

SPELL SAGA™

HATE NOT THE NIGHT



LIBRETTO

1

In the year 32ATF, The Summer Guard have discovered a long-lost weapon of mass destruction. His name is Lyric. Imprisoned by a magic boundary & forced to protect his

unwanted home, Lyric will need the help of his 5 adopted fathers, (& his friends Kill & Rumble), if he hopes to escape The Tower of Doom & discover the truth about the lake in the distance.

"THE GREETING OF THE GLASS COFFIN"





GRANDADDY MEOW-MEOW

Unknown Friend! Nameless Traveler!
Why do you watch from the edge
of the garden? Be not afraid;
your shadow is welcome beside
my own. I was only just clearing
them weeds, trying to remember...

I had fur of a certain color (once upon
a time)! Bright and beautiful it was,
when I bathed in the light of all young
constellations. But I can't remember...
what color was I?

History fades and repeats itself, like
half-remembered songs (so it is with all
things, yaw?).

These gardens were built for those willing
to listen. Come, rest yine knees in the
dirt beside me.

Now, we might pull another weed, or so.
But take caution, Traveler! The Flowers
in Waiting do not survive without a bit
of danger; weeds & weather are necessary
for them to grow (such as it is with all
things, yaw?)

Oh! Look now! The clairvoyance begins!

The pollen of the garden carries dreams
of a world now passed. These are the
memories of all things.



GRANDDADDY MEOW-MEOW

Now we greet our shadows upon the ground in sleep. Do not worry about understanding. Dreams make sense in time. & besides, what happened has not happened, until you understand what has occurred.

Hmmm...I think I'm in this story! Yes, the five weather-meows... my brothers & myself. Each of us had a funny name, didn't we? & a separate color stained upon our fur.

Now, which one of us...was I?



fter the Second Folly, the maps of the world were replaced by foreign scribbles of mass-destruction. Thus began the Dark Age, when Minstrels (those with the power of Spell-Songs) were hunted by The Weatherguard (those who keep the world safe from any they deem its enemies).

Originally four separate armies, the final alliance was five: New-Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn, & End-Winter. Each agreed to travel the world & protect it during their own season, & to spend the rest of the year holding dominion over the lands of their borders.

The towers of their residence were abandoned long ago by the creators of this world. Each holds its own secrets & mysteries. These towers vary in size or importance, but most have a temporary ruler, known as The Sire, whose rank is chosen by means of an ancient enchantment.

In the Twelve towers of the Eastern Desert, The Summer Guard are known for hidden faces (kept safe by way of linen, wood or iron) & for crystal battle armor, forged from a mineral that shines like bruised lavender (until damaged, when it glows like a sunset fading into dusk).

These minerals are also used in the making of certain potions that, when drunk by throat or sword, may bring unnatural change to a person or their current circumstance.

In the Dark Age, each tower was a target for the bandits among those lands (to say nothing of the threat of ambition, as any guard might usurp a Sire's throne at any moment). & so the experiments fed by the mysteries of each tower grew all the more dangerous, as every new Sire attempted to protect their lands & hold on to their power.

It was The Summer Guard, in their Tower of Doom, who pulled the first Coffin from The Fountain.



Outside the walls of The Tower of Doom, a makeshift alarm is rung by a young boy. He's carrying a rusty old blade nearly twice his size, using both hands to clang it against a discarded piece of machinery.

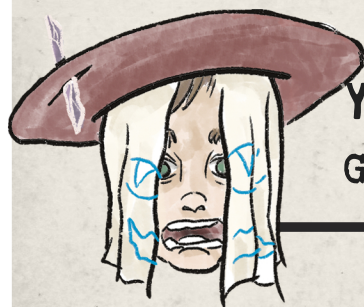
The tower is surrounded by a field of white squash. Many guards can be seen harvesting the vegetables. Most of them have removed their coverings, stuffing the linen robes and bandages into a pack along their side. Some have masks hanging beneath their chin, others have them tied above their heads.

At the sound of the alarm, they turn in fear. Some shield their eyes, searching for the shimmering specks of enemies in the distance.

But those who are more cautious, who keep themselves wrapped from head to toe in stained linens & ornate wooden armor, wait no further.

Precious harvest & rusted tools fall & break upon the dirt, left behind in a dash to reach the doors of the tower.

The young boy sounding the alarm is now shouting, his eyes squinting in caution as he glances from the sky to the field, & back again.



YOUNG BOY

GOD-RAIN! THE GOD-RAIN IS HERE!

His blade drops to the grass. The final toll of the alarm is drowned out by the sound of a growing breeze. Clouds with burnt coloring begin to sweep in above the tower. The young boy is in the distance now, running past the great doors, even as they shut behind him with a heavy boom.

Those left in the field react to the sound as if shaken from a dream. There is no movement. No speech.

