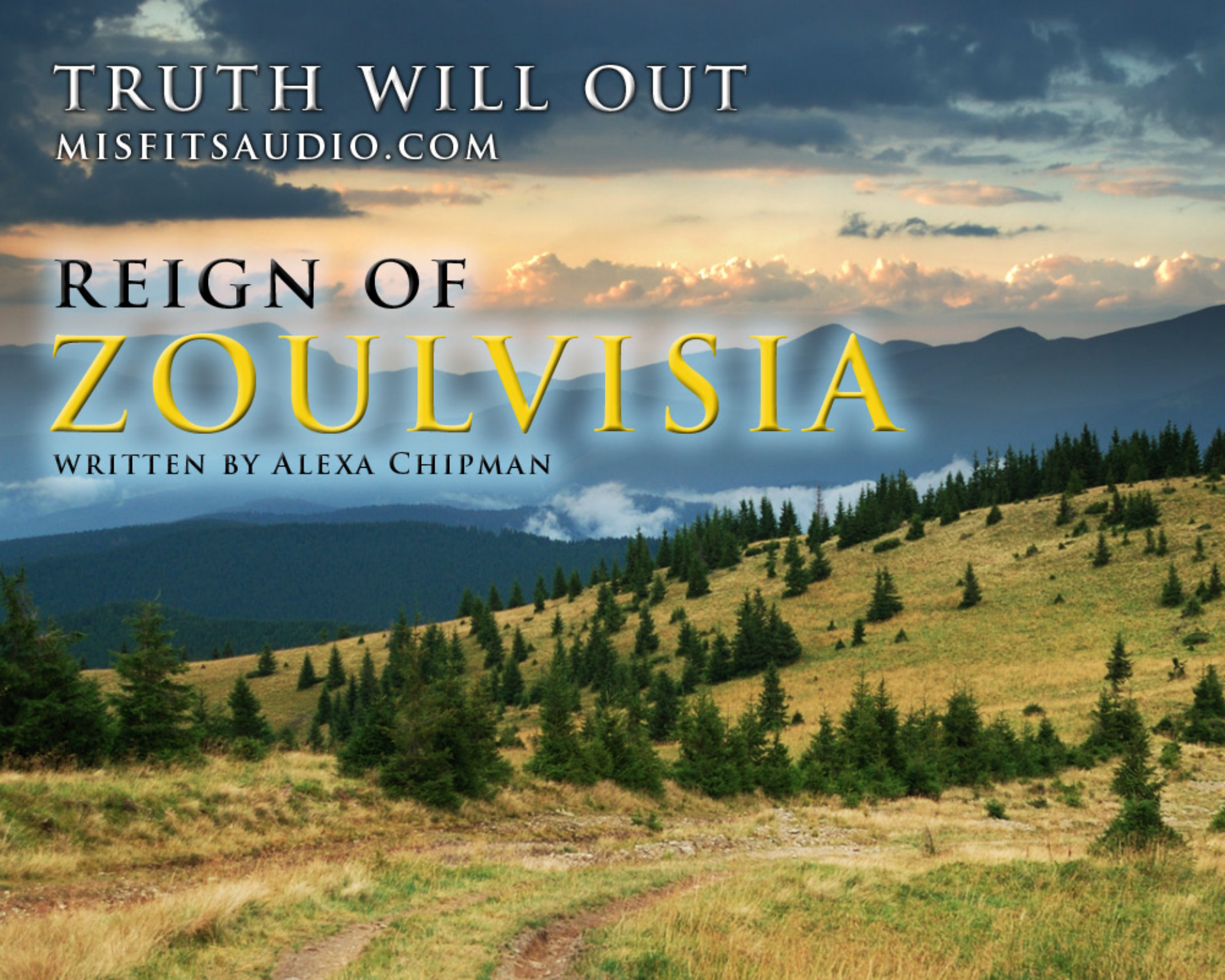


TRUTH WILL OUT  
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REIGN OF  
ZOULVISIA

WRITTEN BY ALEXA CHIPMAN







Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Zoulvisia, a group of peasants were living happily in their village, until some of the children started falling ill. They had fevers and sometimes even odd blue-green scars on their skin. The little boys thought it was fantastic, but the little girls did not, and their mothers were certainly upset.

They sent a messenger to the lovely queen, but he grew sickly as well, collapsing at the palace gates. The best court physicians were unable to heal the malady, so they knew it was a result of evil magic.

Queen Zoulvisia dispatched Sir Oliver to track down the sorcerer responsible, and he rode over hill and dale to reach the village. Few were well enough to greet him, and all spoke of a powerful witch who lived in the forest.

“She did it!” one villager cried, “she’s old and does magic, it must be her!”





When Sir Oliver's steed galloped into the forest, the witch saw his coming in a still pool—she knew her life was in danger, so she rushed to find someone to help.

Though the knight hunted the woods, she knew them better. Every tree was an old friend, and she knew well how to hide her tracks. She wondered why such a good knight would be trying to kill her. It did not seem like an mission Queen Zoulvisia would have sent him on.

After several days of desperate flight, the witch stumbled tired and frightened into a glade hoping to find some berries to pick for her supper. Instead she found a formidable warrior and her companion.

"Please don't harm me," she cried, "I have done no wrong...I urge you not to do so evil a deed!"

"Humph," the unicorn snorted, "we won't."





“Who is trying to hurt you?”

“Zoulvisia’s knight, Sir Oliver!”

Isabel shook her head—it did not seem like the queen, but the witch looked truly scared and had certainly spent time on the run. The truth was the best weapon in such situations.

“We will find out what is going on, and will protect you,” she promised.

“Great, now can we get some food?” Unicorn Bob eagerly put in.

After a quick stop to the Red Dragon tavern, the three set out for the small village. The moment they saw the witch, every one of the men and women siezed pitch-forks and torches.

“Kill her! Slay the fiend who started the sickness!” they screamed as one.





“Burn her!” the villagers shouted as a mob.

“Wait!” Isabel drew her sharp sword and they paused in their rush, “you have no proof!”

“We’re sick and the doctors can’t cure us!”

“Maybe I can,” the witch stepped forward to the nearest small child who did not seem afraid of her. Holding up the tiny arm, she rubbed an herb on it and placed her hand on the skin. The green-blue scar melted away.

“Could you...help all of us?” one villager ventured.

“Of course!” the witch smiled.

“We will tell Sir Oliver not to hurt you—it was all a mistake,” a villager happily assured.

**THE END** (for now)







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