

Secretary: The Last Teabender

Character List

Narrator

OUSFG President

Secretary

Speaker to Animals

Colin

Tea Sage (i.e. Chief of Special Projects)

Harbourmaster

Meth Maid

Fangirl 1

Fangirl 2

Fire Swan Prince Zuko

Librarian

Dr. Horace Worblehat

Wizened 1

Wizened 2

Wizened 3

Swan

Cameron

Act One

Narrator: Tea. Books. Fire. Squee. Long ago, the four elements of OUSFG played werewolf together in harmony. Then, everything changed when the fire swans attacked.

(Flashback to Fire-president Jabberwocky attacking OUSFG with fire swans and demanding truffle tribute.)

Jabberwocky: Members of OUSFG! It is I, your improperly elected Fire-President - come to you with three simple demands. Firstly, puns. It has come to my attention that your pun

tribute is simply insufficient - even *afer* the mandatory Fish Pun Remedial Class. What are you, shellfish? Improve the quota, or it's the punitentiary for youall.

Secondly, truffles. All of them.

Thirdly, and this is more of an FYI kind of thing, the fire swans are getting peckish, and I'd like volunteers. Or non-volunteers.

They're very broad-minded about this sort of thing.

Actually, shall we just skip to the part where they eat you?

Narrator: Only the Secretary, master of all four elements and expert minute-taker, could stop them - but when Oxford needed him most, he vanished during the long vacation. Three terms passed and the Speaker to Animals and Colin the Elephant discovered the Secretary.

StA: I can't believe they still make me get the tea. Who do they think I am, Chief of Special Projects?

(Colin the elephant has something to say.)

StA: What's that Colin? There's someone stuck in that pile of tea bags?

(They walk over to pile, which contains a fast asleep Secretary.)

StA: Secretary? Is that you?

Secretary (*waking up*): Huh? Oh, Speaker to Animals! Sorry, I pulled way too many all nighters last week, and these tea bags are pretty comfy. What time is it?

StA: Last week?! We haven't seen you for terms!

Secretary: Hang on, you mean it isn't 2014? Damnit, not again. I still had that problem sheet to give in...

StA: We needed you, Secretary! You don't know how terrible it's been, living under the fire president's pun-tyranny, slaving to make up the truffle-tribute or be scalded by fire swans...

(Tea Sage enters.)

Tea Sage: Speaker, Colin, where are you? I'm still waiting for my peppermint tea- Secretary? Oh finally, we have hope!

Secretary: Chief of Special Projects?

Tea Sage: Once I was, but now I am Tea Sage of the Southern Tea Tribe.

Secretary*(confusedly)*: I thought this was OUSFG, not some cult of hot beverages.

Tea Sage: Under the strain of the Fire President's rule, OUSFG has fractured into separate societies: the Southern Tea Tribe, the Squee Temple, the Book Kingdom and the deadly Fire Swan Nation.

StA: And the Northern Tea Tribe.

Tea Sage: We don't talk about them.

Secretary: Why not?

Tea Sage: Well, we, being ethical people, only drink herbal tea. The Northern tribe, however...

StA *(regretfully)*: They are yet to realise that proper tea is theft.

Tea Sage: Regardless of the cause, this schism cannot go on. And only you can unite us all. Only the secretary can master the four elements of OUSFG and depose the president.

Secretary: This isn't really what I signed up for - they never mentioned saving the whole Oxford or flaming swans in fresher's fair. And I have three terms of lectures to catch up on!

StA: You know, as separate societies we don't have werewolf numbers.

Secretary *(suddenly resolute)*: OK, I'm in. I can... send out a strongly worded email to ousfg-announce?

Tea Sage: You must travel to each of the four societies, and learn each of the elements of OUSFG. Starting with tea bending.

(The Tea-bending ritual commences.)

Tea Sage: This is an ancient and difficult art, so do not be discouraged if it takes you many weeks to master. First, select your mug.

