

(This is the continuation of a story based on the Live-Action Roleplaying Game known as 'RenQuest' at the Bristol Renaissance Faire, circa 2010-11. As fanfiction, this story is non-canonical. The events and dialogue are intended as good-natured parody, and are not endorsed by Bristol Cast, Writing Staff or Administration.

Several chapters were co-written by other authors, or written by other authors *entirely*. Author credits will be noted at the beginning of each chapter. – Dave)

“The Story of Tovas Farraday: Book III”

A RenQuest Fanfiction by David Manley (unless otherwise noted).

Epilogue

In the days following the 'Battle for Bristol', things grew rather... complicated.

Lacking a Lord Mayor at the time, the enormous uproar on behalf of the good folk of Bristol fell squarely on the ears of their constabulary, which was suffering enough following the deaths of many town guards.

A great deal of collateral damage had been done, and although there was an overwhelming amount of testimony from townfolk that a phantom Dragon-Army was to blame, said army was nowhere to be found.

The Gypsies and their allies, however, were. It didn't take long for popular opinion to turn against them. Certainly the gypsies had fought valiantly to defend the town- nay the world- but someone had to be blamed. Someone had to be punished to sate the fears of the locals.

At least, until Gertrude's memory-wiping herbs kicked in, and Talia could throw together a convincing enough story...

The Band would not so easily forget that night, and indeed most of them would not have chosen to. Painful and horrifying as it was, there were lessons to be learned by the events that transpired.

As it was, these events- and these lessons would not be entirely lost on the Bristol populus.

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(Gertrude Normyl - By Alexis Cohen-Pena)

"...to save each and every world, and each and every soul...except his own." Gertrude Normyl said, drawing out a length of handspun wool between her fingers. "So Tovas Farraday remained behind. And sure as we sit here today, he closed the Cauldron in the howling void."

Autumn sunlight poured down through the golden trees, dancing on the heads of the small crowd of listeners. None of the children spoke. Gertrude took the spare moment to look down at her work, winding the fresh spun yarn around the shaft of her drop spindle.

"That's it?" A little boy finally exclaimed. "That's the whole story?"

"Yes, that be it." Gertrude said. "What, were you expectin' a biscuit for sittin' still so long? You be at the wrong show for that."

"But there was no happily ever after." Young Johnny Fox protested. "Or even a sadly ever after. The story didn't have an ending."

"True, true." Gertrude mused thoughtfully.

"What about Rose, and Thoren?" Piped a tiny girl. "What about the jester-lady, or the mean people in red and black? What happened to them?"

"Life happened to them." Gertrude said. "They kept living. That's what folk do, aye?"

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(The Order of the Sun)

"Bloody 'ell..." Jameson exclaimed with exasperation, pacing back and forth in front of the Order of the Sun camp. "It's two to the hour, and the cart needs movin'!"

"You could always move it yourself, Jameson." Yvonna muttered at him as she emerged from the back of the camp facade, and on into the now-leisurely streets. After all, there were many tradesmen working to repair the damage inflicted by the recent 'freak storm', and they would need plenty to drink.

"Why? Where's what's-his-name, the mage?" Jameson asked. "Usually have *him* move it. B'sides, he painted it, so I'd just as soon allow 'um the honor."

"...Ye mean Tovia?" Aggie quirked a brow, looking up from where she worked at the Order Table. "Don't ye remember? He... he *died*, Jameson. Y'don't remember the big battle with those dragon monsters that he was involved in?"

"That was him?" Jameson blinked. "Y'd think someone would'a made a big deal'a that. Somethin' I'd remember."

Aggie cupped her face in her hands. Jameson turned to take up the Mongering Cart, but hesitated, finally noticing her labors.

"Back to the drawing board, eh?"

"Aye." The Alchemical nodded. "I've a great deal to replace from that night- my bag being one of 'um."

"What is the phrase..." Cyanne asked, emerging not long after Yvonna had... her right arm bandaged from hand to elbow, and cradled in a sling. "When a door closes a window always opens? I am sure your new creations will be far superior to those lost. Just as my arm will heal, so, too, will your collection of explosive gizmos."

"Ah... thanks." Aggie blinked, once again tempted to remind them that most of what she'd used in the battle was never meant to explode... but it was a fair cop, all in all.

