

# GNOELAITH LONGBOW

Gnoelaith was an exile from his tribe, living a life of wandering around the cursed meadow. It was vast, hilly, flowery, and generally beautiful, bordered by a slow, calm river, crystalline blue in the sparkling sunlight. However, supposedly cursed, for nearby was the land of storm, vile and dangerous. The very air of the place could poison your heart. What was more was this land was expanding, claiming ever more land for its own.

In the land there was a monster of evil, guardian of the swamp. Long and snake-like, with spikes covering the end of the tail. Its wings weren't for flying but for bouncing on when it hit the ground from one of its jumps, spinning at its prey. Its head was equipped with sharp fangs and a poisonous tongue. The wings were attached to the neck, a long flexible thing, weak only where it joined the tail. The eye was also weak but only the bows could pass its defenses. It was called by all the Snithcralhh except Gnoelaith who called it Nevelhh.

Gnoelaith was wandering about to find something about when he saw a small beast from the land of storm, small and fairly edible. He pulled his bow down from his back and fired carefully, the arrow, flying through the air, hit, although it flew maddingly low. As he ran to retrieve his catch, he noticed a massive black cloud racing towards him. Before long, it had engulfed him, "This is outrageous!" he cried. Then he raced further into the land of storm.

He hurried deeper into the misty, swampy region, shooting and killing all evil scouting around the wood. There were trees of some sort, poles of wood stretching into the sky, with leaves of cloud. Cobwebs hung from every tree with fungi enveloping their trunks of moist black rotting wood. Zaps of lightening tore the ground like giant paws.

Then, after many lengthy hours the monster burst from the fog, "Who are you?!" she snarled. Turning to face Gnoelaith Longbow. I am he who is everywhere at once. I am he unkillable I am he not punished for my crimes" This is, of course, the best way to talk to dragons if you do not wish to reveal your real name. which is wise or refuse altogether which is also wise. (This also works for other works of evil), "Well, well you are strong. I will test your mettle" the monster replied but Gnoelaith struck not, he was not angered by taunts but merely waited to defend their blow.

It was some time before Nevelhh struck, lurching herself onto him wrapping around he struck out with his sword but it snapped, being made poorly for his exile life. However, the monster released him and he hurried away. Thinking fast he reached for an arrow but there was only one left. He needed to make sure he could shoot the eye. The he devised a plan, creeping up stealthily up behind her he kicked he and darting back he resumed his stealth. Then he did it again and again and again and each time she whacked him back. Finally, she collapsed and he knocked out her teeth. Then he aimed his bow at her eye and shot. However, in one last effort she collided her spikey tail with his skull, disfiguring his features almost beyond recognition. He died instantly. However, his spirit

was seen after, running far and wide, singing the sad song of his life.