

The Good Neighbours and the Sundered Circle

Once upon a winding way there was a sacred circle of stones, that on a full moon drew the Fey-folk from miles around to celebrate and revel in their wild passions. There are many such circles across the realms, sanctuaries and shrines for all our people, as all our children must learn. But this circle was different. Set firmly on the Material Plane it stood fast and slow against the onslaught of the humanoids and their destruction of our ways. Careful training of the nearby people kept them humble and wary and mostly away - unless they sought to chase the mists with us, but well, that was their choosing. However, as the world turned, the hubris, impudence and appetites of the humanoids grew. New ones arrived who did not know the ways of the Fey. They entered the circle unwelcomed and tore down the dolmens. They built a new village with our old stones, heedless of the weeping of our people.

In desperation a pixie called out to the Fairy, begging for aid. These invaders has ignored the Rule of Hospitality. They had violated the Rule of Ownership. Now it was time for them to learn the Rule of Reciprocity.

The night was dark when the Good Neighbours came.

The Dwarf knocked once: "*A crust of bread for a weary traveller?*" they asked. "*We want no beggars in our village!*" the person said and slammed the door.

The Dryad knocked twice: "*A sip of milk for a weary traveller?*" she asked. "*No freeloaders in our village!*" the person spat, slamming their door.

The Leprechaun knocked thrice: "*A warm place by the fire for a weary traveller?*" he asked. "*Dirty travellers are not welcome in our village!*" the person yelled as they slammed the door.

The Fairy did not knock. But the villagers cried nonetheless as their houses fell and their warriors failed, and their animals fled. The stones were restored as the bones of the villagers still burned, and the Neighbours looked at their work and saw that it was good.

At the next full moon, as mist wreathed the ruins of what used to be a village, our people danced the winding ways again.