

EPIC

OF

LEGENDARY

CAVIEL



The



The people of the village of St. Romulus weren't stupid. They understood perfectly well that the legendary god Taviel, after whom the local lake had been named, was completely fictional, and that his worshippers had died out long ago. They kept his story alive because it was good for tourism - that, and the annual Star Trek festival that took place every summer, when they all dressed up as Romulans and welcomed Trekkies from all over the world.

Michael Pevensie was counting the stock of Taviel-themed t-shirts, key chains, post cards, snow globes, pencil sharpeners, and bright blue erasers at the Lake Taviel Trading Post, which he had owned now for nearly ten years, since marrying the love of his life, Elizabeth.

The love of her life was to make movies, and she spent most of her waking hours on the movie set that occupied the back lot of their acreage just outside the limits of the village itself.

Over the years, she had made enough time for him that together they had produced five children, who mostly ran wild - Michael and Elizabeth had hired a nanny, but the woman spent most of her time on Facebook with her boyfriend. Neither Michael nor Elizabeth had found time in their busy schedules to fire her, so she remained on the family payroll.

Thus it was that when Mary, age 9, and Travis, age 7, packed their ruck sacks with sandwiches, candy, and toys, and headed toward the mountains to see what was out there, nobody missed them for three days.

“His name is ‘Cuddles,’ and he’s mine,” announced Mary as she rushed into the kitchen. “I can keep him, can’t I? Please?”

“It’s Fluffy!” shouted Travis. “His name is ‘Fluffy the Fierce’ and he’s mine - I saw him first!”

Their mother was washing a sauce pan, getting ready to make dinner. She couldn’t hear the children over the sound of the rushing water, so she turned it off and said, “What?”

Mary said, “Please? We found him, and he followed us home, and his name is Cuddles, and we’re keeping him.”

“Cripes,” thought Elizabeth. “Another pet.” She wondered whose it was, and how long it would take before they realized her eldest two children had kidnapped it. Again.

Elizabeth thought of the sad little boy whose lost Cocker Spaniel puppy had been hidden under Mary’s

bed for two weeks before the smell had alerted her that it was there. The children had insisted then, too, that it had followed them home.

She and her husband Michael had returned the puppy with apologies, and, because they seemed rich in contrast to their neighbours in St. Romulus, the boy's family had sued them, and the judge had sentenced them to give him a college fund, to ease his emotional suffering.

“No,” she said to Mary and Travis. “You two will return him to where you found him, and we’ll have no more of this nonsense.”



Far away beyond the mountains on the other side of Lake Taviel, the tribes and clans of the Nahtaviel were wondering where Taviel had disappeared to. He was missing his wedding, and they knew something serious must have happened to him.



Michael Pevensie thought he knew everything there was to know about Taviel. He could tell the stories as well as any priest of the Nahtaviel, had they still existed, and he did so at every opportunity.

The tourists loved it, and he made a good living at it, but no one was more startled than he was when he pulled into his garage that evening and found Taviel sitting there, blinking into the evening sunset as he opened the garage door.

There was no room for the car - Taviel was tied up in the middle of the floor, and disinclined to move. It seemed he had been left there for quite some time.



Moses was worried about the wedding. Taviel was nowhere to be found, and Moses' daughter was becoming agitated. She stood near Taviel's altar in the House of Taviel, wearing the dress her mother had made, and waited. And waited.

Moses went out to search for him. He vowed that he would not return to the House of Taviel without him.



Michael left the car in the alley and ran into the house. "Taviel is in our garage!" he shouted.

Mary was upstairs sulking in her room, Travis was yelling at Mary for getting them into trouble, and Elizabeth was angrily pulverizing an innocent bowl of boiled potatoes into microscopic bits. Never have potatoes been more thoroughly mashed, thought Michael.

The twins were playing in the front yard - something about cowboys capturing aliens - and the baby was strapped into her high chair, cooing to herself.

"I don't know what you found in the garage," said Elizabeth, "but Mary and Travis are going to return it to where they found it and they will go without supper until they do."

Michael said, "No, no, you don't understand. This is huge. I mean more than huge. Taviel is real!"

Elizabeth looked blank. "Who?"

"Taviel, the god of the Nahtaviel. Our children have kidnapped a god!" Michael was excited.

“The god of the Nahtaviel?! The nomadic tribe who have been lost in the mountains across the lake for the past forty years?” Elizabeth was trying to laugh lightly, but Michael thought she was having a nervous breakdown, and tried to divert her with humorous sarcasm.

“Those Nahtaviel, yes. Are there others?”

Elizabeth became furious again.

“Are you *kidding* me?! This is no time for jokes, Michael! This is serious! Whatever bird or dog or cat she has in there is going to break us when the owners find out they took it! They have to return it, and I don’t want to hear any more of your jokes about Taviel!”

Michael decided he needed to think, and in order to think, he needed to smoke, so he filled his pipe, puffed gently on it as he lit it, and took it with him out to the living room. He sat down and turned on the news.

Outside in the garage, Taviel was wondering whether anyone was planning to feed him. He thought of the fact that if he hadn’t been following the children and eating their candy, he would now be feasting with his new bride, and the wine would have flowed for at least a week. Do gods cry, he wondered. He wanted to cry.