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A LONG-AWAITED READING

I SAT DOWN WITH OUR VERY OWN FEATHERED PORTENT MASTER- THE PLUMED ORACLE - FOR AN INSIGHTFUL LOOK INTO WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR THIS INTREPID REPORTER.

By: Larke Wendt

For starters, dear reader, meeting the Plumed Oracle is not at all what one expects. I had missed several opportunities to meet the Oracle, what with me chasing down the truth and her working remotely from her quirky, charming wagon.

As you know, I have vowed to always dig for the truth, even if our very own editor Dryan Knowbottom says I may be a bit overzealous. So of course I came into The Plumed Oracle's wagon with a fair bit of skepticism. My fate is my own and to think that it may be somehow written in the feathers of a bird that carried me into this world, well - well I will let you the reader decide.

Stepping into her wagon I felt



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at home immediately. She had my favorite drink ready for me, Brewed Trickle Rush Bean, with a touch of Copperbind Berry.

I asked her how she knew it was my favorite, and her reply was a wink and a wave of her hand laughing, "a little birdy told me". She served it in a porcelain tea kettle shaped like a crane that poured the clearest water I have ever seen into a set of carved wooden woodpecker cups. It was fantastic!

Looking around her wagon my eyes were drawn to one curiosity after another! An owl shaped dream catcher with one obvious feather missing, a crystal ball with two finely sculpted finches looking into it, a tapestry depicting geese flying about with strange writing, a quilted cloth over the table with eagles and mountains.

All the while the Plumed Oracle's eyes never wavered, always meeting my gaze.

When I asked her what she saw, she smiled and said "I am not sure, but let's find out shall we?" She pulled out a box from underneath her table and revealed 12 of the most stunning plumes I have ever seen. She held each one up to the light, looking through it straight at me.

She looked at me, her head cocked to one side, "the quail song is quite low in you my dear, hard to hear." She looked back at the quail feather and then at me again. She said that my inner strength was going to be tested in unimaginable ways, and that I needed to slow down and look at what lay on the trails ahead.

She said that I need to concentrate on hearing the quail song inside me and out in the world. A worried look appeared on her face. She leaned in and whispered, "I cannot steer you clear of the dangers ahead, your choice of trails will determine your fate."

There were tears in her eyes as she expressed how sorry she was that she had to give me such grave news.

I thanked her kindly for the reading, the coffee, the hospitality, and went on my way.

Though I hesitate to write it here, my tale is not complete. A few days after leaving her, I came across a fork in the trail, the Oracle's words still echoing in my mind. I looked down each path and to my disbelief, a feather was gently falling down one fork in the road.

If you believe the Plumed Oracle, this quail feather changed my fate, and kept me safe from some unknown danger.

I will leave it to you to decide if the plumes of the bird that carried you into this world are able to show your fate, or I dare say change it.

Should you happen to see a little wagon rolling down the path, don't be surprised if inside your favorite cup is brewing.