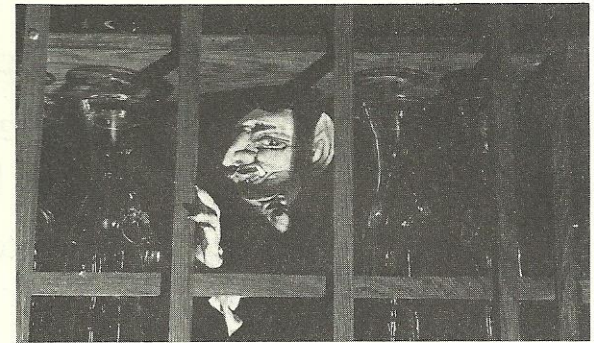


Welcome. We've been expecting you.



***You are about to embark
on a fantastic adventure:***

A quest for twelve treasures: over ten thousand dollars in precious jewels. They may be hidden in your city or your local park or even in your own backyard. You might even figure out one of their hiding places without leaving your house. . . .

***You are about to learn the answer
to an age-old mystery:***

Whatever happened to the Fair People: the goblins, dragons, fairies, leprechauns and other fantastic creatures of the Old World?

***You are about to meet
their descendants:***

For the first time, you will see the creatures who are really responsible for all the unexplainable things that happen to you—from the *Maitre D'emon* (who makes sure you get the table near the kitchen) to the *Screaming Mimi* (who loves the sound of a baby crying in your ear). Plus you'll have a chance to send in *your own sightings* of fantastic creatures.

The Secret

A Treasure Hunt

A Mythology for the Modern World

You are cordially invited to participate.

◆ T H E S E C R E T ◆

Sean Kelly
Ted Mann
Authors

JoEllen Trilling
Sculptress

*Developed
and Edited by*
Byron Preiss

John Jude Palencar
John Pierard
Overton Loyd

Illustrators

Ben Asen
Photographer

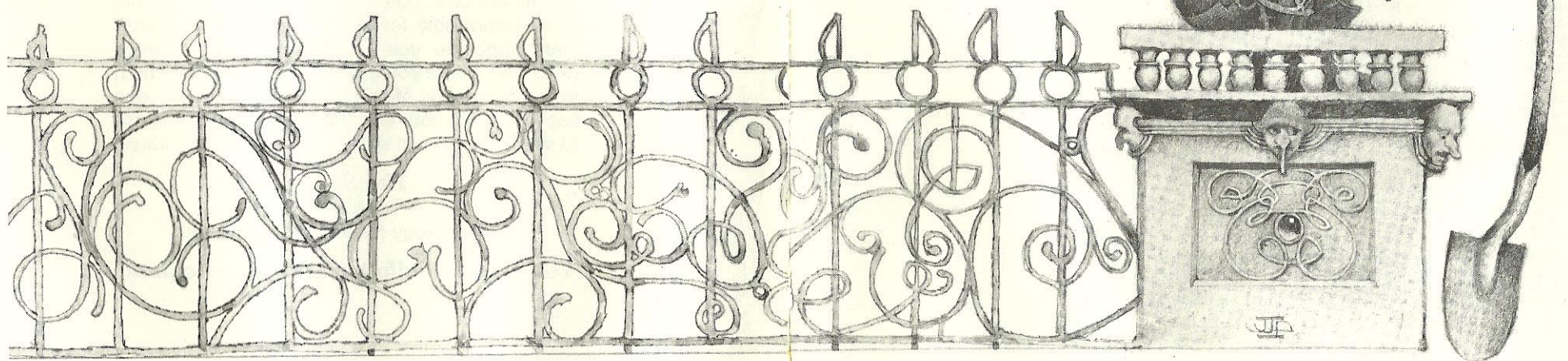
Alex Jay
Designer

*A
Byron Preiss
Book*



Bantam Books

Toronto
New York
London
Sydney



THE TALE, SIMPLY TOLD

A long, long time ago, before the age when Man and Woman sailed in ships to lands they had never seen, there existed in the Old World two empires: that of Man and that of the Fair People.

Man named his abode Civilization, for Man was an acquisitive creature and names were things he could possess. He could not fly on wings of gossamer, like a fairy; nor hide in the gentle slope of a mountain, like a giant; nor throw fire through a gust of wind, like a dragon. So Man often found his strength in words.

The Fair People had no cities or towns or houses. Their home was Nature, and in it they could play or hide or make themselves unseen to Man, who feared Nature, for he could not control it.

What Man could not control, he often sought to change. Thus, over centuries, Man built his cities, and his villages and diminished the Fair People's domain.

Where once lived a goblin, there rose a tavern.

Where once swam a river maiden, a water wheel spun.

Forest to lumber, earth to road . . . Man expanded



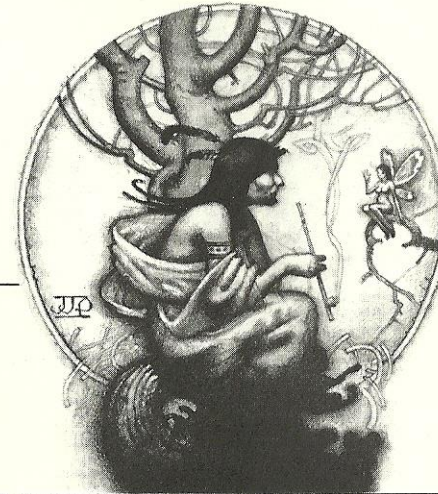
his empire and the Fair People were threatened.

From England to Cathay, from Bristol to Bombay, there came a call from the Fair People for a new home, untrammelled by Civilization. Representatives of the Fair People of the Old World were sent to seek it. Elves, fairies, sprites, foletti, duende . . . from thirteen lands they departed the Old World to find a New one.

And they did.

You are about to read of the fantastic passage of the Fair People, who, like Man, arrived on the shores of the New World with dreams of freedom and contentment. You are about to learn of their wonderstones, the twelve treasures brought with them in their passage to the New Found Land: diamond, ruby, pearl, amethyst, emerald, sapphire, peridot, garnet, topaz, aquamarine. . . And you will discover what happened when the Fair People found Man of the New World, who shared their deep love for nature. Best of all, you will learn of your role in the Fair People's story, and the significance of the quest for their treasure in the relationship between Man and the Fair People.

Across North America, twelve treasures are waiting. The key to each requires the proper combination of one treasure painting with one treasure verse. You need only decipher the clues in any pair to learn the



location of a treasure casque. In each casque, waits a key. The return of the key will gain its treasure for you. (If you are unable to retrieve the casque, but believe you have determined its site, you may acquire its treasure by successfully completing the form in the back of the book with a precise description and explanation of your discovery.) Any successful discovery of a treasure will be described in the next edition of *The Secret*.

Finally, you will meet many of the modern descendants of the Fair People who arrived on America's shores. You are cordially invited to inform us, in words or pictures, of your own sightings of Fair People as yet unseen for inclusion in the next edition of *The Secret*.

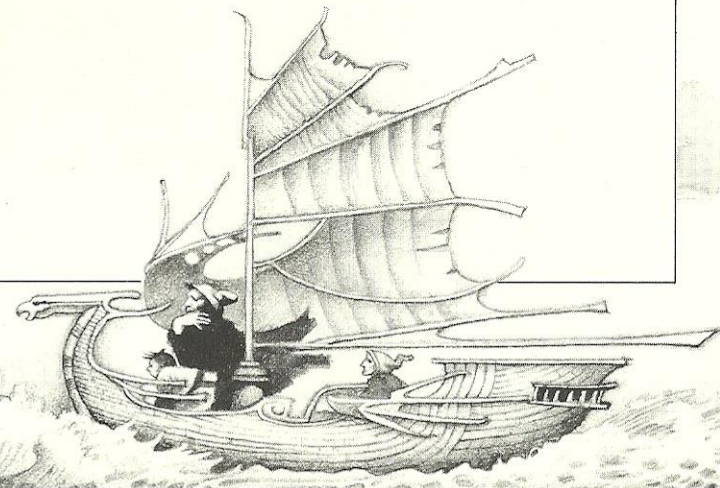
This is our story, simply told.

