

Once upon a time, a fine man named Bill lived in a fine place called The Fountains.

He lived alone.

(And it was very quiet.)



**Bill Gabrenya, Master
of His Dominion,
Helpful to All in Need**

A story about a man
who lived in a nice place
and shared it with others.

From this magical chair he ruled his dominion.



He ruled all of the men and beasts, all of the furniture (there was a lot of furniture), all of the Hummels (a lot), and a kitchen that had never smelled food.

One day, he awoke from a nap in the magical chair and looked around his quiet kingdom. He saw that he had so many beautiful things. Things he had collected for many many years.

But none of these beautiful things moved, or made sound.

“All men and beasts! Announce yourselves! All Hummels, speak now!”

But there was no sound. None in his dominion uttered a word.

Just then, there was a knock on his door and his favorite Fountains nurse came in. It was Nurse Krankenschwester-Schmerzen.



"Aha, I am so happy to see you, Nurse Krankenschwester-Schmerzen. You speak and you move, and you are beautiful! All of my beautiful things here do neither."

Nurse Krankenschwester-Schmerzen looked around, saw the Hummels (there were a lot) and the furniture (ditto), then said, with a quavering voice, "but Mr. Gabrenya, how can you expect the furniture to speak? Or move?"

"If you want a beautiful thing that speaks and moves, you will need to find one. You will need to find one that really wants to be with you here in The Fountains."

"Where? How?"

"I think it is already here, but you have not noticed it."

"Noticed what" Bill asked.

Just at that moment, a small sound came from the far side of the room. A chirp. No, a cheep. Cheep cheep

cheep cheep...

“Who are you? Come out!”

A beautiful tiny bird peaked out from behind one of the many pieces of furniture.

“Cheep cheep, it was I!”



Then another little bird peeked out.

“Me, too.”



“My, what cute little birds!” said Bill, master of his dominion (and now, if he was lucky, also of these pretty birds).

“What do you call yourselves?”

“We are called finches,” said one of the birds.

The other bird rattled off a series of cheeps and chirps, and broke in.

“Indeed, specifically, we are called *society finches*.”

“Why?” asked Bill.

“Because we like to live in small groups of other birds, and with great humans, like you.”



“I like you, cute little society finches! But why are you here?”

(Nurse Krankenschwester-Schmerzen quietly flies out of the room.)



The little finches continue to talk to Bill:

“We are so lonely, Master Bill. We were thrown out of a house in West Melbourne by a bad lady a week ago and have wandered about Melbourne, looking for a place to live.”

“Will you let us stay with you?”

“Yes! Please stay in my dominion. You will be safe here, and I will take good care of you. And I would love to hear you make those pretty sounds for me all day.”

One of the birds replied, “Yes, yes! Thank you! We would love to stay with you! But please make five promises to us, so we can feel safe and comfortable.”

“Five?”

“Yes, five.”

“*First*, you must give us a little fresh water every day.”

“*Second*, you must make sure our food tray is never empty.”

“*Third*, you must talk to us a little every day.”

“*Fourth*, your helper, the servant they call ‘Bill Junior,’ must clean our house at least once a week.”

Fifth, you must give us human names so you can talk to us better.“- Master Gabrenya, will you do that for us?”

“Yes, yes! You are so cute and make such nice sounds. Finally, I will have beautiful things that move and speak! And I will take good care of you.”

“Wonderful! said one of the finches. We love you! We will move into your dominion immediately!”





This is a video. Click to play.

Epilogue

