

In the quaint, mist-clad town of Lánglǐng, nestled in the heart of Shengdao, there lived an aLI MiGhTy force known to both adults and children alike as Rue. Her antics were the stuff of local headaches, whispered about in hushed tones over tea and dumplings. Rue fancied herself a master of dark arts, though anyone with half a brain could see she was about as threatening as a damp sock.

Rue's abode was a crooked, decrepit hut at the edge of an ominous forest, filled with eerily twisted trees and shadowy groves. She had bedecked her home with every spooky trinket imaginable! Rusty cauldrons, cobweb-draped corners, and bizarre talismans that seemed more playful than sinister. As much as she liked to maintain an air of mystery, she often found herself giggling with glee when a poor traveler shuddered at her theatrics. Maybe she might participate in the CarnEval when it comes back around. Hah!

One sunny morning, Rue woke with a grand plan to catch herself a familiar! It would be a creature that would undoubtedly elevate her status among the magical folk of Shengdao. Of course, not just any familiar would do. This one had to be special, it had to be grand and just as powerful as she was! She had her eyes set on the elusive Corjirus, the three-headed beast. It was going to. E perfect! A creature so rare and unusual, it would lend her the gravitas she so desperately craved.

Before embarking on her venture, Rue consulted her trusty grimoire, or as some might call it, "The Big Book of Silly Spells." *No one let her hear them say that!* Flipping through its yellowed pages, she found the perfect bait: socks! It was well-known, at least in Rue's world, that Corjirus had an inexplicable fondness for socks, especially those with vibrant colors and peculiar patterns.

Rue rummaged through her eclectic collection and unearthed an assortment of socks—striped, polka-dotted, and even one with tiny dragon illustrations. She stuffed them into her wicker basket and set off toward the ancient, enchanted forest where Corjirus was rumored to dwell. Where else could such a beast reside?! It had to live somewhere!

The Dark forest was a place of breathtaking beauty and enchanting mystery. Sunbeams filtered through the thick canopy, casting dappled light on the forest floor in tiny dots. It looked like starlight on the ground, where the God's Rays were the only evidence disappearing back up into the trees. Birds of every hue flitted between the trees, their songs mingling with the rustling leaves. Rue, ever the dramatist, sauntered into the forest, occasionally pausing to strike what she believed to be a menacing pose. She knew this forest better than anyone. *Anyone!!*

"Ah, what a glorious day for some mischief!" she cackled to herself, although her voice sounded more like the tinkling of a bell than the sinister laughter she imagined.

As she ventured deeper into the forest, Rue came across a tranquil clearing with a babbling brook and a carpet of moss-covered stones. It was the perfect spot to lay her trap. She carefully

arranged the socks in a circle, creating a kaleidoscope of colors and patterns that were bound to attract any Corjirus in the vicinity!

Rue crouched behind a bush, her heart pounding with anticipation. Hours ticked by, but she remained vigilant, unwilling to let her prize slip through her fingers. As the sun began to set, casting a warm golden glow over the clearing, Rue finally heard the sound she had been waiting for—a faint rustling in the underbrush! At least! That rustling certainly had *not* just woke her up from an unprecedented nap. Nope, she was *focused*!

Peering through the leaves, Rue's eyes widened as she caught sight of a Corjirus emerging from the shadows. The creature was a sight to behold, with its three heads, each sporting a unique expression of curiosity and mischief. Its nose scales glimmered in the fading light, adding an otherworldly touch to its appearance.

The Corjirus approached the circle of socks, its heads sniffing and nudging the fabric with evident delight. Rue stifled a giggle, her excitement bubbling over as she watched the Corjirus playfully tugging at the socks. Taking a deep breath, she steeled herself for the moment of truth. With a dramatic flourish, she leaped out from her hiding spot, brandishing a makeshift net fashioned from twine and an old broom handle.

"Behold, mighty Corjirus! I, Rue the Great, have come to claim you as my familiar!" she declared, her voice cracking with both nerves and excitement.

The Corjirus, startled by Rue's sudden appearance, froze for a moment before breaking into a playful dance, its three heads bobbing and weaving in unison. Rue couldn't help but be charmed by the creature's antics, even as she tried to maintain her facade of dark majesty.

With a swift, albeit clumsy, swoop of her net, Rue managed to ensnare the Corjirus, its heads poking out from the twine with expressions of mild annoyance. She grinned triumphantly, her heart swelling with pride at her accomplishment.

"Oh, what a grand day this is! I shall be the envy of all the magical folk in Shengdao!" she exclaimed, puffing out her chest as she danced. The Corjirus bobbed in the net she held, not as amused as she was. They could *both* be playing right now, and it didn't understand why this *had* to happen. As long as there were socks, the Corjirus wanted to stay!

As she carefully carried the Corjirus back to her hut, Rue couldn't help but imagine the accolades and admiration that would soon be hers. She daydreamed about the grand feasts and ceremonies that would be held in her honor, her name whispered with awe and reverence! She had such a big heart to be blessed, things certainly wouldn't go this way, but she could dream all she wanted to!

Upon reaching her hut, Rue gently placed the Corjirus in a cozy, makeshift nest she had prepared earlier, complete with a pile of soft blankets and a selection of squeaky toys. The

creature, seemingly content, curled up in the nest, its three heads resting on the blankets with a look of contentment.

Rue continued to amuse herself with her antics, concocting new and ever-more-ridiculous spells, much to the delight or dismay of the townspeople. Lánglǐng would be a changed new place, with her powerful Corjirus at her side!