KENDRA KANDLESTAR

LEGENDS & LORE FROM THE LAND OF EEN

LEE EDWARD FÖDI

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Written and Illustrated by
Lee Edward Födi

SIMPLY READ BOOKS

Kendra Kandlestar: Legends and Lore from the Land of Een

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Kendra Kandlestar and the Box of Whispers
Kendra Kandlestar and the Door to Unger
Kendra Kandlestar and the Shard from Greeve
Kendra Kandlestar and the Crack in Kazah
Kendra Kandlestar and the Search for Arazeen
Corranda's Crown

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Map of the Land of Een

Click to view full-size map

Introduction

FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS, I've had the privilege of chronicling the adventures of Kendra Kandlestar. Of course, it's almost impossible to tell a character's story without knowing his or her world. And so, as I worked on Kendra Kandlestar throughout the years, I ended up with numerous myths, legends, and stories about Kendra's home, the Land of Een.

While working on the Kendra series, I endeavoured to include as many of these tales as possible. For instance, readers might remember *The Legend of the Wizard Greeve* in Book 2 or *Leemus Longbraids Speaks for the Animals* in Book 3. But, inevitably, most of these legends had to be removed for the simple reason that they slowed down the overall plot. (Just so you know, editors really hate it when plots slow down.)

Now, upon the tenth anniversary of the publication of *Kendra Kandlestar and the Box of Whispers*, I thought a perfect way to celebrate would be by sharing some of these "side" stories. Like myths in our own world, they are told in different styles and voices and hold a lot of truth about the Land of Een, though not necessarily all of the facts. (If you have read *Kendra Kandlestar and the Crack in Kaza*h then you will already have come to learn a little bit about the difference between truth and fact). I also have taken some delight in presenting some of the events found in the Kendra Kandlestar books in the mythic form—after all, if you could ever

find your way to Een, you would quickly learn that Kendra's adventures happened long ago, and so they are now considered ancient history.

One final note: Even though these legends and stories were not written in chronological order, I decided to present them as such in this book, starting with the beginnings of Een and ending within the timeline that we get to see in the original Kendra series. Some of the stories would have been well known to Kendra and Oki, told to them in school or around the fireplace on a chilly winter's night. Other stories, especially the ones that discuss the origins of Een and the curse of the Wizard Greeve, were kept hidden and known only to a select few. (I feel it important to remind you that, during Kendra's time, there was a lot of mystery surrounding the beginnings of Een and the stories of Leemus Longbraids. As is told in *Kendra Kandlestar and The Door to Unger*, there were only two known copies of the most ancient legends of Een; one was owned by Winter Woodsong and the other by Kendra's Uncle Griffinskitch.)

Alas, there are so many more tales I could share about the Land of Een, but I chose the ones that I felt would be of most interest, or add texture to the existing chronicle of Kendra's adventures. I hope you enjoy them.

Lee Edward Födi
Chronicler of Een
Dublin, September 2015

THE CHRONICLES OF KENDRA KANDLESTAR

Book 1: The Box of Whispers
Book 2: The Door to Unger
Book 3: The Shard from Greeve
Book 4: The Crack in Kazah
Book 5: The Search for Arazeen

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The Naming of Leemus Longbraids

LONG AGO, when the Elves had not yet left the Lands of Een, a young Een Mother was traveling through the woods. She was carrying her newborn child, yet she had no husband, for he had died in the winter snows. With no one to guide them, and no path to mark their way, the woman and her child became lost in the wilderness.

Bravely, the Een Mother forged onward, cradling her babe against her bosom, but she only found herself deeper and deeper in the tangle of trees. Suddenly, a sound came from the wilds and, in her terror, the Een Mother cried out, "Please! Do not harm us!"

Now, it was no terrible creature lurking in the woods, but only the owls that live in those parts, those kind that are so small and gentle that they present no danger, not even to Eens. When the owls heard the woman's cry, they responded with their own cries by calling, "Hoo! Hoo!"

The Een Mother, thinking she was being questioned by the spirits of the forest, heard their cries as, "Who? Who?"

So she called out her name.

Once again, the owls called out, "Hoo! Hoo!"

Flustered, the Een Mother called out her name again; and, yet, the owls continued their

chorus. Then the Een Mother thought that she must call out the name of her child as well. She had not yet named the babe, and so decided she must do so at that very moment, so that the forest spirits would allow her to pass.

"I name this child Leemus," she announced to the wilderness, so loudly that she startled the owls and, in a great flurry of wings, they soared into the night skies, leaving behind a fluttering of feathers.

Thus was named the great hero of Een, Leemus Longbraids, who sat with the first Elders and saved the Lands of Een from the Wizard Greeve. And that is why, to this day, and for all the days to come, Een mothers wait until the first full moon after the births of their babes and then, on that night, hold them to the sky and speak their names for the first time. Many travel to the sacred wood where Leemus Longbraids was named, that place now known as Nestling Nook. There, as is known, whenever an Een babe is named, the fireflies dance and the owls hoot in celebration.

The First Elders of Een

LONG AGO, IN THE DAYS OF EEN, the ancient Elves came out of the western valleys and founded the Lands of Een. When the Elves saw that the land was settled, and that all was good, they departed, leaving behind the Een people to fend for themselves and to govern their own affairs. Where the Elves went, or how they went, nobody knows. Some say they returned to the lands of the west, while others say they disappeared all together, and exist no more.

But the Elves did not leave the Eens completely without wisdom or magic. They had trained seven wizards and these old and wizened magic-makers gathered to discuss what they should do for the Lands of Een.

Grendel Greeve, who was the oldest and considered the most wise said, "Let us make a council so that we can watch over and rule the people justly and strongly."

The other wizards agreed with the Wizard Greeve. Now, there was a pond in that place, and in the middle was a great stone. So the seven Een Wizards sat upon the stone and spoke a solemn oath beneath the moonlit sky.

"We are the Brothers of Een," proclaimed the wizards. "Together we shall hold council and watch over the Eens, and we shall serve them with wisdom."

As they took this oath, a mark appeared on each of their palms, binding them as Brothers

of Een.

These were the seven, who led the land in the ancient days:

Grendel Greeve was the First Elder, the wisest in the land. He came from the center of the Lands of Een, and had no tribe, for he declared that he belonged to all the people. His mark was the star, and his color was white. He wielded a staff of Eenwood that was long and gnarled, and dark with age.

Thunger Thunderfist was the Second. His mark was the drum, and his colors brown and gray. He came from the Een tribes who dwelled in the caves. His staff of Eenwood was long and twisted with age.

Drake Dragonclaw was the Third. His mark was the feather, and his colors indigo and blue. He came from the Een tribes who dwelled in the trees. His staff of Eenwood was sharp at one end, like the point of a fang.

Izzen Icebone was the Fourth. His mark was the flint, and his colors blue and gray. He came from the tribes that dwelled on the banks of the river. His staff of Eenwood curled like the tail of a serpent.

Nooja Nightstorm was the Fifth. His mark was the cup and his colors green and gold. He came from the tribes that dwelled in the mountains. His staff of Eenwood was short and stout, splitting into two branches at its base.

Orin Oldhorn was the Sixth. His mark was the horn, and his colors gold and yellow. He came from the tribes who dwelled on the fields. His staff of Eenwood was smooth and pointed, like the tip of an antler.

Leemus Longbraids was the Seventh. His mark was the leaf, and his colors were the greens of the forest. He came from the animals, or so they say. His staff of Eenwood was long and knotted.

Theses were the seven Brothers of Een, the first Council of Elders, who ruled the Lands of Een, wisely and fairly, until they did so no more.

The Legend of the Wizard Greeve

IN THE DAYS OF EEN, when all were one, goodness flourished in the lands and the race of Eens knew only happiness. In those ancient times, there came to be the first Council of Elders. Upon seven seats in the Elder Stone sat seven Elders, and they were all brothers. For many seasons, these first Elders guided the Eens wisely; but one brother, the Wizard Greeve, came to know envy and hatred. He desired to lord power over his brethren, and so he used his dark arts to plot against them.

But one of the brothers, the Elder Longbraids, discovered the treachery of the Wizard Greeve. And so it came to pass that six brothers turned against one; and they banished Greeve from the Lands of Een.

To the north did the dark wizard journey, to the verdant plains, rushing rivers, and lush forests did he carry his wickedness. And there did he construct a temple, a deep underground maze that served as a terrible monument to his fiendish heart; and in that place the plants withered, the rivers shrank, and the great trees fell. That place became a wasteland and there, in that jumble of rock and ruin, did the heart of the Wizard Greeve swell with hunger for revenge against his brothers.

And so it came to pass that the Wizard Greeve devised a plot to triumph over the

remaining Elders of Een. Each of them did he vanquish with his dark arts, each of them knew his dark heart—save for one. The lone survivor, the Elder Longbraids, fled to Een, his beloved land, his heart afflicted by his brother's deed. And now did Elder Longbraids seal off the Land of Een by the spell of the Magic Curtain, a great barrier he did create so that the land might be protected from the hideous monsters that came to skitter or crawl or slither across the wide earth.

The Wizard Greeve, his heart was not soothed after exacting revenge upon his brothers. His hatred remains yet, in that wretched place, and all who trespass there come to know the curse of Greeve.

Chronicler's note:
This legend was introduced in Kendra Kandlestar and the Door to Unger. *It was a tale that most Eens in Kendra's time preferred not to discuss.*

Leemus Longbraids and the Braided Eengels

IN THE DAYS OF EEN, when all were one, there came to be the first Council of Elders, which was composed of seven Brothers. Now, as has been written, the heart of one of these Brothers, the Wizard Greeve, soured and turned black with envy's poison. And so it came to pass that he was banished by his Brothers and he did leave the Lands of Een and journey to a kingdom of his own making.

In this way, the Council of Elders was reduced to six. And though the Elders mourned for their banished Brother, they continued to manage the lands. Then, one evening, there descended from the sky a giant moth with wings as black as the Dragon Jaw mines. With a flutter, the insect dropped from its feelers a parchment scroll.

"'Tis a message from our brother," spoke one of the Brothers, the Wizard Nightstorm, for he knew the moth to be the familiar of the Wizard Greeve.

He unraveled the scroll and read aloud an entreaty from their long-lost Brother, begging for forgiveness.

Soon, debate erupted amongst the Elders. Some wished to reconcile with their fallen Brother, while others did not trust him at all and thought he should remain in exile.

Now, among the Elders was Leemus Longbraids. In those days, he was not a hero of Een,

but just one of the six, with no voice greater or less than any other on the Council. Longbraids turned his ears from the arguments of his Brothers and decided to seek answers by studying the heavenly stars. For many nights did he meditate. At last, one evening, there came a terrible tempest. The skies howled, the clouds glowered, and the branches of the trees snapped in the winds. Every Een scrambled for shelter. Even the Een animals, which were wild in those days, scuttled into their dens and burrows. But Elder Longbraids did not waiver from his contemplation. He sat still as firm as the trunk of the Mighty Oak while the storm raged about him.

Before long, a blazing finger of lightning struck the sacred Elder Pool, near where Elder Longbraids was absorbed in his meditation. Aroused from his stupor by this violent strike, the wizard opened his eyes, and there he saw three beings walking on the water.

They were unlike any creatures he had ever encountered before. Two of the beings appeared like beautiful young Een women, their hair woven in a strange and cosmic fashion, as if each braid was a beam of light shooting from the sun. The third was a wild creature, with sharp teeth, a long tail, and tangled whiskers.

"Long have you awaited us, Elder Longbraids," the Eengels announced. "At last, your patience is rewarded. We come with great warning. For with great somberness we tell you: Beware the trap of your lost Brother, the Wizard Greeve. He offers peace in one open palm, but his other hand is hidden behind his back, and that hand is clenched like a fist, trembling to destroy you. The Wizard Greeve seeks to ruin Een; all of its lands and all of its peoples. Leave him to his own devices in his wastelands, and stay in the Lands of Een and prosper."

Elder Longbraids heard their warning and thought it to be true. And so he did thank the Eengels and relayed their words to his brothers at their Council.

But the other brothers did scoff at the Eengels' warning.

"Are we to believe this vision?" demanded Elder Dragonclaw. "Why did these heavenly spectres reveal themselves to you, Brother Longbraids, and not to us?"

"Even if this advice is true, what action should we take?" asked Elder Icebone. "Should we ignore our own Brother? What if his heart has indeed turned pure again? Should we leave him lost?"

"Or," added Elder Nightstorm, "if the Wizard Greeve truly harbors dark intentions, is it wise to ignore him? Should we really leave him exiled in his bitterness, so that he might build his forces and wage war against us in the future?"

Finally, the wizard Thunger Thunderfist spoke. "We are six wizards against one," Elder Thunderfist declared, his voice hard and gravelly as rock. "And, so, we should not fear the Wizard Greeve. Let us go before our banished Brother and hear his treaty. But let us each take an army armed with spear and sword to guard against any further treachery."

Then the Eengels whispered in the ears of Elder Longbraids, "Heed our council! War is not

the way of Eens! If you go with arms before the Wizard Greeve, many will be lost, and all the generations of Eens to come will mourn."

