

Shandibarr and the Lillefolke

Once there was a wizard named Shandibarr. Like all Wizards, he wore a robe. Like most wizards, his beard was grey. Like a lot of wizards, he had a wand. But Shandibarr had one big quirk... he had massive feet. They were bigger than that of a halfling, bigger than that of a Troll, not quite as big as a giant's but let us just say they were very, very large.

Because of this, Shandibarr had his shoes personally made for him, however, his cobblers were not normal, in fact they were rather peculiar! His cobblers were Lillefolke, this means they are extremely tiny. Three of them could fit in a thimble with room to spare! They were cute little things indeed, they wore tunics of a variety of colours, forest green tights, jingly little booties, and a little cap with a bell on the end. Their cheeks were always rosy, and their eyes glimmered like stars

Over the years, Shandibarr had befriended the Lillefolke of Shroom hamlet (The wonderful place in which the tiny people lived) and began to care for them like family. Sadly, the wizard could not visit them as often as he would like, you see Shandibarr lives on one side of Foemere (The kingdom of Wizards) and the Lillefolke lived in the other. Also, Shandibarr's work held him up quite often, he was the keeper of the book of fate, a noble but exhausting task. The book of fate is an ancient relic that tells the reader, the past, present and future. Obviously in the wrong hands, the tome would be a method of mass destruction, so it had a keeper.

Shandibarr was glancing over the book one Wednesday evening, when he saw something quite frightening. I cannot properly translate from the Ancient Elvish in which the book is written, but I can tell you it said this: "Friends small, enemies large, clash at the town of fungi." Shandibarr's spectacles fell off the ridge of his nose in shock. His wrinkles wrinkled up even more (when wrinkles wrinkle, you know when things are bad), his eyes widened, and his ears wiggled in terror.

Shandibarr grabbed his wand from the side of his desk and waved it thrice, his night shirt flew off and his scarlet robe flew onto him. Shandibarr picked up his brown hat and placed it on his hairy head. Shandibarr gathered his things and ran from his quarters. The mage speedily tip-toed down the tower stairs, into the keep and out into the courtyard, a few wizards were scattered around the yard but not many. Shandibarr walked towards a stable, there he found the Paige who sat on his stool snoring like a troll. Shandibarr grabbed a handful of snow and popped it on the boy's head.

"Uhm, what was that?" the boy shook his head like a wet puppy "Mr. Keeper! What do you want sir?"

"I would like Celeritas please." Shandibarr replied

"Celeritas is out, all we have is this... dormouse." The Paige said

"I would prefer a horse, but a dormouse will do." The wizard mumbled as he walked to take the dormouse "Thanks."

The wizard walked over to a tree stump and placed the rodent in the middle ring, Shandibarr waved his wand twice and the dormouse had a wonderful set of furry wings.

The dormouse began to fly and whiz round like a bee, it squeaked as it flapped its wings. The creature zoomed over to Shandibarr and picked him up like it was a hawk. The creature lifted him further into the air, and once he was high enough to see the castle roof, they were gone. The wind was treacherous but luckily one of the earliest spells to be learned by Wizards was the "climate

invulnerability" spell, Shandibarr had fond memories of learning the spell as when he was being taught, his mentor (who was quite old and easily confused) accidentally cast a hair growing spell and was as fluffy as a mammoth in seconds! Shandibarr chuckled to himself, then he realised where he was going, to a battlefield, where he may lose his friends forever.

It was five hours into Thursday morning when he reached Lille-oak forest (Where you can find the Lillefolke), Another ten minutes and Shandibarr had arrived at the village. All seemed well, the merry creatures skipped along jingling their bells and playing their pipes, when they spotted the wizard, they all came scampering towards him. A crowd formed at his legs, each member attempting to snuggle Shandibarr, the two mice (who were very small and smart and lived alongside the Lillefolke) crawled up his leg with their claws. Shandibarr chuckled and whispered to them

"Settle down, now, now, nice to see you all"

I imagine you are thinking "Why would he whisper that?", "Do they whisper back?" or "How do you turn milk into cheese?"

All will be answered (Apart from the third question, no one knows that!), Because the Lillefolke are so small, you must whisper to them as their ear drums are weaker, if you shout, they may become deaf or die of shock. Luckily the Lillefolke wear earmuffs when they are outside of the village.

The village was full of mushrooms of various colours and species, each one had a wonderful little door, a set of bright blue windows and a cute little copper chimney poking out of the top! Some houses also included little balconies where Shandibarr could see little hands waving at him.

After a minute of platitudes from the little people, the crowd had dispersed and had begun a musical number to welcome Shandibarr.

Happy little things we, happy little things we are!

Why are we so happy you ask?

