tapping of keys, Lockout's acolytes wandered through the halls of learning, searching for the comfort of a quiet cave, free from little people. Having worn out their thin sandals, they journeyed back to their virtual home, mis-shaven indeed with large whiskery growths beneath their noses; and unkempt and left Brown Michael and his little people to invade their dungeons.

And still Rebecca of the Registration Quintanni ,smiled upon her kingdom for all was well. But Brown Michael of the Bowels of Barclay did sit gazing upwards from his latest plunder of the dungeons of the clan of the Lockout and did see a wondrous sight glistening from afar; the Turrets of Centenary, the magnificent home of Rebecca of the Registration Quintanni.

Brown Michael from the Bowels of Barclay, sat eyes looking upwards, glistening in the gloom.

Which is where we must leave them, for though there is more to this story.... that is for another to tell.

And so it continued that the good people of the kingdom of Melcee did still toil in the mornings up the road to the mountain of enlightenment to deliver the pearls of wisdom for the ever diminishing handfuls of shekels; all the while the soles of their sandals did wear thin.