

# Lavendar Fields

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**Race:** Faerie

**Gender:** Female

**Homeland:** The fields of lavender by the sparkling waterfall

**Profession:** Keeper of the unicorns, Princess of Ravenhilt

**FALO Standing:** Moonstone Holder



Lavendar doesn't remember a time when she wasn't around. Perhaps there wasn't such a time, or, if there was, it was of no consequence. She is the sparkle of light found in the reflection of the purple-blue hues of twilight on a sun melted yet snowy field and, like that light, is a source of serene patience in the turbulent uncertainty, violence, and suffering that permeate the mortal world. Lavendar's realm of magic and quiet beauty is not just a haven from the struggles of living but a font of vitality—a breath of warmth that lures cold existence into full life. Beyond the mists surrounding her realm is a place of peace, timeless wonder, and freedom from care. Unicorns dance in her fields, winged children laugh and play, and a waterfall fills the air with its music. But these lands don't stay put for long. They ride the waves of time, like a puzzle piece that hasn't yet found its fit, or perhaps it is one that fits many places. Lavendar's home is a sanctuary that rejuvenates the soul, and its magic gives birth to joy and hope in all the realms it touches.

Lavendar respects and nourishes all life but her patience begins to wear thin when it comes to other sentient beings who should see the value of life and their own connection to it but seem to ignore it. She is not violent and may not even be confrontational. She doesn't need to be. Those who walk in the shadow of such disdain find themselves cut off from the gifts of her realm through their own narrow-mindedness. Of their own accord, they partake of the cold draught of winter ice. Beauty, peace, peril, life, death—all are a part of winter, all are there for the taking.

Mortal men can not find her realm if they are looking for it, for it has many layers of protection against those of evil intentions and greedy natures, they simply cannot pass through the veils, however there has been an occasional human child that has passed through the mists accidentally as innocence and pure hearts are always welcomed in her lands. One of these children is also well known in the Clan of FALO, as the Faery Clianna, But that is another story for another time.

Lavendar has been recently appointed the quite unsure queen of Keyotay's newly acquired and renamed land of Meadshire. She is hesitant about this new responsibility as she is already Princess of Ravenhilt, and though she loves her charges, politics just isn't Lavendar's thing. She simply adores singing songs, telling tales and enjoying life with the others in the Clan of Faló.

If you are looking for her, you may find Lavendar enjoying life with her Faunfriend Keyotay, playing games with her twins Fushia and Bogen... or perhaps if you gaze in through twilight's reflection long enough you just might find her minding her own lands and making merry with the unicorns who reside there.