

# FairyKnight



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# FairyKnight

Andrew Wooldridge

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# Chapter 1

Meet Kindle, a FairyKnight. Though still in training, she tries harder than most members of the Knight's Guild because... she's a fairy.

Kindle stood anxiously before the Knight Council, her wings fluttering nervously.

"It's time." The ArchKnight intoned.

"You have completed your training to become a Knight," he continued, "but you must complete a Quest in order to attain full KnightHood".

Kindle looked around the darkened room. Seated around her were the strongest and bravest Knights of the Realm. They regarded her silently.

The ArchKnight continued. "Your Quest will be proof that you can uphold the Rules of KnightHood. Are you ready?" All eyes turned to Kindle.

"Not if I can help it." Growled Hrogthor.

As a barbarian warrior he stood easily seven feet tall and carried a huge sword. All knights arose. Hrogthor stabbed his sword into the ground before Kindle.

"You are a joke. Whoever heard of a Fairy becoming a Knight?"

The other members of the assembly burst to their feet shouting. Some for, others against. Their personal opinions given voice by his act. The ArchKnight coughed. Immediately the assembly quieted. One does not perturb the ArchKnight. Underneath all that armor was pure muscle.

Kindle glared at Hrogthor, her lip twisted in anger. "I did not just spend four years in training, working as hard as any student to be treated this way!"

She stamped her foot on the tall stool she stood upon, arms akimbo. She stood only a half meter tall, but seemed much taller with her angry stance.

Set aback by her anger, Hrogthor stared, then laughed deep in his belly.

”You have spunk, Kindle.”

The ArchKnight turned to Hrogthor. ”Her validity as a student has already been established. Adherence to The Code is what makes a knight - not brute strength. We do not fault her for her size any more than we fault you for your lack of wit”.

A half-smile escaped Kindle’s lips. All eyes turned to Hrogthor. He pretended to find something very interesting on the floor.

”Am I understood?”

”Yes, ArchKnight”.

The ArchKnight turned back to Kindle. ”The Knight Council has decided to send you to a region -”

Suddenly, the chamber door opened. The ArchKnight rolled his eyes and turned.

”What could possibly be worth interrupting the Council at a time -”

Then he saw the bleeding centaur stumble to the floor, a dozen arrows still protruding from his flanks. Kindle leaped into the air and out the door seeking help.

Quickly Kindle found the physician and his team. They rushed into the Council chamber.

”W-wait” croaked the centaur. ”I must speak to the ArchKnight.”

Even while completely dressed in armor, the ArchKnight came quickly to the centaur’s side.

”Goblins! Goblins have taken over the StormWind Keep”.

The centaur paused in a fit of coughing.

”Say what you must quickly centaur” the physician said, ”we must treat you quickly to save your life.” The centaur scout grabbed the chestplate of the ArchKnight.

”A group of Goblins followed me back. They are in the village! You - must - stop - themmm...” The centaur passed out.

”Knights, to the village!” Roared the ArchKnight, drawing his sword.

Kindle leaped into the air. The buzz of her wings drowned out the cries of the Knights as they shouted orders to their squires. She shot out the nearest window and arced toward the town below. The Knight's Keep was on a hill surrounded by a large village. Kindle's heart raced.

"Finally, a real battle!" she thought.

Her eyes scanned the rows and rows of village houses. She spotted smoke near the town center. With a burst of speed she arrived at the scene. Before her stood six goblins, each with a huge wooden club and rough hewn dagger. They were moving from house to house, setting fires and smashing windows. Villagers were running everywhere, yelling in fear.

A village girl had fallen as she was trying to run away. A goblin stood before her, laughing. Kindle knew she would die if she did not help.

"What should I do?" she thought frantically. Should she go back for the Knights or try to fight the Goblins herself?

"Kindle, you know what you need to do\*" said a voice in her head.

It was a deep reassuring baritone that immediately calmed her nerves.

She looked down at the sword in her hand. It was very thin, white, and very strong - a gift from the Elves that supported the Knights. It was also the source of the voice in her head.

"You're right, Cirrus." She bit her lip and dived toward the Goblins.

