

Xayah and rakan lore

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Page 2,297 comments NOTHING RHYMES with TUBEBOw Two paths lead to the monastery fortress from the villages beneath it, Xayah begins. I follow her eyes and see a couple of golden staircases that stretch from the mountain temple to the farmhouses below. Every house woven from wood probably has a whole family inside it. There mortals are born, die and, most importantly, create new songs. Probably with harps and drums. Maybe flutes? I have to make a cane flute later. First, I need to fluff my cloak. I don't remember to clear my feathers? There should be a hotel in the city below. A bottle of wine would be great right now. Rakan... Xayah says. That's bullshit. She told me the plan. I focus on her face, on her wry smile. The last rays of the sunset are reflected in her eyes. I love her eyelashes. I want: Repeat this back to me. Something in the monastery. She was... Uh uh... I meet you in... I say, but I've already lost the thread. I pull on one of the feathers on my head, hoping to snatch the idea from it. A tiny flicker of light glitters from her delicious lower lip. Is her lips purple today? They were purple yesterday. They'll kill me if they catch me, she says. The shock of thought is breathtaking. I feel my face curled into a growl. Who?! I demand. Guardians, she replies. It's always the guards. Then I'll distract them! When? It points to the sky. Look for a green flash before sunset. Then turn the guards away from the western walls while I run down the shaft to the cameras. I put on the show the moment of sunset, I say. Where do we meet? At the gate. I'm going to throw a golden blade into the sky. But you have to be there in ten breaths, says Xayah, plucking the pen out of my cloak. I'll be at the gate the moment you throw the blade, I say. I know. She nods and starts telling me the safest way. She's planning things, so I know she'll be fine. Wau, the sky is great right now. This cloud is shaped like an eggplant. One day I saw a dog... I don't like these steps. I don't like them. The golden leaf covering the stone is almost the same color as my feathers. It's infuriating. I'm considering changing their hue, but it's going to take some magic. Hell, I can't get tired when she needs me. Xayah probably sent me this way, knowing that my plumage would be combined here. The red cloak will look better against these steps. Maybe indigo? What's around the corner? More steps. Only people will cut the stone into flat shapes to make the mountain boring! I have to climb the rock. Xayah said to take action ... I'm pretty sure. I pick up the pebbles and start juggling them. I hear the magic writhing north of me in the winding roots of the Lkhradi forest. The song Forest finds its way into my head and I start singing it. What was that? The voice echoes from above. The way of entry! There's human protection. His clothes are as dark as a shadow. Who are you? He demands it. I'm Rakan! I'm answering. maybe someone doesn't A what? Who? I don't like him. I hate it more than the steps. I'm Rakan! Fighting dancer of the Lhotlan tribe. I'm the song of the morning. I dance the midnight moon. I charm that - It's that vastayan artist, another guard interrupts. He also wears boring clothes- clothes that I have not seen in this area before. The first guard wears a shiny gold amulet on his chest. I'm snatching it from him. Hey! What is this? I'm asking. He doesn't deserve it. Whatever it is. He clings to it, but I flip it around my arm, still juggling pebbles in the other. Give me that! I click every stone in his face. No, I say. He draws a couple of hooks. I'll take one away from him before he can pick them up. Open the gate, I'll give you back it... Uh, I'm not going to do that. brilliant thing, I suggest as I twirl his amulet in my palm and then send it spinning my hand. Instead, a rude fool swings at me! I turn his attack over and land behind him. He turns to the slash again. I dive under his blade, using the back to knock him off balance. He falls down the steps with a scream. Another guard watches as his friend falls and then looks back at me. I shake my head at him. Honestly, how can someone not know who I am? This one hit me with a spear. I spin past him, letting my feathered cloak envelop him for a moment. Blinded, he stumbles and stumbles over himself. He falls on the shield and knocks down the stairs with the sound of clack-clack-clack-clacking. Well, until he crashes into his friend on the first landing. The impact sends them both sprawling. I'm laughing. Now I get the steps. You are terrible dancers, I say as I check my cloak on the dirt. Two people stumble on my feet looking at me. Are you okay? I'm asking, thank you for the fun. They roar as they rush up the stairs. Ungrateful bastards. I bounce back from them and ask: Do you want to know the difference between a party and a fight? They cut me with guns over and over again. One entertaining day, I say as I send them back down the stairs. Another... Shorter. The