

Spellbound

Episode Two of: Through The Looking Glass-Myths and Legends

Cast of Characters:

Narrator: Tanis Gonzaga

Tells the story in a 3rd person perspective.

Thea (Theeuh): Zoe Spangler

A tenacious Pixie with motherly instincts, who just wants a family of her own (partner to Daphne), the adopted mother of Fawn.

Daphne (Dafnee): Sydney Guthrie

A more practical minded Pixie (partner to Thea) who is for sure the more grounded of the two, but also very supportive- co parent to Fawn.

Fawn: Taylor Gonzaga

The biological daughter of Celestia that was separated from her family and raised by Pixies as a baby. She longs to find more answers about her past, and her future. Has a strong spirit and sense of adventure that she gets from her Pixie upbringing.

Celestia: Taylor Gonzaga

Fawn's biological mother, wise and magical- but only uses magic when absolutely necessary. She is also the wife of Rodolfo and mother to Milo and Emmaline (Luna).

Settings and Production Format:

The Town of Penrith and the Blackwood Forest/Pixie Hive within the magical and fictional country of Alloria. The first part of the story takes place during the hundred years war between Alloria and the fictional neighbouring country of Terradore, the second part of the story takes place a few years after the war has officially ended and Fawn has grown to 12 years of age. This production will be recorded and edited as an audio only feature for the Opera Cecilia professional Youtube Channel and Podcast series, this will also be promoted on the DC social media channels.

SCRIPT- SPELLBOUND

Narrator: Sometimes, in order to more deeply understand history, we must dive into the past. Sometimes within the cracks of dusty book shelves, in the old corridors of a palace...or in this case- within the ruins of a small ransacked village- we find the truth. A truth we had never discovered before. The truth of a sister still living, whose heart still beats...somewhere in the vast wilderness. Once upon a time, there was a weary mother in a quaint cottage. Two young children slept peacefully in a cot by a crackling fire, the snow that fell from the sky muffled the usual sounds of the night- so there was nothing but a peaceful silence, and the glow of the flame. Celestia rocked her baby, staring admiringly at her two eldest just a few feet away. Sitting in an old wood rocking chair, she peered out the window of their cottage into the night sky. The child named Fawn started to whimper softly in her arms.

Celestia: Hush my darling, all is well. Your mother is here for you, your brother and sister lay by the fire. You are safe here, and someday your father will come home safe to you as well. I just know it.

Narrator: Fawn wiggles slightly among her blanket, then settles into a peacefully comfortable position, nestled into her mothers chest. A single tear falls down Celestia's cheek as she thinks of her husband, fighting on the front lines of the one hundred years war. A war he detested but was forced back into, a war they both thought would never end. She had no idea if he was alive or dead, no way of reaching him...no reason to hope- and yet she still did. What else did she have but hope? She had to believe that he would return.

Celestia: Your father has not gotten to meet you yet, sweet little one. But when he does, he will be so in love. He was so overjoyed when we found out we were expecting you- and I know deep down inside, he wanted another daughter. You have his eyes...my sweet little Fawn. You remind me of him.

Narrator: Fawn begins to nod off as Celestia starts to softly sing a song of dreams she once heard as a child, from a travelling group of French performers that came into town. This song lived in her dreams and served as a source of comfort for her as she grew, and now she sings it herself as a mother, many years later.

(Celestia softly sings the first few systems of Apres un Reve by Gabriel Faure- an echo effect is added to the voice as well as background sounds of the crackling fire)

Narrator: Celestia gently rises from her rocking chair and brings the baby over to a small bassinet in the corner, lined with the most delicate white lace. Because the cottage's only heat was the fire, she wraps a matching lace blanket around the child, a blanket gifted to them by a relative at her christening, with her full first and middle name "Fawn Cendrillon" sown with golden thread on the inside. Fawn peacefully continues to sleep in the bassinet. Another tear falls from her eyes as Celestia places a small rattle next to Fawn- before placing it on the blanket, she lightly shakes it- and the smallest flickers of sparkling dust waft into the air.

