

Gwrandawr



Below ground, creatures gather around Trohob, the ancient one. He's old and wise. Familiar with humans and their ways.

"Quiet everyone!" he shouts. "Let me speak!"

The crowd, comprising of trolls, hobbits, worms, ants, spiders, the giant green caterpillar and other underground species, at once obeys.

"The small human may hear us," Trohob warns. "We must take action!"

Everyone responds.

"Quiet!" Trohob shouts again. "Before we start, I wish to speak to Gwrandawr!"

This announcement leads to a buzz of excitement among the colony.

"Quiet! Quiet!" The elder roars. "Let's stay calm!"

"But no-one knows Gwrandawr! How do we find him?" Calinda, a bright blue slender earth worm calls out.

"We don't," Trohob responds. "He finds us! We call him. He hears us. Watch!"

He raises his claw hands and shouts. *"Oh Gwrandawr, Great Listener! It is I, Trohob! Our world needs your help. Oh Gwrandawr, honour us with your presence!"*

There's a gust of wind and the air fills with a dense, red mist. Out of the mist, an impressive figure dooms up. His beard reaching the ground.

He wears a long dark purple velvet robe. With gold rims on the wide sleeves and around the collar. He carries a bright blue crystal ball in his hands.

Before them stands the sorcerer Gwrandawr of the land of Llawenydd. The creatures are in awe of the mighty wizard. They've never seen him. Neither has Brady. He presses a hand against his mouth to muffle a scream.

This is awesome!

"A wise decision to call on me Trohob," Gwrandawr speaks. "You want to know why the ground above you has opened?"

"Yes, Gwrandawr," Trohob nods. "Our world is in danger. We need to close the hole before the human finds us. What can we do?"

"Good question, Trohob," the wizard grins. "The ground or the tree hold the answer."

Gwrandawr places his crystal ball on a rock nearby. He rubs over the glass with his hands. Then puts his right ear against the sphere. Silence falls. Nerves tingle with expectation.

After three minutes, the sorcerer breaks the silence.

"Nature has spoken," he announces. "The tree tells me the ground can no longer carry the weight.

The ground says it's saturated and weak because of the rain.

And the rain blames the humans for changing the climate. The ground needs your help to recover. It needs reinforcing. I guess Trohob, you have the answer to your question?"

"Yes, oh Great One! Thank you for listening. We owe you. Let the earthworks begin!"

At these words, Gwrandawr disappears, leaving behind a red mist-like flurry.

The colony cheers. A loud applause follows.

Once the mist has cleared, Trohob bellows: "Well, you heard the wizard! No time to lose! Let's get to work!"

Worms and moles, you gather soil. Ants help to load into buckets. Spiders, weave a framework and cover the gap. The rest of you strengthen the frame with soil. And hurry!"

"I'm not sure where the small human is," the giant caterpillar speaks. "He left the tree a few minutes ago."

"Reason the more for us to hurry," Trohob decides.

