

Across from her, Kalen stood and began to speak over the music, "Long ago, longer than any can remember, we lived upon the earth. We were known by many names: The Fey Folk, The People of the Wood, and many others." The fog grew thicker and swirled with a multitude of colors that coalesced into shapes. Margaret gasped as a moving picture formed within the haze. "Something happened to rupture the balance," Kalen said.

She shrank back in her seat as the cataclysmic images appeared one after another accompanied by frenzied music that sent shivers over her body.

"Those of our people, who were able to, united against the Daergarutte. We pooled our might and together we drove Oraq and his minions from Earth. We succeeded, but at a terrible cost for we were driven out as well. We call this the Great Shattering."

Margaret watched in fascination as a rag-tag group of people, who had seemingly emerged from the darkness, found themselves upon a grassy plain, their clothes torn and disheveled. Their eyes were wide and haunted and the few children that were there clung to their mothers in fright.

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This is the glimpse that Margaret gets as she struggles to comprehend the world into which she has been thrust. A world that is so departed from the Victorian England she left behind that it should only be a dream, but Margaret is wide awake.