The Goblin grabbed the little girl by the shirt and lifted her off the ground.

"Fresh Meat!" He bellowed.

Kindle lifted her sword and flew in front of the Goblin like a sparrow protecting its young. A huge gash appeared across the Goblin's wrist and he dropped the girl. Kindle banked hard and came back around - grabbing the girl's hand and dragging her toward the screaming mother.

"Whut's this? A Bug?" grunted the Goblin with the now bleed-

ing wrist. "Let's squash this bug!" He gestured to his cohorts who turns and raised their clubs.

Panting with effort, Kindle dragged the girl to the outstretched arms of her mother. Just as she turned back, an arrow nicked her arm, tossing her to the cobblestones.

"HA!" Yelled the Goblin leader.

"Arrows!" Kindle remembered the injured centaur.

Kindle tucked in her wings and rolled to the side just as a huge club came down where she had fallen. Flecks of broken rock hit her face. Her arm throbbed where the arrow had cut it.

\*Focus, Kindle!\* Cirrus said in her head.

She leapt into the air again, just as two arrows zipped by her. She spotted the archer a few yards away on a roof.

"I need to stop that archer." she said to herself and spun toward the Goblin archer.

Dodging arrows, she came around in a wide arc, her wings buzzing angrily.

"Now!" she cried.

She turned into a steep dive toward the archer. Her arms shook as she shattered the top of the bow with her sword. The confused Goblin tumbled off the roof and fell to the street below. Its cry cut short as it met with the ground.

Kindle's energy was running out quickly with all the rapid flying she was doing. Her eyes darted across the open street. The Goblins were advancing on a cluster of townspeople, encircling them with taunts and smashing windows and carts. Taking a breath, Kindle dove for the leader, holding her sword before her like a spear. It sunk into the Goblin's ear to the hilt.

Kindle had come in too fast, however, and the sword broke free from her grasp. With a cry she tumbled to the ground. The Goblin reached for the sword, pulling it free with an odd look on his face. Then he fell to the ground, dead.

Kindle hurt all over as she tried to rise again, only to have her world turn abruptly to black as a huge foot connected with her side. As she passed out, she saw the outline of the ArchKnight and the

others appearing down the street.

"At least I held them off" she thought, then everything went to darkness.

# Chapter 2

Kindle woke to sunlight on her face. Every part of her body ached. Her arm was wrapped tightly with thin cotton cloth where the arrow had grazed her. She realized she was back in her room at the Knight's Keep.

\*Cirrus?\* she called to her sword.

\*Ah, you are awake. I will tell Glen\* it answered.

Kindle relaxed a bit. The sky outside the window was blue and clear. A faint breeze stroked her bruised cheek. The door opened and a very old Elf glided in. His movements were flowing and elegant. Glen was the First Healer, leader of the ones who patched up Knights after battles, healed sickness in the town, and acted as a confidant to anyone needing someone to talk to.

"You cannot become a Knight if you are dead, Kindle. The ArchKnight is very upset. He doesn't know whether to reprimand you or give you a medal." He smiled.

Kindle tried to say something, but ended up coughing.

"You've taken quite a beating. Try to rest."

He helped her drink a bit of water as he spoke. His long flowing robes were never quite in the way as he moved.

"I don't understand you, Kindle. You are a Fairy. Fairies don't typically take on Goblins alone."

He smiled again, his eyes full of mirth.

"Time to rest."

Before Kindle could protest, the sleep powder in the water took effect. Kindle drifted back to sleep feeling the warm sun on her face. Glen stood, shaking his head.

---

Kindle awoke feeling remarkably better. She knew that Glen had put more than just sleeping powder in that water. She smiled inwardly.

\*Ah, you're awake\* Cirrus spoke gently in her mind. \*You have guests\*

Kindle opened her eyes to see Hrogthor looking rather uncomfortable standing next to Glen, who stood protectively by her bed.

"If you are here to further berate her, you had better leave" said Glen. Hrogthor coughed.

Kindle groggily sat up in bed, eyeing Hrogthor with open suspicion.

