



The Wizard's Tale

*"An Immortal's Tale of
a Dragon and
the Star-Children"*

The Wizard and all his Magical Friends

This History of the Magical Mystery surrounding and protecting the Star Children and all children of magic was penned by the Wizard and storyteller, Tony Bullock.



THE WIZARD'S TALE

For those mortals who don't believe in fairies, flower divas, dragons and magic I would suggest you put down this book now, for there is no place for disbelief in the realms of wizardry. In the minds of children everything is possible and when we lose that innocence we lose a whole world of mystery and wonder.

My story started a long long time ago, so long in fact that time no longer has a meaning for me. I was but one in a band of wizards placed on earth with one task, and that task had no time limits or restraints. I was to be the Guardian of one of those secret, special places, charged with the duty of keeping that place invisible to all those not chosen, those with no magic in their souls. For these places were to be the realms of the people of the stars.

HAHA! I hear you laugh, science fiction, little green men from Mars, rocket ships and flying saucers. But wait a while, read on, for there are things in this world that are not of this world. Their time of arrival is lost in antiquity, long before history began for they were the ones sent to prepare the way for the human race and to provide guidance for those who would, in time, take over the world.

Humans have come a long way since those first faltering steps almost a million years ago. For a long time they needed the guidance of those mysterious entities who watched over them. In a world ruled by the animal kingdom man was a puny being, constantly at risk from fierce predators many times larger than himself, forced to live in caves and surviving on a diet of small animals and berries.

With the careful guidance of their mentors they advanced rapidly, became hunters instead of prey,

farmers instead of gatherers. Their instinct for survival led them to invention, The discovery of fire led to making metal tools and weapons which in turn made them invincible, and soon they became the rulers of their world. But with advancement came the first seeds of discontent. Before long they began to look upon their guardians as the enemy, and that was the first step towards forming religion. Gods of their own making would, or so they believed, guarantee better crops, more successful hunts, and most importantly to them, victory in warfare against those who not so long before had been allies in the fight for survival. That is when I arrived on this earth.

It was a timely arrival. Humans no longer cared about those special places set apart for the Children of the Stars. They had long ago lost the memory of those who had made life possible for them and were intent only on conquering and destroying that which they no longer understood. Hatred and greed had taken

over from love, and the very existence of my kind was threatened with extinction. So, for the first time in history, magic came to be used here on this planet called Earth.

WHAT THE EYE DOESN'T SEE

Nestling in a valley between the mountains of the place now known as New Mexico is a nondescript piece of land. A stand of Aspen trees in one corner. Chamisa and other native plants growing in abundance, and hidden from mortal sight amongst the scrub the clear waters of a mountain stream burble over a bed of pebbles.. To the travellers on the road bounding the northern fence there is nothing to mark it as being more special than any other place in this remote region, for, in their constant race against time the destination has become more important than the journey and humans have lost the ability to see what isn't immediately apparent. Should they tarry for a while they may well scratch their heads and wonder at the sight of a gate, securely chained and locked, barring entry to this neglected patch. If they were to attempt to climb the dilapidated fence they would find their way blocked by the mass of thorn bush and creepers growing in

profusion. None of this is the work of nature as may well be supposed, nor is it the result of neglect by humans, for this is the home of the Star Children, What you see is what I decree..... for I Am the Wizard.

This land, which has been my home now for many centuries, has changed little. Few nowadays would choose to live in such an isolated place, which suits my purpose admirably. In the old days there was little need for magic; those hardy people who lived here left me alone to continue my work in peace. Generations came and passed on but no one thought to question my longevity. Then things began to change rapidly. The first of my problems came with the invaders from a land across the sea. All conquering, they swept through the lands to the south destroying all before them. Then, when they had plundered the riches of those countries they cast their greedy eyes to the north in search of precious gems and metals. The mountains and rivers were the hunting grounds of these avaricious hordes

and I could see difficulties ahead. So, without further ado I began to use the gifts I had brought with me from the stars so long ago.

The time of the return of the Star Children was fast approaching as I set to work. First of all I had to make sure no-one knew I was there. My humble shack and small vegetable garden were in full view of the track leading to the mountains, as was the river winding through the centre of my land. To make them invisible was not a difficult task for a man of my talents. A simple spell ensured that anyone approaching would see only what I wanted them to see, the illusion of neglect that passers by still see today. A tangled hedge of thorn bush, so strong that it would blunt the knives and axes of the most determined invader, encircled the property, and, secure in my cocoon of magic, I returned to tending my garden and to await the first of my long expected visitors, the Chosen Ones, who would soon be returning home to the stars.

THE DRAGON'S STORY

There can be few creatures more falsely represented in mythology and fiction than the Dragon. Knights of old set forth to slay them with gay abandon and returned to enjoy the life of heroes. The patron saint of England was canonised for his efforts in freeing the land of the scourge of these fire breathing monsters, and to this day they are invariably portrayed by uninformed writers as evil predators. As the only being on earth that has not only seen, but had contact with these enormous but gentle creatures I consider it my duty to put the record straight before I leave this sanctuary and return home.

Long ago, when the human race was still in its infancy, there was considerable danger to the Star Children. Those same animals that would later cause problems for humans were a direct threat to their very

existence and, being a peace loving people who knew nothing of weapons they needed protection as they went about their daily work. The Dragons provided that protection, not by killing; being herbivores they had no experience of that, but simply by using their terrifying size and appearance to frighten away any animal that appeared threatening. In later times they were to use those same attributes against the emerging human threat, which is probably when the myths were born. I can speak with some authority on this subject because, contrary to popular belief, Dragons are not extinct on Earth. Most returned to the stars when their work was done but not all, for there was one more task to perform. As I write this much shortened history of my life I can see the last of her kind lazing in the shade of the Aspen trees. She too, as with all the Star born beings, is immortal. She arrived on Earth before I did and, when both our works are completed, will return with me through the portal that will take us to our homeland.

She is a magnificent, gentle and intelligent creature. Those big hazel eyes hold no malice and the talons, each one as long as my arm and needle sharp will take a morsel of food from my hand and place it in her wide soft mouth with the delicacy of a songbird. Should I be of a mind I could climb onto her broad back and together we could soar in exhilarating freedom over the mountains. But now is not the time for such idle fancies. My task is to ensure the safe return of all my charges. Hers is to leave behind a last reminder of times gone by, a whole new species, the Molly Flies

ANGELS, FAIRIES AND FLOWER DIVAS

Do you believe in fairies? When you read your children's book in the quiet of your room do you imagine these delicate, mysterious creatures perching on your pillow, looking over your shoulder. If so, do they scare you? Of course not, how could anything so beautiful bring fear into the lives of those who have not yet lost their belief in magic. As it was with the Dragons they came to earth to fulfil one purpose, but theirs was to spread happiness, and in that task they excelled. Sit for a moment while I finish my breakfast and then I will take you on a magical mystery tour of my domain. Would you like a drink while you wait? No, it's not coffee or tea, this magical beverage is brewed by the Flower Divas from the Chamisa flowers and honey. Natural medicines, made only from the plants you see around you, are their speciality. Yes, I agree, it is good, remind me to give you the recipe before you leave, it's

just the thing to ward off those winter chills. Now, if you are ready we'll begin our tour and I'll show you just how real magic can be.

Now, before we start let me explain something. In order to see you must believe. Magic is in the souls of all humans but as they grow older and more cynical they lose their ability to see the wonders around them. Close your eyes for a moment. Imagine those illustrations in your book coming to life around you. Right, now open your eyes. Look carefully amongst the flowers. Haha! You spotted her. No, it's not an illusion. That, my young friends, is a real Flower Diva hard at work collecting nectar. Hopefully she'll restock my larder with drinks for our afternoon tea.

