

MUSIC IS MAGIC

every melody is a spell...

THE SUMMONER

Part 1

Piano Edition
(up to Grade 1 standard)

Book and music by Matt Walker

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Mercury: A Book Test (under the pseudonym LM Wood)

NOVELS

The Beyond | Shark Bait | Memories Unspeakable

TALES OF NUMERA

The Prisoner | The Pit

Characters created by

Alice, from *Alice's Adventures In Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll

Tarzan, from *Tarzan And The Apes* by Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Little Mermaid, from *The Little Mermaid* by Hans Christian Andersen

Sinbad the Sailor, from *One Thousand And One Nights*, 17th century, authors unknown

Snow White, from *Grimms' Fairy Tales* by the Brothers Grimm

Merlin, from the legend of King Arthur, character created by Geoffrey of Monmouth

Thor, from Germanic and Norse mythology

The Wicked Witch of the West, from *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* by L. Frank Baum

Mad Hatter, from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll

Jabberwock, from the poem *Jabberwocky* by Lewis Carroll

Erik, from *The Phantom of the Opera* by Gaston Leroux

Frankenstein's Monster, from *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley

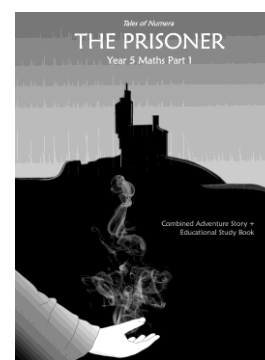
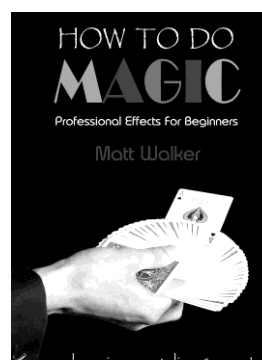
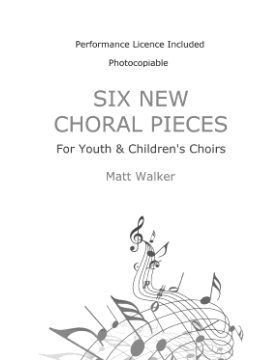
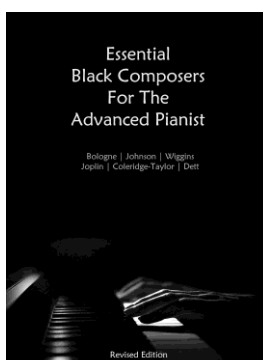
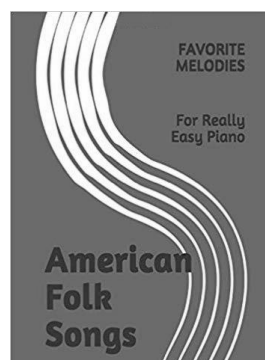
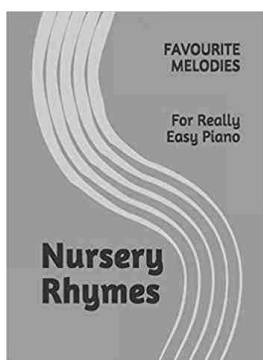
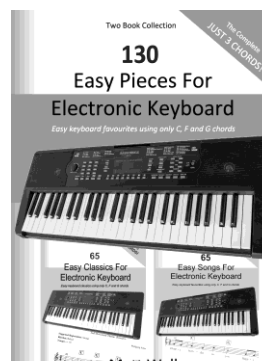
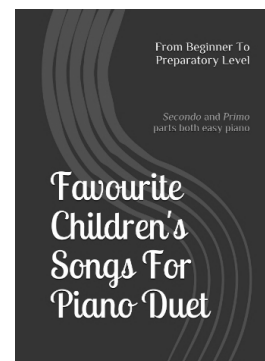
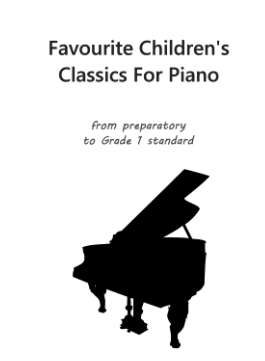
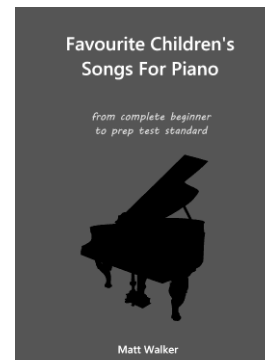
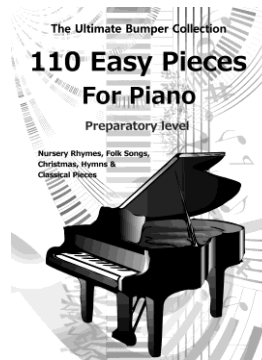
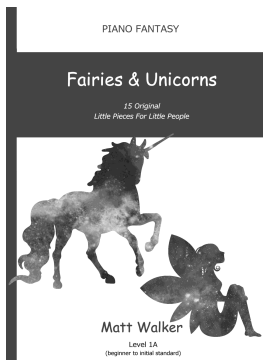
Illustrations:

