

A TALE BRINGING US ALL TOGETHER TODAY



During the dreich winter of 2011, a young lad set out on a quest for something different. He marched on until a fork in the road. Unsure which path to take, the lad stood still in the cold... pondering ahead. Which course would lead him to glory? The one with heavy footprints paving the way, or the other hiding under a thick snow blanket? Was he a man who would regret choosing ease or adventure? His heart found the answer in a tune he hummed, about the triumph of persistence, in times of adversity. The lad threw himself in the less travelled direction... before the cold could get the best of his courage. Despite feeling uncertain, he marched ahead through the deep dark snow.



By the last week of the year, he had gone for days without encountering anyone or anything... but the cold. Alone in the dark, the young lad reminded himself, his only way was forward. Snow-way in hell would he be turning back. As the thought evaporated, he spotted a light dancing in the distance. Walking towards the glow, he found himself at the doorstep of a small cabin.



Answering his knocks was a young couple. They welcomed the lad inside to rest. The place was cozy and eclectic, with colourful odds and ends arranged in many nooks and crannies. In a corner, there was a small tent decorated like a castle. The lad mused, “what a bizarre sight, a castle inside a cabin.” The thought vanished when the hosts asked about his story. Although he was humble with his tale, the couple marvelled at the rare adventures and the battle scars for a lad of such a young age. Upon hearing about his new quest, the couple offered the lad a place to stay in exchange for work around their farm. He could help them look after the crops and protect the land from ravenous dragons. There was something esoteric about this couple and their little world. Whatever it was, it helped ease the uncertainty he felt from his long travels.



There were sudden movements inside the castle tent. A baby poked his head out and crawled towards the young lad while rolling a small canister filled with... rocks. What an odd toy! Somehow, watching the wee babe reminded the young lad of his childhood. It was a good omen. More memories flashed back, including lessons from his parents about Grit and Heart. The young lad realized from his reminiscence he was not walking alone in his quest for significance. With the assuring realization, the young lad said yes to the offer from the eccentric couple. Then shortly after, he fell into a much-needed slumber.

A few days later, the lad woke up to a promising new year and a renewed sense of enthusiasm. There were some new faces besides the couple and their baby. He became the sixth addition to the wacky bunch toiling around the farm. More often than not, they had only a wee bit to eat and rest before rising again to answer the day's demands. This took a toll on some folks at the farm. Those who could bear no more chose to leave. Yet somehow, the toil did not faze the lad. Instead, he felt more reassured about his choice for a road less travelled. Peculiar like the couple, the harder the lad worked, the more fulfilled and joyful he became.



Because quests weren't for the faint of heart, the first ninety sunrises on the farm were a deliberate test of his character. Without knowing about the test, the lad went through the ringers and passed with flying colours. At first, his plow-holding and sword-wielding capabilities were not comparable to the strength of his character. And he kept on keeping on. The lad trained harder and worked faster. As the land and its challenges expanded, he grew stronger and bolder, sharper and faster. He faced more and more dragons with less and less doubt.



As the little farm continued to grow, many more people came and went, all searching for greener pastures. The young lad determined to stay, believing “green grass grows wherever it is cultivated.” He persisted, working days and nights alongside the wacky couple and their baby. Through thick and thin, they plowed and sowed, and in good time, harvested. They sang their hearts out while pushing ahead through the most challenging times. Over the years, many more people arrived then departed. The lad, not so young anymore, continued to stay and slay dragons. No longer a guest, the lad became a courteous host in his own right. His steadfast perseverance and coolheadedness became the fire forging the glory of his quest.



Over the years, the tiny farm grew a little bigger, and then, a lot bigger. Today, its land continues growing in acreage, population, and production. The castle tent is no longer there. In its place is a vision to bring a legendary castle to life. A future home not for Kings and Queens... but a different kind of Ks and Qs. The K stands for the generous KnowledgeGrowers and Q for the courageous QuestSeekers. Fortifying this vision for the land is the strength of the lad's bravery.



Today, April 1st, 2022, marks a full decade after the young lad triumphed over the ninety-day trial of his character. And every day ever since, he has been a shining embodiment of Grit and Heart. The lad, now much more mature, is raising a whole new generation of hardy children and grandchildren. He shows them the way to take good care of the expansive land that once began as a tiny plot. Today's peace and prosperity across the PD Castleland would not have been secured without his valiant traits and triumphs.



Ladies and gentlemen, today we are gathering here to celebrate this forever-young lad and his legendary tale. Let's raise a glass to the one, and the only, Trevor *Infinite Ideas* Landon.

Sir Landon, here's to your next legendary decade and beyond.





Castleland