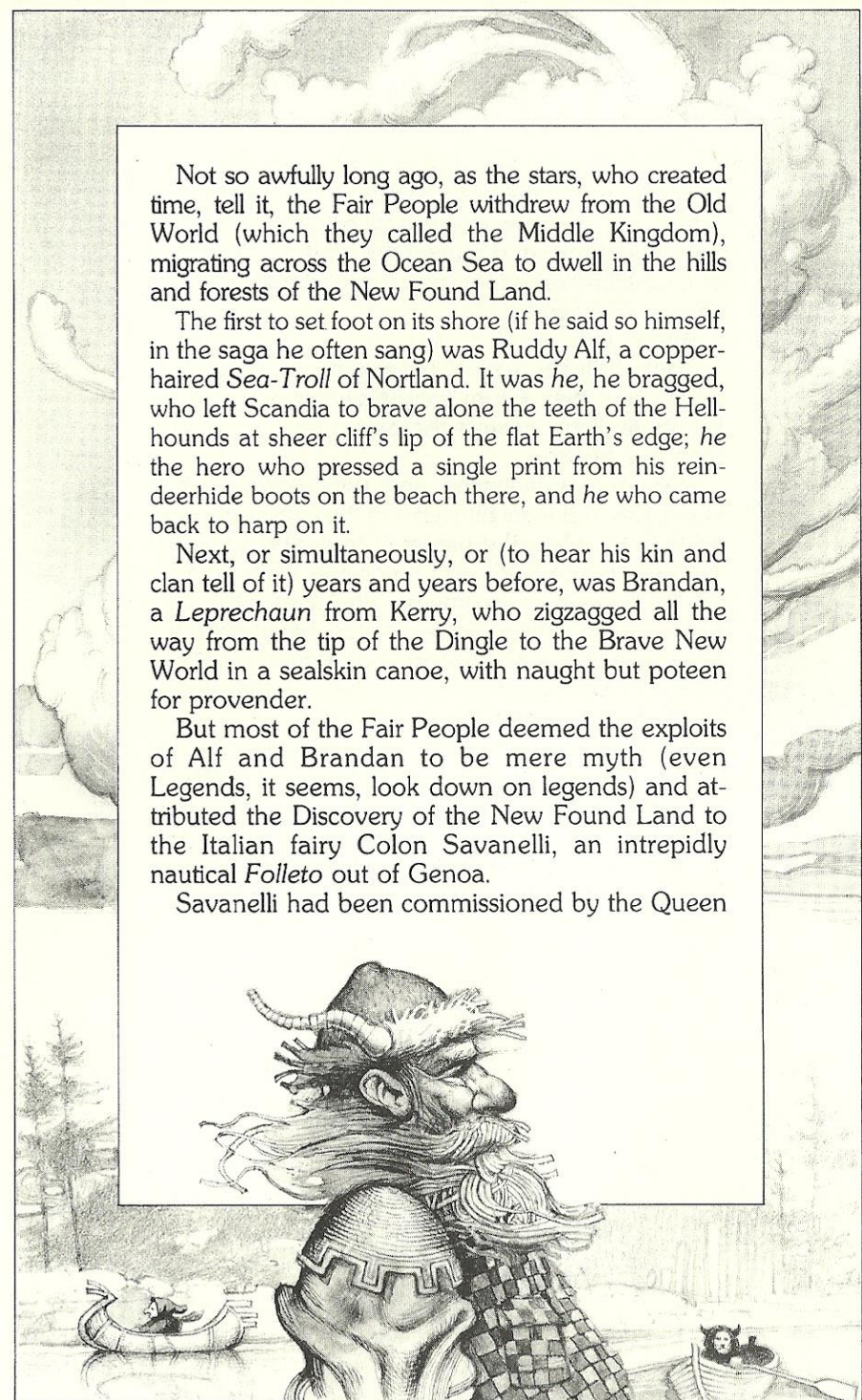
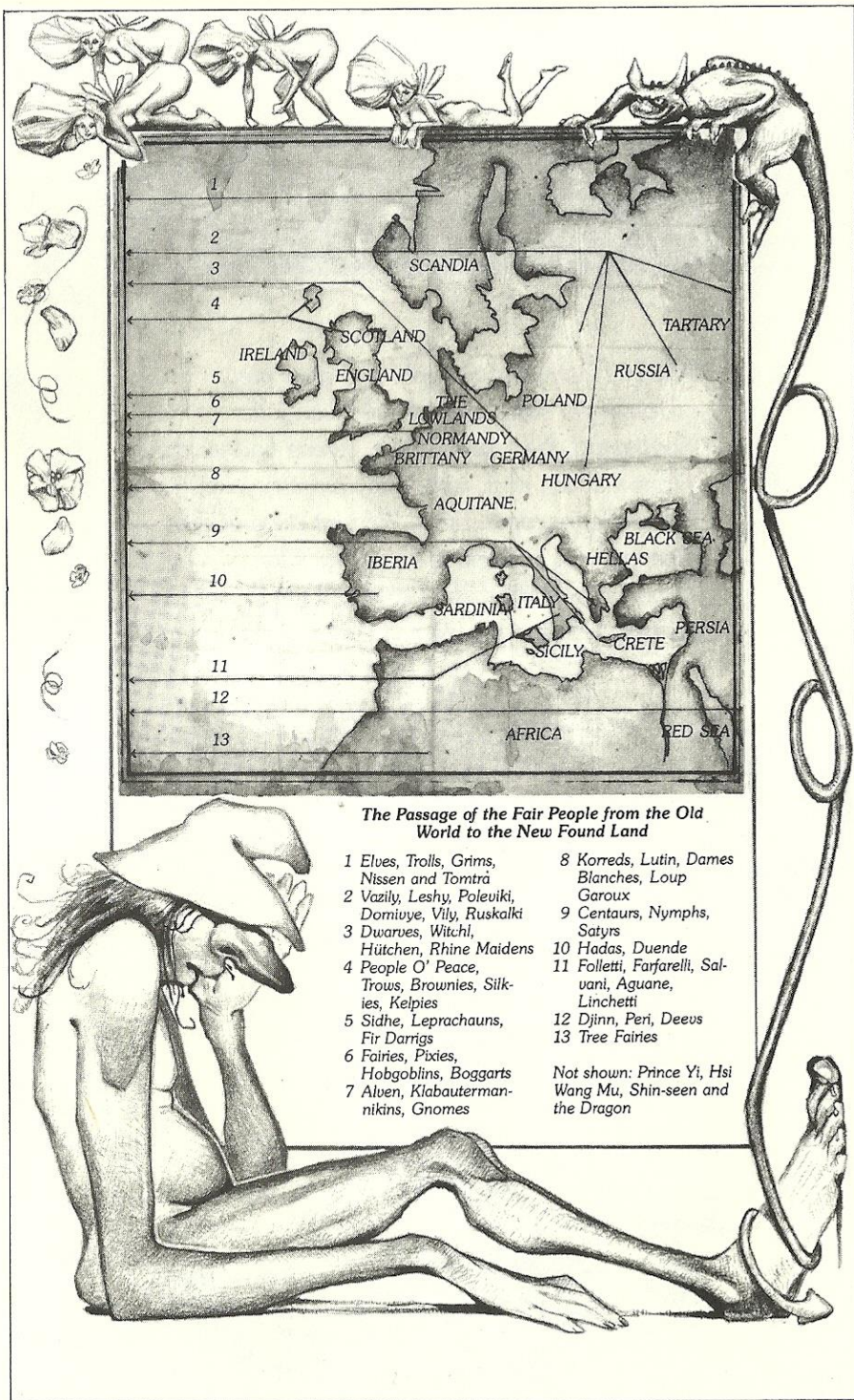
The mystery is yours to unravel.



