

THE SECRET

A TREASURE HUNT



THE TALE OF THE FAIR PEOPLE
THE MYSTERY OF THEIR TREASURE
THE WHEREABOUTS OF THEIR DESCENDANTS

THE SECRET

Sean Kelly
Ted Mann
Authors

JoEllen Trilling
Sculptress
Developed
and Edited by
Byron Preiss

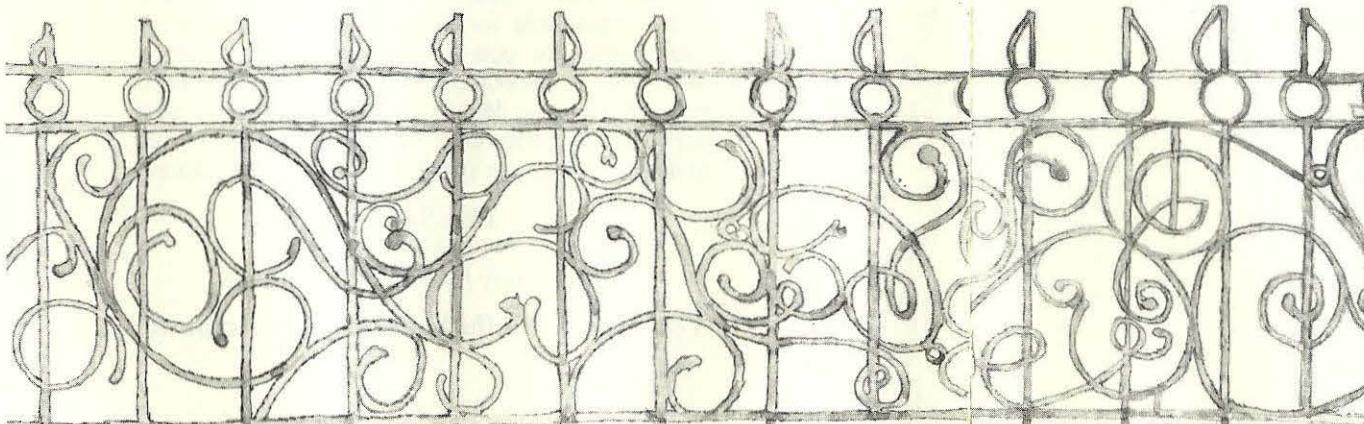
John Jude Palencar
John Pierard
Overton Loyd
Illustrators

Ben Asen
Photographer

Alex Jay
Designer

A
Byron Preiss
Book

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Welcome. We've been expecting you.



**You are about to embark
on a fantastic adventure:**

A quest for twelve treasures: over ten thousand dollars in precious jewels. They may be hidden in your city or your local park or even in your own backyard. You might even figure out one of their hiding places without leaving your house. . . .

**You are about to learn the answer
to an age-old mystery:**

Whatever happened to the Fair People: the goblins, dragons, fairies, leprechauns and other fantastic creatures of the Old World?

**You are about to meet
their descendants:**

For the first time, you will see the creatures who are really responsible for all the unexplainable things that happen to you—from the *Maitre D'eamon* (who makes sure you get the table near the kitchen) to the *Screaming Mimi* (who loves the sound of a baby crying in your ear). Plus you'll have a chance to send in your own sightings of fantastic creatures.

The Secret
A Treasure Hunt
A Mythology for the Modern World

You are cordially invited to participate.

THE TALE, SIMPLY TOLD

A long, long time ago, before the age when Man and Woman sailed in ships to lands they had never seen, there existed in the Old World two empires: that of Man and that of the Fair People.

Man named his abode Civilization, for Man was an acquisitive creature and names were things he could possess. He could not fly on wings of gossamer, like a fairy; nor hide in the gentle slope of a mountain, like a giant; nor throw fire through a gust of wind, like a dragon. So Man often found his strength in words.

The Fair People had no cities or towns or houses. Their home was Nature, and in it they could play or hide or make themselves unseen to Man, who feared Nature, for he could not control it.

What Man could not control, he often sought to change. Thus, over centuries, Man built his cities, and his villages and diminished the Fair People's domain.

Where once lived a goblin, there rose a tavern.

Where once swam a river maiden, a water wheel spun.

Forest to lumber, earth to road . . . Man expanded



his empire and the Fair People were threatened.

From England to Cathay, from Bristol to Bombay, there came a call from the Fair People for a new home, untrammeled by Civilization. Representatives of the Fair People of the Old World were sent to seek it. Elves, fairies, sprites, foletti, duende . . . from thirteen lands they departed the Old World to find a New one.

And they did.

You are about to read of the fantastic passage of the Fair People, who, like Man, arrived on the shores of the New World with dreams of freedom and contentment. You are about to learn of their wonderstones, the twelve treasures brought with them in their passage to the New Found Land: diamond, ruby, pearl, amethyst, emerald, sapphire, peridot, garnet, topaz, aquamarine. . . And you will discover what happened when the Fair People found Man of the New World, who shared their deep love for nature. Best of all, you will learn of your role in the Fair People's story, and the significance of the quest for their treasure in the relationship between Man and the Fair People.

Across North America, twelve treasures are waiting. The key to each requires the proper combination of one treasure painting with one treasure verse. You need only decipher the clues in any pair to learn the



location of a treasure casque. In each casque, waits a key. The return of the key will gain its treasure for you. (If you are unable to retrieve the casque, but believe you have determined its site, you may acquire its treasure by successfully completing the form in the back of the book with a precise description and explanation of your discovery.) Any successful discovery of a treasure will be described in the next edition of *The Secret*.

Finally, you will meet many of the modern descendants of the Fair People who arrived on America's shores. You are cordially invited to inform us, in words or pictures, of your own sightings of Fair People as yet unseen for inclusion in the next edition of *The Secret*.

This is our story, simply told.

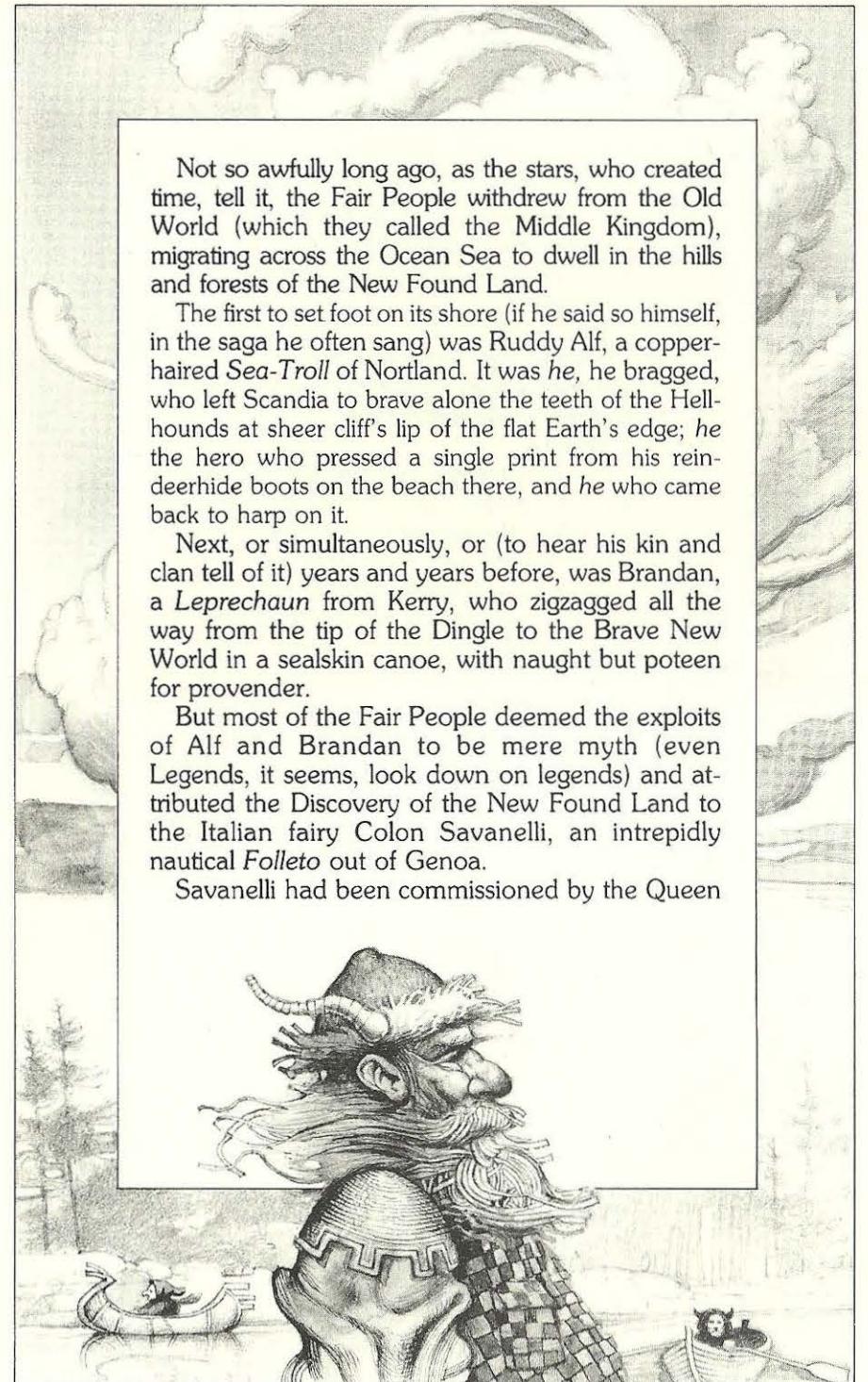
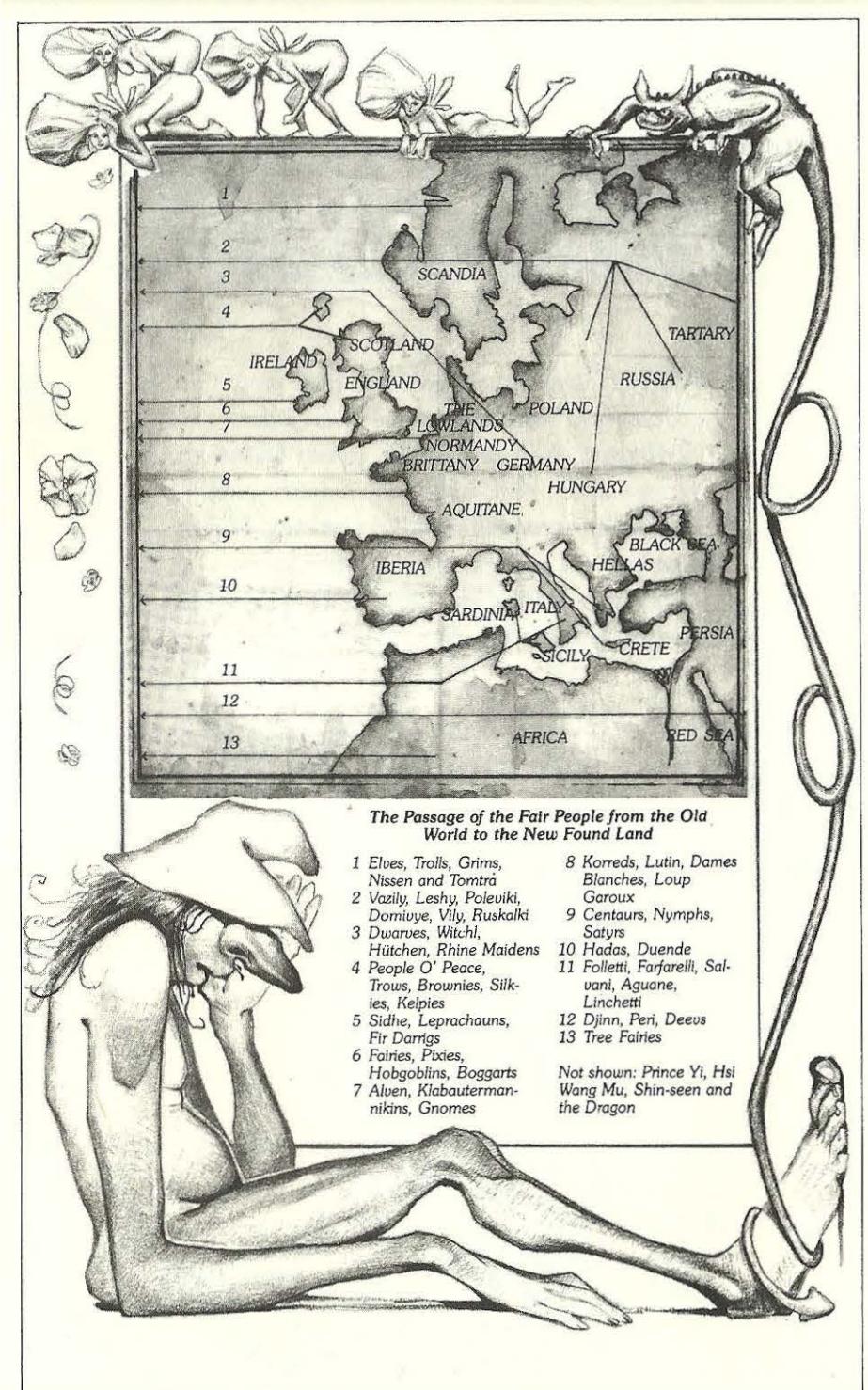
The mystery is yours to unravel.

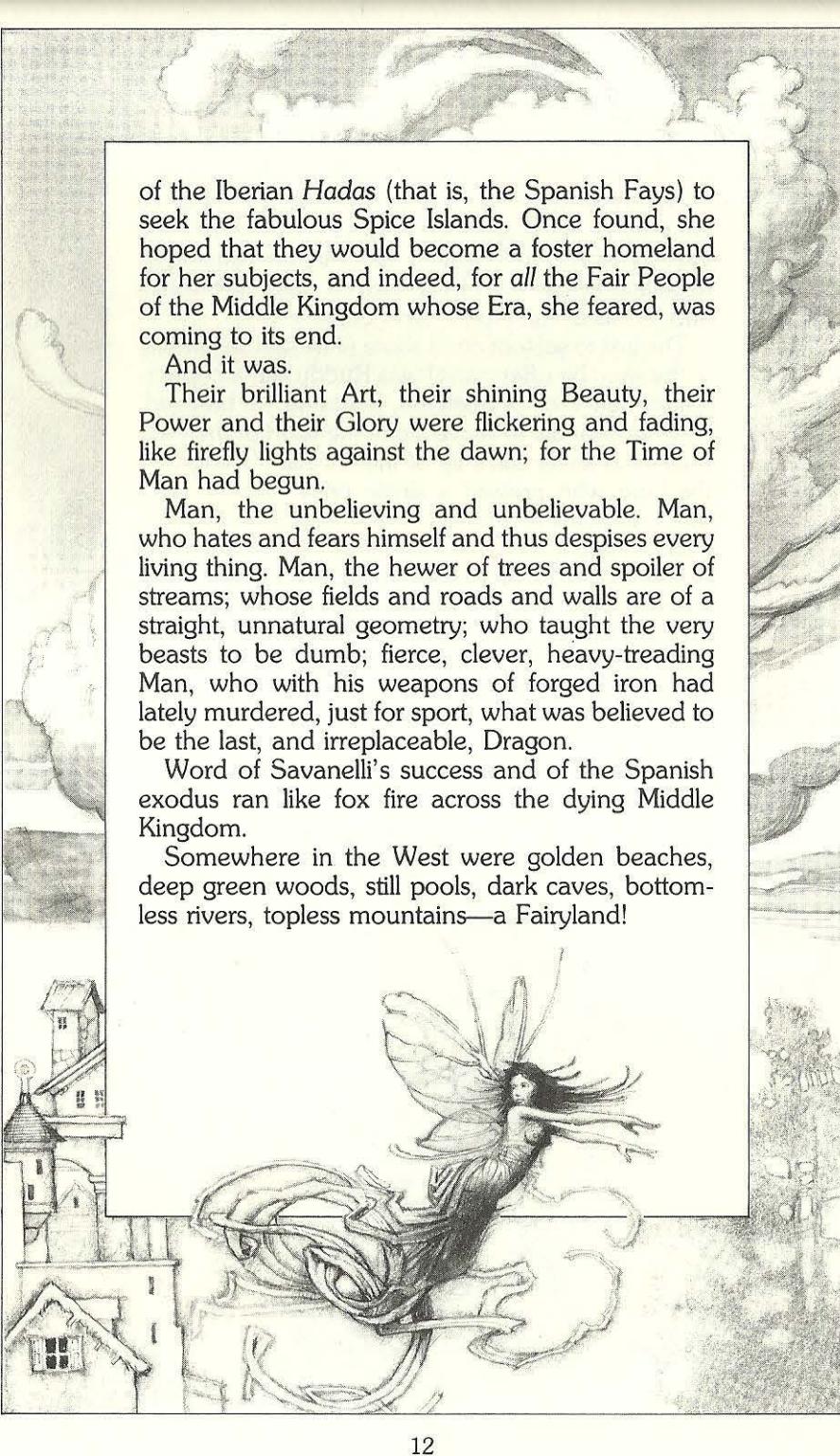


THE PASSAGE TO THE NEW WORLD

*The Northern seas are cold and cruel grey;
Across them sailed the fair tall Elven folk.
Southward, the seas are blue, serene and warm;
From that soft mist, with many a merry joke,
Sweet Spirits came. From West, at close of day,
Beneath sails brilliant as a peacock's fan,
Djinni arrived. From sunrise and through storm,
Across the Eastern ocean, last came—Man.*







of the Iberian *Hadas* (that is, the Spanish Fays) to seek the fabulous Spice Islands. Once found, she hoped that they would become a foster homeland for her subjects, and indeed, for all the Fair People of the Middle Kingdom whose Era, she feared, was coming to its end.