What else do you see? Honey bees, the wonder of the insect world and yes, they too are magical. How else could they turn the pollen and honey into such a delicious spread for our morning toast? But look a

little harder, no, not down there, up in the Aspen trees. Can you see them? It takes a little time for your eyes to adjust to the shade but I assure you they are there. Look, there's one settling on a branch. Look at her wings shimmering. Now you see it? Congratulations. Your first sight of a real live Fairy, amazing isn't it. Yes there are more, lots more. They love the shade of the Aspen trees when the sun gets too hot; as I do too. Let's sit down for a while and I'll explain to you why they are never seen outside my garden.

Move over a bit and let me get out of this hot sun. That's better, thank you my dears. Long, long ago, as all good stories must begin, these wonderful creatures roamed freely as they must. How else could they bring happiness and love to the Earth. For thousands of years they went about their task with never a complaint from the humans whose somewhat dismal lives were transformed by their presence. But, as with all things, they became the victims of change. A new religion,

restrictive and powerful, spread its teachings around the planet. Man, and only man, was made in Gods image they proclaimed. Fairies, Flower Divas, Elves, Leprechauns, they were spirits of evil, the work of the devil and must be destroyed. Followers of this religion were exhorted to hunt them down and anyone suspected of befriending them risked death. And so it began. Soon the fairies were being blamed for plagues; accused of stealing human children, cursed for causing crop failures, anything that went wrong was laid at their door. Within a very short time centuries of good work were undone and they were forced into hiding. No longer could they be seen freely flitting through the forest shade or sipping dewdrops from a flower petal. From that time onward they and the Flower Divas have become creatures of myth and legend. Only the young now believe they ever existed, and anyone foolish enough to claim they have seen one will be the object of ridicule and scorn. Such is the foolishness of the human race.

Now, let's move on. Over there, at the edge of the Aspen grove you can see the ring of standing stones. I'll explain the reason for them later. What I want you to do now is sit again; this log will do nicely, and wait. Now you have to use both eyes and ears, for this is a wonder to astound both senses. Patience is needed; concentrate on the centre of the ring. Can you hear it?.... A faint musical humming generated by the stones,,, but there is more to come. Those shadowy figures you see amongst the stones, they, little ones, are Angels, watch them as they take human form and listen to the purity of their singing. Nothing on this planet can match it, for it is the music of the heavens; a perfect harmony of light and sound from the stars.

Now, let me tell you the story of the Angels and their purpose here on Earth. When the Star people first arrived there was no way back to their homelands. First they had to build the ring of stones you see before you which is in reality a portal, a door if you like, to the

other world. Only a special sort of stone can serve this task, it must have the bands of crystal that can turn musical sounds into the energy that will in turn open the door. The voices of the Angels are the key. So, they have remained here through the centuries awaiting the time of the return to the stars. When that time comes the Angels will be no more.

Why?, you may ask, when the Flower Divas and Fairies suffered so badly at the hands of the religious zealots, did the Angels become a celebrated part of the new regime. The answer is simple my young friends. Angels are human in size and appearance, and even better, they are ethereal creatures. The leaders of the new religion deviously claimed them as visible emissaries of their invisible God and the Angels of course were in no position to argue. Their once regular appearances became rare and they withdrew to the secret places. Now the only reminder of their presence is in the stained glass windows of the churches or the

doubtful stories of those who claim to have been visited
by them.

THE BEAR TRUTH

Bear with me a moment, pardon the pun but there is more to see before we leave the shade of the Aspen trees. Sit a while longer; listen to the rustling of the leaves, almost like singing isn't it. Ah, here she comes. No, don't be frightened, I know it's a Bear but they too are creatures of magic and, like the Dragon, quite harmless. Yes she is big, but very gentle. See, she's going to sit in the centre of the circle; she's been doing that for several days now, waiting for one special being to arrive. What are you laughing at? There's a dragonfly on my hat. What's she doing up there? She should be at the gate to welcome our guest and if I'm not mistaken here he comes now. Well I never! Another Bear, wherever are they all coming from? What's that you say? I'd better hide my honey pots. I think you may be right but we'll do that later. Right now I want you to see what happens when he arrives at the gate. Look,

the Dragonfly is inviting him in. That's her job, she's the gatekeeper. Now he's not sure of himself, the gate is padlocked and he's waiting for it to open and she's assuring him he doesn't need a key. See! He stepped right through it. That gate is very special, so special that it has a name, but I'll tell you about it later. Right now you'll be wanting to know about the bears, and theirs is a story that goes back before time, even before the Star Children arrived. But first let's see what happens with this young fellow. Frisco Robin's his name, and he's a great traveller, He's just returned from a trip that took him from the far south to the western shores of the country, thousands of miles. See how dusty he is from walking all those miles to get here. Ah, now he's spotted her. He looks a little nervous but she's a friendly young thing and will soon put him at ease. There now, she's hugging him and asking him to sit down and share her apple. The way to a bear's heart is through his stomach, or so I'm told. He'll be alright now so we'll leave them for a while and I'll tell you why the Bears, and Frisco

Robin in particular, came to be so special.

I think we'll sit by the river now; we can dangle our toes in the water while I tell you a story. Here will do, sit down and take your shoes off. Ahh, now isn't that good, there's nothing quite like a clear mountain stream to cool you down. Watch carefully and you'll see the fish leaping for mayflies. There's one, did you see the colours along its sides. That's why it got the name, Rainbow Trout, a beautiful fish, and extremely tasty for dinner. Are they magical too? you ask. Why yes, whenever we take one for food another one appears and takes its place. Now, what was I going to tell you?..... Oh yes, about the Bears. I will keep it brief, the whole story can be found in the book, The 'Truth about Forever' written by one of the Star Children here on Earth to remind the human race of their history and inform them of their destiny.

When the Children of the Stars first came to Earth it

was a barren planet, devoid of all knowledge required for future prosperity. Far away, on a planet so distant it cannot be seen from Earth an old lady patiently wove a ribbon of knowing, a song that would soon be carried around the Earth, and the carriers she chose for the task were the great whale, to sing it in the depths of the oceans, and a Polar Bear. Mama Dew was her name, to spread it throughout the land and while doing so to plant the seeds of knowledge for future generations. This was a task of immense proportions and it was to take hundreds of years to complete, but time was of no consequence for both the Whale and the Bear received the gift of everlasting life. Mama Dew was to become the ancestor of the young bear we have just seen, and he will soon be the father of the last of his clan. His new friend will be the mother, but that is in the future, and neither of them knows yet what that will bring.

Now children, it's time for my afternoon tea. Honey cakes and pollen bread with raspberry jam. Yes it does

sound delicious. Would you care to join me?

MAGIC MAGGIE

Right children, are we all here? good, sit around this tree stump, we'll have afternoon tea in the open air, that's right just like a picnic. Now, before we start. Do any of you have pets?.....All of you, that's wonderful. Ok, which ones of you have kittens? That's one, two, three, four, five, oh it's too many to count. What about puppies. Wow!! That's even more. So how many of you knew that your pets are magical?.... None!!, that does surprise me. Well, from the look on your faces I'd say you don't really believe me. Hands up all those who want me to show you just how magical they are? All of you again!! I thought you might. Now this is real magic and I'll bet when you've seen it you'll say, 'Hey, my puppy does that'. Alright, here goes. Now watch very carefully or you may miss it. Here, in my right hand I have a plain, ordinary cookie jar. Does anyone want to inspect it? No, Ok, now let's see what happens when I

remove the lid, I'll be as quiet as possible. Here we go, now count one, two, three, and voila, two little dogs appear out of thin air. Haha, I knew you'd have seen it before, you just didn't know it was magic. Now as you can see, my assistants need to be rewarded with a few crumbs from each of you, not too much or they'll blow up like balloons.. Do they have names? Why of course they do, I'm forgetting my manners. Let me introduce you. On my left, with the curly tail, the one and only "Lord Ness"..... and here on my right with a tail like a flue brush and trying to grab my honey cake, is the equally famous "Muffin". These two rascals have had many adventures, so many that they have books written about them. Maybe some of you have read them. Anyway, they'll be thirsty after all that excitement, so you finish your cookies and I'll get them some water. What's that? Do I have any kittens? I'm sorry my dears, unfortunately the kittens I had chased all my birds away and then Ness and Muffin chased the kittens away. I tried using my best spells to stop them but their magic

is even stronger than mine and it didn't work.