Now they react as one. Some begin to pull the wrappings from their bags, covering limbs and faces as quickly as possible. Others pull the wooden masks over their faces, the carved expressions staring at one another in silence. Some try to bury into the dirt. Guards are fighting now, stealing linens and losing themselves in fistfights. Some are using fingers or knives to create makeshift helmets from the gourds.

& from the sky the first flakes begin to fall, shining like silver as they catch the light.



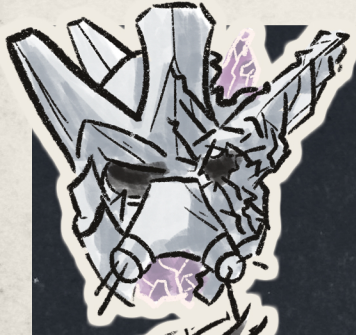
We are in the deepest room of the tower. It is cold. There is a smell like cinnamon and mildew. Water droplets run along every surface, catching the light as they slide up the walls & toward the ceiling.

A flame stands in the center of the room. It gives no heat, but the rainbow of its edges is bathing the room in harmonic colors. A circle of people stand around this, each of them using a hand or sleeve to wipe away the prismatic dew that keeps running up their cheeks & instruments.

A wooden table sits to the side. It is covered in clockwork equipment. Brightly-colored wires hang from the table & travel across the floor. In some places, these have been tied in ceremonial knots before disappearing into the flame.

The flame is thin and tall. It looks something like a campfire, but also a doorway. And it moves strangely, like someone who keeps forgetting they were dancing.

Surrounding the flame is:



The Sire. His face is covered by a clockwork helmet that keeps him living past recent injuries. Beside him is:



Summer Guard Jailer. He understands how Spell-Songs work. That's why he's the one holding a pistol against the head of their prisoner:



Essa, The Minstrel. She is playing a song to keep the flame from sputtering out. She has a secret plan to escape at any minute, but needs the help of her co-conspirator:



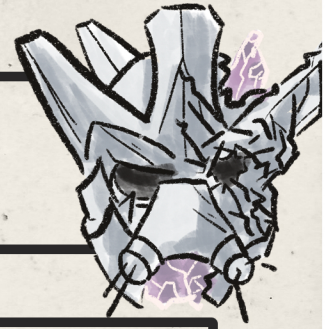
Cope, The Threadwalker. He is asleep at the foot of the flame, his head nearly touching the sparks along the edge. Watching him in concern is:



A Summer Guard Operator. He is at the table, adjusting the machinery. The success of this experiment means a piece of crystal armor. Failure will find him buried among the gourds outside the tower.

SIRE

Do we have contact with the Meows?



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

apologetic They prefer to be called "The Weather-Meows".

SIRE

I do not care what them creepy beasts prefer.



Essa speaks up, ignoring the revolver jammed against her neck. Her tone is light and friendly.

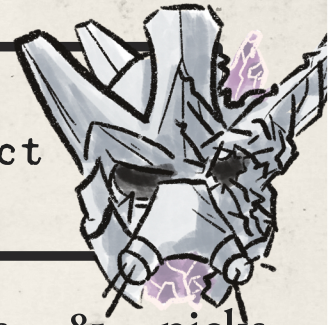


ESSA, THE MINSTREL

Their names are important to them, Sire.

SIRE

Use the Treble-Conch, try contact once more.



The Operator clicks some buttons & picks up something shaped like a backwards trumpet. He gives the flame a hopeless glance before speaking into the device.



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

into device This is Tower of Doom,
calling The..umm...The Weather-Meows.

He turns away from the table to ask a question:

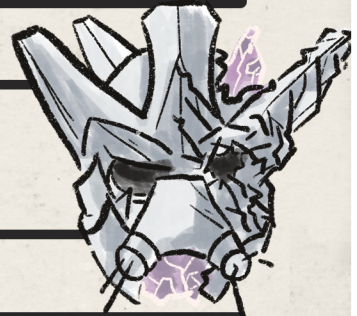


SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

Which one had the conch last?

SIRE

The Yellow One.



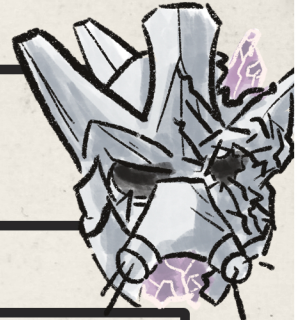
ESSA, THE MINSTREL

Sire. Please.

Sire tilts his head slightly toward The Jailed Minstrel, as if weighing her opinion.

SIRE

I mean..Crispy.



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

into device Crispy, can you hear me?
You've been gone a long time.

Nothing. a hiss of silence from the device.

But then a small voice is heard from the device in his hands. It sounds like pops and clicks, like a rainstorm upon an iron helm. It's the Weather-Meows, contacting them from inside the flame!

CHOMP

From inside the device
This is Chomp...Crispy got a little too fizzy...in his dream belly.