("Knight's Salute" - By Robert McKeown)

Derian stood silently, looking over the empty jousting arena. The people of Bristol moved by, engaged in whatever their daily tasks were, none of them aware of what had occurred. They would never know how close darkness came to enveloping their entire world. But in the end, Tovia had sacrificed everything to prevent that, to put an end to the darkness he himself had unleashed.

Finally, quietly, he spoke.

"Redemption is always a possibility. You've proven that, my friend. Even at the cost of your own life, perhaps even your soul. I, the Band, we may *all* simply be what has been referred to as be a drop of light in a dark, dark sea, and that was no truer than last night. However, that light..." His voice trailed off for a moment, lost in emotion, until he found it once more. "That light cannot be extinguished."

He looked over the arena a moment longer, then turned away, walking towards the Order of the Sun's encampment.

(Adria Dubh - By Carynne Dati)

It was a new dawn. A time for progression. A time where the past was only looked back upon to learn from instead of to dwell. The sun rose over Bristol that morning, casting away the darkness that had nearly overtaken the land. To any visitor (or bewitched citizen), nothing had happened after the sun had set. Everyone remembered the joyous day where Her Majesty had graced the jovial port city with her presence. No one recalled the draconic army that had invaded that night. No swirling clouds of evil loomed in the sky. Any magical auras that had filled the city before morning's light was already dissipated. Everything was at peace; everyone could start looking to the future.

It was a task easier said than done, for at the forge of the Order of the Sun, Adria's mind kept focused on the past.

Everyone seemed content with moving on, determining their own conclusions and deciding what became of Tovia Farraday. Thoren had told the Band that he had stayed behind to save the rest of the world from being overcome by Tiamat's influence. Many of them were hopeful, thinking that Tovia was still alive. Perhaps one day he would return and all would be forgiven. They could go back to the way things were and enjoy his awkward company and his wondrous tales.

Ignorance was bliss it seemed.

When she first entered her forge, she had tried to work on Sir William Cecil's cracked walking staff. It was suggested that she bind it in iron to make it sturdier. More work for her to do would have distracted her easily. But after she prepared herself for her daily grind, once she began stirring the coals, the Baron of Burghley's order had evaporated from her mind. She stared into the amber abyss as the iron poker jabbed away at the coals.

The events of the previous day rushed through her head over and over. She went through everything that had happened, trying to determine what went wrong. What was the event that had snowballed into the chaos of last night? How could Tovia had proclaimed his love for that devil, Lady Tso? How could he forsake all that the Band had given him for a shell of something that was empty to begin with?

But what hurt her the most was the Eden that he had made for them. Even if the act was filled with nothing but good intentions, it was complacency, not peace. He should have known that, at the very least, she would not have been content. The entire Band would not have been content. She thought she taught him better than that. The Order of Sun's duty is never done. Why didn't he understand that?

What did she do wrong?

The more Adria thought about it, the more her guilt began to arise in her. This was her first year as an established leader of the Order of the Sun, chosen by the Fire Paragon, himself. In that time, one of her own had nearly destroyed the world under her watch.

He was her responsibility after all. Though Sydney taught him everything she knew about magic, he was still of the Order, still under her guidance. But Tovias' choice betrayed the Band of the Twisted Claw as well as the faction he allied with, and there was only one punishment for such a transgression, one that she was willing to carry out ever since the Dragonkin first descended upon the land and she learned what he had done. At least, until Lillith and Thoren returned from the other world and told them everything.

"Why, Tovias?" was all she could ask. "Why did you do it? Why did you leave us? Were you truly unhappy with us all? Did I ignore you when you truly needed me? Was I too harsh in my teachings? Did I hit you too hard in the Bear Pit? Should I not have forced you to fight yesterday? Was I too much of a tease? Did I cheat one too many times at Liar's dice? What did I do wrong?"

"I am sorry, Ignis..." she whispered into the dying embers. "I failed you."

It was a new dawn. The staff she was commissioned to improve remained untouched. There would be several knocks at the door telling her to eat something, but they would all go unanswered along with a crock of cold soup lying at the door.

It would be many hours before Adria finally stopped stroking the embers. Another hour before she put the poker down. It would be nightfall before the tears stopped falling.

(The Lunar Tribe)

"So then- so then I told the bird 'Ye have to go and bring help! Bring everyone ye can, as fast as ye can, an' then-"

"I know, Will. I know. I was there, remember?"

