

Fier was one of the first strokes to take up residence in the Fairwood Glen. Or, rather, her mother was. She was one of the first *born* in the glen, as recent memory knows. If she were honest, Fier isn't entirely sure how long ago that was anymore. The glen is bigger than she used to remember it. The trees she remembered from her youth are nearly all dead, save for a few.

The ones she burned all those years ago still stand, barren and dark as her fur. She hasn't gone there for decades now. But she knows they remain. The children of the colony - or, well, most cats younger than her - call that area the Shattered Grove. They speak of it in hushed whispers. Sometimes, they approach Fier and her mates and ask them if it's true a terrible beast burned everything in the Shattered Grove to make it what it is now.

Fier didn't know how to answer that question at first. She remembers the first time someone asked, she singed their whiskers off. Thankfully, she managed to apologize for *that* before the poor lad passed away, but she didn't react much better the next few times someone asked.

Through some guidance from Tewra, Fier thought of an answer that satisfied her. She glowered down at the curious young cat before them, hoping to keep them from asking further questions as she answered, "Yes, it is. Best rest easy, young one, it has long since been put to rest."

And so, that became the answer any of them gave when asked - or at least, when Fier was among them. She wouldn't be surprised if they give more details when she isn't present - she suspects Ira would, the gossip - and even Fier herself has revealed more of the truth to a certain few young cats on occasion.

It has been strange to watch the colony in the Fairwood Glen grow. At first, there were few cats other than herself, her family, and her mates and their family. Honestly, Fier doesn't even know where all of these young cats came from these days.

Thankfully - in Fier's mind, at least - no real government developed in the Fairwood Glen. There's an agreed upon set of morals that goes unspoken in the woods that you either learn or don't, and most Storkies will turn to those who are the eldest and most magically advanced when any sort of authority figure is needed. Fier herself falls into that role, but she and her mates have made certain that it isn't a true 'role'. Fier herself does so by keeping a certain distance from the rest of the colony, acting aloof and uninterested towards most Storkies other than her mates.

Despite this, Fier is the enforcer of her group; with how most Storkies would turn to those like Fier, she makes sure that no other lets it go to their head and attempt establish

themselves as *ruling* over the colony of Fairwood Glen. Simply being old and magically inclined makes no cat worthy of being a leader, and anyone who *wants* to be one doesn't deserve to be, in Fier's mind. This has led to a few particularly powerful skirmishes, and even Fier and her mates driving a couple strokes out of the glen, but Fier does so with little remorse. She only wants to preserve the feeling of equality in the colony of Fairwood Glen: she may be one of the oldest and one of the most magically wise, but wishes to be treated like an equal until her wisdom or skill is needed. Their colony has gotten along fine for nearly two centuries without any true form of government across the entire colony, and they certainly don't need one now.