

## Read a Preview from The Fianna Chronicles: Awakening

*"This is where the song begins... with a whisper, a fire, and a name long forgotten."*

—Lirian Ever-Weaver, Bard of Mórradún

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### Chapter One: Whispers in the Mist

Mórradún lay beneath a thick shroud of mist, its emerald forests stretching endlessly like a vast sea beneath a sky heavy with storm-worn clouds. At its heart stood Branwyll, a village carved from the land itself, its cottages nestled deep within the ancient embrace of Elderglen Forest.

The trees, their gnarled branches like grasping fingers, loomed over narrow paths, casting shifting shadows that breathed with intent. Tonight, the air was unnervingly still. No rustling leaves. No distant calls of night birds. Only silence.

Branwyll had lived in harmony with the land for as long as memory served, but that fragile balance was unraveling. The winds carried the acrid scent of ash, crops withered without cause, and eerie lights flickered in the skies at night. Hunters whispered of paths that twisted against them. Livestock vanished. Families barred their doors at dusk, whispering prayers to forgotten gods. Fear had settled upon the village like an unshakable fog.

The villagers gathered beneath flickering torchlight, their murmurs laced with unease. Smoke curled from lanterns, trailing toward the sky like silent prayers. In the square, Grannoc addressed the crowd. His voice, once commanding, now trembled with dread.

"The shadows stir in the east," he warned. "Entire hamlets vanish overnight. The King's guard, sent to investigate, return broken—if they return at all."

Ewan, an older woodsman, stepped forward. "Even the forest has turned against us. Paths shift. The trees whisper. Something watches from the dark."

Among the younger villagers, Ailill scoffed. "These are the ramblings of frightened old men. The old gods are myths. This blight is no curse—it's the nobles' neglect."

Tension rippled through the crowd. At the center stood Eryndor, the village elder, tall and stooped, his eyes storm-gray. He clutched a parchment from the king's messenger.

"Silence," Eryndor said. "This is no time for division. Something ancient has awoken. We must prepare."

A voice broke the hush. "Will the Fianna return?"

Before anyone could answer, Daith, the bard, lifted his voice in song. The ancient hymn echoed through the square:

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## The Song of the Fianna

*Rise, O Fianna, fierce and true,  
From forest deep and river's blue.  
Awaken now, our ancient kin,  
For Mórradún calls from deep within.*

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At the edge of the gathering, eighteen-year-old Aisling sat by the fire. Her emerald eyes caught the flicker of flame. The forest felt different tonight—more watchful, more alive.

“Your mind is wandering again,” said Maeve, her grandmother. Her voice was soft, heavy with meaning.

“The winds have changed,” Aisling murmured. “Even the trees feel it.”

Maeve stepped closer. She lifted a medallion from around her neck, its surface etched with shifting runes. “This is no mere heirloom,” she said. “It is a relic of a time long past. Tonight, it must become yours.”

Aisling reached for it, and the moment her fingers touched the metal, she gasped. It pulsed in her palm, like a second heartbeat. Cold. Alive. Ancient.

“The Fianna,” Aisling whispered. “Were they real?”

Maeve's gaze drifted to the forest. Her voice dropped low. “They were not just warriors. They were the land's guardians. And now, the land is calling again.”

Aisling's heart pounded. The medallion pulsed. The shadows leaned closer.

She did not yet know it, but her path had begun.

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*Begin the journey.*

**The Fianna Chronicles: Awakening** is available now.

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