"Kindle, I saw you take down that Goblin commander." he started. "I guess I was wrong about you." His massive shoulders slumped. "I don't think I'd take on someone that much bigger than myself..."

Kindle couldn't believe her ears.

"Are you complimenting me, Hrogthor?"

He quirked a half smile. "Don't let it go to your head, little fairy. But yeah. I think you may make a decent Knight yet. For a Fairy. That is."

Kindle smiled. Hrogthor left something at the foot of her bed and left without another word. Kindle's head still spun a bit. "Glen, am I still just delusional or was Hrogthor just nice to me?" Glen smiled.

"People like that give respect when they see actions, not words. Up until now, you were mostly words, Kindle."

Glen turned to leave.

"If you are feeling any better, you should get dressed and see the ArchKnight. I hear he has an earful for you".

Kindle cringed. After Glen left, Kindle reached for the bundle Hrogthor had tossed on her miniature bed. It was a sword scabbard, similar to the one to the one Hrogthor wore on his back, so he could keep his sword on his back, but be able to draw it with one motion. Kindle shook her head in wonder.

She thought to Cirrus, \*I do all the work, and you get the presents.\*

A bit later Kindle was sitting somewhat unsteadily on the edge of a large oak table in the ArchKnight's meeting room. She thought

of the thousand reasons why she should be dead, and could think of only a few reasons why she was still alive. That filled her with a renewed sense of purpose. The ArchKnight walked into the room and sat heavily in his chair. His grey hair unbound and falling around his shoulders. Bereft of his ceremonial armor, he still was a commanding presence, and Kindle felt quite subdued.

"You called for me sir?" she almost whispered, after several minutes of silence.

"You have a choice to make today, Kindle. One that you may not like. Ever since you first came here, I had my doubts about you." he continued.

Kindle stared at the floor, her wings drooping.

"But your bravery facing those Goblins has proved me and many others wrong."

Kindle looked up.

"That's not to say I'm not very angry with you!" The ArchKnight's eyes flared.

"ArchKnight. I did what I had to to save that child. If I do not live the Code, what kind of Knight would I be?" She kicked her feet angrily as the dangled off the end of the table.

"Following the Code does not mean rushing into danger. You must learn to temper your passion with thought, Kindle. Right action is as important as brave action."

The ArchKnight looked across the room. There were paintings of ArchKnights of the past along the far wall.

"You cannot win a battle of strength. You must learn to use your unique abilities, and not let your size be a disadvantage."

He rubbed his eyes, seemingly tired.

"You have a choice to make. Your original Quest was to travel to the Zirac forest and seek out a Mage that we believe will help us discover why the Goblins have begun to attack human lands. However there is an alternative. You can go with another Knight to StormWind Keep. We need to know what the Goblins are doing there, and you can obviously make a perfect spy."

He sighed.

"Both Quests are not without danger, Kindle. But it seems that you seem to seek that. So, which path will you take? The forest or the keep?"

Kindle looked down at the sword in her hand. What would she do?

"Kindle, you have seen what going it alone can do. It's time to seek help" Cirrus started. "Besides, you can go see your family".

Kindle had never seen a sword chuckle before. She nodded inwardly.

"Ok. I'll go to the forest. Perhaps this Mage can help us." she said.

The Archknight nodded. "I thought you would choose the forest. Which is why I have already selected someone to accompany you."

"What? I thought a Quest was something a Knight had to do on their own!" she stormed. She struck her fist to her thigh.

The ArchKnight raised an eyebrow. "This is no longer just about you Kindle. We must find out why the Goblins are making their move now."

"Who are you sending with me?" she asked.

The ArchKnight scratched behind his ear.

"Kael."

Kindle rolled her eyes. All Kindle could remember of Kael was from a brief encounter several months ago. The Knights had commissioned him to help with a minor skirmish between two Knights. Both had claimed the love of a certain village woman, and were prepared to fight to the death when she had turned up missing. Each had claimed the other had hidden her away. Kael had discovered through discreet conversations in the nearby tavern that she had, in fact taken off with yet a third young man on an outgoing Trader ship.