Well, we have been visited by the great wizard Shandibarr!

Oh, the big footed wizard is our friend!

The big footed wizard is our friend!

The big footed wizard is our friend!

Oh, the big footed wizard is our friend!

And we love him very.... much!

Shandibarr had been waving his fingers to the toe-tapping tune throughout the song (that was repeated several times)

"Oh, what a wonderful song! Now, will you tell me where to find the council?" Shandibarr grinned

After one Lillefolke jokingly screaming “Never!” and throwing his cap at Shandibarr’s knee, an echo of “Yes” and “This way!” sounded.

The crowd of Lillefolke escorted Shandibarr to a rock topped with several mushrooms. Atop each mushroom cap was a Lillefolke. In the centre was an old man with a round nose, a long and spiralling white beard and a purple robe and cap. Locked inside his tiny hands was a cane made from a small twig. On the left was a fat Lillefolke with a brown beard, his robe and his jester-like cap were red. And on the right of the old man was a thin Lillefolke with little cheeks, a blue tunic and red cap. On the far left was a female Lillefolke with long black hair and a yellow robe and cap, her ears were particularly pointy. And finally, on the far left was a snow white mouse who was a tad bit taller than the old man.

“Oh, great council of the small Lillefolke of Lille-oak forest, I have come bearing great warnings!”

The old man in the centre made a motion with his cane to tell Shandibarr to continue.

“I have read in the book of fate that this village will be under attack by an enemy! We must evacuate the village immediately!”

The old man leaned on his cane “Urdu Flerdu!”

The thin Lillefolke to the old man’s right looked at him in horror and said, “Surely you do not mean that great elder?”

The fat Lillefolke to the old man’s left jumped across to the elder’s mushroom and said, “Excuse us great wizard but I believe the Elder is quite tired, I’m sure you understand.” The Lillefolke picked up the elder and put him on his shoulder, as he began to walk off, the elder began waving his legs frantically and defiantly screaming “Flerdi Blerdi! Flerdi Blerdi!”

“This is horrible news, Shandi (Shandibarr’s nickname at the village)! But we are afraid we are unable to leave, you see, we have recently found a patch of Rainbow flowers on our land, they are an essential product in making your shoes!”

Shandibarr looked down at his jingly jangly shoes and looked back at the Lillefolke “I care more for your lives.”

“We will never leave!” shouted the Lillefolke as he threw his cap at Shandibarr’s knee

Shandibarr had one final option: defend the Lillefolke!

A fortnight passed and there was no sign of any enemy. The Lillefolke were still picking the patch of Rainbow flowers (which they had explored more and had found an entire field of them). Shandibarr, as he always did, made residence in a tree that himself had carved, with the help of magic of course! It was comfortable but quite small, around the size of a broom closet in fact!

Shandibarr was resting his eyelids one afternoon, when he heard a massive crash! He rolled out of his bed and out of the turquoise door that the Lillefolke had painted while he was away. Shandibarr watched the horizon as great pines, spruces and oaks were felled, voluminous feet were stomping on the ground, probably leaving giant footprints in the wet mud...

“I have heard of the flowers in these lands, are they protected by a fortress, manned? Give me them! Give me them! Or I shall taste your meat, to kill me is a major feat, you would have to give me a proper beat!” the Dragon sang, as he came to face Shandibarr “And who is this Wizard with the big feet?”

The creature was grey save its horns that were a faded red, a grey beard drooped down from its chin, it was obvious the creature was quite old. The Dragon's scales were dry and hard, its talons and fangs were sharp as knives. And its eyes, its eyes were yellow and large, rather mesmerising actually! His wings spanned the entire hamlet (Which was a good 27 feet!) and his nose were like two caverns signifying the entrance to a shadowy abyss. The Dragon drooped his head to reveal a long white ponytail on the top of its head and a set of serrated spikes along its back. Its voice was deep and mystical. "I am Gargashmall, they call me the rhymer, I am the horror of the seven kingdoms of Foenomere!" The dragon opened its wings wide.

Shandibarr had heard of Gargashmall and had heard many tales of his violent acts! "Oh, great Rhymer my name is Shandibarr, you may have heard of me?"

Gargashmall spoke "Where, may ask is the book? You may be able to trade it for your life."

"Apologies, great drake, but I have allowed my assistant to keep the book with him while I am away." Shandibarr lied, knowing that he left the book in his tree.

"Do you know where the flowers are?" The Dragon snapped, seeming to become quite frustrated.

"No, I have no knowledge of these flowers." Shandibarr replied

"Then you shall burn" the dragon inhaled and menacingly wagged his tail, Launching a Lillefolke's roof at Shandibarr. Shandibarr looked at the roof, knowing that a Lillefolke was in there, he gasped, and his eyes widened. The Lillefolke popped his head out of the roof, seeming nothing more than dazed.

