

Melcee 2013

CHRONICLES OF MELCEE

Chapter the One Hundred and Fourteen

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 Quintanni 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 what was that upon the horizon and as the scribes did squint their eyes against the glare as** a large and carefully waxed handcart did race at great speed through the portcullis, overflowing with piles of exotic fruit. 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 s this Puree of Apples sometimes it worked, and sometimes it did not. And** Naughty Haughty gathered a bucket full, and cooked them in her cauldron over a Bunsen and pressed them to foment cider, but she found the Liquor of Apples gave her headaches and turned her into a grump. Meanwhile Brave Brian of Barclay steadfastly protested that this was not an evidenced based fruit, and reminded the tribes that he had been growing cabbage and parsley, mulberry and nuts, all of which were proven to nurture the little people, and could see no need to introduce **such** 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 wisely took shelter in the Virtual Dungeons of Eyetee, and sent forth his hirsute minions, Roger de’Mo,

and Dean Chinfluff, to dispose of the bad apples, and to show the people how to use the remainder correctly.

Many moons later there came into the Kingdom a wandering friar who sang praises to the Lord, and Robert the Tuning Fawk jumped about and waved his new baton in excitement, for he had so far found none in the Kingdom Of Melcee that 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 had found himself in the **Kingdom of Stephen the Saint in the northern reaches of the land**. 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 those 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 Quintanni** 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 Quintanni, and said “Long may you rule over this Kingdom, 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 keep them from removing their scanty rags and waving them at the barbarian tribes who roamed the land beyond the Eastern Gate, to incite them to storm the Tower of Muggle.

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 curtsy before Rebecca of the Registration Quintanni, saying, “Long may you rule this kingdom, but I have come before you to confess that I have taken to my bosom a husband, Michael, who lives far away on the Mount called Lawley, and he is gravely vexed with me, and calls on me to return to our Mansion to Mould the Minds of our Many offspring, and teach them to speak in tongues **and learn 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 Ruth, 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 the feasting Halls of the Kingdom, and even the Taverns of Subi, and departed.

Then Hollis the Heavenly (pause) did whisper in the left ear of Rebecca of the Registration Quintanni, 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 Quintanni, did whisper that **Kate , formerly of 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 she 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 Quintanni looked around her, and did call on Suzy of the Players, and did say that if Suzy of the Players could lower her skirts and pledge to wear heels no higher than those of the departed Maria the Mischievous, that she could assist Kate with the little people of Esswhy, and make merriments and festivals to cure them of the Glums.

And Rebecca of the Registration Quintanni 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 mead, mulberries and parsley, and some apples and gluten free treats, and all of the people did praise Rebecca of the Registration Quintanni.

Kate the Reincarnated