deafening gong sounds behind me. I'm smiling. The fun begins. You have to do better than that! I scream, mocking my pursuers when I run. But I have to get out of here. There are twenty guards now. Okay, maybe thirty? More than a lot. Running around their bedrooms was a bad idea. However, it gave me a chance to freshen up. Some men have these weird crossbows. They're using fire from a tube. They had a name. I'll call them in tubular bows. Their shots explode around me, there are holes in the wall as I dive out of the room. I slide into the yard, doing a full turn to give it some flair. The gate is open. I could run, but Xayah needs me. Hidden in a niche, the guard swings at me with a large tubular pipe. Or bowtube better? He pulls the trigger. I jump towards him, diving over his shot. What is a good rhyme for I'm asking out loud. I Am I guard in the air. When he falls, I rotate and put my hand in his cheek. The sound is louder than his weapon. Oh, slap! I say, imitating its intensity. The man rolls at his feet, pulling a short sword. How do you not get the message?! I wonder if I can find the kitchen. That's where the chocolate will be. The light in the sky is changing. I jump back into the air to check the location of the sun again. He disappears behind the hills, and a ball of green light flashes over him. Party time! I'm screaming. Now the whole castle is chasing me. Surrender! A security guard in a metal hat screams. No! I'm distracting you! I'm answering. He looks at me embarrassed. I'm going to hit him next time. The hail of arrows starts from the opposite wall. I swerve through them, enjoying the whistle they make as their fletching passes me by. Will I look good in this metal hat? The golden blade hangs in the air for a second before falling. Xaya is ready to go. I took my first breath. She said I had ten, but four breaths were too long. I need to know she's safe. Want to see some sweet moves? I'm asking the nearest person. He doesn't seem to be thrilled. I'm rolling around in a band and I'm coming after him. He turns just in time to meet my cloak halfway. My feathers spin it in the air like a top. Twelve spins is my record, but it was on the hill. Second breath. A man crashes into the ground after nine rotations. Hell, I don't have time to try again. Third breath. I have to go back to where she needs me, back to Xaya. I jump up the shaft and then tied it up the roof to the gate. I take a fourth breath in the air. Xayah runs towards the gate with some fancy juloahs-they're hairy where we have colored feathers. They must be from the Sojoko tribe. Too formal to look, but I like the thick hair ridge that flows along the back of the forearm. I have to get my feathers to do it. The elder sarong seems like a terrible idea. We'll never get out, he cries. They have rifles! You mean tubular pipes? I'm asking. Akunin looks at me stupidly. It's made of ammunition, I explain. Schini longbows too. A what?! How? - I'm Rakan, I explain. All of you, run behind a line of trees, says Xayah. A dozen men, covered in flour and chocolate, run out of the guard. Mixed with eggs, they will make things called cake. The Pies are better though... Run! Xaya screams. When old Juloah can't move, I pull it together. Call kneels next to the body of his guard. She and Ksaya pray that his spirit will find our lands. One of his horns is broken, pools of blood in the leaves around him. Call removes the last arrow from his corpse. He took her here, even after people shot him. That julioa shouldn't have died. Someone loved him. They'll sing his songs. But only silence will answer. My eyes are fine with tears. Softly, I sing for his loss, and Family. Xayah stands with his fist clenched. She won't grieve now. Instead of this will find her tonight when she thinks I'm asleep. That's her way. Then I'll kiss her grief. The consul's name is Akunin. Maybe he was a dancer when he was young. He and Xaya are beginning to argue about politics. Call kisses the forehead of his guard. She's got a tight jaw. It holds anger stronger than Xayi's. She looks at her husband Akudir. She waited for him to listen too long. I'll go back north, Akunin, says Coll as she climbs. I'll tell them what was done to us. Her hands are as tight as the branches, stiff against her sides. Call, no, Akunin protests. I will bring to his relatives the words about the fate of Jurelva and grieve with them, she says. That must have been the guard's name. Maybe he was kind. I like the lines of smile on the side of his face. Then I'll pack up my weapons and prepare the tribe for the fight. You can't do that! The consul is screaming. I drop my claims to you. I'll leave your claims to me,' she says coldly. Akunin looks like he's been stabbed. He didn't see it running down the hillside? Or in the woods? Or next to a dead guard? It was decided a long time ago. The moon is back. Call... You are welcome. No, she simply declares. He's moving to grab her. I'm blocking him. I'll talk to my friend, he says. I can feel his breath on his chin. He recently