

CHAPTER ONE

THE SOUND OF MAGIC



Once upon a time, there existed a land so enchanting that only those attune to its magic could see it. Rare glimpses gave way to stories passed down through ancient hands, telling of the mythical isle of Avalon. The land itself was divided into four parts; to the north were the Healing Waters, west the Land of Color, east the Cliffs of Luna, and the south was reserved for the beasts.

This story begins with a curious child, slipping from the orphanage window and running through the morning mist towards the sea where a beautiful song called to her. Determined to find the source of the enchanting hymn, she climbed fences and dipped through yards until at last she reached the shore. Ripples of sunlight danced upon the water, and as she placed a shielding hand to her forehead, she saw it clear as day. What end of the island she still does not know, but

what she was certain of was that it vanished as quickly as it had appeared. Desperately, she scanned the water, finding nothing but waves as far as the eye could see.

That night as she lay in her bed, she wondered if perhaps the island had seen her, too, and some strange part of her wished that it had. What she wouldn't give to leave the orphanage and find a place where she belonged. None of the other children saw the world as she did, which made for lonely days and worrisome nights. Her mind raced as she crept to the window and opened it just a sliver. The stars seemed brighter that night, different colors even, icy blue and vibrant white. She gasped as one shot across the sky, igniting a wish within her. As the words slid from her lips another star dropped, only this time it was flying... right towards her window! The magnificent blue light became brighter and brighter until it zipped right through the window and into her room.

The blue light began to take the form of a woman with long, white hair tied back with twigs, tattered trousers, and a bag full of glowing arrows strapped to her back. Her eyes shone like the star from which she came, then faded to a beautiful, cold blue.

The child peeked from her blanket and cautiously whispered, "Are you an angel?"

"No." She walked around the bedroom, picking up items and examining them. "I am Lumia, a fairy of the stars."

"Did you hear my wish?"

She smiled. "Yes, I did Selene."

"Then you've come to take me to it?" She gleamed with joy.

She pulled a glowing arrow from her bag and looked towards the moon. "The window to our world is closing; we must leave now if you wish to go."

She pulled back the bow and fired the arrow towards the wall, where it exploded into a doorway of shimmering light. The wide-eyed child slowly walked towards the door, where a familiar song called to her in the distance.

Myths became fables and fables became legends the day a child set foot on Avalon.

They stepped forth from the doorway and onto the green grass of the forest floor. The wind whispered at the arrival of