

Midnight In Nardash

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A young boy steps out into the coldness of Nardash. A blanket tightened around his shoulders, he approaches the fire his fire had stoked for a couple of hours now. The boy sits by the father, and smiled up to him, then nudged with a shoulder.

“Father,” he teeth chattered. “Tell me a story.”

“Alright, but this one is a long one. So grab a cocoa and snuggle in,” the father smiled. He dug his stick into the flames and ash, as a puff of cinder wisped through the cold air and across the street.

Once upon a time, there was....a boy.

2100 hours, Nardash

Ilyadr stepped from his dorm and stretched out as he faced the street. Lines of speeders and merchant fleets blocked the streets and caused quite a racket. With horns blaring, drivers screaming, and the constant vroom of engines hovering was painful to hear. He couldn't sleep through this, so he decided to leave for work early. The male yanked his bag over his shoulder, hopped into his durasteel tipped boots, and began the long walk down to the warehouse.

On this long trail, the traffic thinned out and eventually ceased to appear. Apart from the odd cargo speeder, there wasn't much activity closer to the warehouse. He took this precious moment to scan the buildings around him, and he noticed it wasn't as concrete as he thought. Vines crept and curled their way up the pipes, large daisies and poppies bushed around the paving, and grass shot out of the cracks beneath his feet. A faint shimmering glow appeared nearby which caused Ilyadr to halt in his tracks. As he leaned and looked in worry that it was a bomb, a small head popped from behind a swoop.

Her brown unkempt hair was brushed high as her fair and olive skin was peckered with dirt. She had a pair of bright green eyes that dragged Ilyadr's attention, as he felt this innocent girl was in trouble. But as he drew closer to investigate, a flash appeared before his sensitive eyes. He rubbed and groaned as it stung, catching his heavy hell on the curb. His rear sank to the concrete with a hard thump, but as his vision slowly came to, she wasn't around. The male checked the time and saw he wasn't going to make it for overtime, so he leaped from the floor and began to jog.

As Ilyadr arrived to the warehouse, there was a commotion outside. Members of the late shift were beginning to gather and gasp in shock at an accident of some sort. He wriggled and slid his way through the crowd, until he reached what looked like a vehicle crash. Two men kneeled near the crushed vehicle and sighed with relief. As Ilyadr questioned about it, they revealed this casing was meant for Ilyadr's shift, but a supervisor with beautiful green eyes demanded he checked it. The Human gasped as he understood the truth, that the young girl was actually protecting him from certain harm.

“And from that day onwards, son,” the father smiled at the cinders. “The Fae of Nardash has protected the working people. And the working people thank her for it.”

“Wow. What a story, dad!” The boy giggled.

“Now off to bed, champ. We have a big day ahead,” he pushed his son onto his feet and edged him to the door.

“But father,” the boy turned. “Will the Far protect us as we’re fishing?”

“Oh she will son,” he replied. Satisfied, the boy headed inside and out of sight. The father turned to the shore of the lake and saw a soft glimmer of light glide across the beach.

“Oh yes, she certainly will.”

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