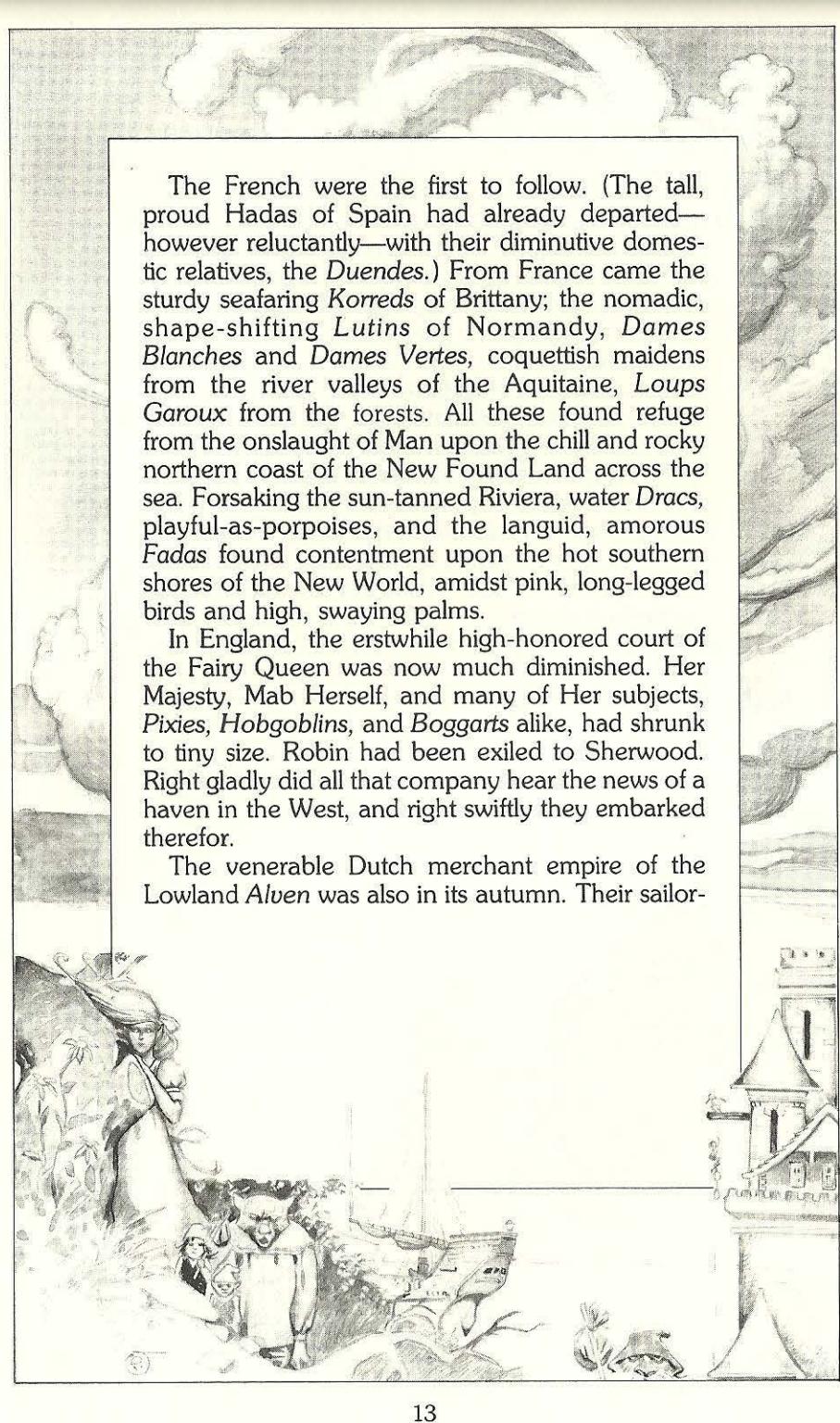
And it was.

Their brilliant Art, their shining Beauty, their Power and their Glory were flickering and fading, like firefly lights against the dawn; for the Time of Man had begun.

Man, the unbelieving and unbelievable. Man, who hates and fears himself and thus despises every living thing. Man, the hewer of trees and spoiler of streams; whose fields and roads and walls are of a straight, unnatural geometry; who taught the very beasts to be dumb; fierce, clever, heavy-treading Man, who with his weapons of forged iron had lately murdered, just for sport, what was believed to be the last, and irreplaceable, Dragon.

Word of Savanelli's success and of the Spanish exodus ran like fox fire across the dying Middle Kingdom.

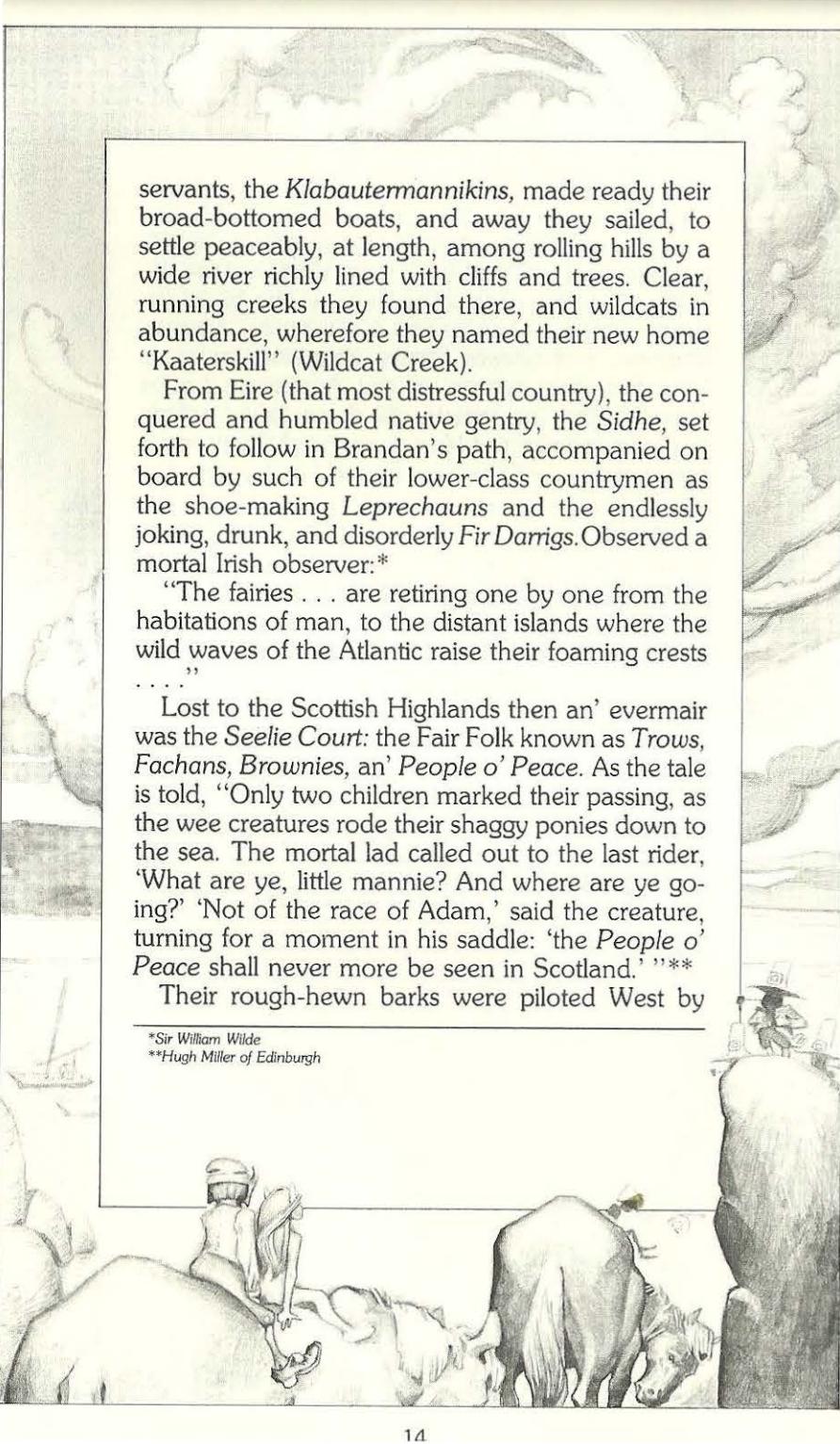
Somewhere in the West were golden beaches, deep green woods, still pools, dark caves, bottomless rivers, topless mountains—a Fairyland!



The French were the first to follow. (The tall, proud *Hadas* of Spain had already departed—however reluctantly—with their diminutive domestic relatives, the *Duendes*.) From France came the sturdy seafaring *Korreds* of Brittany; the nomadic, shape-shifting *Lutins* of Normandy, *Dames Blanches* and *Dames Vertes*, coquettish maidens from the river valleys of the Aquitaine, *Loups Garoux* from the forests. All these found refuge from the onslaught of Man upon the chill and rocky northern coast of the New Found Land across the sea. Forsaking the sun-tanned Riviera, water *Dracs*, playful-as-porpoises, and the languid, amorous *Fadas* found contentment upon the hot southern shores of the New World, amidst pink, long-legged birds and high, swaying palms.

In England, the erstwhile high-honored court of the Fairy Queen was now much diminished. Her Majesty, Mab Herself, and many of Her subjects, *Pixies*, *Hobgoblins*, and *Boggarts* alike, had shrunk to tiny size. Robin had been exiled to Sherwood. Right gladly did all that company hear the news of a haven in the West, and right swiftly they embarked therefor.

The venerable Dutch merchant empire of the Lowland *Alven* was also in its autumn. Their sailor-



servants, the *Klabautermannikins*, made ready their broad-bottomed boats, and away they sailed, to settle peaceably, at length, among rolling hills by a wide river richly lined with cliffs and trees. Clear, running creeks they found there, and wildcats in abundance, wherefore they named their new home "Kaaterskill" (Wildcat Creek).

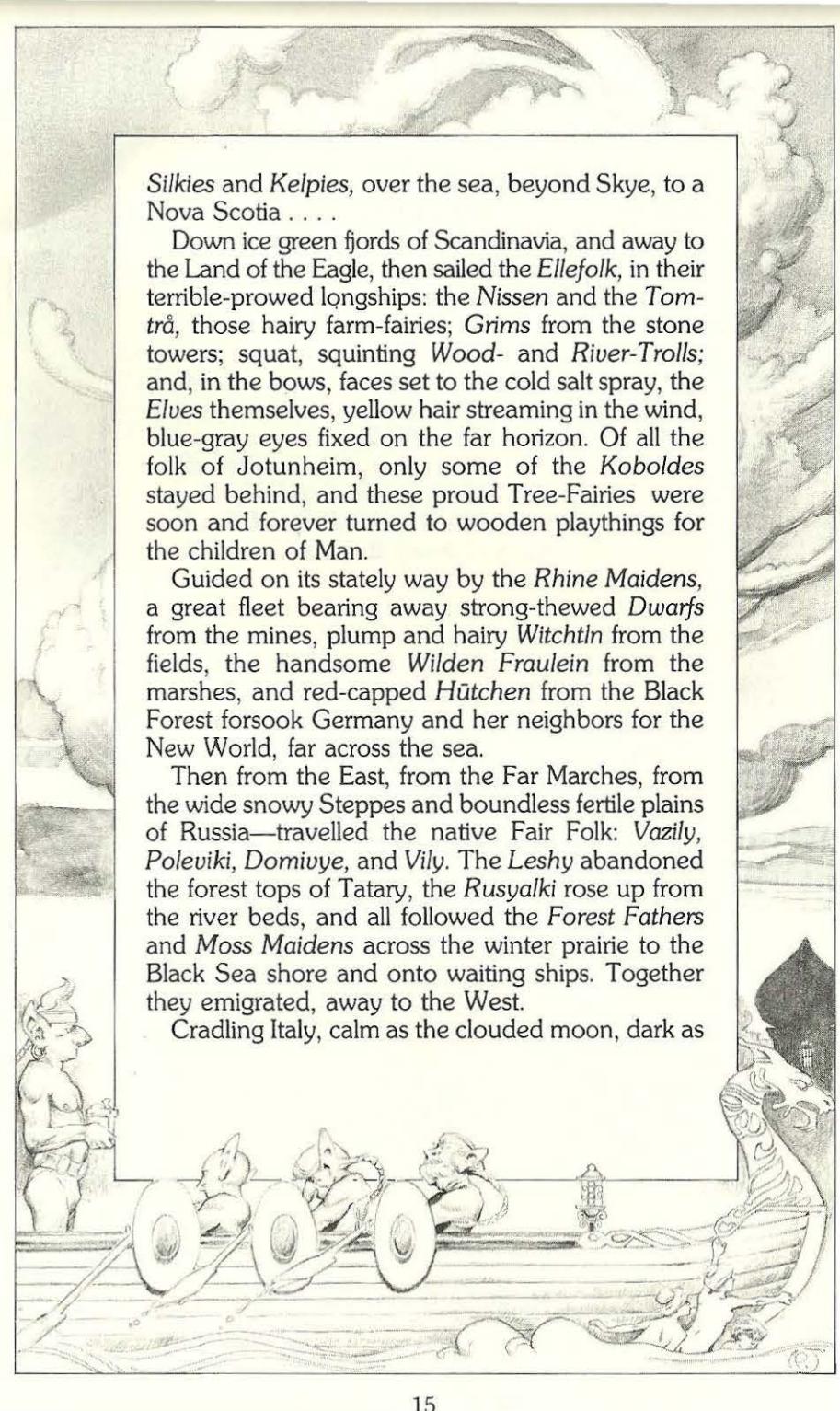
From Eire (that most distressful country), the conquered and humbled native gentry, the *Sidhe*, set forth to follow in Brandan's path, accompanied on board by such of their lower-class countrymen as the shoe-making *Leprechauns* and the endlessly joking, drunk, and disorderly *Fir Darrigs*. Observed a mortal Irish observer:^{*}

"The fairies . . . are retiring one by one from the habitations of man, to the distant islands where the wild waves of the Atlantic raise their foaming crests"

Lost to the Scottish Highlands then an' evermair was the *Seelie Court*: the Fair Folk known as *Trows*, *Fachans*, *Brownies*, an' *People o' Peace*. As the tale is told, "Only two children marked their passing, as the wee creatures rode their shaggy ponies down to the sea. The mortal lad called out to the last rider, 'What are ye, little mannie? And where are ye going?' 'Not of the race of Adam,' said the creature, turning for a moment in his saddle: 'the *People o' Peace* shall never more be seen in Scotland.' " ^{**}

Their rough-hewn barks were piloted West by

*Sir William Wilde
**Hugh Miller of Edinburgh



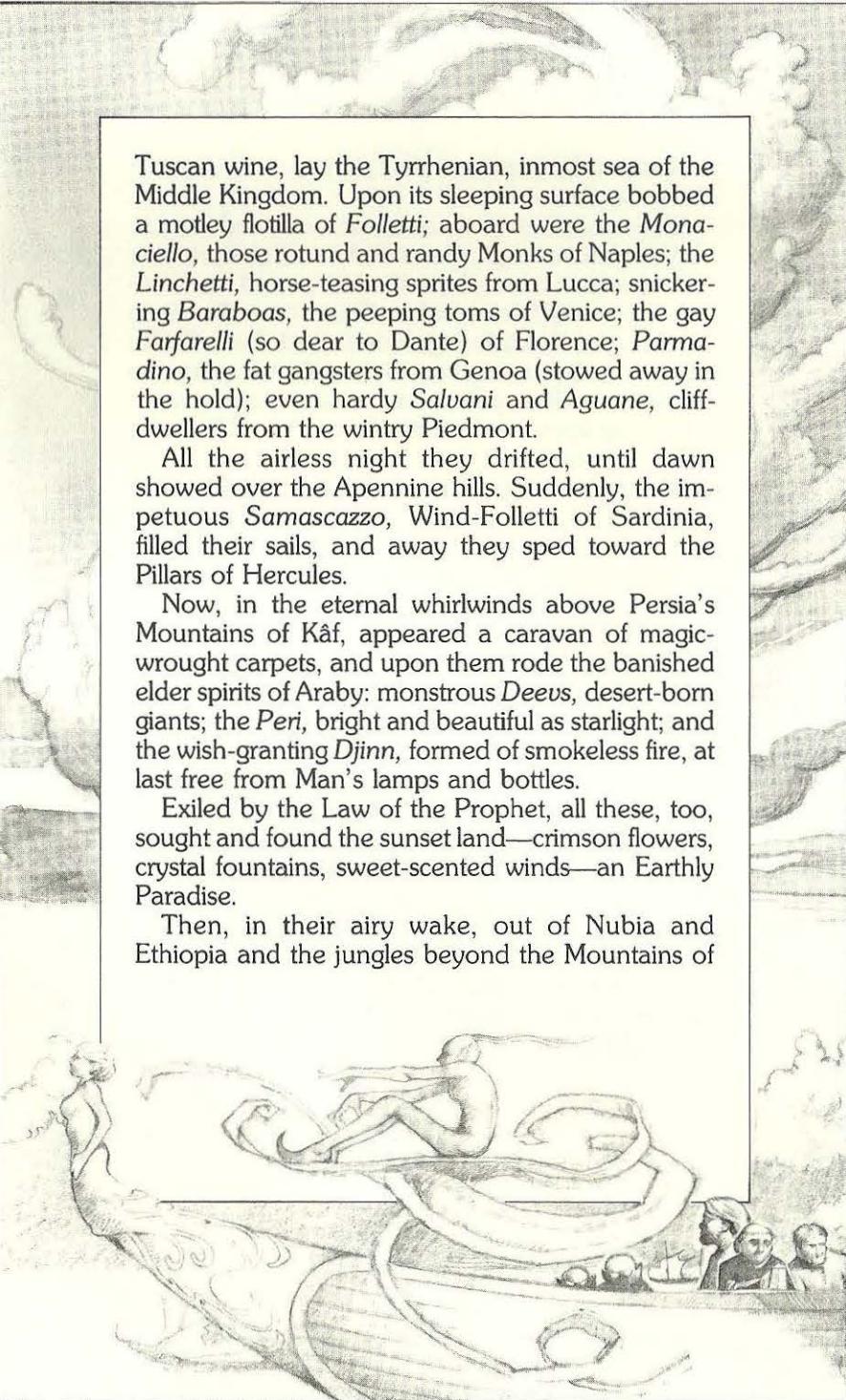
Silkies and Kelpies, over the sea, beyond Skye, to a Nova Scotia

Down ice green fjords of Scandinavia, and away to the Land of the Eagle, then sailed the *Ellefolk*, in their terrible-prowed longships: the *Nissen* and the *Tomtrå*, those hairy farm-fairies; *Grims* from the stone towers; squat, squinting *Wood- and River-Trolls*; and, in the bows, faces set to the cold salt spray, the *Elves* themselves, yellow hair streaming in the wind, blue-gray eyes fixed on the far horizon. Of all the folk of Jotunheim, only some of the *Koboldes* stayed behind, and these proud Tree-Fairies were soon and forever turned to wooden playthings for the children of Man.

Guided on its stately way by the *Rhine Maidens*, a great fleet bearing away strong-thewed *Dwarfs* from the mines, plump and hairy *Witchln* from the fields, the handsome *Wilden Fraulein* from the marshes, and red-capped *Hütchen* from the Black Forest forsook Germany and her neighbors for the New World, far across the sea.

Then from the East, from the Far Marches, from the wide snowy Steppes and boundless fertile plains of Russia—travelled the native Fair Folk: *Vazily*, *Poleviki*, *Domivye*, and *Vily*. The *Leshy* abandoned the forest tops of Tatary, the *Rusyalki* rose up from the river beds, and all followed the *Forest Fathers* and *Moss Maidens* across the winter prairie to the Black Sea shore and onto waiting ships. Together they emigrated, away to the West.