Elder Longbraids conveyed their whispers to the Council, but still they shunned the words of the celestial beings. And so it was that the Elders of Een each amassed an army. With soldiers armed with spear and sword, the Elders ventured into the lands of the Wizard Greeve.

There, as the Eengels had foretold, the Elders were betrayed by the Wizard Greeve, and succumbed to his curse—all except Elder Longbraids. Because he had listened to their wisdom, the Eengels did charm him so that he might survive the curse and live on to protect Een.

But that is another story.

Chronicler's note:
Eengels (which, of course, are the Een version of angels) are a popular subject in Een folklore. There are many versions of Leemus Longbraids and the Eengels, *but the one above is the most familiar to Eens. It is a favorite tale, often told on Hallow-Een.*

Leemus Longbraids and the Taming of the Owl

AND SO IT CAME TO BE, at the end of the Days of Een, that the Wizard Greeve did curse his Brothers. He lured the Brothers to his wasteland with the promise of peace, but once his brethren had assembled in his dark temple, he cast his insidious spell upon them.

All the Brothers fell to the curse—save one, and that was Leemus Longbraids. He had been warned of Greeve's treachery by three Eengels, and was compelled to flee by their celestial wisdom.

And flee he did, Elder Longbraids, through Greeve's dark temple, a jumble of twisting passages, dead-end corridors, and tricky turns. Surely, it was a dismal maze, a map of the twisted heart that belonged to the Wizard Greeve.

The heart of Longbraids was full of mourning for his Brothers, and his was mind clouded by the dark magic of the Wizard Greeve. He would have surely perished in that dismal temple if not for the skill of his ever-faithful companion, the squirrel known as Clovin the Cloudfoot. With sureness of purpose, Cloudfoot guided Longbraids through the maze of shadows and into the wasteland beyond. Some say it was Cloudfoot's simple nature that allowed him to avoid the enchanted fog that Greeve cast upon the maze. Others insist it was the squirrel's wild instinct. Or, perhaps, the squirrel possessed magic of his own.

After leaving behind the dark temple, Longbraids and Cloudfoot set out into the desolate stretch of rock and ruin that was the wasting realm of the Wizard Greeve. Neither fern nor flower grew in that grim domain, and now Longbraids turned to see that he and Cloudfoot were yet pursued. For it so happened that the Wizard Greeve had at his command a great army of creatures and he had sent them forth to destroy the last Elder of Een and his animal comrade.

The monstrous horde, seething with hatred and hunger to kill, pursued Elder Longbraids and Cloudfoot across the desolate plain of rubble and into the darkening night. They gnashed their teeth at their heels, slashed at them with their claws, and hurled weapons of stone and steel. Longbraids drew upon all of his magical arts to repel the beastly horde. He transformed the onslaught of oncoming weapons into harmless petals. He cast a wall of ice that might freeze the beasts in place. And he called upon a mighty tempest to blow the monsters back. Yet, nothing could stop the savage army for very long and the desperate pursuit continued.

At last, weary and empty of strength, Longbraids and Cloudfoot collapsed to the rocky earth. Elder Longbraids looked to the skies and called upon the Eengels to save him. But though they did hear his supplication, they had no power to help him.

The old wizard did not despair. Even though he did not have the help of the heavens, he had the help of his own talent. For he could speak the language of animals, and now he lifted his bearded chin towards the heavens once more, but instead of calling for Eengels, he called for owls. At first no reply came from the night and the monstrous horde did fast approach, ready to destroy Elder Longbraids and his ever-faithful companion, Clovin the Cloudfoot.

Then, suddenly, their came descending from the moon's kingdom a majestic bird. It was none other than an owl, fleet of feather, and white as the whiskers that grew on the chin of Longbraids. The noble bird landed before Longbraids and Cloudfoot. Its eyes were orange as fire and there was the smell of fresh meat on its breath; the bird had recently killed and devoured its supper.

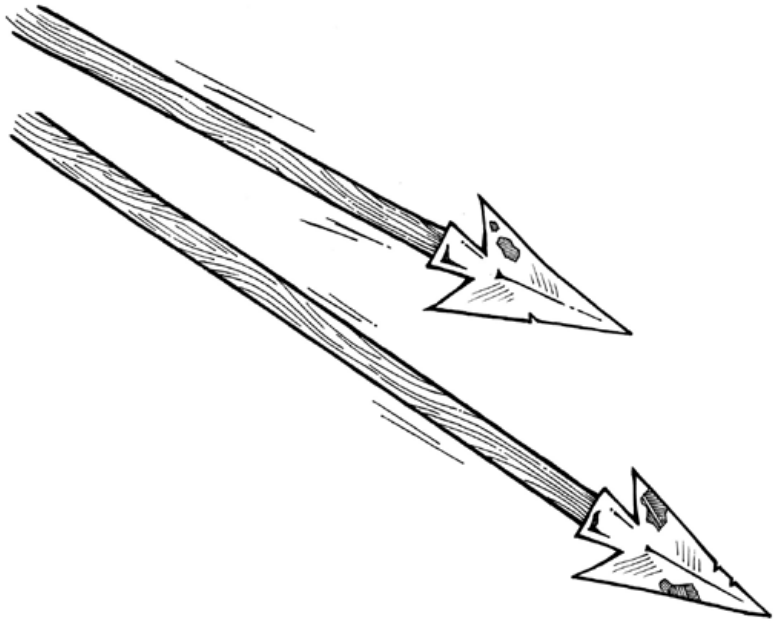
Cloudfoot cowered, but Longbraids showed no fear. He approached the giant bird, even though it did snap and screech at him with wild fury. Then the wizard placed his palm upon the owl's head and communed with him. In this way, the noble bird did calm. No longer did the bird screech or snap, but cooed as gentle as a dove.

Then Elder Longbraids turned to Cloudfoot and declared, "I tell you, do not fear the owl. His beak is fierce, but his heart is gentle. He is our friend now, and he will deliver us from this wretched wasteland."

And so Longbraids and Cloudfoot climbed upon the back of the magnificent bird and into the skies they soared, beyond the reach of the claws of the Wizard Greeve's army.

In this way Elder Longbraids was saved, and so too, were the people of Een.

Chronicler's note:
There are a lot of depictions of owls in Een architecture, pottery, and painting. For example, there is an owl carved into the side of Uncle Griffinskitch's favorite chair. Some scholars think that the prevalence of owls in Een art and architecture stems from the famous story of Leemus Longbraids and the owl.



The First Battle for Een

AFTER LEEMUS LONGBRAIDS SURVIVED the curse of Grendel Greeve, he returned to the Lands of Een. His heart was full of mourning and, yet, he did not have time to wallow in grief. For he knew that hatred still dwelled in the heart of Grendel Greeve, and that the warlock meant to march his army of monsters upon Een, so that they might savage the innocent people living there.

Now, all of the Elders who had journeyed with Longbraids had fallen, and he was the only one remaining. It was up to him to save his people. He decided to use his magic to construct a great wall around the Lands of Een, so as to protect it from the outside world. And so he went into his chambers and did toil there day and night, preparing the spell that could raise such a wall.

Many weeks passed. Then, one night, Clovin the Cloudfoot, a squirrel who was the wizard's familiar, came to the door of his study and announced, "Master Longbraids! Your friends, the owls, have come with foreboding news. An army of monsters marches towards Een and is but a few days away. They have claws and teeth, and carry sword and spear. They mean to destroy us."

"It is as I have expected," Elder Longbraids said with a sigh. "I must begin our fortification."

Now, Longbraids knew that time was of the essence and that he could not both raise his wall and fight Greeve's army at the same time. In those days, there were three young witches living in Een. They were barely more than Eenlings, but Longbraids knew that what they lacked in experience, they made up for in magical talent and courage. So he called the three witches before him, who were called Meryn Moonsong, Kalynda Kindfire, and Astrid Autumnwind.

"You must protect our people while I raise my magic wall," Longbraids instructed the witches. "Stand against the army of the Wizard Greeve and keep them from invading our lands until the wall is in place."

Fretting, the three young witches began to pepper Longbraids with questions. "What if the wall does not work?" they asked. "What if we are too weak to fend off the monsters? Oh, if only the Wizard Greeve had not enacted his curse and destroyed all of the Elders. Then they could fight in our place!"

"Listen to me now," Longbraids said. "For this I tell you sternly: Do not fret the future, nor pine for the past. If we are to save Een, we must concentrate on the here and now."

Then the wizard sent each of the witches in a different direction, so that each side of Een would be guarded. To the east went Kalynda Kindfire, to stand in the place that is now called Arrow's Grove. To the south went Astrid Autumnwind, to stand in the shadows of the Mountains Thune. To the west went Meryn Moonsong, to stand at Nestling Nook, where the new mothers go. Finally, to the north went Clovin the Cloudfoot, to stand near Fledgling Wood.

When Elder Longbraids saw that these preparations had been made, he gripped his staff of Eenwood firmly and began to march around the perimeter of Een, chanting the spell he had devised, and raising his magic wall. Yet, the Lands of Een were vast, and Longbraids could not finish his task before the onslaught of Greeve's army began.

Here were the Ungers and the Krakes, the Goojuns and the Izzards, and the Orrids, too. In the lead was the Wizard Greeve. His eyes burned red with hatred and dark lightning flashed from his staff.

First, the ferocious army attacked from the west, only to be repelled by the magic of Meryn Moonsong. Then they tried to pass over the Mountains Thune, but the way was too dangerous and steep and the witch Astrid Autumnwind called lightning down upon them, so that they had to abandon their crossing. Undeterred, the Wizard Greeve directed his army to the east, where they attacked the youngest of the witches, Kalynda Kindfire. Here, the monstrous throng finally met with some success, pushing the witch southwards towards the Great Tree of Een. And now the Wizard Greeve salivated—he could taste victory. He knew the Tree of Een was a great source of magic to the people, and he intended to burn it to the ground with his dark sorcery. With that accomplished, he knew he could wipe out the Een people, once and for all.

But the Wizard Greeve and his monstrous throng did not reach the tree. Near the Dragon

Jaw mines, the young witch Kalynda Kindfire made her stand. Here, she conjured the leaves and twigs of the surrounding trees to form the shape of a mighty dragon, and she sent it soaring across the fields towards the monster tribes. When they saw this specter, the hearts of the monsters were overcome with fear and they fled.

The heart of the Wizard Greeve boiled with anger. He regrouped his army and made one final assault, this time on the north, where Clovin the Cloudfoot was positioned. When the Wizard Greeve saw it was just a lone squirrel standing at the edge of the Fledgling Wood, he became smug. For he knew that Cloudfoot possessed no magic, and that the victory would be an easy one. And so he directed his monstrous horde to charge.

Even though he was faced with great danger, the squirrel Cloudfoot did not flinch. He had a sword in paw, and courage in his heart, but most importantly he had the support of the creatures of Een. For now all the Een animals rallied around him—the badgers and the otters, the owls and the sparrows, the rabbits and the mice, just to name a few.

Here, at the edge of Fledgling Wood, a vicious battle for Een took place. Flaming arrows and sharpened spears rained down upon Cloudfoot and the other animals of Een. Metal clanked against metal and the air was choked with smoke. Roars and snarls, growls and shrieks, echoed across the land. Many Een animals died that day, but they held their ground, and would not be vanquished.

And because Cloudfoot was victorious, holding back the monstrous horde, Elder Longbraids was given the precious time to raise his magic wall. Once the great barrier was raised, it shielded all of Een from the outside world, making the land between the cracks of Here and There completely invisible to all those who might seek it. The monster tribes were left confused and bewildered and, because they did not know what else to do, they turned and made war upon each other. And the Wizard Greeve turned and slunk back to his wasteland, where he wallowed in his defeat.

And the wall that was raised by the Wizard Longbraids, which we call the Magic Curtain, has stood for years untold, and protects the Land of Een to this very day.

Chronicler's note:
Many places in the Land of Een were named after the events that happened in the first battle between the Eens and the Wizard Greeve's monsters. Such places include Clovinstand, Arrow's Grove, and Kalynda's Stand.

Leemus Longbraids Speaks for the Animals

AND SO IT WAS, LONG AGO, after the Wizard Greeve did enact his curse, that the Elder Longbraids closed the Land of Een from the outside world. Enacting his arts of wizardry, he constructed a Magic Curtain that none could see, a barrier that no force might break or breach.

And in that cloistered place the Eens did settle in safety and peace. But they did not live alone for, there, many creatures of the wild also dwelled: mice, rabbits, and other denizens of the woods.

And in those days many of the Eens came before Elder Longbraids and demanded, "Why should we live with these wild things? Will they not steal our food, dig beneath our homes, and attack our children?"

But Leemus said, "Nay! Now they are one with us. All who live behind the Curtain will know the magic of Een. And you may say they are wild, but they will soon be wild no longer. They will not steal your food, dig beneath your homes, or attack your children; for this I tell you: now they are the same as you."