"Right... s-sorry." Will said bashfully, looking away from his sister and resuming their work. The Lunar Tribe camp had suffered a great deal more damage than the Order camp, being near the middle of the action as it was.

"What a mess..." Vashta sighed, looking over the remnants of her garden as the Spellworthy siblings chatted away behind her. "I wish the Crosier had the same effect on plants as it does on... hm." Blinking at the sudden realization, and glanced around in search of Gaia, intent on testing the theory.

Amidst it all, Sydney Dove sat alone, fingers threaded as she stared down at the Lunar Tribe table. She hadn't spoken much since Tovias' disappearance. She'd already contributed much to the reparations of the camp, but now it seemed she'd finally surrendered to exhaustion... perhaps less of the body than the heart and mind.

You needn't blame yourself. She thought. He was a member of the Order- Adria's responsibility- after all. And if he was corrupted by the Disciples from the start, there was nothing for it... Still, all that he achieved, the level of power he attained before it all fell apart... It would have been nice to take credit for being his trainer. She let out a gentle sigh before moving to stand and resume the necessary labors. However, she felt a hand on her back, bidding her to stay seated as Gaia passed her by.

"Tis well. Rest for now, Sydney. There will be plenty of work left by the time you are again ready."

Sydney looked up at her and smiled weakly, nodding.

(Gaia Vedeia - By Jaqui Mundell-Wachowiak)

Rather exhausted and leaning heavily on the Lunar Tribe table, Gaia looked to the rest of her colleagues. "Well, Brave Ones, I knew we would win. I have foreseen the end of the world on the Winter Solstice in the far off year of 2012."

However, this brief musing gave way to a soft sigh of regret. "Shame about Tovias. Our Mage Champion... A dark cloud always followed him. I had hoped we could help him dispel it. Mayhap Felix can reach him in the Great Beyond..."

With a brief, silent moment of reverence, she at last turned to Vashta. "Vashta! Join me. Methinks I need a drink and a nap."

"Oh, *there* ye are!" Vashta grinned, bowing slightly to the elder Keeper. "There is work to be done here, but I believe I must accept. As ye said to Sydney a moment ago, the work will certainly be here when we return."

(Lillith Sparrow - By Analisa Mundell-Wachowiak)

The moment Thoren walked out of the rift alone, Lillith knew Tovias would never be returning to this world. Just like when Morgan became one with the waters and cascaded into the sea, Tovias became one with the darkness to save us.

But was he really dead? What if he was just stuck in that uncanny rift, waiting for us to fetch him?

The questers have been through a lot, Dragons, Disciples and Demons.

"Oh my..." she whispered to herself with the slight trace of a smile. If he was alive, he would return soon enough, however if not, his spirit still lives on in us all. Sometimes our light goes out but is rekindled into flame by another human being. That human being is a friend, and that fire's fuel is life, and love.

(The Barbarians)

Although the Barbarians were allowed access to Bristol during the days of Faire (under heavy supervision), the sheer amount of paperwork and security required to get them into Bristol on a regular basis was in no way worth the trouble.

As a result, whenever the Band returned to the city, the Barbarians had no choice but to remain in their own camp for the duration, some distance from the gates.

However, regardless of the distance, the sounds of combat could be heard for a long ways off in any direction.

A resounding 'clong' echoed forth as Grease barely managed to block a vicious overhead swing from Kai.

"Damn! Lay off, old man!" Grease called, shifting his grip on the Doorknocker to turn aside Kai's hammer. "I thought we were just sparring here." He hopped back a pace, hands numb and shaking after the blow.

"Yeah, well, starting now, we turn up the heat." the Barbarian King shot back, reforming his stance. "If I ever see that winged freak again, when I hit him, he's *not* getting back up."

Meanwhile, Morgan stood up and stretched from where she'd been working, then crouched and picked up the fruit of her labors; a spear that looked almost identical to the Spear of Ascalon.

"Alright, princess. Here you go." She said, turning to none other than the gypsy 'Keeper', Rose Peregrine. Casually, she dropped the polearm into her waiting fingers.

"Oof!" Rose squealed, stumbling a bit from the weight of the weapon. "I- I'm sorry, it's just a bit heavy..."

