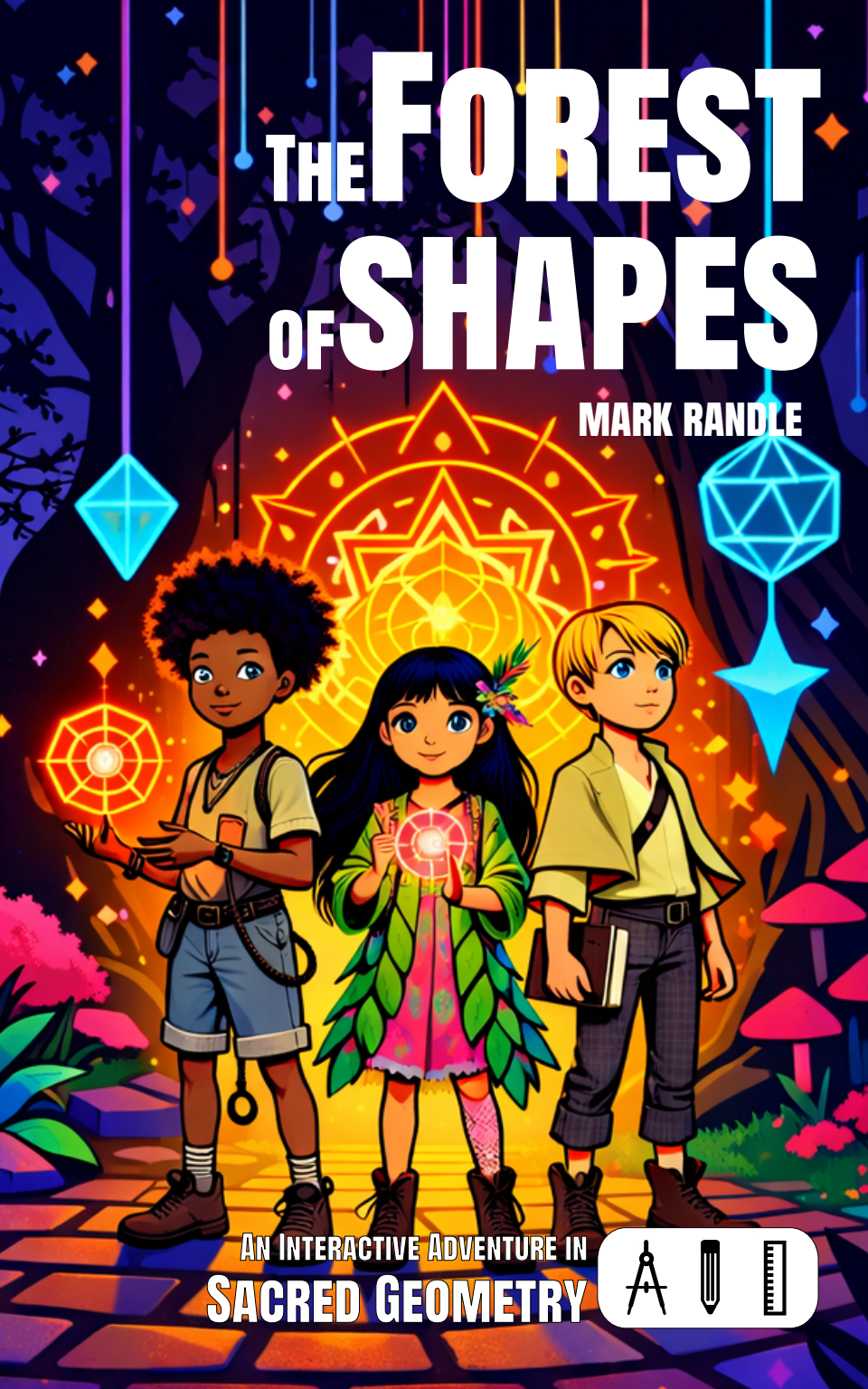


THE FOREST OF SHAPES

MARK RANDLE



AN INTERACTIVE ADVENTURE IN
SACRED GEOMETRY



MARK RANDLE

The Forest of Shapes

An Interactive Adventure in Sacred Geometry

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First edition

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Find out more at reedsy.com

You have what it takes... and what it
takes is you.

—Gryphon

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Welcome

Welcome to *An Interactive Adventure in Sacred Geometry*! This is more than just a book—it's an adventure into the hidden secrets and timeless beauty of geometric patterns.

To join the journey, you'll need:

- **A blank sketchbook** – your canvas for creation
- **A ruler** – to guide your hand
- **A compass** – to draw perfect circles
- **A pencil** – to bring your visions to life
- **A pencil sharpener** – to keep your ideas sharp
- **An eraser** – to refine and perfect

With these tools in hand, you'll explore the ancient wisdom of sacred geometry, one design at a time.

And if you enjoy this adventure, there's a whole world waiting. **Sacred Geometry School** is home to stories, drawing activities, creative projects, and more.



 sacredgeometryschool.com

1

Lyra



The city stretched on endlessly, a patchwork of tilted buildings and uneven streets. It was a place where nothing seemed to fit quite right—angles clashed, walls leaned, and windows gaped like missing teeth in a crooked smile. The roads below buzzed with people in a hurry, each moving as if the world might collapse if they stopped. Sometimes, it felt like it did.

From her window, Lyra watched the chaos unfold. A cart rattled by, its wheels wobbling as if deciding whether to obey gravity. Beyond it, a vendor's crooked stall collapsed under its own weight, scattering fruit across the cracked pavement. No one stopped to help; they just stepped over the mess and carried on.

Lyra sighed and pulled her sketchbook closer. With a soft pencil, she traced the beginnings of a circle. She tried to see beauty in the city, but nothing quite came together. There wasn't any... harmony, I guess you'd say. No matter how hard she tried to put pencil to paper and draw her vision of a better way, the lines wavered, the edges didn't quite meet, and symmetry was nowhere to be found. She could never make her visions real.

Her pencil hovered over the page as she stared at the unfinished circle. The image in her mind wasn't just a fantasy—it felt like a memory she couldn't quite place. Somewhere, somehow, she was certain such harmony existed. It wasn't just a dream; it was a promise the world had made and forgotten to keep.

Lyra closed her eyes, letting the noise of the city fade into the background. In her mind, the world was whole. The city and nature were one. Gardens unfurled in perfect spirals, each flower petal a perfect echo of the one that came before. Lakes shimmered with rippling patterns, and the city rose like an intricate puzzle, each piece fitting flawlessly into the next. The

city didn't seem to start anywhere because nature never ended. The integration was beautiful in itself.

She could almost feel the warmth of this imagined world—a place where harmony wasn't just possible; it was inevitable. In this world, everything was bound as one, every form had intent, and every soul had a calling.

But then she opened her eyes, and the dream evaporated. The sketchbook on her lap looked pitiful by comparison. Her circle was uneven, her lines wobbly. She felt the frustration. She felt it deeply.

"I'll get it right one day," she whispered.

Bang! The door to her room burst open without warning. "One day? You've been saying that for years," came a sharp voice.

Lyra groaned. "Hello, Eryx," she said without looking up.

Her brother strode in, his movements precise and deliberate. He counted out loud the exact number of steps to reach her desk—twelve, no more, no less. He peered over her shoulder at the sketchbook, his brow furrowing. "What's this supposed to be?" he asked, pointing to her imperfect circle. "An oval convention?"

Lyra turned in her chair, glaring at him. "What do you want, Eryx?"

Eryx didn't answer immediately. Instead, he began rearranging her desk, lining up pencils and erasers with mechanical precision. "Honestly, Lyra, it's a wonder you get anything done in this chaos."

Chaos, she thought. The world seemed to be run by the likes of Eryx—perfect know-it-alls. But if they were as brilliant as they claimed, why wasn't the world just as perfect?

"It's my desk," Lyra snapped, snatching a pencil from his hand. "I like it the way it is."

He ignored her protest, picking up the sketchbook to examine her work more closely. “If you’re trying to fix the world with circles, you might want to start by drawing them properly.”

Lyra crossed her arms, biting back a retort. She knew better than to argue with Eryx—his logical superiority was his favourite weapon, and he was an argumentative so-and-so, too.

“Do you need something, or are you just here to critique my life?” she asked.

Eryx smirked. “Can’t I do both?”

Before Lyra could reply, the doorbell rang. “I’ll get it!” she said, leaping to her feet—any excuse to get away from this dingbat.

“I’ll save your sketchbook from more crimes against geometry while you’re gone,” Eryx called after her.

Lyra ignored him, bounding down the stairs two at a time. *Big head*, she thought. Whoever was at the door couldn’t possibly be worse company than her brother.

As she reached the door, a strange feeling settled over her—an unusual but familiar flicker of hope she couldn’t explain. It was as though the universe itself had paused, holding its breath. She didn’t know how or why, but for the first time in a long while, she felt it: the promise of something new, something extraordinary.

Task

Lyra has been trying to draw perfect circles for years, but they always end up a little wonky.

Now it’s your turn to help.

On the next page, trace each part-finished circle as smoothly and steadily as you can. As the guides fade, the task becomes

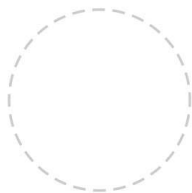
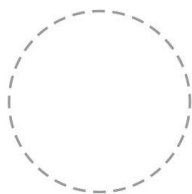
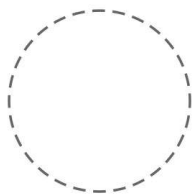
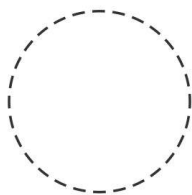
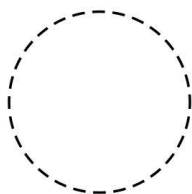
trickier. Eventually, you'll be on your own.

Yikes.

Then try drawing a few circles in your sketchbook without any guide at all.

The goal isn't perfection. The goal is to loosen up your hand, practise the movement, and have fun.

And who knows? You might just draw the perfect circle.



2

Orin



“Oh, it’s just you,” Lyra said as she opened the door, finding Orin standing on the stoop with his satchel slung neatly over one shoulder.

Rude, Orin thought, arching a single eyebrow. “Nice to see you too, Lyra,” he replied dryly.

Orin was one of Lyra’s oldest friends, a constant presence in her life since they were young. They loved each other dearly, but frank expressions were the norm.

“Sorry, Orin,” Lyra said. “I was just interacting with my darling brother.”

“I thought you might want to see something interesting,” Orin said, patting his satchel—the faint clink of tools inside catching Lyra’s attention.

“Do come in, good sir,” Lyra said, stepping aside.

“Don’t mind if I do.” Orin strode past her, his blond hair perfectly groomed, his white shirt crisp and freshly ironed. Everything about him screamed precision—not in an annoying way like Eryx, though. Orin’s orderliness was fussy but endearing.

“Let’s see it, then,” Lyra said, following him into the kitchen. She gestured to the table where one of her many sketchbooks lay open. “I’ve been working on some more patterns, as usual.”

Orin set his satchel down and carefully flipped through the pages. He looked at Lyra and nodded approvingly. “You’ve definitely got talent... and you’re getting better, too. They just need a little... refinement.”

Lyra chuckled. “Let me guess. You brought a ruler?”

“Of course.” Orin beamed, unbuckling his satchel. Inside were a variety of scholarly items, including the mystery object, a compass, a piece of string, and, naturally, a ruler. “Never leave

home without it.”

“Well, if it isn’t the great Orin,” Eryx interrupted, leaning against the kitchen doorway. “What’s today’s exciting discovery? A perfectly square haircut?”

Rude, Orin thought to himself again. Why is everyone so rude today? He wouldn’t be so rude if I jabbed him in the eye with my ruler.

Lyra shot him a pointed look, the kind that said, *Be nice, Orin.* She knew exactly what he was thinking.

“Nice to see you too, Eryx,” Orin said after a restrained pause.

Eryx sauntered into the room, crossing his arms as he surveyed the table.

“What are you two doing, then? Fixing the world with wonky lines and doodles?”

“Something like that,” Orin replied. “Want to help?”

Eryx smirked. “I’ll pass. I’ve got better things to do.” He reached out to shuffle Lyra’s pencils, but she swatted his hand away.

“Don’t you have somewhere else to be?” she asked, exasperated.

“Okay, okay,” Eryx said, retreating. “Misshapen circles aren’t my thing anyway.”

Lyra sighed as he disappeared back down the hallway. “Sorry about him,” she muttered, shaking her head.

Orin smiled, brushing off the interruption. “No worries. Now, where was I?” He continued rummaging through his satchel with deliberate flair, glancing at Lyra with a sparkle of mystery in his eyes.

He thinks he’s a magician, Lyra thought to herself. What is it this time?

Orin pulled out a nondescript notebook, followed by a ruler,

and finally a pencil. He placed each item methodically on the table, ensuring they were perfectly parallel and orderly, as if the alignment itself was part of the presentation.

Lyra crossed her arms, unimpressed. “A pencil? Groundbreaking, Orin. Groundbreaking.”

“Patience,” Orin said, clearly enjoying himself. He paused, drawing out the moment, his hand hovering in the satchel. “Prepare to be... amazed,” he declared, his voice brimming with anticipation. With a theatrical flourish, he finally revealed his *pièce de résistance*: a gleaming, brand-new protractor.

Lyra blinked, staring blankly at it. Even Boris, the family dog lounging in the corner, rolled his eyes and huffed.

“Behold!” Orin held the protractor aloft like a trophy, grinning and looking extraordinarily pleased with himself. “Well? What do you think?”

Lyra stifled a laugh, shaking her head. “Wow, Orin. Really pushing the boundaries there.”

“Angles are exciting!” he replied.

“Well,” Lyra said with a smirk, “maybe we can measure some angles later. Make a day of it.”

Orin’s grin faded slightly as his gaze fell back on her sketchbook. His brow furrowed as the perfectionist in him took over. “Honestly, Lyra, you’ll never get these designs right without accuracy. Geometry is about precision, not just imagination. It might start in the mind, but what’s the point if that’s where it stays?”

Lyra knew he was right and was just about to admit it when the doorbell rang again. “Wait here, Orin. I’ll be right back.”

Task

Orin knows imagination matters, but precision matters too.

A design may begin as an idea, but careful lines help bring it to life.

On the next page, connect each pair of dots with a straight line.

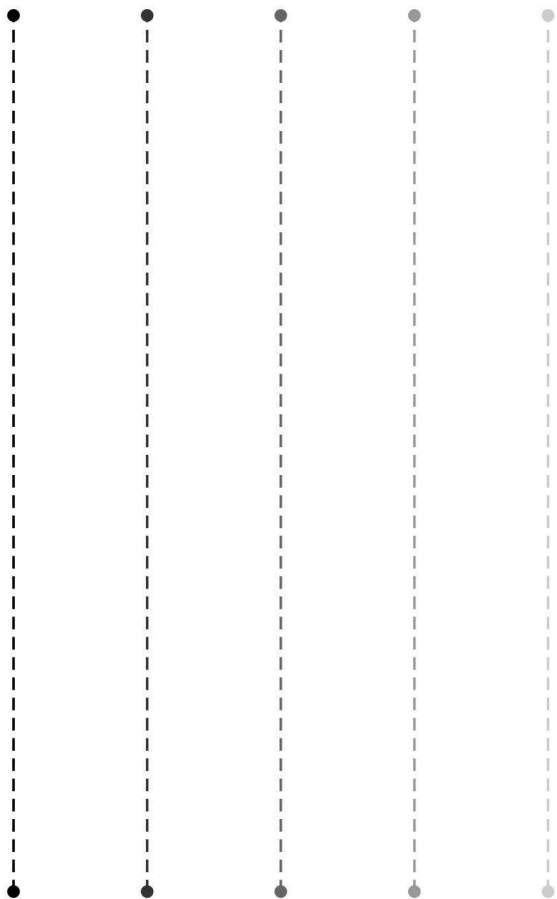
Here's the catch: do it without a ruler.

Take your time. Keep each line steady, clean, and deliberate.

Then try drawing straight lines in your sketchbook without any dots at all. Can you draw one? Three? A whole page full?

Precision takes practice — even Orin had to start somewhere.

THE FOREST OF SHAPES



3

Zia



“Want to see something cool?” Zia blurted out as Lyra opened the door, skipping over any sort of greeting.

“Oh, here we go again,” Lyra muttered under her breath. Knowing Zia, it was far more likely to be something disgusting than boring. “It had better not be a dead rat again,” she said aloud. *Please don’t let it be a dead thing*, she thought to herself.

Zia was a relatively new addition to their circle, having moved into the neighbourhood only a few months before. She brought her own brand of chaos, but in a way that was also oddly endearing. Even as the newcomer, Zia had fit right in, and the three of them were now practically inseparable.

Without further ado, Zia bustled past Lyra, down the hallway, and into the kitchen, barely stopping to take off her shoes. “Nice hair, Orin,” she said with a cheeky wink.

Orin’s hand moved towards his ruler. Lyra gave him *the look* again—*Don’t even think about it*.

“Thanks, Zia,” Orin replied dryly as he lowered his hand.

Before Zia could say another word, Eryx appeared in the doorway yet again.

“Well, if it isn’t the new gal,” Eryx said with a smirk. “Made any friends yet?”

Zia raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. “If only I had your personality, Eryx.”

Lyra stifled a laugh. Orin couldn’t quite manage the same as he sputtered out a mouthful of apple he’d commandeered while Lyra was at the door.

The cogs were visibly turning in Eryx’s head as he tried to think of a comeback. “Whatever,” he muttered as he retreated back down the hallway in defeat.

Zia plopped into a chair and slung her overstuffed backpack

onto the table. A faint rattling sound came from within as it landed with a dull thud. As always, it was stuffed with the most random of objects, bulging at odd angles.

Lyra leaned towards Orin with a mischievous smile. "Orin, Zia has something exciting to show us."

"Oh," Orin responded, leaning forward expectantly, "what is it, then? Some ancient treasure? A secret map? A time-travelling compass?"

Zia's enthusiasm wavered as she scratched the back of her head, suddenly looking awkward. *Oh no*, she thought. *I think I might've built this up a bit too much.*

"Oh, uh... it's not that big of a deal, really," she mumbled, eyes darting to her bag as she began backpedalling. "Definitely nothing amazing. I mean... it's not, like, better than a dead rat or anything."

Orin raised an eyebrow. "Encouraging."

Ignoring him, Zia leaned over her bag and began rifling through it. Papers crumpled, something metallic clattered, and Lyra thought she heard the faint squeak of something rubbery.

"Let's see... nope, not that." She pulled out a half-eaten sandwich, sniffed it, and shrugged before tossing it onto the table.

"Ew, Zia," Lyra groaned.

"What? It's just cheese."

"Green cheese, Zia? Really?"

Orin looked on in disgust. "How do you even live like this?"

Zia dove back into her bag, emerging moments later with an odd sock, a set of dice, and what looked like a little log.

"I won't ask," said Lyra, as Zia glanced up from her bag briefly.

I've definitely built this up too much, Zia thought as she continued rummaging. *It's nowhere near as cool as that rusty spork I*

found last week. Spoon and fork at the same time. I mean... come on, man.

Her hand paused for a moment as she finally found what she was looking for. *Oh, gosh. Am I about to bomb on stage here?* She winced at the thought, then shook her head, determined to make the best of it—whatever “it” turned out to be.

I know! I’ll say “ta-da” when I pull it out. That’ll get ’em. Taking a deep breath, she psyched herself up. *Okay, ready... 1, 2, 3...*

“Ta-da!” Zia exclaimed, holding up her discovery with questionable enthusiasm.

Silence.

“Guys?”

More silence. The only sounds were the faint ticking of the clock on the wall and the occasional whoosh of cars passing outside.

“Guys... are you going to say something?” she asked, glancing back and forth between Lyra and Orin as she placed it on the kitchen table.

Yet more silence.

“Oh, come on. It’s not that bad!” Zia protested, her voice rising slightly.