Cradling Italy, calm as the clouded moon, dark as



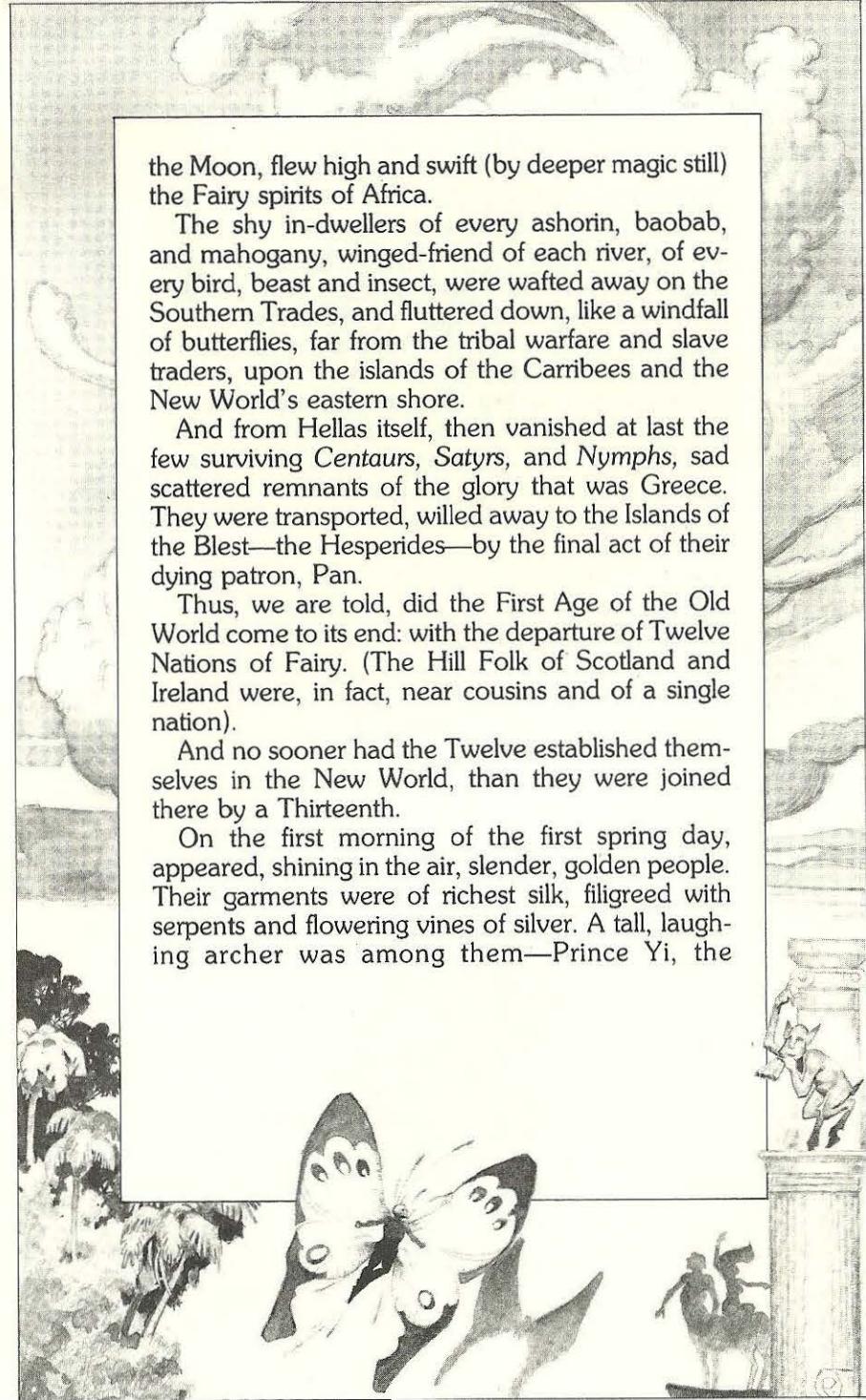
Tuscan wine, lay the Tyrrhenian, inmost sea of the Middle Kingdom. Upon its sleeping surface bobbed a motley flotilla of *Folletti*; aboard were the *Monaciello*, those rotund and randy Monks of Naples; the *Linchetti*, horse-teasing sprites from Lucca; snickering *Baraboas*, the peeping toms of Venice; the gay *Farfarelli* (so dear to Dante) of Florence; *Parmadino*, the fat gangsters from Genoa (stowed away in the hold); even hardy *Salvani* and *Aguane*, cliff-dwellers from the wintry Piedmont.

All the airless night they drifted, until dawn showed over the Apennine hills. Suddenly, the impetuous *Samascazzo*, Wind-Folletti of Sardinia, filled their sails, and away they sped toward the Pillars of Hercules.

Now, in the eternal whirlwinds above Persia's Mountains of Kâf, appeared a caravan of magic-wrought carpets, and upon them rode the banished elder spirits of Araby: monstrous *Deeves*, desert-born giants; the *Peri*, bright and beautiful as starlight; and the wish-granting *Djinn*, formed of smokeless fire, at last free from Man's lamps and bottles.

Exiled by the Law of the Prophet, all these, too, sought and found the sunset land—crimson flowers, crystal fountains, sweet-scented winds—an Earthly Paradise.

Then, in their airy wake, out of Nubia and Ethiopia and the jungles beyond the Mountains of



the Moon, flew high and swift (by deeper magic still) the Fairy spirits of Africa.

The shy in-dwellers of every ashorin, baobab, and mahogany, winged-friend of each river, of every bird, beast and insect, were wafted away on the Southern Trades, and fluttered down, like a windfall of butterflies, far from the tribal warfare and slave traders, upon the islands of the Caribees and the New World's eastern shore.

And from Hellas itself, then vanished at last the few surviving *Centaurs*, *Satyrs*, and *Nymphs*, sad scattered remnants of the glory that was Greece. They were transported, willed away to the Islands of the Blest—the Hesperides—by the final act of their dying patron, Pan.

Thus, we are told, did the First Age of the Old World come to its end: with the departure of Twelve Nations of Fairy. (The Hill Folk of Scotland and Ireland were, in fact, near cousins and of a single nation).

And no sooner had the Twelve established themselves in the New World, than they were joined there by a Thirteenth.

On the first morning of the first spring day, appeared, shining in the air, slender, golden people. Their garments were of richest silk, filigreed with serpents and flowering vines of silver. A tall, laughing archer was among them—Prince Yi, the

Wanderer, bearing the great bow with which he had shot dead nine blazing suns—at his side, his Golden Mother, Hsi Wang Mu, beautiful as the moon, who bore in her hands the peaches of immortality—and Tsao-shen, also, the home-loving imp, his laughing mouth smeared with honey—together with the multitude of *Shiin-seen*, shy, delicate maidens and bright-eyed, bearded sages.

From impossibly distant Cathay they had travelled, bringing with them to safety, to the wonder and joy of every Fairy, what all had thought never to see again—a fire-breathing and terrible, winged and wonderful Dragon.



THE LITANY OF THE JEWELS

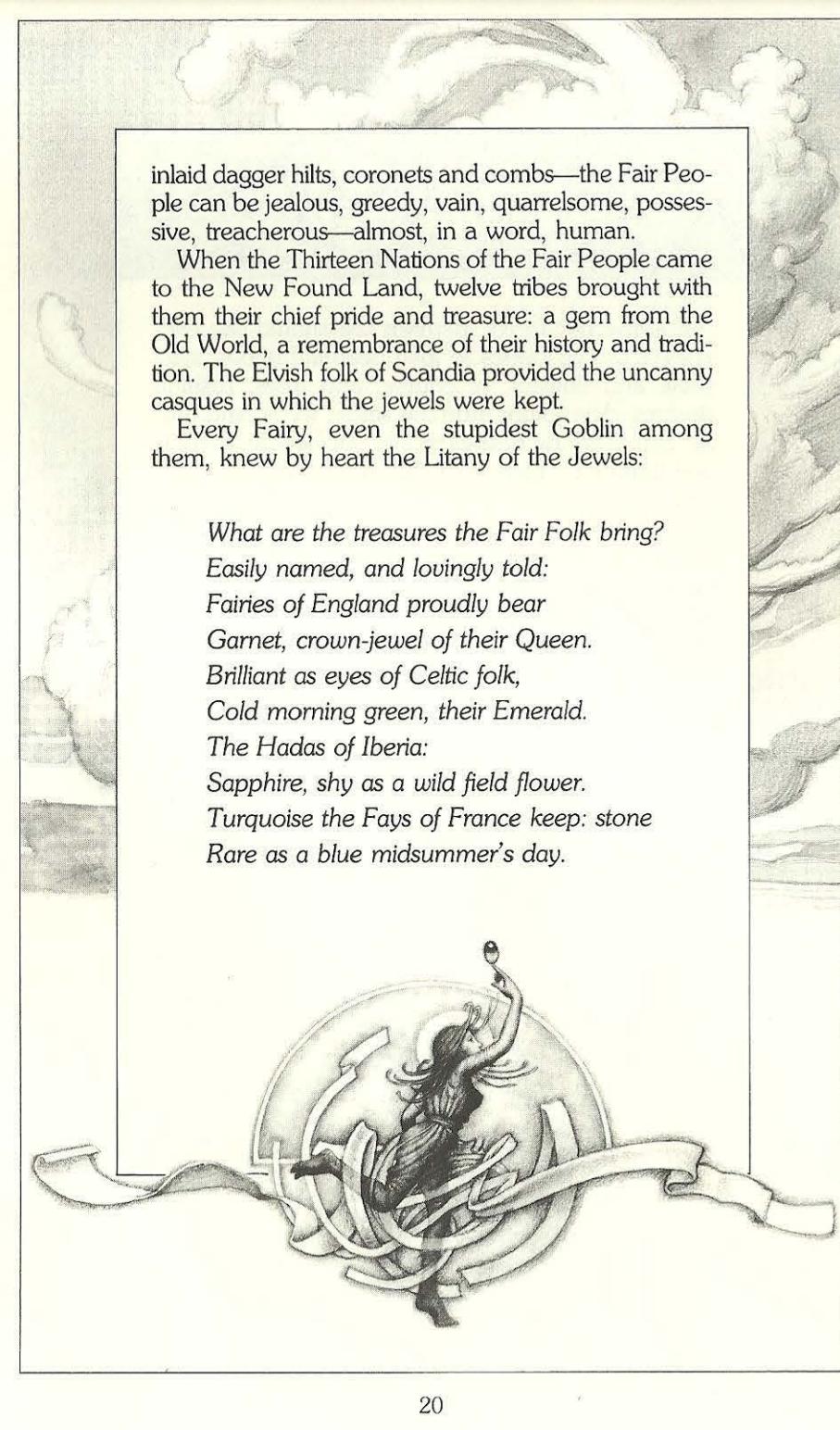
It is the nature (or perhaps we should say *PRETERNATURE*) of Fairies to love beautiful things: starshine and flowers, of course, and trees; rushing streams, dew-bright morning spider webs, and music. But of all the desires of the Fair People, there is one thing for which Man shares the same passion: Jewels.

To the Fairies, gold is pretty enough stuff. It reminds them of sunlight dancing on water and of the turning leaves in autumn. (Catch a Leprechaun, they say, and demand of him his golden treasure: you'll sleep a hundred years and wake with dead leaves in your pocket—he keeps his word.)

Likewise, they cherish silver, for it puts them in mind of moonlight and icicles.

But precious stones they value for themselves; perhaps because, like them, gems are earthborn, rare, and beautiful. When it comes to jewelry (and the Fairies are great craftsmen of jewelry)—to rings and pendants, bracelets and necklaces, to broaches and



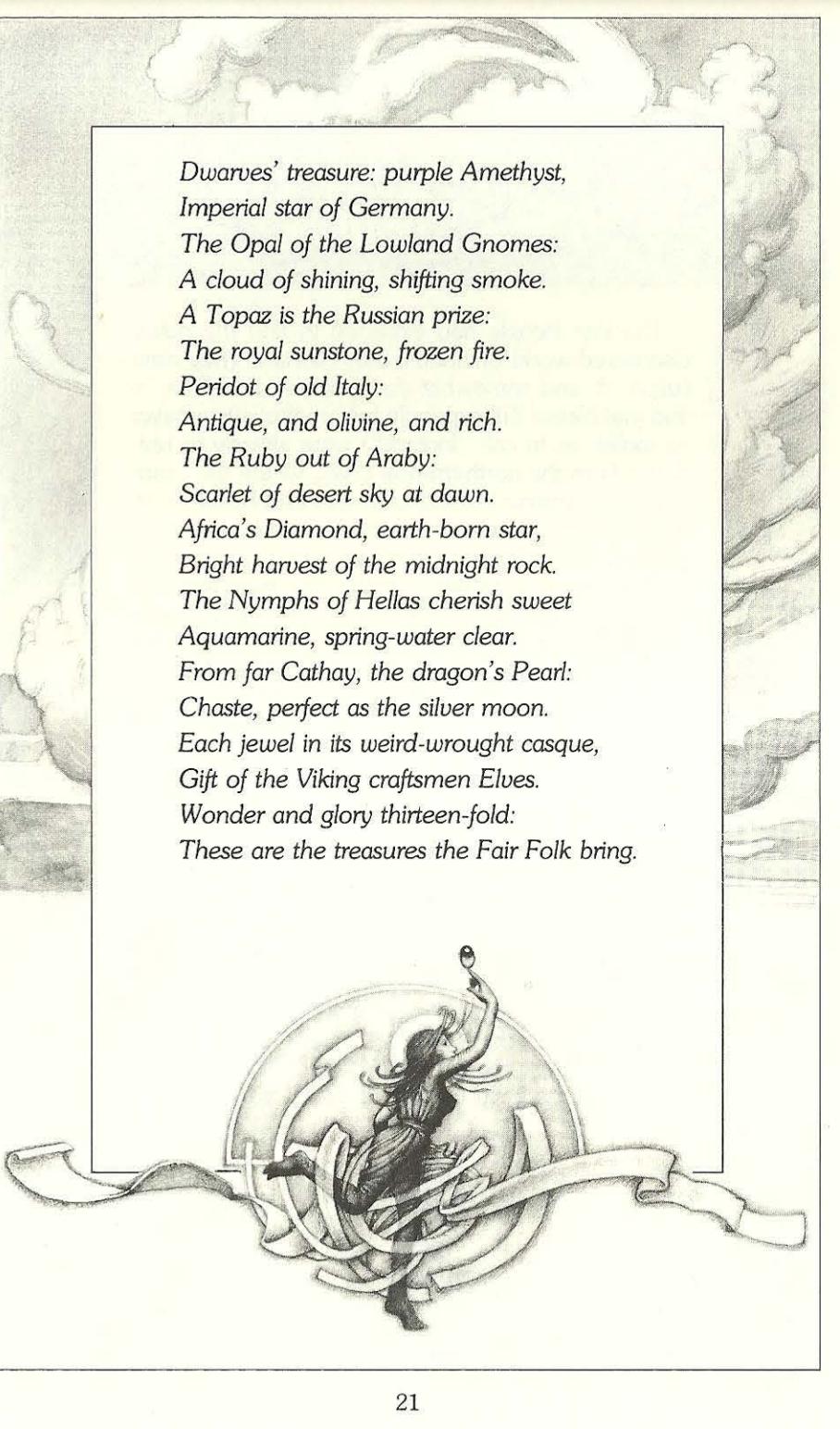


inlaid dagger hilts, coronets and combs—the Fair People can be jealous, greedy, vain, quarrelsome, possessive, treacherous—almost, in a word, human.

When the Thirteen Nations of the Fair People came to the New Found Land, twelve tribes brought with them their chief pride and treasure: a gem from the Old World, a remembrance of their history and tradition. The Elvish folk of Scandia provided the uncanny casques in which the jewels were kept.

Every Fairy, even the stupidest Goblin among them, knew by heart the Litany of the Jewels:

*What are the treasures the Fair Folk bring?
Easily named, and lovingly told:
Fairies of England proudly bear
Garnet, crown-jewel of their Queen.
Brilliant as eyes of Celtic folk,
Cold morning green, their Emerald.
The Hadas of Iberia:
Sapphire, shy as a wild field flower.
Turquoise the Fays of France keep: stone
Rare as a blue midsummer's day.*



*Dwarves' treasure: purple Amethyst,
Imperial star of Germany.*

*The Opal of the Lowland Gnomes:
A cloud of shining, shifting smoke.*

*A Topaz is the Russian prize:
The royal sunstone, frozen fire.*

Peridot of old Italy:

Antique, and olivine, and rich.

The Ruby out of Araby:

Scarlet of desert sky at dawn.

*Africa's Diamond, earth-born star,
Bright harvest of the midnight rock.*

*The Nymphs of Hellas cherish sweet
Aquamarine, spring-water clear.*

*From far Cathay, the dragon's Pearl:
Chaste, perfect as the silver moon.*

*Each jewel in its weird-wrought casque,
Gift of the Viking craftsmen Elves.*

Wonder and glory thirteen-fold:

These are the treasures the Fair Folk bring.



THE VANISHING

The Fair People had expected to find the newly discovered world uninhabited by mortals. They were surprised, and somewhat disappointed, therefore, to find that Native Tribespeople (whom they were never so foolish as to call "Indians") were already in residence from the northernmost coast, where the Scandinavian Elves confronted the *Innuit* and *Beothuk*, to the southern shores, where the Iberian Hadas were greeted by the *Timuca* and *Calusa*.

But it soon became clear that the manners and customs of the Natives had much in common with Fairy ways, and bore little resemblance to the savage behavior of Civilized Man in the Old World.

The Tribespeople, for instance, had deep respect for earth, air, fire, and water, and this was much appreciated by the Fair Folk, who are, as you know, the natural children of those elements; and on the whole, relations between the natives and the Fairy newcomers were cordial.

There were, to be sure, some unfortunate conflicts and skirmishes. The Italian immigrant Folletti and the indigenous Powhatan engaged, briefly, in a sort of guerilla gang war over fishing rights off the peninsula of what is now called New Jersey.

Difficulties between the newcomer Tree Spirits of Africa and the native Caribees were resolved in their mutual love of music; what was to have been a winner-take-all drumming contest between the

champions of both groups was quickly transformed into a month-long party—a "jump-up" on the beach, during which festivities, according to legend, rum was invented.

So long as the Native Peoples would live in harmony with Nature, the "Shining Ones From Over The Big Sea Water" (as they were called) were content to live in harmony with them.

