

When one's legacy is over 4000 years in the making, how does one reverse it?

First, I would say you need to figure out the root of your problem. You must start from the beginning.

I was born within the first minute of the witching hour in the middle of the forest with no one around but my mother to witness my ascent into life. This was my first mistake.

Summer fae are not born at night.

My mother, disgusted that she, a High Faerie, had birthed a simple broonie as her son left me on the brambled ground and escaped into oblivion.

Babes among High Fae are rare in Faerie; no mother would leave her babe—broonie or not.

Mistake number two.

Thankfully, no one knew I was born at night except for the woman who scooped my naked body off the branches and rushed me into her home. She would raise me to be her servant. I could draw bath water and plait her hair by the time I was five. I could make lamb pies and thistleberry tarts by the time I was seven. By the time I turned 15, I could do anything any other servant could do just without complaining.

Another mistake. I never complained.

My savior and boss never spoke a word about my nighttime arrival all those years ago to anyone except myself. It was a threat.

It was decreed by an Oracle some two thousand years before my birth that a night birth would take place and Faerie would crumble. The end of times. Most Faeries don't believe the Oracle, but that doesn't stop them from executing those who may have something to do with a cryptic prophecy. They've beheaded for less.

"I'll tell the king and he'll have you executed!" was her favorite to hiss in my ear if I even thought about finally complaining. So, I continued doing my job.

Until my two hundredth birthday that is.

It was another day of feeding the sobeks their fresh meat of undisclosed origins, when one snapped off two fingers on my left hand. One moment later and five redcaps had practically appeared from thin air snapping hungrily at my mutilated hand. I shooed them away with a swift kick to their heads and ran inside to the one person I never bothered to utter a word to and bowed so low my face met the dirt of the throne room.

"Sir, I request a change of positions," I said with no exposition, words muffled with earth.

The king had laughed; a laugh so hearty two new saplings sprouted by both of my ears.

"And why would I do that, boy? I am aware that you are Titania's favorite plaything."

"Because I believe my talents can help you, my lord."

"I have gathered intel from the Winter Queen without her ever knowing. I know secrets about the Under Court, and I have intel on the Dark Court as well unbeknownst to you. Titania asked me not to say anything. I am a spymaster, and I wish to work for my king dutifully instead of in the shadows for his queen who hates him."

The Summer King Oberon blinked. Once. Twice.

A smile brought up one side of his mouth.

"What was your name again, boy?"

"Robin Goodfellow, sir. The other servants call me Puck."

"And you wish to work as my spy, Puck?"

I most likely nodded too eagerly, "More than anything sir."

“Then let’s get started discussing what you learned about my old friend Mabb. Shall we?”

The King extended a bejeweled hand down to help me up. His brown eyes sparkled and the flora in the room flourished, exploding into color. “You and I are about to have a lot of fun.”

“I do hope so, sir,” and I pressed a kiss into his palm.

The truth was that I knew nothing of anyone. I had not set foot out of the Summer Court in my two hundred years of service. I knew not of the Winter Queen Mabb, not of the Under or the Dark Courts. I knew, however, that I was mad I had lost two fingers that I, as a broonie, could never grow back, and I knew I was tired of menial chores. If I was going to be a servant like my broonie blood delegated, I was going to at least have fun with it. Now you may be wondering, how it was so easy for me to work for the King. Well because he simply believed me. If I said to his face that I knew all of these royals’ secrets, it had to be true. I mean everyone knows faeries can’t lie it’s their greatest fault.

Except me of course.

Always attributed it to the night birth.

Faerie be damned.

Ch. 1

I lean back in my study chair satisfied with the first chapter of the autobiography I had decided to write after my latest feat in bringing down an Under Court spy with one dull dagger.

The guy didn’t even see it coming. I didn’t either until I needed to give Oberon a progress report on my infiltration of their water-laden realm. A foot soldier had made it onto Summer territory so I took matters into my own hands. All that was left was a puddle and a hole in my pocket from the three gold coins I paid to the nearest water nymph capable of keeping a secret to muster up the puddle for me.

That’s all you get; I don’t want anyone reading more and getting inspired.