

A Love Story – A True Story

Once upon a time, in the tiny kingdom of Kal'e-For'nay, there lived a beautiful young maiden, whose name reminded one of the crystalline frozen rivers that annually dominated that little kingdom during the season of her birth. But if her name spoke of rivers in winter, her tresses spoke of them in summer, with golden cascades ever-flowing softly upon her shoulders; and when she laughed it was not unlike the sound of gaily moving waters splashing upon sunlit stones.

After she had grown to the full flower of her woman-hood, at the age of one-score and three, she took an excursion with some close companions to encamp within and alongside the rivers and hillsides and flowers which she loved so dearly. A merry group it was which went out that day, following the winding paths from the little village of Sand-Hoes Bay. Trotting amid the heather, across glade and glen, their trusty steeds did bear them aright until they did finally reach that enchanting place they had sought from the start, that distant starlit place held in wonder by so many of her kin, the mountain valley of Yoso-Mighty.

Their encampment was quickly made and much merry-making there was in song and story and the fellowship found in games. At last they did seek repose, and though the frost-laden air did greet them early the next morn, all were ready to await the new day's adventures. Little did the maiden expect that which awaited her.

She had risen early and her meditations had led her beside the tranquil flowing river that so easily calls one in that land. Her solitude was broken, however, by the presence of a new companion, one which had joined their band early in the path. From afar he had come, having heard of her beauty and desiring the fellowship of so worthy a group of travelers. Thus, this morning, he had sought her out. She was curious about this tall, soft-spoken figure and his tales of travel far and wide. They did speak until the mid-day feast, and then well past.

He had newly come from the Kingdom of Origin, a land in the north, though he had in time past resided in her own land of Kal'e-For'nay, and, further back, did claim birthright within the distant modest province of Teeak-zis. He was a student of great engines, and was able to discern them by their sounds, even from great distances. His friends had started a fellowship of sorts, half in jest but still in honor, named after him, which was known at the beginning and ever after as the order of Engine Ears. This title he likewise held in honor, though not without like humor. A small staff fastened upon the breastplate did bespeak of the title.

And so the conversations continued long even as the passing of those days was short. Too soon it seemed, the excursion did end, and the band of friends returned to its start. But the closeness of these two new companions did grow and after a time they did speak of affections and courting, and so, in only a little over one passing of seasons upon their meeting in that place, the courting came to full fruition upon the last of May. And they lived happily ever after.

The End.