Still silence. Even Boris, lounging in the corner, stared at her with his mouth slightly open. Zia’s shoulders slumped in capitulation. “Tough crowd,” she muttered.

The mystery object was a small, stone tile—pale, whitish, and intricate. It was shaped like a hexagon and engraved with a perfect circle. Their silence was due to its splendour and mystery rather than disappointment.

Lyra finally broke her silent shock and leaned in. “Wh... where did you get that?”

“Found it in a place,” Zia said casually.

Orin frowned. "What kind of place?"

"The kind where you find cool stuff," Zia replied, slightly relieved they now seemed interested. "What matters is that it's here, and it's... awesome?" Zia puffed out her chest as if she'd never doubted it for a second.

Orin's gaze flicked to Lyra. "It looks like it fits..." he said.

"Fits? Fits what?" Zia asked, looking between them in confusion.

Lyra and Orin didn't have to say anything else to each other. They knew. They both knew.

"Let's go," Lyra said as she snatched the tile from the table and headed for the door.

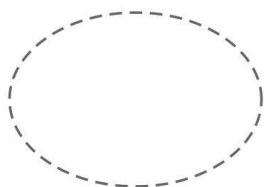
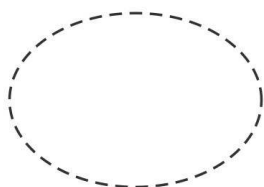
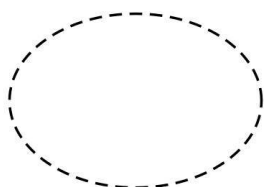
Task

Zia's shapes are not always perfect circles or straight lines. They stretch, curve, wobble, and flow.

Her shape would almost certainly be the oval.

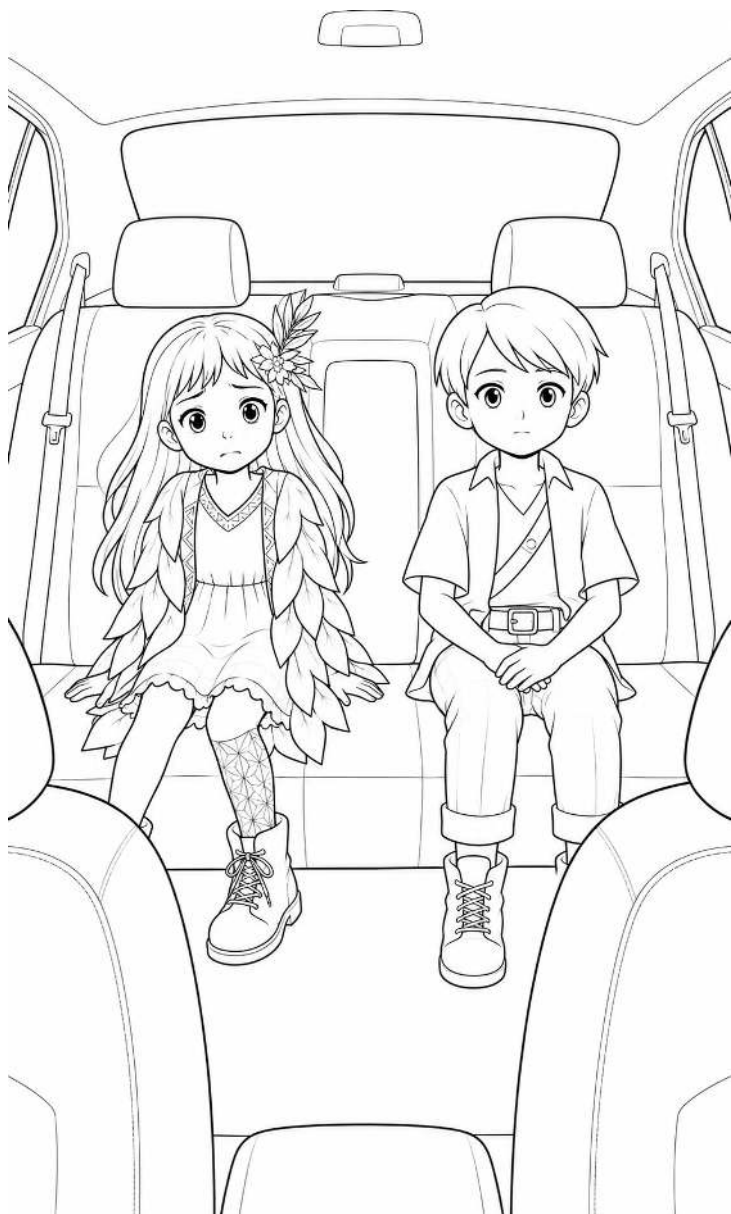
On the next page, trace each oval as smoothly as you can. As the guides fade, keep your hand relaxed and your movement steady.

Then try drawing a few ovals of your own in your sketchbook. Make some tall, some wide, some small, and some wonderfully wonky.



4

Playdate



The car door creaked as Lyra climbed into the back seat, her small legs swinging awkwardly over the edge. She glanced nervously at the boy sitting beside her, his blond hair neatly combed, his hands folded in his lap as though he were already a mini-adult.

"This is Lyra," Orin's mum said warmly, glancing at her son in the rearview mirror. "Are you going to say hello?"

Orin looked up, his expression reserved. "Hello," he said flatly, though a flicker of curiosity danced in his dark eyes.

Lyra shifted uncomfortably, brushing a strand of her tangled hair from her face. "Hi."

And just like that, the introductions were over. Orin's mum sighed softly, hoping for a bit more enthusiasm, then started the car.

Lyra had been left in Orin's mum's care for the day, a favour for Lyra's parents, who had an emergency to attend to. She was quiet but observant, taking in the unfamiliar surroundings of the car interior and the boy sitting beside her. Orin, for his part, didn't quite know what to make of this sudden addition to his day. But one thing was clear—this was going to be an interesting afternoon.

* * *

The trip was a short one, barely long enough for Lyra to decide whether Orin was boring or mysterious. She didn't quite have time to make up her mind before the car pulled into a gravel car park, a sign reading "Emerald Forest Nature Reserve" standing crookedly at the entrance.

"We're here to do some tree rubbings," Orin's mum explained

cheerfully, stepping out of the car. She handed each child a stack of paper and a bundle of crayons. "Go on, find the biggest, most interesting tree you can!"

Orin walked ahead, his strides purposeful even at his young age. Lyra lagged behind, looking around at the towering trees. The air smelled damp and earthy, and sunlight trickled through the leaves, painting the ground in shifting patches of gold.

"You're supposed to pick a tree," Orin called back, his tone already edging on instructive.

"I'm looking," Lyra replied, sticking out her tongue when he turned away.

After wandering a bit further, her eyes landed on a particularly odd-looking tree. Its trunk twisted dramatically to one side before straightening out, as though it had changed its mind halfway through growing.

"I like this big wonky one," Lyra declared, grinning as she placed her hand on its gnarled bark.

Orin glanced over, raising an eyebrow. "Wonky's an under-statement."

"Exactly why it's perfect," Lyra said with a satisfied nod.

The big, crooked tree stood out starkly among its straight-limbed neighbours, its uniqueness hinting at some kind of greater significance.

Lyra positioned her paper and began rubbing furiously, the crayon moving erratically over the bark contours beneath the paper.

"You're meant to press evenly," Orin said, glancing over at her. "That's how you get a proper imprint."

Lyra rolled her eyes. "It's fine."

Still, she slowed down, adjusting her pressure as Orin moved to a tree with intricate bark patterns.

For a while, the two worked in relative silence, their papers slowly filling with impressions. Satisfied with her work, Lyra stood back and took a look at the tree in its entirety. Its twisted branches seemed to stretch deliberately, almost as if pointing the way forward.

Curious, Lyra tilted her head and squinted along the direction the branches seemed to gesture. “Huh,” she murmured, taking a tentative step towards the path they suggested.

“Lyra! What are you doing now?” Orin called, watching her wander off.

“Following the tree,” she called back.

The twisting path beneath her feet led her through a narrow gap in the foliage. Moments later, she stepped into a circular clearing bathed in soft, dappled sunlight. The air felt still here, almost expectant, as though this place had been waiting for her. More importantly, that’s where she found it.

Lyra looked back towards the crooked tree and smiled.

“Orin! Orin!” she called, her voice tinged with excitement.

He glanced up from his papers, frowning slightly. “What?”

“Over here!” Lyra urged, waving him over.

Orin hesitated, clutching his neatly stacked papers, but her tone piqued his curiosity. With a resigned sigh, he reluctantly followed.

What Lyra had found was unlike anything he’d seen before—a large white stone, about waist-high, perfectly smooth and symmetrical. It stood in stark contrast to the rugged stones scattered throughout the forest.

“What is it?” Lyra asked, running her fingers along its surface.

“I don’t know,” Orin admitted, stepping closer. His hand hovered over the stone, almost afraid to touch it.

The stone’s smoothness was uncanny, as though it had been

polished by hand, not nature. At its centre was an indentation—a perfect hexagon etched into the surface, its edges sharp and precise, with a circle nestled within it.

“It’s... so perfect,” Lyra murmured, her voice filled with awe.

Orin reached into his bundle of paper and grabbed a blank sheet. “Let’s make a rubbing,” he said, his excitement finally breaking through his usual composure.

In turns, they pressed their paper against the hexagonal indentation, carefully rubbing over the edges to capture its shape.

When they finished, they stood back, comparing their work. “Amazing,” Orin said, mesmerised as he studied the clean lines of the curious shape. Lyra nodded, seemingly speechless—yet her unusual silence spoke volumes.

They left the forest that day with their rubbings in hand, but only this one mattered. For both of them, that single discovery sparked a fascination with shapes, symmetry, and patterns that would stay with them for years to come.

As the car rumbled back towards town, Lyra glanced over at Orin. “Do you think we’ll ever find out what it is?”

Orin shrugged, but his fingers clutched his paper a little tighter. “Maybe... Someday.”

5

Back Again



Zia stood alone in the kitchen as the front door clicked shut behind her friends. She blinked, staring at the empty space where they had just been.

“What on earth was that all about?” she muttered to herself. “They’ll be back in a minute, I bet. They wouldn’t just go off and leave me.”

She waited, glancing expectantly towards the door.

“Any minute now,” Zia said, glancing at her watch.

The silence stretched as her confidence began to waver.

“They’re not coming back, are they?” she whispered, her voice tinged with disbelief. “They’ve left me, haven’t they?”

“Yep,” came a smug voice from the doorway.

Zia spun around to see Eryx leaning casually against the frame, arms crossed and a smirk plastered across his face.

“Just saw them from upstairs,” Eryx continued. “Running down the road. Looked very determined. Guess they didn’t need you.”

Zia’s face dropped as she turned back to her bag, hurriedly stuffing her belongings back inside. “Never showed any appreciation for my spork,” she grumbled under her breath. She grabbed the rest of her things and carried what she could under her arms.

“Better hurry,” Eryx called after her as she bolted for the door, stumbling slightly on the way out. “Don’t want to miss out on the dynamic duo’s latest hijinks.”

Zia didn’t reply, too focussed on catching up as she tore out of the house and down the road.

Eryx paused. His smirk slowly faded, replaced by a flicker of curiosity. *Wait a second, he thought. What are they all excited and in such a rush about?*

* * *

"I hope it's still there," said Lyra as they hurried down the street.

"Why wouldn't it be?" Orin asked, trying to keep up without breaking into a run.

"I dunno," Lyra replied. "What if they built something over it? Or someone moved it?"

"Moved it?" Orin repeated with a small laugh. "Good luck with that. It's massive."

"And what if it doesn't fit?" she asked out loud, more to herself than anyone else.

"It'll fit," Orin said firmly. "It's too perfect not to."

Lyra's concern lingered, but before she could reply, a voice rang out from across the road.

"Ooh, 'ello! Fancy seeing you two here!"

They turned to see Mrs Bottom, an elderly woman in a green cardigan and matching skirt, shuffling towards them with a warm smile.

"How are you both?" she asked brightly, not waiting for a response. "I was just watching a programme about Mars. Fascinating, it was. Though I have to say, ever so red it is. Not really my colour. I prefer a nice moss green, I do."

Lyra and Orin exchanged a quick glance.

Mrs Bottom, the narrator in Lyra's head chimed in. A beloved babysitter from their childhood—always cheerful, always kind. They loved her dearly, but now wasn't the best time.

Mrs Bottom carried on. "If I were to visit Mars, I'd have to get a whole new frock. Red and green must never be seen, you know."

Orin managed a polite smile. "I think it's a while before you need to worry about that, Mrs Bottom."

Lyra stepped forward, her tone apologetic. "I'm so sorry, Mrs Bottom, but we're in a bit of a rush."

"Oh, don't let me stop you, dear," Mrs Bottom said with a wave of her hand. "Off you pop. Say hello to your mum for me, won't you?"

"Will do, Mrs Bottom. Nice to see you," Lyra said, already stepping backward.

"Ta-ra!" Mrs Bottom called, turning to shuffle down the road. She muttered to herself as she walked away, her voice just loud enough to catch snippets. "Young ones. So full of energy. That's the spirit. That's the spirit, indeed."

* * *

"Wait up!"

Lyra and Orin turned just in time to see Zia hurtling towards them, her backpack bouncing wildly and random items tumbling out as she ran. Just before she could catch up with them, distraction caught up with her as she skidded to a halt. She stooped to grab something, then straightened, holding it aloft by the tail.

"Whoa—cool! A dead rat!"

"Zia!" Lyra exclaimed, half-groaning, half-laughing.

"What?" she said defensively, tossing it back to the ground as she jogged up to them. "Why didn't you wait for me? I'd never have caught up with you if it weren't for Mrs B."

"Sorry, Zia," Orin said. "We were just... excited."

"Excited? About what?" Zia looked between them, her eyes narrowing suspiciously.

Lyra sighed, already turning to walk ahead. "Come on, we'll explain on the way."

“You’d better,” Zia grumbled, stuffing half a chocolate bar into her mouth. She broke the other half in two and gave Lyra and Orin a quarter each. Zia was kind like that—even if she did get the biggest piece.

* * *

The three of them left behind the uneven, bustling streets of the city. Gradually, the towering buildings gave way to smaller, scattered structures, their height and numbers dwindling as the landscape shifted. Shortly after, they found themselves enveloped by the quiet, tangled embrace of the forest. Lyra felt herself relax as the air grew cooler and fresher, her sketchbook in hand.

They slowed to a walk, the city fading away as the sounds of rustling leaves and chirping birds took over. The air felt cleaner here, as if the forest was breathing with them. The dirt path meandered through the trees, sunlight casting shifting patterns on the ground.

“Okay, spill it now. What’s going on?” Zia demanded.

Lyra shot Orin a quick look, silently asking where to begin. “The thing,” she said simply. “We think we know where it goes.”

Zia’s earlier grumpiness evaporated, replaced by wide-eyed curiosity. “The weird hexagon thingy?”

“Correct,” Orin replied, his tone very matter-of-fact.

“And?” Zia pressed, nearly bouncing with excitement.

“And we’re going to find out whether it does,” Lyra said, her voice firm with determination as she quickened her pace.

“And where exactly does it go?” Zia asked, panting slightly as she tried to keep up.

Lyra didn’t answer. Her attention was already elsewhere.

Without explanation, she sprinted ahead before stopping suddenly. Placing a hand on the rough bark of the wonky tree, she gazed beyond it and shouted back, “Just over there.”

Task

Lyra and Orin found their way back to Emerald Forest by following the winding forest paths.

Now it's your turn.

Can you navigate from the city to Emerald Forest without getting stuck in a dead end?

Draw your path carefully between the lines, keeping your pencil steady and as close to the centre of the path as you can.

BACK AGAIN



THE FOREST OF SHAPES

6

The Glow



“Who’s going to try it?” Zia asked, shifting her weight impatiently as she eyed the stone. True to form, Zia had appointed herself leader despite her involvement being counted in minutes.

“You should do it, Lyra,” Orin said steadily. “You found this place.”

The clearing was just as they remembered—bathed in dappled sunlight, still and expectant. At its centre stood the smooth, waist-high, whitish stone, its symmetry striking against the rugged forest around it.

Lyra took a deep breath and leaned in towards the stone. Clutching the hexagonal tile tightly, she paused for a moment before saying, “Okay, let’s do this.”

Carefully, Lyra placed the tile into the matching indentation on the stone. It slid in effortlessly, fitting with precise perfection—tight, seamless, as if it had always belonged there.

“Well, it certainly fits,” she said, stepping back. “Why, or for what... I have no idea.”

“Me neither,” Orin admitted.

Zia glanced between them. “So... what now then?”

Lyra and Orin exchanged uncertain looks. Whatever they were expecting, they weren’t expecting nothing. No grand reveal, no sudden transformation. It was an anticlimax, and neither of them knew quite what to make of it.

Lyra sighed and reached out to take the tile back—but something inside made her hesitate. Just as she withdrew her hand, nothing became something.

Faintly at first, the tile began to glow—a soft, pulsing green. The light deepened, growing steadily brighter, casting the surroundings in an otherworldly glow. Shadows danced and

twisted, and the forest around them seemed to lean in.

“Whoa,” Zia whispered, shielding her eyes slightly as the glow spread from the tile to the entire stone, its surface glistening like liquid emerald. It seemed both natural and technological at the same time—magical yet intentional.

Just as its splendour seemed to reach its peak, something else happened: it stopped. Like someone had pulled the plug, the glowing light drained away, leaving the stone as lifeless and dull as it began.

“What on earth was that?” Zia asked, her voice tinged with a hint of unease.

Orin shrugged, his expression blank. “No idea,” he muttered before turning to Lyra. “Lyra—what was that?”

Fixated by something else, Lyra didn’t respond. Orin turned to her, but she was standing a few steps back, her gaze fixed not on the stone or the tile—but on the sky above.

“Lyra?” Orin called softly.

Again, she didn’t respond right away, her eyes lost in an apparently empty sky. It wasn’t until Zia nudged her shoulder gently that she blinked, snapping out of her trance.

“Lyra?” Orin repeated, his tone now firmer and more insistent.

Lyra shook her head slightly, as though clearing her thoughts. “Sorry... I just—there was something... up there,” she murmured, pointing skyward.

* * *

While Orin and Zia were intently focussed on the tile, Lyra’s eye had been caught by something else—a beam of green light in the sky, projecting a radiating emblem in the distance. The emblem

was intricate and mesmerising—a pattern of overlapping circles, pulsing softly as if alive. Whatever it was, Lyra couldn't take her eyes off it.

"Didn't you see it?" she asked, her voice trembling as she pointed to the sky again.

"See what?" Zia asked.

"The emblem," Lyra said. "In the sky. Over there, in the distance."

Zia and Orin both shook their heads. "I was looking at the stone," Orin said, pointing at it.

"Me too," Zia added.

"What?" Lyra's mind raced. "How could you possibly have not seen the massive green swirly thing beamed into the sky?"

"Well, sorry," Zia said defensively, crossing her arms. "I was a little busy staring at the magical green stone thingy right in front of me... You know, as one does."

Thud! Zia kicked the stone.

"Zia!" Lyra snapped. "What are you doing?"

"Thought it might need a little kickstart," Zia shrugged.

"Have you tried switching it on and off?" Orin chimed in. "Or rather... taking the tile out and putting it back in?"

Lyra gave him a look but decided to humour the idea. She carefully removed the tile and then slid it back into place. Nothing. Still dead.

The trio stood in silence, the lifeless stone before them, its once otherworldly glow slowly becoming a distant memory.

"Here, let me try," Orin said as he took the tile from Lyra. He turned it over carefully, scrutinising every detail, before giving it a rub and a blow for good measure.

Lyra raised an eyebrow. *He really does think he's a magician.* Orin tried the tile again with unwavering focus.

Nothing.

"It must've run out of energy," Orin concluded, his voice thick with frustration as he set the tile back down.

"It's... dead," Lyra conceded, her voice trailing off. Then, as though struck by a sudden thought, she perked up, her eyes alight with urgency.