ate fruit hum. My nose almost touches his forehead. He's looking at me. I just shake my head and shrug my shoulders. I don't want words. For this, silence is better. His remaining two guards are tense. They don't want to dance with me. I'm Rakan. They know my name. They look nervously at Xai, holding her blades. They know her name, too. Thank you, Xaya, Coll says, before limping away. Akunin and his guards watch her go. Without words, they went south, leaving us alone. I'm moving close to Xaye. I feel her sadness to Jurelv, Coll, and for Akunir. I'll drink wine tonight. Then I'll sing rough songs. Promise me nothing will happen between us, myeli, she says. We're not like them, mylla. We'll never be like them, I say. She's smarter than me in a lot of things, but sometimes she's stupid about love. Where now, Xayah? Let's just stay here for a minute longer. I wrap my cloak and arms around it. I'll tickle her later. We'll laugh and drink. She'll plan, and I'll sing. I can feel her cheek on her chest. I'm glad that Xayah needs me now. Repeat it back to me, she says. We're not like them, I say again. We don't look like them. Page 2 As part of the Community Platform Project, your wiki has been moved to a new platform. Read more here. You don't have permission to edit this page for the following reason: the action you've requested is limited to users of one group: users, FANDOM assistants, Vicky managers, members of the content group. You can view and copy the source of this page. «Lore» (TDRight) (TDRight) mercurial as he is charming, charming, is the infamous vastayan troublemaker and greatest fight-dancer in the history of the Lhotlan tribe. For the people of the Ionic Highlands, his name has long been synonymous with wild festivals, uncontrolled parties and anarchic music. Few would suspect that this energetic, traveling showman is also a partner of the Xayah Rebels, and is dedicated to her cause. On the ancient, mystical borders of the deep forests of Ionia inhabits the last of the GreatL. It is a place where magic breathes like air and time makes little sense. For these chimeric creatures, mortal worlds have become like an unforgiving desert, virtually devoid of magic. Few willingly travel far from their shrinking lands, but Rakan has long been taking a riskier path. He travels around the edges of the magical streams of the world as a explorer, emissary and song catcher for his tribe. An entertaining rogue, welcome performer for any tavern or village carnival, Raqan was pleased with the simple adventures of this life on the road ... until he had a chance meeting with Xayah at the Vlonko Harvest Festival. Seeing her in the crowd, Rakan performed one of his old songs, captivating the whole city with his brilliant plumage. Although countless human and numerous women have fallen in love with him in the past, this purple crow seemed immune to his charms, though not uninterested. How could she see him and at the same time decide not to follow him? It was a puzzle with no simple answer. Intrigued, the boy-dancer decided that he would accompany Xayah on her journey. He became fascinated with the way she interacted with the world. She seemed always prepared, on the sidelines and focused where he was uninformed, affable and frivolous, but in any dangerous situation they fought alongside supernatural harmony. Soon enough, the couple became inseparable. After months of courtship, Rakan began to see the world through Xayi's eyes. Inspired by his partner's exceptional desire, he joined her crusade to regain power, and take away all that their people had lost. Through Xayyu, he found a target, and Rakan fell in love. - | - | alignment center I have freedom. I have a lady. I have a reason why I will die.' I follow her eyes and see a couple of golden staircases that stretch from the mountain temple to the farmhouses below. Every house woven from wood probably has a whole family inside it. There mortals are born, die and, most importantly, create new songs. Probably with harps and drums. Maybe flutes? I have to make a cane flute later. First, I need to fluff my cloak. I don't remember to clear my feathers? There should be a hotel in the city below. A bottle of wine would be great right now. RHYMES WITH TUBERS 1.jpgcenter 700px Rakan... Xayah says. That's bullshit. She told me the plan. I focus on her face, on her Smile. The last rays of the sunset are reflected in her eyes. I love her eyelashes. I want: Repeat this back to me. Something in the monastery. She was... Uh uh... I meet you in... I say, but I've already lost the thread. I pull on one of the feathers on my head, hoping to snatch the idea from it. A tiny flicker of light glitters from her delicious lower lip. Is her lips purple today? They were purple yesterday. They'll kill me if they catch me, she says. The shock of thought is breathtaking. I feel my face curled into a growl. Who?! I demand. Guardians, she replies. It's always the guards. Then I'll distract them! When? It points to the sky. Look for a green flash before sunset. Then