"Then you'd better bulk up!" Morgan shrugged. "I made that thing exactly the way it was ordered; perfect replica. I bet the original was made of some kind of magic metal. Something I'm not familiar with. So we'll have to settle for iron."

"Why can I not use the *real* spear?" Rose insisted, still trying to heft the weapon in her slender arms.

"B'cause Kai can't have you blowing holes in our clan." McLovin answered bluntly.

"Besides, if you train with a heavier spear, you'll be able to wield the real thing more easily." Horus offered.

"I suppose..." Rose nodded slowly.

It had been Rose's own decision to seek combat training from the Barbarians... of course, while this was a necessity, she would also need to train with Wanda to synchronize the barbarians' training with the magical capabilities of the Spear of Ascalon. And aside from that, she would need to further her skills as a Keeper. There was a floodgate in her mind she needed to learn to control, lest another horrible deluge the likes of which the Future Thomas had inflicted upon her be her end.

"Don't worry. By the time we're done, you'll know all you need to know about how to use a weapon properly." Malissa grinned as she approached, her own spear slung over her shoulders.

"Right."

As unpleasant as this was apt to be, perhaps once her Keeper's gifts were perfected, she could summon the essence of the spear's past wielders and bypass this arduous process completely.

But until then...

(Thoren)

The Gypsy Leader started, the knock at his hut door yanking him from his thoughts.

He had been pouring over a large number of volumes, all of which seemed to be pertaining to history and heraldry.

"Come in." He called out, before turning back to the pages spread out before him.

"Thoren." He instantly recognized the voice of Talia Tale, and judging by the number of footsteps outside, Raven was probably with her. "Thoren, the Band is starting to worry. They believe something foul befell you in the Rift... it would do them well to see you up and about."

Thoren bowed his head, rubbing his eyes a bit.

"Aye. Aye, I'll be out there in a bit."

"What are you... what could you be looking for in all this?" Talia asked, stepping into the cabin with Raven not far behind. The latter was still absently rubbing his stomach now and again, the healed wound still paining him somewhat.

"...Somethin' about Tovas." Thoren muttered lowly.

Out of the corner of her eye, Talia glanced over at a larger tome- the records of all those Lightbringers the Faire year had brought into their family.

#122. Tovas Farraday had been scratched out.

"What about him?" Talia asked quietly, moving up beside where Thoren sat.

"...Nay. Not Tovas. His... nay, not even his family. Somethin tha' ... somethin tha' doesn't sit well."

"What else could it be? I mean, we know what he was, don't we? Is this about what happened to him in the Rift?"

"...Twenty years ago, the Von Kaiser lands were razed, and its family utterly destroyed by a band of thieves, pirates and mercenaries." Thoren explained quietly.

"We know that." Raven nodded. "Why does that matter now?"

"After the piecemeal destruction of the Von Kaiser family, the men responsible... simply disappeared. Wiped from the pages of history." Thoren muttered, before turning to Raven and Talia with an unsettling stare.

"I can't help wonderin; what happened to *them*?"

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(The Draco Disciples)

Simeon Malificus sat alone in his private chambers, the smell of burning candles and incense permeating the air. On the floor- usually covered by an old rug- was an intricately painted circle of dried crimson in the center of which he knelt. His expression was one of deep focus.

My child, rest assured I had no knowledge whatsoever of this. If I had, I certainly would have tried to turn it to our advantage.

The voice that echoed in Simeon's mind was several-fold, all female, all varying tones of a wicked hiss.

Mistress, I cannot help feeling... troubled by the events that have played out in the recent past. Simeon said quietly. Ruby Nightshade's clumsy handling of the Cauldron, and her failure at dealing with Loki... to say nothing of her efforts at attempting to steal the Rheetshire Fortune- efforts which, I should add, resulted in the Dragon Army disaster...

You can be trusted with seeing to her punishment. The voice replied. However, I would remind you that it was you who placed the Cauldron in her hands; you ought to have been well aware of her ineptitude.

Mistress, as a seasoned Disciple and ally of Katherine Tso, I had assumed-

***Assumptions lead to disaster, Praetor.** The hissing voice took on a violent menace for a moment before returning to its gentle hissing. *I should think you of all people would know that by now.**

Nevertheless, I shall put that presumptuous witch back in her place, and once the Disciples' new blood arrive in the coming year I shall be ready to seek out the Draconic Claw... and to reveal myself to those peasants.