Now, I see you are all finished and the plates are suspiciously clean, Ness and Muffin wouldn't have had a hand in that by any chance? I thought so; they always make sure nothing's wasted. Now what do you want to see next? The garden. Alright, off we go, Hands up anyone who's noticed anything strange while they've been here, apart from Dragons, Bears, Fairies, Angels and Flower Divas, magic dogs and an old Wizard?. Only two of you, that is a surprise. You there, the little girl in the pink pyjamas, what have you noticed. That's right, it's snowing outside your bedroom window but it's warm and sunny here and all the flowers are blooming. What a wonderful place to live. That's the beauty of magic. You can have the world just as you want it to be. Here we are at the garden. Maggie's garden it's called, because Maggie is the name of the Angel who planted it. She uses seeds that originally came to Earth with the Children of the Stars, seeds that can be found nowhere

else on the planet, and because of this we can have fresh fruits and vegetables all year round. You saw the bees working hard in the garden. Now you can see where they store all the nectar they gather. Each of those hives along the hedgerow is full of honey just waiting to be collected and put into jars. Some of it we leave of course as the bees need it to feed their young, but because we look after them and grow lots of fruit and flowers they don't mind us taking enough for our needs. That's one of nature's rules. Never take more than you need and there'll always be some for tomorrow.

Let's take a peek in that old shed over there, there's always something interesting to see in old sheds. Maggie's away at the moment but she won't mind. Now, can you all squeeze in, there's not a lot of room for so many of us. Now, what do you think all these are? Horse pictures, right, but what's different about them? Right again, they are painted on clay, and when they've been baked in that special kiln over there they will be

called tiles, and no two will be alike. Maggie puts a spell on them so they will bring luck to anyone who buys one. You've got one sticking on your frig have you. Well there you are, you're one of the lucky ones. Did you ever wonder how it stays there? Yes,,,, more magic, there's no end to it is there? Well, that's all there is to see in here, time to move on. Next we're going to meet two more very special people so be on your best behaviour. Away we go again.

WORDS AND PICTURES

I know that all of you read books, you must do or how else could you be here. Have any of you ever wondered how a book is made? No, not many people do, which is a pity because it takes a special sort of magic. Just think, if you could take all those words off the pages and jumble them up, could you put them back together in the right order?. No, and neither could I, there's just too many of them. And what about those beautiful illustrations? Just look at that dragon, or the fairies. Perfect likenesses. This is where the magic is, the words have to make sense and the pictures must not only fit the words, they have to be accurate too. So, the artist must first see the dragons and fairies and all the other beings she brings to life on the pages. Now we are going to meet two of these people. They come to the garden often and very soon they will be the caretakers and will live here permanently. Sit for a while under

this tree and take a look around, we can see lots from here. Frisco Robin and his young lady are chatting in the Stone Circle. They seem to be very friendly now. Ness and Muffin are trying to catch a fish for tea, I don't think they'll succeed when they are making so much noise, and the Dragonfly is sitting on the gatepost waiting for our two guests; no doubt they'll be here soon. Are there any questions you'd like to ask while we wait? You first little girl, what's your name.... Ashley, that's a nice name. Where are you from Ashley.... Florida, Wow, That's where Frisco Robin lives, I don't suppose you've met him. No, well, he does travel around a lot so maybe he's never home when you pass his patch. What was your question?.... Will the ladies have to climb over the gate? Now stop laughing you lot, it's a very good question. No Ashley, they were born with the key in their hearts. They can walk right on through just as Frisco did. Who's next? You two fair haired girls at the back, what would you like to know? Their names, that's an easy one. The artist is called Christy and the

writer, Trish, by their friends, which of course includes all of you. What are your names by the way?.....Alyshia and Tahlia, and you are from?....New Zealand. Wow!! That's at the other side of the world. However did you get here?.... Oh yes of course,,,,magic, how else. Any more questions?.... No, what about all you boys. Ah, I'd forgotten, boys don't believe in Fairies and magic and all that soppy stuff. Alright, so I'll ask you a few. How can I be here talking to you if all you see around you doesn't exist? And how did you manage to eat all my honey cakes? And, best of all, if you weren't reading a book about fairies and magic how did you get into my garden without a key?

Here they are, right on time as always, and don't they look surprised. I don't think they were expecting a reception committee. What do you mean; they look just like ordinary people? Of course they do. They have to live in the ordinary world most of the time so it wouldn't do to go around looking like me, would it?

Imagine what would happen if I walked through the town wearing my funny old hat and long cloak. I'd get locked up right away. Now, before we go over there to meet them I must explain something. Although they can see you very well they can't hear a word you say and you won't hear them either. That's because they are still in their "ordinary world" disguise and as you all know when you get dressed in the morning all the magic of the night before disappears and you are back to the boring old world. However, they'll wave hello to you and I'll tell you about them and how Maggie helped them bring the gate from miles away and put it in its rightful place.

The story starts a long time ago. When the Children of the Stars knew their time on Earth was coming to a close they also knew that the new gate would have to be fixed in place. Not just any gate. The first one had served its purpose well for a thousand years but the one needed now had to have special properties. First

it had to be made by someone whose ancestors had always lived in this area and who knew all the local customs. Then it could only be brought here by those with the magic in their souls, and at that time Trish and Christy thought they were the only ones around here who could meet with the people of the Earth. Imagine their surprise when they met Maggie. Of course they didn't know at first that she could help. Like themselves she dressed as the local people did and lived close to the village. After chatting for a while Maggie explained that she lived right next door to the secret garden and she'd often seen Trish and Christy there. Now this came as a big surprise to both of them. Humans couldn't see through the barrier spell I put there so long ago. The only explanation must be that Maggie must be one of those very few special humans gifted with the magic. So, after they explained the predicament about getting the gate and transporting it across the mountains and that no ordinary humans could lay a hand on it, Maggie offered to help. And help she did. The three of them

struggled to load it onto her truck, and then when they got it here Maggie helped to put it in place. Without her help it might still be miles away. So, it was named in her honour and she became one of the guardian Angels. Now she can come and go as she pleases and even has her own secret path right from her front door. So children, that's the story of Maggie and the gate. There is of course a moral to this little tale and it's this. If you meet someone who has a problem and you help them overcome it, you will find a special place in their hearts and they will remember you for as long as they live; and with the Star Children that means forever.

TIME FOR A CHANGE

Hello young fellow. I remember you from yesterday. You're the first to arrive so I guess you must go to bed earlier than the others. Sit down and we'll have a glass of lemonade while we wait for them..... Here you are, home made, and that's the best kind. How old are you?.....Six, Wow! Only six and you can read. That's amazing.... Oh, I see. Your Dad's reading to you, but you can read some of the words. That's really good. You deserve a cookie. Eat it quickly before the others arrive or we'll never get started.