THE PASSAGE TO THE NEW WORLD

*The Northern seas are cold and cruel grey;
Across them sailed the fair tall Elven folk.
Southward, the seas are blue, serene and warm;
From that soft mist, with many a merry joke,
Sweet Spirits came. From West, at close of day,
Beneath sails brilliant as a peacock's fan,
Djinni arrived. From sunrise and through storm,
Across the Eastern ocean, last came—Man.*





of the Iberian *Hadas* (that is, the Spanish Fays) to seek the fabulous Spice Islands. Once found, she hoped that they would become a foster homeland for her subjects, and indeed, for *all* the Fair People of the Middle Kingdom whose Era, she feared, was coming to its end.

And it was.

Their brilliant Art, their shining Beauty, their Power and their Glory were flickering and fading, like firefly lights against the dawn; for the Time of Man had begun.

Man, the unbelieving and unbelievable. Man, who hates and fears himself and thus despises every living thing. Man, the hewer of trees and spoiler of streams; whose fields and roads and walls are of a straight, unnatural geometry; who taught the very beasts to be dumb; fierce, clever, heavy-treading Man, who with his weapons of forged iron had lately murdered, just for sport, what was believed to be the last, and irreplaceable, Dragon.

Word of Savanelli's success and of the Spanish exodus ran like fox fire across the dying Middle Kingdom.

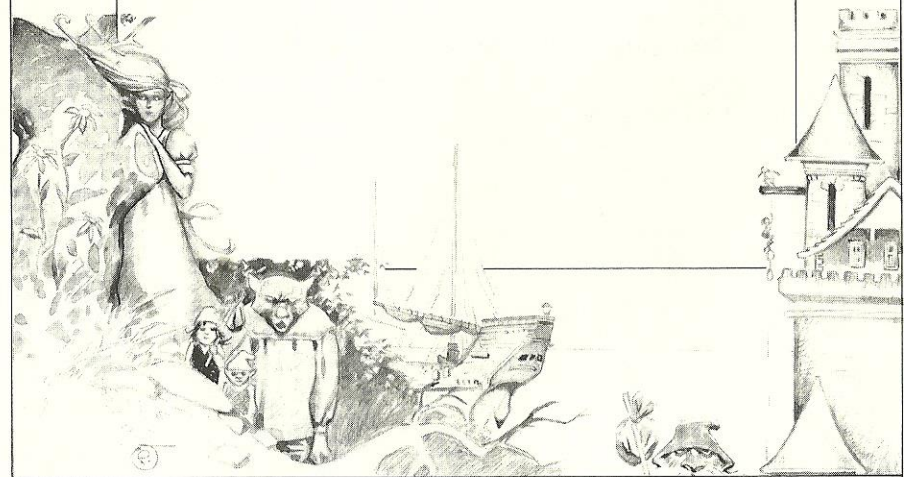
Somewhere in the West were golden beaches, deep green woods, still pools, dark caves, bottomless rivers, topless mountains—a Fairyland!



The French were the first to follow. (The tall, proud *Hadas* of Spain had already departed—however reluctantly—with their diminutive domestic relatives, the *Duendes*.) From France came the sturdy seafaring *Korreds* of Brittany; the nomadic, shape-shifting *Lutins* of Normandy, *Dames Blanches* and *Dames Vertes*, coquettish maidens from the river valleys of the Aquitaine, *Loups Garoux* from the forests. All these found refuge from the onslaught of Man upon the chill and rocky northern coast of the New Found Land across the sea. Forsaking the sun-tanned Riviera, water *Dracs*, playful-as-porpoises, and the languid, amorous *Fadas* found contentment upon the hot southern shores of the New World, amidst pink, long-legged birds and high, swaying palms.

In England, the erstwhile high-honored court of the Fairy Queen was now much diminished. Her Majesty, Mab Herself, and many of Her subjects, *Pixies*, *Hobgoblins*, and *Boggarts* alike, had shrunk to tiny size. Robin had been exiled to Sherwood. Right gladly did all that company hear the news of a haven in the West, and right swiftly they embarked therefor.

The venerable Dutch merchant empire of the Lowland *Alven* was also in its autumn. Their sailor-



servants, the *Klabautermannikins*, made ready their broad-bottomed boats, and away they sailed, to settle peaceably, at length, among rolling hills by a wide river richly lined with cliffs and trees. Clear, running creeks they found there, and wildcats in abundance, wherefore they named their new home "Kaaterskill" (Wildcat Creek).

From Eire (that most distressful country), the conquered and humbled native gentry, the *Sidhe*, set forth to follow in Brandan's path, accompanied on board by such of their lower-class countrymen as the shoe-making *Leprechauns* and the endlessly joking, drunk, and disorderly *Fir Darrigs*. Observed a mortal Irish observer:*

"The fairies . . . are retiring one by one from the habitations of man, to the distant islands where the wild waves of the Atlantic raise their foaming crests . . ."

Lost to the Scottish Highlands then an' evermair was the *Seelie Court*: the Fair Folk known as *Trows*, *Fachans*, *Brownies*, an' *People o' Peace*. As the tale is told, "Only two children marked their passing, as the wee creatures rode their shaggy ponies down to the sea. The mortal lad called out to the last rider, 'What are ye, little mannie? And where are ye going?' 'Not of the race of Adam,' said the creature, turning for a moment in his saddle: 'the *People o' Peace* shall never more be seen in Scotland.' ***

Their rough-hewn barks were piloted West by

*Sir William Wilde

**Hugh Miller of Edinburgh

*Silkie*s and *Kelpie*s, over the sea, beyond Skye, to a Nova Scotia . . .

Down ice green fjords of Scandinavia, and away to the Land of the Eagle, then sailed the *Ellefolk*, in their terrible-prowed longships: the *Nissen* and the *Tom-trå*, those hairy farm-fairies; *Grims* from the stone towers; squat, squinting *Wood-* and *River-Trolls*; and, in the bows, faces set to the cold salt spray, the *Elves* themselves, yellow hair streaming in the wind, blue-gray eyes fixed on the far horizon. Of all the folk of Jotunheim, only some of the *Koboldes* stayed behind, and these proud Tree-Fairies were soon and forever turned to wooden playthings for the children of Man.

Guided on its stately way by the *Rhine Maidens*, a great fleet bearing away strong-thewed *Dwarfs* from the mines, plump and hairy *Wichtln* from the fields, the handsome *Wilden Fraulein* from the marshes, and red-capped *Hütchen* from the Black Forest forsook Germany and her neighbors for the New World, far across the sea.

Then from the East, from the Far Marches, from the wide snowy Steppes and boundless fertile plains of Russia—travelled the native Fair Folk: *Vazily*, *Poleviki*, *Domivye*, and *Vily*. The *Leshy* abandoned the forest tops of Tatar, the *Rusyalki* rose up from the river beds, and all followed the *Forest Fathers* and *Moss Maidens* across the winter prairie to the Black Sea shore and onto waiting ships. Together they emigrated, away to the West.

Cradling Italy, calm as the clouded moon, dark as

Tuscan wine, lay the Tyrrhenian, inmost sea of the Middle Kingdom. Upon its sleeping surface bobbed a motley flotilla of *Folletti*; aboard were the *Mona-ciello*, those rotund and randy Monks of Naples; the *Linchetti*, horse-teasing sprites from Lucca; snickering *Baraboas*, the peeping toms of Venice; the gay *Farfarelli* (so dear to Dante) of Florence; *Parmadino*, the fat gangsters from Genoa (stowed away in the hold); even hardy *Salvani* and *Aguane*, cliff-dwellers from the wintry Piedmont.

All the airless night they drifted, until dawn showed over the Apennine hills. Suddenly, the impetuous *Samascazzo*, Wind-Folletti of Sardinia, filled their sails, and away they sped toward the Pillars of Hercules.