Celestia: My darling- this world is a dark place- but there is always hope, for I am your mother- and I will do anything to protect you and our family. A wise being once told me that magic can do good if one's heart is pure... I have to hope he is right. For I can assure you, there is no purer love than what I have for you, for all of you.

Narrator: Celestia looks over her shoulder at Milo, showing signs of manhood, and Emmaline- barely a year in age, still fast asleep by the fire. She walks over to the wooden stove and stokes the flames inside of it, placing a small amount of tea into a metal cup and walking back over to the window. She

rarely slept anymore on nights like these. She knew that during this war torn time the peacefulness of the night could be broken in an instant. She was always on guard. She also couldn't help but continue to watch out that window, hoping and praying that someday her love would return- and their family would be reunited once again. Their community- one once tucked away from the madness- would be peaceful once more. As the months went on, the dreaded day of Milo reaching draft age was upon them, and there was no escaping it. Celestia cried for her son deep into the night, as he was forcefully taken from her to serve as another soldier in the war- just a boy of fourteen. Celestia continued to wait anxiously by the window as night fell, guarding over her home and her two young daughters. Until one fateful day- her fears were realised. Terradorian soldiers infiltrated Penrith and ransacked the village, there was fighting, bloodshed, and slaughter. Celestia nodded off when the sound of a window breaking and a desperate cry of war jarred her awake, she took the girls and hid them in the cellar, hoping it would fortify them. She took her dusty old sword from its sheath and fought valiantly for her family, but she was vastly outnumbered. Battles carried on through the night, and soon the cottage turned from a warm refuge into a nightmare of rubble and broken glass. The cellar doors burst open, the two girls fall out, a soldier enters as Emmaline cries, but Fawn just simply...crawls. Still half wrapped in her lace blanket, the little babe crawls out of the house's rubble on her own, and into the wilderness that borders the village, among ferns and deeply tangled trees. The village goes quiet- cottages lay there in a heap of old stone, wood, and flames. Broken glass lines the streets. But Fawn carries on. As the sun begins to rise, getting tired, as she was new to crawling, Fawn begins to cry. The cry, like a siren in the night- reveals to the young child that in the forest she is never alone, for two french born Pixies sensed trouble, and went to investigate.

Daphne: I told you, let the humans do what they are going to do, their battles are not of our concern and if we get involved we place the whole hive at risk!

Thea: We can't just do nothing! I heard a baby crying!

Daphne: Here we go with the whole baby thing again...it's always about children. Can't you just accept that our kind...we are not meant to be mothers, or fathers, or anything. That is not how we work! We are born of stardust. Whenever a star shoots across the sky...

Thea: (Cutting her off) I know I know...a million young pixies burst forth from its heat. I have heard the story a million times. I just... I cannot help but wonder what it would have been like to have parents...to have that kind of bond with someone you know? I see what other species do for their young...its...its beautiful.

Daphne: Well hey...I think we are pretty beautiful too! We can still fall in love after all! You are just so hung up on this kid thing..it's not natural! Am I not good enough for you?

Narrator: Thea slows her flying until the two come to a brief stop, and she places her hand on her lover's shoulders.

Thea : Darling, I would fly backward for you if I could...you know how much you mean to me. My desires do not take away from that. Also, I think that as creatures of this world we have a moral responsibility to help others if they need it...and I heard something...someone, cry.

Daphne: ugh...fine. Let's go see what it is. There was a ransack in Penrith last night, and I think I felt the sound travel with the southward wind.

Narrator: The two pixies fly quickly over the tops of the trees, scanning the horizon with their excellent, birdlike vision. Fawn cries- as large tears fall from her eyes- on the ground below- tangled up in a mess of brambles and thorns. Thea finally spots her.

Thea: Daphne there it is! Right There! It's a human child! They are in the briar patch!