"I need to show you what I saw," she said, quickly pulling her sketchbook from her satchel. "Orin, you hold on to the tile, and I'll draw it. Maybe if we figure out what it was..."

Orin popped the tile in his pocket as he stood back to give her some room.

Lyra sat beside the stone, her sketchbook balanced carefully on her knees. She flipped to a blank page, and with a determined posture, her pencil flew across the page in a flurry of lines and shapes. The emblem she had glimpsed in the sky was blurry in her mind, but she could feel its importance. Every curve and line felt like it carried weight, like it mattered.

"Almost there," she muttered under her breath as she neared the final touches. She glanced up briefly at Orin and Zia, who were watching her with curiosity. "Okay, are you ready?"

Zia leaned forward. "Show us what you've got."

Task

Lyra saw something extraordinary in the sky: a glowing emblem, full of circles, patterns, and meaning.

But then it vanished.

Draw what you think the emblem might have looked like. Use circles, lines, patterns, symbols, or anything else that feels right.

Later in the story, you'll discover its true form and compare it with your own.

How close will you be?

7

A New Friend



“Ooo, ooo! I know!” the voice exclaimed. “It’s an omelette! Are we guessing? We’re guessing, aren’t we? Tomato omelette, come on? Onion?”

The trio froze, stunned into silence. Lyra’s sketchbook faltered in her hands as her eyes darted around, searching for the source of the voice.

Above them, perched on one of the tree branches, sat a magnificent creature. A lion’s body, sleek and golden, flowed seamlessly into wings that shimmered with streaks of silver and gold. Its sharp, golden eyes sparkled with mockery as it stared at them, clearly enjoying their shock.

“Well?” the creature said, feigning impatience.

Lyra’s mouth opened, then closed, then opened again, words failing her.

“Who... who are you?” Orin finally managed, his voice breaking the silence.

“Ah,” the creature said, straightening with an air of theatrical importance. “I am Aegion, the Wise Gryphon. Guardian of this forest, representative of the Great Spirit, and an unfortunate witness to your drawing of an omelette.” He gestured graciously at Lyra’s sketchbook. “But you can just call me... Gryphon.”

The trio exchanged bewildered glances, each at a loss for words. In mere moments, the situation had shifted from odd to strange, and now teetered on the edge of outright surreal.

“It’s not an omelette!” Lyra protested, finally snapping out of her daze.

“I know,” Gryphon said, nodding solemnly. “I was teasing. I’m such a tease. I really shouldn’t, but I just can’t help myself.”

As the tension began to ease somewhat, Gryphon’s acerbic nature shifted from cutting to comical. Lyra, now growing

accustomed to conversing with a mystical winged lion, regained her composure and replied firmly, "It's the emblem in the sky."

"Ooo. Right. Fail," Gryphon replied smoothly, his eyes twinkling.

"It's not that bad!" Lyra protested half-heartedly, clutching the sketchbook defensively.

The emblem was already blurry in her mind, fading more with each passing moment. She wanted to deny Gryphon's accusation, but deep down, she knew he was right. "I'm doing my best, okay?"

"And that," Gryphon said, spreading his wings dramatically, "is the good news."

"The good news, dear Lyra," he said with a dramatic flourish, "is that you have what it takes. And what it takes... is you. The Great Spirit isn't expecting you to get it right the first time."

Lyra's expression shifted back to hope, her mind now racing with questions. *The emblem, the glow, the stone—what did it all mean? And who, exactly, was the Great Spirit?* She paused, then narrowed her eyes. "How do you know my name?"

Gryphon tilted his head, a glimmer of amusement in his eyes. "Ah, questions, questions. Always digging for answers. You remind me of myself, Lyra—except for my devilishly high IQ. Not everyone is gifted like Gryphon," he quipped, suddenly talking about himself in the third person.

Lyra bit her lip to hide a smile while Zia snickered openly.

"Well?" Lyra pressed. "What—"

"All in good time," Gryphon interrupted, cutting off the rest of her unspoken questions with a knowing flick of his tail. "But first," he continued, "you'll need to prove yourselves worthy. And at the very least... the very, very least, you'll need to draw a perfect circle. Like this..."

Gryphon raised one massive claw, tracing a perfect circle in the dirt. Effortlessly.

Impressed but not deterred, Orin stepped forward, pulling a pencil and compass from his satchel. “I can do that.”

Gryphon chuckled, a deep, resonant sound. “A big one. I like them big. Your little compass won’t cut it here, I’m afraid.”

“We can’t do it without a compass,” Orin said, shaking his head. “That’s impossible.”

Gryphon, now lounging on a nearby rock with his wings casually draped over the edges, let out a low, rumbling chuckle. “Nothing is impossible, Orin,” he said. “Nature provides everything you could ever need—and more.”

Task

How would *you* approach this task? A perfect circle with no compass—how can it be done? Take a moment to think. What tools and materials are available in the middle of the forest? What are the trio carrying with them?

Write down your answer or even try drawing one yourself before turning the page. See if your solution matches theirs!

Solution

After some time to think, Orin stepped forward confidently, holding up a piece of string. “Piece of cake,” he declared. “Zia, grab a stake and plant it firmly into the ground. That will be the **centre**.”

Zia, already anticipating Orin’s plan, nodded and found a sturdy stake. Lyra crouched beside them, picking up a sharp stick from the ground. “I’ll use this to mark the **circumference**, the total distance around the edge of a circle,” she said, dragging the stick lightly through the gravel as a demonstration.

Working together, they brought the plan to life. Orin tied one end of the string to the stake, anchoring it securely, while Lyra held the other end taut with the sharp stick. This formed the **radius**—the distance from the **centre** to the **circumference**. Zia ensured the stake stayed steady as Lyra carefully walked in a circle around the centre, the string maintaining constant tension to guide her.

The result was a flawless circle etched into the ground—a simple but effective solution born from teamwork and ingenuity.

* * *

“Again!” Zia cheered, clearly enjoying herself as they set up for another attempt.

Lyra, caught up in the excitement, adjusted the string to a shorter length. “Let’s make a smaller one this time,” she said, already pacing around the stake with precision.

“Bigger next!” Zia declared as Lyra made the string even longer.

Before long, the trio was caught in a whirlwind of creativity,

making circles of all sizes. Orin meticulously ensured each one was perfect, Lyra made it a game to stretch the limits of the string, and Zia couldn't help but laugh as the shapes multiplied around them.

"Again!" Zia shouted enthusiastically.

"Guys, I think I'm getting a little dizzy," Lyra said, stumbling slightly as she completed yet another rotation.

The clearing was soon filled with a collection of perfect circles. The trio stood back, admiring their work with breathless pride.

"How do you like these, Mr Gryphon?" Lyra asked as she gestured towards their handiwork.



Gryphon raised an eyebrow, clearly impressed. "I like them. I like them a lot."

Before anyone could bask in the compliment, Lyra squinted at Orin. "Orin, what's happening to your shorts?"

Orin froze. "What?"

"Are your shorts glowing?" Zia asked quizzically, leaning in

for a closer look.

Orin glanced down and yelped. “Er... yes. Yes, they are.”

The faint green light was unmistakable, seeping through the fabric of his pocket. The tile was glowing.

8

The Way



“What did you do to it, Orin?” Lyra demanded, stepping closer.

“I didn’t do anything!” Orin protested, raising his hands defensively. “It just... happened!”

Orin and Lyra looked over at Zia. “Don’t look at me,” she said defensively. “Not guilty.”

With no one else present, all three turned to Gryphon, eyes narrowing.

“Did you do this?” Orin asked suspiciously.

“Me?” Gryphon blinked innocently, inspecting his claws as if noticing them for the first time. “Nah-ah.”

The trio exchanged a look—none of them were buying it.

“You know though, don’t you?” Lyra pressed, arms crossed.

Gryphon feigned deafness, his gaze fixed on some distant point as though the conversation simply wasn’t happening. Every so often, his eyes flicked back to the trio, checking if they had given up on their line of questioning. When it became clear his strategy had failed, he let out an exaggerated sigh, his wings drooping in defeat. “Oh, all right. Yes, I know.” He flicked an imaginary speck of dust from his wing and added, “I’ve never been one for keeping secrets.”

“So, would you like to explain why my shorts are glowing, Mr Gryphon?” Orin asked, his voice edged with concern.

“It’s on a need-to-know basis,” Gryphon replied.

“They’re my shorts!” Orin shot back.

“Good point,” Gryphon admitted with a slight nod. “But still—need-to-know.”

Lyra stepped forward, frustration bubbling over. “Actually, I think you need to come clean—and not just about Orin’s shorts. What on earth is going on? We have wonky trees, glowing tiles, polished stones in the middle of the forest, magical emblems

in the sky... and then you turn up.” She gestured pointedly at him. “A mythical creature who talks... with suspiciously perfect eyebrows.”

“Why, thank you,” Gryphon said, smoothing his already pristine feathers. He straightened up, his tone shifting to something slightly more serious. “Listen, I could tell you everything, but you wouldn’t understand. It’s complicated, multi-dimensional, and quite honestly—I’d need a whiteboard.”

The trio stared at him, unimpressed.

“All right, all right,” he conceded, raising a claw. “How about the TL;DR¹ version?”

“Okay,” Lyra said, arms still folded. “Let’s start with who you really are.”

Gryphon glanced sideways, a playful gleam in his eyes. “Ah, straight to the point—I like that. Who am I? Well, as I said, I’m Gryphon, the wise and esteemed guardian.”

“You don’t seem that wise,” Zia muttered, raising an eyebrow.

“How very dare you?” Gryphon gasped, placing a dramatic oversized paw over his heart.

“And guardian of what, exactly?” Orin pressed.

“Patience, young one,” Gryphon replied. “Let’s just say, for now, that I’m here to guide you through something very important—something the Great Spirit has deemed... well, vital.”

Lyra looked puzzled. “The Great Spirit? And what exactly is so vital?”

Gryphon gave a knowing smile. “That, my dear Lyra, is the journey you’re about to embark on.”

Orin, ever the pragmatist, pulled the tile from his pocket.

¹ Too Long; Didn’t Read

“Right. But what does any of this have to do with my glowing shorts?”

Gryphon flicked his tail. “Ah, that, Orin, is a Workstone.”

“A Workstone?” Orin repeated.

“Yes, a Workstone,” Gryphon confirmed. “It glows because it’s capturing the circle work the three of you have been doing. You work, the Workstone captures it. Simple.”

“Captures it for what?” Zia asked, arms folded, not one to entertain nonsense.

“For later,” Gryphon replied nonchalantly.

“For later?” Lyra echoed, her brow furrowed. “Why would it do that?”

“Well,” Gryphon said, with a regal air, “in case you want to use it, of course. You’d probably say spend it in the city, but that’s not entirely accurate.”

“Spend it on what?” Zia asked.

“Whatever you like,” Gryphon said with a knowing smile, nodding towards the stone. “The Wayfinder, for one.”

“The Wayfinder?” Zia repeated, squinting at the stone.

“Yes, that’s what it is,” Gryphon affirmed. “Try it again if you don’t believe me.”

Zia took a few moments to process Gryphon’s words, then looked over to Orin, gesturing for him to go ahead.

Hesitantly, Orin stepped forward, gripping the Workstone tightly. Reaching over, he carefully placed it back into the Wayfinder’s hexagonal indentation.

Once again, the entire structure lit up, a brilliant green glow spreading across its surface. And once more, the Wayfinder projected the intricate emblem into the sky in the distance. This time, though, all three of them saw it.

“Lyra...” Orin whispered, his voice full of awe as they took in

the pulsing pattern of overlapping circles. Then, just as quickly as it appeared, the light dimmed, and the emblem vanished.

“Hey! Where did it go?” Orin asked, stepping back in frustration.

“You’re out of energy, I’m afraid,” Gryphon explained with a casual shrug. “A few circles are valuable, but they won’t keep the lights on all night.”

“So, what’s the emblem in the sky for?” Orin asked, still staring at where it had been.

“Well,” Gryphon said, “that’s the way, of course.”

Task

Gryphon has revealed the purpose of the Workstone.

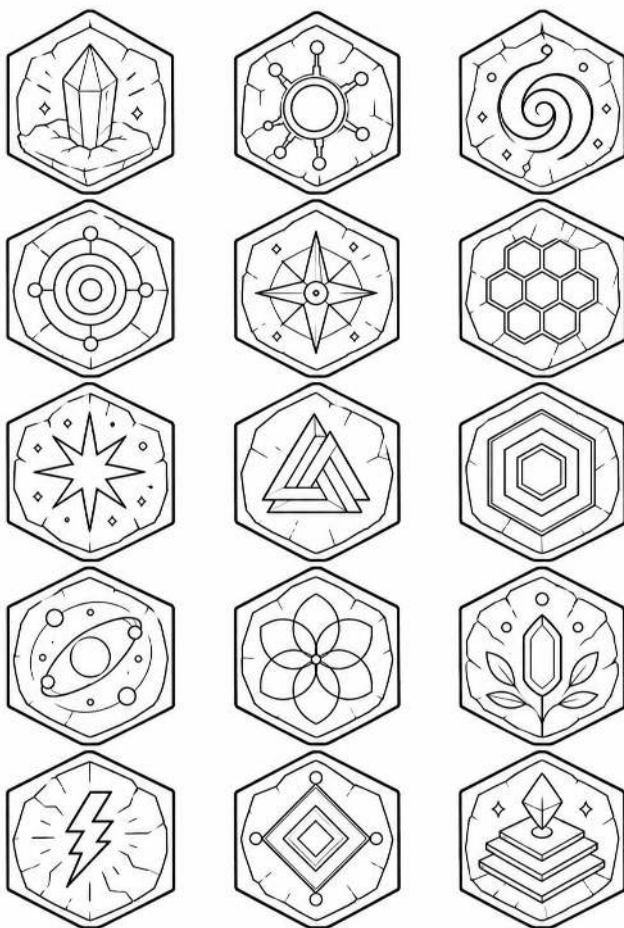
Now it’s your turn to design one.

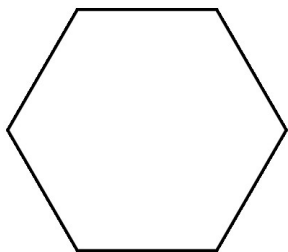
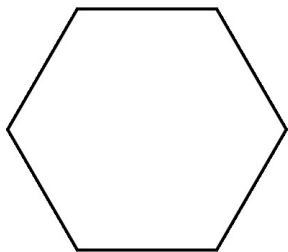
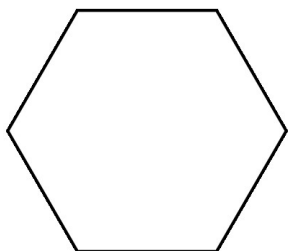
Use the hexagon templates on the next page to sketch your own Workstone designs. Add patterns, symbols, lines, circles, crystals, energy channels, or anything else that feels important.

Think about how each Workstone might store, channel, or release energy.

Which design is your strongest?

THE WAY





9

The Sign



Without further explanation, Gryphon turned on his heels and headed in the direction of the emblem.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa—hold on,” Zia objected, raising a hand. “The way?”

“The way to what?” Lyra pressed, hurrying after him.

“That,” Gryphon replied, “is definitely on a need-to-know basis.”

Lyra frowned. “And what’s *there*?”

“Need-to-know.”

“And why would we go?” Zia interjected, arms folded.

“Need-to-know.”

“And why should we trust you?” Lyra’s voice sharpened.

Gryphon stopped abruptly and turned to face them. His playful demeanour melted away, replaced by one of seriousness.

“The Great Spirit needs you,” he said, his voice resonating with an undeniable authority. “Things in your world have gone awry—out of balance, you might say. It hasn’t always been this way, and it’s time to restore order.”

He fixed each of them with a piercing gaze. “It’s time for you to restore order.”

“Us!? Why us?” Lyra asked, bewildered.

Gryphon’s expression shifted again, returning to his usual casual self. “That’s a question I can’t answer. Quite frankly, I have no idea. But for some reason, you’re the ones.”

“Think of it as a journey—an adventure,” he added, his tone almost cheerful.

Lyra raised an eyebrow. “An adventure? What kind of adventure?”

“An adventure in sacred geometry,” Gryphon replied with a smile. “The Great Spirit always delivers. Puts on quite a show,

don't you know."

Gryphon nodded thoughtfully. "By the time you get there, you'll be able to create the emblem yourselves. Perfectly. You'll need to."

Lyra blinked in disbelief. "*Ourselves?* How could we possibly do that? We only glimpsed it! I can barely remember what it looks like."

"Don't worry," Gryphon said reassuringly. "You'll piece it together as you go. The answers are out there, waiting. Listen to nature. Pay attention to everything around you, and it'll come to you, bit by bit. And no, you don't have to use strings and sticks."

Gryphon nodded towards Orin. "Orin has everything you need."

Orin patted his satchel proudly. "Yes, sir."

Gryphon paused, letting his words settle before adding with a playful smirk, "But—" his claw pointed dramatically upward, "nothing in this world is free. You'll have to earn it."

"Earn it?" Zia asked sceptically. "How exactly are we supposed to do that?"

"That's for you to figure out," Gryphon replied, a mischievous twinkle in his eye. "Trust me—it'll be very entertaining."

"We've only known you for a few minutes. Plus, you're not exactly... normal."

"Fair point," Gryphon said, giving a mock solemn nod. "Stranger danger and all that. But I work for the Great Spirit. Think of me as... a very underpaid tour guide."

The trio exchanged wary glances.

"Okay, okay," Gryphon continued, raising a claw again. "I get it. I'd be wary of myself, too. But listen—if you don't trust me, maybe you'll trust *the boss*."

"The boss?" Lyra asked bluntly.

Gryphon inhaled deeply. “The Great Spirit...”

Without further explanation, and before the trio could question him, Gryphon closed his eyes. His feathers began to glow faintly, as though drawing energy from the very air around him. The trio exchanged bemused glances as Gryphon seemed to drift into some kind of trance.

Minutes passed. Nothing happened. They looked at each other, puzzled and confused, unsure of what to do. The forest grew eerily quiet, too, the stillness stretching on for what felt like forever.

Zia tapped her chin impatiently, waiting for something—anything—to happen.

Suddenly, Gryphon let out a loud, snore-like snort.

“Is he...?” Orin asked hesitantly.

“Asleep?” Zia finished, squinting at Gryphon. “He looks like he’s asleep.”

“He is!” Orin concluded in disbelief.

“Unbelievable!” Zia exclaimed.

Unsure of what else to do, the three of them tiptoed forward cautiously.

“Do you think we should wake him up?” Lyra whispered.

“Prod him,” Zia suggested.

“You prod him!” Orin hissed.

“No, you!” Zia countered, prodding Orin.

Their argument fizzled as they leaned closer, their faces inches from Gryphon’s. Orin cautiously extended a finger, about to poke Gryphon’s shoulder.

Suddenly, without warning, Gryphon’s eyes flew open. “*All right!*” he barked.

“Ah!” Orin yelped, stumbling back and clutching his chest like he’d been struck by lightning.

Zia stifled a laugh, though her wide eyes betrayed her own shock. "Gryphon! Don't do that!"

"Apologies," Gryphon replied, still half-dazed. He stretched, shaking his wings as though he'd just awoken from a satisfying nap. "All done. He'll be with you shortly," he said nonchalantly, ignoring their startled expressions. He turned on his claws and strode towards the trees. "I'll meet you by the ravine," he called over his shoulder.

"Oh, and by the way," Gryphon added, pausing just long enough to glance back, "he talks in symbols, not words." With one last dramatic flick of his tail, he disappeared into the trees.

The trio stood frozen, staring after him as the forest seemed to swallow him whole, leaving them just as they had started—alone.

* * *

"What just happened exactly?" Zia muttered, breaking the silence.

Orin adjusted his satchel, his brow furrowed. "I think we were just... scheduled a meeting with the Great Spirit? Totally normal. Nothing weird about any of this," he added sarcastically, his eyes flicking nervously towards the direction Gryphon had vanished.