Now, in the eternal whirlwinds above Persia's Mountains of Kâf, appeared a caravan of magic-wrought carpets, and upon them rode the banished elder spirits of Araby: monstrous *Deeys*, desert-born giants; the *Peri*, bright and beautiful as starlight; and the wish-granting *Djinn*, formed of smokeless fire, at last free from Man's lamps and bottles.

Exiled by the Law of the Prophet, all these, too, sought and found the sunset land—crimson flowers, crystal fountains, sweet-scented winds—an Earthly Paradise.

Then, in their airy wake, out of Nubia and Ethiopia and the jungles beyond the Mountains of

the Moon, flew high and swift (by deeper magic still) the Fairy spirits of Africa.

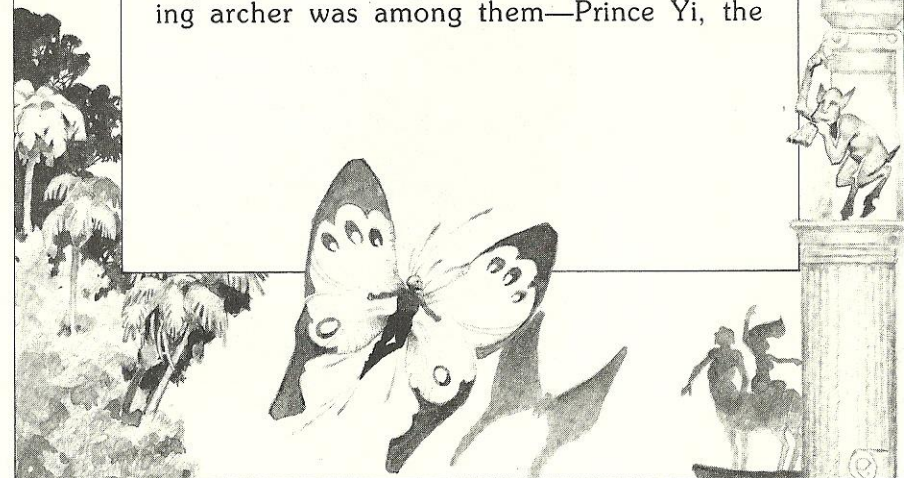
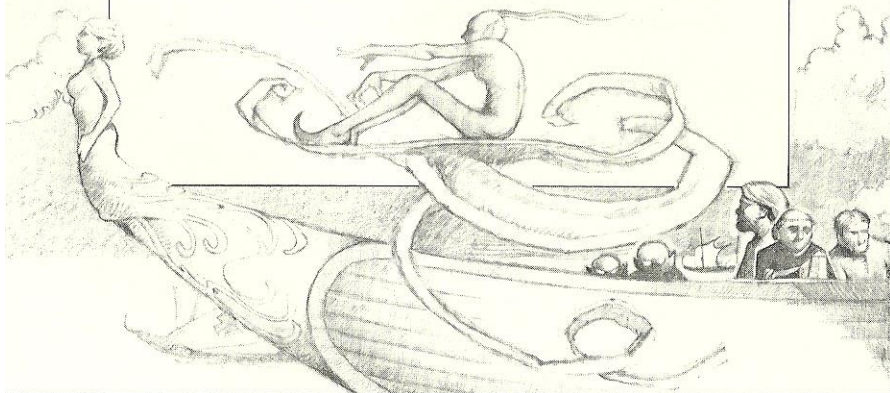
The shy in-dwellers of every ashurin, baobab, and mahogany, winged-friend of each river, of every bird, beast and insect, were wafted away on the Southern Trades, and fluttered down, like a windfall of butterflies, far from the tribal warfare and slave traders, upon the islands of the Carribees and the New World's eastern shore.

And from Hellas itself, then vanished at last the few surviving *Centaurs*, *Satyrs*, and *Nymphs*, sad scattered remnants of the glory that was Greece. They were transported, willed away to the Islands of the Blest—the Hesperides—by the final act of their dying patron, Pan.

Thus, we are told, did the First Age of the Old World come to its end: with the departure of Twelve Nations of Fairy. (The Hill Folk of Scotland and Ireland were, in fact, near cousins and of a single nation).

And no sooner had the Twelve established themselves in the New World, than they were joined there by a Thirteenth.

On the first morning of the first spring day, appeared, shining in the air, slender, golden people. Their garments were of richest silk, filigreed with serpents and flowering vines of silver. A tall, laughing archer was among them—Prince Yi, the



Wanderer, bearing the great bow with which he had shot dead nine blazing suns—at his side, his Golden Mother, Hsi Wang Mu, beautiful as the moon, who bore in her hands the peaches of immortality—and Tsao-shen, also, the home-loving imp, his laughing mouth smeared with honey—together with the multitude of *Shiin-seen*, shy, delicate maidens and bright-eyed, bearded sages.

From impossibly distant Cathay they had travelled, bringing with them to safety, to the wonder and joy of every Fairy, what all had thought never to see again—a fire-breathing and terrible, winged and wonderful Dragon.



THE LITANY OF THE JEWELS

It is the nature (or perhaps we should say *PRE-TERNATURE*) of Fairies to love beautiful things: star-shine and flowers, of course, and trees; rushing streams, dew-bright morning spider webs, and music. But of all the desires of the Fair People, there is one thing for which Man shares the same passion: Jewels.

To the Fairies, gold is pretty enough stuff. It reminds them of sunlight dancing on water and of the turning leaves in autumn. (Catch a Leprechaun, they say, and demand of him his golden treasure: you'll sleep a hundred years and wake with dead leaves in your pocket—he keeps his word.)

Likewise, they cherish silver, for it puts them in mind of moonlight and icicles.

But precious stones they value for themselves; perhaps because, like them, gems are earthborn, rare, and beautiful. When it comes to jewelry (and the Fairies are great craftsmen of jewelry)—to rings and pendants, bracelets and necklaces, to broaches and



inlaid dagger hilts, coronets and combs—the Fair People can be jealous, greedy, vain, quarrelsome, possessive, treacherous—almost, in a word, human.

When the Thirteen Nations of the Fair People came to the New Found Land, twelve tribes brought with them their chief pride and treasure: a gem from the Old World, a remembrance of their history and tradition. The Elvish folk of Scandia provided the uncanny casques in which the jewels were kept.

Every Fairy, even the stupidest Goblin among them, knew by heart the Litany of the Jewels:

*What are the treasures the Fair Folk bring?
Easily named, and lovingly told:
Fairies of England proudly bear
Garnet, crown-jewel of their Queen.
Brilliant as eyes of Celtic folk,
Cold morning green, their Emerald.
The Hadas of Iberia:
Sapphire, shy as a wild field flower.
Turquoise the Fays of France keep: stone
Rare as a blue midsummer's day.*



*Dwarves' treasure: purple Amethyst,
Imperial star of Germany.*

*The Opal of the Lowland Gnomes:
A cloud of shining, shifting smoke.*

A Topaz is the Russian prize:

The royal sunstone, frozen fire.

Peridot of old Italy:

Antique, and olivine, and rich.

The Ruby out of Araby:

Scarlet of desert sky at dawn.

Africa's Diamond, earth-born star,

Bright harvest of the midnight rock.

The Nymphs of Hellas cherish sweet

Aquamarine, spring-water clear.

From far Cathay, the dragon's Pearl:

Chaste, perfect as the silver moon.

Each jewel in its weird-wrought casque,

Gift of the Viking craftsmen Elves.

Wonder and glory thirteen-fold:

These are the treasures the Fair Folk bring.





