

it
looked
like
this...

Well I heard..

Handwriting practice lines consisting of ten sets of three horizontal dashed lines.

the eye of narchir



nce it was a man. A man who sought to use magic to become powerful and long-lived. I daresay it worked, but at a horrible price.

I saw it in the woods one night, its baleful eye carried atop those twisted arms, bathing the path in front of it with a green light.

My grandfather saw it once, he still tells me of when that green beam settled on his skin and he collapsed to the floor, vomiting uncontrollably as the beast's eye tendril crawled up his legs. Saved by a woodsman with an axe he was.

Ruskin the woodman? He told he tracked it using the trail left from dragging its corpulent body along. It lives in a ruined cottage filled with strange contraptions and magical-looking devices. As he looked through the window a flock of ravens descended on him and he fled. That's how he lost his eye.

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