

The Protectors of the Wood Adventure Series!

Based on the Protectors of the Wood book series

Written by John KixMiller

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@protectorsofthewood

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

Episode #129: Waiting for George

Narrator: Back in her cottage, Abby felt torn about her chances for success at the pre-school. She had tremendous confidence in her ability to actually follow through with good activities for the children. And this job provided a kind of protection and invisibility that would give her a feeling of safety. But... her paperwork could easily be rejected by the state. She had no arrests or legal issues, but Rose had mentioned the need for an 'official residence, names and addresses of family, some kind of documented history.' Living in an abandoned house was not anything she could reveal, but Glenda had offered her own address. Abby actually had been staying with Glenda fairly often. As Abby pondered these details, suddenly... with a jolt, she remembered her date with George at 1AM.

Abby: Oh... what am I going to do? He wants to be my boyfriend... but... I have no space for a boyfriend in my life. I mean, it's so obvious. I'm a soldier on a mission. George is a spy with a concealed identity. I'm stalked by strangers. It's all worse than having Marcus Connelly as a boyfriend, the innocent son of an enemy. Poor Marcus! A really nice boy, and I haven't seen him, can't possibly see him, even just to say thanks. Oh! I bring the evil jinx on people. NO Boyfriends! Nothing doing with George! At least Jeremy can tolerate the situation as it is. I wish I could talk to Phoebe. She understands.

Narrator: Abby lay down to relax for a few minutes. Her thoughts trailed off into dream images, and suddenly she saw the mapstick as Sonny was holding it the day before. She saw the rich brown color and the glowing blue lines.

Abby: Who can I talk to about it? Not Reverend Tuck. He'll get carried away with excitement, and want to take it out and study it on his own. No! I'm not allowing that. The mapstick is for me, passed down over countless years, a message from the deep past for all of us today. I must somehow understand and communicate that message, and carry it into the world. What were Sonny's translations? 'The Protector of the Tree. The Custodian of the Tree, or Stick, or Wood,

or Woods. The Protector of the Map-Wood. The Protectors of the Wood!' Hey!!! Now look at that! The Protectors of the Wood! Well, well. The people are the Protectors of the Wood! It can't be a coincidence. But what about this map business? That thing just doesn't look like a map. What could it be a map of? God knows. Well... just maybe. It's not the right shape, but... it does have a similarity to a road map. All those lines going somewhere. Paths in the forest? But they change over time. And it's too thin. It doesn't fold out wide.

Narrator: Memories of the intricate lines flashed through Abby's mind, and the lines became dreams...

Sound: a bit of music, instrumental

Abby: Oh no!! I've overslept. What about George?

Narrator: She grabbed for her alarm clock, but it needed winding. She jumped up, changed into black clothing, and threw water on her face.

Abby: I'm going to get through this. I'll wait for hours if necessary. If he's gone I'll get a message to him somehow. Who can help me? Jeremy! He can be a go-between.

Narrator: She grabbed the key, pocketed it, and was out the back window into the dark night. Faint light glimmered from an almost half moon low in the sky, throwing shadows across the churchyard.

Abby: Let's see... It's been how many days since the full moon? It was just last Friday or Saturday, less than a week ago. If the moon rises half an hour later every day, that means it would rise close to midnight. I might be in time. Let's do this right.

Narrator: She stood completely still. The crickets were making their droning sound. Nothing moved. The temperature had dropped, and the cool air felt wonderful. She put her hands in her pockets and walked silently behind the apple trees to the privet hedge, then crawled through to the leaf pile, making almost no noise. She glided down the small path by the wall to the iron door.

Abby: Yes, I can see things, the stone wall, the blackberry bushes, the door. I will be as silent and invisible as a shadow.

Narrator: Nothing moved. The crickets droned on, but louder. She waited, and finally sat down softly, back against the wall, right next to the door. She concentrated on listening. It was amazing how many different sounds emerged over the course of maybe an hour. A rustling of leaves, the hooting of an owl, the sad call of a bird she didn't know, a faint movement among the vines, and over all, the droning of the crickets. The owl hooted again. A cat yowled in the distance. A loud truck came and went on Bridge Avenue. Something that might have been a possum slowly threw a shadow on a patch of grass. Something moved in the leaves nearby.

Another bird call came louder, like a warning. The eyes of a raccoon, bright in the moonlight, stared at Abby in silence. A faint tapping noise came from the iron door. It stopped. It came once more.

Abby: (whispering) George.

George: I'm here.

Narrator: She turned the key and opened the door a couple of feet. In a second George stood in the doorway. A gleam from the moon, now high in the sky, shone on his face. Abby saw both hope and sadness in his eyes. She closed and locked the door behind her.

Abby: (whispering) Follow me.

Narrator: They headed up the path. Abby led George to the flat spot in the privet fort where they had met before. George's face was now in shadow, hard to read. Abby sat cross-legged, almost invisible. They did not touch, but sat with tension in the air.

VOICE IN THE VISION

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C F
Come follow me
Dm Bb
It's all right you see
C Dm
There is nothing for you to fear
Am
Come on over here
Bb F C
You can see me through your tears

C F
I'll listen to you
Dm Bb
I'll hear what you say
C Bm
Go ahead and cry from your heart
Am
I'll see your part
Bb F C
With me there's always a way
F.....

Bb Am
I'll see you wherever you are
Bb Am
You can't be too near or too far
Bb Am
Any place you may happen to be
Bb C
I can shine for you to see
Dm
Come close to me
Am
And you'll surely see
Bb F C
How life begins all around

C etc.

See what you found
Just walk through the door
In my world there's always some more
The best is in store
The real story goes on and on

Don't think the pain is the end
Don't think it's all that there is
In darkness I'll come to you
Remember I always come through
If you only knew
It's all really true
How life begins all around

See what you found