While he had resolved the issue between the two Knights. Kindle didn't think spending time in bars finessing half drunk patrons to be much of a talent. The Kael she remembered he came across bored and a bit pretentious.

"I don't see why you want me to go with **Him**. I don't trust him."

"I don't either, Kindle." the ArchKnight nodded.

"But he knows how to find the Mage, and he's always come through, even if he's a bit of a rogue. Get some rest, you're both leaving in the morrow."

"Yes, ArchKnight." her voice was small.

Droop shouldered, Kindle buzzed out of the room.

---

In the morning Kindle quickly dressed and tried on her new scabbard.

"Do you think we are doing the right thing, Cirrus?"

\*We are taking action, Kindle. That is better than doing nothing, regardless of the outcome\*

Kindle, shrugged, jostling the sword.

\*Hey, if you are going to bounce me around like that, perhaps you should leave me behind \*

"What's this? A delicate sword?" she snickered.

Kindle flew down to the stables, half expecting Kael to be still in bed after a night in the taverns, but was surprised to see him leaning against the wall just outside the stables, reading a small book. He looked rather bored, and sighed a little as he turned a page. Feeling mischievous, Kindle buzzed right up into his face.

"Ready to go?" she asked - hands on her hips.

Startled, Kael dropped his book and jumped. Kael took pride in looking both charming and elegant, with classic male features, a strong chin, close cropped hair and an easy smile. Kindle took some pride in making him look like a street juggler who had just failed to catch his flying daggers.

"Kindle! Darling! If I'd been a Goblin you'd most certainly have bested me by now" he smiled wryly, picking up his book. "Shall we be off?" he grinned.

Kindle, put off by his easy manner - not at all the behavior she had hoped for - grumped "Whatever. I hope you have a horse. I'm not going to sit around all day waiting on you."

"Who needs a horse when you can fly?" His feet lifted a few inches off the ground as he made a small hand flourish.

\*A Mage! \* Cirrus said in her head.

Kindle knew the ArchKnight had been holding out on them. This was looking to become a much more complicated Quest than Kindle had imagined.

# Chapter 3

Somewhere, in the Darkness. Something stirred. The years since its imprisonment had made its bonds weak. Not weak enough to break free, but weak enough to allow it to command its minions once more. A great eye opened in the darkness, glowing with a baleful light. The light struck the rocky ground, and from the edges of shadow Things emerged. Like liquid night formed into misshapen ape like beings.

The being bound in the Darkness issued wordless commands to Its minions. The place where their eyes should be glowed with the same sickening light as their creator. Their arms ended in wicked, scythe-like claws that clicked as they jostled around their master.

Its orders were clear. The eye closed as the Knife Respers clambered out of the chamber that contained their Master.

Their hunt had begun.

The imprisoned one slept once again. It's time was coming. Soon.

---

"Hold your horses!" said Kael in exasperation. Kindle had once again flitted away around a bend in the narrow path in the woods. She buzzed back into view, her hands on her hips.

"It's your horses that are holding us up!" Her frustration at his decision to bring pack horses as well as a riding horse for himself shown in her every movement.

"Tell me again why you couldn't just fly to this Mage's house with your magic?"

Kael sighed. Kindle had given him no end of grief when he explained that, while he was a mage, this was not common knowledge. His success as an informant as well as his reputation would be ruined if everyone knew he could perform spells.

"We're still more than a day's journey to the heart of the forest. We should probably set up camp soon. Shall you go collect

firewood?" he quipped.

"Cute" she responded.

In their short time together Kindle had realized that her first impression of Kael had been a mistake, one that Kael carefully crafted to appear as a bored dilettante not worthy of a second glance. Instead - she found - he was a clever, sharp-witted pain in the neck. Especially so because she knew he was right. Kael could hardly have carried supplies herself for such a journey and Kael seemed to be acting more like a friendly older brother than some sneaky bar-hopper. She realized that the ArchKnight must have known about Kael all along, and wanted him to help offset her own impetuousness.

\*Knowing you, you probably would have just flown off into the forest, without a thought as to what you might eat or use for shelter.\* Cirrus admonished.

