## The Old Grey Lady’s House

The Old Grey Lady’s house had many amenities for Mousekind.

## Books of Magic

Nesturna Turnoctus : Theories on Interactions ‘twixt Fivefold Weavelings.

The Uncrafty Stitch : A short guide on weathering your first spell, and other Things.

## Of Mice and Rats

Barnaby was a rarity, because he was a Rat, who had been raised as a Mouse, both by Mice and by Men. This made him uniquely bred, which became most apparent to his foster family on his third birthday. As was the custom in the Mouse Quarters of Rooster Hollows, his town of birth, third birthdays are a Big Thing. Mother Mouse had pulled out all the stops, had the cats chased from the premises, and forbidden anyone from treating Barnaby as anything but the rat and mouse that he was, because as far as she was concerned – and she was somewhat on her own in this regard – he was their family and they his.

## The Incident of the Wagon Wheel

The shortest-ever horse and cart chase

A wagon wheel hanging from a tree. The birds use it as a perch. WHhen strung a different way, the squirrels use it as a whirlygig ride. WHen strung up a third way, they hung pots and spoons and drying linens on it, and use potential energy to make them whip-dry. He had about eleven separate uses for wheel, rope, and short ladder combination. So he counted each of them as lighter, using a formula had had been working on to perfection for some time, in his mind. It was difficult to keep track of what he was thinking for himself, at times.

The Tavern becomes connected to the Old House, via the final hoop, when Quid places the broken wagon wheel upon the wall.

but Humans could not commonly through it, being mostly too big. The Mice, on the other hand, used it all the time, as did a cat or two, here and there. Crows had no use for the thing, and rare was the other small creature who was willing to draw close to it, though it did happen, from time to time.

One lithe fellow, in fact, later almost ruined the portal entirely, in his efforts to squeeze himself through it - without clothes (naturally) and slathered in vegetable oils - only to get his beard snagged on a thick splinter of wood from the outer rim, which prevented him getting much farther through than his waist, or thereabouts. Having concluded beforehand that he would pose the most compact head-first silhouette to the wheel with his arms stretched down along his sides, and slightly behind, he almost immediately became quite firmly trapped, once his beard betrayed him.

His was found by mid-afternoon, when the …

## Just Dave

The splinter of wood was placed there by ANDORTECH.employee.Dave.0100, otherwise known as Just Dave, by his five friends, Node the First, Node the Second, ThirdNode, MiddleNode, Node.5 and Dale. Just Dave also had an iDog, which technically counted as his child, and his parental units, which he heard from only sporadically.]

## The Mad Scribble, Chapter 7

## Edits

“Some time in the making”, not “many years”

## Bardlii

..

“I don’t see skin color”

Bardlii did not to see skin colour, in fact. He couldn’t say this to most people, of course, as they often mistook it for a kind of over-compensation or bragging (strangely) on his part, which tended to unnerve their sensibilities. In his particular case, however, it was actually, scientifically true; his mind’s discernment of most colours\* had been cruelly snatched from him during his second year at Wixarthur, by a jealous, curse-hurling colleague during an impolite dispute over social protocol. This act led to the classmate’s tribunal before the Grand Coven, and eventual expulsion from the academy. That man was now known far and wide as Undrumkin the Fowl, a title first coined by Bardlii’s college roommate Mortimurm Nodegate, whose loyalty and sense of humour mostly made up for his lack of attention and scholastic prowess. Mostly.

## Maevis and Bee

Maeve and Gran would both attest sometime later that neither could remember the first few hours in which they first met, because they had (apparently) one of those meeting-someone-for-the-first-time-and-feeling-like-you’ve-known-them-forever moments. Except they had known each other for so long, they were with old hearts and minds by the time they re-met, and inclined to forget great stretches of time when around one another, out of habit and comfort.

“Weavelings’ stories, however, do not move in straight, parallel lines, They are woven. We are all woven, in fact.”

“We are all Weavelings, you mean.”

“Yes, Maeve, I believe that to be true. I believe we are all Weavelings. Every living thing. To become unwoven from the rest, is to become unwound. Or unravelled. They are both apt metaphors.”

“You like metaphors, I’m noticing.”

“We are awash in them, dear. It’s the language of the gods and godesses.”

“Belief, theory, or opinion?”, Maeve’s more dubious eyebrow raised slightly

Bee chuckled, in love with the young girl’s mind. “Those things are different words meaning the same thing, to me. You’re precise, like your father.”

Maeve didn’t make a point of thinking about her father. Her father, always three steps behind Ani and her, wherever they went. He was always in their past, where she needed him. What good was thinking about the past?

“He loves you, you know.”

“Not sure that matters much”, Maeve closed the door on that line of discussion, and, trying in vain to dust the cat hair off her pants, gave an odd smile to the old woman. “I have to go, Nan”.

“It’s Gradaunt, or Bee, Maevis dear.”

“Maeve. Or Maevis- whatever. Ok.” Maeve shook her head slightly, furrowed her brow, and disappeared into the house.

### The River Metaphor

Bea had found Maeve by the small rustling river at the edge of the property. The girl had her sketchbook, which she had last year attempted in vain to bedazzle the cover of, and was now seemingly content to just use for sketching. She had determined to learn how to use charcoals, and her fingers and one of her knees – the “wiping knee” – were quite smudged black.

“What are you up to, young lady?”, Bea knew Maeve did not like being called a young lady.

Maeve’s face scrunched as she looked up at the silhouette of her grandmother, who had approached with the sun behind her, like a fighter pilot. For a moment, she thought she was looking at the shape of a younger woman, with a stance straight and fair, though the voice was Bea’s.

