

Two friends took a trip together.
They made it to the other side of the planet.
It made them feel all like:



It was a very long journey, to a stunning land of wild vistas.



Where they met a magical fairy



Who offered them lodging in her beautiful home, before joining their righteous quest.

They found joy in each other's company.



They stayed close by, and always, they were listening.
For there was a small sound, which they followed up the coast, and down.



Their ambulations brought them to wonderful places, with the kindest people,
who enchanted them to no end. The musical quest, originally the focus, became
the vehicle for these three fast friends to explore a landscape of kindness,
and search for beauty among each other's souls.



Covering the landscape, awed by natural wonder and the kindness of strangers,
the sound they followed grew ever louder, until the whole world fairly
hummed with it. And ever onward they drove.



Miles and miles, through valleys, passing among hills and ancient
stonework. Through narrow streets and broad smiles, but the sound was
impossible to track. It could not be caught up to. Forever ahead it was, and
it rang and rang. The three friends each heard it a little differently, for
that is the nature of such things, that everyone gets to enjoy their own
heart, among the warmth of others.

And it was at the end of the trip, through tired tears and aching legs,
luggage piles and pickled livers, that the sound found a name. Ringing out
for each of the three travelers, set for three different destinations, within
this sweet memory, the sound was joy, and it would not stop.