Snow White, by Franz Jüttner

Jabberwock and **Mad Hatter**, by Sir John Tenniel

Others courtesy of *Canva Pro* and *Pixabay*

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INTRODUCTION

You are *The Summoner!* In your world, music is *magic*. In your hands, a piece of music is a *spell*.

First, draw a picture of yourself looking all magical in the empty box on the left. Then fill in the rest of your attributes. You can be as imaginative as you like - or you can be you!

	Name:	
	Age:	
	Gender:	
	Height:	
	Weight:	
	Skin colour:	
	Hair colour:	
	Eye colour:	
Likes and Dislikes:		
Other information:		

Now you've introduced yourself, it is time to get to work!

PROLOGUE

The woman doesn't knock, which is impolite. You don't hear her come in. One moment she is simply *there* when you turn round, standing in the doorway to your small kitchen.

You sigh. "If you'd told me you were coming, Orla, I'd have done a second cup." You finish stirring your tea and then sip it. It is scalding.

"If I'd told you I was coming, you would have left home." Orla gives a small smile, but it is without humour.

"How did you find me?" you ask.

"It's not difficult to find a summoner."

Not with your magic, you think. "What do you want?"

And she draws a small mirror from within her robes. It is the size of her face, and the same oval shape.

You sigh again. "No." For you know what it is, where it leads, and you don't want any part of it. "I'm retired."

"Since when?"

"Since now."

Orla laughs at that. "You don't even want to know how much they'll pay? Because it's a lot."

You pause, but only for a moment. "I'm not leaving Musicoza. Not now. Not with everything that's happening."

"Not even for ten thousand gold sovereigns?"

A longer pause this time.

Orla sees you thinking about it. "That's more than you've ever dreamed of, isn't it?"

"Why so much?" you ask, despite yourself.

"Because Mirrorn is in trouble." Orla holds up the enchanted mirror again. "The entire realm, so they say. They never did put much effort into defending themselves, did they?"

"They never needed to. The realm is so small. The council has never fractured. They don't have any enemies."

"They do now."

You say nothing for a moment. "Who?"

"He calls himself the Night Prince. The Endless Night is approaching."

You feel the hairs on the back of your neck prickle.

The Endless Night... the Night Prince...

Mirrorn is the collision between worlds - *all* worlds - both real and imagined. From Mirrorn, all these other worlds can be accessed through the enchanted mirrors, like the one Orla holds in her hand.

The Endless Night means only one thing. A mirror is open to the dark realm, and evil is leaking out.

"So the council of Mirrorn has asked for my help," you say. A statement, not a question.

Orla shrugs. "They need your magic. No one can do what you can do."

"And what do you get out of it?"

"Oh, they're paying me a finders fee, don't you worry."

"I wasn't worried." You take another sip of tea.

You'd already told her - the last thing you want is to leave Musicoza. This world has its own problems. And Mirrorn is so... *weird*.