And so it was that the animals of Een came to be. They learned to speak and plied themselves in the trades of the land, until they lived side by side with the tiny people of Een. They became one, and Elder Longbraids loved them all with equal measure.

Chronicler's note:
This story was introduced in Kendra Kandlestar and the Shard from Greeve. *Not surprisingly, it is popular with Een animals. Juniper Jinx, Kendra's ever-faithful companion, particularly liked this story.*

The Making of the Een Guard

AND SO, IN THOSE DAYS that came after the raising of the Magic Curtain, the Land of Een began to prosper once more. And it came to pass that a new Council of Elders was formed, and Leemus Longbraids was named as the Eldest.

One day, the other Elders came to Elder Longbraids and said, "Is it not right that we should be protected? For, in the old days of Een, the Elders were betrayed by the Wizard Greeve, and we, too, might be threatened by our enemies."

Then Elder Longbraids replied, "Do not fear, for now the Magic Curtain encircles the Land of Een, and we are made safe from the outside world."

But the Elders were not satisfied. "Still, there is dark magic at work in the world and we could be made to suffer the fate of our predecessors," they said.

Elder Longbraids considered their fears and at last replied, "I shall create an Een Guard. And those Eens shall guard the Elder Stone where we meet, and protect us from harm or treachery. And I shall name the captain of the Een Guard, and that captain will be of pure and noble heart."

"Who is worthy of such an honour?" the Elders wondered.

"I shall name Clovin the Cloudfoot as Captain," Elder Longbraids declared. "For it was

he who led me through the dark maze of the Wizard Greeve, and defended the lands of Een against the monstrous horde that was sent to destroy us before the time of the Magic Curtain."

The Elders agreed with this decision, and so Elder Longbraids called forth the squirrel known as Clovin the Cloudfoot. The creature came before them. His eyes were bright with courage and his tail curled like a cape around his body.

"You have proven your worth, my ever-faithful companion," Elder Longbraids told the squirrel. "I hereby declare you Captain of Een, which means you are the protector of all within this land, and especially the Elders of Een, who do meet in council to govern the people. May you serve Een well, with all the grace and dignity of our people."

And so Clovin the Cloudfoot became the first Captain of Een and ever after it has been the way of the Eens that this office should be filled by an animal, one who possesses strength, nobility, and the wild instinct of their kind.

Chronicler's note:
The Chronicles of Kendra Kandlestar *feature many Captains of the Een Guard, including Timmons Thunderclaws the badger, Juniper Jinx the grasshopper, and Iberius Ibb the ladybug. During his reign, Burdock Brown appointed a non-animal, Raggart Rinkle, as Captain of the Een Guard, which only served to show the dark wizard's disdain for Een tradition—and his hatred of Een animals.*

The Ballad of Clovin Cloudfoot

Gather round, good Eens, to hear a tale,
Of a heart true and sure,
That belonged to an unlikely critter,
One of whisker and fur.

He didn't have either claw or fang,
Wasn't mighty or tall,
But when danger came 'round the bend,
He came to heed the call.

Clovin Cloudfoot he was proudly called
By those wizards of Een,
And a truer, more trusty companion
They had never seen.

’Twas long ago, when he saved the land,
When darkness did appear,
And many cowered or even cried,
But Cloudfoot showed no fear.

You see, bravery’s not measured by size,
Or the sharpness of a sword,
You can’t peer inside someone’s heart,
Where true valor’s stored.

So, as a throng of mighty beasts did march,
Ready to destroy our land,
Cloudfoot rose to face the challenge,
And firmly did he stand.

And though arrows rained down upon him,
Cloudfoot did not flinch,
He raised his sword and led the charge,
And fought for every inch.

Against brutal waves of tooth and claw,
Cloudfoot struck with might,
He dodged and parried and even thrust,
As a true and noble knight.

Now, amidst that monstrous horde
There was a wizard dark,
His eyes shining red and cruel,
Casting evil’s spark.

Towards Cloudfoot, the warlock stormed,
Ready to end his life—
Shooting bolts of lightning black,
Sharp as any knife.

Amidst this crackle of fire and heat,
Clovin stood his ground,
And when the warlock drew close,
Extra courage found.

Darted straight and true did Clovin,
Circling around his foe,
Then, you would not believe it;
Nipped him in the toe!

Surprise and shock—the greatest trick!
Clovin had the knack,
And as his enemy fell to his knees,
He drove the monsters back.

Old Longbraids arrived upon the scene,
Clapped and gave a call,
Then drawing upon ancient magic,
He did raise the wall.

So Een was saved on that fateful day,
Our history's finest pearl,
And now you know who helped do it:
Cloudfoot, warrior squirrel.

The Story of Faun's End

IN THOSE DAYS, when the Land of Een was young, a great town began to spring up around the Elder Stone. Soon, it was the most populous place in all of Een, with busy streets full of shops and homes. And, yet, the town had no name.

"What should we call this place?" wondered the people of Een. "It must be a grand name, whatever the case, for this is a special place indeed."

Many names were proposed. Some thought the town should be named Leemustown after the Wizard Longbraids, the famous Elder of Een who had built the Magic Curtain, and who had passed away many years before. Others suggested that the town be simply called Elderstone, after the famous meeting place of the Elders. But no one could agree; indeed, many debates and arguments raged across the land. What had seemed to be a trivial matter began to balloon into a very tempestuous one.

Then, one day, there could be heard a scraping sound from beneath the ground in the town square and everyone forgot the petty argument about naming the town. The Eens trembled in fear and began to imagine all sorts of dangers rising up from beneath them. Some even wondered if it was that old enemy of Een, the Wizard Greeve, returning to wreak vengeance. Many an Een scampered home to hide, but the Elders took courage and gathered around the

place where the sound could be heard. And there they waited, staffs of Eenwood at the ready in case they needed to defend their land from some creature or agent of evil.

Then, suddenly, the crust of the earth crumbled apart, and climbing up from a deep shaft was a peculiar creature. His top half seemed Een-like, for even though he was very large and had horns atop his head, he had a kind face with gentle eyes. It was the bottom half that caused the most surprise; he rather looked like an Een animal, with furry legs and a long tail.

"Why, he is like an Een and an Een animal mixed together," observed one of the Elders, the one known as Kalynda Kindfire.

Whatever the creature was, it was in a terrible condition. It opened its mouth to speak, but only managed a gasp before collapsing in the town square.

"Is it dead?" wondered another of the Elders, Feryn Fiddlestring.

"Nay," replied the ancient Elder, Astrid Autumnwind. "It has just fainted with exhaustion. But now I can see what this creature is. It is a Faun, and has come here somehow from the outside world. Let us take it indoors and care for it until it is better."

So this is what the Elders did, taking the Faun to a chamber in the Elder Stone where the creature might rest and regain its strength. For three days and nights the Faun did not stir, even though the Elders kept constant vigil by his bedside. Then, finally, the peculiar creature stirred and opened its eyes.

"It is true?" the Faun brayed. "Did I really find the Land of Een?"

"Aye," spoke Elder Kindfire. "You are in our care, for it seems your journey has been an onerous one."

"That's a sure thing," the strange creature said. "And I do thank you for your 'ospitality. Let me introduce myself. I am Flavius Faun, the famous explorer."

"An explorer?" wondered Elder Fiddlestring. "And what is it that you explore?"

"Why, the world, of course!" Flavius bleated, with a slight twinkle in his eye. "Why, I 'ave crossed the Seas of Ire and found the ruins of Anse-Maru. I've visited the Lost City of Veradu and descended into the Mines of Umbor. But there is one place that I 'ave spent many long years searching for."

"And what place is that?" asked Elder Autumnwind.

"Why, the Land of Een!" came the Faun's cheerful reply. "The only way I could find it is by means of an ancient underground tunnel, which may 'ave been built by the Elves of Old, as far I can reckon. And at last, 'ere I arrived."

Then the Elders expressed great concern, wondering what other creatures might find their way to Een through the tunnel. "For if this Faun has discovered a way to evade the Magic Curtain, then so may other creatures," said Elder Kindfire. "Why the Unger or the Goojun might come!"

"Do not fret, my friends," Flavius told the Eens. "For I 'ave wandered down there for many

years and it was only by chance at last, that I found my way to 'ere. But if you are concerned, let us cover the hole and seal it shut, so that no one can get through again."

"Do you not mean to leave that way?" Elder Kindfire asked the Faun.

"Me? I never plan to leave Een, sure as me whiskers," Flavius declared. "As long as you will 'ave me, I will stay. I 'ave searched too long and 'ard to find this wondrous realm, and now I am old and worn to the bone."

The Elders exchanged nervous glances, but said nothing. Then they retreated to their council chambers and conferred about what they should do with the Faun.

"Een is for Eens, not for creatures of the outside world," Elder Fiddlestring argued. "Once the Faun is improved in health, we should escort him through the Magic Curtain, thus returning him to the outside world."

Many Elders agreed with Feryn Fiddlestring, but Elders Kindfire and Autumnwind had a different opinion. They were so old that they had known Leemus Longbraids, that great founder of Een, in their youth.

"The Faun seems a noble creature," spoke Elder Autumnwind. "During times like these, I try to imagine what Master Longbraids would have said. Surely, he would have taken kindly to the Faun."

"Indeed," Elder Kindfire added. "He would have seen the Faun as offering a great advantage to the Eens. For he can share all he knows about the outside world. Already he has revealed to us the existence of a tunnel that leads right below our lands. So now we know that we should block it so that no dangerous creature may sneak into Een and cause us harm."

And so it was decided that Flavius Faun could stay in the Land of Een. The creature was most grateful and he showered the Elders with many gifts, which he carried in his satchel and had brought all the way to Een. There were many wondrous treasures in his possession: exotic spices, perfumed oils, and magical items, including the blink of a Gorgon, the sneeze of a giant, and the egg of some enchanted creature.

Flavius moved into the town surrounding the Elder Stone and became most beloved by the people. Perhaps it was as Elder Kindfire had said upon first seeing the Faun; he seemed to be both Een and Een animal, embodied in one. Whatever the case, Flavius continued to give the Eens many gifts. He taught them how to play an instrument called the narfoo, introduced glum pudding (which tastes much better than it sounds), and invented the game of Sneeze Race, which is played to this very day in the Land of Een.

Flavius never traveled again, not even within the Land of Een, but sticking to the town where his final journey had come to an end. When he passed away, many years later, the Eens were so sad that they decided to name the town in his honor—and it has been known as "Faun's End" ever since.

Chronicler's note:
Readers of Kendra Kandlestar and the Door to Unger *might remember the famous statue of Flavius that sits above his tomb in the town square of Faun's End.*

The First Ald Meryn's Eve

AFTER THE END OF THE DAYS OF EEN, and the Magic Curtain had been raised, there lived in the Land of Een a talented and powerful sorceress named Meryn Moonsong. When she was young, she studied with Leemus Longbraids, founder of the Land of Een, and learned all the secrets of his craft.

After the Wizard Longbraids passed away, Meryn left behind the towns of Een and moved into a cave in the cliffs near the Wishing Falls. Some said it was because she missed her old master so severely that she needed a quiet place to grieve. Others said it was simply because she loved the darkness.

As the years passed, many rumors and legends spread about the witch. Many Eens came to fear her, wondering if she had turned to the black arts, or, perhaps, if she had died and now haunted the Wishing Falls as a ghost.

Then came the year when the Elders of Een gazed upon the heavens and saw a sign in the stars that filled their hearts with fear. "This winter will be the darkest and coldest ever known, without so much as a glimmer from moon or star. And it will begin on the Winter Solstice, the shortest day of the year."

"Surely, many Eens will perish this winter," declared one of the Elders, Astrid Autumnwind.

"If you ask me, this is Old Meryn's fault," added another one of the Elders, a wizard by the name of Quince Quiverstone. "Surely, she has cursed the skies, to stay as black as her soul—she loves the darkness so."

"I would not know about that," said the Sorceress Autumnwind. She had stood with Meryn Moonsong in the great battle for Een, and had a soft spot in her heart for the strange sorceress. "Whatever the case," the Sorceress Autumnwind added, "I fear there will be little joy this winter."

"Now, there be no need to fret," declared Flavius Faun, who was living in the Land of Een in those days. "We'll do as folk 'ave always done in winter, and that's survive until the spring."

"That's easy for you to say," scoffed the Wizard Quiverstone. "For you are a Faun and can glide across the snow easily with your giant hooves. But we Eens are a tiny people, and snow and darkness are great enemies to us."

Then Flavius chuckled, for he was ever amused by the timid nature of the Eens. All he could do was tell them not to worry, and that he would do his best to help them through the hard times.