(Secretary grabs mug.)

Tea Sage: Well done! The second step is to place a tea bag within. Here is where many brave attempters falter.

Secretary: Okaaaay... *(Drops teabag in mug.)*

Tea Sage: Such skill! But this is only the beginning. The kettle must be boiled and a perfect stream of water moisten the leaves.

Secretary: Well, the kettle looks already boiled. *(Pours it over.)*

Tea Sage (*in awe*): Wow. The final step, if you can, is to allow the tea bag to steep, and then remove it with only a biro. But you've come so far already.

(Secretary removes tea bag and hands the cup to the Tea Sage.)

(Tea Sage drinks.)

Tea Sage: Perfect - you have mastered tea bending. You truly are the Secretary. Your next stop should be the Temple of Squee. There, the Harbour Master will help you.

StA: Me and Colin are coming with you. We want to help. Well, Colin wants to help. To be honest I just want to get out of here. *(Looks nervously around.)* I don't actually like tea.

(Shocked gasps.)

Tea Sage: LEAVE. NOW.

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Act Two

Narrator: Upon leaving Tea Tribe in order to embark on their glorious quest to restore balance to the people of OUSFG, our heroes set off to find the airborne fleet of Squee Nation. It was here that the Secretary would be forced - er, that is, *obliged* - um, or rather, *honoured* - to master the noble art of Squeebending.

Harbourmaster (*with more enthusiasm than might strictly be considered healthy*): GREETINGS, VALIANT HEROES! It is SO AMAZING to finally meet you! I mean, sure, I'd read all about you in our city's ancient fanfiction archives, but that's hardly the same - for one thing, I'm fairly certain Colin and the Secretary aren't actually engaged in a torrid love affair... so there's that.

Secretary (*stepping forward*): I am the OUSFG Secretary: defender of the free press, agent of peace, and Maker of the Finest Cup of Earl Grey In All The World, If Not All of Oxfordshire. Um - it's good to make your acquaintance? Probably? Whoever you are.

Harbourmaster: I am the Harbourmaster! Purveyor of squees, and commander of all the airships you see before you!

(Colin makes brief elephant noises in StA's direction.)

StA (*translating*): Colin says that he is disturbed beyond all possible measure by this ghastly apparition, and fervently urges us to reconsider our plans to board this ramshackle fleet.

(Colin makes elephant noises of assent.)

Harbourmaster: Nonsense! My fleet is composed of the sturdiest vessels imaginable; loaded with the deadliest of cannons! Or, well, headcanons, at any rate.

Meth-Maid (*appearing as if by magic*): Don't forget our secret drug-smuggling operation!

Harbourmaster: Silence, Meth-Maid! (*Spoken in undertone, to our heroes.*) She's in charge of the crackships. Very dodgy business, that...

Secretary: Anyway, I don't suppose you could let us in?

Harbourmaster: Well, actually, that depends.

(She snaps her fingers and/or claps her hands - essentially, makes a summoning gesture of some kind. Promptly, Fangirls 1 and 2 appear.)

Fangirl 1: Ooh, are you the OUSFG Secretary? Oh my gosh, you guys - it's him! SO PERFECT! Tell me, is it true that you and the OUSFG Video Rep were secret lovers in that one game of Werewolves?

Fangirl 2: Urgh, so unimpressed right now. This guy is REALLY problematic when you actually bother to do a little research. I mean, is the tea that he brews even FAIRTRADE?

Fangirl 1: What? No! (*Threateningly*) I swear, if I had access to twelve incredulous reaction gifs and a keyboard right now...

Harbourmaster (*sternly*): Ahem!

Fangirl 1: I mean - PASSWORD!

Secretary: What?

Harbourmaster: What what? It's a simple yet effective security system. All you have to do is supply us with your favourite slash pairing! Or really, favourite pairing of any kind. Or pairing you might have heard of in passing. Random namesmush of characters from any work of fiction. Two vaguely related abstract concepts... it's all good.

