

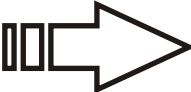
# Intro To The Dream

A story written by *thepoisoner*



Introducing a new type of grammar

Introducing minimum punctuation

**a DARK TALE**  **TREVELYAN**  
**with a hero**

**BUT IS THIS ONLY THE BEGINNING?**

<b>PART I</b>	Enclosed within
<b>PART II</b>	Our hero travels to the North with Mr Curlew. We meet the Glitter Monks with their foul green breath emitting twixt their lips. We will seek the mightyoak with the all seeing eye at Bluebell Wood, and finally we will arrive at the land where flowers will never grow. This is a journey from which Mr Curlew will not return.
<b>PART III</b>	Trevelyan must travel to a dark place. Here our hero will encounter the formidable Mr Grinley, and Trevelyan's faith in Thorn the Raven must be proven if he is to save his sister from the Soul Stealers.
<b>PART IV</b>	And so it begins... The unavoidable and inevitable battle beyond imaginable scale.
<b>PART V</b>	The perilous return.

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# Into the Dream

A long long time ago there was a young lad called Trevelyan who lived in a cabin at the bottom of Brown Crae

The Crae loomed above the cabin in an acceptable and pleasing way

To the opposite side of the cabin flowed a beautiful meandering river with banks of colourful flowers and long grasses that swirled and swayed in the breeze. The colour was something to behold with a lovely array of poppies violets snap dragons and battenberg

His favourite flower would always be the rose  
So beautiful in colour and construction yet always those thorns  
red and black  
love and hate

life and death

Trevelyan had a busy time what with log chopping and other preparation for the impending Winter

But now was Summer

A time for dragonflies  
A time for 1 O'Clock 2 O'Clocks and a shiny forehead

Whilst he enjoyed his work Trevelyan would occasionally gaze up to the top of the Crae, and his gaze would often settle upon the comforting sight of the rocks at the top, set there like some sedimentary crown. The shape of the rocks tempted him to recall the time that he took all of his Mothers worn soap bars and pushed them together between the palms of his hands onto a homogeneous elongated squish fest. As the warm and wet soaps merged into one, so the rocks could have been formed by The Creator he thought

**How pleasant**

It was at the very top of the rocks at the very top of the Crae that Trevelyan had his special place. It had always been his special place since the very first time he'd climbed to the peak. All of his life he had wanted to run from the bottom to the top Straight from his cabin to the special place without stopping

**Can you imagine?**

That night as Trevelyan went to bed, he wondered if he would  
have the dream (he would)  
He climbed into his truckle, blew out his candle and snuggled into  
the down of duck and goose  
Gonji Momma he thought, I'm as warm as toast and snippy chips

It didn't take long for the dream to start

His dream always began with him lazing in his hammock whilst  
watching his young sister playing at the rivers edge. He'd keep a  
careful eye on her as she made daisy chains and played buttercup  
chins and he would try not to doze fearful that she may tumble  
into the flowing water

Invariably he would slowly nod off and then come awake with a  
jolt. It was only after waking that he would notice the white dog  
on the other side of the river. The dog was solidly built with  
triangular ears and slinty black eyes. It was stiffly alert and  
watching something on the same side of the river as Trevelyan  
and his sister. As Trevelyan looked to see what the dog was  
watching, he saw a peacock making its way towards him. The dog  
was intently staring at the peacock as it arrived in front of  
Trevelyan who was still lying in his hammock

The peacock fanned his magnificent train into a display of  
extravagant blue-green shimmer which became mesmerising in  
the strong sun light. Trevelyan was drawn to the many colourful  
eyes seemingly alive in the birds display

He forgot that he could no longer see his sister

But those amazing colours!

He could have drowned between the iridescent hues of the  
outermost and innermost boundaries of the eyes in the birds tail  
alone

As Trevelyan dully remembered his sister and sluggishly moved his head in order to see that she was safe, those beautiful colours shimmered and changed with his viewing angle mesmerising him even further

Little did he realise that this trickery was unique and unable to occur in normal pigments...

Come with me  
Whispered the bird  
I can't  
said Trevelyan

...my sister

He caught a brief glimpse of his sister and saw that the white dog had somehow crossed the river and was now right beside her

The dog was still looking at the peacock  
Come with me  
Whispered the peacock  
But where? I can't...

Come with me to your special place

I want to

And you shall...

... come with me

Trevelyan felt dreamily confused and wanted to go with the bird  
He knew that he must fight  
He just didn't know if he had the strength

What is today?, is today Thursday?