But ten thousand gold sovereigns is ten thousand gold sovereigns. You really *could* retire. And in style. You'd never have to do magic again. Wouldn't have to worry about being hunted ever again.

Then Orla says, "There is something else."

You look at her. "What?"

"The Night Prince has said he'll match your fee if you work for him. So you have to choose. Do you join council of Mirrorn and fight against the Night Prince? Or do you join the armies of The Endless Night?" She makes a sing-song *hmmmm*. "What a dilemma."

"I could do neither."

Orla laughs. "Come on, Summoner. We both know you're going to Mirrorn." And she crosses the kitchen to the far wall, slides two fingers into a small gap in the wood panelling and tugs. The wall yawns open, a secret panel on a hinge, revealing a shallow recess.

Your old upright piano is in there, hidden from the outside world.

"*Careful*," you hiss, slamming the window shutters closed.

"Relax."

"*You* relax. I don't want the rest of the village knowing what I am..."

Orla has stepped into the alcove. "Shut up and get your music."

You grumble about it, but you do as she says all the same. You join her in the recess, lift the piano lid and play three high notes.

E, G, F.

A globe of light bursts out of your upturned left hand and hovers above your head.

By the floating orb light you finger through the shelves of sheet music and draw out a worn publication.

'Es Sha-ca Undri Ba Mirrorn'. The Many Realms Of Mirrorn.

Orla gives a wide, knowing smile and places the enchanted mirror on the music rest next to the book.

You close the wall panel behind you to dampen the sound. Now the only light comes from your orb. You wince at the music on the first page.

Here in Musicoza, music is magic. As long as you have the gift, of course, which you do.

The sheet music you're staring at is a spell. It'll open the enchanted mirror, giving you access to Mirrorn.

Your magic doesn't work in every world, but it does work in Mirrorn, which is why the council of Mirrorn and the Night Prince want you to work for them.

You will be the key to the war of The Endless Night.

You take a deep breath. Then you play.

Magic stirs in you with every note. You feel it from deep within you.

The mirror starts to glow, a white light caressing your skin. It's as if the melody you hear comes from a different planet, but also from inside your own head at the same time. It's as if...

"Dammit." The light from the mirror blinks out, as does the magic stirring within you. You stop playing.

"What happened?" Orla asks.

"I made a mistake, okay? Keep your hair on. I haven't played this for years." You start playing the piece again, purposefully not looking at Orla.

The magic stirs again, the mirror lights up again. The notes are soaring. You tingle from your toes to the tips of your fingers.

This time you get to the end.

The mirror opens.

If you wish to join the Council of Mirrorn, go to page 10.

If you wish to work for the Night Prince, go to page 52.

THE COUNCIL OF MIRRORN

You step through the mirror portal, holding the spell book *The Many Realms Of Mirrorn* to your chest. There is long grass beneath your feet, brushing against the hem of your robes.

The portal then twinkles out of existence. You don't want anything from this world getting through to Musicoza, and neither does Orla.

You turn right, where the distant redstone towers of the Capital clutch at the sky. The city is maybe five miles away, and it takes an hour to reach the gates.

A legion of guards in gold-plated armour comes out to greet you. "Halt!" calls the legatus. "Who goes..." He notices the runes on your robes and stops.

"I'm the Summoner," you say. "Your Queen called for me."

The legatus nods. "Of course. Accept my apologies. Please follow me." He leads you through the city gate and into the gatehouse.

There are mirrors lining the walls. A woman sits in the middle of the room with a flute on her lap. She's a mirror keeper.

The legatus nods at her. "Open the portal to the council chamber."

She jumps to her feet, giving you a long look. She plays a few notes on her flute. A mirror glows, the white light expanding to the size of a doorway.

"Please." The legatus leads you up to the mirror portal, and then you both step *through* it, into the council chamber.

There is a meeting in progress. The councillors stare at you in a mixture of awe and wonder, and a little fear as well.

"Forgive me, your majesty," says the legatus. "The Summoner is here."

