

The spring brings out many forms of life around the Stormchaser mountains. Port Elry's day to day life blooms like the plant life after a refreshing rainshower. Although wind kicks up small rubble and dust within the town, it doesn't seem to impact the growing liveliness within. Small framing plots are taking their green form while miners make their mark on the surrounding parts of the town.

As families and children begin to settle for the spring rush of mining to grow their families wealth, there is a gathering of children outside one of the haphazard buildings.

"Alright, alright! Settle down ya youngins", bellowed one of the miners whose younger child danced at his feet. "I grow weary of yer chatterin'. I aint goin' to be readin' this book today if ya'll be yellin' louder than the howlin' wind." The clump of children settled into the grassy path under the pine trees shade. As the older miner thumbed through the pages scanning quickly, he rested on a page briefly before skipping forward in what seemed to be dread. His wrinkled, salt-dusted face glowed at the sight of his personal favorite story.

A woman in suspenders sprinted toward the miner waving her hand. "Selm! Selm! You've gotta come right now! There is a saltload in our mine, and if we don't get it now the dwellers will be on us by nightfall." The reluctant father sighed as he pushed his stationary bones upward. Selm breathily whistled and beckoned one of the older children toward the front of the group. One of the older girls stood and climbed through the crowd toward him. "I can take it from here Dad..." Her voice hesitant to release his gaze, knowing he was off to work again.

"Don't forget them..."

"Voices. I know." The older girl's demeanor brightened as she finished her dad's sentence. Selm nodded and hurried off, leaving the clutter of children surprisingly quiet on the earthen floor. The eldest girl plopped down in front, feeling a little uneasy. "This story is called 'May I?' and it starts with a woman and a man." The girl read the following story to the group while curious gazes inquired for more:

What do I Call You?

On a bright summer day in a realm far away, a woman met a man on the road to court. The woman had strikingly beautiful features and an ethereal presence. The man was more solid and emotionally stable. The two quickly bantered and carried on cheerful conversation. At the end of their path, the man humbly introduced himself and asked, "What may I call you?"

The ethereal woman giggled and replied, "What would you like to call me?"

Slightly taken back, the man replied, "I will call you radiant, because you can carry a lovely conversation."

"Of course!" The woman walked into court through the entrance and past glowing stones. She was safe, secure, and sound in the court.

The next day the woman went to the same path and called for the man. He ran to her excited to see the woman once again. This day was darker than the last. The gloom of the atmosphere loomed as they carried on a similar conversation to the day before, but they worried. Before they parted and the woman went into court, the man asked, "What may I call you?"

The ethereal woman would sheepishly refuse to answer, finding a lost joy in this game, and asked "What would you like to call me?"

The man smiled and said "I will call you serene, because you remain calm even when you worry."

"Of course." She nodded and the woman walked into the court portal. The entrance's stones glowed dimming compared to the previous day. Still they granted her entrance.

The clouds began to pour rain on the third day. The woman walked to the path and hopefully called from the man. They both remained quiet as they walked to court. The man, reluctant to speak, asked "What may I call you?"

The ethereal woman shook her head, "What would you like to call me?"

The man frowned, feeling her dejected emotions and replied, "Committed, because is it your duty to this realm to be at the court." The woman nodded without a response and began to walk

away. The man hesitated, reached for her and his demeanor began to unravel, "If I have to leave, will you still call for me?"

The woman thought and said "I will call for you only if you tell me what to call you."

The man leaned in and kissed her, "Call me Love, for my undying admiration for you." The woman wandered solemnly into the court entrance that was now dark with looming fate and responsibility. Even dimly, the stones glowed to allow her passage.

The fourth day there was silence. Clouds and darkness encased the sky and the surroundings. There was little hope for the woman. The man did not meet her on the same road, but she yelled his name in her sorrow. Today, the woman walked alone. The woman's sadness grew, but her body still carried her to court and as she approached she whispered to herself, "Call me obedient, because my obligation is to the realm. I only wish you were still here." She walked into court one final time, and the entrance snapped closed as the stones glow diminished. She fulfilled her obligation to the court and the love for the man forevermore.

The older girl closed the book as the children looked confused at the ending of the story. She shrugged, "Sorry to disappoint y'all. I didn't write it.... My dad said that he found it in one of the mines around here." Kids scattered as the older girl remained, thumbing through her father's storybook.