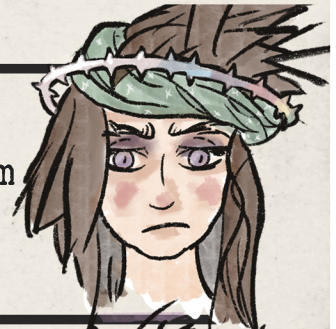


SUMMER GUARD JAILER

What the fuck does that mean?

ESSA, THE MINSTREL

Well, I'm not sure? <Gah!> Now I'm confused, though...Which one was Chomp, again?



CHOMP

From inside the device
I'm the red one.

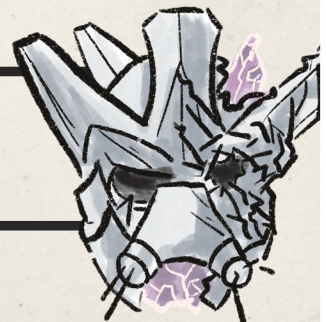


SUMMER GUARD JAILER

They can hear us?!

SIRE

<hissing> Lower your voice!



SIRE

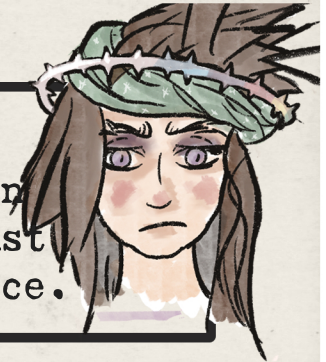
Operator, my unguarded words are delicate. They require a privilege our correspondent has not earned.



The Operator looks confused.

ESSA, THE MINSTREL

<psst> Try lowerin' yer compression on your little doo-hicky, there. Just so the Meows can only hear your voice.



The Operator nods, and spins a dial on the machine.

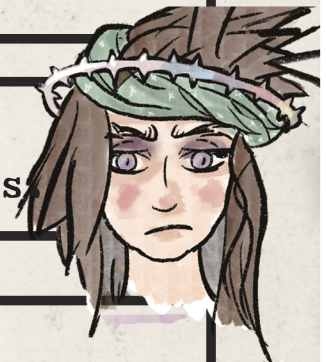


SUMMER GUARD JAILER

mocking Well now! Is our Minstrel knowledgeable with instruments of Summer design?

ESSA, THE MINSTREL

Nope. Just smarter than you, I guess.

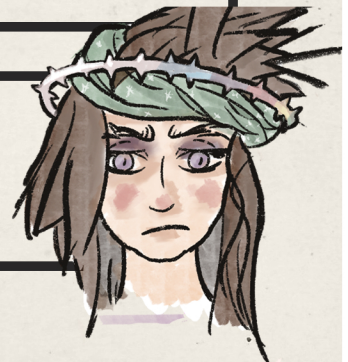


SUMMER GUARD JAILER

whispering If you were smart, you wouldn't have a pistol at the back of your neck.

ESSA, THE MINSTREL

Sure I would. Smart people tend to scare others who ain't.





SUMMER GUARD JAILER

Hmmph. You aren't smart. You're gifted with unnatural talents. I too studied spell-songs, but I wasn't dumb enough to attempt the principles.

The jailer stares off into the flame.

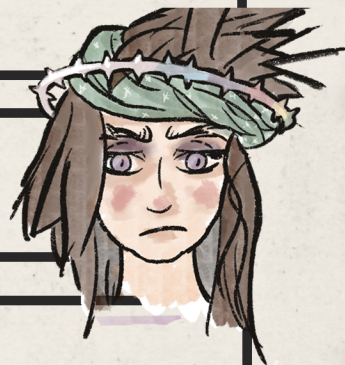


SUMMER GUARD JAILER

A flame of harmonic energy. In theory, I might touch this flame, and become just like you.

ESSA, THE MINSTREL

Hunted? Unwanted?



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

He's already unwanted. Can we stop raising the tension in the room? If anyone touches the flame they're gone, by the way. Only the meows can travel back and forth.

ESSA, THE MINSTREL

He's right. Them meows have harmonic fur. Touchin' the flame might grant you unnatural talents. Sure. Who is to say otherwise? But it might as well kill you, or pull you forever across the unlit halls of eternity.



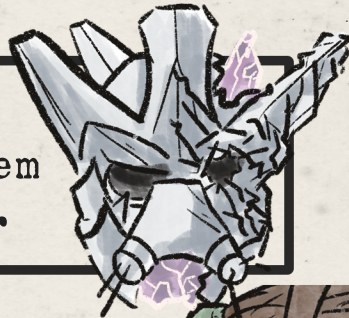


SUMMER GUARD JAILER

Then we should skin the little shits & wear them like armor.

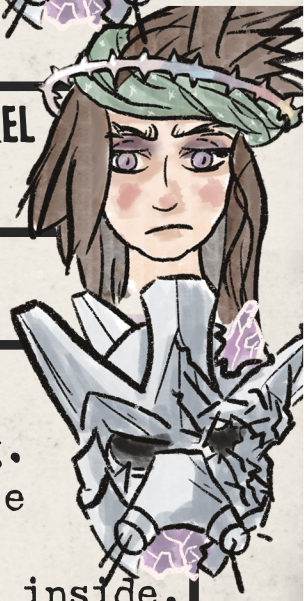
SIRE

Silence, both of you. Hide them tongues behind your ignorance.