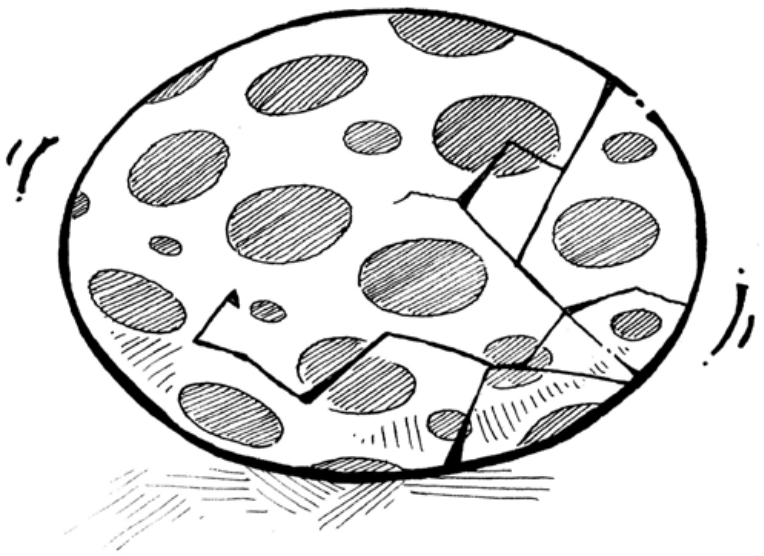
The Winter Solstice arrived and, sure enough, its darkness was beyond compare. The Eens huddled in their beds, cold and fearful. Then there could be heard a clink and a clatter and when the Eens looked out their windows, who should they see but Old Meryn. Her robes were patched with bright colors of red and green, and she danced upon the crust of snow, nimble as a fairy. A circle of bells decorated the brim of her hat and at the end of each braid there hung some bauble or trinket, each twinkling like a winter star. And she sang with her ancient voice a spell so magical and enthralling that afterwards some said it must have come from the ancient Elves who had once dwelled in Een.

In this way, Old Meryn scattered the darkness; the brooding clouds cleared and the moon smiled upon the Land of Een. Then the Eens danced, and enjoyed a draft of Eenberry nectar. And when the Een children awoke the next morning, they found tucked in their boots small parcels of delicious treats and delightful toys.

Old Meryn was never seen again. Some wondered if she had even come at all, and that perhaps the night had just played tricks on their eyes. They wondered if the presents in the Eenling's boots were all just part of the prank.

But Flavius Faun declared in his Faunish way, "Why, sure as me whiskers, Auld Meryn did vanquish the dark. So we ought to rejoice, and 'member her spark."

And that is why the Eens commemorate Meryn Moonsong on the Winter Solstice, the holiday that they now called Auld Meryn's Eve. They feast, dance, and costume their braids, tails, or wings with ornaments. And the children will awaken the next morning to find their boots stuffed with treats—but whether it is their parents or the spirit of Old Meryn, none can say.



The Dragon Egg of Een

EVEN AS I WRITE THIS, sorrow fills my heart. For I harbor a great secret, myself and the other Elders, one that would fill the bravest Een with terror. I feel I must release the burden of this secret somehow, someway . . . and so I write it here, on the pages of this journal.

There is a dragon living beneath the Elder Stone.

Ah, perhaps I am being too dramatic, as my ever-faithful companion, Soona Swiftwing, would say. For what lies deep within the vaults of the Elder Stone is not quite a dragon.

Not yet anyway.

But it will be, of this I'm sure. For, down there, amidst the ancient treasures of Een, there rests a dragon's egg. For so long, we Elders assumed it was just a relic of a bygone age, a dead and harmless antique. Why it was ever kept or where it came from, no one seems to know. We should have destroyed it long ago; I see that now. For the truth is that the egg is *not* dead. It is growing with life. I have been down there myself, to the vaults beneath the Elder Stone, placed my hand on its warm shell, placed my ear next to it and heard the hissing from the serpentine chick within.

And still, no one dares to say that word. *Dragon.* As if the very utterance of that word will cause the egg to hatch. But no, these fretful brothers and sisters of mine scuttle through the

halls or huddle nervously in the vaults, whispering, "Have you heard the rumor? What will we do about this rumor?"

And the most terrible thing about this situation is this: It is entirely my fault.

Because I'm the one who built the Box of Whispers—that infernal device that is meant to keep the secret of the Magic Curtain safe. Except now it seems all it has done is caused another, more dangerous secret. For surely it's the Box that has given the dragon egg life. The egg was dormant until we placed the Box next to it in the vaults beneath the Elder Stone. Who would have thought? But there is something wrong with that Box. It's as if we charmed it too strongly, for it throbs and pulses with vigor and, now, so does the dragon egg. Did the Box somehow give the egg life? Is that how powerful the Box has become? Well, that is another problem, one that I'm sure we will argue about at some future moment—if we have a future. For now, we've moved the Box, taken it far away from the egg. Still, it has made no difference. Every day, the dragon's heart is beating stronger within that reptilian shell. I swear, I can hear it now, even as I write this. I certainly hear it in my dreams.

Thump, thump, thump.

I am haunted by that sound. If the egg hatches, and the beast is unleashed, all of Een is doomed. We have discussed destroying the dragon—of course, we never say "dragon", but "rumor"—but there is much disagreement. Especially from the animal members of the Council. I suppose they feel a closer kinship to the unhatched creature. And, so, here we are, locked in endless debate, while every day—every moment—the creature is closer to arriving.

So . . . I have made a decision. It may mean my expulsion from the Council, but so be it. Better to be expelled from the Council than sit back and watch the entire Land of Een destroyed!

I'm going to steal the egg.

I will take that wretched thing from the vaults of the Elder Stone, and journey into the outside world and cast it into the wilderness. There it can hatch, and the dragon may live its life. No harm comes to it. No harm comes to us. I will go alone. I thought of taking Soona with me—I could use her sparrow's wings to fly above and scout ahead and her sparrow's heart to grant me courage—but it's best that I implicate no one other than myself. I don't want her to be punished, if it comes to that. No, I go alone, and the consequences will be mine.

Who knows if I will ever write in this journal again? For the outside world is a dangerous place and I may never return. But as long as I can make it out with the egg, that is all that matters. Farewell, sweet Een. I hope to walk your grounds once more.

Esme Evermoon
Elder of Een

Chronicler's note:
The above is an entry from The Lost Journal of Esme Evermoon. *The Sorceress Evermoon was an elder who lived long before the time of Kendra Kandlestar. Her journal famously recorded many important events (and secrets) about Een, but most of the book was lost. Only a few entries survive. And you have just read one of them.*

The Legend of the Hag's Claw

IN AGES PAST, when all were many, there lived a powerful sorceress in the Land of Een by the name of Charlo Chanticleer. She was said to be so temperamental that her mood could affect the earth, the water, and even the skies.

Now, Charlo was not only powerful, but also very beautiful. Because of this, many suitors came from the distant corners of Een to ask for her hand in marriage. They tried to impress the sorceress by dressing in their finest clothes and showering her with trinkets and baubles to catch her fancy. Charlo found such men silly and shallow and, when they came calling, it was she who showered them—with a rain cloud that would appear seemingly out of nowhere to chase them off.

Many seasons passed in this way, with suitors coming and going, but Charlo refused them all, preferring to live in solitude on the western crack of Een.

Then, one day, there appeared at her doorway an Een of a different sort. He wasn't dressed in a long-tailed coat or wearing a ridiculously tall hat. Instead, he wore the humble clothes of farmer.

Charlo raised an eyebrow at the Een. "And who might you be?"

"I am Yendel Yewstring," came the reply. "I am a simple farmer that lives across the River

Wink. All these years I have seen you walk along the banks of the river while I've tended to my crops. Never once have I had the courage to greet you, but I've grown tired of living on my own and thought I would come introduce myself."

Then Charlo sneered at the farmer and said, "Do you know who I am? I am one of the most powerful sorceresses in all the land! Many wealthy and esteemed Eens have tried to woo me, and all have failed. Why do you think I should entertain the notion of marrying a man of the soil?"

The Een farmer was not dismayed by Charlo's words. Indeed he only smiled, and said, "Well, I suppose even a sorceress needs to eat." And he offered her an Eenberry, which he had been holding behind his back. "It is from my own farm. Please take it as my gift, and I shall bother you no further."

Charlo accepted the berry and Yendel bade her farewell and walked away, whistling as he went. After he was out of sight, the sorceress tasted the berry and was surprised by its sweetness. Some say that she was so pleased by its taste that the sun stayed in the sky an extra hour that day.

The next afternoon, there was a knock on Charlo's door, and she opened it to find the farmer standing before her again. "What now?" she snapped. "You said you would not bother me again."

"Ah, yes," the farmer said apologetically. "It's just that I made two pies from my Eenberry crop this morning. And I can hardly eat both before they spoil. So I thought I would give one to my neighbor."

Charlo snorted. "Neighbor? You live across the river from me!"

"That may be so," the farmer admitted, smiling in a way that did not displease the sorceress, "but you are still the closest thing to a neighbor I have."

And so Charlo accepted the pie, and Yendel went on his way, whistling. After he went out of sight, the sorceress tasted the pie and was enthralled by its taste. Some say that her pleasure was so immense that the very ground swelled beneath her cottage, creating a hill where none had been before.

The next afternoon, there was no knock on the door, and Charlo felt disappointment in her heart, though she did not care to admit it. Then she peered out her window to spot the farmer in her front garden. He had dug a hole and was planting a tree. Even though the tree was just a sapling, it was flowering with beautiful blossoms, the color of fire.

"What do you think you are doing?" Charlo demanded, rushing out to confront the farmer.

Yendel looked up into the sky and couldn't help but to notice that the clouds were darkening as the sorceress spoke. "Well," he quickly explained, "I have no room on my land to plant this tree, and so I thought I would give it to you. For there is plenty of room here in your garden; indeed it seems quite plain, if you don't mind me saying so. This tree will bring some

color to your doorstep and something else beside. But if you dislike it, I can take it away."

Charlo frowned, but said, "No; you may finish planting it." And she made much ado of stomping back to her cottage.

Once inside, she sat at her window, spying on Yendel as he planted the tree. When he was finished, he went away, whistling.

Now, some in those parts were beginning to wonder who the true magic-maker was—because certainly no one had ever been to the Sorceress Chanticleer's cottage three times in one week and come away dry. Perhaps, for this once, it was Charlo who had been cast with a spell.

In the days that followed, Charlo did not go near the tree, even though it seemed to beckon her. Still, she resisted the temptation to go and sit by its young trunk and smell its blossoms. As for Yendel, he did not return, and Charlo could not help to admit that she missed the visits by the simple farmer. At last, one day, she went out to the garden and sat beneath the tree. Suddenly, the blossoms on the tree began to sing a most melodious and beautiful tune. And some say that this made the witch's heart throb so strongly that the River Wink changed its course to bend towards the tree.

It was soon after the tree began to sing that Yendel appeared in Charlo's garden and kneeled before the sorceress. He declared his love, and they were married soon afterwards. Over the years, their love continued to grow—and so did the tree, until it was tall and magnificent.

One day, when the couple had grown old, Yendel was crossing the River Wink when his boat flipped in the rush of spring waters, and he was drowned. Charlo was so stricken with grief that the skies raged in thunderstorm and lightning crackled down like dragon fire. One of these bursts of lightning struck the very tree that Yendel had planted for the sorceress, so long ago. The tree was instantly petrified, and never sang again.

No one knows what happened to the sorceress after that, but the tree remains in Een to this day, hard as stone, its crooked limbs reaching towards the skies. It is called the Hag's Claw, and some think that the spirit of Charlo Chanticleer haunts that place still. And that is why no one dares to venture too close to that black tree, less the spirit of the sorceress calls lightning down upon the land once more.

Chronicler's note:
The town of Charlo's Crook, which is mentioned once or twice in The Chronicles of Kendra Kandlestar, *is named after the part of the legend of Charlo Chanticleer in which the River Wink bent towards her joyful heart.*

The Story of Kojo's Hope

LONG AGO, WHEN ALL WERE MANY, two Teenlings fell in love, and their names were Kojo Kindfire and Anoora Auldsong.

"Let us get married," Kojo told Anoora, "for I never want to think of spending another moment without you."

Anoora's heart ballooned to hear such words from the Een boy, but on her face she wore a frown. "I'm afraid our marriage can never be," she told Kojo. "For you are but a weaver's apprentice, and my father is a wizard, and an Elder of Een. He will never allow us to be together! For he has decided that I should marry into one of the great wizarding families, such as the Griffinskitches or the Evermoons."

Kojo would not be dissuaded. He showered Anoora with gifts, and persisted with his proposals until, at last, the girl could resist no longer. However, just as she had suspected, her father erupted with anger upon hearing of his daughter's plan to marry the weaver's apprentice.

"Have you fallen and knocked your head?" Aldric Auldsong, the girl's father, demanded. "Have I not raised you with any sense? No, you shall not marry the weaver's apprentice. I completely forbid it."

When Kojo heard of the old Een's pronouncement, he was heartbroken and locked himself

in the shed behind the cottage where he worked for the weaver, Wilston Windfingers. As for Anoora, she did not despair. Indeed, her father's words only served to stir up her passions. That very night of his tirade, she snuck from the house and crept across Faun's End to the place where Kojo lived.

"Come out, Kojo, come out!" she hollered through the door of his humble home.

