

THE PROTECTORS OF THE WOOD ADVENTURE SERIES

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

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

Episode #153: No Relief in Sight

Narrator: Just before sunrise, the blue jays made their shrill sounds outside her window. The light of the new day was dawning. She was intolerably thirsty, and drank off four glasses of cold water. She took a cold shower, dressed, and ate peaches, apples, and figs with a few more glasses of water.

Abby: Maybe there's a cool breeze outside... Let's look around my little domain. The lawn is turning brown, drying up. But my gardens are growing and full of life! The flowers and the vegetables are crowding each other! I'll move compost and a few plants to the new Youth Garden. And look! That stalker with the blonde hair, the one who grabbed his colleague by the shoulder yesterday, is out there chilling at the front gate. I'm going to move a few red zinnias to the front garden. I'm really not afraid of him, but I'm curious. He tries so hard to look casual, as if what he's

doing is okay. It's not okay, and he must know it. I'm going to plant these zinnias whether he's there or not!

Narrator: Abby began to plant flowers within ten feet of him, acting as if he wasn't there at all.

Blonde Stalker: Hot day, isn't it?

Abby: Don't you have something better to do? Do you actually like this job? Spying on people?

Blonde Stalker (trying to sound pleasant): It's a free world.

Abby: Sort of.

Narrator: The relentless sun made her dizzy. She was thinking:

Abby: This is doing me no good. I'll go to the preschool a little early today.

Narrator: After an apple and three glasses of water, she headed out to the preschool on her bike. A plain used Ford sedan followed her at a distance. At the preschool, Rose immediately apologized for not giving her the news already.

Rose: I'm so sorry! We've just had word that the state called for the closure of all schools today! It reached a hundred and ten degrees yesterday! I've been trying to reach all the parents, and I just spoke to Janet at the church, but you had left. Can you believe it? We've never had heat like this before.

Narrator: Strangely enough, Abby rode back home in disappointment. She had looked forward to the time with the children as a relief from a host of other worries. The opening to her mind had so much traffic trying to get in that all movement had stopped in an impossible bottleneck. Thoughts of yesterday's incident with Jeremy were accompanied by panic, and the fear of her responsibility for the mapstick and the briefcase left her staring glassy eyed at nothing.

Abby: I've got to eat. Just a little at a time. Take a cool shower. Lie down. Look, the street is empty. Just go to sleep early. Take a cool shower.

Narrator: The next day the waves of heat just kept coming. Abby woke very early and watered most of the plants and trees in the yard. In the secret place, there was a group of interesting low green herbs.

Abby: Look! Yes, that's celandine! The same plant that Wendy collects, but only from the wild, not as a garden plant. In the spring the lovely yellow flowers will come, and Wendy will be interested, and maybe come here to see... If... I'm still here...

Tuck: Abby! Abby! Over here.

Abby: There's Tuck by the open door.

Tuck: Come, I've got fresh lemonade in my office, and the air conditioner makes a difference. Come! And here's a twenty dollar

bill. Go to the hardware store and buy a long hose. I can't stand to see you walking back and forth on a day like this!

Abby: I have money already. I'm just sick of being followed by these stalkers. Isn't there something illegal about what they're doing?

Tuck: Of course there is. But what are we going to do about it? Give Chief Santiago the job of putting a stop to it? You remember what he said at the meeting here, don't you? Something about our putting this battle beyond the reach of justice? 'You're on your own now.' Those were his words. We dug this hole by not prosecuting them for assaulting you and Phoebe. But of course, that probably would have worked out badly too. Billions of dollars create power. Normal people are helpless.

Narrator: Abby nodded. She was sorry she'd even brought the subject up.

Tuck: Worst heat wave in the history of the river valley. Nothing even close. State of emergency. Take care of yourself. The heat wave should end tomorrow, and Saturday and Sunday it may turn unseasonably cold, with thunderstorms on either day. I'm glad we've got a plan. I'm just nervous because things are so quiet. As far as I can tell Ellen has this election wrapped up, and yet our opponents have done nothing. I never thought they'd give up so easily. Maybe the bishop has forced them to be more cautious. He doesn't miss much.

Abby: I have the feeling the bishop will come through for us, run a fair election somehow, and I think we'll win.

Tuck: I'm thrilled to hear you say that! We can actually do a lot of good if we get the chance. Thank you, Abby.