Come with me  
Whispered the bird

... this is your last chance

But now he would always wake from the dream (within a dream)

Just as he did now

His noddle transferred him from dream world to reality and he wondered what time it was

He looked out of the cabin window to see that it was nearing magic time

The imminent dawn

The time when there is nothing but darkness, and then nothing but darkness and a chink of slate grey on the horizon

A time for magic

He climbed out of his bed and was struck with the knowledge

today is the day

today it must happen

He pulled on his britches and shrugged on his shirt and tugged on his boots

I have to be at the top of the rocks at the top of the crae before it is day

Before the sun doth rise before the sun doth shine

He literally hit the ground running and started to sprint towards the top of the crae

Immediatly the steepness hit him in his thighs like it always did

this time

He thought

this time

His legs pumped and his heart thumped  
His britches made itches and itches and itches  
His sweat did pour and his feet did fleet  
    I shall not succumb  
    This blade will never rust

He thought and he hoped

**BUT THE SUN WAS COMING!**

And it was coming fast

It was following him up the crae  
The night was becoming day

The sun was right behind Trevelyan

If his feet did one then the sun did two

A line of light destroying the night  
Following him up the crae

To the front of him there was the darkness but behind him the  
light  
The light which was growing in speediness and bright

Charlie fox charlie fox  
He chanted as his breath ripped through his lungs

He could see his special place

He could feel his special place

Charlie fox charlie fox

Charlie fox charlie fox  
Charlie fox charlie fox

That last push  
The sun behind him and gorse in front  
That push  
That last push

The pain the pain...

...and then...

...he'd done it!

He got to the rocks that split second before the sun finally rose

Our blessed sun

Our lovely warm sun

**And so the sun rose & shone as it does  
every day for everybody and for you and  
for me without bias or discrimination**

# **Our Blessed Sun**

# Our Lovely Sun

As Trevelyan climbed up the rocks towards his special place he could feel their surface warming his hands as the sun slowly brought the dormant rocks back to life

As he climbed higher the colour of the rocks slowly changed to a reddish hue signifying the entrance to his special place

He often wondered if the red staining at the top of the rocks meant that it had once been a sacrificial alter stone from a moonlit night in the ancient past

At the top of the crae at the top of the rocks at the top of the  
special place

**Two Grooves in the rocks**

When Trevelyan was small, so were the grooves

His wee feet would snugly fit in them

It was like putting on the world

As Trevelyan grew older and his feet increased in size, then so  
would the grooves in the rocks

And today is the day

Today is the day when he ran to the top of crae

Today is when he beat the night

He'd fought the right to deserve the light

Trevelyan kicked off his boots

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and slipped his bare feet  
into the sun warmed grooves in the rock

Today is the day he thought

He slowly bent his knee's and pushed down...

The earth recoiled under him and then thrust him back up

He did it again and increased the force

The earth pushed him up, and he did it again

The earth pushed him up high and Trevelyan felt the urge to kick  
his legs and swing his arms

forwards and upwards...

... upwards and into the sky

Consider the penguin

A flightless bird

Or is it?

Maybe it has simply adapted to fly under water  
It flies as graceful under water as any bird that flies in the  
sky

We don't consider that strange

do we?

As Trevelyan swam further into the sky he looked down to see  
the crae below him

He could see his cabin

He could see the morning rabbits coming out to finlay

A previous world below him and above him the new sky

He looked around and saw sights anew  
Birds and buzzing insects in this lofty domain where he had  
never been before

The birds and the bees  
Doing what ever it is that they do

He felt the need to do the do too

He kicked himself upwards to a higher depth and felt the warm  
liquid air rushing against his skin like a silken sheet of gonji  
niceness

Time to move on  
Time to move on to other lands and places new

He kicked and swam into the morning sky

**And then he saw Mr Curlew**

Hello you...  
Said Mr Curlew

Hello!  
Said Trevelyan

My name is Trevelyan

Mr Curlew's eyes slowly narrowed and his long thin beak curled upwards into the most friendliest of smiles

Welcome to Nod  
Said Mr Curlew

I'm here to take you part of the way

Part of the way where?  
Replied Trevelyan

Mr Curlew performed his lovely Mr Curlew smile, and said

Come on Trevelyan you lovely lad...

Mr Curlew dipped his wing and whoosh...

...a current of air suddenly  
lifted him up and away towards the brightness of the sun  
Without thinking, Trevelyan did the same and was immediately  
excited by the speed and the feeling of flying through the air as  
he followed Mr Curlew to who knows where

And so they flew

Over hills and dales and villages and camps, over boats and carts  
and caves and streams, over cattle and hounds and smells and  
dreams...

...onwards and upwards

Into the warm fresh air

...all liquid and nice

Birds would look at them and nod their approval

Everyone seemed friendly in the sky

Even a few seagulls

This'll do...

