

Many years ago, there was a little girl that played a little flute. She lived in a charming small town by the ocean, surrounded by her loving family and friends.

The little girl enjoyed playing her little flute every day and thought the entire world was filled with beauty.

One day, a terrible storm washed everything away, and the little girl found herself lost and alone and surrounded by monsters. All she had left in the world was her little flute.

After a few days of hiding in sadness, she remembered her grandmother telling her about the Magic Mountain: a magical place where there were no monsters, where there was nothing to fear, where it was always warm and cozy, and where everyone got along. Before long, the little girl found the courage to go find the Magic Mountain, even though she had nothing to guide her way.

The little girl traveled from the Ruined Beach, through the Alligator Swamps, and arrived at the Concrete Jungle. When she arrived, she saw other children just like her, looking for the path to the Magic Mountain. After a while, she got to meet the Queen of the Concrete Jungle, who played a big shimmering flute. The Queen protected the little girl from the monsters and taught her everything about her flute. After a time, she gifted her a shimmering flute of her very own. One day, the little girl told the Queen

of the Concrete Jungle about the Magic Mountain. And the Queen said, “Ah! I think I know how to get there!” and pointed her North, to the Golden Hills.

The little girl made her way to the Golden Hills, and when she arrived, she saw more children just like her, looking for the path to the Magic Mountain. After a while, she met the King, who played many flutes! He played the little flute, the shimmering flute, and the colossal flute. The King took the little girl under his wing, protected her from the monsters, and showed her everything he knew about all the flutes. After a time, he gifted her a colossal flute of her very own. One day, the little girl told the King of the Golden Hills about the Magic Mountain. And the King said, “Ah! I think I know how to get there!” and pointed her even further North, to the Land of the Silver Lakes.

With her little flute, shimmering flute, and colossal flute, the little girl made her way further North to the Land of the Silver Lakes. Upon arriving there, she saw in the distance the peak of the Magic Mountain!

“I have finally made it!” she thought to herself. However, as she approached the mountain, she realized that the land was infested with monsters, and no one was there to protect her. The little girl thought, “I will never be able to make it to the Magic Mountain.”

As she sat down in despair, a Seemingly-Friendly Monster approached her and said, “Hello little girl, I can show you the way to the Magic Mountain, but beware! There are many monsters between here and there. I can help you get there, but you have to disguise yourself as one of us!” Then, the Seemingly-Friendly Monster gave the little girl a Seemingly-Friendly Monster Disguise. The disguise was very heavy, and it really weighted the girl down, and every step she took got harder and harder. After what seemed like forever, the little girl realized that she wasn’t getting any closer to the Magic Mountain. That the Seemingly-Friendly Monster was walking her around in circles. Then, the little girl took off her Seemingly-Friendly Monster Disguise and ran as fast as she could. “Your kind will never make it without me!” the monster yelled, not seeming so friendly anymore.

As she ran away from the no longer Seemingly-Friendly Monster, her path was suddenly blocked by a cruel Go-Back-Where-You-Came-From Monster. The Go-Back-Where-You-Came-From Monster approached her and said, “Hey! You don’t belong here! This is our home, and the mountain is for us, not for you! You can either go home or serve our kind” Then, the Go-Back-Where-You-Came-From Monster took her flutes away, hid them, and gave her a mop and a bucket. The little girl, scared, complied with the monster.

Such a long time passed that she forgot what her flutes sounded like. She dreamed of the Magic Mountain but thought that she would never get there. One day, she sneaked into the Go-Back-Where-You-Came-From Monster's home and found her flutes dusty and discarded in a dark corner. Quietly, she grabbed her little flute and started to play. Filled with hope, she realized, "I can make it!" With her little flute, shimmering flute, and colossal flute, the little girl ran as fast as she could towards the Magic Mountain. "I will find you and send you back where you came from," the monster yelled, not seeming so scary anymore.

As she ran, many dark shadows rose up in front of her. Before her appeared so many kinds of monsters: the Sneaky Monsters, the Be-My-Token Monsters, the Know-It-All Monsters, the Unkind Monsters, the Lying Monsters, the Let-Me-Check-A-Box Monsters, the Be-My-Pet Monsters, and many more. As all these monsters approached the little girl, she clenched her hands into tiny fists and got ready to fight them all. The more she fought, the more monsters appeared, pushing her further away from the Magic Mountain.

Exhausted and nearly defeated, the little girl realized she could never beat the monsters at their own game. As she looked around, she saw other children just like her trying to fight their way to the Magic Mountain.

And she yelled, "Hey, look around you! There is room for all of us! Why are we fighting?"

Suddenly, everyone stopped. And as the little girl looked into the eyes of these giant, scary, ugly monsters, she realized that they were all just scared of her. They were scared of little girls with many flutes that traveled long distances away from home. They were afraid because they had never left the foot of the mountain before. They were frightened because they thought the mountain was too small to fit anyone else but them.

"Why are you scared of me?" the little girl cried. "I just want to play my little flute, my shimmering flute and colossal flute in a magical place where there are no monsters, where there is nothing to fear, where it is always warm and cozy, and where everyone gets along."

And then, one by one, piece by piece, the monsters started dropping their armour revealing themselves to be only frightened little children. Little by little, everyone unclenched their tiny fists, and hand in hand, made their way to the Magic Mountain.

Today, the not-so-little girl who played the little flute, the shimmering flute, and the colossal flute plays many flutes. She lives in a charming townhouse by the Silver Lakes in a magical place where there are no monsters, where there is nothing to fear, where it is always warm and cozy, and where everyone gets along.