Secretary: What? No. No, I'm not going to do that.

(Cameron appears inexplicably, and whispers something in the Secretary's ear.)

Secretary: Well, all right, if you're sure. Um, my password is Jabberwocky/Chris.

Harbourmaster: Selfcest is a perfectly valid mode of shipping! You may enter.

(Colin the Elephant makes another elephant noise.)

StA: Colin says that this arrangement strikes him as a wholly arbitrary means of identification.

Harbourmaster: Well, Colin the Elephant can go choke on his own irritating, fuzzy-scarfed pedantry! I want a password!

StA: Maybe there's a way around this. (*Rummaging in their bag; withdrawing a box of cookies.*) What if we were to demonstrate our loyalty to the Society of Squee through other means?

Harbourmaster (*Aghast*): You dare to offer me baked goods? In lieu of proper shipping?? (*Beat.*) Accepted! Fangirls - allow these freedom-fighters access to our ship!

Fangirl 1: Which one...?

Harbourmaster: ALL OF THEM.

(They do so.)

Secretary: So, apparently, you're the one who's meant to be teaching me how to master the art of Squeebending.

Harbourmaster: But of course! And what better way to teach you than with an impromptu musical number?

Secretary: I know of absolutely no better way.

Ship All the World (sung to the tune of A Whole New World)

Harbourmaster and Fangirls:

We can show you our blogs,
Rife with fanart and meta,
Need a writer to beta?
We can help your fic take wing.

Scroll through pages of dash,
Squee whene'er the mood strikes you,
Garner kudos and likes, then
Join the chorus as we sing,

Ship all the world!
Bring light and romance to their hearts!
No-one to tell you 'ew',
Or misconstrue
Your OTP's perfection.

Ship all the world!
With every trope at your command,
Leave no cliché unturned,
For now you've learned
A fannish creed to spread throughout the land.

Secretary: I suddenly understand everything.

(Immediately, there is an almighty explosion, and Swan-Zuko comes crashing through the window.)

Swan-Zuko: Ahahahaha! Look upon my works, ye fangirls, and despair! It is I: Swan Prince Zuko: scourge of all fannish frivolity; enemy of squee; hateblogger for all the ages, and purveyor of all those creepy anonymous comments you just can't seem to get rid of on your blog! It was I who sunk the S.S. Makorra! I who orchestrated the latest tumblr formatting updates! I who *read and enjoyed all those fics you worked so hard on, and then never left kudos or comments!*

(The Fans gasp, horrified.)

Harbourmaster: You're a *monster*.

Swan-Zuko: I'm a monster who happens to be in possession of an entire army of invading fire-swans in the middle of an airship fleet running primary on *hydrogen!* Looks like your neat little shipping-slash-drug-smuggling operation... is *about to go up in flames*.

StA: That didn't even count as a pun - that is literally what's about to happen! Stop acting like it's some kind of punchline!

Harbourmaster: It's not going to happen at all - this fleet contains some of the most powerful ships that fandom has ever seen! There's the S.S. Destiel, whose scrupulous command of minor fluctuations in the body language of the Supernatural cast will leave you flummoxed!

Swan-Zuko: Already sunk, I'm afraid, Harbourmaster. What - did you *really* think the writers would ever confirm it in canon?

Fangirl 2: What about the S.S. Xena/Gabrielle, whose near-canoncity and satisfying refutation of gender stereotypes never fails to silence the haters?

Swan-Zuko: 'Near-canoncity' is such a *desperate* phrase, wouldn't you say? In any case, that one went spiralling to its doom almost an hour ago.

(Colin makes an elephant noise.)

StA: Colin says that, bar the sudden and narratively contrived appearance of some kind of powerful avenging hero, we are all most assuredly doomed!

Swan-Zuko: Nonsense, you prating, furry-trunked lunatic. Who in the whole wide Oxford would have the power to save you?

