

Unusual Quarry PART 7

[A4A] Unusual Quarry PART 7 [Vampire Hunter x New Vampire] [Platonic][Found Family]
[Established friendship] [Meeting the Witch of the Woods] [World Lore] [Banter] [Established
trust] [Older, experienced speaker][Ongoing storyline]

Notes for VAs :

[Anything in Brackets like this is tonal indicator]

[Anything in Bracket like this is an action the character is doing]

[Anything in Brackets like this is SFX]

[NB for VAs - anything that needs a bit of context-Don't read out loud!]

{NB word pronunciation/meaning to explain any particular Britishisms}

For part 7 you may want to have a collab with another VA for the Witch of the Woods. I have written their dialogue in response to Garrison in Italics. If you do not want another speaking role then Garrison responses cover what the Witch says so there's no story lost!

Parts 1-6 are here;

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[Part 2](#)

[Part 3](#)

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Hey, kid.

[They hug]

Yeah, nice to see you too, and by the bag you're bringing, I'm assuming you brought everything and then some.

Am I gonna find a kitchen sink in here?

It's under the tupperware? [Chuckles] Never change kid!

OK, Based on your texts, I think we're gonna be pretty sorted.

What's all this? What's with all the crockery noises? I thought you said it was tupperware?

You raided a charity shop? Go on.

That. Is some pretty decent thinking kid. Well done.

Yeah, stoneware plates for things, Yeah, I think that's going to go over well, they'll go with the hazel bowls I made.

How much that set you back?

You know what, fair enough, your student loan could probably stretch to £4.37! *{NB- Four Pounds thirty seven}*

Let's have a look then, what you get?

Oh hey, these are a good find kid, where the hell did you go?!

The charity shop that looks like it's somebody's attic? Oh yeah, I know the one, one of the smaller charities. So, it's not, you know, like actually regulated. *{NB-a charity shop is a goodwill/thrift store in the UK}*

And you *haggled* the price?!

[Incredulous] YOU haggled?! Really?!

You took umbrage at the fact they were trying to charge you a tenner when nothing actually matched and they were all from different sets.

Oh, is that a mum thing? She gets annoyed if stuff doesn't match but it's paired off as if it does.

[Considers] Fair enough.

Plus, you bought 2 jumpers, a cuddly hedgehog and a pot plant to make up the difference?

[Ridiculously fond] Oh my God, never change!

Right, so we assemble all the goods, in your very attractive dishware.

What did you end up making?

Nice. Honey cake, honey and oat bread loaf, seeded sourdough, fresh butter and summer fruits jam.

Yeah, that's a good thought. Given that we are well into autumn, summer fruits might be a genuine treat. Nice thinking, kid.

And you've got the jars of honey. Excellent, this is a decent feast.

[ruffles Aviary's hair affectionately]

Well done kid, I think it's certainly enough to get us across the veil and get us into their house. After that, probably up to me.

No, there's nothing against you, it's just, I know what I need to ask. I know you do too. I know. We've talked about it. But if anyone's going to make a mistake, I want it to be me.

No, you don't deserve that kind of pressure, you've already done a hell of a lot just making all of this. I know this takes time and effort.

And you had to appease your mates with other versions of these treats so you could take the rest away. I can't believe how much time you've put into this, and all in that shitty oven.

Your friends call you the Oven Whisperer now?!

Well, yeah, fair enough. You learn the quirks of a machine. And get the best out of it. But still, I still find ovens deeply temperamental.

Well, yes, fair enough. My grandmother's range did try and kill me regularly, so sue me for being suspicious about ovens! **{NB range ovens/cookers were a common 19th century wood/coal fired cooker, you could roast, bake, fry and prove on them but they were cast iron monsters!}**

OK. You all packed for everything else?

Yeah, I've got the other gifts. Made them a blackthorn walking staff, polished with beeswax along with the hazel bowls, would've made them a mead cask if I had time but the oak takes a while to treat and bend and I'm not good enough of a cooper to take any short-cuts. **{NB - a cooper is a traditional barrel maker, also mead is a honey wine made popular by Viking portrayals}**

Right, best load up the car.