"Summoner..." Queen Malu steps forward, offering her hand. "I'm..."

"I know who you are." You don't kiss her hand, but you shake it. "The crown is a clue."

"Well I suppose it is." To her credit, the Queen doesn't seem offended by your lack of reverence. "Let me tell you about the threat Mirrorn is facing."

"Please do." And then about my money.

"The Night Prince and the armies of The Endless Night have taken over five Mirrorn territories," the Queen says. "The Red Forest. River Crossing. Aldur City. The Aldur Plains. And Mount Durn."

"How far away is Mount Durn?"

"Not far enough. He's coming for the mirrors. If we don't stop him he'll be here in the Capital in a few months."

You look from Queen Malu to the other councillors, who look glum as cats.

"The Night Prince has built castles and fortresses in each territory," the Queen continues, "each watched over by a Nighthawk."

"A nighthawk."

"Not the *birds*," she sighs. "Not *actual nighthawks*. It's just what he calls his generals. Nighthawks. There's a vampire, and a goblin, and some big octopus-squid thing in the river... I don't know." She waves a hand. "My Head of Defence will fill you in. Anyway, your mission is to vanquish each territory. Evict each Nighthawk one-by-one. Travel through the Red Forest and across the River Ald. Set Aldur City free. Then retake the Aldur Plains before progressing to Mount Durn. And you'll need allies to do it."

"But why do you need *me*?" you ask. "You can open the portals yourselves."

"Yes, but you can *summon* the heroes from those other realms. You can *compel* them to us. We don't have the time or resources to send expeditions looking for them, only for them to refuse us in the end anyway."

She leads you into a large circular chamber.

There are no windows, but there's a large circular hole in the roof.

Around the walls are hung a hundred - maybe even a *thousand* - mirrors.

"The chamber of mirrors," says the Queen.

"Inspired name..." you say under your breath. But hey, the name of this entire realm is just 'Mirror' with an *N* at the end.

Queen Malu has crossed to one corner of the room. With a flourish she pulls a sheet off a large piece of furniture.

It is an old grand piano.

"Is it tuned?" you ask.

"Just this morning."

You take *The Many Realms Of Mirrorn* to the piano and set it down. "Okay," you say. "Let's start."

The pieces in this book are summoning spells. When you play the piece to summon Alice, for instance, the mirror to Wonderland opens, and Alice comes out in a puff of smoke. She might not *want* to, but life's not fair.

There are five territories. Five missions. You need to summon one friend for each mission, which means you have five pieces to learn in total to vanquish the Night Prince from his castle on Mount Durn.

Each mission, you must choose between two allies. For instance, in the first mission to retake The Red Forest, you can either summon Alice from Wonderland or Tarzan from the African jungle. You do not summon both. You only need to learn one of the pieces. (Of course, after you've completed all five missions there's nothing to stop you redoing them all with the other characters.)

When you have learnt a piece - or *summoning spell* - follow the instructions at the bottom of the page to see what happens next.

Opposite is the splash page for *The Red Forest*. You can see that the territory is being guarded by a giant spider, who is very ugly.

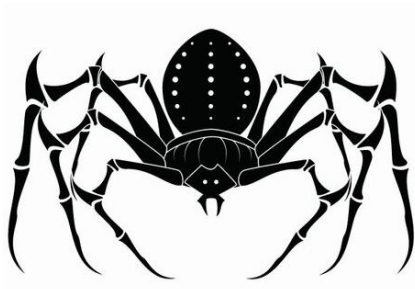
You have a choice of two allies - Alice or Tarzan. Pick who you want to summon, learn their piece - their *summoning spell* - and go and sit at that grand piano in the chamber of mirrors and play it.

You can find out what happens next by following the instruction at the bottom of the piece. Now go ahead. You have a spell to learn.

MISSION 1

The Red Forest

Nighthawk:



Giant Spider

Choose your ally!