*Do as you like, so long as it is for the glory of your Dark Mother. The voice agreed, *But I would have you take note: You have failed us- even if by proxy- four times now... Ruby may not be the only one seeking to usurp your authority. You would do well to watch your back, lest your position as my favored child be... compromised.**

With that, the voice disappeared, the magical line of communication severed.

Simeon let out a growling sigh and stood, putting the rug back in place;

It was about time for supper anyway.

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("To Remember" - By Courtney Lynn)

The moon was high and full, shining brightly on the Lunar encampment's lone occupant as she prodded mournfully at the dying fire. Embers blazed hotly for a moment when the stick stirred them back to life, then slowly faded out again, as though they had never been.

She sighed heavily.

"What t'is, Rose?"

The lass started slightly and glanced up. "Oh. Gaia." She turned back the fire, face hidden.

Ageless Gaia settled down gently near her unusually-dour apprentice. "Wherefore are you not in bed? T'is late, love."

Rose shifted slightly, giving a half-hearted shrug. "Nothing." She could not quite hide the tears glistening on her cheeks in the firelight as she roughly wiped them away. She continued poking the fire and provided no more.

The women sat in silence for a while, until Rose broke it with an unladylike snuffle. "I do not mean to be so weepy and useless, t'is just... well, everything we endured together, and then, and then, *he*..." She stopped, unable to finish.

"Tristan?" Gaia prompted gently, ready to tend to a broken heart.

Rose stood up quickly, dropping the stick and clenching her fists at her sides. "No. *Tovias!*" She began pacing agitatedly around the fire pit. "He- he was our friend. *My* friend, a protector, a *hero* for God's sake! Even to the end. Aye, there was that bit in the middle where he went a bit wrong."

"He nearly destroyed the world." Gaia's voice was cold as she halted her errant student's tirade. "The universe, perhaps existence itself- At the very least, he was content to hand ours over to the Dark Ones as their own personal plaything. You are sorely mistaken and unfit to be a Keeper if you truly believe he was merely 'wrong.'"

Rose gulped as resounding hurt from the words washed over her. But she needed to be strong. To speak her personal Truths. After a deep breath to steady herself, she began again. "I beg your pardon, Gaia. I was not clear. To be sure, Tovias Farraday made fools of us all, joining the Twisted Claw with the misguided idea of taking us down. He unleashed all Hell and its minions on Bristol with the intention of swallowing the world. He nearly succeeded, harming my friends and giving me nightmares of what-might-be in the process. I fear we shall ne'er fully recover from the horrors he dreamed. Horrors that we barely survived."

A pause. She inhaled deeply, then said in a rush "But you cannot deny the good. He found Draca Slaga and kept it out of the Draco's hands numerous times. He named you Keeper. Through his endeavors he discovered my own latent Keeper abilities, bolstered my confidence *and* helped seal the Cauldron, all in one day. If he truly cared naught for us, for any of us, then why did he bother freeing me from that terrible Comb's evil spell? He could have easily just let me become a banshee. Without a second Keeper to balance the forces, we would not have been able to defeat Loki. God's Death, the man was there when we exorcised the spirit from poor Lucy! He chanted right along with us! He was our Mage Champion!"

She realized she was shouting. Only Gaia was aware that Rose's little pageant had attracted a larger audience.

Quieter, but no less impassioned, Rose continued. "He never complained when I sent him on my own frivolous errands. He gathered every story I asked for our number, even the Dracos, and wore my silly bracelet with pride. He *sniffed Thoren* for me... and you know how afraid he was of upsetting Thoren." A surprised laugh from the darkness behind her was cut short by something that sounded suspiciously like an elbow meeting stomach, hard. Rose whirled around, dumbfounded that the rest of the Band now enveloped her and the fire pit. She squeaked and stared intently at her feet.

"Nay, lass." Out of the night stepped Thoren, imposing even in a rumpled nightshirt and hastily fastened trousers. "Ye clearly have somethin' ter say, so say it." He folded his arms and looked down at her, the one eye flashing and seeming to pierce her soul. She mumbled something to the apparently very interesting ground.

Talia rushed forward to intercede, shooting a withering glare at her brother. Rose risked a hasty glance at the bard; she had never seen Talia's hair down before. She must have really hurried out of her bunk. "Love, you've our attention now," she wheedled gently. "Finish your tale."