[Mock affronted] Don't diss my old landy, that old girl has got me out of more scrapes than you've had hot dinners!

[NB this is a reference to an old British Land Rover 4x4 which will outlast the apocalypse, hard as nails and tough as old boots!]

Ha! You're still surprised I don't just ride around on a motorbike?

[Slightly defensive] Look, motorbikes are for getting in and out fast. And for going out on a nice Sunday afternoon.

I do not want to risk all the lovely effort you've made and with the presentation it's not exactly gonna just fit in a Tesco bag for life.

Hey, don't worry kid, you'll be alright.

No, they've got no reason to hate you for being a vampire. It's not your fault.

Even if they are about life and you currently aren't, I've already spoken to them. They know you're coming. It doesn't do to drop surprise guests on the Fae, so they know. They said it's fine. So long as obviously, you don't try and attack them and their wolf cub. Which honestly, the very idea of it. It took me a lot not to laugh!

No, I did not tell them about your head ripping incident.

Besides that's only a risk when you're really pissed off.

How many coursemates have you pictured ripping the heads off?

Only the guy from Surrey? Reasonable. **{NB Surrey = Su-ree to rhyme with curry!}**

It's gonna be OK kid, just follow my lead. Let's get packed up.

Timeskip- Garrison and Aviary are now in the woods.

Right, you remember the rules I told you?

Yeah, go on, tell me just so I know you definitely got this.

No, I'm not insulting your intelligence. I'm just making sure, we need to get this right.

No, I don't think you're going to mess this up and I don't think you're making light of it. I just. Come on, indulge me.

That's right. Don't say anything first. Offer the gifts, let me do the talking. Only speak when you're spoken to. And you do the bow like it's the 12th century. Not only this curtsying or bowing bollocks.

Yeah, I think that's it.

I'm making you nervous?[huffs] Thanks kid.

[Sighs] No, I know you'd never see me this worked up, but this is old magic. *Mesolithic* old. We hadn't even built bloody Stonehenge by this point, and I've been here, around it all, potentially and not known a damn thing. Honestly, kid. The Fey magic rules all of this. Out of my wheelhouse by a country mile, I am just a vampire hunter, but we just can't risk something big happening under the surface and not do something about it, or at least find out what the threat is.

You didn't see the brand, I did. It was screaming 'OH NO' in big, terrifying letters.

But I can't help shake the feeling that something is very wrong.

So, we go. We're polite, we find out what we can, thank them profusely for their help. And hopefully we can make it back the other side.

Look, I've never been to the fairground, kid. I've got no idea about carouselling but we can hope.

Even if I had said there's a possibility we don't make it, would you might have not come with me?

Don't look so affronted! Of course I didn't think so, it never even crossed your mind not to walk into danger with me.

Ride or die? Well. Feels like an appropriate phrase.

It's one of the many things I appreciate about you, kid. And makes me all the more worried. But you're right, there's no point wussing out now.

Right. We're reaching the point where I think is the crossover, you hold the basket. I've got the mead. Let's hope they libate our way to an invite.

[Sound of liquid being poured on to the ground]

I stand in humble offering. And hope for an opportunity to converse with the one who dwells within the realm beyond. I have mead in libation for the health of the earth. And bring gifts if you would be so generous as to offer a boon of your time.

[Sounds magical bullshit happening-shimmers like a curtain being opened]

I thank you for your generous hospitality and invite. Myself and my dear companion gratefully accept.

[Whispers]

Here we go kid, deep breath.

[More shimmery nonsense]

[Voice of the Witch of the Woods they sound wise and powerful -Think Galadriel or Celeborn from LOTR]

Greetings Garrison, hunter of the seekers of blood. And Aviary , child of unfortunate happenstance.

You honour us both with an audience, we have brought you gifts, Aviary has baked a repast for your consideration.

[Sound of the dishes being inspected]

Wooden and stoneware platters with a honey cake with fresh bread, butter and wildflower honey? Truly a gift.

[Sounding like a proud Dad and more than a bit relieved] We're glad you like them, I turned the bowls myself and carved the blackthorn staff, Aviary made the jam especially too, fresh fruit from the market.

I was missing the taste of summer, this will be a bright point in the coming months. Come into my home.

