Help! Help! Please, Lorde Almighty help I!

Fuck. Shit. Get Yahsure or Mikael on the phone, now!

Yes….Mikael. Thank Godde. WE have a situation. Yes. A lady from the land of Nun. Yes. Stuck on her roof. Not a clue…yes. Yep. Goode. Please, do hurry.

Fwooshhhhh! Mikael swoops out from his hangar next to the olde tree.

“I’d better hurry”, He reasons, “It’s dark and cold this time of night at her location”.

“Robot, mark coordinates for a swift return - looks like this may be a loonnggg journey there - hopefully not such a long one back. Amen. Praise Jesu”.

HRRRRRRMMMMMMM. Mikael touches down in the Navinder province just short of Eckleswood, in the land of Nun. He straight away sees the distressed female.

“Try not to worry” He bellows through his loudspeaker attached to the front of his ship. “A Silver Striker has come to you”.

He at once saw the problem. The ladder leading to her isolated abode had fallen flat to the floor. She was up high and had no way of getting down. It was raining heavily which only added to her distress. She was cold and shivering, bless her.

“But my lovely”, said Mikael as He covered her with a special blanket “why only now hast thou raised an alarm?”

“Because, m’Lorde, I thought I could be rescued by a passerby. I don’t like to cause a fuss mainly and waste people’s time”.

“Well, know that we’re always here should these unsavoury circumstances take their toll on you again”.”Can I just ask you your name for our logge booke, my Lovely?”

Y-yes, of course. It’s Silvia Trumpeteer. Amen. Thank you. My Saviour”.