The Tears of Freedom - Leanna

Jailyn, a young winged fay, flew over the trees of her home forest. She gripped a small woven bag of herbs and plants that she had just collected, flying now towards her home; a small village within the dense thicket of trees. As she flew closer, she could see that something was very wrong. Houses were going up in flames, and cries of fay were drowned out by the chant of human hunters. She saw the bodies of her people, lying dead upon the ground.

The next thing that happened was a bit of a blur. There was a shout when the young fay was struck with an arrow, the ground quickly approaching as her world turned to black.

Jailyn awoke, her memory fresh with the visions of her family falling around her and her village being filled with fire and smoke. She desperately felt her wings behind her, wrapping them around her thin body. She cried out upon seeing them tattered and frayed, but relieved that they were still there. She steadied herself in this newfound room, looking around from the bed where she had awoken. The place around her was unfamiliar, and worst of all it was a distinctly human home. She pulled that blankets closer around her, which were soft, and a hearth raged brightly with fire from the corner of the room.

The door to her room opened, and she turned her body quickly towards the noise, pain shooting through her side as she notices the bandages carefully wrapped around her torso. Standing in the doorway, was a tall, thin man. Jailyn backed into the wall, fear in her eyes. There was a human and she was trapped. The same kind that she was taught to avoid all her life. The same kind that killed her family.

The man approached slowly before speaking in a gentle tone. "There is no need to be afraid, young fay. I am Lord Vernon, ruler of the city. What happened to you and your family was a tragedy."

"My family…" said Jailyn, her voice barely a whisper.

Lord Vernon watched her. He didn't know how to comfort people as it was not a practice that a ruler would typically need. He wondered why he hadn't just sent someone else to deal with the poor girl. He sat on fay's bed, holding his hand out as if he wanted her to shake it. To his dismay, instead of the girl being comforted, she began crying.

"Your kind are monsters!" she snarled. "You burn my village, kill my family, then you want to me to forgive you?"

"I don't wish to harm you, young fay. May I ask for your name?"

The girl sobbed as a reply.

"You don't have to if you don't wish to tell- "

"J-Jailyn… My name is Jailyn."

"Hello Jailyn. While I can't make up for what happened to your family and your home, I can punish those who did. However, you can't keep living in such fear. Our species must coexist, if not for mine, but especially yours as fay are almost extinct now."

Lord Vernon smiled gently, his face carefully crafted as he wasn't used to such a facial expression.

"Not all humans are bad, you know," Lord Vernon continued. "They aren't all nice either, but that goes for even your kind."

The young fay regarded him through tear-filled eyes, a small smile barely brushing her face. She reached out and put her hand in his own. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad after all.