Thoren grunted.

"I just, that is, er, well, I uh..." Rose stammered out. Looking up, her frightened eyes darted around the group, desperately seeking a coherent word. Without a sound Aggie appeared at Rose's side, took her hand and gave it a gentle, reassuring squeeze. Rose snapped her head to the right and met her near-sister's gaze. Whatever she found there seemed to help, and she began to speak again.

"Tovias did everything we asked of him and then some. I needed not my Keeper's talents to sense how much love he felt for us all. We accepted him as one of our own, something he had never before experienced. We changed his life." She brushed the tears from her face and pushed on. "I think none of you witnessed it, but he fought a battle for

me once. To defend my honor. We were at the Sun Camp and I called out a greeting to a random passer-by. The lad made some sort of comment towards me to which Tovia took offence, and he leapt off the bench to confront him. I demanded there be no bloodshed, so Tovia challenged him instead to a thumb war." Will laughed again, but this time his sister could not stifle his mirth for she was giggling into her hands. A few others chuckled too, relieving the palpable tension in the air. Rose relaxed a bit.

"For certes it was absurd, but he won the match all the same! For me! He never failed to make us laugh, whether t'was defending a maiden's honor with his thumb, or staging one of his bizarre plays, or berating himself over a silly puzzle."

"He never made me laugh," Jameson muttered to Lucien, but very quietly, for even he was caught up in Rose's words. Sydney smacked them both anyway.

It had been another exhausting day, and Rose had not intended to end it with such a performance. She felt defeated as she said "Even at the end, when he was hell-bent on destroying us, some part of his heart that we touched stopped him. He thought he could be our salvation, protect us from the cold, heartless world. From ourselves."

"He was our salvation," Lillith piped up. "He sacrificed himself to close the Rift."

Rose smiled gratefully at her young companion. "Aye, he did. I do not mean that he should be pardoned. We cannot undo or forget what happened, what he caused, what he did to us. And we should not, if we are to make sure it ne'er happens again. But I think Tovia should be remembered for who he really was and not the mistakes he made. I think it important that we honor the good in him."

"Like the thumb-wrestling maiden defender?" Adria asked, with only a slight layer of disdain.

"For the stories he told," Talia whispered.

"For rainbow sandwiches," Aggie grinned.

"He was a damn-fine cart pusher! I'll never find another sap- er- requester who will move the mongering cart so willingly."

Rose nodded, a little stunned at that. "Grammercy, Jameson..."

"For what he learned, and what we learned from him," said Sydney. "A champion Mage indeed."

"A Protector of Ancients," added Vashta.

"A Lightbringer," answered Gaia.

Thoren moved forward to the front of the group. An uncomfortable silence fell. He produced a hip flask, took a swig, and stared at Rose, nostrils flaring as he considered her. She gazed back, trying not to flinch. She held her ground... barely.

At last, the big man nodded. He poured out a measure of the flask, returning the liquid to the earth. "To Tovia," he declared. "A damned fool, but our damned fool." He turned on his heel to return to bed, draining the flask as he went.

As one, the Band began building up the almost-extinguished fire, making the still night brighter. Someone, probably Talia, began a song, ancient and powerful and full of longing. The stars seemed to shiver.

The blaze grew higher and higher, seeming to touch the sky. The gypsy band told each other stories, some humorous, some touching, all somehow involving Tovia. They laid his memory to rest, shining and glorious and bittersweet.

Rose hoped against hope that he found the peace he so desperately sought. She sent a prayer to up whichever god was listening that night as she tossed another stick on the bonfire. One spark seemed to leap higher towards the sky than the rest, almost reaching the never-ending expanse of starry sky.

Tovia Farraday, she thought. *Our friend.*

She made herself comfortable on a bench and lost herself in the dancing inferno of memories.

(Gertrude Normyl [continued] - By Alexis Cohen-Pena)

"But what about Tovia?" Said the first boy. "What happened to him, after he closed the Cauldron? Where's his ending?"

Gertrude's eyes lit up. She smiled.

"Now, with all I just tole you," The Witch said. "Every laugh an' tear, every hope an' fear...what makes you think the story is ended at all?"

The children stared.

"Bloody hell." Gertrude said.

"It's only just begun."