SUMMER GUARD JAILER + ESSA, THE MINSTREL

together Yes, Sire.



SIRE

Minstrel, focus on playing the song. We cannot have the fountain collapse while your friends, the... (Weather-Meows, was it?) are trapped inside.

The Minstrel nods, & casting a thoughtful glance at the flame.



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

& hey--keep our little Gatekeeper away from the edges, please! Harmonic Fur or not, If she makes a break through the flame out of desperation, we may not get another chance of opening it-- Now, let's try this again...



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

into device

Chomp, can you give us an update?
The fountain has been open a long time,
the flame is startin' to... Honestly,
I don't know how much longer we can keep
it open.

All eyes dart to The Fountain, which is beginning to sputter violently, as if blown by an unseen wind.

CHOMP

From inside the device
...Repeat?



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

into device

Do. You. Have. An Update?!

CHOMP

From inside the device
Yes. Ummm... How about...fuck off?



A strange click-screech of feedback is heard from the device, and then... nothing.



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

apologetic He cut the line.

Everyone looks nervously at Sire. But he remains silent.

Beads of color run up and into the sockets of his helmet.



For generations, The Fountain had been a mystery. Strange tales of a now extinguished flame were passed down from one Sire to the next. It was a portal, of that it was certain. But how to open such a thing, & where it might lead, none could say.

Old Thew, one of the most cautious Sires of history, buried the fountain under a small cairn of highly discordant stones, before covering it with a silencing glass dome.

It would take many seasons for The Summer Guard to realize the flame could be reignited by a Minstrel & a spell-song; that the fires were indeed a sort of doorway, one that would remain closed unless a Threadwalker--those gifted in seeing the connections between

all things--lay dreaming at the sparks along its threshold.

Many attempts were made to traverse the fountain, or create its duplicate. But those who walked past the edge of the light were remembered only in the hearts of those who loved them.

The Weather-Meows & their Harmonically charged fur that would be the first to enter the light and return...bringing back items of nefarious & misunderstood purpose.



Down at the bottom of the flame, half-hidden amongst the stones, is a man who is slumped over and asleep. This is a Threadwalker.



SUMMER GUARD JAILER

Can we get a new Threadwalker? I think this one's about done.



ESSA, THE MINSTREL

concerned...Done?



SUMMER GUARD JAILER

Oh, that's right. He was your friend, wasn't he? (Heh Heh). Well, apologies to you but, uh...if he's still breathin'...it ain't in a way known to most folk.

The Minstrel gives a pained look toward her friend upon the ground. Without him, their secret plan of escape is lost. Her eyes flick to her captors. Her expression changes. Now it's a mask of someone who has just made a bad decision.

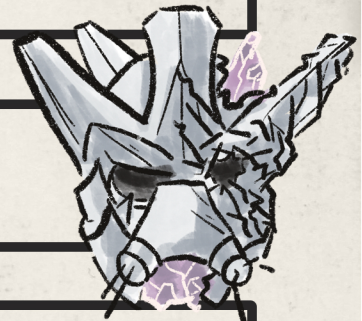


SUMMER GUARD JAILER

My condolences, & all that.

SIRE

Is it too late for a potion?



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

Sire, we ran out of Armor Potions two days ago. He cannot be revived...We need to think of something quickly. Without a Threadwalker, those Meows are gonna be stuck behind the door forever.

ESSA, THE MINSTREL

I have him.



With that, The Minstrel changes the song just slightly, causing the Threadwalker to magically come back to life. He stirs, mumbling in his sleep.



COPE, THE THREADWALKER

yawns Are we really doing this again?

Everyone else shares a confused look at these words.

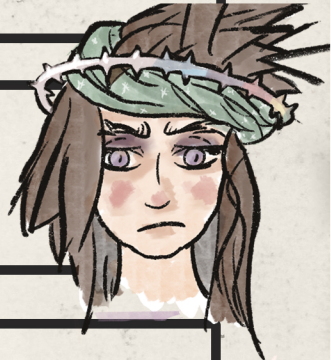


SUMMER GUARD JAILER

What a neat little trick. Care to indulge me?

ESSA, THE MINSTREL

It's a yellow song. This one's a bit tricky though.

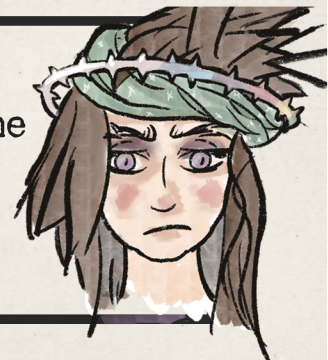


SIRE

None of us partake in the joys of Spell-Song, Minstrel. Tell it plainly.