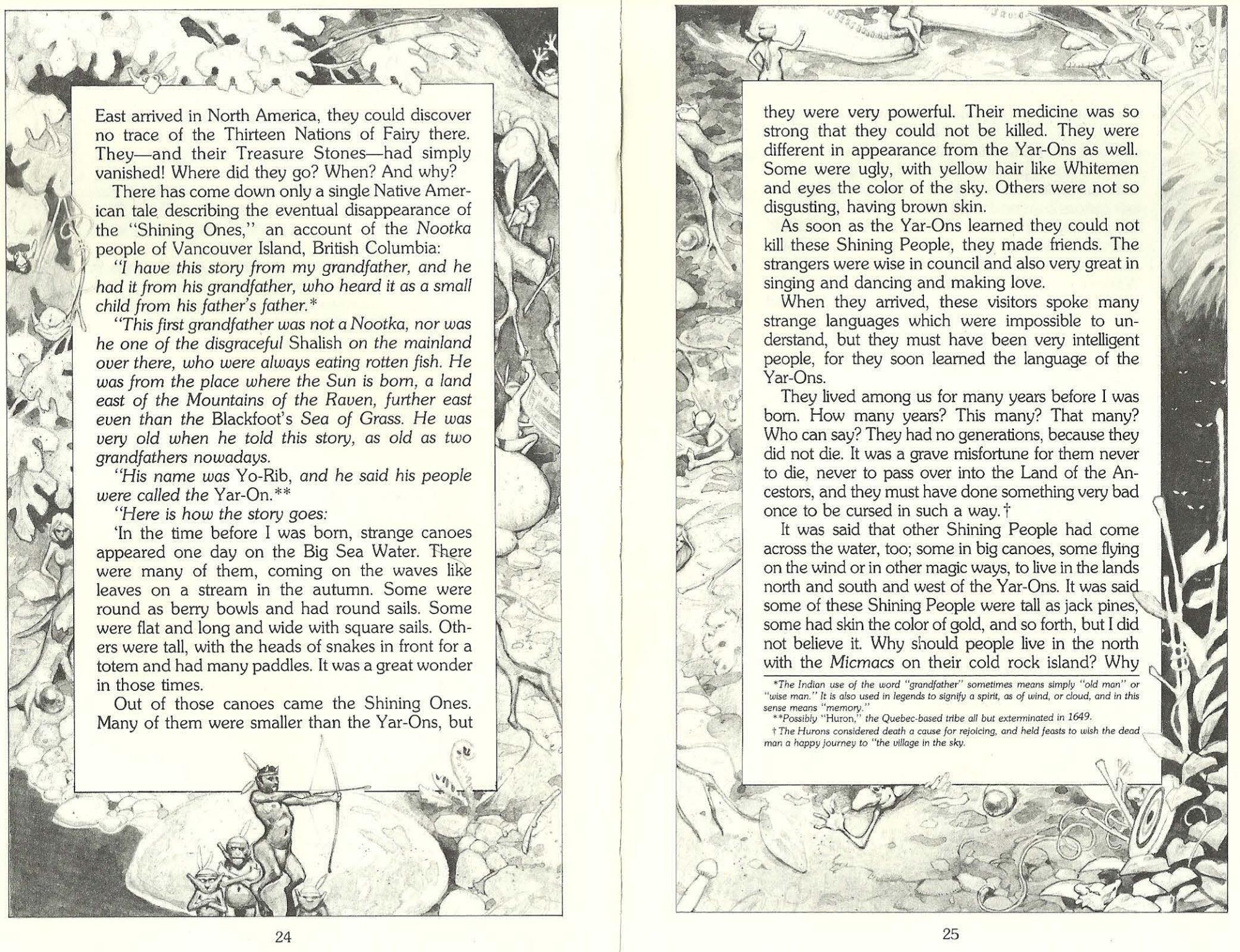
Robin and the Pixies of Britain gave lessons in archery to the Catawba braves, who passed their skill in bowmanship along to the neighboring Cherokee and Teton Sioux. Leshy and Vily, from the forests of Muscovy, instructed the Mohicans in woodcraft, teaching them to move silently and invisibly through the trees—a skill which (learned authorities say) the Mohicans possessed to the Last.

The fabulous carpet weaving techniques of the Djinn and Peri were admired and then mastered by the people who were their neighbors in the vast and pleasant desert regions of the New World's Southwest. (It was the sort of place to which the Spirits of Araby were naturally attracted).

Among the native customs quickly adopted by some of the Fairy newcomers was the smoking of To-Bacco—a vice to which the Leprechauns, especially, were susceptible.

How long the Fairy Folk of the Old World dwelt peacefully among the natives of the New, no one knows. There are certainly enough "Indian Myths" to establish the historical veracity of the immigration and cohabitation: stories and poems about "Bright Visitors From a Far Place" abound.

Yet when mortal men of Europe, Africa, and the



East arrived in North America, they could discover no trace of the Thirteen Nations of Fairy there. They—and their Treasure Stones—had simply vanished! Where did they go? When? And why?

There has come down only a single Native American tale describing the eventual disappearance of the "Shining Ones," an account of the Nootka people of Vancouver Island, British Columbia:

*"I have this story from my grandfather, and he had it from his grandfather, who heard it as a small child from his father's father.**

"This first grandfather was not a Nootka, nor was he one of the disgraceful Shalish on the mainland over there, who were always eating rotten fish. He was from the place where the Sun is born, a land east of the Mountains of the Raven, further east even than the Blackfoot's Sea of Grass. He was very old when he told this story, as old as two grandfathers nowadays.

*"His name was Yo-Rib, and he said his people were called the Yar-On.***

"Here is how the story goes:

"In the time before I was born, strange canoes appeared one day on the Big Sea Water. There were many of them, coming on the waves like leaves on a stream in the autumn. Some were round as berry bowls and had round sails. Some were flat and long and wide with square sails. Others were tall, with the heads of snakes in front for a totem and had many paddles. It was a great wonder in those times.

Out of those canoes came the Shining Ones. Many of them were smaller than the Yar-Ons, but

they were very powerful. Their medicine was so strong that they could not be killed. They were different in appearance from the Yar-Ons as well. Some were ugly, with yellow hair like Whitemen and eyes the color of the sky. Others were not so disgusting, having brown skin.

As soon as the Yar-Ons learned they could not kill these Shining People, they made friends. The strangers were wise in council and also very great in singing and dancing and making love.

When they arrived, these visitors spoke many strange languages which were impossible to understand, but they must have been very intelligent people, for they soon learned the language of the Yar-Ons.

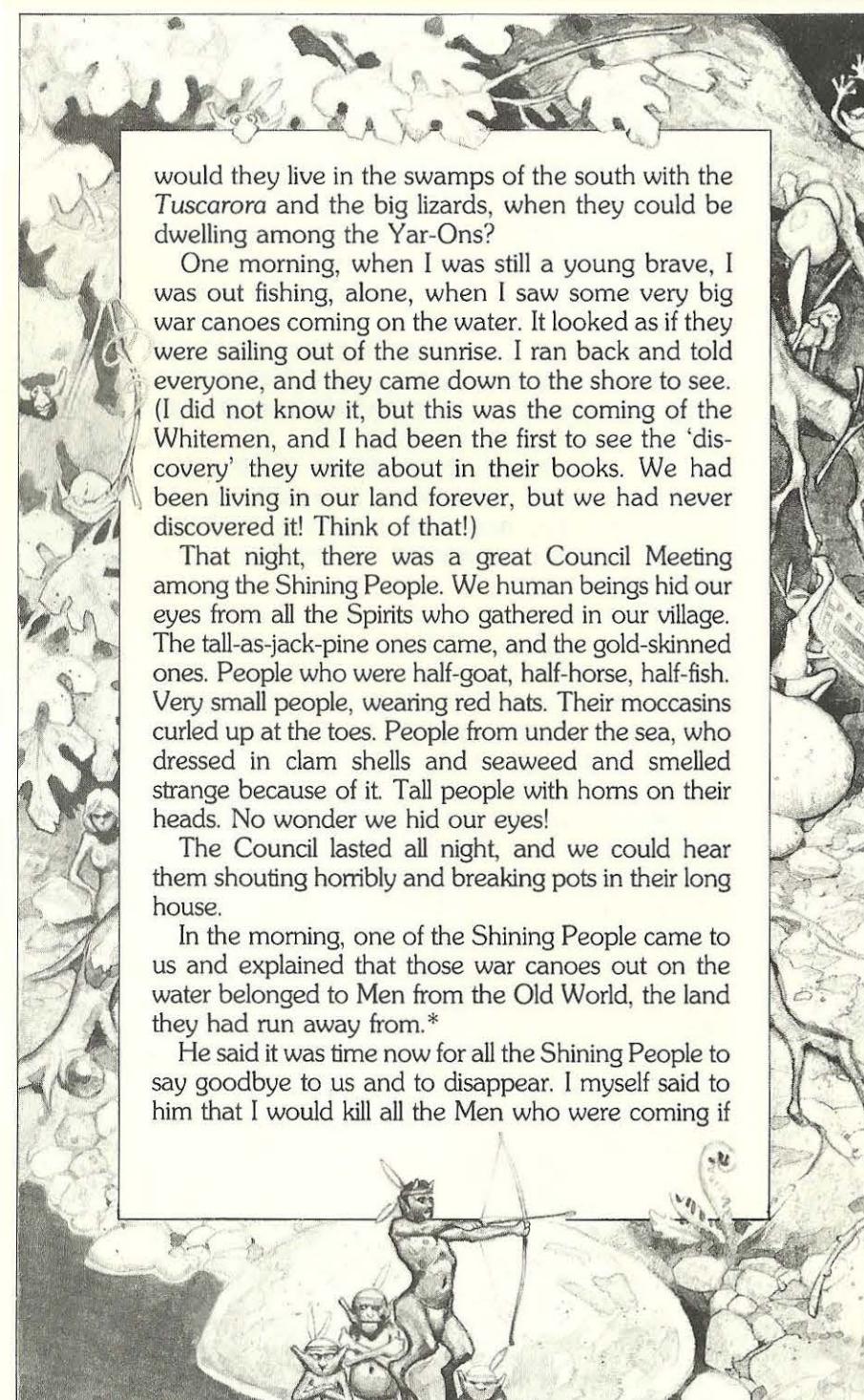
They lived among us for many years before I was born. How many years? This many? That many? Who can say? They had no generations, because they did not die. It was a grave misfortune for them never to die, never to pass over into the Land of the Ancestors, and they must have done something very bad once to be cursed in such a way.†

It was said that other Shining People had come across the water, too; some in big canoes, some flying on the wind or in other magic ways, to live in the lands north and south and west of the Yar-Ons. It was said some of these Shining People were tall as jack pines, some had skin the color of gold, and so forth, but I did not believe it. Why should people live in the north with the Micmacs on their cold rock island? Why

*The Indian use of the word "grandfather" sometimes means simply "old man" or "wise man." It is also used in legends to signify a spirit, as of wind, or cloud, and in this sense means "memory."

**Possibly "Huron," the Quebec-based tribe all but exterminated in 1649.

† The Hurons considered death a cause for rejoicing, and held feasts to wish the dead man a happy journey to "the village in the sky."



would they live in the swamps of the south with the Tuscarora and the big lizards, when they could be dwelling among the Yar-Ons?

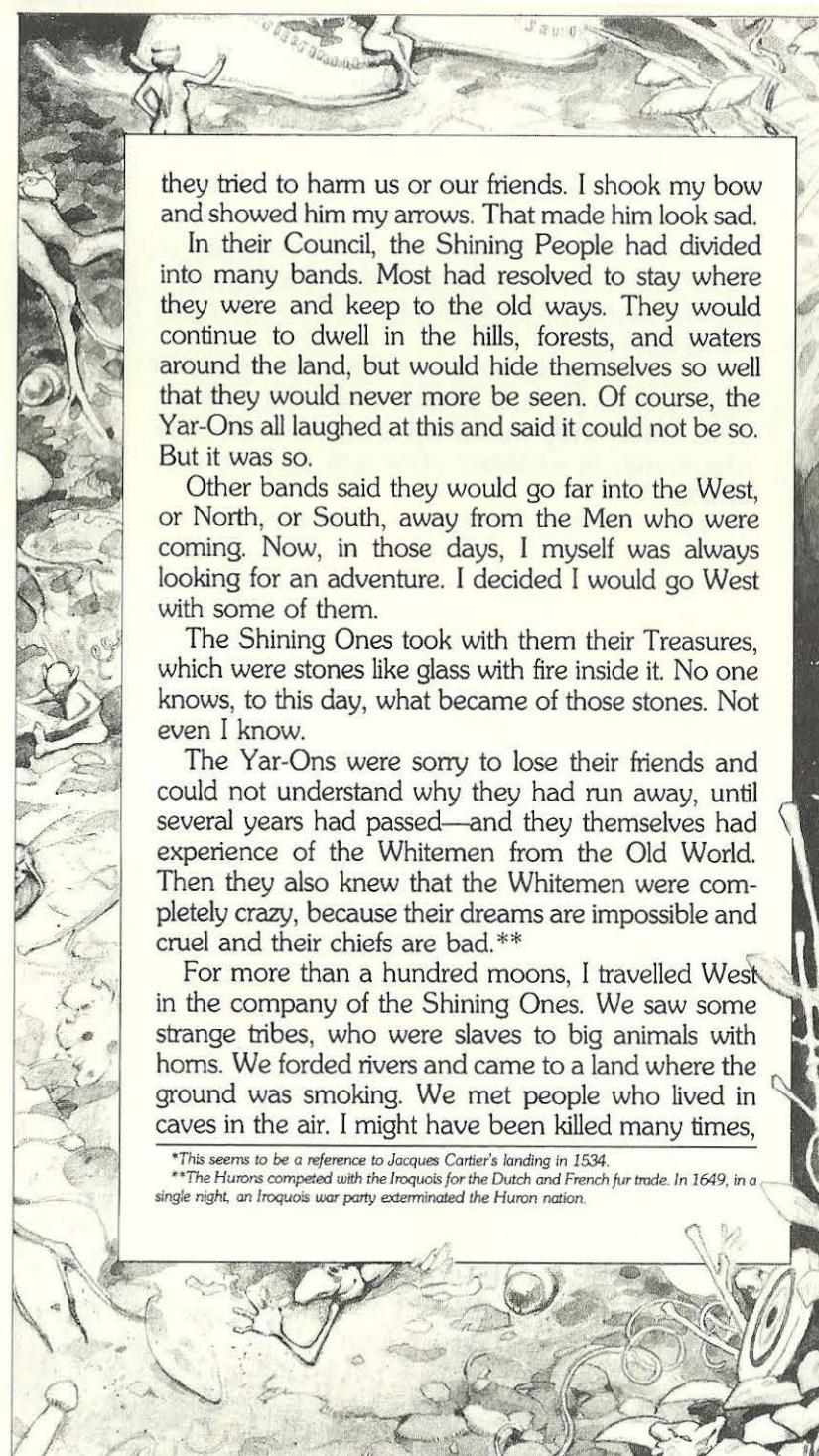
One morning, when I was still a young brave, I was out fishing, alone, when I saw some very big war canoes coming on the water. It looked as if they were sailing out of the sunrise. I ran back and told everyone, and they came down to the shore to see. (I did not know it, but this was the coming of the Whitemen, and I had been the first to see the 'discovery' they write about in their books. We had been living in our land forever, but we had never discovered it! Think of that!)

That night, there was a great Council Meeting among the Shining People. We human beings hid our eyes from all the Spirits who gathered in our village. The tall-as-jack-pine ones came, and the gold-skinned ones. People who were half-goat, half-horse, half-fish. Very small people, wearing red hats. Their moccasins curled up at the toes. People from under the sea, who dressed in clam shells and seaweed and smelled strange because of it. Tall people with horns on their heads. No wonder we hid our eyes!

The Council lasted all night, and we could hear them shouting horribly and breaking pots in their long house.

In the morning, one of the Shining People came to us and explained that those war canoes out on the water belonged to Men from the Old World, the land they had run away from.*

He said it was time now for all the Shining People to say goodbye to us and to disappear. I myself said to him that I would kill all the Men who were coming if



they tried to harm us or our friends. I shook my bow and showed him my arrows. That made him look sad.

In their Council, the Shining People had divided into many bands. Most had resolved to stay where they were and keep to the old ways. They would continue to dwell in the hills, forests, and waters around the land, but would hide themselves so well that they would never more be seen. Of course, the Yar-Ons all laughed at this and said it could not be so. But it was so.

Other bands said they would go far into the West, or North, or South, away from the Men who were coming. Now, in those days, I myself was always looking for an adventure. I decided I would go West with some of them.

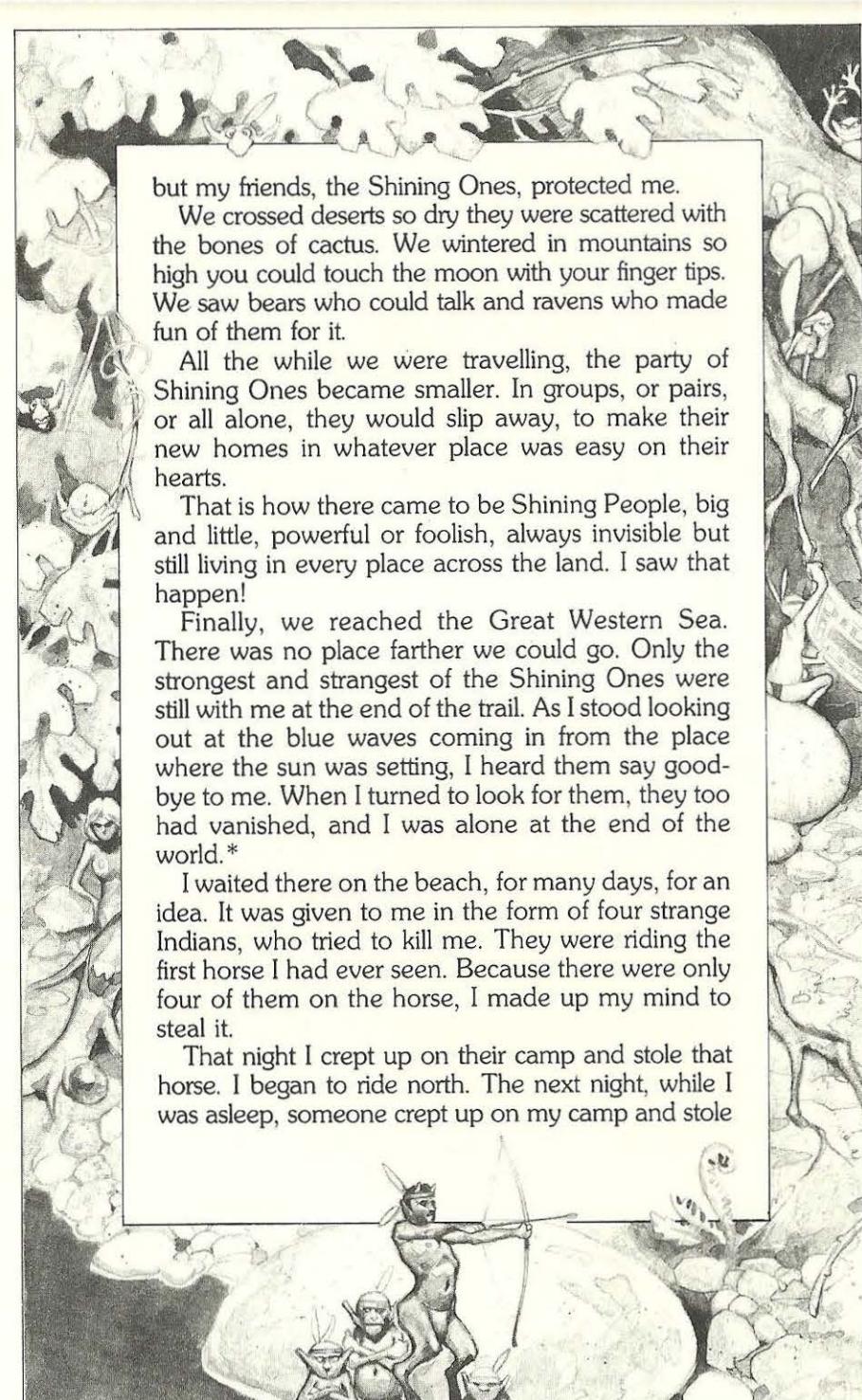
The Shining Ones took with them their Treasures, which were stones like glass with fire inside it. No one knows, to this day, what became of those stones. Not even I know.

