



REIGN OF  
ZOULVISIA

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FEARLESS CARYS

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Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Zoulvisia, there lived a beautiful little girl named Carys. She was special, because ever since she was born, Carys could understand what birds and animals said.

She heard the squirrels discussing best ways to store nuts, owls with their matters of philosophy and even the arguments of rabbits. One morning, she heard two birds who sounded very worried indeed.

They were digging up juicy worms, and one said, “have you heard? It happened again! How dreadful.”

“What did?” the other replied, rooting about in the ground.

“The evil ogre captured more folk travelling through the mountains. They are trapped in his castle of doom! I wish someone would rescue the poor dears.”



Carys knew exactly what to do— she ran straight to the heroes Isabel and Unicorn Bob. They agreed to help, and the little girl showed them the dangerous mountain path. It was steep going with plenty of places for a nasty ogre to hide and spring out, but Isabel was on her guard.

They met an old woman weeping, her family had been stolen by the monster, and she also begged our heroes to save them.

More determined than ever, they journeyed on, meeting more distraught peasants and merchants who had lost people they loved to the evil ogre.

The path wound on, at times the dropoff went straight down and frightened Carys, but she bravely kept going. She knew they were doing the right thing and wanted to help the prisoners just as much as Isabel and Unicorn Bob.





Without any warning, a huge ugly brute jumped with a shout onto the path, wielding a club. Isabel's sword glinted in the bright sun of the mountain side, and she leapt into a graceful twirl, slashing at the creature's hide. The ogre did not even flinch, and her blade glanced off the leathery skin. Unicorn Bob lowered his razor-sharp horn and galloped at the monster, but though the ogre's breath was knocked out with an "ooph", the horn did not even scratch the beast.

Whoosh Whoosh went his massive club, and Carys ducked behind a pile of rocks. Isabel and Bob fought on with skill, but their weapons did not harm the ogre and soon he'd knocked them out with his club.

He tucked the unconscious Unicorn under one arm, and slung Isabel over his shoulder and marched up to the castle of doom. Carys quietly followed, keeping carefully out of sight.



The little girl found the drawbridge up and the massive iron gate closed tightly. She wandered around, shivering in the cold, but found no other entrance. Sitting down in a pile of snow, she heard some mice from the castle come out for a lark.

“Poor child, if only she knew of the secret door. All she would have to do is turn the head of the griffin and it would open.”

Carys ran to find the statue the mouse had mentioned, and sure enough a small door appeared and she pushed it aside quite easily. She crept along, and heard more of the mice talking.

“Alas for the prisoners, for none can defeat the ogre unless they use the sword on the wall of his great hall.”

She saw the ogre fast asleep and took the keys from his pocket. The dungeons were full of people and she freed them all.





“They will never make it home if the ogre awakens,” Unicorn Bob pointed out.

“You must use the sword on his wall,” Carys said, “it is the only way to defeat the monster.”

The three ran to find the magic weapon, but the ogre had already woken up and was smashing about looking for the keys.

“Down here!” Carys jingled them. With a roar, the monster chased her all round the room while Isabel pulled the sword down.

Just as he was about to catch little Carys, the heroine slashed off the evil ogre’s head with a mighty heave. The mountains were rid forever of fear, and as the happy victims ran down the path back home, the castle of doom crumbled into dust.

**THE END** (for now)



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