Here they come, popping up like mushrooms all over the garden. Looks like they all go to bed at the same time. I'd better get them all lemonade I think, we've got a long trip ahead of us. Now, everybody finished? Leave your glasses on the table and line up outside the door. Now, is there anyone here who wasn't here last

night?.... No, alright then, we don't have to do another tour of the garden so we can set off right away... What's that?where are we going? Didn't I tell you? We are going millions of years back into the past, to the time when the Dinosaurs roamed the Earth and the Children of the Stars had only just arrived. You are about to see what ordinary people only see in books, so hold onto your hats. Here we gooooooooooooo.

Woohoo, I always enjoy that part, is everyone still with us?. Right, now first of all, you are going to see some huge animals, but don't be afraid. We can see them but they can't see us so just relax and enjoy the sights. Did you want to ask a question young man?... Where are we. Well, we're in a place that's called Siberia in our time but of course there's no one around to give it a name yet. It's a cold place so only certain animals live here, and over there you can see one. Anybody know what it's called? Yes, a Woolly Mammoth, just look at the size of his tusks, and that long shaggy coat is to stop

him freezing to death. He's the ancestor of the elephants we have in our time but he's been extinct for a long time. Let's move on a bit and find some other species. Over there you can see a pack of wolves. We still have them living in the mountains and forests all over the world but these are bigger and fiercer. They have the thick coat too as you can see. They don't look a bit like my little dogs do they? but once again you can trace the ancestry of all modern dogs right back to them. Now I want you to keep your eyes peeled for one special animal, the one we came here to see. I'll give you a clue. She's white, so she'll be difficult to spot in all this snow, and she's big. The first one to see her wins another glass of lemonade for everybody Ok, get spotting.

WOW!! That was quick, Are you sure it's her?
Where is she, my old eyes aren't what they used to be.
Ah yes, I see her. Now, the second prize is a cookie for everybody if one of you can tell me what she is.....
No, she's not a giant dog, although she does look a bit

like Ness and Muffin. Anybody else, what about you Ashley.... That's right; it's a Polar Bear, but not just any old Polar bear. What you are seeing is Mama Dew, the bear I told you about last night, the one who was picked to spread the seeds of learning throughout the world, and that's just what she's doing now as she makes her way to meet the old Whale. Isn't she a magnificent creature? If you look very carefully just behind her you'll see her cub, and he too will be famous because he is the first of Frisco Robin's line, so the family stretches millions of years from now into the future. Shall we fly to the coast and see if the old whale is waiting. Righto hang on to my cloak and away we go.

What's that? I can't hear you with all this wind.... Oh, the volcanoes. Yes, there are lots of them around. The Earth hasn't cooled down properly yet. Do you want to go down for a closer look?.... No,.... alright, there's not much you can see anyway with all that smoke and steam. We're getting close to the coast now; there it is,

way below us. Fasten your seatbelts please, we're going down. I'll just do a quick circle so you can see the old Whale from above...No prizes for spotting this one. He's so big you can't miss him, and there he is, right on cue.

Come on kids, come aboard. Don't worry, he won't sink and he doesn't know you are here. Now how does it feel to be standing on a whale?.... Weird, yes, that would be about right. Did you know that the whale is the biggest creature that ever existed on Earth, even bigger than the dinosaurs? Now who knows which is the biggest whale?.....No, not the humpback, anyone else? I'll give you a clue, what colour is the one we're standing on. You've got it, it's the Blue Whale and can grow to over eighty feet long and weigh up to a hundred tons, which would be about the size of this chap. This old whale has travelled the oceans of the world singing his song and spreading knowledge. The whales in your time still sing the same song that he's teaching now. It must be the most popular piece of music ever written.

Anyway, it's time to move on. Anybody feeling sea sick?....No,.... Good, we have one more flight to do then it's home to bed. All together now,jump

THE MAGIC CIRCLE

Now kiddies, we are going to fly low for a while because there's a lot to see as we go forward in time. Below us, on the river bank you can see the last of the dinosaurs, those ones are called diplodocus. They only eat leaves so the long necks are a big advantage. Yes, just like the Giraffe. There's a couple of Crocodiles in the water too, they look like the ones in the future except that these are much bigger. Those strange looking things with the long beaks and huge wings are pterodactyls, a flying animal. Does anyone know of another animal that can fly? You got it sonny, the Bat. Still lots of them around in the future too. Now we're going forward in time again. Look at the way the landscape is changing. It's covered in snow and ice now. All the animals are gone and the trees are dying. This is the beginning of the Ice Age and it will last for thousands of years. When it thaws everything will be

different and before long humans will appear on the scene, but before they do, visitors from the stars will arrive to make Earth their home. Now, this is the time when all the boys ask the same question. Yes, that's the one. I'm sorry but no, we won't see their spaceship landing because they didn't come in a spaceship. Even I don't know just how it works but they came through the portal and here they are, and we are about to see some of them working on something you saw in my secret garden. Can anyone guess what it is? You want a clue. Alright, it's something to do with huge stones..... You got it. The Stone Circle, and there it is right in front of us.

Now, it's question time again. I'll start. Do any of you know what the circles were used for, apart from what I've already told you? No? Have a guess... You learned a bit about it at school did you. Stand up and tell us all what you learned.... Mmm, partly right, but they had nothing to do with religion. The trouble is, the

historians of your time really don't know themselves. They rely on folklore, tales handed down through the centuries and of course, over time the tales get twisted out of recognition. The druids, a clan of human wizards and wise men, had nothing to do with the building, nor did they ever use the rings for religious ceremonies as the history books tell us. The mysterious hooded figures usually associated with Stonehenge were just an ancient memory of the Children of the Stars and their guardian Angels going about their business, just as they are doing now, so the people who claim they were built by aliens are closest to the truth. But to be fair the historians did get the astronomy bit right. The Stones are aligned in a way that allowed the Children of the Stars to correctly foretell astronomical events and they could also follow the path of their home planet across the heavens. And, as I told you before, this is the portal, the doorway back home for the Star people.

Next question. Do any of you know where the

biggest and most famous circle is?.... Ah, you again, you must have been paying really close attention to your teacher. Right, tell the class where it is.....

Excellent, full marks. Stonehenge is the name and it's in England. Go to the top of the class. Did you see a picture of it by any chance? You did. Good, then take a good look around and see if this place reminds you of anything. Remember this circle is new, it will look a lot more dilapidated in your time....Yes, it looks similar to the picture but bigger as you say, but that's because many of the stones were removed over the years leaving only a fraction of the original circle, but it's the same place. When you realise that it was built thousands of years before your time, before the pyramids even, then it's remarkable that there's anything left to see. No human building has survived that long. Finally, to complete your history lesson before you all go to sleep. Although Stonehenge grabs all the attention there are many more circles stretching from the north of Scotland, right through England, and all the way

across Europe. And, they were all built by the same people; The Children of the Stars. Now off to sleep and you'll wake up in the morning safe in your own beds. Tomorrow night we'll continue our journey through history. Goodnight all and sweet dreams.

ROMAN SOLDIERS

The life of a wizard is all fun. Hundreds, maybe thousands of children visit me every year and I get to show them all the wonders that a little magic can bring into their lives. Every time they pick up a book they are transported into realms of mystery where anything can happen and usually does. When they come visiting I can always tell which book they are reading and can plan our little adventures to show them exactly what the writer and illustrator are putting into words and pictures. None of the children know about their little trips with me into wonderland, for everything I show them is inside their heads as they curl up in the blankets and turn the pages, eager to see what is going to happen next. That is the true magic of the people who make the books possible, the ones who, with pen and paintbrush, can turn a blank sheet of paper into an adventure. I am just a part of the story, hidden amongst the words

and popping up in the most unexpected places to cast a spell over the reader. While the children are at school or at play I live my life in this secret place, tending the garden or enjoying the company of my little dogs. As they go about their busy lives they too bring magic into mine. Then, when evening falls and the children return to their story books I am back on duty, ready to inspire their imagination. Not that children need much inspiration. There is nothing more wonderful than the mind of a child. To them, everything is new and all possibilities must be explored. Nothing is impossible. Not for them the jaded cynicism that comes with age. This, as you may have guessed, is the reason I enjoy their company. To stay young you must think as they do, and the only way to achieve that is to spend as much of your valuable time with them as you can. Relive your own childhood and remember the excitement each day would bring. Then, and only then, will you begin to understand the importance of magic.