THE VANISHING

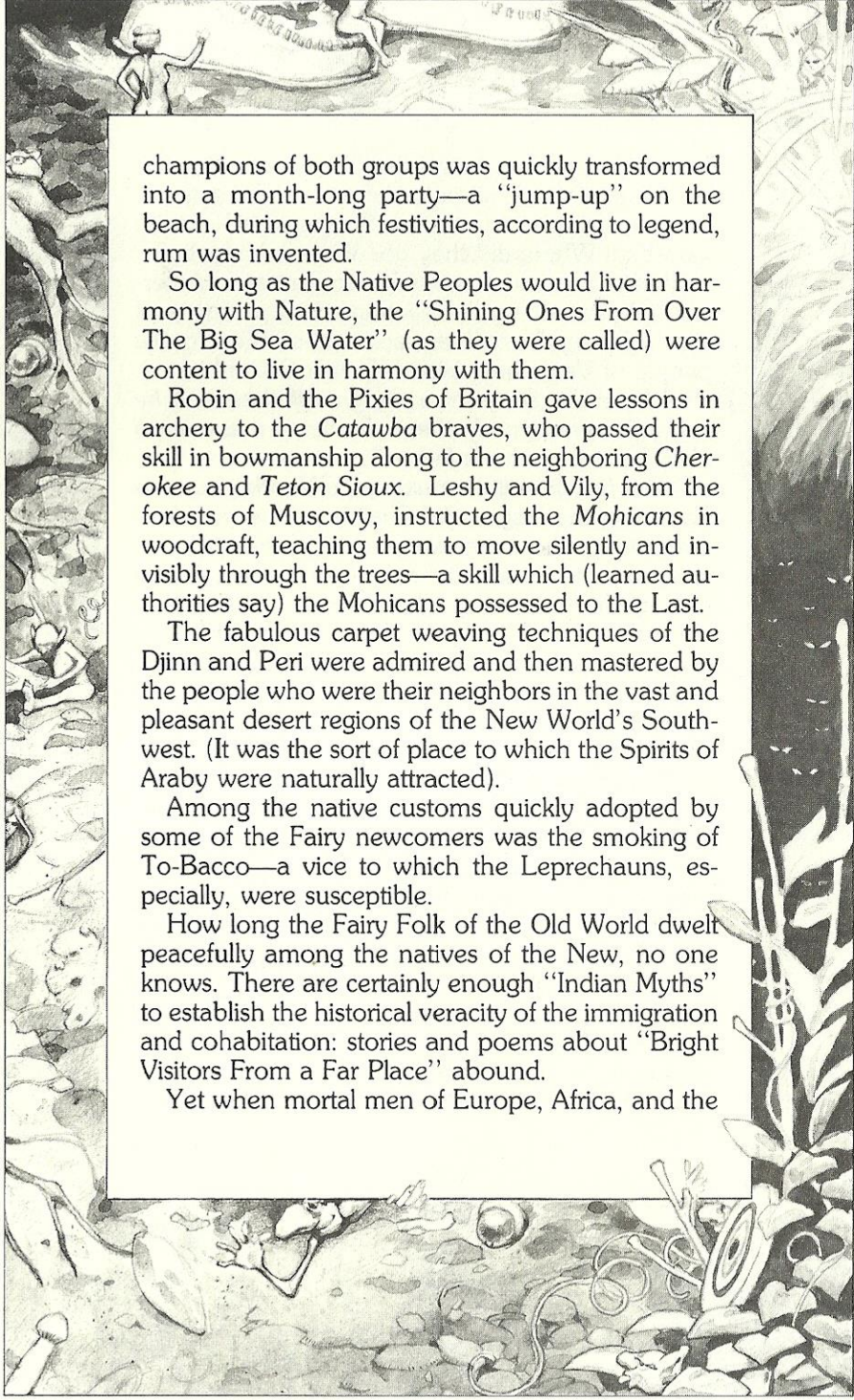
The Fair People had expected to find the newly discovered world uninhabited by mortals. They were surprised, and somewhat disappointed, therefore, to find that Native Tribespeople (whom they were never so foolish as to call "Indians") were already in residence from the northernmost coast, where the Scandinavian Elves confronted the *Innu* and *Beothuk*, to the southern shores, where the Iberian Hadas were greeted by the *Timuca* and *Calusa*.

But it soon became clear that the manners and customs of the Natives had much in common with Fairy ways, and bore little resemblance to the savage behavior of Civilized Man in the Old World.

The Tribespeople, for instance, had deep respect for earth, air, fire, and water, and this was much appreciated by the Fair Folk, who are, as you know, the natural children of those elements; and on the whole, relations between the natives and the Fairy newcomers were cordial.

There were, to be sure, some unfortunate conflicts and skirmishes. The Italian immigrant Folletti and the indigenous *Powhatan* engaged, briefly, in a sort of guerilla gang war over fishing rights off the peninsula of what is now called New Jersey.

Difficulties between the newcomer *Tree Spirits* of Africa and the native *Caribees* were resolved in their mutual love of music; what was to have been a winner-take-all drumming contest between the



champions of both groups was quickly transformed into a month-long party—a "jump-up" on the beach, during which festivities, according to legend, rum was invented.

So long as the Native Peoples would live in harmony with Nature, the "Shining Ones From Over The Big Sea Water" (as they were called) were content to live in harmony with them.


Robin and the Pixies of Britain gave lessons in archery to the *Catawba* braves, who passed their skill in bowmanship along to the neighboring *Cherokee* and *Teton Sioux*. *Leshy* and *Vily*, from the forests of Muscovy, instructed the *Mohicans* in woodcraft, teaching them to move silently and invisibly through the trees—a skill which (learned authorities say) the *Mohicans* possessed to the Last.

The fabulous carpet weaving techniques of the *Djinn* and *Peri* were admired and then mastered by the people who were their neighbors in the vast and pleasant desert regions of the New World's Southwest. (It was the sort of place to which the Spirits of Araby were naturally attracted).

Among the native customs quickly adopted by some of the Fairy newcomers was the smoking of To-Bacco—a vice to which the *Leprechauns*, especially, were susceptible.

How long the Fairy Folk of the Old World dwelt peacefully among the natives of the New, no one knows. There are certainly enough "Indian Myths" to establish the historical veracity of the immigration and cohabitation: stories and poems about "Bright Visitors From a Far Place" abound.

Yet when mortal men of Europe, Africa, and the



East arrived in North America, they could discover no trace of the Thirteen Nations of Fairy there. They—and their Treasure Stones—had simply vanished! Where did they go? When? And why?

There has come down only a single Native American tale describing the eventual disappearance of the “Shining Ones,” an account of the Nootka people of Vancouver Island, British Columbia:

*“I have this story from my grandfather, and he had it from his grandfather, who heard it as a small child from his father’s father.**



“This first grandfather was not a Nootka, nor was he one of the disgraceful Shalish on the mainland over there, who were always eating rotten fish. He was from the place where the Sun is born, a land east of the Mountains of the Raven, further east even than the Blackfoot’s Sea of Grass. He was very old when he told this story, as old as two grandfathers nowadays.

*“His name was Yo-Rib, and he said his people were called the Yar-On.***

“Here is how the story goes:

‘In the time before I was born, strange canoes appeared one day on the Big Sea Water. There were many of them, coming on the waves like leaves on a stream in the autumn. Some were round as berry bowls and had round sails. Some were flat and long and wide with square sails. Others were tall, with the heads of snakes in front for a totem and had many paddles. It was a great wonder in those times.

Out of those canoes came the Shining Ones. Many of them were smaller than the Yar-Ons, but



they were very powerful. Their medicine was so strong that they could not be killed. They were different in appearance from the Yar-Ons as well. Some were ugly, with yellow hair like Whitemen and eyes the color of the sky. Others were not so disgusting, having brown skin.

As soon as the Yar-Ons learned they could not kill these Shining People, they made friends. The strangers were wise in council and also very great in singing and dancing and making love.

When they arrived, these visitors spoke many strange languages which were impossible to understand, but they must have been very intelligent people, for they soon learned the language of the Yar-Ons.


