

A photograph of a person sitting on the grass at the base of a large tree in a forest with autumn foliage. The scene is misty or foggy, creating a soft, atmospheric background. The person is wearing dark clothing and is positioned on the left side of the frame, leaning against the tree trunk. The ground is covered with fallen leaves, and the trees are filled with yellow and orange leaves. The overall mood is quiet and contemplative.

REIGN OF ZOULVISIA

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THE FOG
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Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Zoulvisia, autumn had come once more, and all the trees were covered in beautiful colours of gold, red and bronze.

There were harvest parties all over the kingdom, and many people were travelling— some in large caravans and others just on their own. The roads were very crowded with wagons of produce, ribbon covered horses and lots of people laughing and joking as they rode along.

Most of the people had maps so that they could find their way, but suddenly the entire main road of the kingdom was covered in a thick fog. It was the dense white sort which covered even the ground. You could wave your hand outstretched and not see it, the fog was so oppressive. Entire caravans halted, as no-one dared continue for fear of being lost on the road and not finding where they wanted to go.



Fortunately, there was a blind man in one of the groups and he could find his way just as well with fog as without it. He went straight for help.

The heroes Isabel and Unicorn Bob were in the forest not far from the main road, assisting some pixies with a gnome problem, and heard the man shouting.

Isabel listened to the story and, even though she wasn't sure what a sword could do against mist, she asked the man to show them where the fog had encompassed the road. Unicorn Bob wasn't keen on it, for he hated being cold and wet, but decided to come to. After all— those harvest wagons would be filled with cakes and fruit that he loved to eat.

“I think you've had enough this season!” Isabel laughed, but he merely shook his mane and breehinneeyhawed.





Sure enough, they soon came to a bridge near to the main road, and could not even see the other side the mist was so thick. It seemed to vanish as though plunging into the water! Isabel boldly stepped out and shouted in irritation, “fog, why are you doing this!”

Bob whinnied in surprise when the fog responded. The voice felt as though it came from all around the, “I must rest somewhere!”

Not perturbed in the least, Isabel responded, “you’ve trapped thousands of people on the road who are afraid of being lost if they go on.”

“What’s a road?” the fog replied.

“Moving through the air, I guess you wouldn’t need one,” Bob muttered. How could they make the fog understand it needed to move?



“Have you ever been near an ocean?”
Isabel said after thinking for a minute.

“Oh yes, I can’t go very far out, though,
or I cannot find my way back. It all looks
the same— one big puddle of blue-green.

“That’s what we feel like when there is
fog all around,” Isabel patiently explained,
“we only see white everywhere and do not
know where to go.”

“I’ve never had a complaint before,” the
mist haughtily sniffed.

“Because you weren’t covering a road,” Bob
huffed back, “if you see strips of bare dirt
and gravel, that’s what we need to find our
way. It is our...air.”

“Oh,” the fog sighed, “I get it, sorry, didn’t
know! I’ll stay away from the thin lines on
the ground from now on.”





After talking with our heroes, the fog left the road and found a nice deep forest to move into instead. The mist was happy that it found a place to rest, and all the travellers on the roads danced for joy as the fog cleared away.

Harvest time in the kingdom of Zoulvisia was saved, and everyone bustled off to the festivals and safely back home without any trouble.

The fog still drifts here and there in the kingdom, but it is careful to cross all roads as quickly as possible and never tarry for long. It just shows that you never know what will happen if you take time to ask politely.

THE END (for now)



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