

## Magic Trail

Flippety floppety flippety dee! Look, a tree! Look, a tree!  
I've been down this trail before! Why, this is The Magic Trail!  
Look! It's Fairy Catmother! Hello, Fairy Catmother!  
(SAY HELLO.)

And look! Right next to Fairy Catmother! It's Grolf, that old-child!  
(Literally, he has the body of an old man and the brain of a child.)

"One cents for lemonade! One cents for lemonade! One cents for  
lemonade! One cents for lemonade!"

He shouts this over and over, endlessly, when he sees Fairy Catmother  
and I.

I advise I have no money. Still he calls.

I get closer to him, and he is silent.

(BECAUSE I STICK A SOCK IN HIS THROAT AND SNAP HIS  
NECK.)

Haha, those darn kids, just don't know what to do with them  
sometimes. Boy, Fairy Catmother sure did take off quick...must have had  
some sort of appointment. I don't know the first thing about cats.

The Magic Trail resembles a dirt trail, except that it's bright blue-  
colored, and what would be dirt is actually a kind of sugar-like substance. I'm  
pretty sure Fairy Catmother said something regarding this, but I wasn't  
listening.

Regardless of the official term, I am concerned because there are some  
bright yellow Bobulous clouds above...wait a minute...yep, it's starting to  
rain! Well that's just great! Now I'm covered in wet, sticky sugar!

(I'M STARTING TO GET SO SICK OF THIS PLACE.)

I'm ducking into the nearest shelter, a little pub-like place called  
"BLUEBEARD'S BEERS". Not all of the letters on the neon sign are working,  
though, so it looks like I'm walking into a bar called "BLUBBERS".

Boy is it different in here! It's dark outside now, and there's only one  
light in this place, a small candle burning yellow behind the bar. The bartender  
appears to be a giant purplish-blue fish, and he's laying behind the bar as though  
he's sleeping, but I know he's not because every few seconds he jerks upward,  
like he's having a convulsion.

I sit at the bar for a while, waiting patiently, but I'm sorry every man has his limits.

"Excuuuuuse me!" I shout. "Hellooooo?!?"

I lean over the bar and the left eye of the fish bartender is looking up at me, somewhat blankly, but with a hint of something hidden.

I sigh and lean back, and when I'm out of eyesight he finally speaks to me. His voice is high-pitched, shrill, hideous.

"WE...DON'T...SERVE...YER...KIND...HERE."

I recoil, almost fall backward out of my seat.

Don't serve my kind?!? What kind of a place is this?!?

An anger, a power I never knew existed courses through my veins. My eyes become charged with electricity, become two shining lights. The bar is transformed, lit up like never before. The true vileness of this place becomes immediately apparent.

I jump up on the top of the bar.

In my right hand appears a large, broad knife.

(DON'T...SERVE...MY...KIND...HERE...HUH?!?...DON'T  
SERVE...MY...KIND?!?)