“I’m trying to draw ripples, but they won’t keep still”, the girl said, somewhat dryly.

Bea sat cross-legged next to Maeve – which surprised the girl somewhat, as she had thought old people could not generally manage that – and arranged her denim-smock-thing about her knees, a thing she did to discourage ants and spiders from hitching a ride home in her knickers. “I would imagine that is tricky. Let me see.”

Maeve handed Bea the sketchbook, suddenly a bit self-conscious. “I’m not good at art. I’m more of a coder, really. I just don’t have a laptop right now…” Maeve trailed off, wondering why she felt the need for excuses. Bea was already sushing her with a hand and a slight head shake.

“No, you are an artist. I’ve seen all of your art, since you were born. Never berate your talents, Maeve.”, and the woman began to examine the black and grey lines of water Maeve had etched in the book.

Maeve didn’t know how to respond to that. How had Nan seen her art? They’d never met. Had her mother been sending them to Bea all that time?

Bea shot a quick glance sideways at Maeve, carefully holding the sketchbook like a priceless artifact, an impish grin on her face, “No child of mine gets to have children and not let me see their work. Your mother might have been young and adrift when she had you, but she shared you with me, no matter where you and your circus went. We raised you together- don’t ever forget that Maeve. You have always been my family.”

Maeve suddenly (annoyingly) missed her mother, a little. Her face must have shown it, but the old woman had held up the sketchbook so she could compare the drawn lines to the river, from which they’d sprung. Through half-closed eyelids, cross-legged and back straight, she seemed to animate the drawing in her mind’s eye. “I see! You’re frustrated because you’ve captured the life of the water, and not the moment.”

“The impermanence of the water’s shape, right?”, Maeve invoked a thought she had encountered in one of Ani’s self-help books, no doubt read one day when their power had been cut off, again. She wanted this grandmother of hers to know that she had thoughts.

With a look of pleasant surprise, Bea said, to nobody in particular, “Well. What a good word for it. I hadn’t felt to think of it that way before.”

Both women sat for a time, the elder lost in her grandchild’s art, the younger watching the water shift and change, carrying with it bits of foam and small twigs, each bumping, dancing, and sliding along, sometimes separate, sometimes forming together, sometimes coming apart, on their journey from somewhere, to someplace else.

## Random Dialogue

“I have found, over the years, that the best Wizards and Witches all tend to talk outwardly in expressions of belief and experience, rather than certainties and truth.”

“You’re using other people’s safety as your playground.”

## Niall and Maeve

Niall’s “see you soon” is prophetic. The next scene should be he and Maeve’s weavelings meeting.

## The Town

Elders Falls (or Elder Falls, which is funnier but more controversial, especially among the portion of the town’s population who find humour unsettling).

There is a SevenFold in the township. Only three of her Weavelings are in the books. She has many inexplicable things happen to her constantly.

## Characters

Bex (Bleue? Blueberry)

Liz Bright

Elmur

Oakely

Bardlii

Maeve Morgan

Ani Morgan

Onefoot Down

Brom

Niall / Quidbury /

## Some Plot Idea Stuff

### The Morgans travel to Elders Falls

Ani leaves Maeve with her grandmother. There is a reason [what’s the reason?]. The made-up one is incorrect, but only Bea knows this; the real reason is Elders Falls is registered as a witch-protected area, and there are already two witches (registered) in the region. Ani is a witch (not practicing), and Bea knows that Maeve might be also. They can’t both stay there, if Maeve is to find out her nature, because there is a one-coven limit to the village, and, in this part of the world anyway, covens are limited to three members. You cannot technically have unregistered witches on record, though there are in fact several in the area, which is causing a bit of a problem for the registration committee.

Ani thinks she is leaving Maeve with her grandmother to spend time with her before she dies, but Bea just wants to spend time with the girl in order to test her abilities. She is seeing a rise in magical children and believes there is a reason.

### Elders Falls

[this is general and needs editing]

The town is called Elders Falls (or Elder Falls, it’s in constant contention). It has a river, and if you follow it from downtown and through the park, and past the school, and between the Elder’s and Summers’ farms, and into the woodlot, and along the gully in the foothills, and into the deep thicket where ever hunters often don’t bother going because of thick brambles and mire, you eventually will hear the steady hush of the Falls. The trees there seem to sway in time with that sound, as though the Falls themselves made the wind here. Things grow darker as the walls of the ravine rise on either side, at times seeming more like high cliffs. The sound of the falls grows steadily louder, amplified by the channel of the ravine, and before long, nothing much else can be heard (except perhaps for your own cursing, as you endure the thousand scrapes and bruises and snags from the grasping, clawing thorns and weeds). One last push through the dense mess, when the pounding noise of falling water starts to shake the surface of your skin, and you’re all of the sudden at the head of the ravine, free and clear of the vegetation, and there is Elder’s Falls, one-hundred feet high, cascading into a deep, churning pool.

The children of Elder Falls used to tell stories of the witches and goblins that lived here, and would emerge from the falls themselves, from a faerie cave concealed in the cliff face behind it. The flat rock in the middle of the pool would hold the cauldron (or the altar, depending on the story).

Teenagers would go there as a right of passage, woodsmen and backpackers would sometimes stop by for an invigorating dip (the water was freezing, except in July and August, when it was merely very cold).

### Maeve

Maeve has an extensive Lego collection

### Bea

Beatrice was a crop dusting pilot when she was a young woman. She knows all about biplanes, and in fact has one hidden somewhere. It’s name is Lucy. The math regarding her age, relative to the time of crop-dusting biplanes, relative to the time period of the story, does not really add up, but we make no big deal about this in the book. Bea is considerably older than she appears.