Alice from Wonderland (p14)



Tarzan (p15)



Alice

Gently

4
2

mf

2

This system contains measures 1 through 5 of the piece. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music is written for piano. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present in measure 1. A finger number '2' is written below the first measure of the left hand.

6

p

This system contains measures 6 through 10. The right hand continues with a melodic line, and the left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in measure 7.

11

f

mf

This system contains measures 11 through 15. The right hand features a more active melodic line with slurs. The left hand continues the accompaniment. Dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) are present in measures 11 and 13, respectively.

16

This system contains measures 16 through 20, which conclude the piece. The right hand plays a final melodic phrase, and the left hand provides a concluding accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

After completing this piece, go to page 16.

Tarzan

Powerfully

3

mf

5

5

3 1

2 1

f

ff

9

3

f

p

f

2

15

rit.

2

p

slow

After completing this piece, go to page 18.

The mirror to Wonderland opens in a shining doorway of light. A silhouette appears. And then the glow subsides and Alice is left standing there, looking round perplexed.

"Well I never," she says, sounding frightfully posh. "It's happened again."

"Again?" you ask.

She looks around the chamber of mirrors. "I've been through a looking glass before, you know. But this isn't Looking-glass world, is it?" She looks you up and down, and then her eyes go wide. "*Tweedledum?*"

"I am *not* Tweedledum."

"Who are you then? And why am I here?"

You stand up from the piano, taking hold of *The Many Realms Of Mirrorn* and snapping it shut. "I am a summoner," you say. "And I have summoned you here because this world needs your help."

You tell Alice about The Night Prince, and about Mirrorn's mirrors, and the impending Endless Night.

"So one of the mirrors must be open?" she asks. "One of the mirrors leading to this... *dark realm?*"

"Yes. But we don't know where this mirror is."

"And how exactly do you expect me to help? I'm just a little girl."

You tell her. You tell her about the giant spider guarding The Red Forest, and what she must do, and she says, "Oh gosh! What a splendid idea!"

You leave at once, the two of you. Through the mirror portal you entered the chamber by, back into the gatehouse.

"The Red Forest, please," you say to the mirror keeper with the flute. She nods, and plays a different melody, and a different mirror portal opens.

You and Alice step through it into a dark, dank forest. The trees' leaves are ever-red, as if the clocks have got stuck on Autumn.

"You still got it?" you ask her, and she nods, closing a hand in the pocket of her dress.

"I most certainly have. It would be awfully bad luck to lose it."

"Yes it would. Watch where you're treading. You don't want to get stuck in the thing's web."

"That would be awfully bad luck also. Gosh!"

Eventually, the two of you come across a huge spider's web spread between the tree trunks. Something is already caught in it, cocooned in silk.

"Ready?" you ask, and Alice nods, bringing out the object from her pocket.

You pick up a large log and hurl it at the web. It sticks there and bounces like a baby in a bouncer. Immediately, there is movement through the trees. The giant spider thunders into view, jaws clacking, coming to see what's got caught in her web.

"Golly!" cries Alice.

The spider turns towards you both, thumping the ground with her legs, palps waving up and down. She bends low, jaws widening, and you cry, "Now, Alice!"

Alice throws the bottle. It is glass, with a cork, and a label, with *DRINK ME* written on it. It soars right into the spider's mouth.

The effect is pretty much instantaneous.

The bottle shatters, and the liquid pours down the spider's throat. She *shrinks* before your eyes, until she is but the size of a fingernail. Not that you can see her then - she is invisible in the red fallen leaves.

"And that is that!" says Alice. "A woodsman will probably step on her."

"Or a bird will eat her."

"I nearly drowned in my own tears when it happened to me."

"I don't know if spiders can cry. Now come on. We better get you home."

And you lead Alice back to the mirror portal in the forest, and through it, and then back to the chamber of mirrors.

You open *The Many Realms Of Mirrorn* and replay Alice's piece. When she hears it the girl says, "Oh, I do enjoy a good waltz!"

At this point you are glad she is going home because children from the 1800s are weird.

