

Dearest reader,
Thanks again for downloading Michael Madison's Bedtime Stories. These are extracts from 'Sadie Madison and the Boy in the Crimson Scarf'.
I hope you enjoy them. Sleep tight.
NjH

READER NOTE

I believe that reading should be surprising, exciting, and fun. However, if you would like a list of tropes and topics in my books, please visit my www.neilhart.com/reader-note
Stay safe and enjoy.

an EXTRACT from
SADIE MADISON AND THE BOY IN THE CRIMSON SCARF



~ MICHAEL MADISON'S ~
THE WITCH TREE
AT SAN CRISTOPHE

NEIL J HART

www.neiljhart.com

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The legend of The Witch Tree began more than two thousand years ago. To hear it, we must travel great distances, through time and space. Over the River Myr we fly, leaving the safety of Iron Bridge far behind. We skim the western treetops of Darachna Forest, then crest the Carcassus Mountains. Sharp stone and rock spread out beneath us for hundreds of miles. Holdfasts and crumbling castles perch on cliff tops and take root in barren vales. Beyond the mountains we fly, across the Snake Plains, towards the distant Western Waters. And here, at the edge of the world, lies the mighty circular cities of San Cristophe.

And now time slips away. Back and back and back we go—

Somewhere in the swirling sand and withering heat outside the walls of San Cristophe, stood three Sisters.

Dressed in black.

Bound in iron.

The first, no older than sixteen, shielded her vivid blue eyes from the sun. The second grunted listlessly, digging her work-worn hands into her wide hips. The third raised her gnarled head towards the battlements, muttering the ancient Words of Shadow.

Now, they weren't sisters in the way you and I think of sisters, for they were not of the same mother, but they were of a more terrible Sisterhood.

A Sisterhood of Witches.

The King looked down on the three. From his towering vantage point, they looked like harmless desert beetles he could crush beneath the heel of his boot. But they were far from harmless and, even at this distance, he did not feel the least bit safe.

“Harridans!” he bellowed, his voice vanishing into the desert forever. “Your time is at an end. San Cristophe is a city of peace and justice, of learning and knowledge, of truth and honesty. A city built for all time. It has no place for your magics and sorcery. Your malcontent. Your Words of Shadow!”

The old witch spat on the ground in disgust. Her spittle sizzled, smoked, spawning hundreds of black scorpions that wriggled and fought and melted into a steaming tar.

The King turned to his advisors. Their faces were white with fear. The King's Archdeacon

approached and demanded the witches be banished from the city, cursed never to return. But the King silenced him with a hand and commanded they be put to death.

“Death?” said the Archdeacon. “Do you seriously believe death will be the end for these women? They’re Witches, sire. Harridans, Sorceresses, Necromancers. Their power is beyond anything death can contain.”

“My order stands,” the King said. “Cut them down. All of them.”

The King’s Golden Warriors took the witches one thousand paces south of the city and ended their mortal lives. They dug a communal grave by the Kings Road and placed them side-by-side in the ground. Their bodies were burned in camphor oil, the bones covered in soil and sand and salt. The Archdeacon came to the graves and gave a short benediction. No marker, cross or headstone was erected and, after the wind had worked its magic, no trace remained at all.

An opalescent moon rose above the city of San Cristophe that night. It turned the Snake Plains into a slithering pale-blue sea of dust. But the stars seemed diminished, as though they were afraid to show themselves.

The King stared across the city, towards the gate where he had condemned the three, and said a prayer to the Night Gods before retiring to bed.

But his prayers went unanswered.

Across the city, beyond the mighty walls and the Kings Gate, one thousand paces south upon the Snake Plains, the ground stirred.

A shoot sprang from the desiccated earth. It writhed and flicked like an earthworm. Within minutes the shoot broke into two, then four, eight, and stretched towards the sky, growing and building and spreading, becoming a tree with twisted branches and gnarled bark, black as night. The tree grew more than thirty feet, swaying gently in the cool night air.

The King became alerted by the cries of his advisors. Accompanied by a host of Golden Warriors, advisors, clerics and men-at-arms, the King went to the site of the black tree. On seeing the abomination, the King’s face turned paler than a fish belly.

“I warned you about the Witches,” cried the Archdeacon. “I warned you and now look at what has happened!”

The King considered the tree for a time. Ignoring the cries of his Archdeacon, he turned to his Golden Warriors. “Cut it down. Immediately!”

With longswords in hand, his Golden Warriors approached.

But the tree moved then.