The Yar-Ons were sorry to lose their friends and could not understand why they had run away, until several years had passed—and they themselves had experience of the Whitemen from the Old World. Then they also knew that the Whitemen were completely crazy, because their dreams are impossible and cruel and their chiefs are bad.**

For more than a hundred moons, I travelled West in the company of the Shining Ones. We saw some strange tribes, who were slaves to big animals with horns. We forded rivers and came to a land where the ground was smoking. We met people who lived in caves in the air. I might have been killed many times,

*This seems to be a reference to Jacques Cartier's landing in 1534.

**The Hurons competed with the Iroquois for the Dutch and French fur trade. In 1649, in a single night, an Iroquois war party exterminated the Huron nation.



but my friends, the Shining Ones, protected me.

We crossed deserts so dry they were scattered with the bones of cactus. We wintered in mountains so high you could touch the moon with your finger tips. We saw bears who could talk and ravens who made fun of them for it.

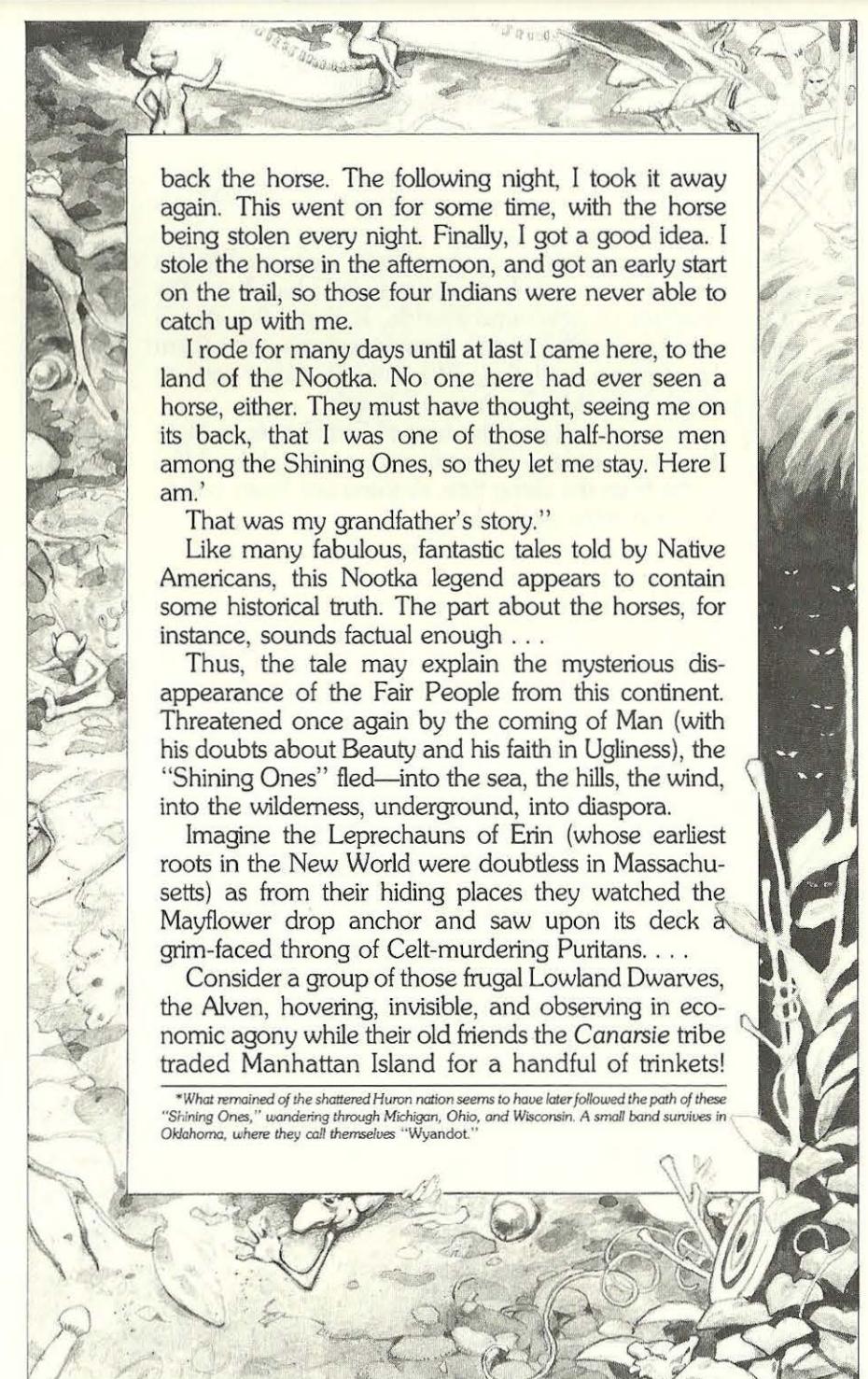
All the while we were travelling, the party of Shining Ones became smaller. In groups, or pairs, or all alone, they would slip away, to make their new homes in whatever place was easy on their hearts.

That is how there came to be Shining People, big and little, powerful or foolish, always invisible but still living in every place across the land. I saw that happen!

Finally, we reached the Great Western Sea. There was no place farther we could go. Only the strongest and strangest of the Shining Ones were still with me at the end of the trail. As I stood looking out at the blue waves coming in from the place where the sun was setting, I heard them say good-bye to me. When I turned to look for them, they too had vanished, and I was alone at the end of the world.*

I waited there on the beach, for many days, for an idea. It was given to me in the form of four strange Indians, who tried to kill me. They were riding the first horse I had ever seen. Because there were only four of them on the horse, I made up my mind to steal it.

That night I crept up on their camp and stole that horse. I began to ride north. The next night, while I was asleep, someone crept up on my camp and stole



back the horse. The following night, I took it away again. This went on for some time, with the horse being stolen every night. Finally, I got a good idea. I stole the horse in the afternoon, and got an early start on the trail, so those four Indians were never able to catch up with me.

I rode for many days until at last I came here, to the land of the Nootka. No one here had ever seen a horse, either. They must have thought, seeing me on its back, that I was one of those half-horse men among the Shining Ones, so they let me stay. Here I am.'

That was my grandfather's story."

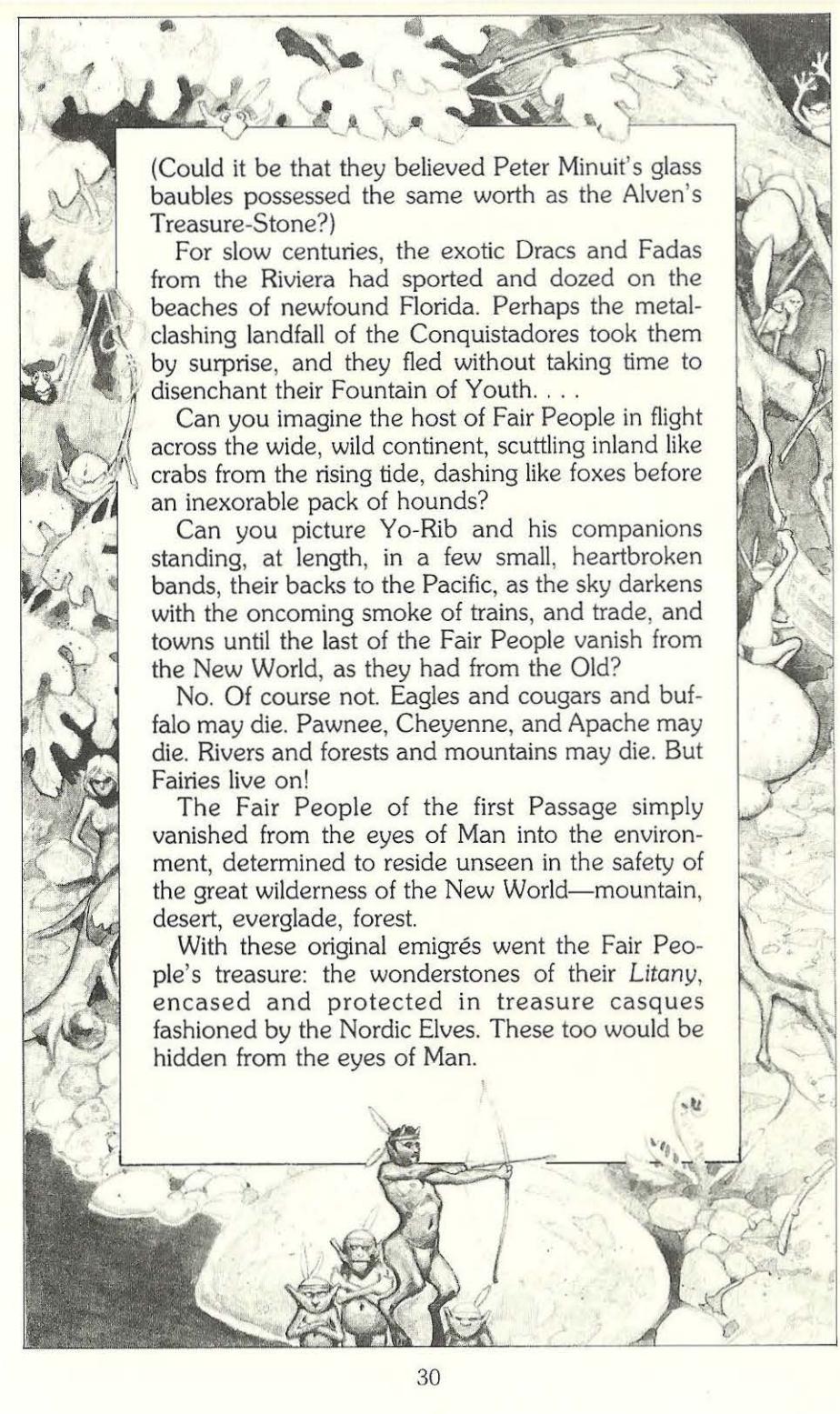
Like many fabulous, fantastic tales told by Native Americans, this Nootka legend appears to contain some historical truth. The part about the horses, for instance, sounds factual enough . . .

Thus, the tale may explain the mysterious disappearance of the Fair People from this continent. Threatened once again by the coming of Man (with his doubts about Beauty and his faith in Ugliness), the "Shining Ones" fled—into the sea, the hills, the wind, into the wilderness, underground, into diaspora.

Imagine the Leprechauns of Erin (whose earliest roots in the New World were doubtless in Massachusetts) as from their hiding places they watched the Mayflower drop anchor and saw upon its deck a grim-faced throng of Celt-murdering Puritans. . . .

Consider a group of those frugal Lowland Dwarves, the Alven, hovering, invisible, and observing in economic agony while their old friends the Canarsie tribe traded Manhattan Island for a handful of trinkets!

*What remained of the shattered Huron nation seems to have later followed the path of these "Shining Ones," wandering through Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin. A small band survives in Oklahoma, where they call themselves "Wyandot."



(Could it be that they believed Peter Minuit's glass baubles possessed the same worth as the Alven's Treasure-Stone?)

For slow centuries, the exotic Dracs and Fadas from the Riviera had sported and dozed on the beaches of newfound Florida. Perhaps the metal-clashing landfall of the Conquistadores took them by surprise, and they fled without taking time to disenchant their Fountain of Youth. . . .

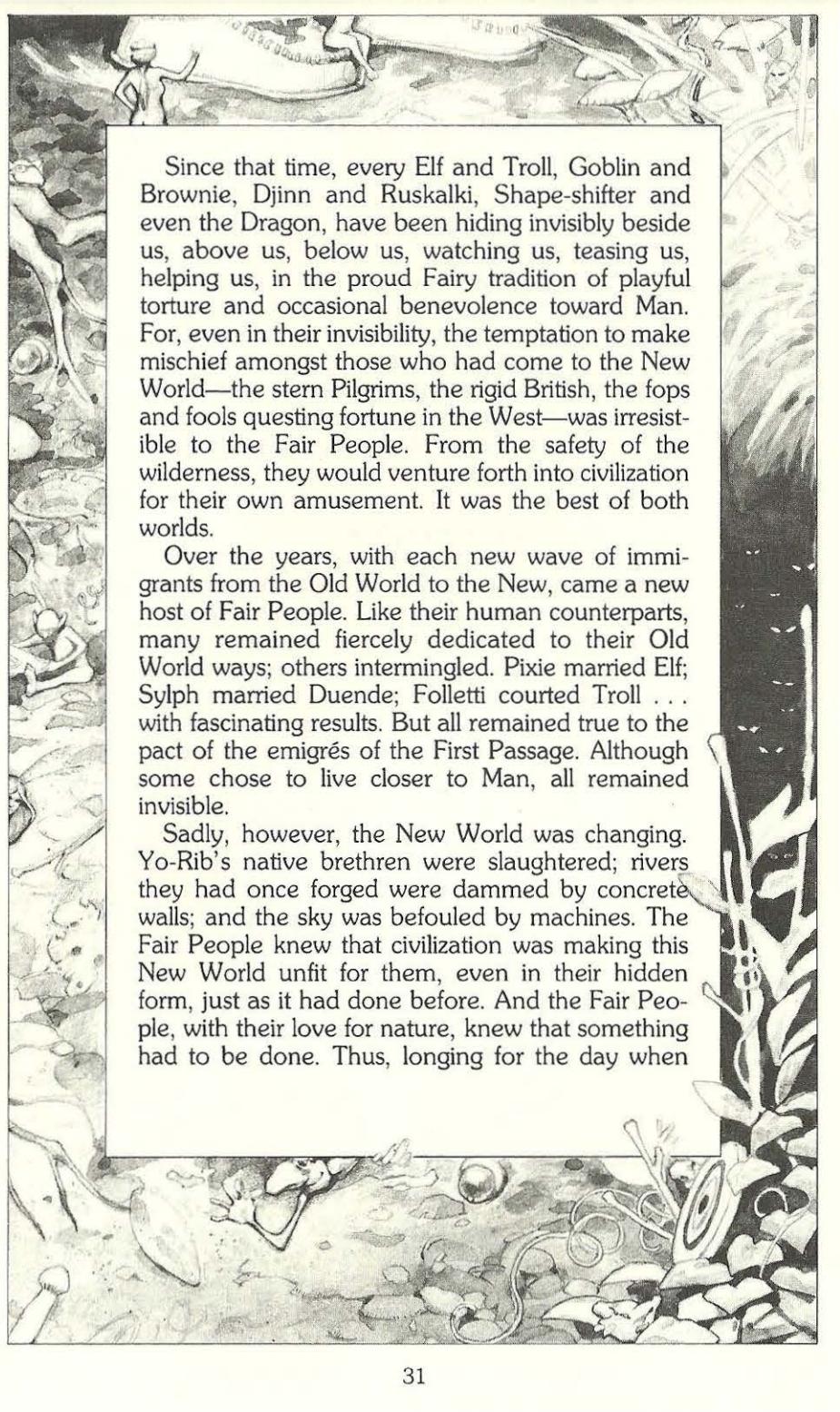
Can you imagine the host of Fair People in flight across the wide, wild continent, scuttling inland like crabs from the rising tide, dashing like foxes before an inexorable pack of hounds?

Can you picture Yo-Rib and his companions standing, at length, in a few small, heartbroken bands, their backs to the Pacific, as the sky darkens with the oncoming smoke of trains, and trade, and towns until the last of the Fair People vanish from the New World, as they had from the Old?

No. Of course not. Eagles and cougars and buffalo may die. Pawnee, Cheyenne, and Apache may die. Rivers and forests and mountains may die. But Fairies live on!

The Fair People of the first Passage simply vanished from the eyes of Man into the environment, determined to reside unseen in the safety of the great wilderness of the New World—mountain, desert, everglade, forest.

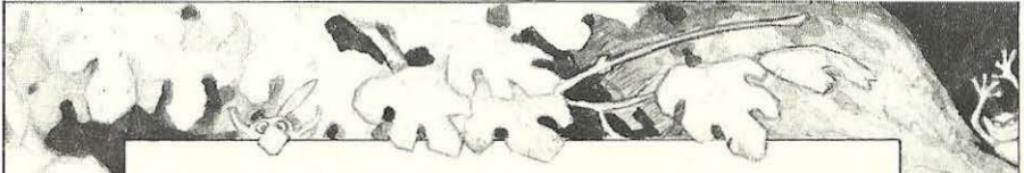
With these original emigrés went the Fair People's treasure: the wonderstones of their *Litany*, encased and protected in treasure casques fashioned by the Nordic Elves. These too would be hidden from the eyes of Man.



Since that time, every Elf and Troll, Goblin and Brownie, Djinn and Ruskalki, Shape-shifter and even the Dragon, have been hiding invisibly beside us, above us, below us, watching us, teasing us, helping us, in the proud Fairy tradition of playful torture and occasional benevolence toward Man. For, even in their invisibility, the temptation to make mischief amongst those who had come to the New World—the stern Pilgrims, the rigid British, the fops and fools questing fortune in the West—was irresistible to the Fair People. From the safety of the wilderness, they would venture forth into civilization for their own amusement. It was the best of both worlds.

Over the years, with each new wave of immigrants from the Old World to the New, came a new host of Fair People. Like their human counterparts, many remained fiercely dedicated to their Old World ways; others intermingled. Pixie married Elf; Sylph married Duende; Folletti courted Troll . . . with fascinating results. But all remained true to the pact of the emigrés of the First Passage. Although some chose to live closer to Man, all remained invisible.

Sadly, however, the New World was changing. Yo-Rib's native brethren were slaughtered; rivers they had once forged were dammed by concrete walls; and the sky was befouled by machines. The Fair People knew that civilization was making this New World unfit for them, even in their hidden form, just as it had done before. And the Fair People, with their love for nature, knew that something had to be done. Thus, longing for the day when



Man would become such that he could make his peace with them, the Fair People of the First Passage, who had remained true to their heritage, offered a simple truce:

Their treasure, their precious jewels, would belong to Man if he could find them. In exchange, all the strange and wonderful descendants of the Fair People from the Old World and the New would henceforth live and be seen among Man in peace.

The Fair People of the First Passage, the first emigrés to the shores of the New Found Land, would remain unseen.

The Fairies . . .

“ . . . Keep their ancient places;
Turn but a stone, and stir a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.”

In our land and in our time, the Fair People and their treasures yet wait to be discovered. If Man is good, and kind, and playful, he and she will find them.

That is *The Secret*.

*New World Elf, Goblin, Centaur, Troll and Fay—
Five centuries since their shining elders spoke;
Man's ship made land. They fled his awful form.
Dark ones hid jewels and disappeared like smoke;
Spirits lay treasure down and slipped away.
The First Age ended; the New Age began.
The wind still brings the sounds of that Sweet Swarm;
Now, for their Honey—find it, if you can.*

THE VERSES



THE VERSES



Fortress north
Cold as glass
Friendship south
Take your task
To the number
Nine eight two
Through the wood
No lion fears
In the sky the water veers
Small of scale
Step across
Perspective should not be lost
In the center of four alike
Small, split,
Three winged and slight
What we take to be
Our strongest tower of delight
Falls gently
In December night
Looking back from treasure ground
There's the spout!
A whistle sounds.



At the place where jewels abound
Fifteen rows down to the ground
In the middle of twenty-one
From end to end
Only three stand watch
As the sound of friends
Fills the afternoon hours
Here is a sovereign people
Who build palaces to shelter
Their heads for a night!
Gnomes admire
Fays delight
The namesakes meeting
Near this site.