"What is this? Why do you gasp?" Gargashmall questioned "Ah, I see!" The dragon wrapped its tail around a Shroom house and brought it to his reptilian face. He squeezed the building until it popped and the Lillefolke inside was wrapped in his tail. "Little man, what are you? Do you have friends? Reveal your secrets!"

The Lillefolke grabbed his red cap and threw it at the Dragon's nose "Never!" He squeaked.

The dragon's forked tongue seeped through his maw like liquid, the tongue snuffed the Lillefolke from the tail's grasp and gobbled him up like a pea. Shandibarr readied his staff and cast a green smoke that flew at the dragon like a cheetah, when it collided with the Dragon's organic armour, it exploded, shattering a few of Gargashmall's scales in the process.

The dragon's head keeled backwards in agony, once the dragon faced back at Shandibarr, he could clearly see a region of raw flesh on the beast's head. "Argghh" The dragon sounded before breathing a large cloud of flames at the mage. Shandibarr formed a bubble around himself, the flames curled round the bubble as if Shandibarr were a bump in the middle of a road. The dragon swung round and beat his tail against the bubble, the bubble remained firm. The dragon, (seeming quite frustrated at this point) stood on his hind legs, revealing a scaly belly of scars and arrows, impaled in the hide. The Dragon flapped his wings, creating a gale, beating Shandibarr into a tree, where he found himself injured and unable to walk nor get up.

The dragon lurked through the trees towards the flower fields... the creature left Shandibarr's view, soon after a beastly ejaculation sounded. The dragon erupted from the ground and began circling the village, flapping his winged arms violently, all while glaring at the injured wizard. Three Lillefolke rushed towards Shandibarr, the fat moustached one leapt onto the wizard and scampered up his robe and beard, once he had reached Shandibarr's lip, he unveiled a small, cyan leaf "Eat this" he squeaked "Kill the dwagon!"

As the Lillefolke told him to do, he chewed the leaf. Once he had swallowed the leaf, a burst of energy crept through his body. Shandibarr jumped up (Catching the Lillefolke from his shoulder, in which he had briefly forgotten about, and placing him down), ran for his staff and cast a bolt of energy at the drake!

Gargashmall wrapped himself in his wings and crashed into the ground (Fortunately not into any Lillefolke or mushroom cottages). Gargashmall climbed from the small, dank crater in which he made and growled like a canine. A Small multi-coloured flower was trapped in his jaw, the creature swallowed, sparking a series of his scales shimmering, and changing colour.

The dragon charged at Shandibarr ravenously, The Arcanist cast several spells at the creature, before realising that the Drake's armour was now reinforced! A huge multicoloured flame seeped from the Dragon's mouth as he ran. It was a couple of minutes of the two playing a game of cat and mouse until the wizard was backed into corner...

The dragon stamped on the Wizard's large foot, in which hurt no less than as much as you would have thought, Shandibarr bashed his staff onto Gargashmall's forehead, hoping that physical contact would bare fruits in dealing the dragon pain. Sadly, the Dragon barely felt it. The fire Drake neared Shandibarr's face, his breath was like a plague "Do you fear me Wizard? I who can snuff out your insignificant life in a heartbeat?"

Then the epiphany came...

It was reckless to say the least, but what had Shandibarr have left to lose? If Shandibarr's shoes were made from the flower that the Dragon had previously consumed, could they play a part in destroying the Drake's new abilities? Shandibarr beat his foot against the dragon's head, scraping off the magic that shielded the creature. Shandibarr then plunged his staff's end into the wound that Shandibarr had made earlier, Shandibarr cast his spell "Draco facti papilionem!", Gargashmall's slit eyes widened and he made a groan then, poof! He was transformed into an armada of butterflies that took to the skies and left. The Lillefolke who had been munched earlier was now sat cross-legged in the grass, looking no more than dazed.

A crowd of Lillefolke huddled around Shandibarr's legs "Thank you!" and "We love you! And "how is cheese made?" were but a small portion of the thanks give by the herd of little people.

After the thanks had ended, Shandibarr inquired into any casualties of the Lillefolke, the thin Lillefolke from the council replied, "Everyone but Berry is fine, Berry's dead."

A second Lillefolke whispered into the thin one's ear, the Thin Lillefolke looked back at Shandibarr and said, "Turns out, I am Berry, everyone is fine."
Shandibarr chuckled

Shandibarr stayed with the Lillefolke for a couple more days before he left.

Shandibarr walked to Shroom- Hamlet's border, turned, waved, and whistled. A Small flying dormouse buzzed down from the sky, gripped onto Shandibarr and he was *away!*

The End



