

A SECOND TRANSCRIPT
FROM
MARY MORGAN'S JOURNAL



THE RESCUER'S TALE

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WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY
R. M. WILBURN

THE RESCUER'S TALE

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Author's Note:

Hello and thanks for your interest in Mary Morgan's continuing adventures. When *The Cautioner's Tale* was released in October, 2017, I was more than a little anxious over what the response would be. I had envisioned this unique format for years and spent more time working at it than a sane person would, but the result was worth it. Your emails and reviews have been kind, enlightening, and uplifting, and for that, I'm thankful.

So now I'm happy to offer *The Rescuer's Tale*, the second installment of the *Mary Morgan's Journal* series. I hope you enjoy it at least as much as you did the first book, and that it leaves you on the edge of your seat for the final book in the series, *The Hero's Tale*.

Thanks again for sticking with Mary and me. We've enjoyed your company.

R. M. Wilburn
20171210

From: Ms. R. M. Wilburn
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To: Readers Everywhere



All that rests between the covers of this book is fiction, meaning I made the whole mess up. Again. It's what I do. Any resemblance to real persons or places is not impossible in this age of characters running about in their human disguises. The events that take place beyond this page, however, may actually happen. Maybe. Or not.

THE RESCUER'S TALE

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Also, as per usual, this author would greatly appreciate it if none of the work herein is copied or reproduced in any manner whatsoever by anyone or anything without prior written permission. Thanks-a-zillion!

"When hope is available, snatch it gently with both hands. It is of equal measure elusive and fragile."

--Madame Zoetricious Bovari, Mystic and Dimensioneer, early 14th century and late 20th



The Rising Man

Our world has been magicked, no secret is that
But can we restore it after trimming the fat?
The Great Orange Beast has been sent on his way,
But can we believe that's where he will stay?

Too many henchmen and too many liars,
Too many irons still stoking the fires
If God could give us just one of our wishes
The Great Orange Beast would be sleeping with fishes



THE RESCUER'S TALE

But no time to wish, just time to plan
For our next big move to counter The Man
We must be stealthy, we must harness our might
We must save ourselves, by fight or by flight

I heard a whisper that a hero has risen
To free all of us from our self-made prison
We must be one, now more than ever
As we've painfully learned, we are stronger together

--Anonymous Penn, 2047 AD



Herr Bigly Rump was gone. After one and a half years of chaos, conspiracies, and crimes, the GOB had at last been impeached by his own henchmen, only to be succeeded by another self-serving billionaire, Sir Dastardly Gott.

The New World Times

No. 4,929

Thursday, July 4, 2047

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RUMP DUMPED!

written by Yakity Max III (tags: Woohoo! FINALLY! What took so long!)



At long last, the Rump has been roused! Long-loathed for his non-paternal (completely selfish) rule of law, Herr Bigly Rump has been removed by his own cabinet to make way for his successor Sir Dastardly Gott, former Chief of the Federal Bureau of Instigation (which was largely responsible for creating much of the fake news that helped elect Herr Rump to begin with).

Throughout Herr Rump's tumultuous reign, many controversial edicts were passed that most of the world's population disagreed with, but since there were new laws against free speech, rights of assembly, public protests, and general disagreement with the government, these travesties with Arctic Mines for hard

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While in the process of uncovering the Rump's scandalous plans, I had discovered Dastardly Gott was one of the criminals responsible for whatever happened to our former Magistrate Parsimonious Creed. Now with Dr. Creed gone and the Rump having been ousted, Dastardly Gott took over the world in a most deceptive fashion. His first act was one of charity and kindness... or so it appeared.



Relentless Reporting by the World's Top Investigative Chroniclers

OUR KIND AND FORGIVING MAGISTRATE OFFERS PARDONS TO TEACHERS & PRISONERS WITH CHILDREN

BREAKING NEWS: The World Leadership Council is happy to announce that our dear Magistrate Sir Dastardly Gott has seen fit to release all prisoners from the Arctic Mines who have children, age 12 and younger, as well as teachers for these youngsters despite some of these criminals having committed high crimes against the government by having voted for someone other than our Magistrate's predecessor (Herr Bigly Rump who was kidnapped by the scoundrel and sore loser Mary Morgan and who is still being held for ransom, btw).

