

The Tale of the Fairy

The campfire crackled slowly as Mako's crooked smile grew even creepier in the light cast forth by the flames. The Arconan took a breath before launching into a tale of questionable origins.

In my many travels I have seen and heard many strange and mysterious things.
Pre-prepare yourself for tale most strange.

In a small village on Eldar there once lived a young girl with her two loving Parents. Each and every day she woke early and worked hard to help her father tend the land for the crops they grew to survive. Each evening she stood by her mother watching and on special occasions helping her mother cook the dinner. A dinner made from the crops her father and she grew on the land.

The young girl loved her life and that she got to help both her mom and dad each and every day. yet unbeknownst to her she was being watched from a distance. The young girl knew not of fear or of being afraid yet her life was about to change in ways unfavorable and unfathomable to her. For it was a beast which watched her from a distance. It was a beast which grew braver each day, and closer.

Twisted in both mind and mane was the beast. It's dark wiry hair covered its body. Razor sharp fangs extended past its muzzle, while pointed and venomous claws extended from paw like hands. it's giant body crept through the underbrush as it stalked ever closer to the young girl and her family. it enjoyed ecstasy in the hunt yet longed for the climax of the kill. As the evenings grew colder it grew close to the village. Then it struck.

The young girl awoke on a cold night to the echoing screams from the village. An unnatural glow shone through the cracks in the shutters. Her mother and father were not to be found in the house. She grew closer to the cracked doorway as the crescendoed screams reached a peak outside. A large **BANG** erupted from the wall and dust fell from the roof. Screaming the young girl ran to the stove she had prepared so many meals on with her mother. Squeezing behind the stove she cried as fear gripped her for the first time.

The door crashed open and the beast roared as it smelled its target. Claws scratched at the crack between the stove and the wall as the beast tried desperately to get the young girl. Screaming again the young girl squeezed her way farther away from the beast, crying and calling out for help. The Force heard the girl, and took pity on her. Taking her body for its own, the Force caused the cells to dissipate. Having lost her body the

girl could not be hurt by the beast yet this was something the new Force Ghost did not understand. So she ran from the beast, and the creature pursued her. The Girl's scent became the same as the Force and as the years past the eyes of the beast failed. Relying only on its nose the beast began to attack anything which smelled like the Force, like a Force user. To this day the beast still chases the girl on eldar, attacking anything that smells of the Force.