Lyra remained silent. Gryphon's words echoed in her mind. *Symbols? Words? How will we know?*

They waited in the clearing, the silence stretching awkwardly between them. Orin adjusted his satchel for the third time, Zia tapped her foot impatiently, and Lyra fidgeted with the edge of her sketchbook.

Minutes passed. Nothing happened.

“Maybe we should just—” Zia began, but her words faltered as something did indeed begin to happen—a strange shadow began creeping across the clearing. It was slow at first but soon gathered pace.

Above them, the sky shifted. A dark disc slowly slid across the sun, swallowing its light and casting an eerie twilight over the trees. The trio watched in stunned silence as a solar eclipse formed, leaving only a blazing ring of fire encircling the moon—a perfect circle of golden light against the darkened sky.

“What’s happening?” Zia whispered, barely audible.

Before anyone could answer, the eclipse began to recede, the sunlight returning in a single, piercing beam. It cut through the canopy and fell directly on Lyra.

Lyra blinked, shielding her eyes as the warmth of the light washed over her. But it wasn’t just light—it felt like something more, something alive.

Zia and Orin stared at her, wide-eyed, as if waiting for her to say something.

Lyra didn’t quite know what to say, but she knew what to do. She straightened, her breath steady, her mind clear. She turned to Orin, her voice unwavering. “Orin, give me your compass.”

Orin, without hesitation, reached into his satchel and handed it over.

With careful precision, she adjusted the compass, placed it firmly on her sketchbook, and drew a perfect circle at the first attempt—smooth, flawless, unwavering. “Let’s go,” she said.

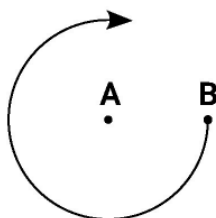
Task

If Lyra can master drawing a perfect circle, so can you! Grab your sketchbook, a pencil, and a compass, and draw a small, flawless circle in the centre of the page. Make sure to leave plenty of space around it—this is just the start of something much bigger. And if you don't get it right the first time, that's what your rubber is for. Practice makes perfect!

THE SIGN

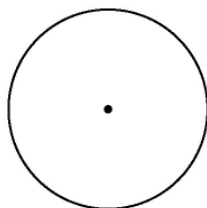
Solution

1. **Mark the centre:** Use a pencil to make a small point (**Point A**) in the centre of the page.
2. **Set the compass:** Place the pointed end of the compass on **Point A**, ensuring it's firmly anchored.
3. **Draw the circle:** Carefully trace a circle by rotating the compass, letting the pencil guide the path (**Line B**) smoothly and evenly.



When you've finished your circle, take a moment to compare it to Lyra's. Does it look the same? Is it perfectly round and centred?

THE SIGN

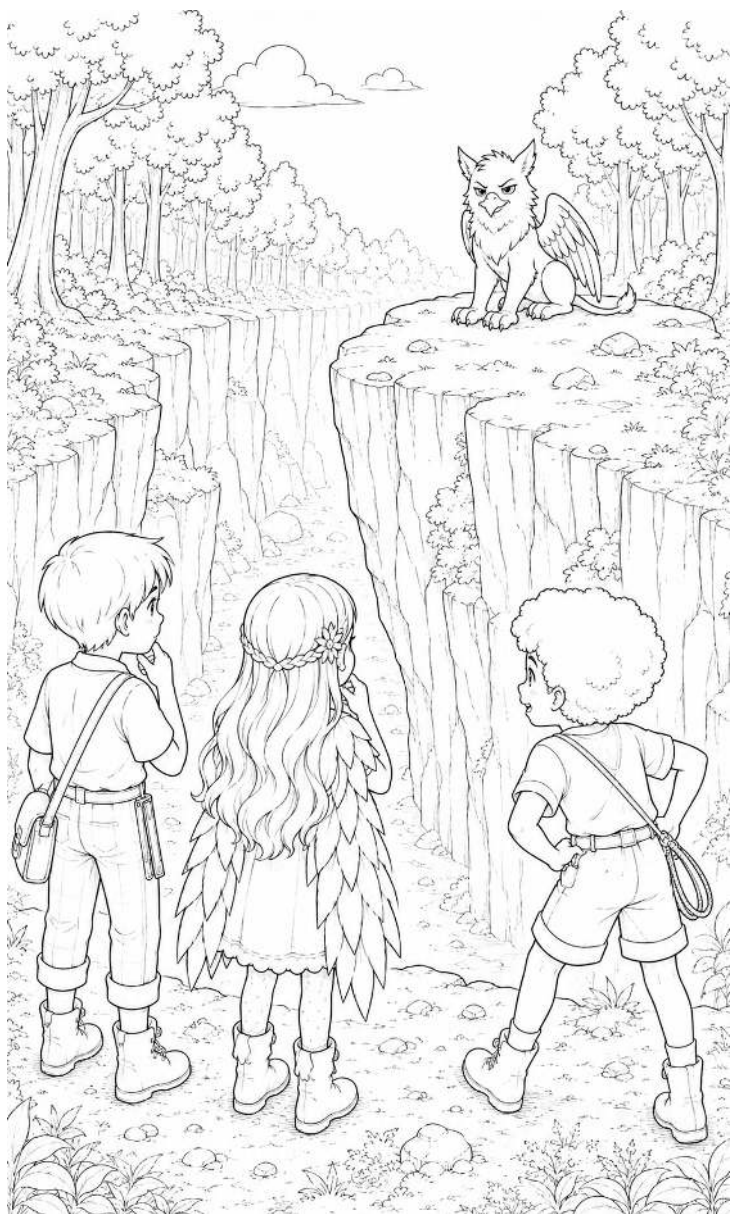


Precision is key, so if your circle isn't quite right, don't worry—try again! Every attempt brings you closer to mastering the art of drawing a perfect circle.

10

The Drop

THE DROP



“There he is!” Zia announced, pointing ahead to where Gryphon lounged on a large rock on the far side of the ravine. His wings were folded neatly, golden feathers catching the sunlight with a faint shimmer.

The trio halted, their eyes drawn to the sheer drop before them—a dizzying plunge that made their stomachs churn. On the far side, Gryphon watched them with a bemused expression, his wings half-extended as if ready to take flight.

“Ah, perfect timing!” he called, stretching lazily, yet making no move to help. “We’d better get going and make up for lost time.”

Orin frowned, staring at the wide ravine. “How are we supposed to get across this?”

Gryphon stroked his chin with a giant paw. “Right. No wings. I see your problem.”

Zia let out a frustrated sigh, grabbing a stick and tossing it into the ravine. It spun end over end before vanishing into the shadows below. “You could just fly over and help us, you know.”

Gryphon let out an exaggerated huff, his feathers ruffling slightly. “I’m not a taxi service, Zia. Besides, where’s the fun in that?”

Lyra’s gaze wandered, landing on Orin’s untied shoelace. *Too short... too weak... but maybe... something else?* “What about a vine?” she suggested. “We could tie it to a rock, throw it across, and set up a tightrope. Would you catch it for us, Gryphon?”

His eyes sparkled with approval. “I’d be honoured to catch your rock,” Gryphon confirmed with a slight bow.

Zia flashed a sly smile, already hoisting a hefty rock and a vine she’d yanked from a nearby tree. “I’ve got this.”

Orin responded with a sceptical look, arms crossed. “Maybe

something a bit smaller, Zia? Like this,” he said, holding up a more manageable rock.

Zia huffed but relented. “Fine.” She swapped the boulder for Orin’s choice and tied the vine securely around it. After a few steps back, she wound up and launched the rock across the ravine with impressive precision. It landed just short of Gryphon and tumbled into the abyss. Undeterred, Zia reeled it back in. “All right, take two.”

This time, her throw was spot-on. The rock sailed cleanly across, and Gryphon snatched the vine mid-air with effortless grace. In one swift motion, he tied it to a sturdy tree on the far side. “There. One high wire, courtesy of everyone’s favourite mythical creature.”

Zia swept into a dramatic bow, her arm arcing gracefully as she gestured for the others to proceed.

Lyra and Orin exchanged hesitant glances, neither eager to go first. Finally, Orin nudged Lyra forward. “Ladies first,” he said with a small nod.

Lyra rolled her eyes and stepped up to the vine. She tested it one last time, her confidence evident as she placed one foot on the narrow line and began inching her way across. “See? Easy,” she called over her shoulder.

* * *

Halfway across, everything appeared to be going smoothly—her progress was steady, her movements confident. But then, something unexpected happened. A subtle tremor rippled through the vine, followed by a faint, mischievous giggle. She froze mid-step, her eyes narrowing as she scanned the far side for answers.

“Wobble. Wobble,” came Gryphon’s smooth voice.

“Gryphon?” Lyra asked, her tone wary.

His eyes gleamed with mischief as he gently flicked the vine with his claw, sending another ripple down its length.

“Gryphon, stop it!” Lyra shouted, her voice sharp as she stopped in place.

“Oh, come on,” he replied, his tone teasing. “You don’t think I’d let you fall, do you?”

Her glare didn’t waver. “I’m not really sure, but that’s certainly not helping. I thought you were here to be our guardian?”

“I am,” he said, his feathers ruffling slightly, “but I’m also here for the drama. Imagine you just crossed confidently with no issues... snooze. Everybody’s safe, and nothing happens. Who’s interested in that?”

“Me!” Lyra fired back.

“Hmm, yes. I see what you mean. I do apologise,” he said, his voice not sounding entirely convincing. “Do carry on.”

“Unbelievable,” Lyra muttered, refocusing as she carefully prepared to continue. She steadied herself, took a deep breath, and resumed crossing.

“Wobble. Wob—”

“Gryphon!” Lyra shouted, her voice a mix of exasperation and laughter.

“Sorry. I couldn’t help myself!” he replied, laughing outright now. “No more,” he said, holding his wings up in surrender.

Lyra shook her head, her lips twitching as she fought back a smile. “You’d think the Great Spirit would run background checks on you people,” Lyra added, finally giving in to laughter as she hopped confidently onto the solid ground of the other side.

Pushing past Orin, Zia stepped up to the vine, shaking out her hands as though preparing for a grand performance. “Right, my turn,” she declared, planting herself on the vine with exaggerated flair.

“No funny business from you, please,” she warned, narrowing her eyes at Gryphon as she took her first cautious step.

“As if I would,” he replied, his voice a little too innocent to be believable. “Just remember,” Gryphon called out, “whatever you do, don’t look down.”

Zia froze mid-step, her eyes darting nervously towards him.

“And if you do look down,” Gryphon continued, “definitely don’t look at the little skeletons at the bottom.”

“Skeletons!?” Zia yelped, a bead of sweat forming on her brow.

“Relax, relax. I’m joking... There are no little skeletons.” Gryphon replied, his voice thick with playful sarcasm. “They’re medium-sized skeletons.”

Before Gryphon could fully revel in his own joke, Lyra stepped forward and delivered a sharp kick to his shin.

“Ouch!” Gryphon yelped, hopping on his other legs and glaring at her. “What was that for?”

“Ignore him. You’re doing great,” Lyra called out encouragingly.

Zia glanced over at Lyra, her nerves easing slightly at the show of support. With renewed focus, she inched her way across the vine, her movements steady but cautious. When she finally reached the other side, her legs wobbling slightly, she turned to Gryphon with narrowed eyes. “Medium-sized skeletons, indeed.”

Orin stood at the edge of the ravine, staring at the vine stretched taut before him. His heart raced as he peered down at the dizzying drop below, the ground seeming to sway beneath him.

"You've got this," Lyra called from the other side, her voice calm and steady.

Orin took a deep breath, his gaze flickering between the vine and the chasm. His hands clenched and unclenched at his sides, betraying his nerves.

"Take your time," Gryphon said, his usual playful tone replaced by uncharacteristic seriousness. "Focus. Breathe."

Orin glanced up, surprised by the encouragement.

"One step at a time," Gryphon reassured.

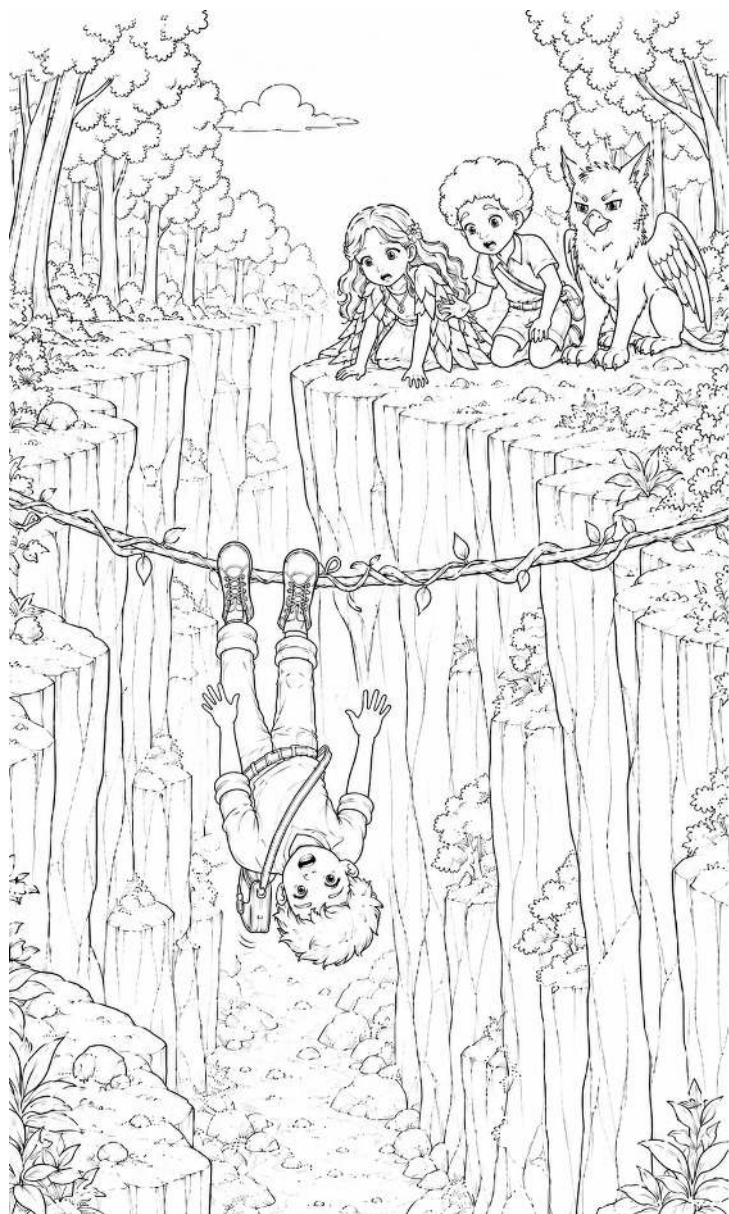
Orin nodded, swallowing hard. He placed one foot on the vine, then the other. The vine swayed slightly beneath him, and he froze, arms flailing as he fought to steady himself. He began to make progress, but the progress was slow and clunky.

"Careful," Lyra said, her voice tense.

"I'm fine," Orin muttered, though his clenched jaw said otherwise. He managed a few more unsteady steps before his balance faltered completely. His arms flailed, windmilling wildly. Despite his desperate efforts to steady himself, it was no use. And just like that—Orin was gone.

11

Bamboo



As Orin fell, the lace of his boot snagged on a twist of the vine, jerking him to an abrupt halt. For a moment, he dangled helplessly, upside down, the world spinning below him. *This was unplanned*, Orin thought.

Gritting his teeth, he reached up, gripping the vine with trembling hands. With a grunt of effort, he hauled himself upward and backwards, inch by inch, until he finally collapsed back onto solid ground. Breathing heavily, he lay there for a moment, staring at the sky—exactly where he began.

“Orin!” Lyra called, stepping closer to the edge. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine,” he stammered, struggling to get his words out as he dragged himself up. Dejected and scared, he turned away, shoulders slumping. “I can’t do this, Lyra.”

“Yes, you can,” Lyra insisted, her voice firm but encouraging. “Have a moment, rest, and then try again.”

Orin shot her a sceptical look but nodded reluctantly. “Give me a moment.” He wiped the sweat from his brow and took a few steadying breaths, his gaze fixed on the vine as if daring it to defy him. He wasn’t going to let Lyra down like this.

* * *

“Maybe you need a little help,” Gryphon suggested, gesturing towards a cluster of bamboo. His tone was light, but there was a glint of practicality in his eyes. “You could use it to steady your balance. No shame in a bit of assistance, you know.”

Orin pondered Gryphon’s words, glancing between the vine and the bamboo. Pride warred with practicality, but the thought of another humiliating stumble decided it for him.

He strode over to the bamboo and kicked a few pieces, selecting the longest, straightest piece. He tested its weight and gave a nod of approval. "This'll work," he said, more to himself than anyone else.

Positioning the bamboo across his shoulders, he gripped it firmly with both hands, adjusting it until each side was perfectly balanced—half to the left, half to the right. Once satisfied, he paced back and forth, testing its stability. A flicker of confidence crossed his face as he turned back to the vine and tentatively placed his foot on it.

The difference was immediate. The bamboo acted as a stabiliser, countering his movements. Step by step, he edged forward, his breathing steadying and his focus sharpening. The fear in his eyes gave way to determination as he closed the distance.

"He's doing it!" Zia whispered excitedly, careful not to disturb him.

"Keep going, Orin," Lyra called, her voice brimming with encouragement.

When Orin finally reached the other side, he stepped off the vine and lowered the bamboo, exhaling deeply. A small, triumphant smile tugged at his lips.

Orin barely had time to savour his victory before Zia pointed at his shorts. "You're glowing again," she said.

Lyra's eyes widened. "The Workstone," she whispered, her attention switching to her sketchbook.

The glow wasn't random—it meant something, and Lyra knew it. But what?

"Is it something to do with balance?" Lyra wondered softly, almost to herself. "Balance is everywhere in nature, right? So it must be in the emblem too."

Before anyone could respond, Lyra's pencil was already poised for action.

"We need to split the circle," she said, looking up with steely determination. "Perfectly—into two equal halves."

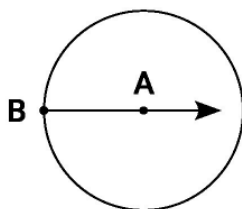
Task

Can you help Lyra achieve perfect balance? You already have a circle, but can you divide it into two equal halves with a single **horizontal** line? You'll need your pencil and a ruler. Make it precise—balance is crucial!

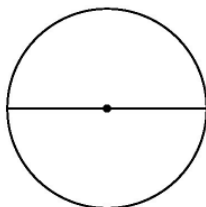
THE FOREST OF SHAPES

Solution

1. **Align the ruler:** Place your ruler horizontally across the page, ensuring it's perfectly aligned with the centre of the circle (**Point A**).
2. **Draw the line:** Using your pencil, draw a straight horizontal line (**Line B**) through the centre.



When you've finished, you should have something looking like this: a circle with a perfectly centred horizontal line. Great job!



This line represents the **diameter** of the circle, stretching from one side, passing through the circle's centre, and extending all the way to the opposite side. Remember, the **diameter** is exactly twice the length of the **radius**.

* * *

With all three of them safely back on solid ground and the next piece of their emblem secured, the trio—alongside Gryphon—pressed forward, their energy renewed. The path ahead wound through the dense forest, a labyrinth of twisting roots and towering trees.

Excitement buzzed between them, unspoken but palpable. Every step felt like progress, every turn held the promise of something new—another clue, another discovery. The deeper they ventured, the more the air itself seemed to hum with anticipation, as if the forest recognised their purpose and was guiding them towards it. Whatever lay ahead, they were ready.

12

The Mole



"Hello!" came a cheerful voice as the ground stirred, and with a little hop, a mole emerged from the earth. It blinked up at them, its bright, intelligent eyes gleaming as it brushed soil off its tiny snout.

Staring down at the creature, Orin froze. He half turned to Lyra, and whispered sideways. "There appears to be a mole... saying hello to me."

Lyra raised an eyebrow. "Well, don't be rude. Say hello back."