Now the sun is going down behind the hills and I can hear the rustling of pages in a thousand bedrooms, Hi Ho, Hi Ho, and off to work I go. Now where have I heard that before?????

Here they come, the younger ones first. These are the ones who question nothing. Though not yet able to read, their minds accept the truth of all the words being read to them as their eyes search the pictures for clues as to what those words mean. Very soon they'll recognise the relationship between the two and will be on the first step to reading for themselves, and the doorway to a lifetime of enjoyment will begin.

Now, are we all here? No, I see there are a couple missing, we'll wait for them, it's probably Saturday night where they live and they'll be allowed to stay up later. Ah, here they are now. Alright children, up, up, and awaaaaaaay.

We'll make a brief stop here where we were last night. As you can see something's changed. The Star Children have gone, and apart from a few wild animals the place is deserted. Over there on the edge of the moor land a new city is emerging and if we go closer you'll see the reason for the change. Yes, that's right. I knew you boys would recognise them, Roman soldiers, hundreds of them. Don't they look magnificent? Well trained, highly efficient and ruthless they swept all before them as they advanced the length and breadth of the country. In a few short years opposition was crushed and the new regime ruled. History tells us that they ruled fairly and Britain prospered, which is true. But the other side of the coin is rather different. When these conquerors from the south arrived they brought with them a new religion, and that religion was to become far more powerful than the legions of Roman soldiers and its effects would change the country forever. Up to the time of the invasion Britain had been divided into several areas, each ruled by its own king.

These kings were allowed to remain, but first they had to accept this strange new religion that had only one invisible God, and they had to ensure that all their subjects were converted. There could be no dissent; anyone questioning the power of the church was dealt with ruthlessly. The Druids, once powerful and feared were driven into hiding, eventually to disappear, and all the old folklore concerning fairies and magic was whispered behind closed doors. No-one dared challenge the authority of the priests. Britain was changed forever. So, with much regret, the Star Children decided that they must leave this country and move to a place where they would not be regarded as evil and have to remain hidden behind a screen of magic spells. The problem was, where would they go?

Well children, we have time for a few questions before we return to our beds. Who's going to be first?..... Oh, it's you again, my little friend in the pink pyjamas. What's your question my dear?.... Why didn't they

magic all the bad people away?... Well, they certainly could have done that with a little help from the wizards but that wasn't allowed. Our purpose on Earth was to help protect the Star Children but we couldn't go around making everyone who didn't agree disappear or there would soon be no-one else left on the planet..... Anybody else? Ah, I thought you were going to ask that. Where did they go?....Well, that was a difficult decision. They had spent all their time on Earth in these parts; Britain and the countries that would later be called Europe. But the problem was that everywhere they had settled was now under the same threat, The Romans were all conquering and had spread their beliefs everywhere. The only hope for the Star Children was to find a new home in a country not yet discovered by the wide ranging armies of Rome. And find it they did. But that's a story for tomorrow night. Join me again, same time, same place, for the next instalment of this tale of mystery..... So off you go, sleep well and sweet dreamssssssssss.

MOVING ON

Ah, this is the life; everything in my secret place is as it should be. The birds are singing their young to sleep, fish are basking lazily on the surface of the river, enjoying the last rays of the setting sun, and I am waiting for my usual group of wide eyed visitors. Sitting in my old rocking chair I can see the mountains, old as time itself, and the river that was flowing long before my time on earth. So much of this world is unchanging, and yet so much is being threatened by human intervention, little of it for the better, as man continues his quest to dominate nature. This is the modern day warfare; the lust for more territory no longer leads man into battle with his neighbour. Now he takes on the might of Mother Nature, clearing forests, levelling hills or diverting the course of rivers in his never ending need to build more factories and houses for a growing population. In olden times people destroyed what they

did not understand. Now they assume to understand everything, but yet they continue to destroy the very things that keep the world in balance. If they don't change their ways time will be the judge of their folly. So why am I so happy and content in my seclusion? Because, dear friends, I put my faith in the children. They are the future, and if the efforts of an old wizard can help change things then I am only too pleased to be of service. Well the sun has gone down. It's time to prepare for my young friends.

Hello again everyone, welcome back to my humble abode. Lemonade and cookies are on the table as always, help yourselves then sit in a circle while I tell you the tale of the Star children's move to a new home. Now, are you all comfortable?....Good, now I'll start where I left off last night, at Stonehenge in the time of the Roman conquest of England.. You will remember that the home of the Star Children was the stone circle they had built in ancient times but when we last visited

it was deserted. But where had they gone? That, little ones is where I came into the story. Those I had been sent here to protect knew nothing of magic and so I not only had to find a safe new home but also to devise a method of getting them there. Not an easy task as the original six hundred were scattered over a wide area. However, it had to be done and so I set to work.

I moved quickly, everyone had to be in the same place at the time of the move and Stonehenge was no longer a safe place, so I travelled to the far western corner of the country to a place known as Cornwall and not yet invaded by the Romans. There the belief in fairies was still strong and I knew the children would have nothing to fear. At the very farthest tip of the land there remained the shell of a stone circle built far in the past, and, importantly for us, it still had a portal that could, with a little magic, be made to work. Back to Stonehenge I flew and within days I had all my charges in one place and ready to go through the portal there

and, if everything went to plan, to their temporary home in Cornwall. The move went without a hitch. Now, with the first part of my plan in place I set off to search the world for a suitable place to settle down. You may think that wizards are infallible; I can assure you they are not. If they were I would have travelled west, not east, and saved myself a lot of time. Off I flew, over hot dry deserts and huge snow covered mountains but, after looking at many lands and studying the lives of the native people I came to the conclusion that all countries in that vast tract of land that stretched from the western shores of Europe to the eastern shores of China were torn by war and conflict; certainly not suitable for a peace loving people. So I moved on across the great ocean, believing that my search had been a failure and I would arrive back home without finding the perfect place. That was when I saw it for the first time. At first I couldn't believe my eyes, land, with forests, mountains and grassy plains as far as the eye could see. Travel with me now and see this new continent through my

eyes as I fly over those lands, sure that I had finally found the new home. Here we go, up into the clouds once again.

Below you now is the place where I first made landfall, in the future this will become a great city but as you can see, at this time it is almost deserted. Down we go, right down to tree top height. Now you can see, there are people here, small villages made up, not with stone buildings but of Tepees made of animal hide, and the people are tanned, healthy, and most importantly, unarmed. No signs of the vast armies we left behind in England, but I had to find a place that contained the one very special item that would make my task possible and there was no sign of it here. So I moved on towards the east.

Now, this looked more promising, a massive range of snow capped mountains, much higher than any in England and stretching from north to south

in an unbroken chain This surely must be the right place I thought, the grey granite cliffs must contain the element I'm searching for. But I was wrong. I found many places that, at first glance, appeared ideal, but on closer inspection lacked that one vital ingredient that would make my task possible. So off I went again, moving slowly, carefully checking each rocky slope and crag. Sometimes I found a trace and my spirits soared, but always I was disappointed. It seemed that I was destined to fail, and with each passing day the danger to my people trapped in that remote corner of Cornwall increased. I was rapidly running out of time.