They lived among us for many years before I was born. How many years? This many? That many? Who can say? They had no generations, because they did not die. It was a grave misfortune for them never to die, never to pass over into the Land of the Ancestors, and they must have done something very bad once to be cursed in such a way.†

It was said that other Shining People had come across the water, too; some in big canoes, some flying on the wind or in other magic ways, to live in the lands north and south and west of the Yar-Ons. It was said some of these Shining People were tall as jack pines, some had skin the color of gold, and so forth, but I did not believe it. Why should people live in the north with the Micmacs on their cold rock island? Why

*The Indian use of the word “grandfather” sometimes means simply “old man” or “wise man.” It is also used in legends to signify a spirit, as of wind, or cloud, and in this sense means “memory.”

**Possibly “Huron,” the Quebec-based tribe all but exterminated in 1649.

†The Hurons considered death a cause for rejoicing, and held feasts to wish the dead man a happy journey to “the village in the sky.”



would they live in the swamps of the south with the *Tuscarora* and the big lizards, when they could be dwelling among the Yar-Ons?



One morning, when I was still a young brave, I was out fishing, alone, when I saw some very big war canoes coming on the water. It looked as if they were sailing out of the sunrise. I ran back and told everyone, and they came down to the shore to see. (I did not know it, but this was the coming of the Whitemen, and I had been the first to see the 'discovery' they write about in their books. We had been living in our land forever, but we had never discovered it! Think of that!)

That night, there was a great Council Meeting among the Shining People. We human beings hid our eyes from all the Spirits who gathered in our village. The tall-as-jack-pine ones came, and the gold-skinned ones. People who were half-goat, half-horse, half-fish. Very small people, wearing red hats. Their moccasins curled up at the toes. People from under the sea, who dressed in clam shells and seaweed and smelled strange because of it. Tall people with horns on their heads. No wonder we hid our eyes!

The Council lasted all night, and we could hear them shouting horribly and breaking pots in their long house.

In the morning, one of the Shining People came to us and explained that those war canoes out on the water belonged to Men from the Old World, the land they had run away from.*

He said it was time now for all the Shining People to say goodbye to us and to disappear. I myself said to him that I would kill all the Men who were coming if



they tried to harm us or our friends. I shook my bow and showed him my arrows. That made him look sad.

In their Council, the Shining People had divided into many bands. Most had resolved to stay where they were and keep to the old ways. They would continue to dwell in the hills, forests, and waters around the land, but would hide themselves so well that they would never more be seen. Of course, the Yar-Ons all laughed at this and said it could not be so. But it was so.

Other bands said they would go far into the West, or North, or South, away from the Men who were coming. Now, in those days, I myself was always looking for an adventure. I decided I would go West with some of them.

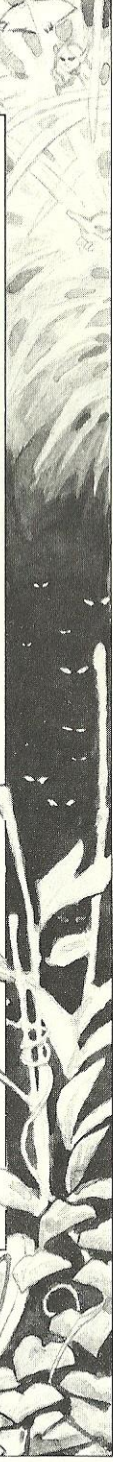
The Shining Ones took with them their Treasures, which were stones like glass with fire inside it. No one knows, to this day, what became of those stones. Not even I know.


The Yar-Ons were sorry to lose their friends and could not understand why they had run away, until several years had passed—and they themselves had experience of the Whitemen from the Old World. Then they also knew that the Whitemen were completely crazy, because their dreams are impossible and cruel and their chiefs are bad.**

For more than a hundred moons, I travelled West in the company of the Shining Ones. We saw some strange tribes, who were slaves to big animals with horns. We forded rivers and came to a land where the ground was smoking. We met people who lived in caves in the air. I might have been killed many times,

*This seems to be a reference to Jacques Cartier's landing in 1534.

**The Hurons competed with the Iroquois for the Dutch and French fur trade. In 1649, in a single night, an Iroquois war party exterminated the Huron nation.





but my friends, the Shining Ones, protected me.

We crossed deserts so dry they were scattered with the bones of cactus. We wintered in mountains so high you could touch the moon with your finger tips. We saw bears who could talk and ravens who made fun of them for it.


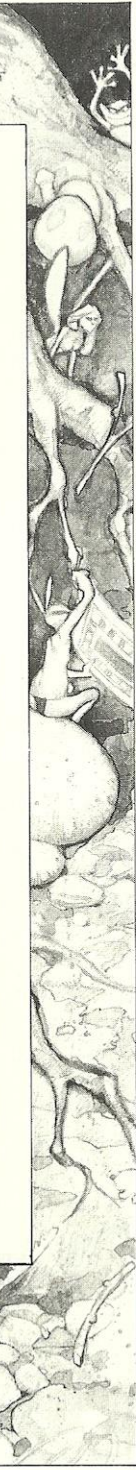
All the while we were travelling, the party of Shining Ones became smaller. In groups, or pairs, or all alone, they would slip away, to make their new homes in whatever place was easy on their hearts.

That is how there came to be Shining People, big and little, powerful or foolish, always invisible but still living in every place across the land. I saw that happen!

Finally, we reached the Great Western Sea. There was no place farther we could go. Only the strongest and strangest of the Shining Ones were still with me at the end of the trail. As I stood looking out at the blue waves coming in from the place where the sun was setting, I heard them say good-bye to me. When I turned to look for them, they too had vanished, and I was alone at the end of the world.*

I waited there on the beach, for many days, for an idea. It was given to me in the form of four strange Indians, who tried to kill me. They were riding the first horse I had ever seen. Because there were only four of them on the horse, I made up my mind to steal it.

That night I crept up on their camp and stole that horse. I began to ride north. The next night, while I was asleep, someone crept up on my camp and stole



back the horse. The following night, I took it away again. This went on for some time, with the horse being stolen every night. Finally, I got a good idea. I stole the horse in the afternoon, and got an early start on the trail, so those four Indians were never able to catch up with me.

I rode for many days until at last I came here, to the land of the Nootka. No one here had ever seen a horse, either. They must have thought, seeing me on its back, that I was one of those half-horse men among the Shining Ones, so they let me stay. Here I am.'

That was my grandfather's story."

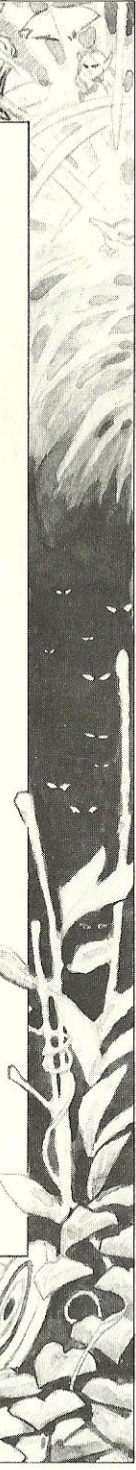
Like many fabulous, fantastic tales told by Native Americans, this Nootka legend appears to contain some historical truth. The part about the horses, for instance, sounds factual enough . . .