Returning his attention to the mole, Orin reciprocated. "Hello," he said cautiously.

Lyra leaned around him, offering the mole a small wave. "Hello, Mr Mole."

Zia peered over Lyra's shoulder. "Hello, Mole," she said, giving a casual salute, as though talking moles were the norm.

The mole blinked up at them, tilting its head curiously. "What are you doing?" it asked intrusively, its tiny voice carrying an unexpected tone of authority.

Lyra paused before answering. "Good question. We're not entirely sure, but the Great Spirit has... well, apparently, a job for us."

The mole's eyes widened. "Oh, gosh. The Great Spirit, you say? You must be important, then."

Lyra smiled awkwardly, not quite sure how to respond.

"How about you, Mr Mole?" she asked, crouching slightly to get a better look at the tiny, animated creature.

"I'm off to the pond for a think," the mole replied, waving a tiny paw dismissively.

"A think?" Zia asked. "About what?"

"Oh, you know," the mole said. "Troubles on my mind. Care to join me? I'll fill you in on the way."

The trio exchanged glances, unsure of what to make of the situation. The mole seemed slightly strange but nice enough, its cheerful demeanour oddly comforting. Gryphon, perched on a nearby rock, glanced over at them and gave a subtle nod.

“We’d be delighted,” Lyra said warmly.

The mole perked up, its tiny paws clapping together with enthusiasm. “All right, then. I’ll lead the way!” it declared, turning sharply and waddling forward with surprising determination.

* * *

Time passed as the group moved through the vegetation, walking in relative silence while trying to keep up with the mole. The forest around them seemed to buzz with a gentle rhythm. Zia shifted restlessly, her curiosity bubbling over until she could hold it in no longer. “What are you going to think about?” she blurted out, crouching down to get closer to the mole.

The mole sighed deeply, brushing a paw over its snout. “Well, Mrs Mole is awfully angry with me.”

Lyra stopped and looked directly at him. “Why is that?”

The mole’s whiskers twitched as it looked around conspiratorially. “Well, she was out with her friends last night, and I... I may have rearranged the tunnels while she was gone.”

Zia tried her best not to laugh. “Rearranged the tunnels?”

“Nothing major!” the mole protested, raising its tiny paws defensively. “Just a little optimisation. You know, better flow, more efficient worm storage, that kind of thing.”

“And she didn’t appreciate your... improvements?” Lyra asked.

“Apparently not,” the mole said with a dramatic sigh. “On

the way home, she took one wrong turn... ended up back where she started four hours later. Fuming she was. You'd think she'd be grateful for a better system, but no," the mole continued, clearly indignant. "She even started calling me names."

Orin, barely hiding his amusement, asked, "What did she call you?"

The mole's whiskers twitched as he replied, clearly affronted. "She said, 'You're a control freak, Melvyn.'"

Zia burst out laughing, and even Orin cracked a smile. "I see why you might need to think your way out of this one," Orin said dryly.

"Exactly!" the mole replied, nodding earnestly. "Hence the pond. Nothing like a good old think by the water. Never fails to deliver. My brain has got me out of far bigger pickles than this, like that time I accidentally woke a hibernating bear and had to convince him it was still winter. Took some quick thinking and a lot of whispering, but it worked!"

"Why the pond, though, Mr Mole?" Lyra asked curiously.

The mole paused for a moment and placed a tiny paw on its chin, tilting its head thoughtfully as its small eyes glinted in the sunlight. "I don't know," it admitted. "It's something about the water—the ripples and then the stillness, I suppose. The way everything just... settles. It helps me think."

Zia, now fully intrigued, leaned even closer. "Do you do this often, then?"

"Oh, yes. I have my own little ritual," the mole said with a grin. "I'll show you when we get there. You'll see—it's rather calming, even if I do say so myself."

* * *

Ahead, a small, serene pond came into view, its surface so smooth it mirrored the surrounding trees like glass. At its centre, a lone frog sat on a lily pad, its bulbous eyes watching the world with quiet indifference. Its peace was disturbed by rustling in the grass as the mole appeared, followed closely by the crackling of bushes as the trio pushed through. Moments later, the crunching of branches announced Gryphon's presence as he emerged from the trees last.

The frog blinked, unimpressed, as the group gathered by the edge of the pond. It croaked once more, as if acknowledging their arrival, before returning its gaze to the stillness of the water.

Zia plopped herself down on a perfectly positioned rock by the pond, stretching out her legs contentedly.

The mole froze, its tiny eyes narrowing as it glared at Zia. "You're sitting on my thinking rock," it said pointedly.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Zia said, quickly hopping down and brushing off the rock with exaggerated care.

The mole gave a small, approving nod and climbed up onto the rock, settling itself with a satisfied little sigh. "Thank you," it said, patting the smooth surface. "It's just the right height for pondering."

Gryphon perched gracefully on a boulder nearby while Lyra and Orin exchanged amused glances and found their own far less comfortable rocks around the pond.

"This one's a bit lumpy," Orin muttered, shifting awkwardly.

"Mine's damp," Lyra added, wrinkling her nose.

"How unfortunate," the mole remarked, settling deeper into its cosy perch, obviously indifferent to their complaints.

"Must be nice to have the perfect thinking rock," Zia quipped, earning a smug glance from the mole as it adjusted its position.

"It's lovely," the mole said shortly. "All right," the mole continued, rubbing its tiny paws together. "Let me show you how it's done."

The trio watched as the mole sifted through the stones surrounding its thinking rock, its small paws delicately inspecting each one like a jeweller examining precious gems. Finally, it settled on a smooth, round pebble.

"This one," the mole declared with satisfaction. It stood up, carefully balanced on the rock, and threw the pebble into the air. The pebble arced gracefully before plopping into the still pond, sending out perfect ripples of concentric circles across the water.

The trio stared in quiet awe as the ripples expanded, their symmetry mesmerising against the glassy surface.

The mole watched the ripples fade, the pond slowly returning to its pristine stillness. "By the time the pond becomes still again, it'll come to—" He suddenly perked up, eyes alight. "A-ha! There you go!"

Without missing a beat, the mole clambered down from his thinking rock, talking out loud of his revelation. "I need a one-way system," he declared with conviction. "Just move the west tunnel, put a roundabout in the left wing, demolish the old burrow by the oak roots..." He trailed off, muttering an increasingly intricate plan as he waddled back towards the bushes.

"It was nice to meet you, Mr Mole," Lyra called after him, her tone both amused and affectionate.

The mole stopped as if suddenly remembering their presence. "Oh, yes, how rude of me! Nice to meet you all," he said, giving a polite little bow. "Good luck with your... Great Spirit business."

"Thank you, Mr Mole," Lyra said warmly. "Say hello to Mrs

Mole for us. Maybe pick her some flowers on the way home.”

“Good idea,” the mole replied, nodding thoughtfully. “Oh, and don’t forget, the answer is always in the stillness.”

“Where was I? Ah, yes, the west tunnel,” the mole continued, already drifting back into his thoughts. “Mrs Mole will definitely be pleased with this,” he said, his tiny chest puffing out with pride as he continued on his way. “Shouldn’t take me longer than a year. Maybe two.”

The trio exchanged amused glances, stifling laughter as the mole vanished into the undergrowth, still mumbling about his grand redesign.

* * *

“Shall we give it a go, then?” Lyra asked, glancing at the serene pond.

“Sure,” Zia replied, already scanning the ground. “What are we supposed to think about?”

“Well,” Gryphon chimed in, “more of your emblem wouldn’t hurt, would it?”

“True,” Lyra admitted. “Okay, who wants to go first?”

“Why don’t we all go together?” Orin suggested. Lyra nodded, and the three of them began sifting through the pebbles, searching for the smoothest ones they could find.

“All right,” Lyra said, holding hers steady. “On three. One... two...”

“Whoa, cool! A dead rat!” Zia interrupted, pointing towards the undergrowth.

“Three,” Lyra continued, ignoring the distraction. Both she and Orin rolled their eyes and tossed their pebbles anyway. They arched gracefully through the air before landing in the water

with a soft *plop*.

Two perfect circles of ripples spread across the pond, meeting in the centre. Lyra leaned forward, her eyes widening. “Hey, look.”

The overlapping ripples formed a new pattern, its elegant shape floating momentarily on the pond’s surface. Where the circles intersected, the form appeared perfectly balanced—half inside, half outside.

Lyra stared at it, a spark of realisation lighting up her eyes. “That’s it. That’s the next part of the emblem.”

“Well, well,” said Gryphon, his tone both impressed and amused. “The *vesica piscis*.”

“The what, now?” Zia asked, her attention snapping back to the task at hand.

“The *vesica piscis*,” Gryphon repeated, enunciating each syllable with theatrical flair. “An ancient and powerful symbol. It represents balance, unity, and the coming together of two worlds. Quite fitting, wouldn’t you say?”

Lyra flipped open her sketchbook.

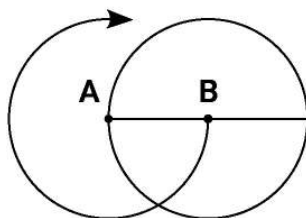
Task

Can you help them recreate the *vesica piscis*? They’ve already drawn one perfect circle—now it’s time to add a second to form the iconic overlapping shape. Think carefully: Where should the second circle go? Once you’ve figured it out, give it a try yourself! Use your compass and imagination to map it out. Focus on symmetry and balance as you work.

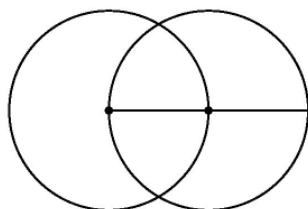
THE FOREST OF SHAPES

Solution

1. **Mark the second centre:** Locate the point where the horizontal line intersects the edge of the first circle (**Point A**).
2. **Draw the second circle:** Place the compass point at **Point A** and set the **radius** to match the centre of the first circle (**Point B**). Draw the second circle so it overlaps with the first, ensuring both centres lie on the same horizontal line.



The overlapping area between the two circles forms the almond-shaped *vesica piscis*. This elegant shape is central to sacred geometry. Great job!



* * *

The trio pressed on, leaving the bullfrog to his peace, his contented croaks fading behind them. The pond's surface still rippled, not yet calm, but the group had moved on long before it settled. The path ahead stretched endlessly, winding through dense foliage and into the unknown. *The answer is in the stillness...* Lyra thought to herself, Mr Mole's words echoing in her mind. *But we didn't wait for the stillness, did we? Ah well, no turning back now.*

13

Mushrooms



The path through the forest grew darker, the sunlight above filtered by the dense canopy of towering trees. The air seemed thicker here, cooler, as if the forest itself was holding its breath. Lyra paused, her eyes slowly adjusting to the dim light.

“Do you hear that?” she asked softly, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Hear what?” Zia replied, brushing past her.

“Nothing. Like everything’s... sleeping.”

All three stopped in unison, scanning the trees, branches, moss, and even the insects with sharp focus. At one point, Zia crouched low and mimed holding an invisible microphone. “And here we see the forest in its natural state... absolutely lifeless,” she said in a dramatic whisper, as if narrating a nature documentary.

Lyra rolled her eyes but couldn’t suppress a faint smile. “Zia, focus.”

“Focussed,” Zia replied, standing to attention.

Orin knelt to tie his shoelaces, pausing as something caught his eye. “Hey, look at this,” he said, his voice tinged with surprise. “There’s a little forest down here too. A forest of mushrooms...”

Orin was right. Ahead of them, a tiny fungal kingdom stretched out—a sprawling expanse of mushrooms, each cap glowing faintly in hues of blue, green, and gold. The mushrooms ranged from tiny clusters to towering stalks, their luminescence casting soft, shifting shadows across the forest floor.

“They’re all different shapes and sizes!” Zia exclaimed, her eyes wide with wonder.

“Colours too!” Lyra added, mesmerised by an unusually vibrant blue one.

“What’s this big huge one with all these repeating patterns on it?” Zia asked, pointing to a particularly intricate specimen.

“That’s the Fractal Mushroom,” Gryphon interjected, lounging nearby with an air of nonchalance. “It’s a fun one. I might tell you about it later if we have time.”

“Ew. This one smells a bit funky,” Zia said, wrinkling her nose as she leaned closer to another.

“Look who’s talking,” Lyra retorted.

“Good point,” Zia replied with a shrug.

Orin, crouched nearby, took one last look around and sighed. “Well, we can’t stand around here all day sniffing mushrooms... or Zia.” As he went to stand, he accidentally stepped on a peculiar triangular-shaped mushroom. Remarkably, the mushroom didn’t crush or break—it glowed in a very peculiar way. A precise beam of light shot from it, connecting to an identical-looking mushroom nearby. The trio froze, staring as the glow lingered for a few seconds before fading.

“What was that all about?” Lyra asked.

“No idea,” Orin replied, shaking his head.

Intrigued, Zia crouched beside another of these strange mushrooms. Unable to resist, she poked it with a stick. Once again, the mushroom emitted a beam of light, connecting directly to another of its kind.

“It’s these triangular mushrooms,” Zia declared. “They all do it.”

“Are they talking to each other?” Lyra asked, tilting her head curiously.

“Who knows?” Zia replied with a shrug, stomping on another one. Sure enough, it lit up, sending another beam of light shooting out.

“Zia!” Lyra exclaimed, half-scolding, half-amused.

“It’s fun—try it!” Zia urged, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

* * *

Minutes later, all three of them were stomping on mushrooms at random, carried away by the fun and heading in no particular direction. The forest lit up like a disco, glowing mushrooms pulsing with light in shades of blue and green, responding to their playful chaos.

With every stomp, Lyra unleashed a burst of exaggerated dance noises. “Boom-chika-boom-boom!” she sang, twirling as the forest flickered to life around her.

Behind them, Gryphon followed, swaying his wings in rhythm, occasionally pumping them in the air. But as he caught himself mid-spin, he cleared his throat loudly and straightened his feathers, trying to regain his composure.

“All right, that’s enough glow raving for one day!” Gryphon declared.

The trio slowed their stomping, their enthusiasm turning sheepish as the glow from the mushrooms began to fade.

“You’re still tapping your foot, Gryphon,” Lyra pointed out.

Caught in the act, Gryphon quickly stepped on his tapping foot with the others, as if to silence it. “Pure coincidence,” he muttered.

“Let’s not forget why we’re here,” Gryphon continued, eyeing them sternly. “You’ve got an emblem to complete and a destiny to fulfil—preferably without turning the forest into a dance party.”

Lyra nodded. “Gryphon’s right.” She turned to Zia, her eyebrows raised in warning, but Zia couldn’t resist one last stomp on a mushroom.

“Sorry,” Zia said, holding her hand in the air. “I apologise forthwith.”

Lyra sighed, shaking her head. “Come on, then. We’d better get moving.”

The group headed on their way, their path illuminated only by the soft glow of the mushrooms they had disturbed.

* * *

As they walked, time seemed to stretch endlessly, each step blending into the last. The scenery around them remained eerily unchanged, as if they were moving without truly getting anywhere.

They began to notice more of the triangle-shaped mushrooms. At first, it seemed like a coincidence, but with every step, the pattern repeated: clusters of the same luminous fungi pulsed briefly whenever someone brushed too close.

“We’ve been walking forever,” Zia groaned, kicking some loose dirt. “Are we actually getting anywhere?”

Lyra glanced around. “It doesn’t feel like it, does it?”

“And yet, the mushrooms keep appearing,” Orin exclaimed, playfully tapping one with his foot.

“There’s something... off. What are you trying to tell us?” Lyra muttered, eyeing the glowing fungi.

“She’s talking to mushrooms now,” Zia whispered to Orin.

“Wait,” Lyra said suddenly, halting in her tracks. “We’ve been here before.” Frustration flared in her voice as she pointed at a particular mushroom. “That’s the Fractal Mushroom. I remember the pattern.”

“Are you saying—” Orin began, his brow furrowing.

“We’re walking in circles,” Zia finished, her voice dropping

in disbelief.

Overhead, Gryphon stretched atop an unusually large mushroom.

"Finally figured it out, did you? I was wondering how long it would take," he said, clearly enjoying himself.

Lyra stepped back in frustration, accidentally triggering another mushroom. Its glow flared brilliantly, momentarily dazzling her, as if to make a point.

"Oh, enough already! We get it!" she huffed, throwing her hands in the air.

The glow lingered longer this time before fading, almost as if the mushrooms were pondering her complaint.

"They're trying to tell us something, aren't they?" Lyra mused.

Gryphon nodded. "They are."

The trio stared at him, baffled.

Gryphon shrugged. "Listen to them."

"Listen to them?" Orin repeated, incredulous. "They're mushrooms!"

"Yes," Gryphon replied. "They are."

The trio exchanged another round of bewildered glances. Orin groaned, throwing his hands in the air. "Fine. Mushrooms, tell us your secrets."

Gryphon smirked, shaking his head. "Not like that. Mushrooms don't use words."

Lyra frowned, crouching to study them more closely. "What are the triangular ones called?" she asked.

"Trilume Mushrooms," Gryphon replied, still perched comfortably on his fungal throne.

Orin stepped forward, his satchel swaying at his side. "*Tri* means three—like a trio or a triangle. And *lume* comes from the

Latin *lumen*, which means light—*illuminate, luminous...*”

“Wait... if *Tri* means three... and *lume* means light,” Lyra said, her eyes widening. “And they always point to others. What if—”

Her voice trailed off as she traced the glowing connections with her gaze, the puzzle pieces falling into place. “What if all three of us stomped on one at the same time? Three at once...”

Orin shrugged. “Why not?”

Zia agreed. “What do we have to lose?”

The trio spread out evenly in preparation, each finding a suitable candidate. The forest pulsed with rhythmic light as if waiting for the right moment.

“Ready?” Lyra called.

Orin nodded. Zia cracked her knuckles.

“On three. One... two... three—”

The trio stomped in unison.

Immediately and decisively, a perfect glowing triangle formed, its apex pointing unmistakably forward.

“That’s it,” Lyra breathed, excitement rising in her voice. “That’s where we’re supposed to go. And—”

Opening her sketchbook, Lyra ran her fingers over the *vesica piscis*, studying it for a moment before realisation struck.

“The triangle fits perfectly within it,” she murmured.

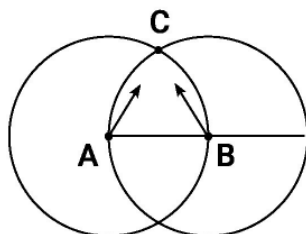
Task

The trio has uncovered another piece of the emblem—a triangle! Now it’s your turn to help. Can you draw a triangle within the *vesica piscis*, making sure it fits perfectly? It’s not just any triangle—it’s an **equilateral triangle**. An **equilateral** triangle has all three sides exactly the same length. Take your time to find and connect three equally spaced points of the triangle.

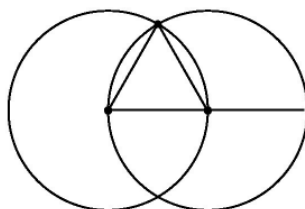
Ready? Let's take the emblem one step closer to completion!

Solution

1. **Locate points:** Identify **Point A** and **Point B** (where the horizontal line intersects the circles) and **Point C** (where the two circles intersect).
2. **Connect points:** Using a ruler, draw a straight line connecting **Point A** to **Point C**.
3. **Complete the triangle:** Repeat the process to connect **Point B** to **Point C**, forming a triangle within the *vesica piscis*.