Now children, let's rest for a while. This is one of the places I thought would be perfect. Good land for a garden, sheltered from the worst of the weather by the mountains and trees and with a slow flowing river close by. Now we'll see which of you has payed attention to what I told you earlier. Wander around and inspect everything closely and see if you can find out

what's wrong while I have a nap in the shade of this old redwood tree. Off you go now, first one with the right answer gets an extra cookie tomorrow night.

What, back already. I've only just closed my eyes. What's that you've got there? Ah, a rock..., and you've got one too, and you, and you. Wow! You've all got one; I can build myself a wall with all those. Now why have you brought me these useless old lumps of rock?.... You got back first young lady so you tell me..... It hasn't got those funny sparkly bits. You're right, it hasn't, anyone know what those missing bits are called?.... Quartz. Yes, the mystery ingredient that makes the portal work, and so my quest must go on. But first you must get some sleep, so away home to your beds, and I'll see you all tomorrow night for the next stage of our journey. Good night and sweet dreams.

A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK

Disappointments beset everyone at some time in their lives and in a lifetime as long as mine there were many. But always there are compensations that far outweigh the losses. Such were my thoughts as I scoured those wild, lonely mountains. Time seemed to be rushing by, and despite my immortality and magic, I could do nothing to stop the advance of the determined Roman army as they battled their way towards my people in that far off land. I knew I was going to find my perfect spot in this huge country. The question was, would I be in time? But now is not the time to tell. I must prepare for tonight's adventure with the children and as always they must be the first to know.

Haha, you are all early tonight. Let me guess, Tomorrow is school day. Am I right?.... I thought so. Well, we'd better get moving then, mustn't keep you

awake too late. OFF WE GOOOOO.

Once again we'll start where we finished last night, In that remote mountain valley, for it was there that my fortunes began to change in a most remarkable way. I had, up to that time remained invisible, but desperation led me to thinking that maybe the native people might be able to help. I resolved to make myself known to the first ones who came my way and trust they would be friendly. It would be many days before I met anyone but I kept on searching for the quartz rock while keeping an eye out for company. The first group I happened on by chance. Prospecting on a hillside I spotted a plume of smoke from a cooking fire near a river. I moved in cautiously, not wanting to alarm them with my strange appearance. To my surprise they showed no fear, just a mild curiosity about my reason for being in such a remote area. With a little application of magic I was able to converse easily in their language and explained my predicament, showing them a sample of the elusive

rock. Not surprisingly they knew nothing of minerals and the quartz held little fascination for them. Once again I was disappointed so I wished them well and prepared to leave them to their repast. Then fate took a strange twist. An old man, wizened and brown, but with the bright amber eyes of an eagle, hobbled out of the tent. He motioned me to wait, took the rock from my hand and studied it intently. For a long moment he stood, eyes closed, deep in thought. Then he turned to the others and said something in a dialect I could not understand. Immediately there was a change. They crowded around me, chattering at such a rate I could barely understand a word, but slowly I began to pick out phrases. 'Gods from the sky', 'the little people', I was barely able to believe my ears. These native people seemed to know of the Star Children, but how could that be?

Suddenly my quest had taken a new turn and once again I was filled with hope. At their request I took

a seat by the fire and shared their food. Then the old man began to tell a strange tale handed down from his ancestors but forgotten by all but the oldest of the clan. It concerned the travels of an ancient race of nomadic people who had come here from a land to the west. They had, he said, arrived here at a time when the two great continents were joined by a narrow strip of land. Originally they came from a small island far to the west and were fleeing from the snow and ice that was rapidly spreading south and threatened their very existence. This migration took place over many generations, but the old ways had not been forgotten and stories of their old home had been told and retold over the centuries. Then, to my total surprise and astonishment, he began to draw a picture in the dust at his feet. As the picture took form my amazement grew, for he was drawing a ring of stones. "Was this a story from the past?" I asked him. He shook his head and pointed too the east. "Long way over there." He answered. "I saw them as a boy a long time ago." He bent down again and continued to

expand the drawing. “Many mountains,” he murmured as he scratched in the dust and added a winding line, “and a river.”

My excitement grew as he continued his story. This was almost impossible to believe. These people, living in a land far from the home of the Star Children, apparently knew of their existence and, if the old man was correct, had been in contact far back in the past. There were two more things I had to know. Who built the circle? and why? The first part he answered with confidence. “My people built it” he said proudly. “I think it was to be a home for the little people but they never came. Maybe they were all lost in the great snow,”

Now I was sure he was telling the truth. Only someone who had seen the Stone Circles and the beings who inhabited them could have passed on this knowledge. I gave the old man and his family my thanks for the food and information and hurried on my way.

I now had clear directions as to which way to go, if not the location of the circle, and no longer needed to waste time searching the hills; with the use of my magic powers I could be there in an instant.

It was not a difficult task. I could feel the energy from the quartz as I hovered above the mountains, but there was something wrong. If the stones had been placed correctly in a standing position that energy should have been focused into one beam of harmony, but what I was feeling was a wild, fragmented signal. I slowly descended, afraid that once again my hopes would be dashed. I looked around with a heavy heart. Of a circle there was no trace, but the power was there, I could feel it, and it was coming from somewhere close by. I moved into the dense scrub bordering the river bank and, purely by accident came across the first stone, not standing as I'd expected, but flat on the ground and half buried. A closer inspection showed more, twenty of them, scattered in the same disarray in

the undergrowth. The only thing that could have caused the mayhem was an earthquake, and if it had happened once it could happen again at any time. There was no time to lose. I had to get these huge monoliths upright; construct a portal and hope it would hold together long enough to complete my task. I set to work immediately.

Well children, once more it's time to leave this place but before we go I have one question for you. Which country are we in now? I gave you one clue last night. Did anyone notice it?.....

No, well here's another one. It concerned the name of the tents the native people lived in. Do any of you remember what it was?..... You've got it. Tepee. So now do you know where we are? Yes America of course. Where else could it be? Now off to sleep. And we'll meet again tomorrow night for the last stage of our journey. Good night and sweet dreams.

A NEW BEGINNING

When I first came to this land I was amazed, not only by the size but also the sparsity of the population. There were many tribes scattered over a vast area, some were warlike and protected their borders jealously, and others were wanderers who lived in harmony with nature with no thought to owning the lands on which they briefly settled. These latter tribes, as I was to find out very quickly, populated the area in which the stones lay, and that was another turn in my run of good fortune, for my magic would be of no use against the power emanating from the stones. Without help there would be no way to put them back in place. Tonight I am going to show the children just how the feat was achieved, and it will be the first time in thousands of years that human eyes have seen it. Well, the sun's going down. It's time I was getting ready for work.

Welcome back little ones. All present and correct I assume... Good, let's be off. No wandering tonight, straight to work we go. As you can see we are back in the same place, the stones are still scattered around but now there is a difference, there people here and they are here at my request. Now I want you all to sit by the river and watch how this amazing feat of engineering is performed quite simply with nothing but ropes and levers. I'm am there too, but of course you can't see me as even I can't be seen in two places at once, so you'll have to take my word for it. As you can see many of those helpers are clearing the original holes. The ones you see sitting on the end of the stones are not resting, they are performing a very important task as you will soon see. Right, the first one is almost ready. You can see that the hole has been made longer; it now goes almost half way under the stone. Now watch what happens when those men get off. See, their weight was holding it level, now it's beginning to tilt into the hole. With a small amount of effort it can now be levered

upright and into place. No magic needed, just a little ingenuity and some willing helpers. While these men were working I did a few calculations and came to the conclusion that with the enormous power these blocks of granite and quartz were generating I wouldn't require all the stones to be in place. Ten should serve my task easily and so I decided to leave the rest where they lay for the time being. And so, while some of my helpers pack soil around the base of the first one the others can start work on the second. In order that you can all see the finished result of our labour I'll hop forward in time a little. There, that's the last one being levered into place. In a couple of hours I'll be ready to begin work on the portal, but that I'm not allowed to show you for it is one of the greatest secrets of the universe, and unfortunately humans can not be trusted to use it wisely. However, if we skip forward a few more weeks you can see it in action. Will that do instead?....I thought it might. Off we go again.

