



REIGN OF  
ZOUUVISIA

WRITTEN BY ALEXA CHIPMAN

ISABEL AT COURT

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Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Zoulvisia, the mighty heroine Isabel and her trusty companion Unicorn Bob saw a group of peasants working in a field. Being naturally helpful, our heroes asked if there were anything to be done. Instead of being handed a hoe or shovel, one of the men pushed back his large straw hat and looked very sad indeed.

“Isabel,” he said, almost in tears, “the evil queen Zoulvisia makes us work hard all day from the time the sun comes up to when it goes down, then takes all our crops for her own banquets.”

Obviously, Isabel was quite horrified at this and looked around to see several other peasants all in rags looking just as sad as the first.

“Please go to court and beg her help,” said the peasant again, “she might listen to you!” and of course Isabel promised.



After finding an appropriate gown to wear, and waiting for Unicorn Bob to take a proper bath under a sparkling waterfall, the two made their way up to the massive gates of Zoulvisia's palace. At first the guards at the door were not keen on allowing them in, but Isabel explained they were taking a petition to the queen about how her peasants were miserable and needed help.

Knowing the queen's soft heart for her people, the guards let our heroes pass into the endless gardens of Zoulvisia's court. Isabel went into the waiting area, but the courtiers wouldn't let a unicorn inside so Bob had to stay in the gardens which suited him fine, especially after a few bites of tasty tulips.

When the queen heard what Isabel had to say, Zoulvisia immediately agreed to find the peasants and help their plight. She was quite insistent on coming to see the suffering people herself and Isabel promised to lead the way.





As Bob ambled about between hedges and flowers, looking for nice things to nibble on, he saw a young woman who seemed familiar. All at once he recognized her—it was one of the peasants from earlier, only now clean and wearing a golden gown. She laughed cruelly to herself as she opened her ring and poured a liquid into one of the Queen’s special goblets.

“Zoulvisia will be unable to resist the plea of Isabel for the pretend peasants,” the girl giggled, “and once out in the heat of fields, I shall offer this refreshment, and instantly the poison will kill her!”

Horrified at what was going to take place, Unicorn Bob stood completely still, save for swishing his tail to keep off flies. She shook the glass to mix in the poison and snickered again, “no more will the peasants be as well off as we merchants. They shall be poor and miserable like their kind aught to be!”



Cantering to the first person he could find who was loyal to the queen, Unicorn Bob saw their usual enemy Sir Oliver making his round of the guard to see that all was well. Looking less than pleased about the unicorn, he nevertheless bowed slightly.

“Quick, the queen is in danger!” Bob half whinnied in his excitement, “they are planning to poison her!”

Without asking who “they” were, Sir Oliver and the unicorn rushed to find the queen, but she had already left. The knight mounted his charger and they galloped to find her before it was too late.

After seeing the peasants, Zoulvisia, her ladies-in-waiting and merchants went to a nearby guard tower where she could write up an official edict to help the peasants. She did not know they were all just pretending and part of an evil plot to kill her.





Thirsty from her time in fields under the hot sun, the queen requested refreshment and a woman in gold smiled wickedly as she handed over the glass of wine. Just then, the heavy wooden doors to the tower burst open as a white unicorn and brown knightly charger kicked them open.

“Stop, your majesty!” Sir Oliver roared.

“Don’t drink!” whinnied Bob the unicorn.

The knight drew his sword and advanced on the guilty merchant who turned to flee, but Bob lowered his horn and she was trapped. “You treat the peasants too well,” the merchant woman cried, “they should be taxed out of house and home so that we don’t have to pay anything!”

“That is unjust,” the queen glared angrily, “lock her up, and those fake peasants too!”

**THE END** (for now)

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