

The story you are about to read is not my own, but rather a tale of the perversions of nature's beasts carefully observed over its occurrence by an outsider.

Those destined to die are no match for the carnivorous thirst of betrayal woven maliciously through supposed friendships.

The tragic tales you will read between these ill begotten pages outline those unfortunate enough to fall under the guise of evil, tales spun from stolen threads of Fate, archiving their final moments. Primal fear lures them to their demise, leading them down an irreversible path like sheep to a slaughter, their lives cut short in a monster's gambit for cosmic power.

In these pages I will tell you what I can about the creature himself, of Limerick, a once great forest druid, infected and transformed by a lust for blood. A road of betrayal guides the whispers on the wind as they fill the pages, bringing with them insights into Limerick's motives.

How did I come into this knowledge? How did I come into possession of this magical book, held together with the very strings of Fate stolen from the poor souls whose names adorn this manuscript? How indeed. But that is a story for another time.

For now, I implore you to pay attention. Watch and listen closely.

Keep this tome secret.

Keep it safe.

Do not categorize these accounts as works of fiction or frivolous fairy tales.

To do so would only facilitate the furthering of the grim harvest.

Do not let him see you, and most importantly, do not heed his tune.

He's always lurking in the shadows.

*The Storyteller.*