Harbourmaster: I nominate Cameron!

(Cameron stands up, looking hopeful.)

StA: Don't be ridiculous - that would never work. This is a job for the Secretary!

Harbourmaster: The Speaker is right! Secretary - use your newfound grasp of fannish trivia to help us escape!

Secretary: But... I can't. Swan-Prince Zuko... he's too powerful...

Fangirl 1: Nonsense!

Fangirl 2: You can do it! Even if your very existence IS extremely problematic!

Secretary: ... You're right. I CAN do this. I am the OUSFG Secretary - and it is the Secretary's job to take note of all society interests, even the ridiculous minutiae! *(Thinking for a moment.)* Okay. We're going need to evacuate everyone onto the S.S. Korrasami! After all - Swan-Prince Zuko thinks he can win by crushing every fragile fannish hope that their beloved ship may someday become canon. Well, if it's *canon* he wants... try explicit creator endorsement in the form of an open letter on tumblr!

(Everyone hurriedly exits.)

Swan-Zuko: Curses! Canonical queer representation - my one weakness!

(Exit.)

Narrator: And thus, our heroes escaped onto the S.S. Korrasami - its scarlet and blue banners blazing proudly in the night. The Harbourmaster thanked them for their help, and agreed to drop them off at their next destination: Book Kingdom, where the Secretary would be expected to master the art of Bookbending.

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Act Three

(Team Secretary are more or less in the middle of nowhere.)

Speaker to Animals: So... what now?

Secretary: I'm not sure. If only there was a way to tell what's going on with the Fire Swan Nation right now...

Colin the Elephant: *(Makes elephant noises.)*

Speaker to Animals: Well, obviously we can't just go and ask...

Colin the Elephant: *(More insistent elephant noises.)*

Secretary: I think Colin wants to tell us something.

Colin: *(Happy elephant noises, with more serious elephant noises to follow.)*

Speaker to Animals: He says there's a ritual that can help. Something about ashes and... candy? Canned tea?

Secretary: The Rite of AshKente!

Colin: *(Happy elephant noises.)*

Speaker to Animals: So what is it?

Secretary: It summons the Secretaries of ages past, also known as the Council of the Wizedened. After they die, they sort of hang around the place. Since there's so many of them, they more or less know what's happening everywhere!

StA: You're telling us this now? Ah, never mind. Why do I even bother?

Secretary: Well, it's not like I know how the ritual works...

Colin: *(Elephant noises.)*

(Librarian and Horace enter.)

Secretary: Oh, look, someone's coming! It's a man... and a monkey?

StA and Horace: He's an orang-utan!

Librarian *(at the same time):* *(Angry ook.)*

Secretary: Well, it's nice to meet you, Mr Orang-utan - and...?

Horace: I'm Dr Horace Worblehat, Professor in L-space Studies and Assistant Librarian at the Wan Shi Tong library. This is the Librarian.

Librarian: Ook eek eek.

Horace: The Librarian says we, I mean he, rules over the Book Tribe.

Secretary: So where is your tribe?

Librarian: Ook.

Horace: We live in L-space. The book tribe has the largest library known to mankind (and sentient species in general) and so many books in one space tend to bend reality. I would explain in more detail but, really, it's far beyond your capabilities to understand the fine magic hidden in books.

(Colin and the Librarian start an enthusiastic conversation. Horace and StA translate.)

StA: Colin says we need to find a book about the rite of AshkEnte.

Horace: The Librarian says he knows how to perform it!

Narrator: The assembled band gathered around. The librarian withdrew a carton of soy milk, traced a symbolic bookogram, (a rectangle) and commenced the sacrificial burning of *Shatner Quake*.

Librarian *(mysteriously)*: Oook, ook ook!

Secretary *(to Horace)*: What's going on?

Horace: He just invoked the ancient rite of AshkEnte, an ancient and powerful spell to call forth the council of the wizened and oldest of all.