The Teenling boy soon appeared and when he saw his love standing there in the moonlight, his face blossomed into a smile. "Has your father changed his mind?" he wondered.

"Nay," Anoora said. "But, do not fret. For we shall be married! Let us sneak away, you and I, to the far corner of Een where we'll be married and live ever more."

"Would you dare to defy your father?" Kojo wondered.

"Better my father than my heart!" Anoora declared boldly. "Now, come let us go and not waste another second."

"Let us wait one week," Kojo told the girl. "I would finish up my work with old Windfingers. He has treated me well, and I do not want to abandon him so suddenly. And we should bring some supplies with us, for no matter where we go, it will be a long journey."

Anoora did not like the idea of waiting, but she reluctantly agreed with Kojo's plan. They arranged to meet in the woods across the River Wink, one week later. Then they would escape to the south of Een and live near the Mountains of Thune.

Now, little did the two Teenlings know that Anoora's father had guessed that his daughter would betray his wishes. So he had directed his familiar, a moth known as Talon Trueflame, to spy upon Anoora. Because of this, Talon had fluttered after Anoora into the night, all the way to Kojo's doorstep, and overheard their arrangements.

And so it came to pass that on the night of their planned elopement, Aldric locked his daughter inside her chambers and stood guard there himself. Anoora pounded on the door and begged to be released, but her father would not be swayed, no matter how loud his daughter's pleas.

Kojo waited all night for his love to appear, but of course she did not come. No one ever saw him again. Some say that he died in that place from a broken heart, while others say that he left for the outside world. Whatever the case, he was never seen again, and Anoora went on to marry somehow who met her father's approval.

Chronicler's note:
The town of Kojo's Hope, which is mentioned several times throughout The Chronicles of Kendra Kandlestar*, is named after the above legend, for it is said that the town now stands in the place where the Teenling boy waited (in vain) for his sweetheart.*

The Tale of Owl's Hoot

IN AGES PAST, WHEN ALL WERE MANY, there was a distinguished scholar of Een named Galen Griffinskitch. Even though he came from a family famous for its wizarding abilities, Galen scoffed at magic, thinking it was the cause of great strife in the land. And so Galen set about to convince the Council of Elders to banish magic from the Land of Een.

"Nay, Master Griffinskitch," the Elders spoke. "How can we abandon that which maintains our very existence? For, if we are to banish magic, then we must lower the Magic Curtain, meaning we are open to all of our enemies: the Goojuns, the Ungers, the Krakes, the Orrids, and the Izzards. Even those wild things, the skarm and the skerpent, will find us, and may devour our people."

"Bah!" Galen snorted. "We don't need magic. Brains are enough to protect Een from our enemies. I will use my great intellect to engineer a wall of stone and iron, and that will be enough to keep out the Goojuns and the Ungers."

"And what about the creatures that fly?" the Elders asked. "Or the creatures that climb?"

Galen had no quick reply for these questions. Indeed, he was greatly angered that the Elders dared to question him at all, for he thought of himself as the wisest in the land. Upon realizing that the Elders would not yield to his way of thinking, Galen brandished his fist in the air and

shouted, "Well, then! I don't give an Owl's Hoot about your ridiculous council!"

He then stormed away and decided to start his own town on the southern banks of the River Wink. Upon finding a setting to his liking, he built his home there and invited all those who shared his sympathies to join him. And so a small settlement came to exist in that spot, and it stands there until this day.

Some say that it was Galen Griffinskitch's intention to name the town "Galen's Change." But, much to his chagrin, the rest of Een came to call the town, "That place where the Owl's Hoot fellow went to live." Eventually, the town simply became known as Owl's Hoot, after the famous remark by the cantankerous scholar—and that is what it is known as to this very day.

Chronicler's note:
A portrait of Galen Griffinskitch hung on the wall in Kendra's house and, as described in Kendra Kandlestar and the Crack in Kazah*, guarded a secret entrance to Uncle Griffinskitch's study. The old wizard probably delighted in the irony of guarding his room of enchantments with the portrait of someone who stood firmly against magic.*

Elbo Everkind and the Whistling Wood

THERE ONCE LIVED IN THE TOWN of Nestling Nook a cobbler named Terwin Tumblestar, who was both poor and greedy. He only had one true asset, and that was his daughter, Tessa. She was so clever and lively that many said she was the most beautiful girl in all the land.

Now, Terwin hoped to marry Tessa to a wealthy suitor, so that he himself could retire and live off his daughter's fortune. And so he was quite pleased when Eens began coming to his doorstep to offer proposals of marriage to Tessa.

Yet, she declined them all.

"What is wrong with you, daughter?" her father chided one evening in exasperation as they ate their evening meal. "Suitors come from as far away as the shadows of Anders Down and the cliffs of the Wishing Falls. How far does one need to come before you accept him?"

"He does not need to come from very far at all," Tessa replied, gazing wistfully across the table.

Terwin followed his daughter's gaze. There, sitting at the end of the table, stirring his soup absentmindedly with his spoon, was the cobbler's own apprentice, Elbo Everkind. He was kind and gentle-hearted boy, but rather dull by Terwin's own estimation. More importantly, he was

very poor (which really could not be helped, since he was apprenticed to the poorest cobbler in the land). But none of this seemed to matter to Tessa. Terwin could see by the look in his daughter's eyes that she loved the simple boy Elbo.

"This buffoon?" Terwin roared. "What can he possibly offer us?"

Elbo rose to his feet, walked around the table, and knelt before Tessa. "I can offer you my heart," he announced, taking Tessa's hand. The truth was that Elbo had long pined after the cobbler's daughter, and had just been too shy to express his affections. Now, with Tessa smiling upon him, he quickly proposed to her.

"Yes!" she cried in delight. "I will marry you, Elbo Everkind!"

"Never!" Terwin erupted. "I forbid this marriage!"

"I am old enough to make my own decisions," Tessa declared brazenly. "If you cannot accept Elbo, then we shall marry anyway, and move to the other side of the river, so that you won't have to see us anymore."

Terwin leaned back in his chair and narrowed his eyes. He knew he needed to think quickly if he was to somehow prevent his daughter's marriage to the humble boy. Now, Elbo's heart may have been kind, but it was also fearful. Of course, many Eens in those days were known to be timid, but Elbo outdid them all. Why, Terwin had seen the young man tremble at his own reflection in the pools of the River Wink!

"You know," Terwin said eventually, "it is Een custom that a suitor should prove his worth to his betrothed's family. Is this not so?"

"Yes," Elbo admitted. "This is the way of Eens."

"So tell me, boy, where are your lands? Where is your wealth?" Terwin demanded.

"You know he doesn't have these things," Tessa snapped. "Why, he is apprenticed to you, father—the poorest cobbler in the land."

Terwin scowled at this comment, but turned from his daughter and said to Elbo, "Since you have no money, or no lands, I will ask that you prove your worth in another way, as is custom. And that is to complete a task."

Elbo nodded nervously. He sensed the old man was hatching some trick. But what could he do? He wished to marry Tessa, and to do it properly by following Een custom.

"It is very simple," Terwin continued. "As you know, tomorrow is Hallow-Een. All I ask is that upon sunset you go out into the Midnight Forest, which lies west of here. You must cross to the other side by dawn. Myself, I will take a ferry down the River Wink and be waiting for you at the edge of the wood. So I will know if you have done it or not!"

"Father!" Tessa cried. "This is a cruel trick! No one crosses Midnight Forest. And you ask him to do this on Hallow-Een, no less! No one goes out on that night!"

"Still," Terwin said. "That is my request."

All the color drained from Elbo's face. He felt so faint that he had to scramble to find

a chair. As Tessa had said, no one ever crossed Midnight Forest—not that he had heard of anyway. Indeed, many claimed that ghosts haunted that forest, biding their time to snatch any unsuspecting wanders. And there was no time of year that ghosts liked better than Hallow-Een.

Terwin smiled smugly. He could see Elbo trembling head to foot. "Well, then," the cobbler declared. "I suppose that is that. It seems you cannot do as I ask, boy, so Tessa is free to marry another."

But Tessa went over to Elbo and kissed him on the cheek. "I believe in you," she said.

Emboldened by his sweetheart's gesture, Elbo leapt to his feet. "Hallow-Een cannot arrive quickly enough!" he announced. "For I will cross Midnight Forest and marry Tessa Tumblestar!"

These were brave words, and yet Elbo did not feel so brave the next evening as he lingered on the cobbler's doorstep and watched the sun sink into the horizon. There was a chill in the air and the wind was gusting so hard that flurries of autumn leaves whisked through the town. It would be a cold and long night.

"Here is your cloak," Tessa told Elbo, putting the garment around his shoulders. "If you feel yourself afraid, this cloak will grant you courage."

Then she kissed Elbo again on the cheek and he knew it was time to set off. As he wandered through the town, towards the dark woods, he caught glimpses of Een families through their windows. They were settling down for the night to sip Eenberry cider and dine on bowls of savory pumpkin soup. Here and there, Eenlings were setting out pumpkins on their windowsills. These were carved with comical faces, and many were enchanted with simple spells so that they might hum, whistle, or sing a tune—for all Een children know that a charmed pumpkin will help ward off mischievous spirits.

I wish I had a pumpkin of my own, Elbo thought. I could certainly use one, where I'm going.

Eventually, Elbo arrived at the edge of Midnight Forest. The wind was whistling through the trees, causing them to rustle ominously. The moonlight cast long dark shadows. Elbo gulped. For a moment he thought about just turning back. But he knew if he did that, he would never be able to look his wonderful Tessa in the eye again. And so he lit his lantern and set forth.

There was no path, so he had to make his own way over the gnarled roots and through the thick bushes. It was hard going. To Elbo, every branch was a claw to snatch at him and every crunch of leaf litter beneath his feet the growl of a ghost seeking his soul.

Then an owl happened to fly overhead and hoot, sending such a stab of fright into Elbo's heart that he screamed out loud and raced through the woods. He was sure that the ghosts were upon him! He did not care what was ahead of him, but only about what was trying to snatch him from behind. And so it was that he tripped and tumbled down a deep hole. His

lantern was smashed, and there he lay in the abject darkness, his heart beating like the flap of a hummingbird's wings.

It's no use, Elbo thought. Even if I get out of this hole, I will never make it to the other side of the woods. I shall perish here and never see my beloved Tessa again.

He leaned back against the side of the hole in despair, and that's when he felt a round shape pressing into his back. There was something inside his cloak! That's when Elbo remembered that Tessa said that the cloak would bolster his courage. He fumbled around in the darkness until he found a pocket inside the cloak. He reached inside and pulled out a fist-sized object, an object that instantly began to glow.

"Why, it's a pumpkin!" Elbo declared. "Tessa has carved it with the most delightful face, and charmed it to shine as bright as any lantern."

Then the pumpkin smiled at Elbo and began to hum. It was the very voice of Tessa.

"I know this tune," Elbo said. "My Tessa hums it often in the mornings when she's doing her chores. It's The Ballad of Clovin Cloudfoot, about the brave companion of Leemus Longbraids, who is said to have faced an entire army of monsters."

Thinking of such a valiant act filled Elbo with courage. He began to whistle along with the tiny pumpkin and with every note felt more assured. He scrambled out of the hole and faced the Midnight Forest with a certain pluck.

Just keep whistling, he told himself—and that's what he did. Holding the pumpkin in front of him to guide his way, he whistled all the way to the other side of the forest, not stopping until he broke through the trees, just as the first rays of the sun were reaching down upon the Land of Een.

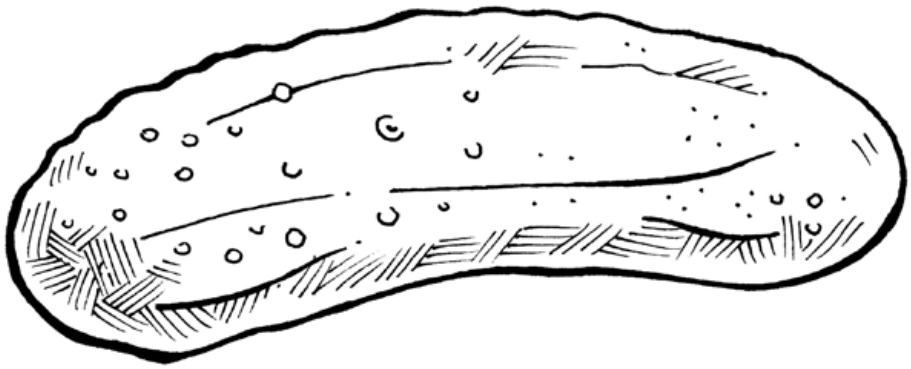
There, sitting on the banks of the River Wink was Terwin Tumblestar. He was sipping on a hot mug of cider, but when he saw Elbo, he dropped his drink into the river.

"I have done as you asked!" Elbo announced.

Terwin scowled, astounded that the simple boy had been able to overcome his fears. "I do not believe it," the cobbler snapped. "There must be some trick at work."