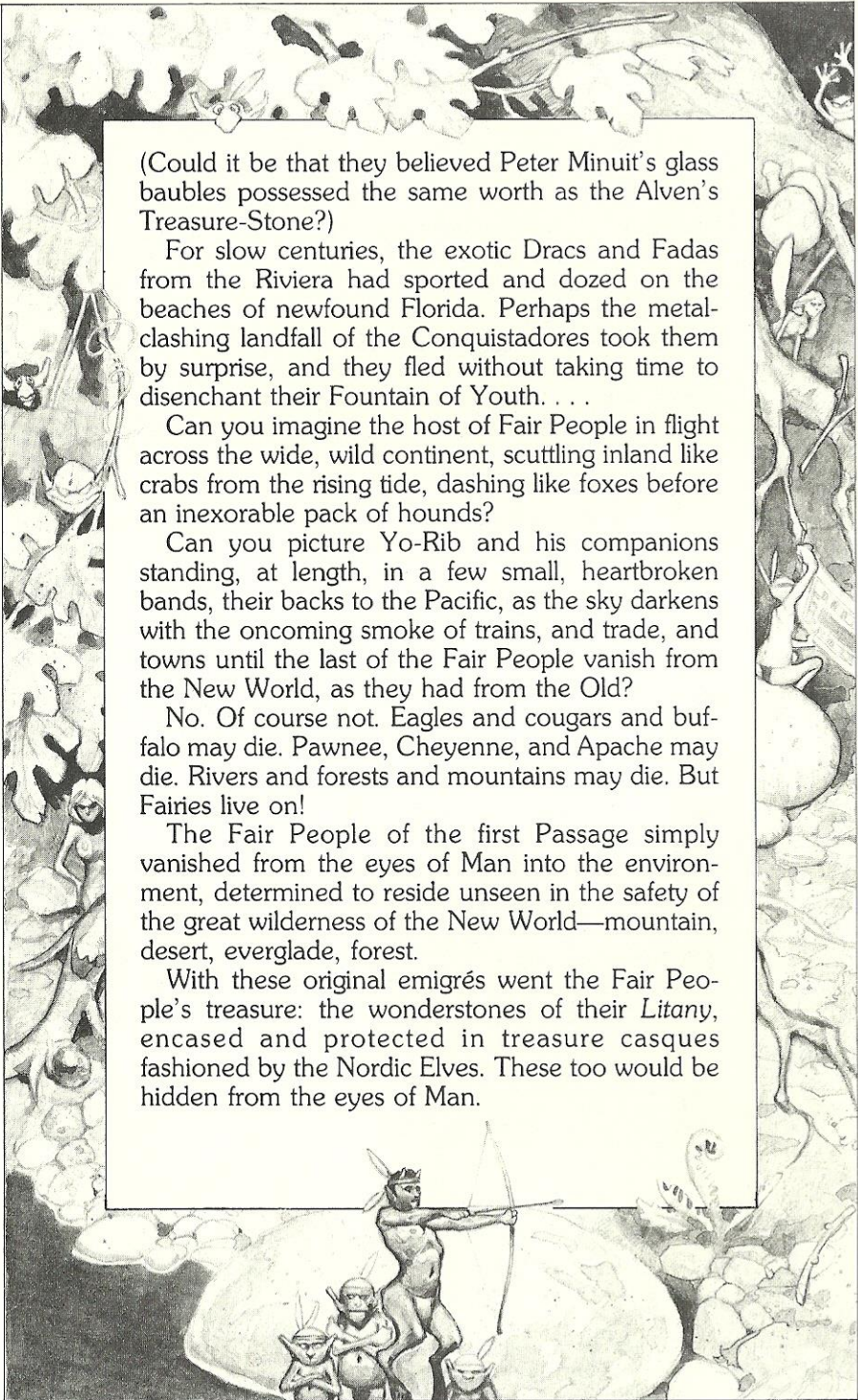
Thus, the tale may explain the mysterious disappearance of the Fair People from this continent. Threatened once again by the coming of Man (with his doubts about Beauty and his faith in Ugliness), the "Shining Ones" fled—into the sea, the hills, the wind, into the wilderness, underground, into diaspora.

Imagine the Leprechauns of Erin (whose earliest roots in the New World were doubtless in Massachusetts) as from their hiding places they watched the Mayflower drop anchor and saw upon its deck a grim-faced throng of Celt-murdering Puritans. . . .

Consider a group of those frugal Lowland Dwarves, the Alven, hovering, invisible, and observing in economic agony while their old friends the Canarsie tribe traded Manhattan Island for a handful of trinkets!

*What remained of the shattered Huron nation seems to have later followed the path of these "Shining Ones," wandering through Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin. A small band survives in Oklahoma, where they call themselves "Wyandot."





(Could it be that they believed Peter Minuit's glass baubles possessed the same worth as the Alven's Treasure-Stone?)

For slow centuries, the exotic Dracs and Fadas from the Riviera had sported and dozed on the beaches of newfound Florida. Perhaps the metal-clashing landfall of the Conquistadores took them by surprise, and they fled without taking time to disenchant their Fountain of Youth. . . .

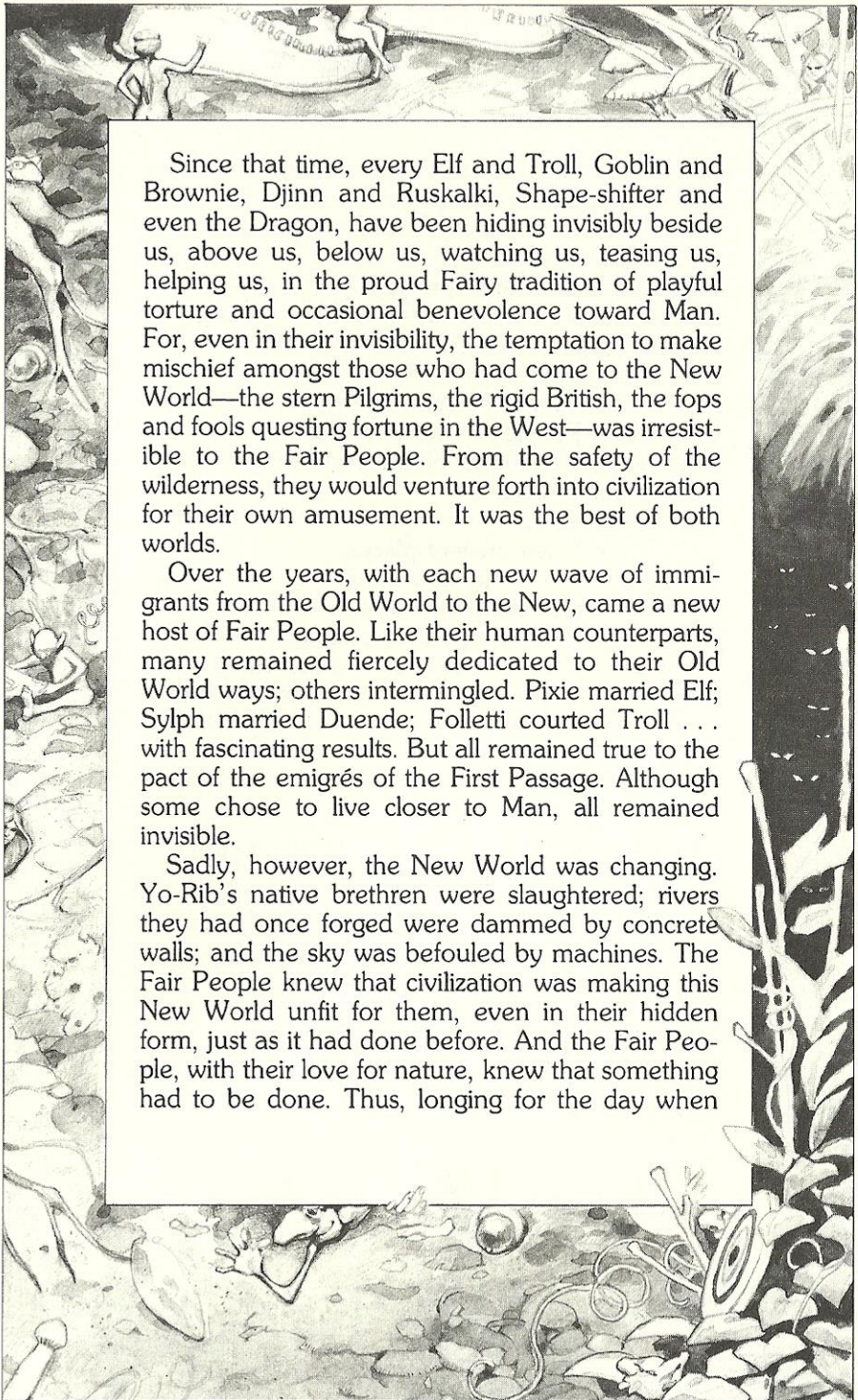
Can you imagine the host of Fair People in flight across the wide, wild continent, scuttling inland like crabs from the rising tide, dashing like foxes before an inexorable pack of hounds?