Narrator: Thea and Daphne swoop down from the tree canopies into the jungle-like forest below, past Marshwood creek and near the Allorian border between Penrith and The Blackwood Forest. They make their way to the child just in time, as she was hanging by the edge of her blanket, which had gotten caught on a tree branch- right over a mess of brambles below. The pixies swiftly use their magic dust to retrieve the child, allowing her to float gently on a cloud of golden crystalline sparkles to the mossy forest floor.

Daphne: Phew...that was close. How could this child survive in the woods on her own? This is not typical behaviour of humans and their young.

Thea: No...I have studied humans. It is not common practice to leave a child on their own at all. I think...I think this child may have no parent left.

Daphne: Are you sure you aren't just wishing for this my dear?

Thea: Yes I am sure! I can control my own desires after all. This child must be from Penrith, you heard what the owl said yesterday- he surveyed the night and that town is nothing now but rubble. The hundred years war rages on. This child probably just got really lucky. We have to take her back to the hive!

Daphne: WHAT! Are you insane! The queen would never stand for this! She will have us banished for bringing an intruder! Humans cannot be trusted with our kind.

Thea: This human cannot even walk! What harm could she possibly do to us? Our queen is a benevolent ruler- she will understand.

Narrator: Amidst the argument, Fawn ceases her crying and begins to contentedly coo at the pleasant sensation of the pixie dust surrounding her. Her small body wiggles and the light sound of chimes emanate from her.

Daphne: That is a peculiar sound for a human...

Narrator: Thea flies closer to the baby to get a better look- and begins to lift up a side of the white lace blanket.

Thea: Look! This is what that noise comes from...its a rattle I think?

Daphne: The fact that you know what that human instrument is tells me that you have been peering into way too many cottages as of late...

Thea: There is a name on the inside of the blanket as well! "Fawn Cendrillon". Oh Daphne, Don't you think this could be fate?!

Daphne: I don't think you should get attached love, we do not know how the queen will react, or if her parents are not somewhere out there. This child is not yours.

Thea: I believe we were meant to find her...wait..listen! Do you hear that sound?

Narrator: Thea takes Fawn's rattle and holds it up as a light breeze brushes over the forest floor- and suddenly, as if from nowhere, a faint voice sings a lullaby.

(A small part of *Après un reve* is sung again in the voice of Celestia)

Daphne: It's...it's beautiful.

Thea: I think it's a sign, this child has nowhere to go, she needs to come with us. We are her only hope.

Narrator: With the magic of pixie dust, the two pixies successfully transported the infant Fawn to their hive, a pixie community situated in a grove of old evergreen trees, near the glacial runoff that forms the Marshwood Creek. The benevolent queen, after some convincing, agreed to place the child under the protection of the pixies, as long as Thea and Daphne promised to care for her, a duty Thea eagerly accepted. Due to their stature, the pixies made their homes under the canopy like leaves of ferns on the ground below, but the owl was kind enough to offer his old den as a refuge for the child: a hole situated in the centre of a large oak tree- just big enough for a human baby to fit inside. After settling into the new home, Thea sings a song of welcome to the child in her mother tongue, a classic pixie show of affection.

(Thea sings her aria from Massenet's *Cendrillon*)

Years passed by, and the pixies used their magical powers to fetch the child food and make a cave from an old rock to house her once she grew too large for the oak. The entire hive accepted her as one of their own, and Fawn was educated in the pixie way of life. Thea diligently cared for her, always at her side, using magic whenever possible to keep her safe from harm. It was not until the child entered her twelfth year, when curiosity for her birth family and the ways of the humans began to grow inside her. Thea grew weary of the questions. Daphne looked on from a distance, weary of what was inevitably to come.

Fawn: Mother! Come on! I know that isn't all you know. There has to be something my mother left for me...some sort of sign? Did I really have nothing with me when you found me as a baby?

Thea: For the last time Fawn, there was nothing! You are a pixie now, this is your home, this is your family! Now let's drop it and find some gratitude shall we? This is not the pixie way!