... thought Trevelyan

as he followed his new friend Mr Curlew towards the infinity of the horizon they finally arrived in the salty fresh air of a coastal beach Trevelyan was amazed as he looked down onto the cliffs below him and then across the pure white sand and out over the sea...

Mr Curlew began to slow down and Trevelyan swam alongside

Mr Curlew squinted his eyes and curled his beak upwards into that now familiar Mr Curlew smile

he said

time to take my leave my lad

But Trevelyan had already warmed to Mr Curlew and if the truth be known rely upon him too

He looked round at these sights unfamiliar and new

but Mr Curlew what do I do?... I would prefer you by my side

But when Trevelyan had turned Mr Curlew had gone

He was alone  
On his own

He took a deep breath and thought some thoughts  
He sniffed and pouted and thought some more

He looked around

He looked down

He looked around

He looked down

He looked up

He looked up and he saw The Raven way up in the sky  
It was up there riding the air currents  
Almighty and high

Trevelyan eased a sigh

He knew he had to be there with The Raven but he didn't know  
why

So up he went

But up here things were different

Up here it was all cold and serious

Up high was very mysterious

The Raven appeared either to have not noticed or not be bothered by Trevelyan's presence for he initially failed to acknowledge him

Hello  
Said Trevelyan

Hello Trevelyan  
Said the Raven without looking at him

How do you know my name?

I'm here to help you but time is against so we must dispense with pleasantries  
Said the Raven

Help me do what?  
Said Trevelyan

The Soul Stealers have your sister Trevelyan and you must save her before it's too late  
Replied The Raven  
Do you remember these words?

Come with me  
Whispered the bird

Trevelyan thought back to the Peacock and his heart skipped a beat  
He felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end and he felt a shiver run down his channel

But that was a dream!  
Said Trevelyan

If that was a dream then what is this?  
Replied The Raven

But that Peacock was the most beautiful thing that I ever did see...

your first lesson Trevelyan...  
always remember that The Soul Stealers have the power to  
assume a pleasing form  
Said The Raven

So... that Peacock was a Soul Stealer!  
Think Trevelyan

Trevelyan looked at the huge black Raven as he floated with him  
high in the sky. The Raven was slow black crow black as black as  
black as black could be. He had a powerful looking beak which  
was hooked at the end like a bird of prey  
It was then that Trevelyan noticed the gold chain which hung  
around the birds neck. The chain had some substance to it and  
from it hung an object which looked like a clear capsule which  
appeared to be misting and then clearing itself

How queer

My name is Thorn  
Said the Raven

If you listen to me and follow my instructions without deviation you can save your sister from the Soul Stealers - but you must make haste for she is in mortal danger

Trevelyan, you are the only blood kin sibling to your sister and therefore only you can prevent her from meeting Reynard The Fox

Reynard The Fox is the most cunning and deadly of all the Soul Stealers

He would play his fiddle and confuse you with fascinating mournful melodies

He would steal your sisters soul

Only you can prevent this  
Only you can beat the Fiddling Fox

You will have four tasks to complete before she can be saved

North

South

East

West

At the end of each task a secret will be revealed allowing you to proceed further

Fail, and your sister will perish and become the queenliest dead that ever died so young

Her soul trapped in purgatory for ever more

Then please... tell me what to do  
Said Trevelyan

The Raven spoke...

You can see the capsule at the end of my chain?

Yes

Well look closely and tell me what is inside

Trevelyan swam closer to Thorn and looked closely at the capsule held at his throat by the gold chain. He saw that a single snow flake was slowly forming inside the capsule and as soon as it had fully formed it would then melt away

I can see a snow flake!

Then you must travel to the North for your first task

To the land where strange men rent strange flowers

A forbidding place

Your journey will take you over barren and infertile lands where life sucking meander weed will sap your strength

But you must endure...

...for you will have to continue to Bluebell Wood

There you must find the mighty oak with the All Seeing Eye

Only mighty oak can direct you further

Only mighty oak has the true vision and the clarity which is required

And fear not for your safety

...for you will have a guide...

Trevelyan had a strange sensation that he thought he could smell the homely odour of his cabin back home

That comforting homely smell of his Mother cooking and fresh laundry

When Trevelyan turned to ascertain where aforementioned odour had originated from, he realised that Mr Curlew was once again right there by his side

He was so excited that his new friend Mr Curlew was back that he wanted to tell the Raven

But when he turned back toward Thorn

They were alone

This bird had flown

Mr Curlew smiled at Trevelyan and said  
My lovely lad

Then he dipped his wing and headed off North into the ether

**Trevelyan followed Mr Curlew**

**further...**

**... into the dream**



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