What you are about to see can only be seen by those allowed to accompany me on my journeys, which of course means anyone who turns up at my door in the evenings. I spent the last few weeks constructing the portal and then, when it was completed I had to make sure it worked. As there was a dire shortage of volunteers willing to be whisked into oblivion it was left to me. I must admit to being more than a little nervous at this time and I checked and rechecked my work. One little miscalculation could see me sent to the Moon or Mars with no way of ever returning. Wonder of wonders, it worked first time. I stepped into the portal and in an instant I was back in Cornwall, and only just in time.

Now we'll go to Cornwall and see what's happening there. There's the stone circle right below us and if we fly East you can see the Roman garrisons camped no more than twenty miles away. That's less than a day's march unless they are held up in a skirmish with the

local warriors. So back we go to the Star Children who are now lining up in groups and ready to enter the portal. Only ten at a time can go through, Can anybody tell me how many groups that means?... Come on slow coaches, six hundred divided by ten. Just take a naught off the end and you have?... That's it, sixty. I had to go on ahead to make sure they all arrived in one piece so we'll now fly back to their new home and see them arrive.

Here's the first lot just arriving, taking their first steps on a new land in thousands of years. No wonder they all look so excited. As you can see I brought the little people, the fairies and divas first. Being so small they take very little power from the stones so I could fit them all in at once. They will have much work to do preparing the new home but they work quickly, when the last of the Star Children arrive there'll be food waiting for them. Now, while we are waiting. Here's another question for you. You all saw my garden and all

the mysterious beings that live there. So, which one do I seem to have forgotten?....Nobody knows,.... He will be disappointed, how could anybody forget something that big. Ah, now you've got it, the Dragon. We haven't seen him for quite a while have we. Don't worry, he's safe and well. His final task in Cornwall was to frighten the soldiers if they came too close. Now his work is almost done over there and will soon be ready to join us..... No, he won't be coming through the portal like the others He's a bit too big. He can fly here, and that brings me to my last little treat for tonight. How many of you would like to take a ride on the back of the last Dagon on Earth?..... All of you. Just as I thought. Come on then, we have just enough time before you go to sleep.

There he is, just coming over the hill and doesn't he look pleased with himself. I bet he gave those soldiers a big fright. Now if we wait here until he lands he won't squash anybody. There he goes, look at the way he uses those gigantic wings to slow himself. Now, if you can all

climb onto this rock I'll get him to come over here and you can climb onto his back. Don't worry, you won't fall off. I'll hold you on with a magic spell. Are you all ready to go?..... OK, we're cleared for take off. Let's go..... We'll take a last look at the Romans before we leave. Haha, they've seen us, look at them running for cover. Shall we take one more dive at them just for fun? Wheeeee, that scared them. Now, up into the sky, one last look at England and off we go. First stop, your bedrooms.

SETTLING IN

Mere mortals make a big fuss about moving house. Packing and unpacking, arranging and rearranging furniture or changing the décor to suit their taste. A host of jobs that take months to complete to their satisfaction, and when they've finished they inevitably start again to keep up with the latest trends in fashion. The Star Children have no such problems. They have no personal belongings and so have no need for cabinets and cupboards. Their few items of clothing are not of this Earth. They were made with fibres that will last forever and better still, never need cleaning. The Children themselves are in essence, spirits, and as such are immortal, but that doesn't mean they can't be harmed. Their innate goodness can be destroyed by constant exposure to evil, which is why it was so important to leave their old home and settle in this new country. Not surprisingly they were a little nervous

of meeting the local people. The fairies and Flower Divas had no such reservations. Those bright, happy little beings immediately set about making themselves known to the children who, in the innocent way that children do, accepted them as friends. Thus the ice was broken and in a very short time children and adults of both camps were at ease with each other and for the first time in hundreds of years we all felt safe. Tonight's journey with my young friends will be among these people who are so different but yet so much alike.

Once again we meet little ones. Are you all ready for our adventure into the past?..... Good, then eat up your cookies and we'll be off. You will remember when you went to sleep last night we had just returned from England on the back of my mighty Dragon and the Star Children had arrived through the portal. Tonight we are going to see how they are coping with the huge change in their lives. Here we are, just a few months later and as you can see there is now a native village close by.

Would you like to get a close up view of the Tepees?....
Come along then, no one can see us. As you can see they are ingeniously made, Animal hides stretched over a frame of supple saplings, weather proof, warm, and very importantly, easy to take apart and carry to the next stopping place. These people are farmers and hunters and so need to move often in search of better land for their crops and more wild game to hunt. Imagine what would happen if your local store ran out of food, you would have to go elsewhere to shop, but you can go in the car and come back home with everything you need. These Native Americans have to live where food is plentiful and so everything they have is designed to be carried easily. Look at that lady over there. She's carrying her baby in a special frame that fits on her back so she always has both hands free when she's working in the fields.

Now we'll go and see what the Star Children are doing. Looks like the Divas have started collecting

honey already and the garden is taking shape with corn and squash almost ready to harvest. This is a good place to live, but in the back of my mind I have a nagging feeling that it will not be our last move. However, for the time being we are safe here and life is at last how it used to be, happy and carefree.

We are now going to move forward another hundred years and see what changes have occurred. As you all know in your time things change quickly. New and exciting ideas are obsolete in a very short time, but at this time in the past everything was done as it had always been done, manually, using only the most primitive of tools. Nature was given the respect it deserved and the word 'poor' to define a class of people hadn't been invented, for this was a time of sharing. We can see that the Stone Circle is still in place and unchanged but the Native tribe and some of the Star Children have left. They will be sharing some of their special knowledge of plants and medicines as they travel

together and in return be learning about the culture and beliefs of the local people. Most of those who remained here will in time travel to distant parts but only after I've made a careful inspection of the area. As you can see, my Dragon has made himself at home. He caused quite a stir when he arrived but after a couple of days, when the children plucked up enough courage to stroke him, he was accepted as a harmless curiosity. I'll bet those children had some great stories to tell when they met with others on their travels. Already the Mayan people of the South have written him into their folklore, probably after seeing him flying around the mountain peaks near their cities. As yet I have seen no reason to hide him in invisibility, but the time will come when it becomes essential for the safety of all of us. We will visit that time tomorrow and you will see with your own eyes how quickly things change in this peaceful land. Right now it's time you were all asleep so once again I'll say goodnight, sweet dreams and see you at the same time tomorrow.

CHANGING TIMES

No, I'm not asleep; I was just resting my eyes. Well, maybe I was napping, why are you all so early?.... Oh, I see it's me who's late and I didn't put your lemonade and cookies on the table. Well, I can soon remedy that. Now what's that magic word? Acduberruba, no, that didn't work. Adrubbacabba. Still nothing. I must be losing my powers. Can somebody help me out?.... What's that? Abracadabra. Wow! It worked; you must all be magicians. Now you can show me how quickly you can make all those cookies disappear..... No time at all as usual. Come on then, let's be off.

We are in another place and time now, hundreds of miles south of the Star Children's home in a country of high mountains, dense forests, and mighty rivers. This is what I saw when I first set eyes on the place so long ago; the home of the Incas, a very advanced civilisation.

Below us is one of their cities and as you can see it's constructed entirely of stone. These people are not nomadic, they built this city as a permanent home and it's been here hundreds of years. Outside the city gates the people are busy in fields bursting with ripe corn, potatoes and all the other staple foods they need. A land of plenty indeed, but things are about to change and all this will soon be just another chapter in history. If we move down to the coast we will see the beginnings of this catastrophic event.

