# Beware the Brolliveigh

## By: Kamilla

Beware the Brolliveigh

Nurvel night, and the thindle winds

Did glorn and slither ‘round the grins;

The rindle moon hung cold and bare,

And dread was thick upon the air.

“Beware the Brolliveigh,” they said,

“With breggled fangs and eyes blood-red!

It prowls the deep, where shadows sprail—

A beast of wrath, a storm, a wail!”

Through grimber woods, the hunter crept,

As silence held and darkness swept.

Then—hurlg!—it sprang with screeching maw,

Its claws like flame, its breath like thaw.

One strike! One flash! The blade went thrak!

The beast fell still, its glare turned black.

And peace returned, though whispers stay:

“Beware, beware the Brolliveigh.”