So Terwin still denied the marriage between Elbo and his daughter, even though the boy had accomplished his quest. Tessa, much angered by her father's stubbornness and betrayal, took the matter before the Council of Elders, and the greedy cobbler was put in his place. Elbo and Tessa were married and there was a great celebration in the town of Nestling Nook.

As for the Midnight Forest, no one knows it by this name any longer. That place is now called Whistling Wood and every Hallow-Een night, Eenlings recount the bravery of Elbo Everkind and the redeeming love of his sweetheart, Tessa Tumblestar.



Byron Bumblebean and the Giants

WHEN PEOPLE HEAR THE NAME BUMBLEBEAN, they think of the famous professor who once journeyed with Kendra Kandlestar or, as history remembers her, the Sorceress of Sight. But before the time of Professor Broon Bumblebean, there was another Bumblebean who was a brave and famous adventurer.

His name was Byron Bumblebean. Unlike most Eens, he was not scared or timid. As a young Een, he left behind the land tucked between the cracks of Here and There and sought excitement in the outside world.

Many adventures did he have there, but perhaps none is so memorable as the time he encountered that terrifying race known as giants.

It was late in the autumn season when the event occurred. The wind was beginning to gust with winter's shiver, and the leaves were being plucked one by one from their branches. Byron thought it best to seek the comforts of home before the snows arrived, and so perhaps he wasn't as cautious as he should have been as he hurried towards the Land of Een.

As he was scampering through the fields, he was suddenly snatched from behind—or perhaps, more accurately said, from above. He was lifted high into the air, so far above the ground that the blades of browning grass soon became a blur. He was being held by the scruff

of his shirt and now, slowly, Byron twisted around to find himself confronted by the most enormous of eyes.

It was a giant! The gargantuan man had a nose so gnarled and bumpy that it reminded Byron of a cauliflower, while his nostrils were like two long tunnels, disappearing into darkness. Byron could see each pore and pimple on the giant's vast plain of skin. And his hairs! There were like ropes to the little Een. Byron knew he was in serious trouble.

The giant chuckled then, releasing a wave of bad breath that nearly caused poor Byron to pass out. Then the gargantuan man slipped Byron into his pocket and lumbered off into the darkening afternoon. Byron was able to scurry to the top of his new prison and peer out of the pocket. It was quite a rough ride, but Byron hung tight and soon a dreadful scene came into view. Before him was a great, blazing bonfire and positioned around it were two heavy boulders—though Byron realized a moment later, that these were not stones at all, but two more giants.

The giant who had captured Byron joined his fellows at the fire and said, "Howdy, Munch. Howdy, Grympt."

"What you want, Snock?" growled the giant named Munch. "We don't invite you sit by our fire."

Then the giant who was holding Byron prison—Snock was obviously his name—lifted the Een from his pocket and said, "Me bring snacky snack."

"Ooh!" gasped the giant called Grympt. Then he smacked his lips and added, "Nothing taste so delicious as Een on a sticky stick."

"Let's eat 'em now," Munch declared. "Me hungry."

"Me one who found him," Snock argued. "Me no want to share maybe."

"Wait a minute," said Grympt. "There plenty Eens in Land of Een. Make this Een take us there. Then we feast all winter!"

A great debate broke out among the giants, each of them wanting to do something different. Grympt, as he had said, wanted Byron to lead them to Een. Snock , however, was determined to eat Byron all on his own. Munch wanted to cut him into three.

During this argument, Byron sat on Snock's palm, sweating with fear. Or perhaps it was from the heat of the fire, for the flames were the biggest Byron had ever seen. He was already imagining himself roasting on a spit there. But when he heard the three giants arguing, Byron began to hatch a plan. For he knew if he was to escape this predicament, he would need to rely on his wits. All around the campsite Byron could see crates, barrels, and items such as lamps, frying pans (gulp), and other creature comforts, including a large deck of playing cards. It was the playing cards that gave Byron his best idea.

"Ahem," Byron called from Snock's palm. "May I make a suggestion?"

Of course, none of the giants heard Byron at first, and so he had to dig the heel of his boot

quite deep into Snock's palm to get his attention.

"What Een want?" Snock demanded. "Me hope you don't try doing that in me belly."

"I was just going to make a suggestion," Byron announced. "Since each of you wants something different, why not play a round of cards? Whomever wins the game will decide my fate."

Of course, giants aren't the most clever of creatures and Byron had to explain his concept to them several times before they clearly understood it. But once they did, they liked the plan. So they used a shoestring and tied one end of it to Byron and the other end to a nail that was sticking out of the top of one of the crates. And there Byron sat, ready to watch the card game. He could move about a little, but there was no way he could snap the shoestring, for it was as thick as a cable.

The Een adventurer knew he had to be patient. He sat on the lid of the crate and watched as Snock dealt the cards, five for himself and each of his companions. Then Snock placed the deck of cards on the lid of the crate, near to Byron, which is exactly what he had hoped for.

The giants began to play their game, which was an agonizingly slow affair, since they were not very smart and kept losing their places. This gave Byron plenty of time to creep over to the deck of idle cards and slowly work one loose. This was not entirely easy, for each card was as big as a bed mattress compared to the tiny Een man. However, he was eventually able to accomplish his task and he pushed the card over the edge of the crate, so that it fluttered down and landed on top of Snock's boot.

At last, the giants' game came to an end. Snock threw down his hand of cards and called out, "There! Me have Queen of Stones! That highest card! That means I win and get to eat the Een all by myself."

Munch and Grympt looked quite upset and Byron took this opportunity to shout out, "Wait a minute! Isn't that the Wizard of Stars sitting on Snock's boot? Isn't that the highest card in the deck?"

Grympt leaned over and saw that the Wizard of Stars was indeed sitting atop his fellow giant's boot. He snatched the card and boomed, "Why hide this card, Snock? You try keep it from me or Munch so we can no win game! You cheaty cheat!"

"Me no cheat!" Snock roared, leaping to his feet.

A great brawl erupted between the three titanic men. They began throwing their fists—and many of the things in the camp, too.

This was exactly the chaos Byron had been counting on. As the giants rumbled, Byron tugged on the shoestring. Yes, there was no way he could snap it, but the knot wasn't tied very securely (giant's fingers really aren't well suited for tying knots), and he was soon able to loose it from the nail.

Once he was free, Byron leaned over the crate and wondered how he might make the high

leap to the ground, when one of the giants suddenly yelled, "Look! Een trying to escape!"

There was no time for slow decisions now! Byron turned and darted the opposite way, across the lid of the crate. With all his strength he pitched himself off the end. One of the barrels in the camp had been knocked over sideways during the giants' fight and Byron crashed on top of it. Because of its circular shape, he had to cling on for dear life—and, now, the barrel began to roll across the ground! Byron climbed to his feet and began to run, just to keep from falling off the spinning cask.

The giants scrambled after the Een, but in their haste tripped over one another and crashed to the ground, causing it to shake so fiercely that Byron's barrel was sent spinning even further ahead. Down a slope it rolled, onward into the darkening night, right through the Magic Curtain and into the Land of Een.

Some say the barrel did not come to a stop until it reached the town of Faun's End. This was quite a shock to the Eens, but once they overcame their initial surprise, they were most delighted—for the cask was full to the brim with enormous pickles. All through that winter the people of Faun's End ate those pickles. Some even say that without the pickles, many of them would have starved to death, for the winter that year was particularly harsh.

Once the barrel was emptied and all the pickles eaten, Byron decided to use the massive wooden container to build the town library in Faun's End, where it stood for many a year, until it did no more.

Chronicler's note:
The story of Byron Bumblebean is told by Professor Bumblebean in Kendra Kandlestar and the Box of Whispers—*though in the professor's version, Byron is given a much more heroic role. We get to visit the library in* The Chronicles of Kendra Kandlestar. *As for why it stands no more, well we find out the reason for that in* Kendra Kandlestar and the Search for Arazeen.

The Blessing of the Unger Witch of Een

LONG AGO, WHEN ALL WERE MANY, there lived an Een wizard and an Een sorceress who married and had a son. Like his parents, the boy was talented in the arts of wizardry and he grew to become a powerful and important member of the Land of Een.

Even though the Een couple were proud of their son, they longed to have more children. And yet, their wish was not granted—and so they contented themselves with their situation, and grew older.

One day, the sorceress ventured beyond the Magic Curtain and into the Forests of Wretch so that she might collect certain herbs that grew there.

Now, in those days, the Forests of Wretch was a dangerous realm, populated by many enemies of Een, and the sorceress had not been long in that place when she was surprised by a horde of Goojuns. The hunched and deadly creatures had long tusks and hunger in their eyes, and though the sorceress wielded her staff in defense, she soon realized that she was outnumbered, and in great danger. So she turned and fled deeper into the Forests of Wretch, since her path to the Land of Een was blocked by the deadly beasts.

Onward the sorceress ran, the Goojuns snatching at her robe with their claws and snapping at her limbs with their toothy maws. It seemed that she was doomed.

Then, suddenly, the pursuit came to an end; the Goojuns stopped and chased no further. The sorceress, now alone, wondered at the reason for her sudden reversal of fortune. But even though the Goojuns had retreated, the sorceress knew that she was still in danger, for she was deep in the forest, where the roots were thick and the branches so dense that they blocked the light from the sun above.

The sorceress staggered onward, breathing heavily from her adventure. For how long she continued like this, it cannot be said, but eventually she came upon a small clearing in the forest, where a well of water bubbled up merrily beneath a shaft of dappled light. The sorceress gasped, for this seemed a holy place, a place of magic.

She then realized that she was not alone in the vale. There, sitting at the edge of the pool, as still as a boulder, was an enormous Unger. His bony arms were outstretched, his claws open in supplication, and his eyes were closed. It was as if he was in quiet contemplation, and the sorceress was reminded of her own daily meditations. Then she noticed that the Unger's beard was long and gray, ornamented with beads and feathers. Lying on the ground before him was a long wooden staff.

The sorceress stared at him, thinking, *He is not at all like the Ungers I have been told about in the old tales. He looks like a wizard, as noble as Winter Woodsong.*

She approached him, cautiously and, when she was only a few steps away, the giant creature open his eyes, causing her to come to a halt. He gazed upon her with his dark gray eyes. Then he spoke to her in the way of Ungers, which is a language difficult to understand. But the sorceress listened intently, and made sense of his words.

"You dare to approach Unger?" he rumbled.

She replied, "I am not afraid."

"You should be," the stony creature warned. "For everyone knows that Ungers are the sworn enemies of Eens, and we are a great danger to you."

"Not you," the sorceress dared to say, though there was a slight tremble in her voice.

The Unger slowly nodded. For a time, the woods were silent and all the sorceress could hear was the sound of the bubbling pool. "You have made a wise observation," the Unger said at last. "For I am Oroook, and I am not like the others of my kind. I am as gentle as a blossom in spring. Indeed, the child that grows in your belly is more wild than me."

The sorceress looked at the Unger in surprise and said, "You are mistaken, Oroook of Unger. For I am not with child; indeed, I am too old to bear any more children."

The Unger grunted, then rose to his feet so that now he towered over the sorceress like a tree of stone. Picking his staff from the ground, he said, "I tell you this truly: You are with child. There is a daughter coming to you, and she will be known as a great hero to both the peoples of Een and Unger. This I have foreseen."

Then the Unger raised one of his gigantic claws and gently touched the forehead of the

sorceress. He spoke in the language of Unger, guttural words that she could not understand. Still, while she could not decipher his speech, she knew then that he had blessed her unborn child.

"Thank you," she murmured in gratitude.

The Unger said nothing further. He simply bowed and stamped his staff, then wandered away into the dense forest. The sorceress returned to the Land of Een, back to her husband. Many moons later, she gave birth to a daughter. And this was Gayla Griffinskitch, who later became Kayla Kandlestar upon her marriage, and is now often remembered as the Unger Witch of Een, for it was she who walked through the Door to Unger and led the five monster tribes upon her former people, thus ending the Second Age of Een.

But that is a different story.

The Wizard Who Fell

LONG AGO, WHEN ALL WERE MANY, there lived in the Land of Een a wizard with significant talent. This was the Wizard Griffinskitch and, indeed, his power was so great that he could make the stars dance in the skies and the trees bow along the forest paths. Yet, with this power, came an insatiable hunger for fame and prestige.

The Wizard Griffinskitch especially desired to sit on the Council of Elders. After many years of patiently waiting, he went before the Council in the Elder Stone and demanded, "Why have you not made me part of the Council? Many positions have come and gone on this Council, and yet those of less talent have been chosen before me."

Then the Eldest of the Elders, called in some tales the White Witch, and also known as Winter Woodsong, spoke. She had once taken the Wizard Griffinskitch as her own apprentice and because she had trained him, she knew his talents—and his weaknesses.

"One does not earn a seat on the Council by simply having magical ability," the Sorceress Woodsong declared. "One earns it by attaining something much more elusive. If you are to sit on the Council, then you must first know yourself, and understand the mystery that the Een wizards call Arazeen."

But the Wizard Griffinskitch was still arrogant, too arrogant to understand Arazeen. He

was not focused on what lie within, but on what stood without, just out of his reach.