JAILED MINSTREL

**Sigh.* It works like a sort of time potion. He doesn't remember the last few days, or how many times we already revived him.

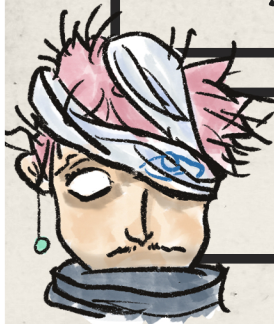




SUMMER GUARD JAILER

Well, I'm truly impressed. You're keeping the flame alive with one song, & raising the dead with another. It's not every Minstrel that can play two songs at once.

eyes darken, voice drops Though my ears...deafened as they were from hunting those of your profession... must have deceived me. For I count a third song, droning beneath the others. Do not forget, I am well versed in the techniques. Just how many songs are you playing, Essa?



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

This machine says she's playing five.

With a roar, The Jailer cocks the hammer of his pistol.

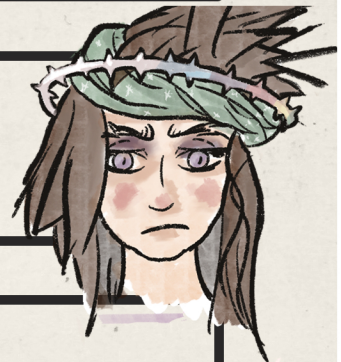


SUMMER GUARD JAILER

You were authorized for one!

ESSA, THE MINSTREL

I'm trying to keep the flame from collapsing!



SUMMER GUARD JAILER

Silence the instrument. RIGHT NOW.



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

No. Do NOT silence the instrument!
(If she stops now, we lose everything)!

ESSA, THE MINSTREL

As it is,... I can only keep him going as long as I bend the string. & even now, that sound is starting to fade.

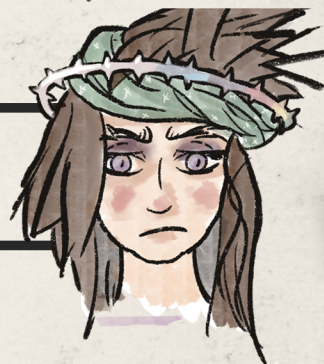


SIRE

So the note, is it? The note you are playing is keeping our dreamer alive?

JAILED MINSTREL

Yes.



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

Er, can you keep the note going?

This is the moment she was looking for. She stares down at the string bending beneath her finger, doing her best to hold it in place without losing the note or breaking the string in two. Her voice betrays nothing as she speaks:

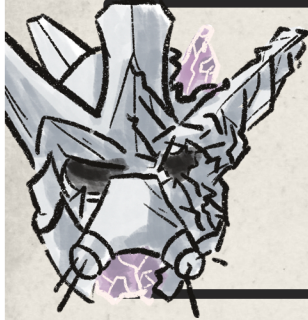
ESSA, THE MINSTREL

I cannot keep the note sustained without an artificial tool...
Sire, You have plenty of helpful things in the towers musical armory, if--



SIRE

What now? Give you more power? & have you Warp, just to kill us all? No. Hold the note. If he dies again, so do you.



The Minstrel says nothing. Her gaze is still upon the strings of her instrument, but her eyes have a faraway look in them. Anger. Sadness. Finality.

Sire barks an order to someone who has been waiting in the doorless hall just outside the room.

SIRE

Mince, get me another Threadwalker.



From the shadows of the hall, a creature shaped like a five-pointed star cartwheels over to Sire. This creature is a Penta-Wobbler named Mince.

His body appears to be mended with bits of wood, metal & string. He walks by spinning on his side. An act which only serves to show off the ample cushioning his bare ass.

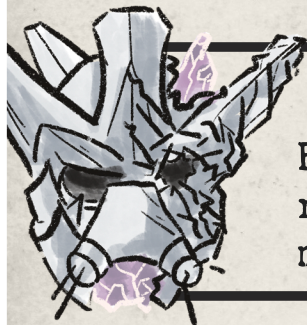
MINCE

We have a girl in training, it's the armorer's apprentice. The one who took over the forge when her master was killed in the raid. Her name is--



SIRE

Rumble. Her name is Rumble. Do you not think I am aware of those who might prise my given title from me?



MINCE

Hmm. Her bravery & self-sacrifice have not gone without notice, true. But she is young, Sire. & your deeds are far mightier. The enchantment which gives you law over this tower will possess you for many seasons yet to come.

(& though I fear to raise your well-deserved anger...) I must remind you that without Rumble, we have no armorer. We need her alive. Her rare talent for crystal-smithing is a necessity. There is no Summer Tower who can spare another. Perhaps I might go into the Flame, & fetch the meows, myself.



SIRE

No. Your mechanical parts would never survive. Bring the girl. Be quick about it.



MINCE

Sire? she will die.



SIRE

Fine.