Narrator: Daphne shoots Thea a worried gaze...Thea looks back at her with a look of defeat and guilt. She dearly loved her adopted daughter...she could not bear the thought of losing her to the human world. Thea and Daphne have gotten into several arguments over when it was the right time to tell her exactly how they found her...and to show her the blanket and the rattle. The rattle with golden dust glimmering off of it. Thea feared that rattle...for pixies knew a magic item when they saw it.

Fawn: Pixie way...look at me! I am huge! Everything is too big for me! Everyone looks at me like I am giant...the newborn pixie's will never play with me! I am a freak of nature here! There is nothing about me that is the pixie way!

Thea: You don't mean that...we took you in when there was no one else for you! When you were a little babe crying in the brambles who was there for you? US! We ARE your family whether you like it or not!

Fawn: I ... I HATE THIS PLACE!

Narrator: Fawn storms out of the cave and goes to sit behind an old tree she has frequented since she was young enough to take her first steps. Tears begin to fall down her cheeks, as she sobs into her hands. Life had always been challenging in the pixie hive for Fawn. She never fit in, and as she grew older... and bigger..she found herself seeking out the old tree to find a place where she could be alone with her thoughts. She longed for a sense of belonging...and felt a tug in her soul that was unexplainable. A lullaby appeared in her dreams at night. She sang a song she had never heard before, flashes of fire and violence kept her up- she had no idea where they came from. She had no answers...and she needed them. She needed to know of her own kind. Meanwhile on the other side of the hive, Thea isolates herself and cries under their fern leaf. Feeling despair at being stuck in the middle, and seeing her love in pain, Daphne sings a song of sadness in her mother tongue, a common way of expressing Pixie emotions when they get too overwhelming.

(Daphne sings her aria from Massenet's La Cid)

Daphne: You know that this is going to keep happening if you don't tell her. She has a right to know.

Thea: If I tell her, she will be gone forever. The moment she learns of her own kind...the moment she learns the way of the humans, she will want nothing to do with us. Our family will be torn apart!

Daphne: You speak of her...you speak of our family as if we are your possession! She is not yours to keep! She is a human living among pixies, she needs to know her own kind! You have to trust that she knows who raised her. This has gone too far and I will not stand for this!

Thea: I can't .. I can't lose her.

Daphne: You don't know if you will. Just tell her.

Narrator: Thea let out a sigh and flew over to a large fern leaf, hidden among the plants on the floor of the hive territory. Buried under the dense green branches was a delicate white lace blanket and a small glowing rattle. The light hum of the lullaby wafted through the air as she lifted them up with her fairy dust. The items floated peacefully with the wind until they landed by the big oak tree, right in Fawn's lap.

Fawn: What...what is this?

Thea: Those...are your answers.

Fawn: What do you mean?

Thea: When Daphne and I found you, you were just a baby- the smallest your kind can get. We knew your name was Fawn because you had this blanket with you. Your middle name is Cendrillon- that is what we know from the engraving on the inside seam.

Fawn: Is that why you all called me Cindy when I was little?

Thea: Yes...and that ...that is a rattle that was tucked into the blanket.

Narrator: Fawn picks up the rattle and shakes it lightly, the smallest amount of glimmering golden dust flickers off of it. She turns the rattle to the side...and notices the tiniest engraving.

Fawn: "Wherever the world takes you..may you always find your way home."

Narrator: After Fawn spoke the words out loud...the rattle started to glow. Fawn and the pixies looked on in amazement as a bright beacon of light shone from the rattle like a laser, pointing in the direction of the southward wind...pointing toward Penrith.

Fawn: What...what is going on?

Thea: Nothing! It's nothing!

Narrator: Flying as fast as she could, Thea swooped down and took the rattle out of Fawn's hands, swiftly flying away. Fawn stands there..stunned and silent, clutching onto the blanket. Daphne flies after her.

Daphne: You cannot do this! You knew the moment you saw that flicker of golden light that the rattle was enchanted!