So, obsessed with his stature, he left the Elder Stone, returned to his home on the outskirts of Faun's End, and there he did brood.

One day, it came to pass that the Wizard Griffinskitch heard of a fire lizard that had nested in the cliffs at the south of Een, a place known as the Mountains of Thune. And Griffinskitch decided to climb the cliffs and steal one of the fire lizard's eggs for he believed such a feat would capture the Elders' attention, and they would not be able to refuse him any longer.

And so the arrogant Griffinskitch trekked southward, across the River Wink, through the Shivering Wood, and into the Mountains of Thune. For several days he climbed those treacherous peaks, thinking only of the glory that would come to him when he discovered his prize.

At last, he reached the top and, there, sitting amidst a nest of ash, was the most beautiful egg the wizard had ever seen. It blazed red, like coal in a fire. This might have been a warning, but Griffinskitch did not heed it. Instead, he reached for the treasure, only to find it so searing hot that it caused him to yelp in pain and lose his footing. Down the mountain did the Wizard Griffinskitch tumble, crashing into the rocks far below. His bones were shattered, his body broken, and there he lay in agony.

The Wizard Griffinskitch might have died, left there unattended. But his old master, Winter Woodsong, was a powerful sorceress and she had heard the cry of her former pupil, all the way from the hallowed Elder Stone. And so she set off to rescue the arrogant wizard. She crossed the River Wink, passed through the Shivering Wood, and arrived at the Mountains of Thune, where she found the Wizard Griffinskitch clinging to life. The Sorceress Woodsong used her magical arts, and by this power did nurse Griffinskitch back to health. And yet, while she had saved his life, she could not fully repair him. Left hunched and crippled, the wizard who had once so proudly strutted the lanes of Faun's End was now forever doomed to hobble them bent nearly in two, as if trapped in a perpetual bow.

Many moons passed, and the arrogance of the crippled wizard began to fade away. He came to know humility.

Then, one day, there came to be an opening on the Council of Elders and the Wizard Griffinskitch was called to the Elder Stone.

"You looked to the mountaintops for a treasure, only to find it buried within," the Winter Woodsong told him.

And so, at last, the Wizard Griffinskitch joined the Council of Elders. And there he sat for many years, until the coming of the Sorceress of Sight, who was his own niece, Kendra Kandlestar. And when she was urged to seek the Door to Unger, the Wizard Griffinskitch went with her, abandoning the seat on the Council that he had once yearned so deeply to procure.

But that is another story.

Chronicler's note:
This story appeared in Kendra Kandlestar and the Search for Arazeen*, told by Uncle Griffinskitch to Kendra. The old wizard did not mind sharing this unflattering episode with his niece, or with the rest of Een, and eventually wrote it down as part of his memoirs.*

The First Knight of Winter

LONG AGO, IN THE DAYS OF DARKNESS, when all were still many, the warlock known as Burdock Brown dissolved the Council of Elders and built himself a throne of gold. And there he sat, gloating over all of Eendom as its self-proclaimed emperor. And, in those days, Winter Woodsong, who in some tales is called the White Witch, and who had long been the Eldest of the Elders, went into hiding to escape Warlock Brown's plot to murder her.

The Sorceress Woodsong sought refuge in the secret tunnels that lie beneath Faun's End, which have existed since the time of the ancient Eens, but which had long been forgotten to most. In those secret places Woodsong dwelled in safety, but many in Een thought that Warlock Brown had succeeded in murdering her, and that she was dead. So there was great mourning across the land, especially by the animals of Een; for it has been written that Woodsong was of the line of Leemus Longbraids, the great lover of Een animals. And, like her ancestor, the White Witch had showed her affection for the creatures of Een.

In those days, there dwelled in the shadows of the Mountains Thune a badger, he who was called Timmons Thunderclaws. He had known the Sorceress Woodsong in the old days, the better days, serving her as Captain of the Een Guard. When he heard of the passing of his old friend, his heart was filled with grief.

This grim news was followed by other, darker, stories about the tyrannical reign of Warlock Brown. For the self-proclaimed emperor decided that the Een animals were less than other Eens, and so he began to abuse and enslave them.

The grief that filled the heart of Thunderclaws now turned to anger. Even though he was old, and he had long retired, he knew he must leave behind his solitude and journey north to the Elder Stone and discover for himself the state of the Land of Een, that which he had once vowed to protect as Captain of the Een Guard.

But the spies of Warlock Brown had learned that the old badger was coming. As Thunderclaws approached Faun's End, he was ambushed by soldiers on the north side of the Babbling Bridge.

Thunderclaws, that old warrior, did not surrender, even though the soldiers were many, and he was one. He rose to his great height and his grizzled hackles rose in warning. The soldiers lunged at him with sword and spear, and though he fought valiantly, at last the mighty Thunderclaws was defeated. He was put in chains and cast into the dungeons of the Elder Stone, the prisons that the Burdock Brown had newly made in that otherwise holy place.

Then Warlock Brown made a speech to the Een people, saying, "Do you see the plot against your leader? For the beast Thunderclaws came to Faun's End so that he might murder me. And it was only by chance that his plot was discovered, and the life of your humble leader saved. For it is as I have told you before, and now this I tell you again: The animals of Een must not be trusted. They are against us, the true Eens."

Though these were lies, the Eens were timid and feared the wrath of the warlock, and so they did not speak for the captured Thunderclaws. And Warlock Brown saw this, and was pleased, because he knew he could flaunt his iron will. And so he decreed that the badger Thunderclaws would be executed by hanging on the day of the next new moon.

Thunderclaws languished in his dungeon chamber, friendless and alone, with only water and rotting vegetables to sustain him until the time of his execution. He remembered the many years he had spent in service to the Elder Stone, as its guardian instead of its prisoner. But Thunderclaws held his head high, and did not feel dismayed about his impending doom.

Then, on the eve of his execution, as the old badger was sitting in the darkness of his chamber (for he was provided no light there), he heard a tap-tap-tapping. The sound was coming from the stony walls of his prison. Thunderclaws listened more earnestly and, before long, he heard one of the stones give way from the wall and tumble to the ground. And in the hole behind that wall there appeared a tiny creature, a hummingbird of Een.

"I am Mercy Moonwing," the bird declared as she buzzed about the badger's head. "And I have been sent by an old friend of yours."

"Nay," Thunderclaws said. "This is not true. For my old friends are now all dead, and I am the last of them to remain."

To this, Moonwing did not reply. Instead, she used a trick of her long beak to release Thunderclaws from his shackles.

"Come now, Thunderclaws," Moonwing urged. "My companion, the rabbit Plumpuddle, has dug the tunnel and pushed the stone clear for you. Follow us now, and we shall lead you to safe haven."

So Thunderclaws followed the bird and when he had entered the tunnel, he met the rabbit Plumpuddle. Working together, Thunderclaws and Plumpuddle replaced the stone in the prison wall and filled a length of the tunnel with soil, so that the method of their escape would not be easily determined.

Then the rabbit and the hummingbird led Thunderclaws into the tunnel maze and eventually they came to a chamber that shone brightly with a vivid white light. Thunderclaws rubbed his eyes, and when his vision adjusted, he was amazed to see sitting before him the Sorceress Woodsong.

"If not for you, I would have surely perished by the dark magic of the Warlock Brown," Thunderclaws told the White Witch. "And so I shall fight for you, Sorceress of Een. I will stand against the Warlock Brown, and not rest until you are restored as Eldest of the Elders."

"Thank you, old friend," the Sorceress Woodsong replied. "But I tell you this: My season is drawing to an end. For the Sorceress of Sight is coming; and it has been told by the stars that she will lead Een to a new season. And so we must be patient and wait for her coming."

As she spoke, her staff of Eenwood shone with white light, and Thunderclaws knew that the sorceress spoke truthfully. Still, he was not satisfied to remain in hiding while the animals above the surface suffered and died in hard labor for Warlock Brown. And so he knelt before the White Witch and declared, "Until the time the Sorceress of Sight comes, I pledge myself to you, Mistress Woodsong, and will do all I can do to help the animals of Een, just as you have conspired to rescue me."

So Thunderclaws became the first Knight of Winter, who would fight in honor of the White Witch. And many joined with him; Moonwing and Plumpuddle, and many others beside. They lived in the tunnels and rescued their own, until their numbers swelled. And when the Sorceress of Sight came, she brought with her the great warrior, the one called Juniper Jinx, who did join the knights and fight by their side to emancipate the Land of Een from the tyranny of the Warlock Brown.

The Oath of the Knights of Winter

Winter is fading,
The white snow turns gray,
Sadness seeps across the land
But we do not dismay.

For we are the Knights of Winter,
The ones who watch the nest,
We shall sing the truth,
For this day and all the rest.

We fear not the darkness,
Nor the cold hours of the night,
We serve our land proudly,
And will burrow towards the light.

Though long is our watch,
Our spirit shall never splinter,
And we shall protect our realm,
For we are the Knights of Winter.

The Sorceress of Sight and the New Robe

LONG AGO, IN THE DAYS OF DARKNESS, when all were still many, The Land of Een teetered on the precipice of war. A great throng of monsters, led by the Unger Witch of Een, the one they called Shuuunga, marched towards the land tucked between the cracks of Here and There. And, as declared by the Sorceress Woodsong, there would be one who would step forward to lead the land from the darkness and into the light. And she named this one as Kendra Kandlestar, though she is now remembered by many names, for we call her Box Opener, Destroyer of the Door, Keeper of the Shard, Kazah Traveller, and the Sorceress of Sight.

When Kandlestar arrived, war was indeed near. Preparations were made for the impending attack by the monstrous throng. Spears were sharpened, the swords honed to points as sharp as dragons' teeth. As for Kandlestar, she sat in the Elder Stone, contemplating the challenge that lay ahead. Then, on the eve before the great attack, the humble tailor, Luka Long-Ears, came before the Sorceress of Sight and requested an audience with her.

Kandlestar beckoned the tailor forth and Long-Ears did bow before her.

"I have come before you bearing gifts," declared Long-Ears. "If you will remember, it was I who did stitch your sorceress robe, many moons ago, when you were first apprenticed to the

Wizard Griffinskitch."

"Yes," Kandlestar replied. "It is the very robe I wear now. It has served me well."

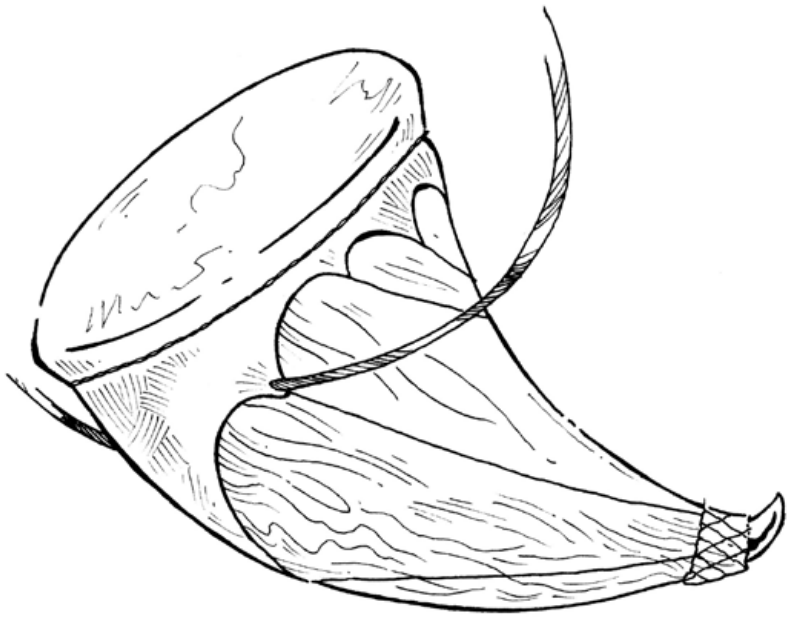
"You have encountered many adventures," Long-Ears told the Sorceress of Sight. "And this is shown by your clothes; for now they are tattered and torn and it disheartens me to think that you will lead our people into battle in this fashion. And so I have sewn you a new set of garments, with colors that are proud and new."

Kandlestar took the garments and held them in her hands. She could not see the bright colors, or the fine stitching, but she could feel the texture of the fabric in her fingers and, in her mind's eye, the pride invested in the garment burned brightly. Then, after a moment's contemplation, Kandlestar handed the robe back to the tailor.

"I do not wish to offend you," the Sorceress of Sight said. "But I cannot wear these robes into battle. For the garments I wear now have seen me through many hardships and triumphs and I am loathe to part with them on the eve of this great battle. It was in this cape and gown that I crossed the Seas of Ire and battled the mighty scoptacus. It was wearing these clothes that I descended into that grim arena, the Rumble Pit, and faced the ruthless Queen of Krake. And it was in these robes that I journeyed to the castle in the clouds, what the outsiders call the City on the Storm, that tempestuous realm where I found my vision. Shall I don new garments now? What shall the Een people think of me, standing in this fashion? Nay, Tailor Long-Ears, I will stand humbly in the robes that you first made, the ones that have seen me survive so many terrible dangers."