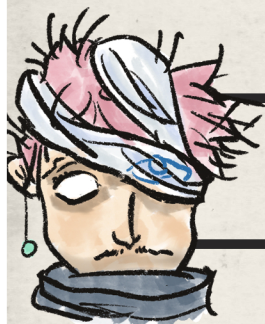


Mince scrunches his face in what appears to be his version of a respectful bow & spins out of the room.

The Jailer & Operator exchange looks, uncomfortable with the thought of harming another of their own.

Suddenly, Cope, The Threadwalker begins to spasm upon the floor. At the same time, the fountain above him begins to shake & vibrate along the edges.

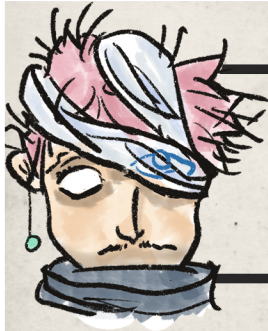
The prismatic humidity begins to drip quicker, flying up toward the top of the room like a reverse downpour.



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

IS HE WARPING?!

Everyone looks to The Threadwalker, whose body is now covered in bits of crystalline growth, like a gemstone moss spreading in the blink of an eye.



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

HEY! PAY ATTENTION! IS THE
THREADWALKER WARPING?!

SUMMER GUARD JAILER

If that's Power Blight, then yeah--
somebody stop that from happening,
please.



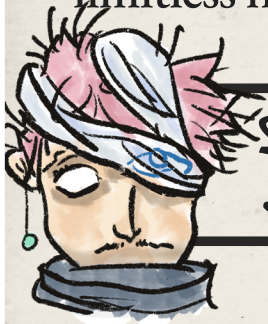
This is their greatest fear. The vast power of Source waiting for Minstrels to tap into; the other-worldly abilities marked by the arrival of crystalline tumors along the bodies of the blessed.



SIRE

confused He cannot warp. He's just
a Threadwalker. Not a Minstrel.
We had tested for music before he
started dreaming, just in case.

It is at this point everyone becomes aware of another sound in the room ...All eyes dart toward The Minstrel's instrument, before noticing the look on her face--her pupils are gone. Her jaw now slack with the weight of limitless horror.



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

...IT'S NOT HIM, IT'S THE MINSTREL!

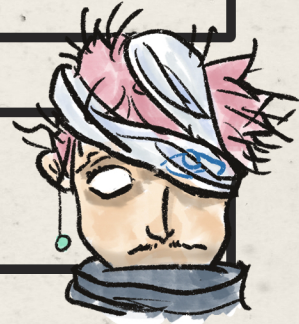


SUMMER GUARD JAILER

SHE'S TRYING TO STRAFE INTO THE
THREADWALKER!

SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

WHAT?! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?!



The Jailer swings his pistol back & forth between Essa & Cope. For her part, The Minstrel does not seem to notice as she begins babbling incoherently. The Threadwalker joins her, their words the same as their voices begin to harmonize.



MINSTREL + THREADWALKER

Again. Again. Again. Again:

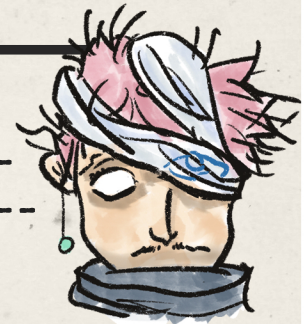


BIRE

calmly She is trying to push her
consciousness from herself and into
The Threadwalker. Strafing. It is a
technique achievable by Warping.

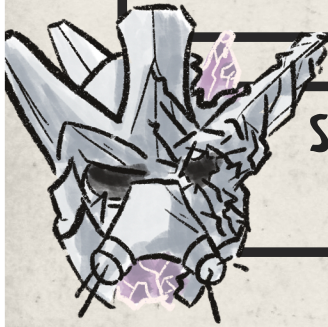
SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

But Essa can't warp! We tested her--
AW, SHIT!...This close to the flame--
the strength of their friendship...
it must be acting like a conduit,
granting her access to a higher power.



SUMMER GUARD JAILER

SHE CAN'T DO SHIT IF I BLOW HER
FUCKIN' HEAD OFF!



SIRE

No. We'll lose the fountain.

As if on cue, the Treble-Conch bursts into another haze of static. We can hear high-pitched hissing & screaming from the device in The Operator's hands.

CHOMP

From inside the device
GAHHH OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR! WE'RE
...TRYING TO...COME THROUGH...WE...
TRAPPED...MY TAIL...WE CAN'T...
UNSEEN...HALLS...CAVING IN...FUCK!



SUMMER GUARD JAILER

WE'RE GONNA LOSE THE MEOWS EITHER
WAY! IF I DONT' SHOOT HER IT'LL BE
US TOO--



But his words are cut off, & he cries out--for his body has now been overtaken by the same powerful force!

Essa is now Strafing into both Cope & The Jailer. All three are chanting & shouting in one discordant voice.