Thea: I cant...I cant do it.

Daphne: Darling...you were doing so well!

Thea: It's clearer than I thought! That spell is practically a compass for her! Once she finds her home, she will leave us forever...

Daphne: You do not know what is in her heart. You remember what Owl said that night...Penrith was seized and destroyed. You do not know if they have had the chance to pick up the pieces. For all you know there is nothing of her home left...but she deserves to find that out for herself. She deserves a chance.

Thea: But we...we are a family. I never thought I would ever get to be a mother...and then she came.

Daphne: And she will always be your child...The blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb. You raised her...we raised her. But you have to trust that the bond is deep. You have to trust that she will come back, no matter what she finds.

Thea: I have been so selfish...I was not meant to be a mother.

Daphne: Do not say that! You have done a wonderful job with her...that is why she has such a strong spirit. She gets it from you.

Narrator: With a heavy heart, Thea took the rattle and flew back over to the cave. Upon entering she saw Fawn sitting in the corner, the blanket in her hands, singing a lullaby under her breath. A familiar song once sung by French travellers.

Thea: I...I have never sung that to you before. Where did you hear that song?

Fawn: I don't know...it appears in my dreams at night. I hear it all the time, it's like it comes from the wind. I've never known why or how, but it has always been with me.

Narrator: Fawn struggles to hold back tears, as she clutches the blanket even tighter. Thea holds out the rattle.

Thea: When we found this, and you, we heard that song too. We think it may have to do with your birth mother. We think it was her who enchanted this rattle...in hopes that if she ever lost you, you would find her again.

Fawn: oh...

Thea: Look, I raised you. For so long...I longed to be a mother. I never thought it would ever be possible. And then you came along. You were literally a dream come true. But you are not my possession. Whatever you need to do...go do it. You deserve to know of your own kind, and you deserve to seek answers. I hope you find what you are looking for. Just promise me one thing.

Fawn: What is that?

Thea: Promise me...that you will not forget that you are also a pixie.

Fawn: Mom...when I said that I hated it here...I didn't mean it. I mean, there is a part of me that has never thought I belonged...I mean, I'm too big for everything! I feel like a big bumbling giant for goodness sake! But I know the pixie's went out of their way to care for me...that you went out of your way to raise me as your own. I know you would do anything for me. You will always be my mom, and this place...the hive, will always be home. But I have to know where I came from, I have to know if I have family that is still out there. I do not know if I do...but I cannot shake the fact that someone might be out there calling for me, that maybe..my birth mother could still be alive.

Thea: I guess you are so wonderful that I have to start sharing you with others now don't I? I love you my dear, your mother and I...we will always be with you. If you are to make this journey, we do not want you to feel alone. We made our own enchanted object for you.

Narrator: Thea reaches into her tiny knapsack and pulls out a delicate golden ring, just big enough to fit on Fawn's pinky. Fawn smiled as she took the ring and placed it on her finger.

Thea: This ring also has an enchantment placed on it, it is engraved on the inside. The first part is in French, the second part is ancient pixie tongue, which only you and other pixie's would know. If you ever find yourself in trouble, just speak the enchantment out loud and we will not be far behind.

Fawn: Thank you ... I love you mother.

Narrator: Thea wiped a tear from her eyes as she flew up to her daughter's face and gave her a kiss on the forehead.

Thea: I love you too..and we will always be there for you.

Narrator: The pixies made the most of Fawn's last few days at the hive with feasting and celebration. Magical pixie dances that predicted Fawn's many adventures were performed by the light of dancing pixie dust. The most delicious enchanted banquet was enjoyed by the whole community. Even the wise old owl returned to the hive to bid Fawn well wishes, and promise to watch over her on her journey. One foggy morning, Fawn said her final goodbyes, and clad with a knapsack filled with food and her blanket, and illuminated by the light of her rattle...she embarked on the journey of a lifetime, and what she found...was more terrifying and beautiful and then she could have ever imagined.

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