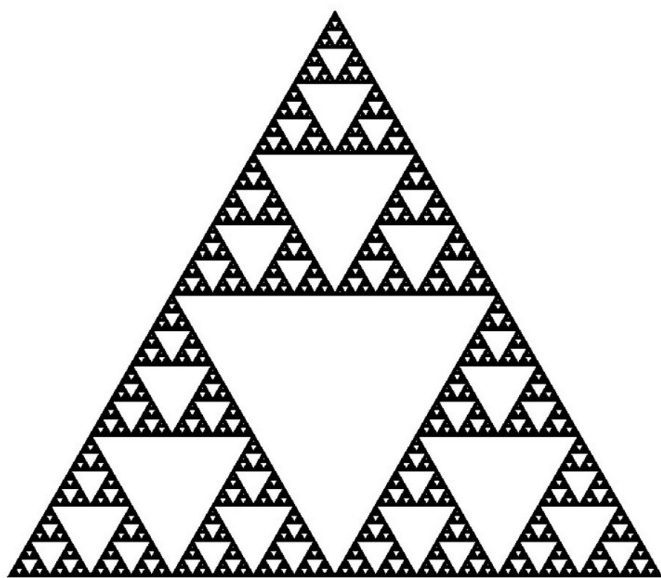


When you've finished, you should have a perfect **equilateral triangle**. Notice how the triangle adds structure to the *vesica piscis*. This is another layer of harmony in the emblem Lyra is building!



14

Fractals



“Not bad,” Gryphon said, peering over Lyra’s shoulder. “Not bad at all.”

Lyra smiled faintly, her confidence growing. “Let’s keep going.”

“Wait,” Gryphon said, holding up a paw. “Before you go, I have something to show you.”

He hopped off his perch and stomped on the Fractal Mushroom. Instantly, the entire mushroom forest lit up, glowing with interconnected triangles. The patterns multiplied outward, triangles within triangles, fractals within fractals, spreading across the fungi in a dazzling, infinite display of symmetry and light.

“Whoa,” Zia breathed, spinning on the spot to take it all in. “It’s like a never-ending light show!”

“Fractals,” Gryphon explained. “Patterns that repeat at every scale. They say it’s the way the universe talks to itself.”

Bonus Tasks

Let’s take a break from creating the emblem for a moment and have some fun. Turn to a fresh page in your sketchbook and see if you can complete the following challenges.

Task 1: Equilateral Triangles

Can you create a perfect, equal-sided triangle using only a compass and a ruler? But there’s a twist—you can’t use the full *vesica piscis* method! Can you figure out how to draw all three sides exactly the same length? Let’s see if you can solve this geometric puzzle!

Task 2: Fractals

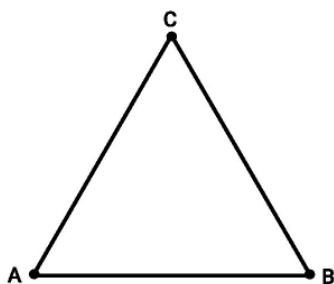
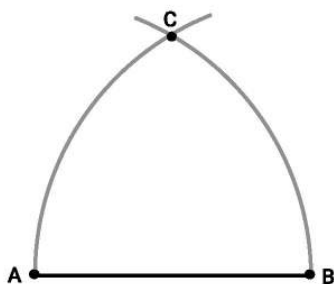
The glowing mushrooms revealed a secret—triangles within triangles, repeating infinitely in perfect symmetry. This is the beauty of fractals!

Can you create your own fractals using equilateral triangles? Start with a single large triangle, then divide it into smaller ones, just like the glowing pattern in the mushroom forest. How many layers can you make?

Pay close attention to precision—each triangle should be identical in shape. Take your time, and watch as the pattern unfolds before you!

Solution 1: Equilateral Triangles

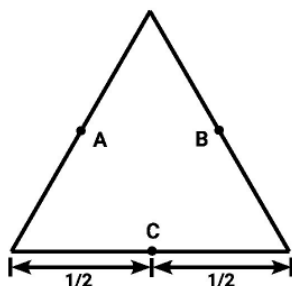
1. **Draw a baseline:** Use your ruler to draw a straight line segment of any desired length. This will be the base of your equilateral triangle. Label the endpoints as **Point A** and **Point B**.
2. **Set the compass width:** Set your compass to the length of the baseline (**AB**). This ensures all sides of the triangle will be equal.
3. **Draw an arc from Point A:** Place the compass point on **Point A** and draw an arc above the baseline. This arc represents all possible points that are the length of **AB** away from **Point A**.
4. **Draw an arc from Point B:** Without changing the compass width, place the compass point on **Point B** and draw another arc above the baseline. This arc will intersect the first arc at **Point C**.
5. **Mark the intersection point:** The point where the two arcs intersect is the third vertex of the equilateral triangle. Label this **Point C**.
6. **Complete the triangle:** Use your ruler to connect **Point A** to **Point C** and **Point B** to **Point C**. You now have an equilateral triangle (**ABC**) with all sides equal.



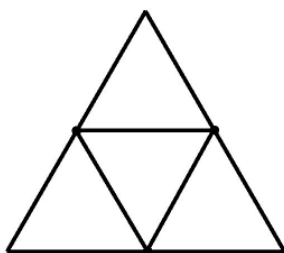
An equilateral triangle requires all sides to be equal. By setting the compass to the length of the base and drawing arcs from both endpoints, the intersection point (C) is guaranteed to be **equidistant** from A and B, ensuring all sides are equal.

Solution 2: Fractals

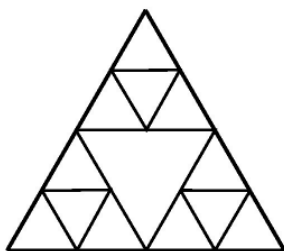
1. **Start with an equilateral triangle:** Draw a large equilateral triangle (all sides and angles equal).
2. **Find the midpoints:** Locate the midpoint of each side and mark it clearly.
3. **Draw a smaller triangle:** Connect the midpoints to form a new, upside-down equilateral triangle in the centre.
4. **Repeat the process:** Now, apply the same steps to each of the three outer triangles that remain.
5. **Keep going:** Every time you repeat the process, the pattern expands—smaller triangles forming within larger ones, infinitely repeating, just like the glowing fractals in the mushroom forest.

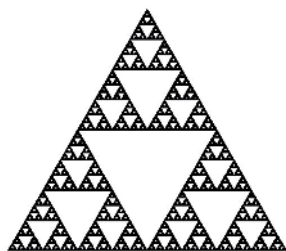


FRACTALS



The more times you repeat the process, the more intricate your fractal becomes. How deep can you go? Keep drawing, and watch the infinite geometry unfold!





Now that you've mastered creating equilateral triangles and explored the beauty of fractals, who knows when this might come in handy?

For now, let's get back to the mission. Flip back in your sketchbook to the emblem, take a deep breath, and let's continue the journey.

15

The Valley



The trio moved steadily through the forest, the canopy above filtering the sunlight into a soft green glow. They had been walking in relative silence for a while when Zia suddenly stopped and pointed ahead.

“Hey, look at that!”

Lyra and Orin followed her gaze. In the distance, a strikingly triangular mountain rose against the horizon, its peak sharp and almost unnaturally symmetrical.

“It’s perfect,” Lyra declared, tilting her head as if a different angle might reveal even more of its beauty. “Can we go and see it? A little detour wouldn’t hurt, would it?”

Always one for adventure, Zia’s eyes lit up instantly. Orin, on the other hand, remained silent, clearly not one for unplanned sightseeing.

Gliding above them, Gryphon let out a dramatic sigh as he landed on a low branch. “A detour? To see a pointy rock?”

“It’s a mountain,” Zia corrected, squinting at the distant peak.

“Are you *sure* you want to go that way?” Gryphon asked, his tone heavy with scepticism. “It’s the bottom of a valley, and let’s just say it’s not... the driest option.”

“Oh, come on,” Zia said, already stepping forward. “It’s just a valley. How bad can it be?”

Gryphon sighed, fluffing his feathers with exaggerated exasperation. “All right, fine. If you insist. But when this ends in soggy boots and regret, don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

* * *

The group wove through the valley floor with ease, their steps light as they veered towards the mountain in the distance. It was

an odd place, different from what they had seen before. Their surroundings seemed to give way to something resembling a jungle rather than a forest.

Zia nodded towards the treetops, where a vibrant toucan perched, its massive beak gleaming like a shard of sunset. Ahead, a sloth hung lazily from a branch, watching them through half-lidded eyes.

As they pressed on, the air grew damp, and the landscape shifted yet again. The ground beneath their feet became softer, wetter, and the wildlife around them seemed more suited to a bog than anything else.

Lyra spotted a large, warty toad hopping through the damp undergrowth. "Hey, Orin, look at that—" she began, but as she turned to him, she froze... then did a double take. "Orin, are you... shrinking?" Her brow furrowed as she studied him more closely.

"Speak for yourself," Orin retorted. "You're shrinking."

"No, I'm not," Lyra said, looking down at herself, then at Zia. "Wait—are you *sinking*?"

Zia paused, glancing at the others before reluctantly admitting, "I think I might be."

They stopped and looked at Zia, only her head visible above the ground.

"Oh, no," Lyra said, blinking. "You *are* sinking!"

"So am I!" Orin added in high-pitched astonishment, his usual composure cracking.

"Actually, me too," Lyra finally admitted, glancing down to see she was now waist-high in the bog beneath her.

"I'm not," Gryphon said smugly, landing on a sturdy branch above them. He stretched his wings, surveying the scene with evident satisfaction. "Lovely and dry up here. And I must say,

now that we're closer, your mountain is rather splendid."

Neck-deep in mud, Zia glared up at him. "I'm glad you like it."

Panic began to creep in as, with every struggle, their movements only dragged them deeper into the bog.

"I think we're stuck!" Orin shouted.

"Very observant, Orin. Now, what do we do about it?" Zia snapped.

Lyra was now chest-deep, Orin nearly up to his shoulders, and Zia had been reduced to communicating with her eyebrows.

"Stop moving!" Orin barked. "You're making it worse!"

"What do we do?" Lyra yelped, her voice rising even more.

Try as he might, Orin could no longer stay composed. "I don't know," he said, his voice tense, "but I think we're about to lose Zia."

* * *

"Well, this is a fine mess," said an unfamiliar voice.

It was calm, steady, and came from above—but it wasn't Gryphon. The trio craned their necks to see a figure perched casually on a thick tree branch.

The stranger wore a patchwork coat with frayed edges, a belt lined with neatly coiled ropes, and a satchel brimming with tools and gadgets. An easy confidence radiated from her, her expression amused yet unreadable.

"Who are you?" Orin called up.

The stranger raised an eyebrow. "Tether," she said simply. "And it looks like you could use a lifeline—quite literally."

"Yes, please!" Orin exclaimed.

Tether smirked, already pulling a length of rope from her

satchel. She moved with effortless precision, securing it to a sturdy tree.

"All right," she said, crouching on the branch like a poised acrobat. "Here's the deal: grab the rope, keep your weight low, and let me do the rest. Got it?"

The trio nodded frantically.

"You'd better get Zia first," Lyra said, nodding towards her. "She's the eyebrows over there."

Zia raised them in confirmation.

"I'm not sure she can actually grab anything at this point, though," Lyra continued.

Zia raised her eyebrows once more, now adept at eyebrow-based communication.

"All right," Tether chuckled, already on the move, leaping gracefully between branches. "Not to worry. You're up first, then," she said, lowering herself deftly and digging into the mud to loop the rope beneath Zia's arms. "Hold on tight—and don't wiggle too much."

Tether braced herself against the tree and pulled with all her might. The thick rope in her hands was taut, straining under the force of her effort. It was back-breaking work, but through a combination of skill, technique, and sheer determination, Tether managed it—Zia emerged from the bog, sputtering but unharmed, collapsing onto solid ground with a relieved groan.

"I'm free!" she gasped, wiping mud from her face. "I did not appreciate that."

Lyra was next, following instructions carefully as she was hauled free. Orin came last, his usual calm entirely replaced with sheer relief as he touched stable ground.

After a job well done, Tether dusted off her hands with a satisfied look and looped the rope back into a neat coil.

The trio lay in a muddy heap on the ground, utterly spent. Zia, still catching her breath, eyed Tether with a mix of curiosity and exhaustion. “So... what’s your deal, then?” she asked.

Tether shrugged. “Just passing through. The forest has a way of tangling things up—I like to untangle.”

“You’re very good at it,” Gryphon remarked. “A true professional, obviously.”

Tether waved off the compliment with a playful wink.

Lyra paused for thought, considering Gryphon’s words. “How can we ever repay you?”

As she spoke, Lyra’s eyes caught something hanging from Tether’s necklace—a hexagonal tile engraved with a perfect circle. She recognised it instantly. It was another Workstone.

She glanced at Gryphon, who was already nodding in quiet confirmation. “Orin, give me the Workstone,” she continued.

Without hesitation, Orin reached into his pocket and handed it over.

Lyra held out the Workstone towards Tether, who, without hesitation, unfastened her necklace and extended hers in return. As the two stones met, a faint glow pulsed between them, energy shifting seamlessly from Lyra’s to Tether’s.

Tether gave a satisfied nod. “That’s more than enough. Thank you.”

With nothing more to say, Tether gave a lazy salute before turning towards the trees. The trio watched as she vanished into the forest, her satchel swaying gently with each step. Most striking of all, she was impeccably clean and completely dry.

The trio, meanwhile, stood in stark contrast—muddy, dishevelled, and barely recognisable under thick layers of mud. Unsure

of what else to say or do, they turned to Gryphon. He was perched with his front paws over his muzzle, visibly straining to hold something in. Try as he might, he could restrain himself for only so long before bursting.

“I told you so!” he cackled, wings flaring dramatically.

* * *

As they pressed on, the terrain began to shift once again. The swampy ground gradually gave way to rocky outcrops, and soon, a shimmering glacier lake appeared in the distance. The water was mesmerisingly still, reflecting the surrounding mountains like a perfect mirror.

“Finally! Clean water!” Zia cried, sprinting towards the lake.

“Zia, wait!” Gryphon called, but it was too late. Orin and Lyra had already bolted after her, and all three leapt in with a resounding splash.

“Argh, it’s *freezing*!” Zia shrieked, flailing in the icy water.

“Glacier lake,” Gryphon said matter-of-factly, ruffling his feathers. “Clue’s in the name.”

The trio scrambled out as fast as they had jumped in, shivering violently as they huddled together, drenched but certainly awake.

“Well,” Lyra managed through chattering teeth, “a-at least we’re c-clean now.”

“W-wet, but c-clean,” Zia agreed, hugging herself for warmth.

“T-t-totally worth it,” Orin added, attempting a smile through his shivers.

They found large, soft leaves nearby to dry off as best they could, draping their damp clothes over sun-warmed rocks. As

they sat in the golden sunlight, they admired the towering triangular mountain, its reflection glistening faintly on the lake's rippled surface.

Gryphon, perched on a boulder, stretched his wings. "As lovely as the view is, we should get moving."

But Lyra wasn't listening.

Gryphon's voice faded into the background as another echoed in her mind—Mr Mole's parting words: *The answer is in the stillness.*

She stared at the lake, watching as the last ripples from their splash faded. The surface eventually settled into perfect stillness, and the mountain's reflection sharpened into clarity.

"Wait," she said suddenly, sitting upright.

"What is it?" Orin asked.

Lyra didn't answer immediately. She rose to her feet, moving towards the water's edge, her gaze locked onto the lake. On its surface, the mountain's triangular form was mirrored, creating a flawless reflection. The symmetry, the balance—it was exactly what she needed next. Without hesitation, she pulled out her sketchbook.

"What do you see?" Zia asked, standing beside her.

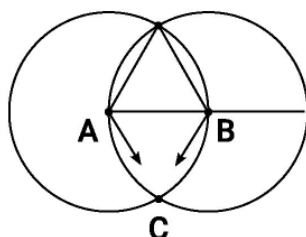
"A diamond," she whispered.

Task

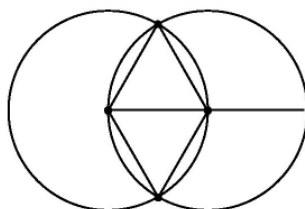
Now it's your turn to create a perfect reflection. To complete the diamond, you need to draw another triangle—this time upside down. Can you help Lyra complete her design by adding another triangle to the *vesica piscis*? Where does it go, and what parts do you need to use?

Solution

1. **Locate points:** Identify **Point A** and **Point B** (where the horizontal line intersects the circles) and **Point C** (where the two circles intersect, this time at the bottom).
2. **Connect points:** Using a ruler, draw a straight line connecting **Point A** to **Point C**.
3. **Complete the triangle:** Repeat the process to connect **Point B** to **Point C**.



When you've finished, you should have a second triangle and a diamond within the *vesica piscis*.



* * *

Lyra sat back, inspecting her work. “There,” she announced, her voice laced with both relief and satisfaction. The lines met seamlessly, the two triangles merging to form a perfect diamond nestled within the *vesica piscis*.

As she finished, a faint sparkle rippled across the lake’s surface, as if the Great Spirit itself were silently affirming her work.

16

The Hive



In high spirits, the trio laughed and chased each other as they walked, their playful energy filling the forest air. The sunlight danced in patches on the ground, occasionally catching their faces as they darted between shadows. The hum of life surrounded them—birds chirping, leaves rustling—but it all seemed to hush as Lyra suddenly stopped.

“Wait,” she said, pointing at the ground. “What’s that?”

There, lying on the forest floor, was a small bee.

Zia wrinkled her nose. “Ew. That’s a weird bee. What’s wrong with it?”

Lyra shot her an unimpressed look, more for the sake of the bee’s feelings than anything else. But, to be fair, Zia wasn’t entirely wrong—it was an unusual bee. Its black and yellow markings ran in bold stripes down its body, different from the familiar hoop-like patterns they were used to seeing.

Its tiny body glistened in the sunlight, twitching erratically as it struggled to move. Its delicate wings buzzed weakly before falling still.

Lyra knelt beside the creature, her voice soft. “It’s hurt. Look—one of its antennae is bent.”

“A broken antenna?” Orin asked, crouching beside her. “That explains it. Bees rely on their antennae to navigate. Without both, it’s completely disoriented.”

“Poor thing,” Lyra said, brushing a stray leaf away from the struggling insect. “We need to help it.”

Zia raised an eyebrow. “Oh, we’re weird bee fixers now, are we? Sure, why not? Bring out your bees! Bring out your bees! One wing fixed, get a second wing free. Loyalty card, madame?”

Lyra shot her another sharp glare.

“I mean, yes, we need to help the bee,” Zia corrected quickly,

looking sheepish as she avoided eye contact.

Orin adjusted his satchel while studying the tiny creature. “Zia has a point, though. What do we actually know about fixing bees?”

Lyra sighed but remained firm. “I don’t know, but we can’t just leave it.”

“She’s right,” Gryphon added, gliding down to land gracefully beside them. Puffing out his chest, he adopted a sage-like tone. “You must care for all precious creatures, great and small. You are nature’s guardians, so guard it you must.”

Lyra carefully scooped the bee onto a leaf and placed it gently into an empty jar Orin pulled from his satchel.

“We’re taking it back to its hive,” Lyra declared as she poked holes in the lid.

“And how exactly do we find that?” Zia asked, arms crossed.

As if in answer, another bee buzzed past them, its striped body glinting in the light. It hovered mid-air, pausing—as if waiting.

Lyra knew what to do. “We follow this one.”

* * *

The trio followed the bee deep into the forest, with Gryphon trailing behind. After several twists and turns, they emerged into a small clearing where a massive hive hung from the branch of an ancient tree.

Bathed in hazy sunlight, the hive shimmered, its surface alive with the constant movement of hundreds of bees.

Lyra carefully unscrewed the jar’s lid and placed it on the ground. At first, the injured bee lay there lifeless. But within a few moments, it began to move. Slowly but surely, it eventually mustered the energy to crawl its way out of the jar.

Shortly after, two worker bees emerged from the hive, their tiny legs reaching out as they gently lifted their wounded companion and carried it inside.

"They're... helping it," Orin said in disbelief. "It's like they have their own little medics."

"Of course they do," Gryphon said, nodding approvingly as he observed the hive. "Bees don't leave their own behind. They protect and care for each other. Every single one of them has a role to play." He glanced at Zia with a wry smirk. "Even the weird ones."

The three of them sat back, mesmerised by the hive's ceaseless activity. Worker bees flitted in and out, carrying nectar, guarding the entrance, tending to their injured. The energy of their movements filled the air, a melody of unity and purpose.

