

DROUGHT OF DREAD  
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REIGN OF  
ZOULVISIA

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Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Zoulvisia, a sudden famine swept its way across the land. Crops withered away, and just when the farmers managed to harvest, all their bales and boxes would be filled with nothing but dust the next day.

One afternoon a field of hay was all ready to be put into barns for the winter, and the next morning only heaps of dried up husks were left where the crop had been.

Reports began flooding their way to Zoulvisia's palace, and a long line of desperate farmers stretched its way three times around her extensive palace grounds.

Winter would be coming, and with no crops the people might starve. Farmers had no seeds to plant and the whole kingdom was in an uproar of confusion and terror.



Sir Oliver rode out to inspect the damage done to the kingdom and came across barren fields and dying plants everywhere he went. It made absolutely no sense!

At last he came upon Isabel and Unicorn Bob who were also searching for some reason for the drought.

“When in doubt, I follow my nose,” Bob whinnied. At first his theory only lead them to the nearest bakery, but finally he picked up his hooves, “I smell fresh juicy corn!”

“Impossible,” Sir Oliver said dubiously, but they had tried all other courses of action so he followed along behind the unicorn who kept his nose at the ready.

“Due north,” Bob said at last, and began a gentle trot toward the cornfield.





Sure enough there it was—  
verdant green stalks bulging with big  
corn-on-the-cob ready golden bunches.  
Unicorn Bob had already bit off the  
nearest one and begun chomping on it,  
when Isabel pointed to a distant cart.

Looking up with corn juice still dribbling  
down, Bob gave another whinny, “why the  
villainous scumfly!”

The men in the cart were handing corn  
down to waiting peasants— but that is not  
what upset Bob. On the contrary he was  
happy people were receiving the crop.

“Duke of Northmorland’s men!” Sir Oliver  
shouted, drawing his sword and urging his  
warhorse into a gallop.

Yes, the Queen’s heinous younger brother  
had hatched yet another dire plot to  
undermine the kingdom.



He watched from an ancient stone archway and stood high above the dying land— all save his own property which glowed green.

Oblivious to all save his own power, he did not notice Isabel step up behind him until she cleared her throat. He barely had time to take a defensive position as she began raining blows down on him.

They clashed hither and thither among the ruins— blades flashing in the sunlight, until at last he cried quarter.

“Undo the curse you put on this land,” she glared, “why would you hurt innocents?”

“They had to come to me for supplies, and would soon love me more than Zoulvisia. Then they would all fight on my side!” he whimpered, but undid the spell. The country’s crops and lands were restored!

**THE END** (for now)





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