Thank you for the welcome and the invitation, we would be most honoured to join you but if I may be so bold, could I ask a name to address you by? You know ours but we do not have a name you wish to be known as.

Ah, well and carefully asked, I know what mortals may call me but I would give you a name I do not mind the use of, Wéid^he {whay-heedy- This is the Proto-Indo-European word for Spirit, this is the oldest form of the word I could find! They're from the Mesolithic so it just about fits!}

[Sounding it out carefully] Wéid^he ? {whay-heedy} thank you, I did not feel the name attached to you by us mortals gave you the respect you command.

Would you take a drink?

We would accept refreshment from you only if there is no expectation of tithe or oath implied in the acquiescence.

Aha! You know your rules well, excellent! It is not often I receive company and my little cub is too earnest to truly know the etiquette, they are fortunate I am amused by their innocence.

[NB-STORY POINT- *The Witch is looking after a recovering werewolf, they're about the same age as Aviary. They have their own script but wont appear in this part]*

Thank you, I was taught by my grandmother the rules of the fae and the expectations of hospitality and I would not want to offend.

You have not, I am most pleased to accept you both and to offer you food and drink without contract.

Then we are very grateful to accept from your table without contract.

Now, to the matter at hand, what has brought such concern to you?

I have come to beg your wisdom on this symbol, I've recreated it to the best of my knowledge, no one in my collective has ever come across it, and it seems the wider-knowledge of the world is also unsure. I have come to you because my instinct tells me this is dangerous, I have no knowledge of it but my bones scream to fear it and to flee.

And where did you find it?

It was branded on the chest of vampire, feral with purpose claiming a master had ordered them to destroy everything in their path.

Show me this symbol.

[Garrison hands over the symbol he's carefully drawn.]

Oh, oh now this is something else.

That doesn't sound positive.

I am not yet sure, I will need to check further

[Sound of bottles clinking]

[Forgetting himself] Check for what? [Catches what he's done and mildly panics] My apologies, I didn't think—

[Ignoring his apology this is too important] There we are, perfume of the midsummer bloom.

[Puzzled] Perfume of the midsummer bloom?

A rare flower, blooms only at midsummer in the depths of the woods from the fern plant.

[Confused] A flower from a fern? But they don't bloom, [tries to cover it] I mean, usually.

I have the gift of time, it takes many a bloom to make a perfume.

I can't imagine how many flowers it takes to make perfume, I've never tried but, well, may I guess that tiny bottle represents centuries or even millennia of midsummers?

You may.

So, how will this help you, if I may ask.

A dab of the perfume, a delicate scent, it awakens memories, a flower that holds time itself, that which has happened, that which is and that which has yet to come.

[Realisation] Oh, like a crystal ball, if I might be so crude in my comparison, it's a seer's tool?

Quite so, all I need to do is take in the fragrance and breathe. You, hunter of the blood should not partake. Nor should your child.

Aviary, we, we should step back, do not breathe that in, it'll, it can show us the future, and I really don't want a scouring of the shire hanging over me.

[They back away]

[Sound of breathing in]

Oh, oh no.

Er, oh no?

[Ominously, they are genuinely thrown by this] The one whom wrought this is not a mere nightmare.

Not just a nightmare? What?

[Sounding genuinely horrified] This brand is of a being whose name was dared not whispered when I was but a thought.

People were scared of this before you were manifest? [Dawning horror] That means—

That means we must beseech and warn the Seelie court, as swiftly as possible, they have to know, this is beyond my magic.

Beyond your magic? The Seelie court?

[Aviary grabs his hand, they know what that means, they've done their homework]

[Trying to be reassuring] Yes, the Seelie court, highest council of the fae.

[Hollow horror, this is absolutely the worst possible outcome, Garrison is terrified] This could end everything kid, Bhetewis, Nature's Wrath.

That's who's come to call.

To be continued...

{NB word pronunciation/meaning Bhetewis (Bhet-tewis) is a word I've semi-created using Proto Indo European language-it's the closest I can get to 'Nature's Fury' and Avenging Spirit}

This is where the plot is starting to kick in, they are facing a big bad here.

Think Hexus from Fern Gully crossed with Sauron...