Then, as they watched in quiet wonder, a small group of bees emerged from the hive, carrying delicate pieces of golden honeycomb. In an act of gratitude, they placed the glistening fragments gently at the trio's feet before retreating.

Once the bees had safely gone, Lyra picked up a piece, turning it over in her hands. The honeycomb's intricate hexagonal pattern caught the light. "It's beautiful," she whispered. "Each cell is perfect."

"Not just beautiful," Gryphon added. "Meaningful. The hexagon is a symbol of sacrifice, protection, and teamwork. Everything the bees do is for the good of the whole."

Crunch. Zia bit into a piece. "Tastes good, too."

Lyra smiled faintly, pulling out her sketchbook. "There's got to be a hexagon in the emblem, then, hasn't there?"

Task

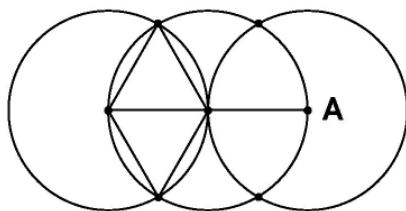
Take a close look at what you've already drawn. What would you need to add to create a hexagon? Remember, a regular hexagon has six equal sides and six equal angles. Think about the shapes and patterns you've already made—can you figure out what more you need?

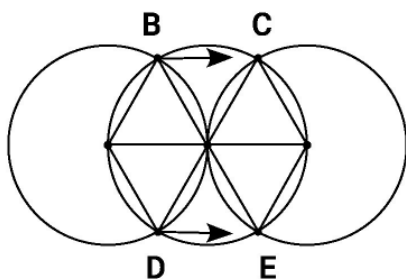
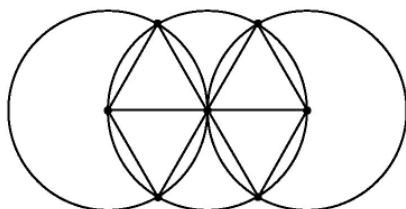
Hint from Gryphon

“Add one more circle... one more *vesica piscis*,” Gryphon said sagely. “A hexagon forms when two *vesicae piscis* are drawn back-to-back,” Gryphon explained. “Separate, but the same. Together, they create something stronger.”

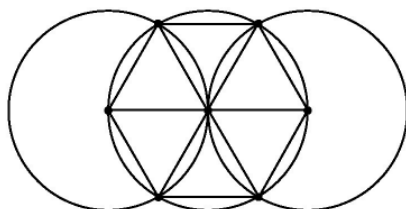
Solution

1. **Draw another vesica piscis:** Using the same radius as the original circles, draw another circle. Centre the new circle at the opposite intersection point—where the first circle meets the horizontal line (**Point A**).
2. **Create a diamond:** Just like you did before, create a diamond in the new vesica piscis.
3. **Connect the diamond points:** Using a ruler, draw lines to connect the tops and bottoms of the two diamonds. Connect **Point B** to **Point C** and **Point D** to **Point E**.





Once again, the overlapping area between two circles forms the elegant, almond-shaped *vesica piscis*—a cornerstone of sacred geometry. By adding another diamond—and connecting the diamond points—you’ve created a perfect hexagon, a symbol of sacrifice, protection, and teamwork.



Just like the bees, who work tirelessly for the good of the whole, this shape reminds us of the power of unity.

17

The Garden



The forest opened up to a sight so breathtaking that the trio came to an abrupt halt. Rows of fruit-laden trees stood tall and proud, their branches heavy with ripe offerings. Between them, neat patterns of colourful vegetables flourished, interwoven with fragrant herbs and wildflowers.

Small creatures darted through the undergrowth—rabbits, birds, and even chickens pecking contentedly at the soil. But what struck Lyra most was the stillness. There were no signs of human care—no footprints, no tools—yet the garden thrived.

“It’s... alive,” Lyra whispered. “But... how?”

Gryphon stepped forward, his feathers glistening in the light. “This,” he said, his voice tinged with both pride and sorrow, “is one of the Ancients’ Evergardens—a marvel of their ingenuity. They created it to exist in perfect harmony with nature, needing no caretaker.”

Lyra’s curiosity deepened. “The Ancients? Who were they?”

Gryphon tilted his head, a flicker of mystery in his golden eyes. “The ones who came before. Visionaries. Builders. They understood the balance of things—the rhythms of the world, how everything is connected. They weren’t perfect, but they were wise.”

Zia crouched beside a patch of wild strawberries. “Okay, but who’s feeding the chickens now? And what happens when they eat everything?”

Gryphon smiled, his wings gesturing towards the birds.

“They all take care of each other,” he said, nodding at the busy chickens. “Chickens eat the worms. Then they wander into the undergrowth to... take care of business.” He paused for effect, his eyes glinting mischievously.

“That business feeds the worms and enriches the soil,” he continued smoothly. “The soil nourishes the plants and trees.

And so the cycle continues. They designed this place to sustain itself.”

“They thought of everything,” Orin murmured softly, inspecting a tall apple tree. “Even the layout... it’s so deliberate.”

Gryphon nodded. “Every plant, every creature has a role to play. The Ancients respected nature’s rhythms, working with them, not against them. As long as no one takes more than they need, the system remains balanced and abundant.” He gestured to the lush expanse around them. “That’s why this garden still thrives, even after all this time.”

Lyra’s gaze drifted across the perfect patterns of the garden. “But where did they go?”

“That,” Gryphon said, “is a story for another time.” He turned, his eyes twinkling with mystery. “But I can tell you this much—we’re getting close.”

“Close to what?” Zia asked.

Gryphon chuckled, shaking his head.

Zia rolled her eyes. “Let me guess—‘need-to-know’?”

“Need-to-know, Zia. Need-to-know,” Gryphon echoed with a sly grin. He stretched his wings before perching on a low branch. “Anyway, this is a good place to rest.”

Lyra set down her things, glancing around the garden. “Agreed. It’s been a long day.”

* * *

Lyra and Orin sat cross-legged in the heart of the garden, marvelling at its quiet beauty. Around them, the Evergarden beamed with life—bees drifted between blossoms, vines stretched subtly towards the sun, and the air carried the faint scent of ripening fruit.

"This place is truly incredible," Lyra admitted, running her fingers through the soft grass. "Everything is balanced and working together like... geometry in motion."

From somewhere behind them, Zia's voice rang out.

"Whoa, look at this one!"

Lyra and Orin exchanged glances, their conversation momentarily interrupted.

"She's still at it," Lyra said with a small smile.

"She's probably stuffing her rucksack with more food than she'll ever eat," Orin added.

A loud thud sounded from behind them, followed by Zia's triumphant voice. "That one's gonna bruise... still good!"

They returned to their quiet conversation, occasionally punctuated by Zia's enthusiastic commentary.

A few minutes later, Zia reappeared, staggering under the weight of her haul—apples, pears, grapes, berries, and even a few strange golden fruits they'd never seen before.

"Behold!" she declared dramatically, dropping everything into a pile with a heavy thud. "A feast fit for kings!"

Lyra raised both eyebrows. "That's... a lot of food, Zia."

"More like wholesale," Orin quipped wryly. "Are you a supermarket now?"

"I'm starving, okay?" Zia retorted, plopping down onto the cushioned grass with a dramatic sigh. She reached for a bunch of grapes, their deep purple skins glistening under the soft light.

After a short deliberation, Zia plucked a single grape, holding it up to the light to inspect it closely. The fruit was perfectly round, its surface smooth and taut. She lifted it with great ceremony, then popped it into her mouth.

Zia chewed slowly, her expression shifting from delight to something indecipherable. Lyra and Orin watched, waiting for

some kind of verdict, but Zia remained silent, her face contorting through an array of emotions.

Just when it seemed she might speak, Zia leaned back against a tree trunk and groaned.

“Full,” she announced.

Lyra blinked. “What?”

“Done,” Zia added, patting her stomach.

“You’re kidding,” Orin said, staring at her. “You ate *one* grape.”

“I know,” Zia said. “Who knew? It was the most satisfying grape I’ve ever had. So... perfect. I couldn’t eat another bite.”

Lyra snorted, picking up a small apple. “All that effort and you’re full after one grape?”

Zia didn’t respond. She just nodded solemnly, silent as a monk.

“Well, I hope you enjoyed it,” Orin said, his tone flat. Zia let out a small groan and tipped her head back to stare at the sky.

Lyra shrugged and took a bite of her apple. Immediately, she paused as the flavour burst across her tongue. “Wow,” she murmured. “You’re not wrong, Zia... Zia?”

“Zzz...” came Zia’s response—or lack thereof.

Lyra glanced over. Sure enough, Zia was sprawled out on the grass, snoring softly, a piece of fruit still clutched in her hand.

“I guess we should get some rest too,” Lyra said quietly, brushing a strand of hair from her face as she settled beneath the shade of another sprawling tree. The moss beneath them was soft, and the gentle rustling of leaves above added to the tranquillity of the moment.

Side by side, Lyra and Orin lay gazing up at the vast, star-speckled sky. The world around them quietened, leaving only the soft sounds of nature and the occasional distant chirp of

crickets.

Orin pointed skywards. "Look," he said. "The stars seem closer here. Bigger. Brighter. More real."

Lyra nodded, following the constellations with her eyes, a faint red dot catching her attention. "What's that one?"

"That's Mars," Orin stated matter-of-factly. "The Red Planet. I'd love to go there one day."

"Would you like to go with Mrs Bottom, Orin?" Lyra joked.

"Why not? It's a very, very long way, and she makes excellent sandwiches," Orin said, his voice trailing off into a sleep-dazed murmur.

Lyra turned her head, studying him with curiosity. "Do you think we ever will?"

Orin didn't respond. His breathing had slowed, and his eyes shut as sleep softly took hold.

Lyra smiled faintly. "Goodnight, Orin," she whispered, her gaze returning to the stars. Above, Mars twinkled softly.

* * *

"Orin, Orin, look!" Lyra whispered excitedly, shaking him awake.

Orin groaned, squinting against the morning light filtering through the garden. "What is it?" he mumbled, sitting up groggily.

"There!" Lyra pointed eagerly.

Buzzing towards them was a familiar figure—the weird bee. Its once-broken antenna was now perfectly straight, and it moved with a newfound confidence and purpose. The little bee flitted gracefully between flowers, pausing at each bloom to gather pollen before darting to the next.

“Well, look at that,” Orin said, now fully awake, a smile creeping onto his face.

Lyra beamed. “I knew it would make it.”

For a moment, the bee hovered close to them, as if offering silent gratitude, before resuming its diligent work, darting from one flower to the next.

Eventually, the bee landed delicately on a nearby bloom. But there was something different about this one—it was a rare six-petalled flower.

“Look at that,” Lyra whispered, stepping closer. “I’ve never seen a flower like this before,” she confessed, softly tracing its six symmetrical petals with the tip of her finger. Somehow, she couldn’t quite take her eyes off it. And as she stared, something shifted within her—a realisation clicking into place.

Lyra flipped open her sketchbook to the emblem and quickly sharpened her pencil. She added four final circles—making six in total—fully encircling the central hexagon. Lyra looked up at Gryphon, her eyes shining. “It’s done,” she said, holding up the flower-like design for him to see. “A six-petalled flower.”

Before anyone could respond, all attention shifted to Orin. He stood in the centre of the garden, holding the Workstone aloft like a blinding trophy.

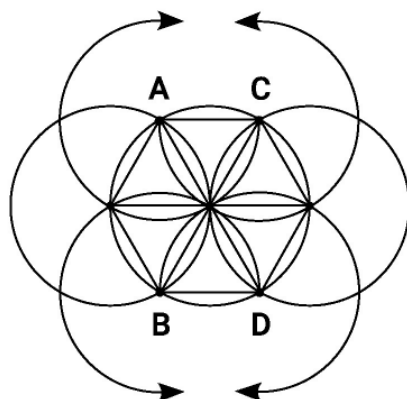
Task

Lyra has completed the emblem by surrounding the central circle and hexagon with four more perfectly placed circles—making six in total. Now it’s your turn! Can you help her complete the flower-like design? Where do the extra circles go?

THE GARDEN

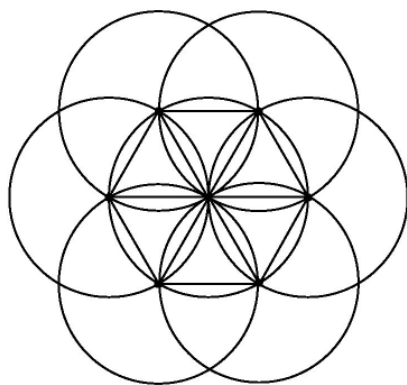
Solution

1. **Locate the corners:** Identify the four corners of the hexagon without circles (**Points A, B, C, and D**).
2. **Draw new circles:** Using the same radius as the original circles, draw new circles centred at each of these empty corners.



As the circles overlap, the pattern expands with flawless symmetry, forming six interlocking petals that seamlessly connect with the central elements. The resulting design is a harmonious and balanced whole, reflecting unity and interconnectedness.

THE GARDEN



18

Smudge



With energy flagging and feet dragging, the trio trudged through the dense forest, their spirits wilting under the weight of exhaustion. The once-crisp morning air had grown thick and heavy, each step testing their resolve.

Then, as if by fate, they stumbled across something amazing—and froze. Before them stood a temple, its vibrant colours beaming in the sunlight. Every inch of the structure was adorned with intricate sacred geometry—perfect circles, spiralling patterns, and overlapping polygons that seemed to emit a quiet, living energy.

“This is incredible,” Orin declared, tracing his fingers along a carved hexagon on one of the pillars.

Lyra ran her hands over the intricate patterns, mesmerised by the perfect symmetry.

“Whoever built this really knew what they were doing,” Zia said in agreement.

As they circled the temple, admiring its artistry, the massive doors suddenly burst open with a deep, resonant creak. Seconds later, a man barrelled out, his brightly patterned robes billowing slightly in the breeze. His arrival was almost theatrical, arms spread wide as he greeted them with a booming voice.

“Greetings, greetings, one and all!”

Startled, Zia leapt back—straight into a heap on the ground. Trying to salvage her dignity, she scrambled to her feet, brushing dirt off her knees. “And *who* exactly are you?” she demanded.

“Ah! They call me Smudge,” the man declared, grinning as he spread his arms wide. It was unclear whether his obvious confidence was annoying or endearing. “Lovely to meet you all. I was in the middle of meditating. Funny thing about life, you

know—sometimes, the less you do, the more you achieve. How people get anything done without it is beyond me.”

The trio exchanged confused glances, a common theme of their journey.

“What are you lot up to?” Smudge asked, his bright eyes flicking between them expectantly.

“We’ve been drawing an emblem, and now we’re heading... somewhere,” Lyra explained, a note of pride in her voice. “Apparently, we’re nearly there—wherever *there* is,” she added, shooting Gryphon a sideways glance.

“Fascinating,” Smudge said, his voice brimming with curiosity. “Can I see it? Can I? *Can I?*” He bounced slightly on the balls of his feet, barely containing his excitement.

Lyra hesitated, then nodded. “Sure. Why not?” She handed him her sketchbook open to the right page—a testament to everything they had worked for.

“Nice. Very nice,” Smudge mused, examining the pages with the air of a seasoned critic. He tilted the sketchbook this way and that, squinting at the emblem from every possible angle, his expression one of deep concentration.

The trio watched him intently, a mix of pride and apprehension on their faces.

“Well...?” Lyra asked. “What do you think?”

Smudge hummed thoughtfully, drawing out the moment. Then, after a dramatic pause, he held it up to the light for one final inspection.

“I’d say...” He took a deep breath, turning the page ever so slightly. “...that’s *perfect*.”

Lyra allowed herself a small smile, glancing at Orin and Zia, who both looked relieved.

“Really?” Lyra asked cautiously.

"Absolutely," Smudge said with unwavering conviction. "Perfect in every way."

A warm sense of relief washed over Lyra, too. For the first time, she felt certain—wherever they were headed, they would be ready. Nothing would stand in their way.

And then—

"Oh no," Smudge interrupted, his voice cutting through the stillness.

"What?" Lyra asked, her stomach dropping slightly.

Smudge cleared his throat. "I, um, may have..." He trailed off.

"May have what?" Orin asked, frowning.

Smudge's expression shifted—guilt, plain and simple. He said nothing, his eyes darting everywhere but at the trio.

"Smudge?" Lyra's voice began to carry concern as she stepped closer.

"It's not that bad," Smudge said, holding up a hand as if to ward off their inevitable reaction.

"What's not that bad?" Zia pressed, narrowing her eyes.

Smudge hesitated, then let out a dramatic sigh. "I've smudged it."

"You've *smudged* it?" Lyra repeated, her tone sharp with disbelief.

"Yes, I've smudged it, all right," Smudge admitted, his voice dropping to a mumble.

"How bad is it?" Lyra demanded, dreading the answer.

Smudge winced, holding out the sketchbook as if it were a live grenade.

"Bad," he said simply.

Audible gasps filled the air. The trio leaned in, their faces twisting in horror. Smeared ink. Ruined lines. The emblem reduced to an unrecognisable blur.

“No, no, no,” Lyra muttered, flipping through the pages in vain, as if hoping it was some cruel illusion. “Oh, Smudge,” she groaned. “Why didn’t you tell us?”

Smudge threw up his hands. “How was I supposed to know this would happen?”

“Isn’t that why they call you Smudge?” Lyra shot back.

Smudge’s face brightened as though he’d just had an epiphany. “Oh yeah. Now that you mention it, this isn’t the first time that this has happened. I always thought Smudge was a strange nickname.” He gave a cheerful shrug as though that explained everything.

“Anyway! Lovely meeting you all, but I must be off. I’ve heard there’s a new art gallery on the edge of town. *Very* exciting. I’m really looking forward to it because I’m banned from all the others.”

And with that, he turned on his heels and strolled off, whistling to himself, leaving them standing in stunned silence.

The trio and Gryphon exchanged looks of disbelief as the enormity of the situation sank in.

“It’s okay,” Lyra said at last, though her tone wavered. “This is... okay,” she added, her voice lacking any conviction whatsoever. She glanced at Orin and Zia, searching for reassurance. “We can fix this, right? We’ve done it before. We can do it again.”

Task

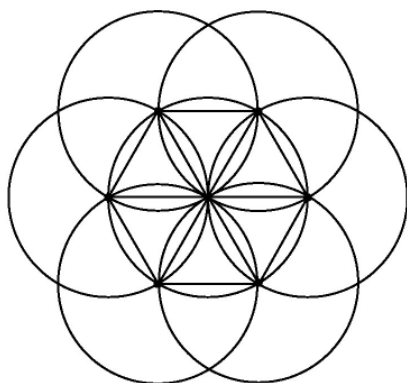
With the emblem now a smudged, unrecognisable mess, the trio face their greatest challenge yet: recreating it from scratch. Guiding them through the entire process might seem daunting, but by breaking it down step by step, you can help them piece it together—from the very beginning to the very end. It’s a

monumental task, but with careful planning and patience, you can do it!