Fear swirled through the morning air.

Black branches planted themselves in the ground around the trunk. The tree groaned and creaked and wailed like an injured beast.

“Cut it down!” The King bellowed once more.

The Golden Warriors advanced but the branches lashed out, knocking them backwards into the sand. Again and again they attacked, rallied, attacked again, but the tree brushed them aside like buzzing pests.

The King, growing tired of the efforts of his Golden Warriors, took his Moonblade Axe and approached the Witch Tree. To his surprise, the branches retracted from the sand and let the King pass beneath. With his feet planted beside the huge, blackened trunk, the King arced his axe through the air.

Instantly, the branches tore down and seized him.

The King went reeling into the air, screaming and yelping. The branches tightened around his waist like the coils of a deadly serpent.

The tree pulled the King close.

The faces of the witches appeared before him in the burnt bark, knotted and angry.

“Foolish man,” chuckled the Maid. “You are no match for us.”

“Even in death, we are more powerful than you can imagine,” said the Mother.

The Crone laughed, dry and sickly. “And now it’s time you joined us!”

Shooting into the air, the King hung suspended above the tree, a branch around each limb. A fifth whipped forward, coiled itself around the King’s neck, and killed him stone dead.

But that wasn’t the end for the King.

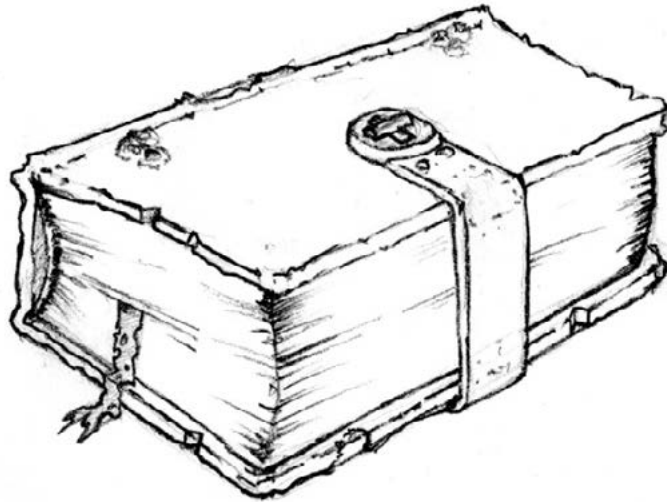
His body hung limp and loose in the branches. The witches muttered and chattered gleefully inside the bark. Smoke rose from the trunk. Arrows of blue and white light shot into the night. Sparks dropped to the sand like dive-bombing fireflies.

The King’s body landed cruelly on the sand. The Archdeacon moved to help his King, but there was nothing he could do. As he sat there weeping, he could have sworn he heard his King’s smothered voice, wailing in the distance.

He turned and looked at the tree. There, in the bark, sat the wretched faces of the three witches. But, most horrible of all, between them was the King, etched in the black bark of the Witch Tree. His eyes shook with horror, wide and screaming. He opened his mouth to call out but thirty long, wicked fingers reached over his face and dragged him deep into the roots of the tree.

Following the King’s death, a sandstone tower encompassed the tree, and was eventually engulfed by the expanding city. It is now guarded by descendants of the Golden Warriors. Its true location, an ancient mystery. But, they say, if you’re able to find the Witch Tree at San Cristophe, and you’re able to get close enough, you can hear the screams of the King from inside, begging for forgiveness.

an EXTRACT from
SADIE MADISON AND THE BOY IN THE CRIMSON SCARF

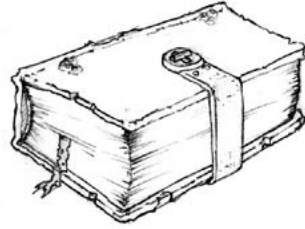


~ MICHAEL MADISON'S ~
THE WOMAN
WHO LABELLED
EVERYTHING

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In a majestic house, on an immaculate street, opposite the Royal Park in Ville de Feuilles—the City of Leaves—lived a wealthy woman named Estelle Gautreau.

Split over five floors, her house was packed with books, paintings, ornaments and antiques; glamorous clothing and costumes, jewellery, shoes and wigs; flawless wooden furniture, couches, armchairs and chaise longues; tiny silver thimbles, spoons, pill coffers, snuff boxes and cigarette cases; and every type of possession and collectable you care to mention.

Sitting in her house, surrounded by her belongings every day, made Estelle happy beyond all imagining. But a sadness lingered in her heart. Something was missing. Something she coveted more than anything else in the world.

