

Welcome to the Archive

Maegan M. Simpson

Hello! Welcome! I've been expecting you. This is the first visit for both of you, yes? Well, come on in and I'll show you two around. Pardon the vines...I asked my last visitor for some help in my garden. It looks *lovely* now, but I am having a bit of trouble containing it all. They don't listen to me like they do him...

Who was my visitor? You just missed him. But won't worry, he'll be back. He has *much* more to tell me, but he has some places he has to be right now, and I have more stories that need to be told in between. You might even meet him before then...

What was that? Oh, nothing you need to worry about yet, either of you. That's another story, after all.

Here's the kitchen. Do you want any tea? It looks like you've had a hard journey... Yes, most who come here have. So, tea? Yes, I have many kinds. Come sit at the table while I set the water boiling. You can begin your story whenever you want. Some find they need a bit of rest before they tell me their story in earnest, others want to dive right in. I keep paper and pens everywhere, just in case.

Whoa, whoa, one at a time! I can write fast, but not that fast. Which of you wants to go first? Don't look at me like that...

Oops, there's the door. I better get that; if it's the fae, I don't want them waiting. They're not the most patient folk, and they seldom take no for an answer. You two can decide who's going to tell their story first while I deal with this visitor.

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Hello...oh! It's you again! Are you alright? It looks like you've had a rough time. You have a few more scenes for me? Perfect! Yes, you can begin.

Sigh. You know, at some point you're going to have to actually sit down and tell me the whole thing. I know you're busy, but...what's that? I'll be the judge of what's important or not, thank you.

You have to go? But you've just begun... Yes, yes, I get it. Cousins are calling, gateways that need to be explored, the usual. Hey, tell those cousins of yours that if they want their story told, they need to actually come tell me! These little scraps they keep sending me aren't enough to do their stories justice.

They say its not time yet? Then they need to stop distracting me from my other visitors! I'll remember them just fine. What? Well, yes, that's true...my last visitor did keep me pretty busy. Not many are willing to interrupt *him*, and his story isn't one to be told in pieces, you know. Maybe you could take some tips from him...

I know, you have to go. Say hi to your husband for me, and don't get yourself killed! Yes, you can send me notes if you want. Alright, see you next time!

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Alright, sorry about that. No, it wasn't the fae. I should've known when the visitor actually knocked...fae are more the type to appear at my kitchen table, or throw open the windows and demand I come to *them*. A little demanding, perhaps, but the stories they tell are worth it.

What's that? The feathers? Yes, they're from another visitor. Most of her story she told sitting on my roof – she likes being high up – but I finally had to convince her to come into the kitchen to finish. Well, her fiancé kept dragging her off, and he wasn't very punctual about bringing her back. The rascal...he thinks having a dragon means I won't retaliate. If he ever comes with another story, he's going to get an earful...

Sorry, that doesn't concern you...your stories are very far apart. Have you decided who will go first? Both?!? I'm afraid you overestimate my abilities... Well, as long as only one of you speaks at a time, I guess. *Sigh*. I'll try. If one of you gets going well, though, I really prefer to write one at a time.

No, that doesn't count. They just stop in for a few minutes at a time, and I have to write quickly so I don't miss any of it. No, it's not always this busy. Usually when someone begins their story in earnest my other visitors are willing to sit and listen a while. It's these in between bits where everything decides to come at once. Hey there, you have to begin before you can complain about being interrupted.

Yes, I'm ready. Just begin where everything started to fall apart...