SMUDGE

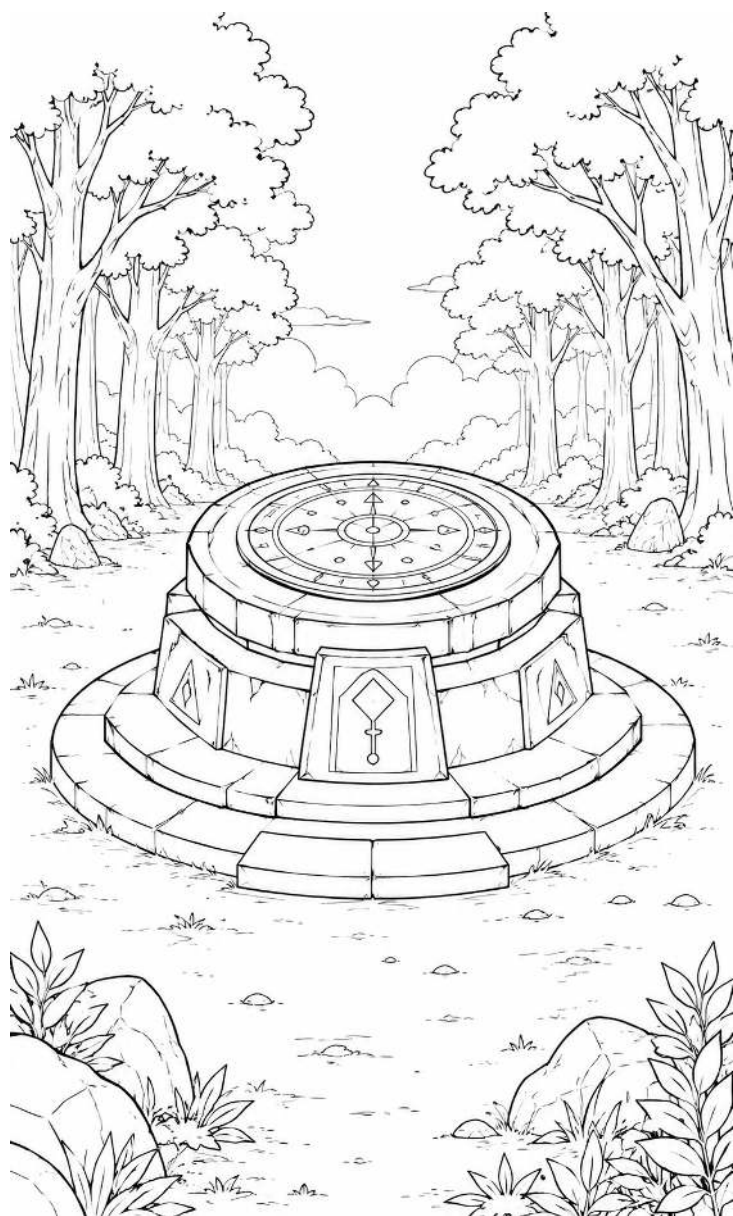
Solution

Did you manage to do it? It's a lot to piece together, isn't it? Don't worry—here's the final design to compare with your attempt. Take a close look at how each element connects: the circles, triangles, diamonds and hexagon... the overall symmetry. Did your version match up? If not, try again—it's all about practice!



19

Arrival



After rescuing their emblem, the trio found themselves with the completed design once again—yet everything felt different. The journey had changed them, forging a bond stronger than before and filling them with a renewed sense of purpose. Though the path ahead remained uncertain, they carried with them a newfound energy, a quiet determination to press onward.

As they did, the air grew lighter as they stepped into a wide clearing, the stillness of the space almost palpable. Tall trees loomed at the edges, their branches twisting like silent sentinels watching over the trio.

Unlike the dense forest behind them, this space felt open yet charged, as if the very ground pulsed with unseen energy. Gryphon flew ahead, settling atop a stone pedestal, his wings folding tightly against his sides.

The pedestal resembled the Wayfinder they had discovered at the very beginning, but it was larger, with a smooth, circular tablet set into its surface. Again, the tablet appeared both natural and technological at the same time.

“This is it,” Gryphon said, his voice unusually serious. “The Gateway.”

Lyra tightened her grip on her sketchbook. “The Gateway? The Gateway to what?”

“To what you came all this way for,” Gryphon replied, his tone softening slightly. “And the emblem is the key.”

With a graceful leap, Gryphon lifted from the pedestal, hovering to give her space. “Draw it here,” Gryphon instructed, gesturing to the circular tablet.

Lyra nodded, stepping forward cautiously. She flipped through her sketchbook until she found the emblem, her fingers steady but her breath tight in her chest. Slowly, she reached

out to touch the smooth surface of the tablet. The moment her fingertips made contact, a faint glow rippled across it. Lyra gasped, snatching her hand back instinctively.

Gryphon gave her an encouraging nod. "Don't be afraid, Lyra. Try again."

This time, she extended a single finger, her movements careful. As she traced a test line, the tablet responded instantly, glowing where her touch passed. It felt alive, the surface reflecting her strokes with a soft, luminous trail.

Her heartbeat quickened, but she steadied herself. "All right," she whispered, glancing at Orin and Zia for reassurance. "Let's do this."

She began with the first circle—the one they had drawn the day they met Gryphon. Piece by piece, she reconstructed the emblem, her strokes hesitant but determined. With each completed section, the glow beneath her fingers intensified. The air hummed with energy, and the forest fell eerily silent. Even the usual rustling of the trees seemed to hold its breath.

As she traced the final piece of the emblem, the light built to a crescendo, illuminating the surroundings in dazzling patterns. The pedestal shone brilliantly, almost blinding in its radiance. The air crackled with anticipation, as though the world itself waited for what would come next.

Then—

Nothing.

The light flickered once. Then again. And then it vanished.

The clearing plunged back into stillness. The emblem, once glowing with power, dulled and faded from the tablet.

Lyra froze, her hand hovering above it. "Something isn't right," she sighed, her voice trembling. "Something's missing."

A surge of frustration welled up inside her. She clenched her

fists then, without hesitation, tried again—this time faster, more determined. Her fingers moved swiftly, retracing the lines with more precision, hope flaring in her chest.

The glow returned, pulsing brighter, stronger—building... building—

And then... nothing. Again.

The darkness swallowed the light, leaving only the sound of their breathing.

Lyra turned to Orin and Zia, searching their faces for an answer they couldn't give. Her breath tightened, her fingers curling around her sketchbook as if holding onto it would somehow make it right. But it *wasn't* right. It was incomplete.

Finally, with a shaky breath, she let the sketchbook fall from her hands and slumped to the ground, burying her face in her palms.

"I can't do it," she stuttered through her tears, her voice thick with emotion.

Orin and Zia exchanged helpless glances, unsure of what to say or do.

Lyra turned desperately to Gryphon, her eyes pleading. "Gryphon, surely you—"

"I'm afraid I can't help you with this one, Lyra," Gryphon interrupted gently, his tone uncharacteristically solemn. Even Gryphon, usually full of quips, remained silent, his expression unreadable.

Zia sighed and sat down beside Lyra, tossing a loose stone across the ground. "You've done your best, Lyra. Don't be so hard on yourself. Maybe... maybe this is as far as we can go."

"Zia's right," Orin said quietly, his voice thoughtful but tinged with resignation. "We gave it everything we could. Sometimes that has to be enough."

All Lyra could hear, though, was Eryx's voice running through her mind. *Honestly, Lyra, it's a wonder you get anything done in this chaos....*

Lyra shook her head, her frustration mounting. "No. It *isn't* enough." Her voice was raw. "I thought I had it, but... it's like there's one last missing piece."

The trio sat in silence, the weight of their journey now heavier than ever before. For a moment, the forest itself seemed to mourn with them.

Lyra stared at the pedestal, her shoulders slumping. "Maybe we should just go home," she whispered in defeat. Desolate, she sat with her head in her hands, staring at the ground, struggling to fight back the sting of failure.

Then, just as it seemed that all hope was lost, something quite strange happened.

Where Lyra's gaze met the ground, the earth shifted ever so slightly, then stilled.

A pause. Then another small tremor.

Another pause... then another tremor, faint but unmistakable. *Did you see that?* Lyra thought. *No, nothing. Wait—there again.*

Then suddenly—

A head burst through the soil.

A round, velvety head, dusted with fine dirt, tiny black eyes blinking rapidly in the light.

It was a familiar face.

It was Mr Mole.

* * *

Still grumbling, Mr Mole shook his head. "This isn't the thinking pond! I was supposed to come out by the thinking

pond. So much for a shortcut tunnel... tunnel to nowhere, more like. All that digging wasted! I hope Mrs Mole doesn't find out about this."

Then, mid-mutter, he noticed the trio standing before him. "Never mind me," he said briskly, brushing dirt from his waistcoat. "What are you all doing here? And more importantly, why do you all look so miserable?"

Despite her earlier despair, Lyra felt a flicker of warmth at the sight of Mr Mole. Briefly, she explained everything that had happened since they last met.

Mr Mole listened intently, nodding now and then.

"So... I guess we have no choice but to go home," Lyra finished, her voice heavy with disappointment.

"Oh, no, no, no!" Mr Mole exclaimed, waving his tiny paws dismissively. "You're just missing the Artisan's Seal."

"The *Artisan's Seal*?" Lyra repeated, frowning.

Mr Mole nodded furiously, his usual animated demeanour giving way to something unexpectedly wise—almost sage-like. "Yes. The Artisan's Seal." He straightened his posture with purpose, clearing his throat as if preparing to share something of great importance.

He took a deep breath and launched into a tale, his voice carrying the weight of generations. "This knowledge has been passed down through my family for centuries—my great-great-great-great-grandfather Mole was a renowned geometer, you know. A master of sacred shapes, a scholar of patterns, a true visionary of the underground."

Zia raised an eyebrow. "A geometer mole?"

"Indeed," Mr Mole said, looking deeply satisfied. "You see, just as you began with the circle, you must finish with it. It's one and the same. As above, so below. As within, so without.

Everyone knows that, Lyra.” He gestured dramatically with his little paws as though the universe itself depended on their understanding.

Orin frowned slightly. “I don’t think everyone knows that.”

Mr Mole adjusted his glasses again. “Well, they should. And they should never, ever give up.”

“Melvyn!” A sharp voice called from deep within the tunnel. Mr Mole froze, his ears twitching. “Oh no, it’s Mrs Mole! She’s on to me. Gotta run—good luck!” And with that, he spun around, his mole bottom the last thing visible as he dropped back into the tunnel, disappearing as abruptly as he had arrived.

Before the tunnel fell silent, Lyra rose to her feet, knowing what she needed to do. Without hesitation, she rushed back to the pedestal, wiping the tablet clean with her sleeve. Her heart pounded with renewed determination.

She started again from the beginning. Each circle, each line—this time, they felt different. More deliberate. More alive. It was as though the pedestal itself was guiding her, urging her forward.

The glow returned, rising to a crescendo, pulsing with even greater intensity than before. Even the air crackled with energy.

“This time,” Lyra said to herself. “Enclose it all.”

Her hand hovered for a moment. Then, with a deep breath, she drew the final, larger circle—one that encompassed the entire emblem.

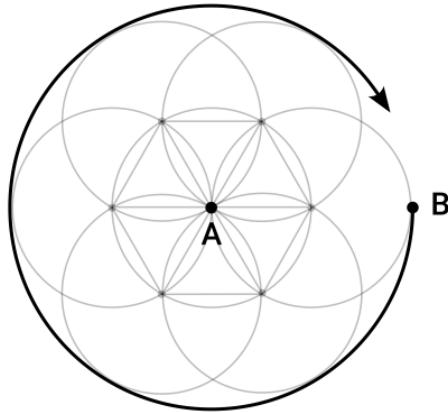
The moment the circle closed, the pedestal blazed with light.

Task

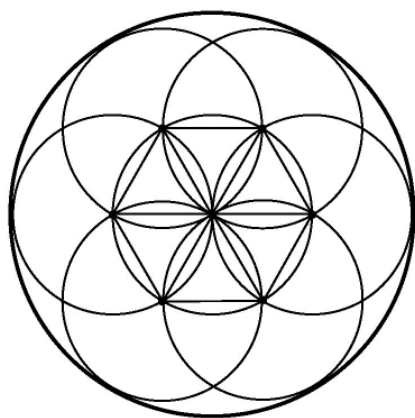
Lyra enclosed the emblem with a single, perfect circle—can you? It must surround and enclose everything within it, unbroken and complete. Take your time. Draw with intent. Enclose it all.

Solution

1. **Find the centre:** Locate the centre of the emblem (**Point A**).
2. **Set the compass:** Extend the compass to the very edge of the outermost circle's circumference (**Point B**).
3. **Draw the circle:** With the compass set, draw a circle centred at **Point A**, ensuring it fully encloses the emblem.



When you've finished, you should see what Lyra sees: a perfectly enclosed emblem, balanced and harmonious, radiating a sense of completeness and beauty.



20

A Different City



An explosion of radiant colours burst forth, swirling and dancing through the clearing in breathtaking brilliance. The emblem pulsed, shifting through every hue imaginable, as though it had a heartbeat of its own.

The ground beneath them began to vibrate—a deep, resonant vibration that sent ripples of energy through the air. Something extraordinary was happening.

Zia took a step back, her mouth agape, overwhelmed by the sheer magnificence before her.

Orin stood frozen, his analytical mind momentarily silenced by the beauty of what they were witnessing.

As for Lyra, she remained still, her chest rising and falling with the weight of the moment. The emblem was complete—and now, it was alive.

Beneath the pedestal, the earth began to glow. At first, it was faint, but with every passing moment, the light intensified, spreading outward and bathing the clearing in a warm, amber hue.

Then suddenly—

Beams of light shot skyward, weaving into an intricate lattice that glistened like spun glass. The trio shielded their eyes as the landscape transformed before them, revealing what had been hidden for so long.

A city—crystalline and luminous—unfolded before them.

Towering spires of translucent stone stretched towards the heavens, catching the sunlight and scattering rainbows across the landscape. The structures were impossibly intricate, yet timeless, their delicate beauty whispering of the wisdom of those who had built them.

The trio stood in silent awe, their earlier frustrations now

forgotten. Gryphon unfolded his wings, watching them with an expression softer than usual. “Go on,” he said, his usual sarcasm replaced by something quieter—something sincere. “This is where we go our separate ways... You’ve made it, and my job here is done,” Gryphon continued.

Taken aback, the trio exchanged glances, their unspoken words speaking volumes.

With a final nod, Gryphon spread his wings, ready to take flight—ready but not able. Before he could, Lyra darted forward, throwing her arms around him in a fierce embrace.

Zia hesitated for only a second before stepping in, too.

Last but not least, Orin—ever the reluctant one—completed the group hug.

Gryphon blinked, caught off guard. For a moment, he was unsure what to do. Then, with a soft glimmer in his eye, he wrapped his wings around them all, pulling them close.

“You lot,” he whispered.

The trio held on for a moment longer before finally letting go and stepping back. Gryphon straightened, shaking off the emotion with a flick of his feathers. “All right, enough of that,” he said, his usual smirk creeping back. “You’ve got a journey to finish, and I wish you the very best. It’s been a pleasure...”

With one last lingering glance, Gryphon spread his wings, catching the wind. And just like that—he was gone.

As sad as the moment was, the trio turned to face the city with hope. The path ahead shimmered with possibility, stretching beyond the known. Together, they stepped forward, ready to face whatever came next.

Task

The story is over for now, but before you go, there's one last task. You created a stunning geometric design filled with intricate shapes and patterns—can you make it even better?

Use colours or shading to bring the design to life. Fill in the spaces with vibrant hues or soft gradients, ensuring each part complements the whole. Take your time. Colour with care. Make it beautiful.

* * *

Psst... the path continues.

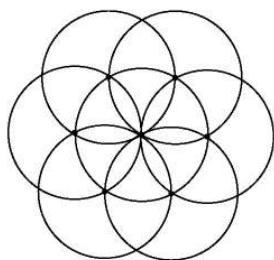
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Epilogue

Throughout their adventures, the trio—Lyra, Zia, and Orin—were unknowingly creating the **Seed of Life**. Step by step, circle by circle, they followed the patterns and clues laid before them, not realising that their efforts were building towards this timeless symbol. Only now, as they stand back to admire their work, do they understand the significance of what they've created.



As we reach the end of this journey, it's clear that the Seed of Life stands as one of the foundational patterns in sacred geometry. This simple yet powerful design is composed of seven

overlapping circles and is more than just a beautiful shape—it's a symbol of creation, interconnectedness, and the underlying structure of the universe.

What is the Seed of Life?

The Seed of Life is a sacred geometry pattern found in many traditions and designs. It represents the seven days of creation, the cycles of life, and the interconnectedness of all things. Each circle overlaps perfectly with the others, forming a harmonious and balanced design that has inspired artists, architects, builders, and thinkers for centuries.

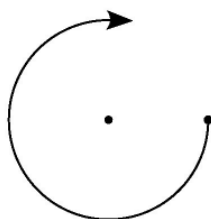
The Shortcut to Drawing the Seed of Life

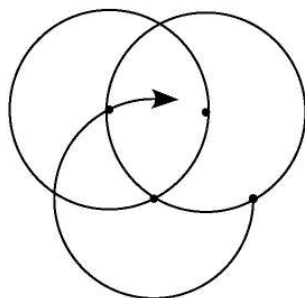
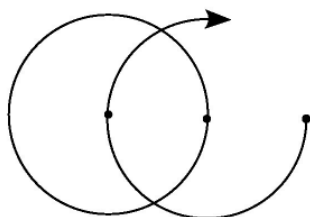
While the Seed of Life can be drawn step-by-step with careful measurements, there's a simpler way to create it using the overlapping circles technique. Here's how:

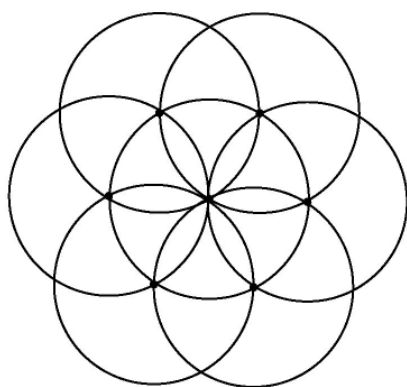
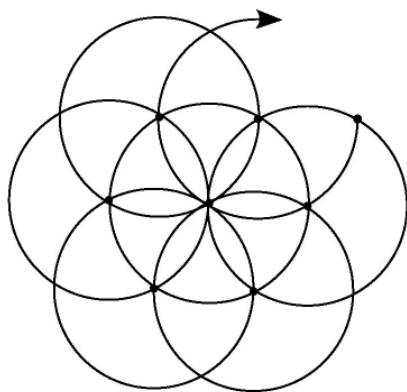
1. **Start with the first circle:** Draw a single circle in the centre of your page.
2. **Overlap the second circle:** Place the compass point on the edge of the first circle and draw a second circle of the same size. The two circles should overlap, creating a *vesica piscis* (the almond-shaped area where they intersect).
3. **Continue the pattern:** Move the compass point to the intersection of the first two circles and draw a third circle. Repeat this process, always placing the compass point at the intersection of the previous circles, until you have six circles surrounding the central one.
4. **Complete the Seed of Life:** The seventh circle is the central

one you began with. Together, the seven circles form the Seed of Life.

This shortcut method relies on the natural symmetry of the pattern, allowing you to create the Seed of Life quickly and accurately.







Why the Seed of Life Matters

The Seed of Life is more than just a geometric exercise—it's a reminder of the unity and harmony that exist in the world. By drawing it, you've not only practised precision and creativity but

also connected with a timeless symbol of creation and balance.

As you close this book, remember that the Seed of Life is just the beginning. Sacred geometry is a vast and endlessly fascinating field, filled with patterns, symbols, and meanings waiting to be explored. Whether you continue to draw, study, or simply admire these designs, may they inspire you to see the world with new eyes and a deeper sense of wonder.

Thank you for joining us on this journey. Keep creating, keep exploring, and let the beauty of sacred geometry guide your path.

Also by Mark Randle



Mandala School

Smudge opened the doors of Mandala School with one goal: to share the magic of circles. But when parrots, hippos, frogs, and even Whiskers the cat crowded into class, lessons quickly turned into an adventure of rulers, ripples, and more laughter than geometry should allow.



Smudge and the Chakra Book

Smudge wasn't looking for enlightenment—just a way to get through the week without another explosion. But when he gets his hands on a strange book full of swirling symbols and talk of invisible energy, curiosity gets the better of him.



Smudge Dreams Big

Smudge has seen the Sanctuary of Symmetry in a dream.

It is beautiful. It is mysterious. It is somewhere important.

Unfortunately, “somewhere” is not a very useful address.

With Biscuit by his side, Smudge sets off to find it anyway—facing strange tests, wrong turns, suspicious cookies, mysterious helpers, and a goat called Trevor who is very much in the way.