StA *(sceptically)*: But that sounded like a recipe for herbal tea?

Horace: Don't be ridiculous, no one in their right mind puts milk in their herbal tea!

(Wizened 1, who is holding a cup of tea, nervously taps the librarian on the shoulder.)

Wizened 1: Excuse me, you seem busy, but could you pass the milk?

Wizened 2 *(also holding tea)*: Do you have sugar as well?

Horace: This is a travesty!

Wizened 3 *(drinking their tea)*: And biscuits perhaps?

Secretary: Excuse me, Council of the Wizened, I was wondering whether you could help us.

Wizened 1: Will there be tea?

Wizened 3: And biscuits?

Secretary: Sure, we can arrange that.

Wizened 2 (*sipping tea*): So what do you want to know?

Secretary: Well, the fire swan nation is trying to take over our world.

StA: Fairly successfully so far.

Secretary: Is there anything you know that might help us?

Wizened 1: The fire swans used to make good tea. All that fire, it made for lovely strong brews. But it was never as good as the Tea Tribe.

Wizened 3: Especially not with that civil war the Fire Swans have.

StA: Civil war! What civil war?

Wizened 1: Well, Swan-Zuko decided to rebel. Something about puns being dishonourable.

Wizened 2: Can't make tea out of puns.

Wizened 3: Can't make tea out of honour, either.

Wizened 1: I wonder if you could turn puns to biscuits... Anyway, there was something you wanted to know? I'm afraid we got slightly side-tracked.

Secretary: No, that's okay. Thank you for your help and enjoy your tea.

Council of the Wizened: Thank you. Bye!

(Council of the Wizened disappear.)

StA: Argh, they were so useless. I wonder how they even manage to leave the tea tribe!

Secretary: They did tell us that there's a civil war going on. That could be useful.

Colin: *(Making a suggestion with elephant noises.)*

StA: That's a great idea! Colin suggests we talk to Swan-Zuko and convince him to join our side.

Secretary: But to do so we need to go to the fire swans. We'll need a disguise!

Horace: Well, I'm sure that the Library has many books on the matter of magical disguise.

The Librarian (*angrily*): Ook.

(The party finds themselves transported to L-Space. Cameron is somehow there.)

Cameron: Hi guys!

StA and Secretary: Hi Cameron!

Secretary: This place is huge! I mean, look at all the books!

StA: They even have The Hitchhiker's Guide to Oxford! I mean the actual guide!

(The Librarian holds a book but doesn't seem too keen to give it away.)

Librarian: Ook eek ook.

Horace: The Librarian says you can find the spell to turn into fire swans here. But you must be very careful, because with such great power comes great responsibility. As you know very well, knowledge is power is force times distance squared over time.

StA: Say what?

Secretary *(takes the book and opens it):* Hmm, it says here that first we need to set ourselves on fire.

Colin: *(Elephant noises.)*

StA *(turning to Colin):* Yes, of course, we'll need fire extinguishers. We can't risk setting the library on fire. Someone needs to go get them.

Librarian *(distressed):* Ook ook ook!

Secretary: I nominate Cameron!

StA: Seconded!

(Cameron walks away, never to return.)

Secretary: Okay, let's do this.

(Secretary, StA and Colin set themselves on fire. The Librarian is horrified and Horace has gone to look at some book.)

StA: Did anyone check what the second step was?

(The Librarian performs a weird ritual and the group are now fire swans.)

Horace *(noticing that a fire is spreading):* Hey! There is a fire going on here, hey! Ook Ook Ook!

StA: I think he just accidentally turned into an orang-utan!

Secretary: We need to get out of here, the fire is spreading! Look, this way!

(The fire swans go away, leaving the Librarian and Horace arguing with "eek" and "ook" in the middle of the burning library.)

Narrator: And so the group made their way through L-Space to the (rather small) library of Swan-Zuko.

