

There once was a mink named Intellect, who had a wife called Sanity; she was the prettiest rabbit he had ever met. They had known one another since they've existed. Every now and then, the couple would go into their village's market for their daily meals. One day, Intellect lost sight of Sanity among the marketplace. He went around, calling her name; not a sound. Eventually, he found a knight from the land of Stress and approached him.

"Tell me, good hound," Intellect asked, "have you seen the likes of my wife anywhere around?"

"Hold your tongue, serf!" the knight, Burden, responded, "You and your wife's antics have cost her her freedom. She will be held in the prison of Obligatory until further decree."

"How can this be?!" Intellect pleaded, "How can the likes of she be punished?"

"By this rational decree," Burden answered, and produced a scroll of deceit. "Now cease your rubbish, and remain at ease if you wish to see her be let free."

With that, the dog rode off on his steed, leaving Intellect alone. The pain that stung within the mink's heart with disarray. While he kept his evil thoughts at bay, he eventually entered his village's pub, demanding drink after drink to fill his tub. Eventually, Anxiety, as a foolish mammal who thought to be a wise one, spoke to the mink.

"They will never let her go," the cat said, "Never again shall you see her, forever alone you will be, unless you heed from me. There is a traveling mistress, called Insanity. Go to her, let all your worries leave, forget the foolishness of love, of dedication, go and please yourself."

Intellect shoved Anxiety away, and left the pub to his home. But when the day sank behind the horizon, Intellect was left in bed, alone. The cold absence of Sanity made his heart ache, and he words of Anxiety ringed through the mink's head. Then a raven, who had very little of any feathers as if he had been plucked and tortured, stood at Intellect's window edge.

"Gone is she," the raven, "Gone, gone, gone. Like all things must in time."

"Leave me, Despair," Intellect croaked, on the verge of tears, "I have no need of your rhymes. See her I shall, once again."

"Be not so vain," Despair cawed, "The likes of her shall be slain within your heart in due time, you know my rhymes be not lies, for I have seen with my own eyes what has happened to many's fates like your's. Their hearts left on rocky shores, with too many a sores that in many yores have led such men to wars. Look into your core, rah! See to it be mended, Rah! Before ye be bended, Rah!"

With the haunting words of the bird, Despair turned toward the sky and flew away. The temptation of going to find Insanity grew stronger, so strong he almost gave in; but the soft and loving face of Sanity held Intellect from giving in.

Then the room grew bright, and Intellect whirled around to see its source. The unspeakable-sight of a luminous fawn, draped in extravagant clothing stood like a beacon in the corner of the room.

“Who, rather, what are you?” Intellect asked the fawn, for a strange feeling arose from the latter.

“I am the solution for the desperate, the guardian of the soft-hearted, the messenger of good news to come,” the fawn answered, “And I have been sent from the prison of Obligatory to bring you to your wife so that I may remain between you both.”

Shortly thereafter, Intellect went with the fawn and watched as his house vanished and the outer wall of the prison of Obligatory. A small arched bared opening rested close to the ground and the familiar voice of Sanity cried out to Intellect.

“My love, my sanctity, why so hopeless you seem,” she whispered in a cheerful tone, as he scurried to the bars and tried his best to hug her from the other side.

“Oh, sweet Sanity, I’ve been in such a calamity since I last seen ye,” Intellect wept with joy, “Alas, what shall we do to let you free?”

“Oh, Wisdom forbid,” Sanity retorted, “For while the guards rest now, this place be too well fortified. Their walls of false reason be too strong, that to bunk me would be of high treason.”

“Then of what purpose have I been broughten?” Intellect asked sorrowfully, “Why should I come all this way only to just see you but not reunite ye?”

“For the parting words I’ve yet spoken before I was stolen,” Sanity explained gently, “I knew in time this day was to come, but make you worry I wanted not. Hence I remained silent to cause not any fraught. I knew the many ways you would or could lose me, but perish I shall not as long as you take heed my words: there be many burdensome days to come that shall make you blind to see me or even remain loyal, make your fury boil, your empathy spoiled, and wrath toil. But if you call upon thither fawn and always in your heart I shall be.”

“Quickly,” the fawn quietly snapped, “For the night starts to rest, and arise the patrol shall.”

“Oh, my Sanity, how it hurts to leave,” Intellect sighed, “But part on wishful terms we must. So, not with lust, but love, let us kiss before I take flight like a dove.”

The moment was short, but the kiss tender that all such feelings that plagued the mink’s soul melted like the white snow with the advent of spring. Then back he was, alone in his bed, but with Sanity’s words left in his head that he took stead to laboring, and rejoiced as loud as he could when all awoke of his newfound salvation.

Unto this story,
We have reached the end.
But of the whole tale,
We’ve yet bade farewell.
Find me in the land of the Wise,
And request my reciting spells
At the foot of the Muse’s Well,
And much more will I tell.

The WhiteWitch and Muse of Aritot,
Cheera of...