This Kandlestar spoke truly and passionately, and Long-Ears did hang her head low. The Sorceress of Sight could sense the distress of the tailor, so she added, "Do not let your ear droop, good tailor. For there may be victory for us yet, even though we hang by our fingertips, swinging every so precariously over this turbulent sea of war. And, upon our victory, we will celebrate. Yes! We will sing and we will dance and the Land of Een will make merry. And in those days that we hope to come, I shall wear this new robe and stand proudly before all of Een."

These words soothed the mind of the humble tailor, and she took away the garments and did wait for the days that Kandlestar had predicted, the days when good times would return to Een.



The Drums of Unger

Do you hear the drums?
They thunder 'cross the land.
The serpent queen is coming;
She holds lightning in her claw,
And hatred in her heart;
She comes to smite our people.

Do you feel the drums?
The ground quivers by their beat.
The dark sorceress is nearing.
She harbors hunger in her belly,
And venom on her tongue;
She comes to devour our people.

Do you fear the drums?
They send a shiver through my soul.
The Unger witch stalks us!
She rips and burns the Curtain,
Tramples it beneath her claws;
She's come to destroy my people.

Do you know the drums?
I stand against them all the same.
Though my whiskers might tremble
And my long ears will shake,
I won't give into terror,
And fight bravely for my people.

Chronicler's note:
This is a short poem found in the journals of the Een warrior, Paipo Plumpuddle, written as she awaited the attack of Shuuunga, the Unger Witch of Een, at Clovinstand.

Shaden Shiverbone and the Sorceress of Sight

LONG AGO, WHEN ALL WERE ONE AGAIN, there lived a young Eenling by the name of Shaden Shiverbone. His name was strange, hinting of darkness, and it is true that his life was not an easy one. He had barely learned to walk when his parents were drowned in a terrible accident. Now orphaned, Shaden was sent to live with a cruel aunt near the Dragon Jaw Mines.

The aunt took an instant disliking to Shaden. She could see that he was not a normal sort of child, for he possessed what many Eens call a "knowing." And, so, wanting to spend as little time with him as possible, Shaden's aunt sent him off each day to fetch salt from the nearby mines so that she could sell it at market. Many hours did Shaden spend in those dark mines, for his aunt had forbid him returning each day until the sun had set.

One day, when the boy was ten years old, he thought he heard a sound in the mines and he was so frightened that he fled to the surface and returned home while it was still light outside.

"Do you dare to defy me, boy?" Shaden's aunt cried, gnashing her teeth. "Go now to the back garden and fetch me a switch from the nearest tree. Then I will use it to whip you."

Trembling, Shaden darted out to the back garden. But instead of doing as his aunt had asked, he raced straight past the tree and fled into the forest. He did not look back.

"I will never return," he told himself. "For surely it is just as easy for me to survive in the

woods as it is to spend the rest of my days toiling in the salt mines, just so my aunt can profit."

Of course, it's easy to be brave when the sun is still high and the air is warm. Eventually, the woods began to grow dark and Shaden began to feel more fearful and sorry for himself. He even began to wonder if he should turn around, return to his aunt's, and face the consequences. But when he looked behind him, the path seemed to have disappeared, overgrown with bushes and trees. He could only go forward.

Onward Shaden went, until at last he arrived at a great grove of trees. The Eenling immediately knew he was in a holy place. Here, the wind whispered amidst the branches, giving him the idea that the trees were somehow talking.

At the end of the grove, he saw an enormous oak. It was so big and mighty that Shaden almost did not realize at first that it was even a tree. Its bark was gray and gnarled, and draped with a great beard of moss. Slowly, Shaden approached the tree, awed by its magnificence.

Then, much to Shaden's surprise, the tree spoke. "What child is this, who comes before the tree? Only those who are of age, should my knotted eyes see."

Shaden trembled and, for a moment, just stood there, gasping. But, at last, he found his voice and replied, "I am Shaden Shiverbone, and I did not mean to come before you. I have only lost my way."

The tree seemed to consider this information. Then, eventually, it said, "And, yet, here are you now, standing before me. And, so it seems, this moment was meant to be. For I have watched you now, lo, these many years. I have seen your trials, heard your tears. You are a boy of certain magic, this I have come to tell. In your heart, talent rings, pure as any bell."

Shaden was confused and bewildered by this talk. He did not know what to say, but he suddenly felt compelled to kneel before the tree.

"Nay, good child, rise and to touch my bark," the tree advised. "I must have a closer look at your enchanted spark."

And so Shaden approached the tree and placed his hand upon its ancient skin. In that instant, he felt a glorious quiver of magic rush through his body. He thought he might even pass out and squeezed his eyes shut to try and steady his dizziness. When he next opened his eyes, he saw that a twig of wood was growing between his splayed fingers. Shaded plucked the twig from the tree and turned it over in his hands. He had been given his very own wand of Eenwood.

Then the tree seemed to smile upon Shaden and announced, "You are an Een of magic, a boy of light. Take my gift, and seek the Sorceress of Sight."

So Shaden left the Whispering Grove, where only wizards go, and journeyed north through the land until he arrived at the town of Faun's End, where he saw the noble Elder Stone standing amidst a moat of crystal water. Shaden crossed the bridge and stood at the doorway. After a moment, a fuzzy and brown bat appeared, carrying a long pike in its claws.

"I am Pojo Prickleclaws, Captain of the Een Guard," the bat proclaimed. "Do not be afraid, but you must come with me now."

So Shaden followed the bat into the passageways of the Elder Stone. Here he saw carvings and statues of the great heroes of Een: the Wizard Longbraids, the White Witch, and the Wizard Who Fell, just to name a few. To the boy who had spent so much of his time in the distant wilds, this was an overwhelming experience.

Eventually, they arrived at another doorway, and Pojo escorted Shaden Shiverbone into the council chambers of the Elders. There sat seven Eens, positioned around a bubbling pool.

"Welcome, boy," said an old man with spectacles. "I am Broon Bumblebean, Eldest of the Elders. My companion, the Sorceress Kandlestar, has foreseen your coming."

He gestured towards an old Een woman, so white and frail she seemed as delicate as an autumn leaf. Shaden could tell at she was blind, but he could also sense that there was certain magic within her.

"You are the Sorceress of Sight," he murmured in awe. "I was told to seek you by the great tree of Een."

"You have seen the tree of Een?" asked one of the other Elders, an old mouse with a long beard. Shaden knew this to be the great Een hero, Oki Openheart. "No Een should take a wand from the tree unless he is of age, and unless he goes with his master," Elder Openheart spoke. "How did this come to pass?"

So Shaden told his story about running away from home and finding the Great Tree of Een in the Whispering Grove.

"Should we believe this story?" asked a grasshopper with only one antennae on her head. Shaden knew this to be the old warrior, Juniper Jinx. "What if the boy stole the wand from the tree? Perhaps we should take away the wand until we are certain of the truth."

But Elder Kandlestar hobbled forward and proclaimed, "The boy speaks the truth. For I know he has a great purpose, and much to accomplish that is important to the survival of Een. If you do not believe me, then we must think about the Great Tree of Een. Do you really suggest that someone could steal from it? Especially a ten-year-old boy? Nay, Elders. The tree would have never given away its wood so easily. If it did grant the boy a wand, it was for a purpose. Shall we defy the wisdom of that magnificent oak? No, I think not."

Then the Council of Elders voted, and it was agreed that the boy should keep the wand.

"But who should train the boy?" wondered the Eldest of the Elders, Broon Bumblebean.

"I will," Elder Kandlestar announced, and this was much to everyone's surprise, for she had not taken an apprentice for many years.

But Elder Kandlestar knew the boy must be carefully tutored in the ways of Een magic, and so she took it upon herself to train him. Shaden Shiverbone grew to become a powerful wizard of Een. As a young man, he journeyed to the Crystal Peaks and there he discovered a Kazah

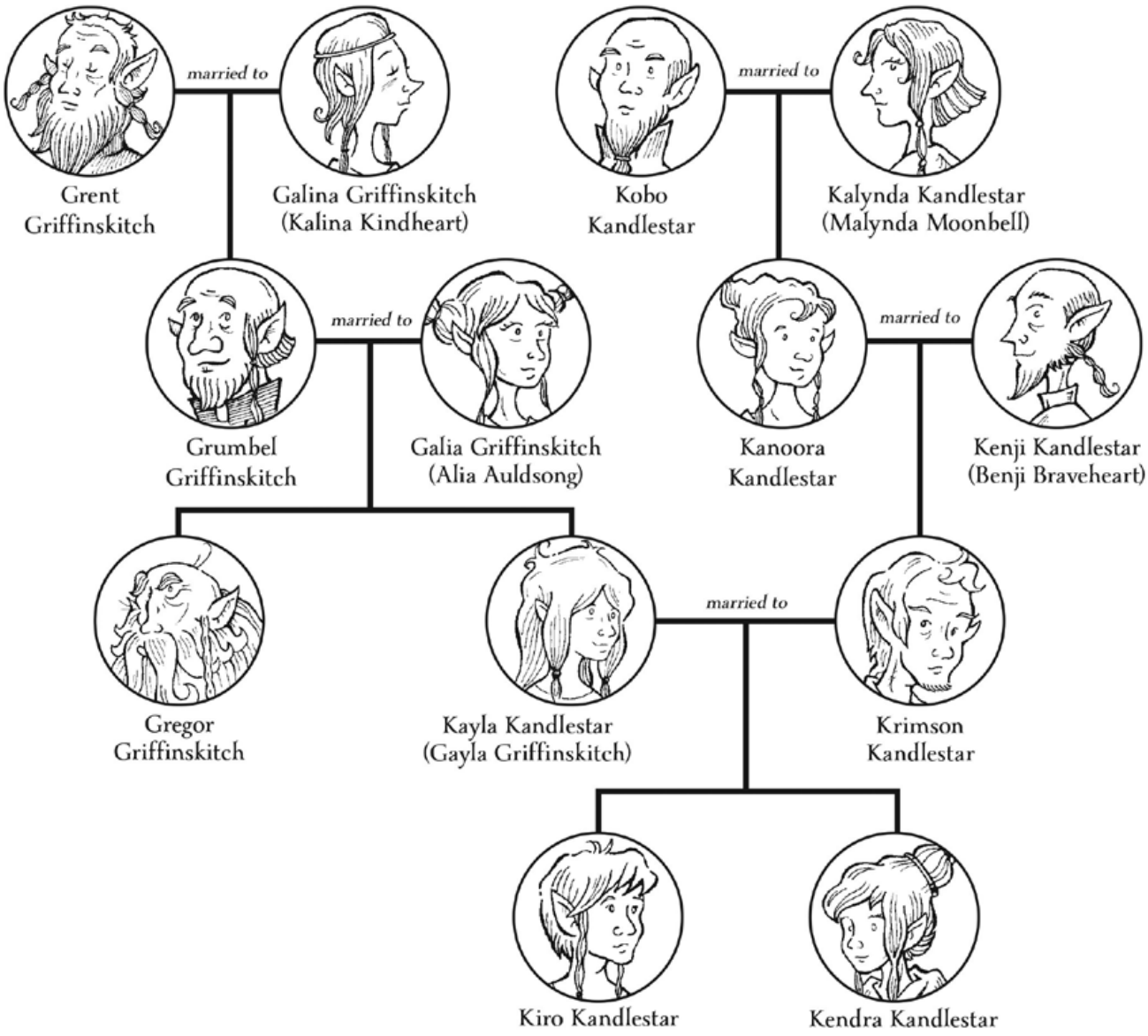
stone that was perfectly round, and more powerful than any other gem that had been mined from those mountains. And he also used his magical arts to fashion a cloak of shadows, an enchanted garment that helped disguise its wearer.

These were both powerful items of magic and came to be used by the Sorceress of Sight to bring about the end of the Days of Many, when the monster races still prowled the wilds of the outside world and did seek to destroy the Land of Een.

But that is another story.

Kendra Kandlestar's Family Tree

Note: Names in brackets indicate the name that the character was born with. When Eens marry, they will change their first name so that the first letter matches the first letter of their partner's last name. There are no gender rules for this, and an Een man will often change his names to match that of his wife.



Lee Edward Födi likes to think of himself as a daydreaming specialist. Constantly daydreaming used to get him into a great deal of trouble, but now he finds it keeps him out of it. When not daydreaming himself, he teaches it—mostly to kids, who, it seems to him, are already pretty good at it; it's just that they haven't yet learned how to put it to good use. He enjoys mythology, history, and the mysteries of the universe. He loves to visit exotic places where he can lose himself (literally) in tombs, mazes, castles, and crypts—not to mention tiny places tucked between the cracks of Here and There. He lives in Vancouver, Canada, with his wife and unhelpful cat.

Find out more at www.leefodi.com and www.kendrakandlestar.com.

THE
CHRONICLES
OF
KENDRA KANDLESTAR

Book 1: The Box of Whispers
Book 2: The Door to Unger
Book 3: The Shard from Greeve
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