turn the guards away from the western walls while I run down the shaft to the cameras. I put on the show the moment of sunset, I say. Where do we meet? At the gate. I'm going to throw a golden blade into the sky. But you have to be there in ten breaths, says Xayah, plucking the pen out of my cloak. I'll be at the gate the moment you throw the blade, I say. I know. She nods and starts telling me the safest way. She's planning things, so I know she'll be fine. Wau, the sky is great right now. This cloud is shaped like an eggplant. One day I saw a dog... I don't like these steps. I don't like them. The golden leaf covering the stone is almost the same color as my feathers. It's infuriating. I'm considering changing their hue, but it's going to take some magic. Hell, I can't get tired when she needs me. Xayah probably sent me this way, knowing that my plumage would be combined here. The red cloak will look better against these steps. Maybe indigo? What's around the corner? More steps. Only people will cut the stone into flat shapes to make the mountain boring! I have to

climb the rock. Xayah said to take action ... I'm pretty sure. I pick up the pebbles and start juggling them. I hear the magic writhing north of me in the winding roots of the Lkhradi forest. The song Forest finds its way into my head and I start singing it. What was that? The voice echoes from above. The way of entry! There's human protection. His clothes are as dark as a shadow. Who are you? He demands it. I'm Rakan! I'm answering. How can someone not know that? Nothing RHYMES WITH TUBERS 2.jpgCenter 700px Who? I don't like him. I hate it more than the steps. I'm Rakan! Fighting dancer of the Lhotlan tribe. I'm the song of the morning. I dance the midnight moon. I charm that - It's that vastayan artist, another guard interrupts. He also wears boring clothes- clothes that I have not seen in this area before. The first guard wears a shiny gold amulet on his chest. I'm snatching it from him. Hey! What is this? I'm asking. He doesn't deserve it. Whatever it is. He clings to it, but I flip it around my arm, still juggling pebbles in the other. Give me that! I flick every stone into it No, I say. He draws a couple of hooks. I'll take one away from him before he can pick them up. Open the gate, I'll give you back it... Uh, I'm not going to do that. brilliant thing, I suggest as I twirl his amulet in my palm and then send it spinning my hand. Instead, a rude fool swings at me! I turn his attack over and land behind him. He turns to the slash again. I dive under his blade, using the back to knock him off balance. He falls down the steps with a scream. Another guard watches as his friend falls and then looks back at me. I shake my head at him. Honestly, how can someone not know who I am? This one hit me with a spear. I spin past him, letting my feathered cloak envelop him for a moment. Blinded, he stumbles and stumbles over himself. He falls on the shield and knocks down the stairs with the sound of clack-clack-clack-clacking. Well, until he crashes into his friend on the first landing. The impact sends them both sprawling. I'm laughing. Now I get the steps. You are terrible dancers, I say as I check my cloak on the dirt. Two people stumble on my feet looking at me. Are you okay? I'm asking, thank you for the fun. They roar as they rush up the stairs. Ungrateful bastards. I bounce back from them and ask: Do you want to know the difference between a party and a fight? They cut me with guns over and over again. One entertaining day, I say as I send them back down the stairs. Another... Shorter. The deafening gong sounds behind me. I'm smiling. The fun begins. (PatchnotDevider) You have to do better than that! I scream, mocking my pursuers when I run. But I have to get out of here. There are twenty guards now. Okay, maybe thirty? More than a lot. Running around their bedrooms was a bad idea. However, it gave me a chance to freshen up. Some men have these weird crossbows. They're using fire from a tube. They had a name. I'll call them in tubular bows. Their shots explode around me, there are holes in the wall as I dive out of the room. I slide into the yard, doing a full turn to give it some flair. The gate is open. I could run, but Xayah needs me. Hidden in a niche, the guard swings at me with a large tubular pipe. Or bowtube better? He pulls the trigger. I jump towards him, diving over his shot. What is a good rhyme for tubebow? I'm asking out loud. I'm kicking the guard in the air. When he falls, I rotate and put my hand in his cheek. The sound is louder than his weapon. Oh, slap! I say, imitating its intensity. The man rolls at his feet, pulling a short sword. How do you not get the message?! I wonder if I can find the kitchen. That's where the chocolate will be. The light in the sky is changing. I jump back into the air to check the location of the sun again. He disappears behind the hills, and a ball of green light flashes over him. Party time! I'm screaming. Now the whole castle is chasing me. Surrender! The