Here they come now, not many of them but those few men are going to change the history of this continent forever. As you can see they are well armed, unlike the unsuspecting Inca leaders who are welcoming them and inviting them into the city. There will be great rejoicing tonight as the two races feast together, but when these newcomers see the riches in gold and silver in the Inca temples things will turn very nasty and for the first time this continent will feel the

power and greed of the European adventurers. Now we'll go forward a few more years in time and see the effects of this change.

Look at the changes those Spanish soldiers have brought. In a mere fifty years the once mighty city has been reduced to ruins, the temples plundered and torn down and the people forced into slavery to serve the unending greed of a nation across the sea. The Inca race will soon be no more than a memory. The history books will tell of the might and power of their conquerors but not of the destruction of one the most advanced peoples on earth. Now you may ask what all this has to do with the Star Children who are safe and sound hundreds of miles to the north. Well, I'm about to explain that, and you will see that this is but a mirror of what happened in England, but this time with a savagery and cruelty that knew no bounds. Forward again we go.

Now we are another hundred years into the future and this land has been stripped of all it's wealth. The Spaniards were not ready to give up and return home, their avaricious eyes looked to the north, and that is where the problems began. Using roads built by the Inca they could travel quickly and soon they were to become a danger to my charges. Once again I would have to use my powers of magic to protect what we had achieved, but before I could do that I decided I would have to find a more permanent place in which to build what was to become our final home on Earth; so I left this wretched land with all its misery and returned to our peaceful haven. Speaking of peaceful havens, I think it's time you were all asleep so we'll continue our journey tomorrow night,

Good night and sweet dreams.

THE FINAL MOVE

On my return home I was to find that things had changed in our idyllic refuge. Another earth tremor had caused some of the stones to fall over and the rest tilted precariously. Luckily no one was hurt and the loss of the Stone Circle was of no importance as we would not need its powers in the near future. Many more of the Star Children had left in my absence but there were enough of us to pull down the remaining stones and cover them with brushwood and soil. Soon nothing remained to show of our presence and I began my search for a more suitable place. I did not have to look far.

Hello once again my young friends. You thought to catch me asleep again didn't you... Aha! I knew it. Now let's see if any of you have been sleeping on my guided tour of the ancient world. Which of you can remember where the soldiers came from in last nights

story?..... All of you, that's excellent Alright, where was it? All together now.....Yes, Spain, full marks for paying attention. Tonight we are going to complete the circle of our journey through time and finally return to the present so finish your cookies and lemonade and away we go.

My first thought was to move to the north but I realised that we would have to keep moving to stay ahead of the Spanish army, so I decided that magic was the best recourse and concentrated instead on finding a suitable spot in the mountains surrounding our present home. It was not hard to find. At the other side of the mountain range a river fed by mountain streams had, over millions of years, carved a deep gorge that in one spot widened into a sheltered valley before closing in again to wind it's way through a ravine. The few native people living there would, I was sure, be no problem. So I returned to gather together the remainder of my people and send out messengers to inform the

others of our new destination. That done we set out on our journey across the mountains. As you can see there were still over a hundred of us but without the encumbrances of luggage we made good time. At the end of the second day's travel we were standing on a ridge overlooking the valley. High above us the Dragon circled in a cloudless evening sky, ever watchful for danger, but we were safe for the time being and settled down for a night's sleep before making the final descent to the valley floor.

The land was all I had hoped for. A constant flow of clear cool water at the height of a hot summer boded well for our garden and the almost encircling mountains gave shelter from the harshest of winds. Looking around with a feeling of complete satisfaction I at last felt that we had reached our final home on Earth. Now all I had to do was make it safe from the intruders from the south and warn the local people of the coming danger. This I did without delay before relaxing to make

my plans for the future.

You may be wondering why my house is so roughly built. To tell the truth, despite my power as a wizard and my ability to create most things I need merely by casting a spell I still like to make things using my hands. All the materials I used in the construction were found here in the valley. The rocks for the walls came from the river and were covered in adobe, a mixture of sand, clay and chopped dried reeds from the river banks. The beams supporting the roof were cut from the grove of Aspen trees and finally a thatch of reeds placed on top. No door or glazed windows were needed as this land was to be a place of endless summer. Rough and ready I admit, but it provided shade from the hot sun, and shelter from the summer rains. What more could a wizard ask for. You have a question young fellow? Did I copy from the people living further south? Why yes I did. Houses built just like this have been in use since ancient times and will be in your time and

well into the future. Those ancient people really knew a thing or two about building. Did I make the table and chair too? Of course, I figured that if I could build a house a table and chair would be easy. Ah, why are they so small and wobbly? Well, to tell you the truth they were not too bad when I made them, just a little wobble to start with, then I cut a bit of one leg to make it straight, but it was the wrong leg so I cut a bit off another and before I knew it they were down to their present size, but still wobbly. So, I had to resort to my books of magic. One under each short leg cured the problem.

Now it's time to show you just how close we came to danger from the conquistadores as they now called themselves. Within weeks of my casting the cloak of invisibility around the garden they arrived in force. They of course couldn't see us but we could see them plainly as they passed, some marching, others on horseback. Here they come now. A cruel surly bunch

they are, look at the down turned mouths and narrowed eyes. Not a smile to be seen. Those are the faces of men who care for nothing but riches, and that is their reason for being here. Gold, silver and turquoise found in this area have long been fashioned into beautiful bracelets and necklaces. In a short time those riches will be lining the pockets of noblemen far across the sea, but thanks to my timely warning there was no slavery here. The Spaniards, probably for the first time in their lives, had to work for their ill gotten gains and as a result they left almost empty handed.

There was to be much more conflict and upheaval over the next four centuries. Warring factions from the new country, Mexico, to the south claimed this land as theirs but new settlers from England arrived in the north and quickly spread south in their quest for new lands. When the two met there was to be a bitter conflict that ended in Mexico giving up all rights of ownership, but the name, New Mexico, remained

in use. Throughout all this turmoil the few of us left here lived in seclusion. The Star Children who had left us remained with the Native American tribes as they were driven from their homelands and forced to live on reservations set aside by the new rulers.

Now we'll return to your times and back to the garden and I'll explain what's happened over the last few years of my story. The Stone Circle, which you have all seen, was built from the stones abandoned so long ago when we moved here. Purely by chance the two ladies we met earlier came upon one of the stones on their travels and recognised it for what it was. It had been unearthed by a local man and his son and was sitting in their yard. Further enquiries led to the discovery that more of these stones existed, twenty in all, and for a price the two men were willing to move and put them in place in our refuge. This required a slight change in my magical spell and they became the first humans to set foot on the land since we moved

here. Needless to say they saw nothing but what I allowed and completed their task without knowing that they had become a part of my story.

Now everything is ready. The stones are in place, the portal constructed and my people are returning. Soon this land will be inhabited by humans again, but only a select few, those with the magic in their hearts. I have some tasks to complete. Frisco Robin is ready to return home, I'll make it easier for him with a little magic. Then I must make sure every one of the Star Children has returned before we take the final steps through the portal and back to our homeland amongst the stars. But I will still be here in spirit. When you open a new book I'll be there, hiding amongst the words and ready to step out and transport you to a wonderland of mystery.

Sleep well little ones, another day of magic awaits.

The Wizard



The Wizard's Tale

"An Immortal's Tale of a Dragon and the Star-Children"

My story started a long long time ago, so long in fact that time no longer has a meaning for me. I was but one in a band of wizards placed on earth with one task, and that task had no time limits or restraints. I was to be the Guardian of one of those secret, special places, charged with the duty of keeping that place invisible to all those not chosen, those with no magic in their souls. For these places were to be the realms of the people of the stars.