Secretary *(looking around)*: These books look a little ... samey. *Honourverse, Eagle's Honour, Blade of Honour...*

StA: No, not ALL of them. Look, a Vorkosigan book... oh. Should have known.

(Colin makes impatient noise.)

StA: OK, OK, we're moving. Now, where might we find...

(Swan-Zuko emerges from behind a bookshelf.)

StA: Oh! Swan-Zuko, I mean, Prince! Didn't see you there!

Swan-Zuko: Who gave you permission to be in here?

Secretary: We were, uh, just admiring your wonderfully varied taste in books, your highness.

StA: And marvelling over just how honourable you are.

Swan-Zuko *(looking incredibly suspicious)*: Come to think of it, I don't recognise you at all. What company are you?

(Colin makes elephant noise, which he quickly turns into a kind of quack.)

StA: We're visiting soldiers, recruited with the utmost alacrity to aid you in your ultimate goals. From... Firey-Beak company.

(Swan-Zuko stares at them.)

Secretary *(sighing)*: Well, so much for that. I'm the secretary of OUSFG. We know you're rebelling against the Fire President, and we want to join forces.

Swan-Zuko: By infiltrating my forces in disguise? How much more dishonourable could you be? Tell me why shouldn't I just burn you to ash where you stand?

StA: Well, to start with, we're kind of already on fire.

Secretary: Swan-Zuko, without us you're doomed. As soon as the president stops being distracted by trying to hunt me down, you'll be easy prey. How long will you hold up in a dungeon with him berating you for *swanning around*? Or running off to *feather your own nest*? Or...

Swan-Zuko (*shuddering*): Enough! Fine. I accept. I can get you into his base.

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Act Four

Narrator: And so, having gained the (somewhat dubious)(vaguely disturbing) loyalty of Fire-Swan Prince Zuko - a man whose shipping tastes might be questionable, but whose HONOUR was never in doubt - our heroes set about gaining insider access to the warehouse in which the OUSFG President housed his illegal truffle-smuggling operation.

Swan-Zuko: All right - follow me. Try to keep as quiet as possible.

Secretary (*loudly*): YES, WE AND OUR VERY LARGE, VERY HOSTILE REBEL FIRE-SWAN ARMY SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO BE AS QUIET AS POSSIBLE.

Swan-Zuko: Stop yelling, you fool - they'll hear us!

Secretary: I JUST WANTED TO MAKE IT VERY CLEAR THAT I UNDERSTOOD YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. YOUR INSTRUCTIONS ON THE NEED FOR STEALTH, THAT IS. AND ALSO IT'S A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO MAKE MYSELF HEARD OVER ALL THE SWAN NOISES.

Swan-Zuko: Can't you see that in order for this infiltration mission to work, we must be as silent as possible?

Secretary: YES, ABSOLUTELY, AS SILENT AS POSSIBLE. I UNDERSTAND THAT. SPEAKER TO ANIMALS, CAN YOU MAKE SURE COLIN UNDERSTANDS THAT?

(Colin makes an extremely loud elephant noise.)

StA: I CAN CONFIRM THAT COLIN DEFINITELY UNDERSTANDS THAT.

Swan-Zuko: Just - argh. Okay, this way.

(They creep across the stage.)

StA: So... this is something that's been bugging me for a while. If you're the Prince... and Jabberwocky is the President... does that make you - his weird, quasi-monarchical, cross-species son?

Swan-Zuko (*huffily*): I don't like to discuss my parentage.

Secretary: No, the Speaker's right - this raises all kinds of disturbing questions about the President's relationship with swans, you know, in general...

Swan-Zuko: Look, if *your* father grounded you every time you managed to miss out on a "perfectly decent opportunity for wordplay" in conversation, or failed to take advantage of "a textbook opening for a tree pun", then YOU wouldn't want to discuss your family life either!

President (*suddenly appearing from the shadows*): Why, Swan-Zuko, you cut me to the quick. To which my only response... can be to *cut out your heart*.

