

After the meeting, Alistair calls an emergency meeting of the Gatherers at the woodpile under the Bakers' deck. Alistair clears his throat, lowers his voice, and tries to sound as important as he can. The Queen stands next to him.

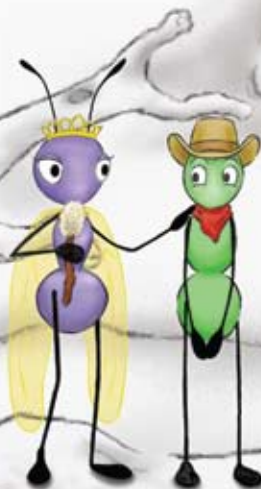
Alistair begins. "My fellow Gatherers! The Festival is just a few moons away! There is a lot of work that needs to be done. If we believe in ourselves, anything can be done! We are Gatherers! We are winners! The thought of failure should not ..."





The Queen puts her hand on Alistair's shoulder and says, "Excuse me, Alistair." She says very calmly and quietly,

"Gatherers, I do not see failures. I see family. All we can ask is that you do your very best. That will make the Festival successful."



The Gatherers stand in silence. Then from the back, a Gatherer says, "Well, let's get to work."



And so the Gatherers do.

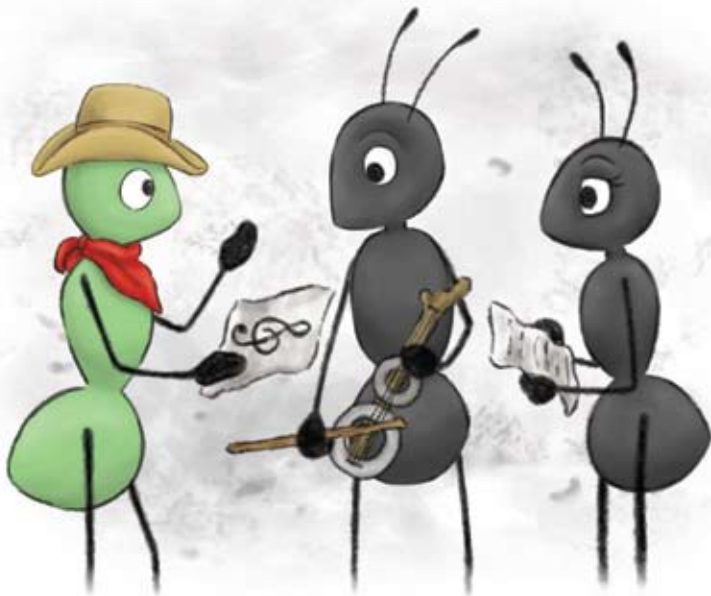
They clean.



They decorate.



Music is discussed.



And of course, they gather.



In no time, it's the night of the Festival.