

THE PROTECTORS OF THE WOOD ADVENTURE SERIES

[Based Protectors of the Wood on the Protectors of the Wood book series](#)

[Written by John Kix Miller](#)

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[@protectorsofthewood](#)

Join our story of misfit teenagers as they struggle to save their world from climate change.

Episode #154: The Crisis is Coming

Narrator: Abby awoke again at the crack of dawn. She was thinking:

Abby: Today is Friday. Tomorrow is the festival. Sunday is the election. It's weird, but it's hard for me to believe these days will arrive. I can't picture it. Everything seems so unreal. Well, one thing at a time.

Narrator: The sun was beginning to rise as she attached the hose and began to experiment with a new watering routine. Of course, the hose wouldn't reach the vegetable garden, much less the flower garden or the wild area; but, it did reduce the distance she had to walk by more than half. She left most of the job for the evening and returned to the cottage to eat. The first bag of vegetables was already running low. Janet knocked on her door

to say that Rose had called. The preschool was canceled again. And Janet took the opportunity to gossip for a few minutes.

Janet: Everyone is coming to the festival, and everyone wants to vote. They don't care if it's a hundred and twenty degrees. You all had better be ready tomorrow, and on Sunday our little election will get more media coverage than a vote for governor!

Narrator: Abby felt encouraged. At least she would have something positive to say at the meeting that evening. Eddy knocked on her door to announce that his group would be putting up the scaffolding. She stood in the shade and watched them for half an hour, and brought out a pitcher of water and cups. The scaffolding did look very official, like a giant announcement that renovations were indeed happening. The afternoon crawled by. She went on a watering marathon toward evening and felt the first indications of a change in the weather. Thin wispy clouds traveled over the Half Moon Cliffs and out over the valley. A breeze blew from the setting sun. Abby ate more apples and fried a few potatoes and turnips with onions, and then it was time for the Youth Council meeting. Phoebe was already in the basement setting up chairs.

Phoebe: Oh! Am I glad to see you! I was hoping you'd be early. Sit and talk to me for a minute. Jeremy's worried about you. He thinks the pressure is too much for all of us. I decided we should take a vacation after the festival tomorrow, or after the election on Sunday. Maybe I could go to Rivergate with you.

Abby: Did Jeremy tell you what happened?

Phoebe: You mean when you hugged on the leaf pile and heard the click of a camera?

Narrator: Abby's mind went blank for a moment. She just couldn't think about it.

Phoebe: Jeremy says these stalkers are driving you crazy.

Abby: It was all my fault. All my fault.

Narrator: Phoebe squeezed her arm.

Phoebe: That's what Jeremy says, except he says it's all his fault. Neither of us are mad. We're just worried about you. We're your friends. Your friends. Got that? We're not going crazy over this, but we want to help.

Narrator: Abby was afraid she would burst into tears.

Abby: But I messed up. I've put us in danger.

Phoebe: Jeremy thinks he put us in danger because he didn't listen to you. But I want to know where these perfect people are. Who does everything right? I haven't met those people, so I think I'll take you and Jeremy.

Abby: Stop. I'll burst into tears and people will arrive.

Phoebe: Don't worry, I got this meeting. Tomorrow's already set up. You're the one who's had a hard time, all alone in this pressure cooker. We've been having fun with the soccer players, the band, the vendors, Sara's friends from college. Sara's teamed up with Sulay and Nico and Cali. Are they full of energy! We've got this festival covered. Just sit back, do whatever you want. By the way, you did a fabulous job on Sunday. I've been wanting to talk to you about it, but no time now. Just take it easy.

Abby: I'll run the birdwatcher's path again.

Phoebe: Perfect. That was an amazing success. I can't believe you found a way to satisfy everyone, even those trustees, the bishop...

Narrator: At that moment Sara, Stephanie, and Ellie arrived with trays of sandwiches, and Tuck lugged a cooler of cold water into the room. Cali, George, Isaiah, Ishmael, and Eddy all followed soon after. The meeting went as planned, but afterward George took Abby aside.

George: I have to warn you. They're up to something. I gave Peabody photos of the birdwatcher's path, the building with the scaffolding piled up, and pictures of the gardens. I was worried he'd throw them back in my face. I knew it wasn't what he wanted. But he was suspiciously happy, paid me extra. Even Morphy complimented me. Something's wrong. I wish I knew what.

Abby: Whatever it is, all we can do is go through it together. Whatever happens, stick to the plan. I'll be there.

Narrator: George smiled, with a sigh of relief.

Climbing the World Tree

Written by John KixMiller

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D E
Through heaven and earth a tree is growing

D E F#-
Around the world a river is flowing

D E
We can travel by secret ways

D E D/F#
Like a shadow through our days

A G#- C#-7 D/F#
Follow me come and see

A G#- C#-7 D/F#
We're climbing the world tree

As the ages have gone by
The abyss has grown so wide
Heaven and earth are separate now
By a journey, no one knows how
Follow me come and see
We're climbing the world tree

Do you see how we come closer
We're on the pathway to the stars
Reach out your hand and touch the heavens

It's not far it's not far!
Follow me come and see
We're climbing the world tree