Now, the City of Leaves is famous throughout Norland for its New Year celebrations.

One year, the Royal Park opposite Estelle Gautreau's house had been chosen to hold the New Year festivities. She watched with fevered anticipation as the carnival arrived and an army of roustabouts worked tirelessly to rig a sea of tents and a cavalcade of fairground attractions.

When the fateful evening arrived, Estelle dressed in her finest clothes and wandered through the makeshift avenues of tents and eateries. Glorious sounds and smells swirled through the night air, filling her with wonder. She sampled whiskey-glazed pork skewers; toffee-flavoured tea coated with fluffy cream and chocolate flakes; fried potatoes dripping with cheeses from all over the world; and, to her astonishment, found herself standing outside a fortuneteller's tent, considering if she should enter.

Now, Estelle was a cautious woman, not one to be taken by frivolous notions such as fate and destiny on the turn of a card or glimpsed in a crystal ball. But she soon found herself sitting in a candlelit tent with a stranger's hands on hers. "Why have you come?" the fortuneteller asked.

"I do not know. I felt...compelled."

"What is it you seek?"

"Nothing. I have everything. More than I need."

"Yet there is something missing," the mystic told her. "In your heart, Estelle. A longing. A need. Something money cannot buy."

Estelle pulled her hands away. "How do you know such things? How do you know my name?"

The fortuneteller's hands slipped beneath the table. "Do not be afraid. Speak from your heart."

Estelle's bottom lip quivered. "Love," she said, finally. "I wish to be loved."

The fortuneteller stared at Estelle for a moment. "To find love—true love—you must let people into your life. Relinquish the hold on your material things. Collect memories and experiences, not possessions. Talk to every stranger. Accept every invitation. Live in a way you have never lived before. Do this, and love can be yours."

Back home, Estelle swept through every room and admired her belongings. She brushed her hands against the furniture, ran her fingers over rugs and silver jewellery, smelt the polish and incense and the wealth packed into every square inch. Finally, at the stroke of midnight—as fireworks erupted in a storm of colour from the Royal Park—she hauled the bottom drawer of her armoire open and lifted out a nickel-plated Dymograph.

A Dymograph, if you didn't already know, is a compact typewriter that prints onto small strips of parchment while coating the reverse in a mild adhesive. She spent the entire night printing Dymograph labels and sticking them to everything around her.

Item #00001: Bedside tables (pair). Mahogany, two drawers.

Item #00002: Hand-forged, wrought-iron bed, dragon-size, brass bed knobs.

Item #00003: Rug, Persian, labyrinth design.

And so on.

As she dymographed each item, she measured the dimensions and noted them in a large, leather-bound journal. She took a pictogram of each item and developed them in her dark room. After almost two days of typing and measuring and pictography and scribbling, Estelle had done her entire bedroom—six hundred and fifty-eight items in total.

She spent the following thirty days and thirty nights doing the same with every item in her house. In total, she dymographed and recorded seventy-four thousand, eight-hundred and forty-three items which included everything from an oak dining table made to seat twenty to the tiniest pair of silver sugar tongs.

As the final item—the Dymograph itself—was recorded, Estelle collapsed onto her bed and slept for days.

She woke to a man shaking her gently by the shoulder.

"Madame?" He wore a pine green City Wardens uniform. "For a minute there, I thought you were dead."

"Dead?" she replied, sitting up.

"You haven't been seen for days," he told her. "People have been worried."

Estelle swung her legs off the bed and sunk them into the soft rug at her feet. "People?" she said. "What people? I have no—" The word friends stuck in her throat. "Who are you?"

“Officer Leroux. August Leroux,” he told her. “Madame? Do you feel alright?”

“I’m fine. Just tired.”

“You have a fantastic home.”

“It’s been my life’s work. I wouldn’t change it for the world.” Estelle stopped, frozen.

The last thirty days and nights bloomed in her mind.

She looked at the bedside table. The Dymograph sat silently. Its own label curled around the side. “But...I have to get rid of it. All of it.”

August looked amazed. “Whatever for?”

“I have so many things, but nothing more. Collections, objects, possessions. That is all my life has become. A horde of treasures I cannot take with me when I leave this world.”

“Most people would covet what you have,” he said. “You should enjoy them.”

Estelle nodded, but her face looked sad. “I have. For many years. But now my possessions are bereft of enjoyment. The things I own have ended up owning me.”