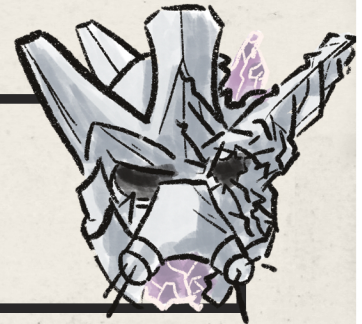
The Jailer watches in horror as their own hand--the one holding the pistol against the Minstrel's neck, slowly moves of it's own accord to point at Sire.



MINSTREL+THREADWALKER+JAILER
Again! Again! gaaaaaiiiiiiin!
Again! Again! Agaaaaaiiiiiiin!
Again! Again! gaaaaaiiiiiiin!

SIRE

Hmm. Dual Strafing?
...Unwise to split your power.



The Possessed Jailer sheds a tear as he pulls the trigger point blank against Sire's helmet. But instead of a gunshot, the weapon seems to misfire, as the pistol is jammed by some unexpected miracle.

SIRE

Did you forget the armor which covers my body? The Dark Mineral that keeps others unlucky?



With that, Sire takes his armored right hand, and without taking his eyes from the flame, crushes the Jailer's head between his fingers.

Both the Minstrel & Threadwalker cry out in pain.

SIRE

Hmm. Interesting.



Just then, Mince arrives with a young woman behind him. She is wearing a gemstone mask the color of sunset. This is Rumble. She does not enter the room, but waits in the shadows of the hall.

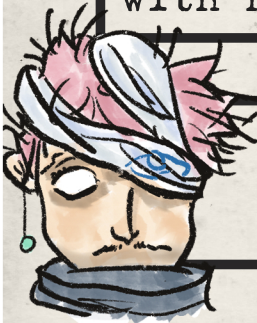


MINCE

Are we not well met? What happened?

SIRE

No. The Minstrel is attempting to Strafe, but I believe her mind has been fractured... She is lost. I believe the fountain is interfering with her abilities.



SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

Or whatever's coming through...

Rumble removes the gemstone mask, holding it to the side of her face to get a better view. Her eyes wide...not with fear, but cautious excitement.

All eyes are now turned to the flame as it erupts, like a gateway made of rainbow-colored curtains giving birth.

Out from the flames come The Weather-Meows!

These are special Meow-Meow Familiars who are bound in service to The Summer Guard. Each is a different color.



Charm (Blue). Moody. Selfish. Concerned with goals.



Ruse (Violet). Carries a magic knowledge to know things that others do not, but forgets it when he tries to remember. Keeps his birth name a secret.



Chomp (Red). Angry. Violent. Cares too much. Not enough. Current owner of The Cloak of Hate.



Crispy (Yellow). Nurturing at odd times. Dissociative at others. The back of his shield says "Only I can Hurt Me".



Cackle (Green). Funny. Quiet. Unknowable. Says he could be a Minstrel.

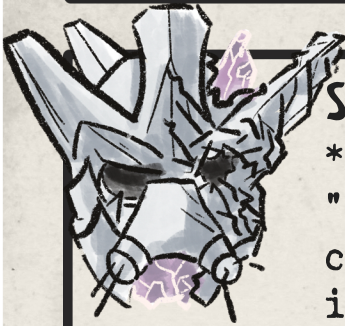


The Weather-Meows are each holding a different chain, their bodies leaning forward, as if walking through heavy snow. They pull something from beyond the flame and into the room.

It is a large glass coffin, filled with a rolling fog.

MINCE

They've done it.



SIRE

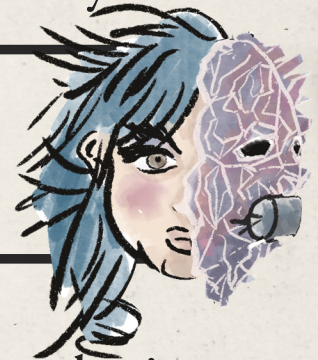
Reciting to himself

"& They grew the song in a glass coffin, until the silhouette inside was much like yours or mine."

Rumble's eyes are wide as she hides in the hallway.

RUMBLE

Whispering to herself
Wow! A Harmonic Being?



But before anyone can celebrate, the flame begins to flicker, dying & reigniting with an echoing snap. The light in the room now jumping from rainbow colors to pitch-black & back again.

The Minstrel and Threadwalker begin to talk in one new voice. A rainbow flame dancing above their heads.



MINSTREL + THREADWALKER

Again! Again! Again!
I am the Babbu Giiscoff.
I am the mouth of the song.
I have seen the lights of
everything, the same brilliance
from the beginning that sees
the end of all things.



Rumble begins to back away. But even as she turns to flee, she can't help but crouch down and hide behind the bend of the hall.

For their part, The Weather-Meows seem unconcerned with the events of the room, as if oblivious to the danger. Charm gestures a paw toward the Minstrel & Threadwalker.



CHARM

Are they connected?

SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

Confused. Panicking. Wh-What?



RUSE

They sharin' a body or something?

SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

Yeh--Yeah. I think so?



CHOMP

These fuckin' idiots...



Chomp ambles over to The Threadwalker on the floor & without pausing, pulls a small blade (held by his tail) and slits the throat of the mumbling dreamer.

At this, The Minstrel cries out in agony, before Sire kicks her through the flame. She disappears with a scream.

CHOMP

Bye, bye, babbu.



With this, the fountain screams and twists into itself. It becomes like a mouth. Like a vagina. Then just an eye. & now it is smoke, & then nothing.

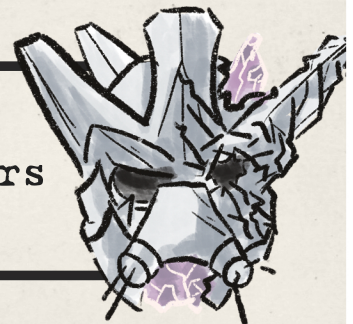


CAKLE

Dang. That fountain ain't ever crankin' up again.

SIRE

staring at the coffin It matters not. Well done, Weather-Meows.





RUSE

We deserve wine?

Sire nods. The Weather-Meows each give a little celebratory dance. All except for Crispy, who has been sitting on the floor with their shield since arriving in the room. At the sound of celebration, he shakes his head against a paw, as if awaking from a stupor.



CRISPY

Alright, me lads. I now is back...
Sorry I got so fizzy in my dream
belly. What'd I miss?



CAKLE

Not much. Oh wait. We found the
coffin. & the...I guess we killed
someone?

Crispy gives a few nods of agreement, as if he expected as much. Then he turns to greet The Operator, now hiding under the table & with a look of sheer terror on his face.



CRISPY

It's always wakin' up to someone
killin' a guy. Never waking up to an
orgy in your honor, yeah?

SUMMER GUARD OPERATOR

catatonic I just saw someone get murdered, and I cannot understand much of anything you're saying at the moment.



Ruse taps the Guard on the side of the head with a paw.



RUSE

It 'cause you fizzy in you dream belly.

The girl, Rumble, is still hiding down the wall, she jumps at the sound of many instruments striking up a song somewhere up above them in the tower.

The coffin begins to glow from within.

MINCE

The coffin glows bright.



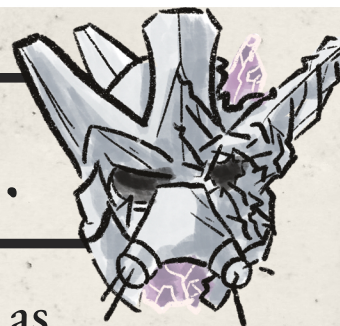
SIRE

Yes. There is an entire orchestra upstairs playin a song to greet our prize. The contents are reacting as expected. Look at the way the light changes... from one color to the next...

Rumble is just about to slip away when she hears Sire give a command to the Meows:

SIRE

Open the coffin. Break the glass.



Rumble can just barely see into the room as Charm looks around for something. Then, to her confused horror, she sees him grab the head of the dead Threadwalker, & bash the top of the coffin open.

Rumble leans forward, trying to see what's inside.

The Weather-Meows gather in a circle over the shattered glass. Sire leans over them, glaring down. The humidity of the room now without color, & the water drips down from his helmet to the coffin below him.

In the coffin, a humanoid form has just awoken. His eyes look around slowly, taking in the creatures above him.



Is this...world birth? Am I...with form upon the world?

Chomp reaches a blood-covered paw in the coffin, & lovingly brushes the face of the person inside. A streak of red is now painted upon their pale cheek.

CHOMP

Yes, boy.



The Weather-Meows turn to Sire.



CHARM

This is our Son. We found him.

MINCE

Impossible. He is a Harmonic being!
From before the First Folly! He is
a weapon! not a son!



Sire looks around at the destruction of the room.

SIRE

A son becomes what a parent makes of
them. He will need guidance. & such is
their privilege to claim it.



CRISPY

We named him Lyric.

RUSE

You will take care of him.



CAKLE

& you will give us wine.

RUMBLE

Whispering to herself
This is bad.



Rumble wipes a sheen of sweat from her face & looks down in confusion at how soaked her forearm is. She licks her lips thoughtfully before making a sour expression.

RUMBLE

Whispering to herself
Yech! Even the air
tastes bad...like...discord...



She glances back in worry at everyone gathered around the coffin. Then she slips on her gemstone mask. Her eyes are now hidden behind two lightless sockets, her face an unreadable gemstone glare. Then she backs away down the hall, out of sight.

Mince glares at where Rumble was, his eyes searching the shadows of the hall.

TO BE CONTINUED...

HATE NOT THE NIGHT

#1 THE GREETING OF THE GLASS COFFIN 1.1

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SOME CHARACTERS BASED ON DESIGNS CO-CREATED BY LAUREN ROGERS

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