THE VERSES



If Thucydides is
North of Xenophon
Take five steps
In the area of his direction
A green tower of lights
In the middle section
Near those
Who pass the coliseum
With metal walls
Face the water
Your back to the stairs
Feel at home
All the letters
Are here to see
Eighteenth day
Twelfth hour
Lit by lamplight
In truth, be free.



Beneath two countries
As the road curves
In a rectangular plot
Beneath the tenth stone
From right to left
Beneath the ninth row from the top
Of the wall including small bricks
Seven steps up you can hop
From the bottom level
Socrates, Pindar, Apelles
Free speech, couplet, birch
To find casque's destination
Seek the columns
For the search.

THE VERSES



Lane
Two twenty two
You'll see an arc of lights
Weight and roots extended
Together saved the site
Of granite walls
Wind swept halls
Citadel in the night
A wingless bird ascended
Born of ancient dreams of flight
Beneath the only standing member
Of a forest
To the south
White stone closest
At twelve paces
From the west side
Get permission
To dig out.



Of all the romance retold
Men of tales and tunes
Cruel and bold
Seen here
By eyes of old
Stand and listen to the birds
Hear the cool, clear song of water
Harken to the words:
Freedom at the birth of a century
Or May 1913
Edwin and Edwina named after him
Or on the eighth a scene
Where law defended
Between two arms extended
Below the bar that binds
Beside the long palm's shadow
Embedded in the sand
Waits the Fair remuneration
White house close at hand.

THE VERSES



At stone wall's door
The air smells sweet
Not far away
High posts are three
Education and Justice
For all to see
Sounds from the sky
Near ace is high
Running north, but first across
In jewel's direction
Is an object
Of Twain's attention
Giant pole
Giant step
To the place
The casque is kept.



View the three stories of Mitchell
As you walk the beating of the world
At a distance in time
From three who lived there
At a distance in space
From woman, with harpsichord
Silently playing
Step on nature
Cast in copper
Ascend the 92 steps
After climbing the grand 200
Pass the compass and reach
The foot of the culvert
Below the bridge
Walk 100 paces
Southeast over rock and soil
To the first young birch
Pass three, staying west
You'll see a letter from the country
Of wonderstone's hearth
On a proud, tall fifth
At its southern foot
The treasure waits.

THE VERSES



The first chapter
Written in water
Near men
With wind rose
Behind bending branches
And a green picket fence
At the base of a tall tree
You can still hear the honking
Shell, limestone, silver, salt
Stars move by day
Sails pass by night
Even in darkness
Like moonlight in teardrops
Over the tall grass
Years pass, rain falls.



In the shadow
Of the grey giant
Find the arm that
Extends over the slender path
In summer
You'll often hear a whirring sound
Cars abound
Although the sign
Nearby
Speaks of Indies native
The natives still speak
Of him of Hard word in 3 Vols.
Take twice as many east steps as the hour
Or more
From the middle of one branch
Of the v
Look down
And see simple roots
In rhapsodic man's soil
Or gaze north
Toward the isle of B.

THE VERSES



Pass two friends of octave
In December
Ride the man of oz
To the land near the window
There's a road that leads to
Dark forest
Where white is in color
With two maps
After circle and square
In July and August
A path beckons
To mica and driftwood
Under that
Which may be last touched
Or first seen standing
Look north at the wing
And dig
To achieve
By dauntless and inconquerable
Determination
Your goal.

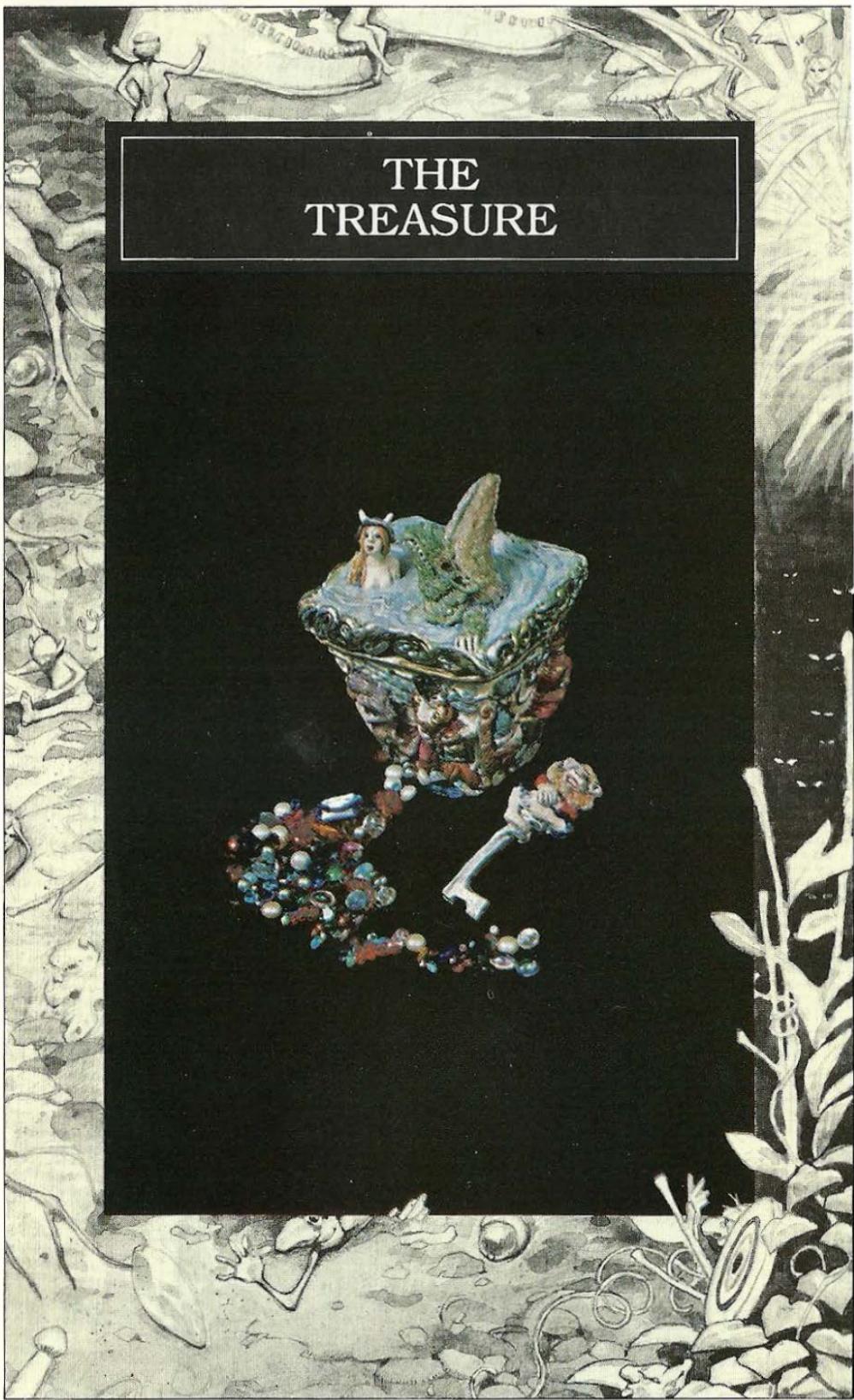
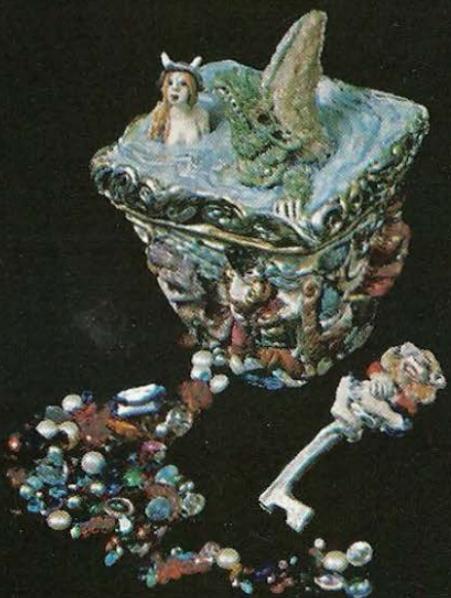
Where M and B are set in stone
And to Congress, R is known
L sits and left
Beyond his shoulder
Is the Fair Folks'
Treasure holder
The end of ten by thirteen
Is your clue
Fence and fixture
Central too
For finding jewel casque
Seek the sounds
Of rumble
Brush and music
Hush.



A FIELD GUIDE TO THE FAIR PEOPLE



THE TREASURE



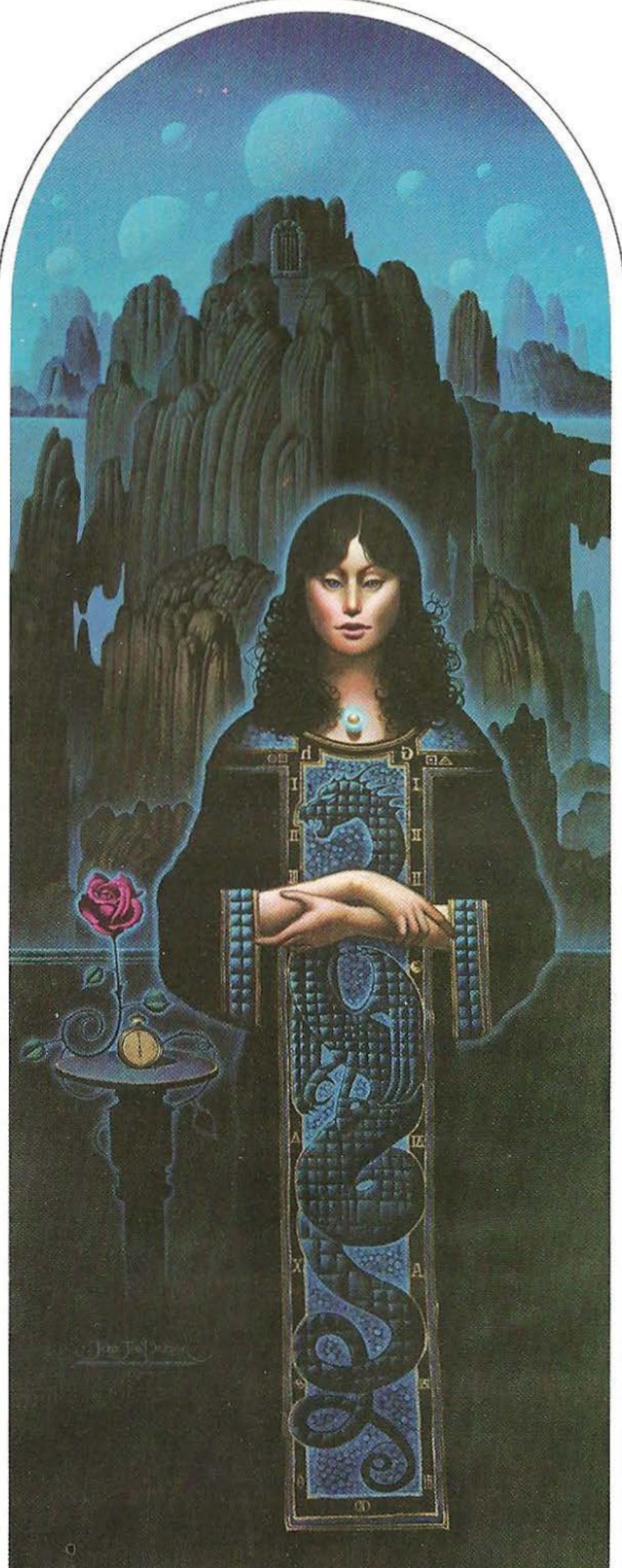


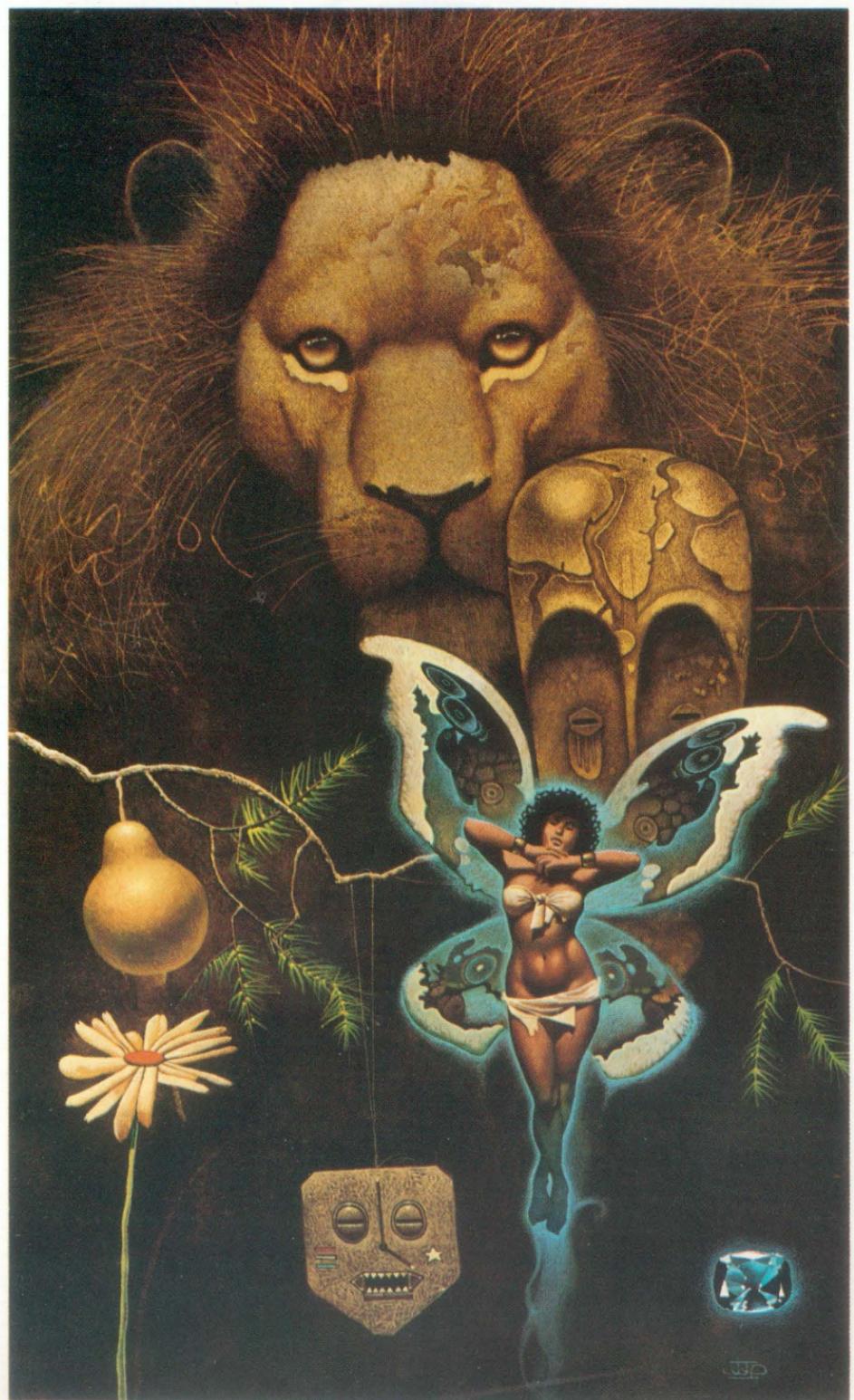
*The treasure now,
The story's told
Set for eternity
In days of old
But Man

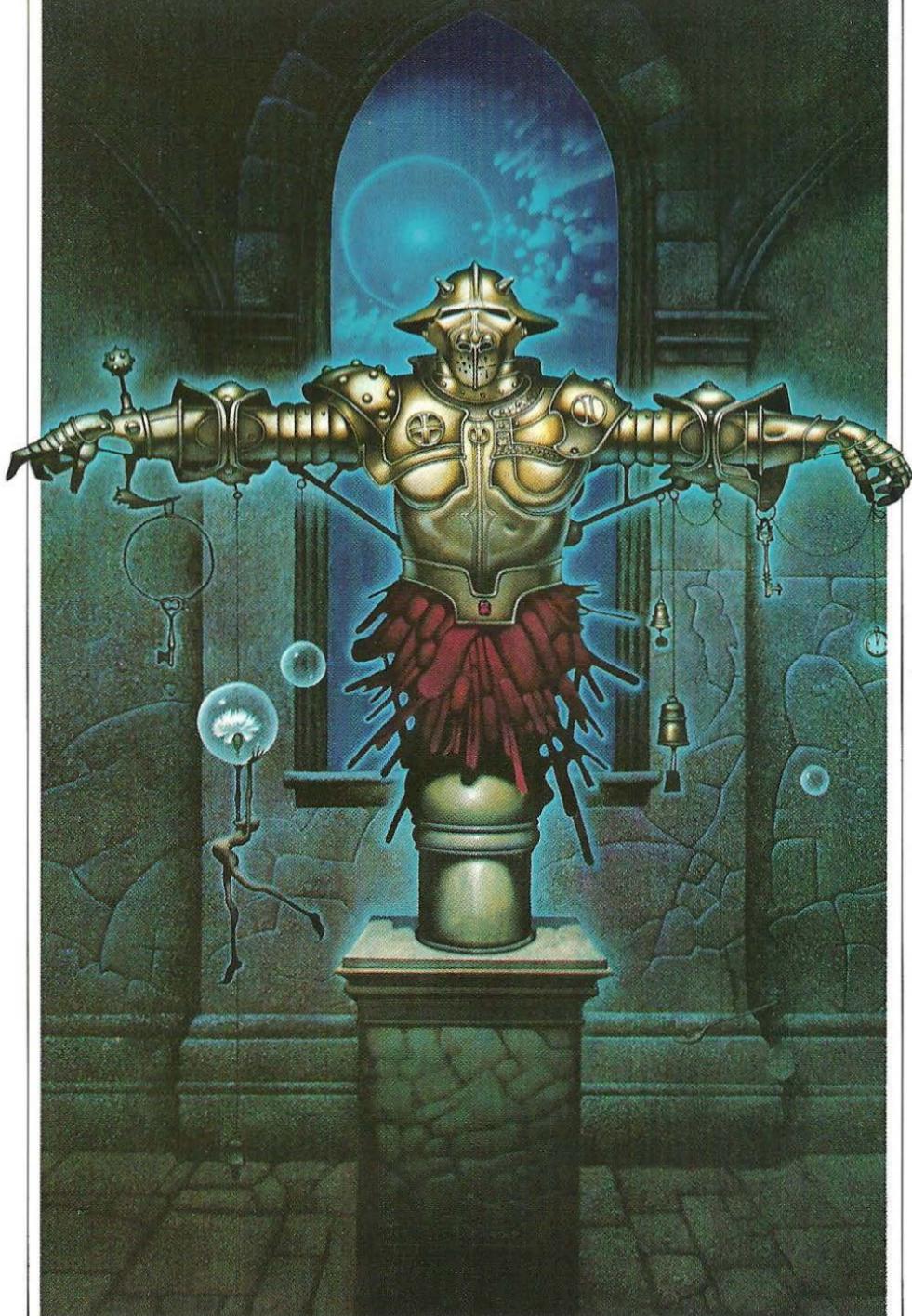
His numbers quickly grew
And so the Fair Folk come to you
With their challenge and a pact:
To match twelve verses
With the sight
Of paintings twelve in colorlight.
A pair will lead you to a casque
A little digging is the task
For treasures shining, moonglow, amber,
Emeralds dark and ruby embers.
To find the keys is your reward
For Fairy, peace the real accord.*