And so, from that day, Estelle Gautreau dragged her dining table out onto the cobbled street at midday and, for one hour, covered it with box after box of her worldly possessions. As people passed, Estelle studied them and gave her treasured things to those she felt suited them. Some people were unsure, confused by her actions. But, as word spread, hordes flocked to the house opposite the Royal Park to see if Estelle Gautreau would bestow one of her treasures upon them.

Officer Leroux returned to see Estelle from time to time. He stood and watched as she gave away the things she had spent her life collecting. On one particular day, as the last item left the table, he approached Estelle and invited her for coffee, and then dinner, and then for a stroll in the Royal Park. In turn, Estelle invited him to watercolour classes, book swaps, a steamboat trip down the Blackbrook beneath the withering trees and the white painted bridges of Le Tigre.

And, as sure as summer follows spring, Estelle and August were wed in the Royal Park opposite her house and news of a baby followed. Throughout her pregnancy, Estelle continued to distribute her possessions, one by one, to people gathered outside her house. She refused to take a day off, even when August begged her, fearing she looked pale and exhausted. Her addiction to ridding herself from every possession took precedence over all else. With each item leaving her hands, she felt lighter, transformed, becoming someone new, someone better.

Estelle drove forward, day after day, until she had nothing but a single box.

It contained a pair of bronze bookends in the form of playful cats, a handful of framed oil paintings, a jar of mixed buttons, and the Dymograph itself. But, as she headed out onto the street to free herself of her last possessions, her child sprang forth into the world.

Estelle gave birth to a baby girl at the foot of the stairs of her enormous house with August and a troupe of nurses surrounding her.

The following day she took to the street, determined to complete her task. With her daughter beside her in a basket, Estelle relinquished the bronze bookends to an old man in a grey suit, the

oil paintings to a young couple hopelessly in love, and the jar of buttons to a gang of children playing in the park. The dining table itself, over which every item had been passed, and lives were changed forever, fell into the possession of the local museum and heralded as an icon of modern culture.

Estelle took the Dymograph and the leather-bound journal containing every listing and pictogram out of the box and placed them on the cobbles.

Her hands shook.

August came to her side. "Two to go," he said. "And you'll be free."

"I need a minute."

Nodding, he left Estelle on the street and disappeared into the huge empty house. The afternoon passed slowly, and Estelle did not return. Eventually, August went in search of his wife and found her sitting on a bench at the centre of the Royal Park. He smiled with relief as she came into view, cradling their daughter.

But, as he approached, his relief shifted to terror, for what she held was not their daughter at all. "What have you done?"

Estelle stared into the distance.

A muted breeze caressed her hair.

"What are you doing with that?" August demanded, pointing. "Where's our daughter?"

"I couldn't do it," Estelle said slowly, looking at her panic-stricken husband.

Her eyes drifted to the object in her lap.

The leather-bound journal containing all the things she had once owned.

"I've taken them all back." Her hands gripped the soft leather as her voice rasped a desperate whisper. "They're mine!"

August looked lost.

With tears in his eyes, he wrestled the journal from his deranged wife and rifled through the pages. Estelle's fingernails rent the air, desperate to retrieve the huge tome, but August forced her aside and ran a trembling finger down the last page of the manuscript.

He flashed past the bookends, the oil paintings, the jar of buttons, the dining table.

And then—

Item#74843. Dymograph. Nickel-plated. 6 inches x 2.5 inches. Well-used.

Item#74844. Baby. Female (unnamed). 18 inches (approximate). Hair: Blonde. Eyes: Green.

an EXTRACT from
SADIE MADISON AND THE BOY IN THE CRIMSON SCARF



~ MICHAEL MADISON'S ~
THE PRINCESS
IN THE
THREADBARE GOWN

NEIL J HART

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Since the events in this story, the people of the Shadow Valley have been hanging Jongeliers from their porches, front doors and gateposts. Jongeliers— if you didn't already know— are made in the form of a doktor, dressed in black. They are usually several feet tall, made of broken wicker, worn out clothes and old socks, and stuffed with rags and spices. But the most important part of the Jongeliers are their terrifying faces; faces which are drawn, stitched and carved to frighten anyone who would look upon them...

* * *

Almost a hundred years ago, Toseland and Alice met on a busy flagstone courtyard in the underground city of Los Kralice during the Evenlight Festival. The star-crossed lovers stared at one another as music and dancers skipped between them. But, instead of this being a wondrous love story, it signalled the origin of something that should never have been.