security guard in No! I'm distracting you! I'm answering. He looks at me embarrassed. I'm going to hit him next time. Nothing RHYMES WITH TUBERS 3.jpgcenter 700px Hail of Arrows starts from the opposite wall. I swerve through them, enjoying the whistle they make as their fletching passes me by. Will I look good in this metal hat? The golden blade hangs in the air for a second before falling. Xaya is ready to go. I took my first breath. She said I had ten, but four breaths were too long. I need to know she's safe. Want to see some sweet moves? I'm asking the nearest person. He doesn't seem to be thrilled. I'm rolling around in a band and I'm coming after him. He turns just in time to meet my cloak halfway. My feathers spin it in the air like a top. Twelve spins is my record, but it was on the hill. Second breath. A man crashes into the ground after nine rotations. Hell. I don't have time to try again. Third breath. I have to go back to where she needs me, back to Xaya. I jump up the shaft and then tied it up the roof to the gate. I take a fourth breath in the air. Xayah runs towards the gate with some fancy juloahs-they're hairy where we have colored feathers. They must be from the Sojoko tribe. Too formal to look, but I like the thick hair ridge that flows along the back of the forearm. I have to get my feathers to do it. The elder sarong seems like a terrible idea. We'll never get out, he cries. They have rifles! You mean tubular pipes? I'm asking. Akunin looks at me stupidly. It's made of ammunition, I explain. Schini longbows too. A what?! How? - I'm Rakan, I explain. All of you, run behind a line of trees, says Xayah. A dozen men, covered in flour and chocolate, run out of the guard. Mixed with eggs, they will make things called cake. The Pies are better though... Run! Xaya screams. When old Juloah can't move, I pull it together. (PatchnotDevider) She and Ksaya pray that his spirit will find our lands. One of his horns is broken, pools of blood in the leaves around him. Call removes the last arrow from his corpse. He took her here, even after people shot him. Nothing RHYMES WITH TUBERS 4.jpgcenter 700px This juloa should not have died. Someone loved him. They'll sing his songs. But only silence will answer. My eyes are fine with tears. Gently, I sing for his loss, and his family. Xayah stands with his fist clenched. She won't grieve now. Instead, the pain will find her tonight when she thinks I'm asleep. That's her way. Then I'll kiss her grief. The consul's name is Akunin. Maybe he was a dancer when he was young. He and Xaya are beginning to argue about politics. Call kisses the forehead of his guard. She's got a tight jaw. It holds anger stronger than Xayi's. She looks at her husband Akudir. She waited for him to too long. I'll go back north, Aku noir, noir, says as she rises. I'll tell them what was done to us. Her hands are as tight as the branches, stiff against her sides. Call, no, Akunin protests. I will bring to his relatives the words about the fate of Jurelva and grieve with them, she says. That must have been the guard's name. Maybe he was kind. I like the lines of smile on the side of his face. Then I'll pack up my weapons and prepare the tribe for the fight. You can't do that! The consul is screaming. I drop my claims to you. I'll leave your claims to me,' she says coldly. Akunin looks like he's been stabbed. He didn't see it running down the hillside? Or in the woods? Or next to a dead guard? It was decided a long time ago. The moon is back. Call... You are welcome. No, she simply declares. He's moving to grab her. I'm blocking him. I'll talk to my friend, he says. I can feel his breath on his chin. He recently ate fruit hum. My nose almost touches his forehead. He's looking at me. I just shake my head and shrug my shoulders. I don't want words. For this, silence is better. His remaining two guards are tense. They don't want to dance with me. I'm Rakan. They know my name. They look nervously at Xai, holding her blades. They know her name, too. Thank you, Xaya, Coll says, before limping away. Akunin and his guards watch her go. Without words, they went south, leaving us alone. I'm moving close to Xaye. I feel her sadness to Jurelv, Coll, and for Akunir. I'll drink wine tonight. Then I'll sing rough songs. Promise me nothing will happen between us, myeli, she says. We're not like them, mylla. We'll never be like them, I say. She's smarter than me in a lot of things, but sometimes she's stupid about love. Where now, Xayah? Let's just stay here for a minute longer. Nothing RHYMES with TUBELOW 5.jpgcenter 700px I wrap my cloak and arms around it. I'll tickle her later. We'll laugh and drink. She'll plan, and I'll sing. I can feel her cheek on her chest. I'm glad that Xayah needs me now. Repeat it back to me, she says. We're not like them, I say again. We're not like them. (TDRight) Rakan. star guardian xayah and rakan lore. lol xayah and rakan lore. sg xayah and rakan lore. rakan and xayah new lore

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