



Script for session 5 - the first Zoom call to the classroom by the shaman.

Cues to **start** sound effect. Cues to **stop** them.

To set the tone and pique the children's curiosity, THE SHAMAN will be live on the Interactive White Board when the Ss enter the classroom in a comically deep meditative pose, encrusted with frost and snoring gently with one eye half-open, but will ignore the children's exhortations until the teacher is ready, when she will say "Do you think he's asleep?" which is the code phrase to signal for the shaman to start interacting with the class.

THE SHAMAN: **I am not asleep!** My mind was just roaming the star-strewn channels of the vast, eternal cosmos for a way to make contact with you (*rubs blurry eyes*). It was terribly exhausting. I wondered if I was ever going to get through. But now you're here. How wonderful!

I am Demothi Nicklemas, the head shaman of Storyhaven. It was here in my igloo in the shaman ward, where you first stepped through the scientist's time portal to begin your adventure.

Unfortunately, the situation here in the present has only worsened.

(Removes covering from mobile torchlight and glances out of the window fearfully, then grimaces). Blizzard outside - live stream 1. mp3). Shakes head. 1.2. closes.

It has grown so very, very cold. The ice advances on all sides. It took me two hours to hack the door open this morning. There are even icicles in my ear hair. We cannot hold out much longer. **We desperately need our stories returned to us**, so that we can wake up the runebearers, stoke the town's fablehearths and drive back the ice. I ask you now, with fear in my heart. Did you rescue Tomoko Thunderwhip's story?

CHILDREN-TEACHER respond.

THE SHAMAN: Marvellous! Marvellous! You've cheered me up so much my nose has thawed out and I can suddenly feel my toes again. This bodes well. Very well indeed! Unfortunately, you cannot send Tomoko's crystal runes back to us through the portal. Feeding crystals into a crystal-powered time machine is extremely dangerous. It could short-circuit the entire space-time continuum. You can only send the story itself. Did you rewrite it?

CHILDREN-TEACHER respond.

THE SHAMAN: Excellent! Excellent! We need lots of different versions of her story. That way we can charge up this crystal I've brought from the sacred crystal cavern. If we can get it glowing with all its bright power I can recarve it into a new set of runes for her. (*Stares at crystal lamp seriously*) I just hope that it can sense you across such a large distance of space and time. (*Stares worriedly at the darkened crystal*) Everybody! Focus your thoughts on it. Think of the most exciting moments of the

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stories you have written. Hold them in your mind. (*Gasps loudly as the crystal lamp before him sparks with light - to cover the sound of the switch*). Incredible. Quickly now. There is no time to lose. *So, who is first? Who is first? (code phrase for teacher to organise first team of children into position to deliver their stories)*. We need our first story and fast.

CHILDREN read out the stories in teams they have written during the tabletop gameplay. The actor improvises theatrically to their delivery as appropriate.

THE SHAMAN (*Chooses responses such as the following, while slowly increasing the glow of his crystal lamp*) Oh yes, Tomoko would have loved that, I'm sure of it./ How wonderful!/ How on earth did you imagine such a... / Yes she did tell it that way sometimes/

You see how the crystal glows. You see how it appreciates your hard work! Its power is renewed with every new tale!

As each team finishes reading their story, the crystal arrives at full glow and the shaman looks happy and satisfied, but after the end of the story the crystal begins to falter again.

Quickly! We need another story to keep the crystal charging. Who's next? Who's next?

Any technical problems with the live-streaming software can be played off comically and humourized as fictional problems with the Shaman's crystal time portal.

CHILDREN finish reading out their stories.

THE SHAMAN Wonderful! Wonderful! Have you done it? Will it go out again? (*Looks nervously at the crystal lamp as if expecting it to falter, but then nods certainly and smiles*). No. It is charged and strong. I will carve it now into some new runes for Tomoko and take them to her immediately. They will bring her back to herself, I know they will. With her awake and telling her story again, we'll soon have more fablehearts up and running. You have given us a slender ray of hope and that is something we will never forget. (*Expression turns serious.*) Now, have you found any clues as to who or what might be behind the encroaching ice and the terrible amnesia?"

CHILDREN--TEACHER share the clues they have uncovered during the table-top gaming: the images in the ice on Tomoko's window of a kite, and owl, and a tree (the first three clues that will lead the children to the antagonist's identity; the clutching fingers in the freezing fog during their sledge ride to Storyhaven; IMPORTANT ONES - the ice growing out of the window of Tomoko's cabin window in a giant frosty hand to nearly snatch her crystal runes from them; a boy standing deep inside the icy walls of the Crystal Caverns, watching them.

THE SHAMAN (*Murmuring, grave faced*) A boy. An icy hand. Interesting. Very interesting indeed. Leave it with me. For now, continue with your mission. If my calculations are correct, tomorrow another runebearer's crystal runes will be stolen. They contained one of the town's most favourite stories. Ten fablehearts went out

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right then and there and have never been rekindled. Be at the eastern watchtower in the morning at first daybreak. Search out Bronagh Volkova, chief of the perimeter fence guards. Stay as close to her as you can tomorrow. Nobody here can remember exactly how she lost her story, but everybody agrees that it was extremely blustery and cold and included enormous hairy things crashing into each other and the destruction of one of Storyhaven's most beloved buildings. Be careful. It felt like an extremely dangerous situation. Over and out (*assumes comic Shaman sleeping mode as mind drifts off through the cosmos*).