Alice was the daughter of Edvard Mistery, a wealthy doktor who had preordained her entire future: a first-rate education, an apprenticeship in the Healing Halls at San Cristophe, a position at his Practice in Los Kralice, marriage to a man of position and power, and a litter of intelligent, obedient children.

Toseland, however, worked as a hawkshaw: a lowly detective, a spy. Not the sort of man Doktor Edvard Mistery had destined for his daughter.

They met every day in secret, behind the bandstand in the park. They whispered romantic notions to one another, their fingers intertwined, eating hard candies and fudge. But their happiness became extinguished on the day Doktor Mistery descended upon them.

Toseland confessed his undying love for Alice, pleading with the doktor for her hand in marriage.

“You? A detective, a spy. Never, sir. You shall never marry my daughter—my Princess. I promise you, no man nor beast, ill-wind nor treacherous sea, will stand between me and the death of this love.”

To Toseland's surprise, the doktor went limp, and crashed to the ground.

Alice Mystery stood over her father, a bloodied rock in her quivering hand.

Toseland and Alice left Los Kralice. After many days of difficult travel they came to a village on the far side of a vast river. A farmer offered them food and shelter in exchange for a day's work. They agreed and began herding cattle, weighing corn, and ploughing fields. Alice and Toseland collapsed into bed that night and every night for the following six months, exhausted but happy.

Alice Mystery married Toseland Jeremiah AppleGarth on Lorntide in the village square beneath the moon and the stars and the gently falling snow. Together they built a small home. By day they worked the farm. By night they sat in the warmth and security of their home, hand in hand, arm in arm.

And, with each passing sunrise and sunset, thoughts of Doktor Edvard Mystery's dark promise to destroy their love, drifted further and further away.

It had been a year to the day since they wed, when a distressed cry tore through the streets. Villagers had awoken to discover half a dozen men showing signs of infection: an abominable skin disease of fetid, infectious pustules bubbling with puss and corruption.

The disease spread rapidly, targeting only the men.

Every woman sat and watched as her husband, father, brother, or son, came down with the ghastly affliction. With horror in their eyes and desperation in their hearts, they pooled their money and sent word to Los Kralice for help.

Now, Alice worried this decision might bring her father directly to her door. But, looking into Toseland's yellowing eyes, the virus swarming through his veins, this was a risk she must take.

Two days later, as most of the women had taken to the fields, three doktors appeared on horseback. They were dressed from head to toe in black robes: heavy waxed overcoats, masks with circular glass eyelets, and a nose shaped like a raven's beak to hold incense and spices.

They harnessed their horses, slung rifles over their shoulders, and took a small boat across the water. They swept through each dwelling, checking man, father, brother, and son.

"There is little hope," the doktors announced to the handful of women who had remained in the village. "These men are victims of a vicious plague sweeping the Shadow Valley."

The women protested vehemently, insisting something must be done.

"There is nothing we can do," the doktors said, reaching for their rifles. "Except offer a swift end to their suffering."

At gunpoint, the doktors forced the women back. "Bring them out!" they ordered. "Bring out the infected."

The women refused and told the doktors to leave at once.

"The plague must be eradicated, burned from existence, by order of the Pharmacon in San Cristophe!"

The women held fast, surrounding the doktors in the village square.

“Move aside. Or you leave us no choice.”

Gunfire echoed above the fields.

Crows launched into the air, cawing portentously.

The women dropped their scythes and sheers and ran like thunder for the village.

The doktors forced the disease-ridden men out of their beds and into the village square where a handful of women lay dead. One of the doktors uttered a short benediction before the ear-splitting noise erupted once more. One by one the infected dropped to the ground. Some tried to run, gunned down in the street, screaming, clawing the muddied earth.

Piling the bodies in the square, the doktors doused them in spirits and salt before consuming them in wildfire. Using dry branches, they transferred flames to each dwelling until the village became wreathed in smoke and fire and death.

Returning from the fields, the woman found a terrible bonfire blazing in the village square. Across the water, three doktors sat on horseback, watching silently, their black masks removed.

The women cursed and screamed, wailing bloody vengeance. But, as they collapsed, sobbing like children, one woman continued to stand amidst the smouldering ruin.

Alice Mystery stood tall, her eyes locked on her father.

Doktor Edvard Mistery.

He saw Alice standing, watching. He dismissed her at first, for she was covered in dirt and clad in a threadbare gown. But then, as the smoke began to clear, he saw his daughter, his hope and joy—his Princess.