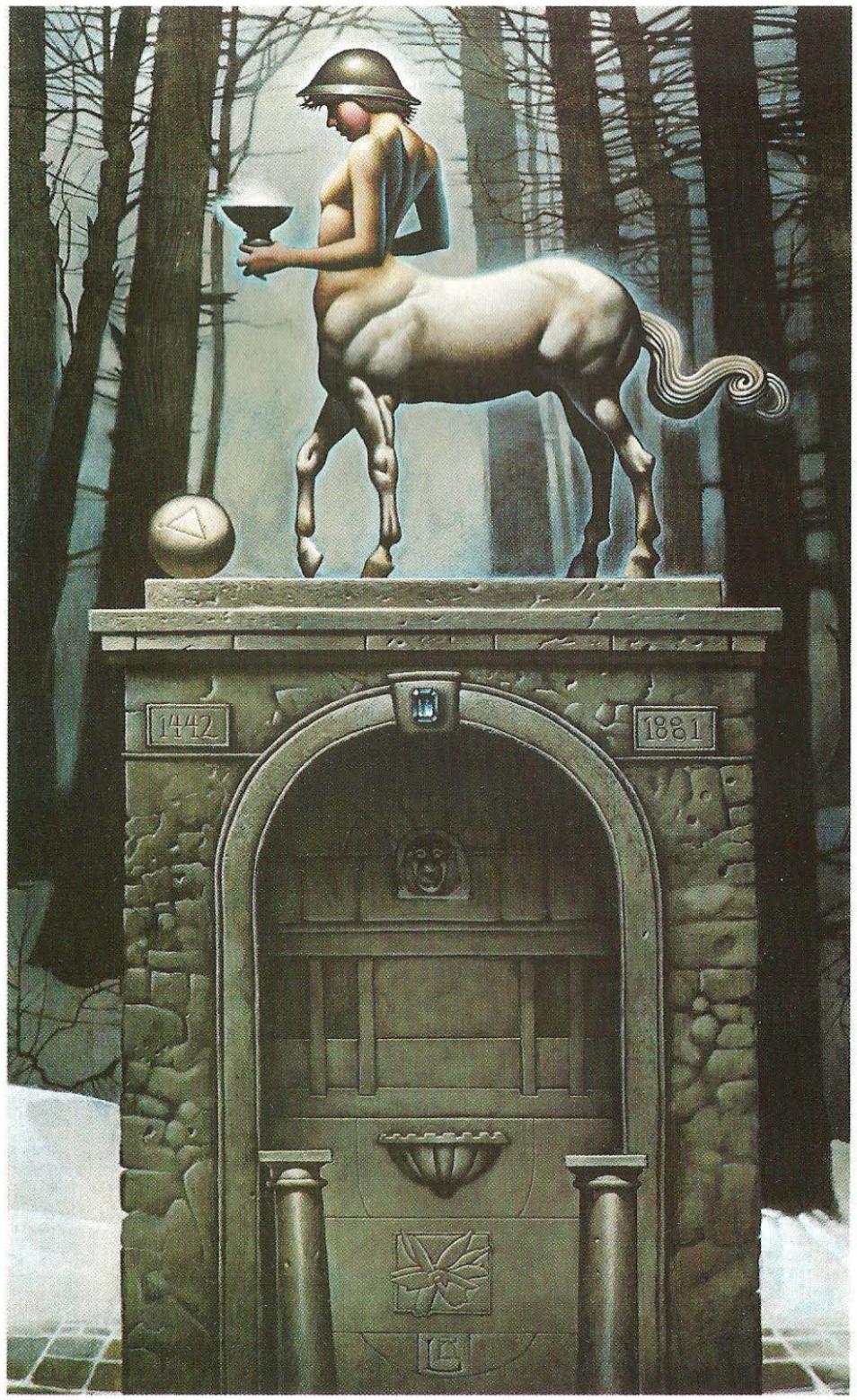


*A dozen paintings
Share the clues
Yet Fairy secrets
Come in twos
To sing a happy treasure song
To have a casque to you belong
Wed one picture
With one verse
For Fair Folk's peace
Goodness first.*

