



REIGN OF
ZOULVISIA

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THE MAYOR
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Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Zoulvisia, her younger brother, the cruel Duke of Northmorland, thought up an evil plot.

He sent one of his most trusted black knights out in the middle of the night to a large town that was important to the kingdom. The knight snuck past the guards and up to a large mansion.

The house belonged to the mayor of the town, and the knight stealthily stole the old man away before anyone woke up.

For hours the next morning, the guards searched for the mayor, but no trace was found until a young boy told of a knight he saw riding away with the mayor.

Desperate, the towns folk quickly sent word to the queen and begged for help. The mayor was a wise and respected man that the town needed!



Sir Oliver, the queen's knight commander, set out into the freezing snow to track the villain. Before he could reach the town, more snow began gently falling in small flakes onto his horse. Sir Oliver galloped on, but he was too late—the tracks were completely covered in a deep layer of snow.

With no way to properly follow the evil knight, Sir Oliver sadly made his way back to the palace to report the ill tidings.

“Send for Isabel and Unicorn Bob,” Zoulvisia suggested.

“I would, but none know where they are!”

It was very cold and a storm was brewing, but Zoulvisia could guess who had stolen the mayor. There was nothing for it but to go to her brother and beg the man's release. She wrapped up in her warmest furs and set out with Sir Oliver for the duke's gloomy castle.





It was a long road to the frozen lake where the duke's castle was perched. After several days of difficult roads in a blizzard, the sun shone once more as they reached the mountain pass.

Picturesque snow-covered trees dotted the landscape, and the queen paused a moment to look at them. The castle was visible in the distance, giving hope for their journey.

Zoulvisia and Sir Oliver cantered up to the drawbridge. It took rather a lot of persuading before the minions of the duke would allow them entrance. Black and gold hangings dominated the main hall, but the throne was empty— her brother was gone.

“You will have to wait, your majesty,” a knight explained, “the duke has gone hunting and may not return for several days.”

“Convenient,” Sir Oliver muttered.



The moment his spies informed the duke that Zoulvisia had left the palace, he set out on his fastest horse for her royal home. He rode down the guards at the gates and leapt from his horse with a flourish.

“She is dead,” he cried in false anguish, “the queen was frozen before she could reach my castle. My men found her on the roadside!” he pretended to weep and all her courtiers stood in shock at the news. “Oh really?” a clever lady-in-waiting spoke up, “where is the proof? I don’t trust you.”

“He speaks the truth,” the missing mayor rode up. The duke had shown him a piece of her clothing that he had stolen from the palace and convinced the mayor of the story that his queen was dead.

“If the mayor says so, I believe it!” all the court took up the cry.

“This makes me king,” smirked the duke.





Meanwhile, Zoulvisia and Sir Oliver decided it wasn't worth waiting in a dangerous castle and were on their way back to the palace. As they reached the pass, a snowstorm blew up and who should show up but Isabel and Unicorn Bob!

The queen chattered out an explanation of what was happening and the heroes agreed to help. As they entered the palace, a series of horns began in the preliminary ceremonies to a coronation.

“And what do you think you are doing?” Zoulvisia strode into her throne room.

“Uh...” the duke took one look at his sister and bolted, though Unicorn Bob got in a well aimed kick at his shins. The courtiers apologized and explained how they had been deceived. Isabel and Unicorn Bob saw the mayor safely home.

THE END (for now)



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