Can you picture Yo-Rib and his companions standing, at length, in a few small, heartbroken bands, their backs to the Pacific, as the sky darkens with the oncoming smoke of trains, and trade, and towns until the last of the Fair People vanish from the New World, as they had from the Old?

No. Of course not. Eagles and cougars and buffalo may die. Pawnee, Cheyenne, and Apache may die. Rivers and forests and mountains may die. But Fairies live on!

The Fair People of the first Passage simply vanished from the eyes of Man into the environment, determined to reside unseen in the safety of the great wilderness of the New World—mountain, desert, everglade, forest.

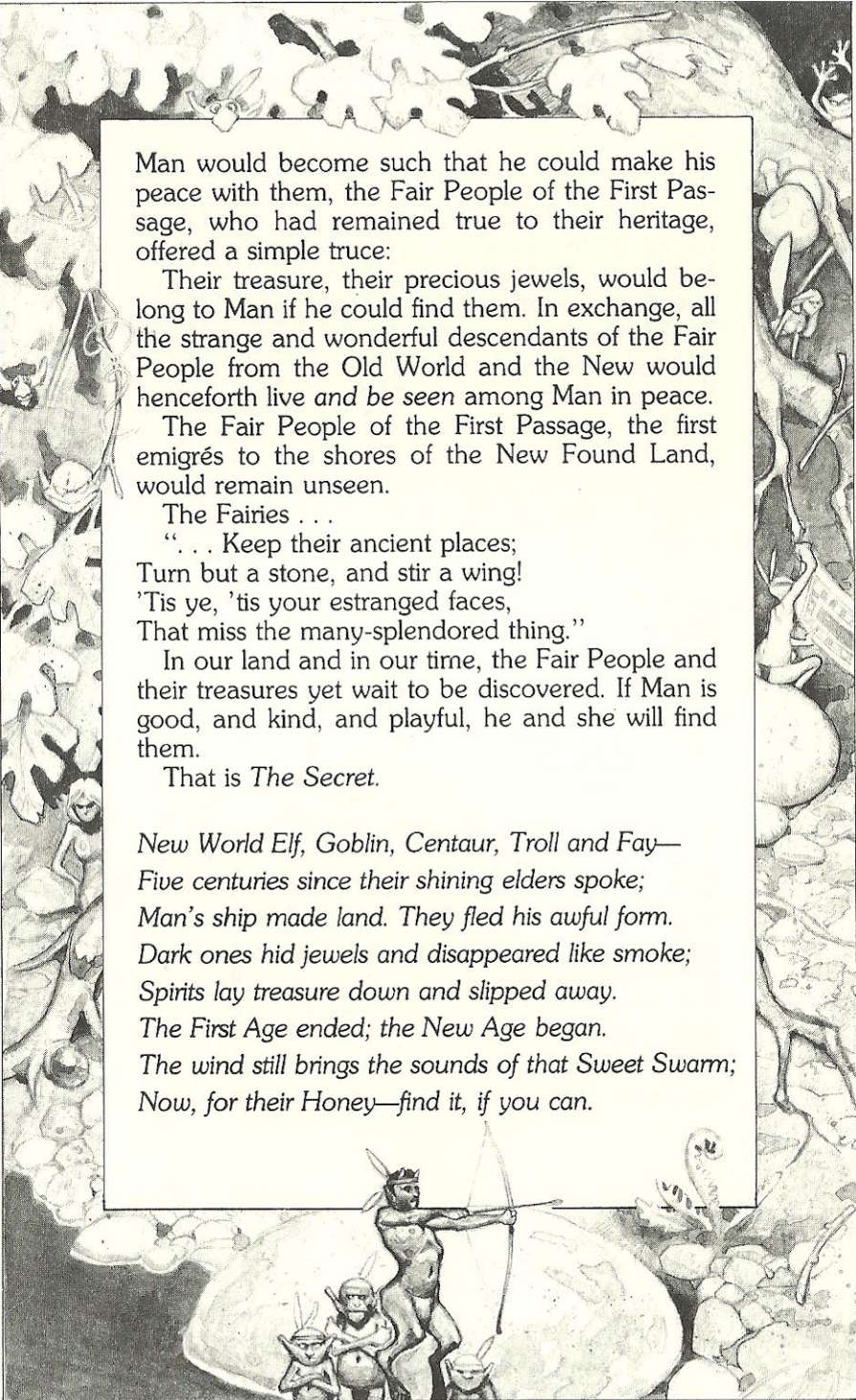
With these original emigrés went the Fair People's treasure: the wonderstones of their *Litany*, encased and protected in treasure casques fashioned by the Nordic Elves. These too would be hidden from the eyes of Man.



Since that time, every Elf and Troll, Goblin and Brownie, Djinn and Ruskalki, Shape-shifter and even the Dragon, have been hiding invisibly beside us, above us, below us, watching us, teasing us, helping us, in the proud Fairy tradition of playful torture and occasional benevolence toward Man. For, even in their invisibility, the temptation to make mischief amongst those who had come to the New World—the stern Pilgrims, the rigid British, the fops and fools questing fortune in the West—was irresistible to the Fair People. From the safety of the wilderness, they would venture forth into civilization for their own amusement. It was the best of both worlds.

Over the years, with each new wave of immigrants from the Old World to the New, came a new host of Fair People. Like their human counterparts, many remained fiercely dedicated to their Old World ways; others intermingled. Pixie married Elf; Sylph married Duende; Folletti courted Troll . . . with fascinating results. But all remained true to the pact of the emigrés of the First Passage. Although some chose to live closer to Man, all remained invisible.

Sadly, however, the New World was changing. Yo-Rib's native brethren were slaughtered; rivers they had once forged were dammed by concrete walls; and the sky was befouled by machines. The Fair People knew that civilization was making this New World unfit for them, even in their hidden form, just as it had done before. And the Fair People, with their love for nature, knew that something had to be done. Thus, longing for the day when



Man would become such that he could make his peace with them, the Fair People of the First Passage, who had remained true to their heritage, offered a simple truce:

Their treasure, their precious jewels, would belong to Man if he could find them. In exchange, all the strange and wonderful descendants of the Fair People from the Old World and the New would henceforth live *and be seen* among Man in peace.

The Fair People of the First Passage, the first emigrés to the shores of the New Found Land, would remain unseen.

The Fairies . . .

" . . . Keep their ancient places;
Turn but a stone, and stir a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing."

In our land and in our time, the Fair People and their treasures yet wait to be discovered. If Man is good, and kind, and playful, he and she will find them.

That is *The Secret*.

*New World Elf, Goblin, Centaur, Troll and Fay—
Five centuries since their shining elders spoke;
Man's ship made land. They fled his awful form.
Dark ones hid jewels and disappeared like smoke;
Spirits lay treasure down and slipped away.
The First Age ended; the New Age began.
The wind still brings the sounds of that Sweet Swarm;
Now, for their Honey—find it, if you can.*



THE TREASURE





*The treasure now,
The story's told
Set for eternity
In days of old
But Man
His numbers quickly grew
And so the Fair Folk come to you
With their challenge and a pact:
To match twelve verses
With the sight
Of paintings twelve in colorlight.
A pair will lead you to a casque
A little digging is the task
For treasures shining, moonglow, amber,
Emeralds dark and ruby embers.
To find the keys is your reward
For Fairy, peace the real accord.*

Note that images 2-11 omitted



Note that images 2-11 omitted

