

# Unremembered Loss

*For all the news and information from the world of Rathrae, and for the story Unremembered Loss*

Issue 46

June 2013

## The Beginning

The trip from London to Glastonbury is an easy one, so said my Uncle Ian. I guess 132 miles, and the same number of years back in technology, doesn't seem like much when you're an adult freeing yourself from responsibility so you can enjoy a summer on the French Riviera.

Megan and I sat quietly in the backseat with nothing to do, our video games left at home because, "Grandma doesn't approve of wasting time." You would think Uncle Ian would have let us have a last few hours of happiness before he abandoned us, but he didn't want to worry about us "sneaking" our games out of the car, so he made us line them up on the desk of our room so he could inspect them before we left.

The traffic was bad, getting out of London, and before we could even ask "How much longer?" we were told, "I don't want to hear a word out of you kids. We're going to be late, which means I'm going to be late getting home. I can't believe how much trouble you two are."

We didn't ask, we both knew better than to tempt Uncle's wrath and hear for the hundredth time, in as many days, how lucky we were that he and Aunt Bess had sacrifice their lives when our parents had died by taking us in.

As we went, the city was quickly replace by rolling hills, farms, and sheep without number - we know because we tried counting them, but stopped at 347 or 381 depending on who's count you want to take.

After an hour of driving down the unremarkable A303, Megan gave up and laid her head on my lap. I smoothed out her hair and soon she was asleep.

We finally left the A303 and headed out into the countryside on the A361. The road was smaller and not so straight and the houses fewer. When we were almost to Glastonbury, we turned off and started driving between fields. When we turned on to Kennard Moor Drove, I knew we were close.

When we came along the River Bure, I started looking for Grandma's house. It had been two years, but the vision of it was still clear in my head.

Around one more bend and there it was, looming like my dread. Two stories, thatched roof, huge oak tree in the front, the river behind, trees and bushes everywhere with nothing but fields in every direction for as far as the eye could see. In other words, in the middle of nowhere.

The car pulled to a stop on the dirt driveway. Before we could get out of the car, Uncle Ian had our suitcases out and the trunk slammed.

When I closed my door, Uncle Ian gave us a half wave and was gone. As we gathers our things together we heard the front door open behind us.

Megan and I looked at each other, each took a deep breath, and turned to face our summer in purgatory.

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Okay everyone,

Here is chapter one of my fairy story, "My Fairy Garden." I was originally thinking of building a video game around it (Issue 32 of the newsletters), but now I'm thinking of an interactive digital book. The book would have story of course. There would be built in audio so you can have the story read to you. In each chapter there would be pictures, small games - like count the sheep, where you tilt you iPad back and forth to change the perspective so you can see the sheep behind the bushes - and interactive time lines that show you the progress of the trip.

Biggest question - did this first page peak your interest enough that you would want to read the next page? Is there enough tension? Do you feel anything for the kids yet? Is there too much detail? Not enough? Does it bug you that you don't know anything about the person telling the story?

Let me know at [Doug@agoodtale.com](mailto:Doug@agoodtale.com)

Douglas G Clarke