Alice turned to the heartbroken women. “Our husbands are gone. Our fathers, brothers, and sons, too. I for one cannot live in a world without my love. Can you?”

The women shook their heads.

Tears evaporated against the hot earth.

“Then we must go to them,” she said. “The river will have for us. The tide will pull us down and we will let it. Water shall fill our lungs and we will welcome it. We shall not struggle. We shall not fight. We will make Death afraid to take us!”

Alice pulled a rock from the earth, raking it against her palms. Blood bubbled to the surface. The others mimicked her, joining hands in a ritualistic pact by the water’s edge. They stepped forward, perched on the riverbank, toes curled over the lip. Hot, fresh blood splashed around their feet.

“Alice!” Doktor Mistery screamed. “Don’t do this. Get away from the edge.”

Alice gave her father an empty smile before leading the women down into the water.

Not one of them struggled.

Not one of them fought.

They simply dwindled and vanished beneath the swell.

Edvard Mistery jumped from his horse. He knelt by the bank, thrashing around in the water for all he was worth. His colleagues came to his side, pulled him away, his face cast with wild disbelief.

Tears filled Edvard Mistery's eyes as a shiver of dread stalked his bones. A dark chill hardened his veins and cloaked his heart with venomous shadows. The river turned a sickly grey as ominous clouds formed in the sky, urgent and prickling with energy. A dark wind whipped at the three doktors. Water lashed into a chaotic frenzy. The sun paled overhead.

Doktor Edvard Mistery watched with horror as a dozen figures rose silently from the colourless water. Their faces were hidden behind soiled hair, congealed with mud and moss, their once white clothes, dirty and ragged. They glided to the river's edge, mounting the banks as spray and dirt catapulted through the air. They shuffled forward, arms outstretched, fingers clawing, heads drenched, stooped.

"River Wraiths," Edvard whispered, backing away.

The River Wraiths gathered speed, like a howling wind. They scooped up the doktor's colleagues and dragged them into the violent water. Doktor Mistery scrambled away but the last River Wraith stalked towards him.

She angled her head and glowered through her sodden hair.

"Fa-ther," she hissed.

The doktor's skin turned to ice. "Alice? What have you done?"

She said nothing.

"Be gone, River Wraith!"

Shaking with fear, he pulled a wooden crucifix from beneath his robes and held it high. "Be gone, Demon Child!"

The River Wraith beat the cross away, gnashing her teeth, and growling like a primal beast.

"Return to the depths where you belong," he cried, his voice failing, his heart breaking. Tripping on an exposed tree root, Edvard crashed against the muddy earth.

Alice smiled cruelly. "You did this," she snarled, standing over him, dripping with dirt and filth. "I am nothing—"

"No!" the doktor screamed. "I love you, Alice. I will always love you."

"How can you love this?" she said. "I am anger. I am revenge."

"There is love in you," he urged. "I know it."

"My love is dead," she replied. "You killed him."

The doktor's face twisted with fear.

Every inch of his flesh crawled.

Icy shivers and a sickening wave of bile swept through him again.

“If we cannot have love, then none shall have it,” Alice decreed. “On this day—the shortest of each and every year—we will return to these shores and destroy all that love has built.”

“I love you,” he tried desperately.

She stopped, rooted to the spot, sneering, coughing, hacking up mouthfuls of dark water.

“I will always love you,” he told her. “For as long as I live. Alice—”

“But one day you’ll be gone,” she snarled. “All will be gone, and love will die.”

The River Wraiths laughed in unison as they slipped beneath the surface, chanting, “One day! One day! One day!”

So, on the eve of the shortest day of the year, the eve of Lorntide, it is said the River Wraiths return to the banks of the River Myr to destroy love and happiness. But the people of the Shadow Valley protect themselves with their Jongeliers, their wooden effigies of Doktor Edvard Mistery who returned to the water’s edge every year to look into his daughter’s eyes and use his love to force the River Wraiths back into the cold, dark, forgotten depths of the River Myr.



The Madison Chronicles is a YA dark fantasy adventure series for ages 12 and up.

The first book, **Sadie Madison and the Boy In The Crimson Scarf**, follows 12-year-old Sadie as she hunts for her missing best friend and the answers to a terrifying prophecy known as The Fortelling...

Throughout **The Madison Chronicles** Sadie is read bedtime stories by her father Michael to ease her mind and soothe her into sleep.

Will Sadie find her best friend? Will she uncover the truth about The Fortelling and her place within it? And is there more to Michael Madison's bedtime stories than myth and legend and make-believe?

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