Go to the splash page for River Crossing on page 21.
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One of the mirrors on the wall starts to glow, and a shining doorway of light spreads across the floor. A silhouette appears. You can tell he is tall and athletic even before he steps into the room.

Tarzan looks around, wearing nothing but a loincloth and a confused expression. He has long black hair and grey eyes that settle on you.

"Tarzan," you say, pointing at him. "Me..." You point to yourself. "Summoner." You enunciate each syllable. "We... Go... Kill... Big Spider!" You try to mime each word, but just end up looking like an idiot.

Tarzan blinks at you and then says, "I can understand you perfectly, you know. I am not some kind of illiterate brute. In fact I can speak a dozen languages. How many can you speak?"

You swallow. "Er... well... I guess, I can speak *every* language - by using a translation spell."

"A spell. *Magic*."

"Yes."

Tarzan just stares at you. "That doesn't count."

You think that's a little unfair, but you say nothing.

The man continues, "And please call me John."

You frown. "*John*? Why?"

He remains stone-faced. "Because that's my name. Obviously. Tarzan is what the apes call me." He looks around the chamber of mirrors. "Why have you brought me to this place? It looks like it was built by a very vain person."

"The mirrors aren't here so people can look at themselves," you say, standing up from the piano. I am a summoner. And I have summoned you here because this world needs your help."

You tell Tarzan - whose real name is *John*, apparently - about The Night Prince, and about Mirrorn's mirrors, and the impending Endless Night.

"So one of the mirrors must be open?" he asks. "One of the mirrors leading to this *dark realm*?"

"Yes. But we don't know where this mirror is."

"Fear not. I can help you. I can communicate with many different species of animal. I can swing through the trees, hollering as I go."

You tell Tarzan about the giant spider guarding The Red Forest, and he says, "A giant arachnid? Fear not! I will vanquish this beast in just my loincloth."

You leave at once, the two of you. Through the mirror portal you entered the chamber by, back into the gatehouse.

"The Red Forest, please," you say to the mirror keeper with the flute. She nods, and plays a different melody, and a different mirror portal opens.

You and Tarzan step through it into a dark, dank forest. The trees' leaves are ever-red, as if the clocks have got stuck on Autumn.

"I will track this spidery beast," Tarzan says, bending low and licking a tree trunk, and then sniffing a short crop of mushrooms. "Aha! This way!"

You follow him until the two of you come across a huge spider's web spread between the tree trunks. Something is already caught in it, cocooned in silk.

"I will call my friends." The ape-man springs up the nearest tree before you can reply and disappears into the canopy. A moment later there comes a loud, high-pitched caw, and a flock of birds gets spooked and takes wing.

The ground trembles and trees sway as the giant spider emerges from the forest. She first checks her web, and then turns and sees you. Her jaws widen, and she thumps the ground with her legs, palps waving up and down.

"Tarzan..." you start, not taking your eyes off the spider. "*J-John...*"

There comes an echoing *Eeeee-aaaaoooooooo* from the trees. Tarzan swings into view on a vine. He is followed by dozens of large gorillas, descending on the spider from branch-to-branch, or charging through the undergrowth.

You back up against the nearest tree trunk and watch them thunder past.

Tarzan lets go of his vine, turns a backward somersault through the air and lands on the spider's head. She hops about, jaws clacking angrily, as the first gorillas reach her and grab her legs.

"Take her away, boys and girls!" Tarzan commands, jumping off the spider's head with another somersault like a gymnast dismounting the balance beam.

The gorillas lift the spider and turn her upside down, her legs twitching helplessly as they carry her off into the trees.

"Where are they taking her?" you ask, but Tarzan just shrugs.

So you head back to the mirror portal in the forest, and through it, and then back to the chamber of mirrors.

You open *The Many Realms Of Mirrorn* and replay Tarzan's piece. The mirror glows, and the portal opens.

Tarzan turns and nods at you. "I'm sure it was nice to meet me." He says. "You can have my loincloth as a souvenir if you like."

You say, "No thanks."

Go to the splash page for River Crossing on page 21.