(He proceeds to do so, in a most brutal and gory fashion.)

President: Some would call that... heartless. Well, he was never much good at keeping the fire-swans satisfied. Barely even managed to keep them properly irradiated, and that's Swan Kidnap 101 material - on the subject, we have experienced a slight decline in class numbers from one to zero, so if anyone here is considering a career in swan care...? No takers?

(Colin makes an elephant noise.)

StA: By which he means to say: "Do you have no stronger emotional response after causing the demise of your own son?"

President: THAT'S JUST A THEORY. Any other theory is equally valid. Such as him being my apprentice and only my apprentice and that is definitely canon, regardless of any "hereditary pyromania" and "that one time I remembered his birthday". It was ONE TIME. Anyway, truffles. Your imminent deaths. The glorious reign of my fire-swans - frankly, I could wing any of those. But it's time for your bird-brained plot to end.

Secretary: Not so fast, President! Observe how I have learnt to brew THE PERFECT CUP OF TEA! Cower in the wake of my kettle-handling prowess!

(He proceeds to brew the most delicious cup of tea ever created in the known universe - or, indeed, in all of Oxford.)

President: ... I'll admit, your tea-brewing skills are flawless. However, it's time to face realiTEA! You can never win against my fire-swans!

(A horde of fire-swans swarm.)

Secretary: Nooo - leaf me alone!

President: See? Even you are falling prey to my punnish tendencies!

Secretary: Perhaps. But I've got more than one trick up my sleeve. Fans of the world, unite!
ALL SHIPS ARE NOW CANON!

(The Harbourmaster and the Squee Temple members immediately flood the stage, chasing back the first wave of fire swans.)

Harbourmaster: The ramifications of *that*, Secretary, would be disastrous - but it's a suitably feel-good sentiment to rally the fannish troops. Good work. Good luck with the rest of the battle - I'm off to write more Colin/Secretary slashfic. Remember to read and review!

Secretary: ...

President: You may have chased off my avian vanguard - but my fire swans can feather far worse than this! Prepare for light barbecuing! Although for legal reasons I should clarify that fire swans are marketed as a security aid and biological waste disposal system, and are not licensed for food preparation.

Secretary: After that, I'm afraid I'm going to have to throw the book at you.

(He throws a book. It is picked up by a fire swan, who begins to peruse it.)

Swan: Hey, do you mind if I pass this on? There's a very interesting dynamic between the two villains. I mean, one might be a nameless faceless horror, but you really believe that relationship could work...

President: You may have distracted those swans with your novel tactics, but this ends now. I still have the remainder of my army!

Secretary: And I have mine. You remember Swan Zuko, your son-

President: *Apprentice.*

Secretary: Well, these are his friends. Or at least semi-politically aligned colleagues. Attack!

(The President falls beneath the fire swan onslaught.)

President: Before you end this - do I get a last pun?

Secretary: There is another way, Jabberwocky!*(Pause. Of the dramatic variety.)* It was a peaceful land once before, when the 4 aspects of our societies were unified in speculative fiction. A time before your love of truffles and fire blinded you to the wonders of books, the guilty pleasures of shipping, and the refreshment of tea; all types of tea. These things represent each of our societies, but we can bring them together, in peace. I offer you redemption in a truce by forming an assembly of our great things, a periodic meeting to share that which we hold most dear: a library meeting! I'm free Sundays.

(He extends a hand to the President, and helps him up. The President nods – too astounded to even think of an appropriate pun.)

Epilogue

Narrator: And so, the president relented, and a new era of peace began in Oxford. The Tea Tribes mended their differences and agreed to make tea of every kind; the Fire Swan Nation baked biscuits for all; the Book Kingdom supplied far too many boxes of books; and united we squeed over them at length. Library meetings every Sunday became a founding pillar of the reunited society. And, in time, new elections were held, and a new secretary arose...