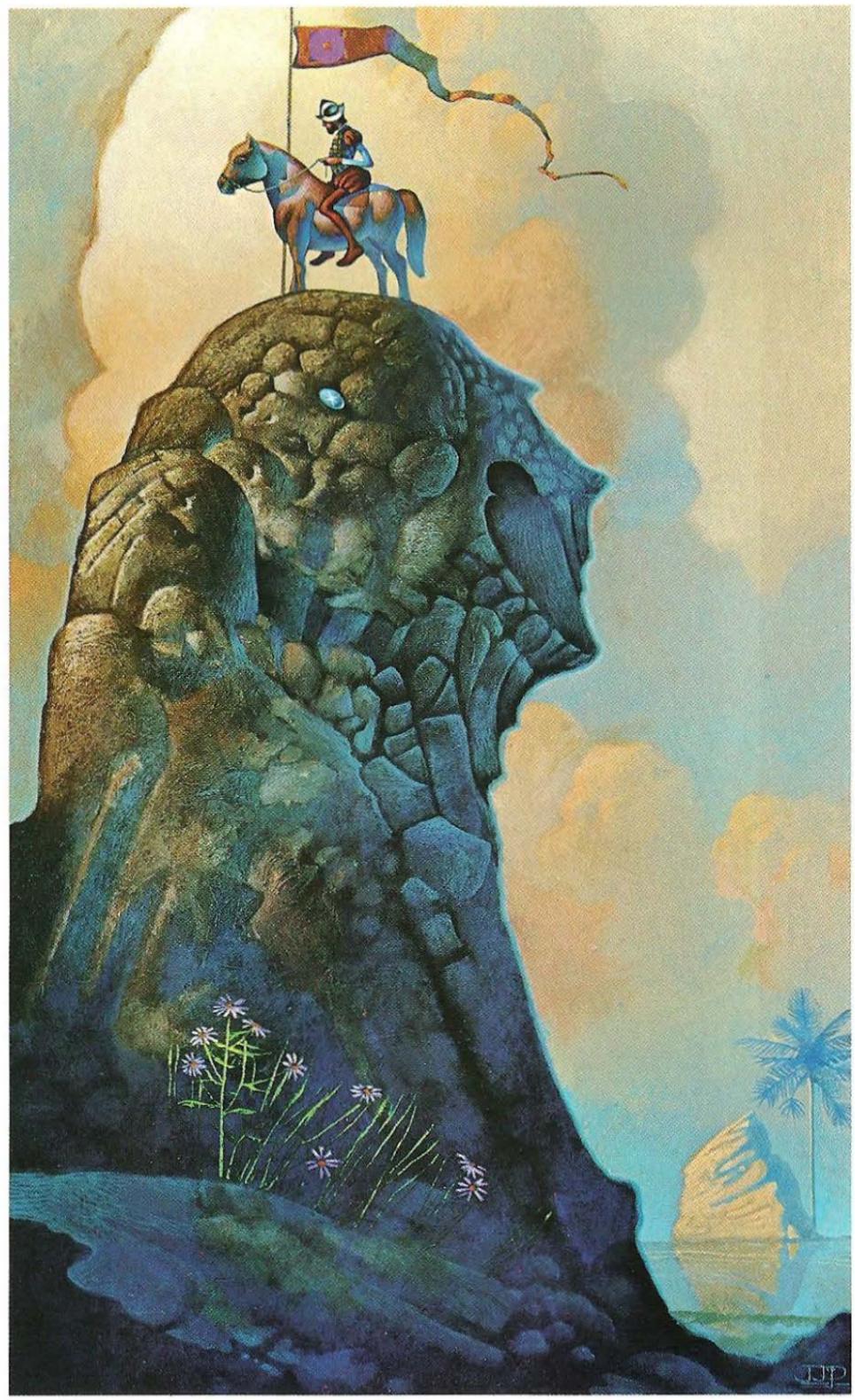






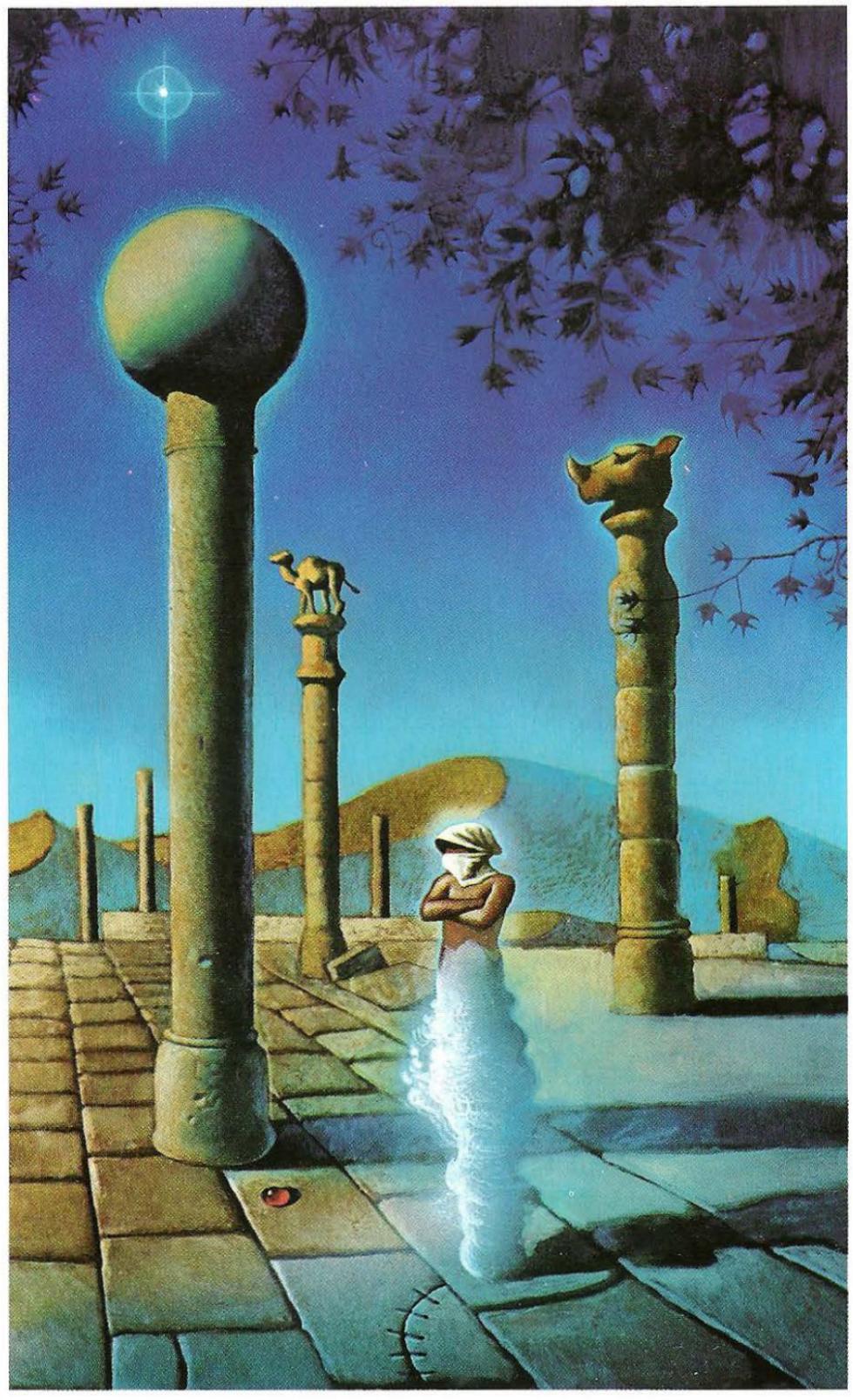


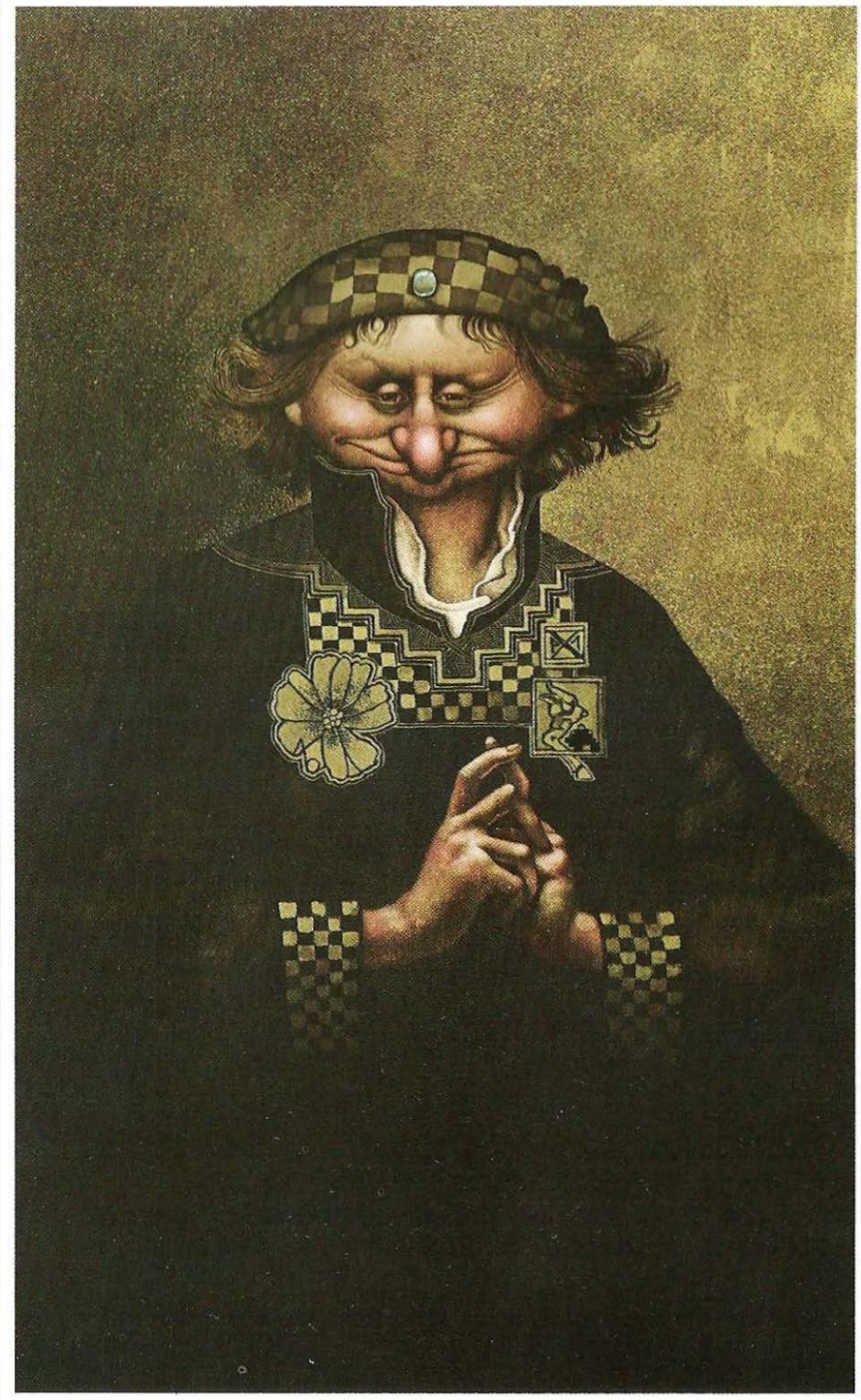


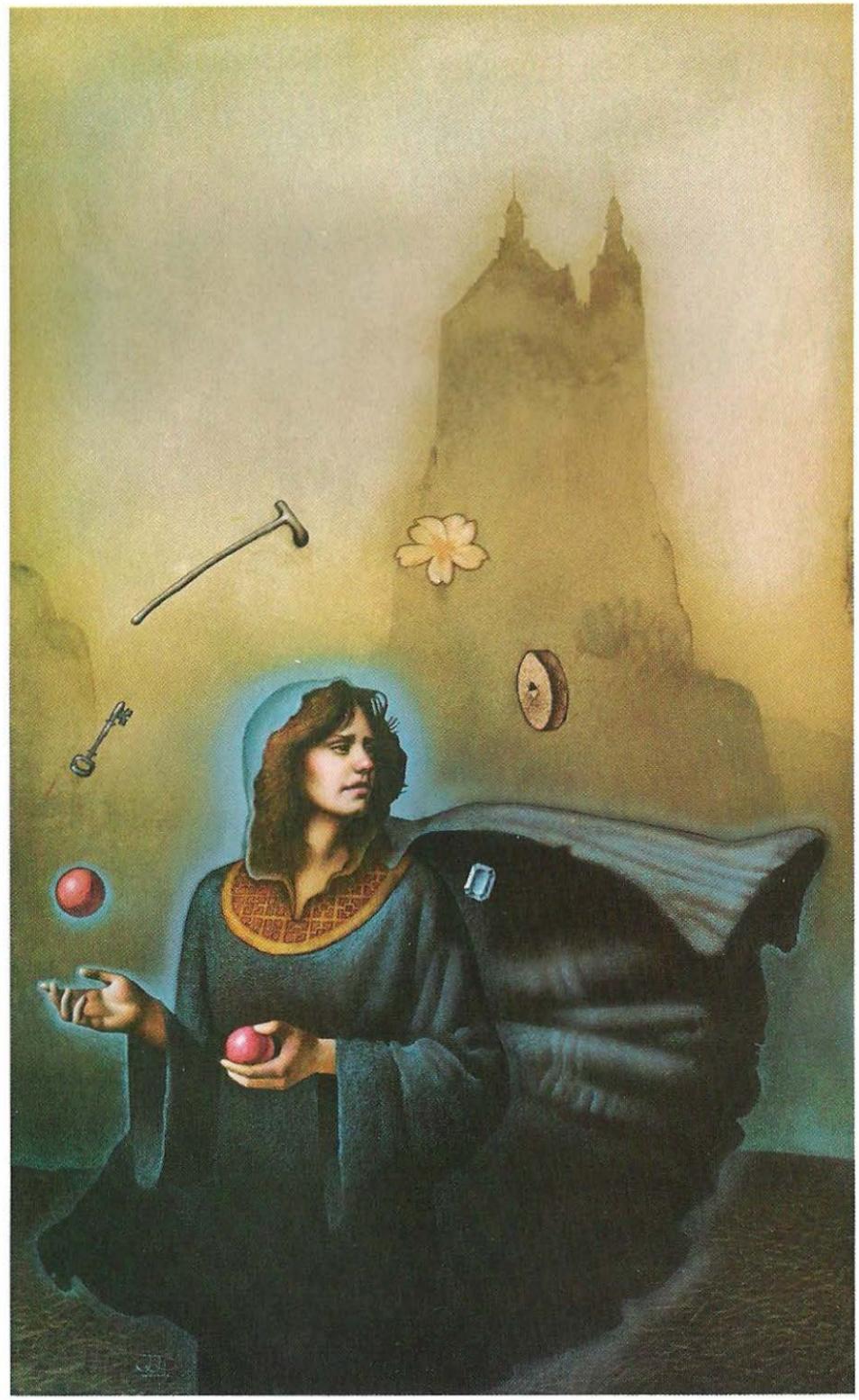


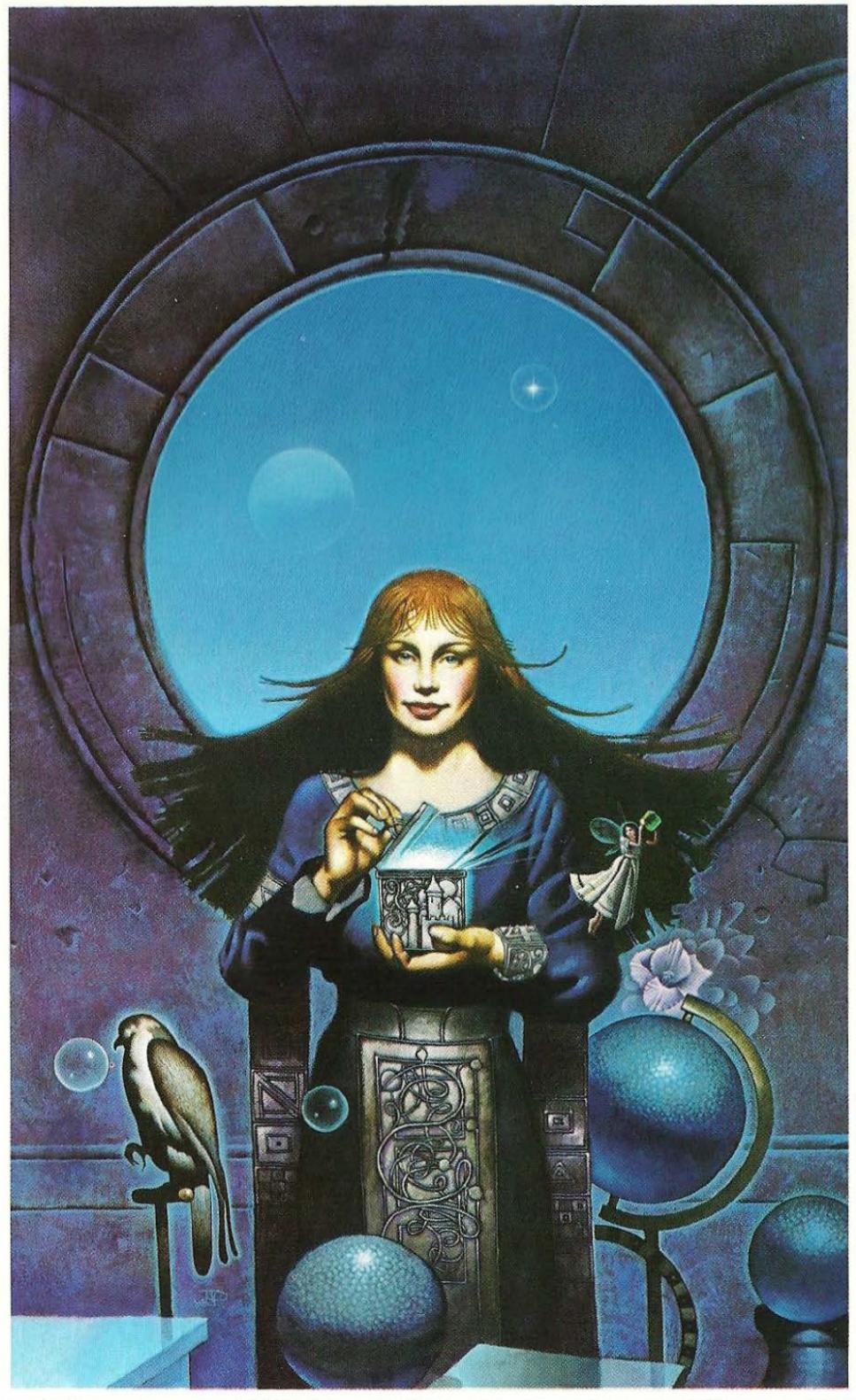
JJP

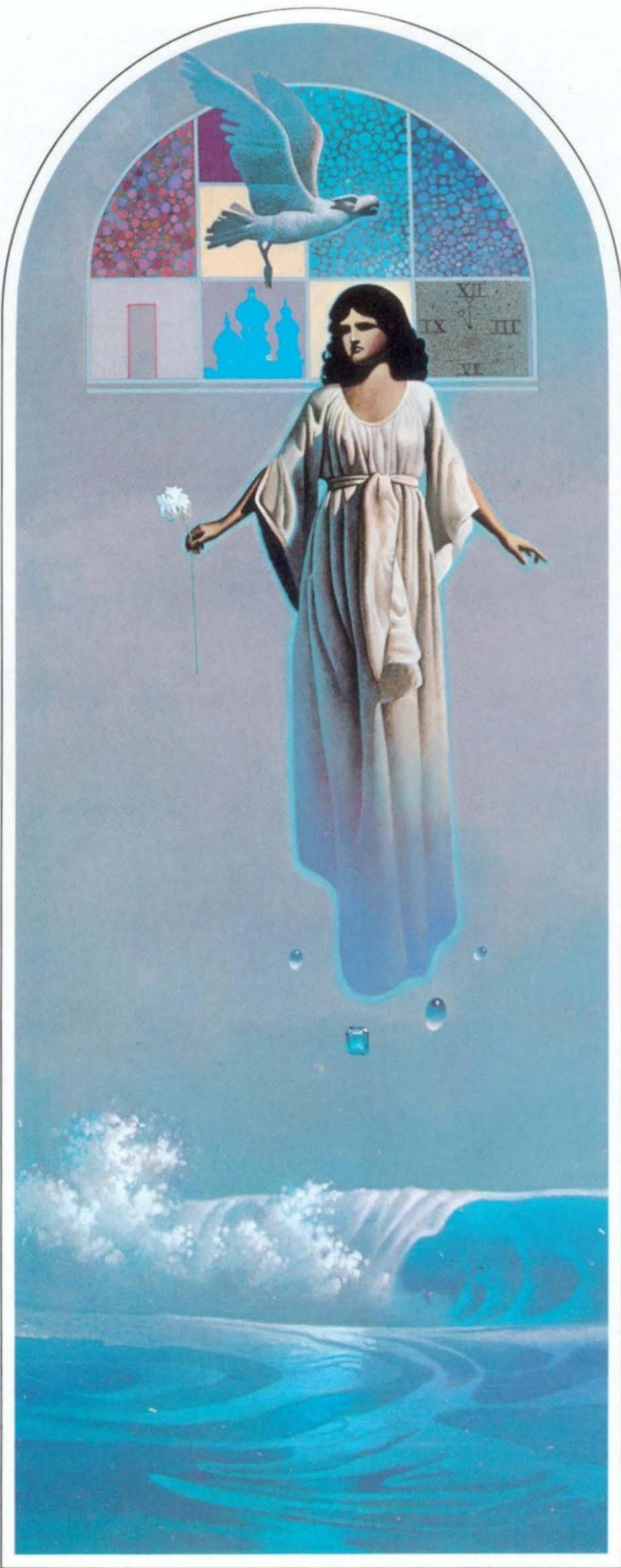












THE TREASURE

The Fair People's twelve treasures can be found by deciphering the clues in the paintings and the verses in this book.

Each treasure consists of a hand-painted treasure casque, the hand-painted key inside it, and the treasure jewel or jewels. Only the casques and keys are buried. Each key represents the jewel or jewels, which will be given to the person who discovers the hiding place of the casque and key.

The jewels collectively are worth over ten thousand dollars. The treasure casques themselves are of incalculable value, never having been owned by man or woman.

If you believe you have correctly deciphered the clues to any of the Fair People's twelve treasures, you may proceed directly to the site you have determined. Every treasure casque is buried underground, at a depth of no more than three to three and one-half feet. The casques are protected by lustrous transparent boxes, and are sealed.

The following places do not hold any treasure:

(a) any life-threatening location, such as a dangerous highway embankment, a contaminated area or active railway track

- (b) any cemetery
- (c) any public or private flower bed
- (d) any property owned by the contributors to the book, their families or friends.

It is not the intention of the Fair People to destroy the beauty of nature or Man through their challenge.

If you believe you have correctly determined the location of a treasure, but the treasure is not there, you may write us an inquiry using only the form (or copy thereof) on the other side of this page. If you have correctly determined the location of a treasure, we will respond to you by mail.

You may also use this form if you believe you have determined the location of a treasure but are unable to explore it in person. If you are correct, and have successfully completed the form herein, we will retrieve the treasure casque. You will receive the treasure jewels, but the casque shall remain the property of the Fair People.

If you find a treasure casque: You may notify us by mail. The form should be completed and returned to us with the key that is contained inside the casque. You will receive the treasure jewels, a special autographed copy of *The Secret*, and your photo and story will appear in the next edition of *The Secret*.

My name is _____

My address is: _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Country _____ Postal Code _____ Phone _____

SEND TO: THE SECRET/TREASURE
Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc.
Box 5329 FDR Station
New York, NY 10150

THE TREASURE

- I have found a treasure casque. I enclose the key.
 I think I have found a treasure site, but the treasure is missing.
 I have determined the site of a treasure, but I am unable to explore it.

This is how I have determined the location of a treasure, using the clues in *The Secret*:

Describe precisely the exact site of the treasure:

Describe precisely the treasure casque (if found):

ORIGINS AND WHEREABOUTS OF THE FAIR PEOPLE

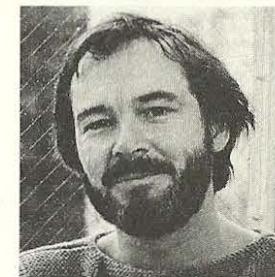
Name	Area of origin (Old World)	Area of concentration (New World)
Alibi Elf	French	New Hampshire
American Motor Gremlins	Native American	Michigan
Backyard Barbacreep	Greek	Texas
The Boogie Man	African	ubiquitous
The Bugbear	Western European	Arkansas (and other wilderness)
The Calcubus	Greek	ubiquitous
The Chicago World's Fairy	Polish/Irish/African	Illinois
Corporate Giants	Greek/Persian/ Scandinavian	Delaware
Culture Vultures	Greek	Connecticut
Daemon Runyon	French (Riviera)	Nevada
Devil Dogs	Russian	South Carolina
Dixie Pixie	Irish/Scottish	the North
Djinn Rummy	Middle Eastern/Persian	Kentucky
Don Faun	Italian	all borders
Elf Alpha	Native American	New Mexico
Elf S. Presley	Italian	Tennessee
Energenii	Middle Eastern/Persian	West Virginia
Evil Neckromancers	Eastern European (Transylvanian)	Colorado
The Filthy Hobit	English	Virginia
Foul Sewer Ogres	Native American	Indiana
Freudian Sylphs	Viennese	ubiquitous
Gardengoyle	African	Nebraska, Florida
The Giant (Economy Size)	Scottish	Idaho
Geodesic Gnome	Norse	Arizona
Glitches	Asian	ubiquitous
Gnome Enclature	Arabian	ubiquitous
Handimanticore	German	Vermont
High Interest Wraith	European	Oklahoma
The Hounds of News	Celtic	ubiquitous
Household Unfamiliars	Norse	Oregon
Jack B. Nimbus	ubiquitous	ubiquitous
Jack O'Lectern	European	North Carolina
The Job Goblin	English	Washington
The Joke Fiend	Eastern European	Kansas
Kinderguardians	German	Montana
The Left Wing Symp and The Right Wing Trog	Italian/French	North and South Dakota, Washington D.C.
The Leprachaunman	Irish	Georgia

ORIGINS AND WHEREABOUTS OF THE FAIR PEOPLE

Name	Area of origin (Old World)	Area of concentration (New World)
The Maître D'eamon	French	Washington D.C. Wisconsin
The Mind Boggles	Native American	Ohio
Mira Chimera	Greek	California, New York
Mugwumps	Swedish	Mississippi, Washington D.C.
The Night Mayor	Native American	ubiquitous (urban)
Nymph O'Maine	Celtic	Maine, Maritime Provinces
Paltry Geist	Swiss	Alaska
Passing Fancies	French/German/English	ubiquitous
The Pentagorgon	Greek	Washington D.C.
The Phantasma Glory	German	ubiquitous
The Philharmonic Orc	German/Italian/French	ubiquitous
The Pre-Revolutionary Warlock	French	Northeast
The Pill Grim	English	New England
The Post Monster General	Roman	Louisiana
Preps Ghoul	English	Massachusetts
The Ritch Doctor	Greek	Maryland
Saucier's Apprentices	English	ubiquitous
Screaming Mimi	English	ubiquitous
Scrubibus	English/Scottish	Iowa
Small Businessmen	French	New York
The Sophomore Jinx	German/French/English	Pennsylvania
The Spirit of St. Louis	French	Missouri
The Spirit of '76	European/African/Asian	ubiquitous (but rare)
Stylus Devil	Native American	ubiquitous
Sweatsylphs	Greek	ubiquitous
The Tax Burden	Russian	Alberta
Team Spirits	English	Alabama, Quebec
Teen Angels	Native American	New Jersey, California
Tinkerbelles	Native American	ubiquitous
Toll Trolls	Greek	Rhode Island
The Torontogre	English	Ontario
Tupperwerewolves	Dutch	Minnesota
Typographical Terrors	German	ubiquitous
Union Jack	English	British Columbia
Unreal Estate Brokers	Middle Eastern	Hawaii
Werner Von Brownie	Chinese/European	Florida, Texas, California
The West Ghost	Native American	California
The Wooly Bully	German	Wyoming, Wisconsin, New York

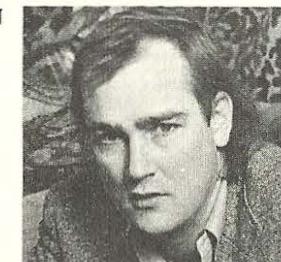
PERSONAE

SEAN KELLY
Author



Mr. Kelly was a newspaper reporter, radio actor, advertising agency copywriter, and college teacher of Children's Literature and Victorian History before leaving his native Canada. He joined (and is currently an editor of) the *National Lampoon* magazine, co-wrote and did lyrics for the musical revue, *Lem-mings* and edited *Heavy Metal* magazine. He has written comedy for television—Steve Martin, Jonathan Winters, and Robert Klein—and for children's television: *Young People's Concerts* (CBS), the *Drawing Power* series (NBC) and *School House Rock* (ABC). He has contributed to (the Sports and Op-Ed pages of) *The New York Times* and to *Not the New York Times*, to *The 80's: A Look Back*, *The Quarterly of Joyce Studies*, *The What's What Book* and *A Treasury of Humor for Children*. He is now editing a collection, *Irish Folk Tales and Fairy Tales*, for W. H. Smith. He is married to Valerie Marchant, and has four children.

TED MANN
Author



Mr. Mann, a native of Canada, is currently a senior editor of *National Lampoon*, for which he has written since 1974. He has written teleplays for ABC's short-lived *Delta House*, *Behind the*

Scenes and NBC's *Drawing Power*. He co-edited *Slightly Higher* in Canada with Mr. Kelly, a frequent collaborator.

JOELLEN TRILLING
Sculptress



Ms. Trilling's sculptures have been the subject of five shows at the Julie Artisans Gallery on Madison Avenue in Manhattan, where such clients as Elton John, Ellen Burstyn, Cher, Julie Christie and Carrie Fisher have purchased them. Her sculptures have appeared in *The Complete Book of Stuffed Work*, *The Beach Boys*, *Heavy Metal*, *The Soho Weekly News*, *Playboy*, and *Cue*; and in the Renwick Gallery of the Smithsonian Museum in Washington D.C. She has taught soft sculpture in New York and Kentucky, and her work was featured twice on Bill Bogg's *Midday Live* television program in New York. She currently resides in New York.

JOHN PALENCAR
Illustrator



Mr. Palencar's award-winning work has appeared in numerous periodicals such as *Ohio* and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. His illustrations have appeared in three shows at the prestigious Society of Illustrators and in *Distant Stars*. He was

PERSONAE

awarded a scholarship to the 1980 Illustrator's Workshop in Paris, and is pursuing careers in both fine art and illustration.

JOHN PIERARD
Illustrator



Mr. Pierard is a graduate of Syracuse University. His fantasy illustrations have appeared in numerous periodicals and at science fiction conventions in the Northeast. He has done thirteen black and white illustrations for Samuel R. Delany's "Prismatic" in *Distant Stars* and illustrations for Isaac Asimov's *Science Fiction Magazine*, Tor Books, and Franklin Watts.

BEN ASEK
Photographer



Mr. Asen's work, which includes editorial and portraiture, has appeared in *Newsweek*, *The New York Times* and many other publications. He has documented the life of senior citizens and the physically disabled and has exhibited his work at the Wavehill Museum, Soho Photo Gallery and the Wooster Street Gallery in New York. His one-man exhibition, "Living for the City: New York" was shown in London, England and Darmstadt, West Germany in April and May of 1982. He currently resides in New York City with his wife Betsy.

Photo by Betsy Bernfeld

OVERTON LOYD
Illustrator



Mr. Loyd is a Hollywood-based artist whose illustrations have appeared on numerous record albums, in *The National Lampoon*, *Saturday Review*, *The New York Times*, *New York Magazine*, and *The Beach Boys*. He designed two animated short films for the popular groups the Parliaments and the Funkadelics, and a variety of stage and costume designs for Uncle Jam Records.

BYRON PREISS
Editor



Mr. Preiss is the co-author and producer of Bantam's bestselling trade paperback, *Dragonworld*, of which Maurice Sendak said, "*Dragonworld* goes far beyond the flashy pyrotechnics of contemporary fantasy and fantasy illustration." Preiss is considered to be one of the major figures in the renaissance of illustrated fiction in America. He is also the author of *The Art of Leo and Diane Dillon*, a retrospective of the two-time Caldecott Medal winning artists, and *The Beach Boys*, the authorized illustrated biography. He produced and edited Bantam's critically acclaimed trade paperback, *The Dinosaurs*, which was featured in *Life* magazine and was a selection of five book clubs in 1981. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and Stanford University's Graduate School of Communications.

The Tale

The tale begins over three hundred years ago, when the Fair People—the goblins, fairies, dragons and other fabled and fantastic creatures of a dozen lands—fled the Old World for the New, seeking haven from the ways of Man. With them came their precious jewels: diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls...

But then the Fair People vanished, taking with them their twelve fabulous treasures. And they remained hidden *until now....*

The Twelve Treasures

Across North America, these twelve treasures, over ten thousand dollars in precious jewels, are buried. The key to finding each can be found within the twelve full color paintings and verses of *The Secret*.

The Descendants

Yet *The Secret* is much more than that. At long last, you can learn not only the whereabouts of the Fair People's treasure, but also the modern forms and hiding places of their descendants: the Toll Trolls, Maitre D'eamons, Elf Alphas, Tupperwerewolves, Freudian Sylphs, Culture Vultures, West Ghosts and other delightful creatures in the world around us. *The Secret* is a field guide to them all.

SCREAMING MIMI



PREPS' GHOUL



FRIGIDAREDEVILS



TEENANGEL