"Pipe down you overgrown toothpick!" she muttered. Kael raised an eyebrow.

"Talking to yourself again?"

Kindle wasn't sure why the ArchKnight had failed to mention Cirrus to Kael, but Kindle wasn't about to volunteer anything herself. Perhaps the ArchKnight truly did not trust this many layered man. Kindle was about to fire off another retort when she saw Kael's eyes widen as he looked over her shoulder. Instantly she spun in midair, drawing her sword.

Speeding toward them, careening left and right like swallow fleeing a hawk was another fairy. Its wings were tattered from flying, and its hands were over its face. The fairy was barely missing tree trunks and branches as it raced headlong.

"Wait!" yelled Kindle as the other fairy buzzed by without seeing them.

He turned to her, his face red with tears. "Flick? Flick what's wrong? What are you doing here?"

"Kindle! Kindle!" he flew up and grabbed her shoulders violently. "They're dead!"

"What are you talking about" Kindle answered, her eyes wide.

Flick was a fairy from Kindle's own village. She had been hoping to stop by the village on the way to this Mage.

"The village! They are all dead! It was the middle of the night. These - these things came They started destroying everything! Everyone! We didn't even have a chance to run." he sobbed.

Kindle glanced at Kael.

"How did you survive?" he asked.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." Flick put his face in his hands. "They said I'd be spared if I showed them how to find you. Kindle! I'm just a fairy! They are horrible. I - I -"

Suddenly, the forest grew very quiet. The air grew empty and cold. Kael stepped down from his horse, drawing his own sword. It was broad and grey, with glowing runes along each side.

"Kindle! come closer!"

Kindle, still holding the sobbing fairy, flew behind Kael. The horses began whinnying in fear. Their eyes bulging. Kael swept his sword in the air, bringing it down to touch the tip to the ground in one fluid motion. Concentric circles of light appeared on the ground around them from the point of contact with the ground.

"Stay in the circle if you can Kindle. It will hopefully weaken whatever atrocity is about to pay us a visit." said Kael in a tight voice.

Kindle lowered Flick to the ground behind Kael. She brought his face to hers.

"It's ok, Flick. You did what you had to to survive. I just hope you haven't killed us all."

Dark figures emerged from the forest all around them. They were silent except for the odd clicking sound of their oversized claws grasping the air.

"Knife Respers! I hope they taught you how to use that little sword of yours back at Knight School." he quipped.

Kindle set her jaw. "I hope so to..."

\*You're not alone, Kindle. This is what I was made to do.\* Cirrus said in her mind.

The first Knife Resper leaped directly for Kindle, surprising

everyone with its speed and ferocity. Kael stepped in front of Kindle and slashed with his own sword, sparks flying from the contact between sword and claws. Kindle arc'd around and slashed downward with Cirrus toward the creature's head. A harsh keening ripped through the air as the sword connected. Light erupted from the wound and the creature convulsed to the ground, turning into oily smoke. Kindle looked at her blade in wonder.

\*Told you, Kindle. Now let's stop these things!\*

The other Knife Respers attacked at once. Kindle's experience became a nightmare of flashing claws, narrowly missed strikes, and bursts of light as either she or Kael connected with their swords.

After what seemed an eternity Kindle was growing very tired, and they had only managed to take out 3 or 4 of the beasts. Suddenly, the Knife Respers turned away from Kael and leapt at Kindle as one. Their claws ripped through her wings as she spun to the round, her sword acting more as a shield.

"Kindle!" Kael yelled.

As one, the Knife Respers raised their claws for the final strike. A deafening roar from the forest threw everyone to the ground with the force of wind. A brilliant light shot to the sky from the horizon, in the same direction as the roar, like a comet of light. The Knife Respers began to flee as they saw the comet plummet toward them.

They were not fast enough.

The comet exploded into shards of light that ripped through each Resper. In a moment there was only oily smoke in the air. Kael rushed to the broken form of Kindle on the ground.

"Kindle!"

A figure appeared from the forest.

"Come, Kael. Bring her." the figure said in a voice deep with age. "We must hurry if we are to save her life."

Kael stared. "Is it you?" he gaped.

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