By this heart wrenching show of mercy, our esteemed leader has shown an endearing side of himself that few knew existed. Having been orphaned at a young age himself, Magistrate Gott understands that children under 12 years of age are the most magical creatures on earth due to their limitless imaginations and, for this reason, need their parents to guide them with a firm hand through this most dangerous stage in life. And so it is that he's ordered that all jailed parents be released immediately and transported back to their loving families with utmost haste. (Note: Exceptions include Scholars and all Rump Registrants.)

As for those left in the Arctic Mines, obviously workloads will increase to make up for the loss of manpower, but as of this writing, none are expected to die from overwork. Even so, the World Leadership Council assumes no responsibility whatsoever if

By definition, change is simply a difference from what was to what is. Change is transformation. It is conversion, or substitution. Change does not mean better. It only means different.

When power shifted from the GOB to Gott, the greatest change occurred in our resistance. We became more desperate for a free world. And also more determined.

Dear Persistent Puzzler,

Hello, it's me, Ever Hopeful. I just wanted to let you know that my family is more grateful than ever for your help in bringing my father home from the Arctic mines. Although he seems very different now, he's still my father so it's easy to forgive his fits and occasional rants. He doesn't like to talk about his time as a prisoner, but I suspect very bad things must have happened to him. He has had dreams about the Gryms. (I know because he talks in his sleep.) Also his memory is damaged, as well as his ability to figure things out. But the oddest thing about him now, is that he sounds like a Rumpateer! He says I have to go to school so I can learn to make the world great again. (My brother and I often skip and go down to the Upper Downey Street bridge where we practice our binary!)

I don't mean to burden you with my letter, Mary, especially since I know our family isn't the only one in this situation. (Many of my friends' parents came home from the mines in similar condition, so we at least have each other to get through this.) I only want you to know that we are a grateful family and we look forward to supporting you if you should ever run again for World Leadership.

Much love from your Greatest Fan,
Ever Hopeful

P.S. My friends and I came up with a new phoniker for you if you decide to change yours now that our new Magistrate Dastardly Gott hates you more than the last one did...we call you "Rump Buster"!



P.P.S. Did you know that in German, the name "Gott" means "God"? I'm not sure what to think about that, are you? It just seems...wrong!



P.P.P.S. This time I'm sending you a colorful cloth patch that came from my new school uniform. I cut it in the shape of a puzzle piece. Bet you can't figure this one out!



I folded the letter carefully and tucked it inside my journal where I kept similar letters I'd recently received. Ever Hopeful's was not the only family whose loved one was returned from the Arctic Mines in less than perfect condition. Nor was she the only letter writer who mentioned nightmares of the Gryms. I wasn't surprised by the former, but I was by the latter.

The Gryms... I had not thought of these fairytale monsters since I was a child - the four harbingers of the world's end: Grym Shank, Grym Sickle, Grym Scythe, and Grym Scourge. All children grow up knowing about the Gryms, but most forget as soon as they're old enough to put such nonsense aside. So, why were these adults, the parents and teachers to whom Dastardly Gott had for some reason shown mercy, reverting back to their childhood fears?

For a fleeting moment, an old habit overcame me and I tried to imagine what my friend and mentor Juggler Vein would've made of all this, but then I remembered he was there himself, a prisoner still held in the Arctic Mines. I refused to think he could be in this same horrid condition.

News of the prisoners' releases had spread far and wide via the NPC - officially the "New Press Corp," but realistically the "Now Politically Corrupt" media. Freedom of speech and of the press were outlawed immediately by the new Gott Regime, but also very quietly and amidst multiple overblown distractions.

Because of this censorship and the harsh penalties law-breakers faced, I was forced to consider all "news" carefully before believing any.

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...of children which gives
...superhuman strength and
...ilities that include magic
...e that of the Darkest Evil
...the D'Evil).



Fig. 3.2a Fictional Render: Grym Scourge

The NPC now painted the world a bright, rosy red except when I was the subject, or Herr Bigly Rump.

The Great Orange Beast was no longer in power, which seemed to satisfy everyone, friends and enemies alike. Unfortunately (sort of), it now appeared the Rump had vanished from the face of the earth.