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Author Topic: Here There Be Dragons (Chapter 1: The Gathering)

Kkat

Member

Member # 97922



posted February 25, 2003 05:16 PM



"Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare. My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to know magic's still there!"

--Storyteller, Heather Alexander

HERE THERE BE DRAGONS

Herein is recorded the bard's tales of ten souls, mortal and draconic alike, drawn together to stand testament to the dawn of a new age. Or the end of history. By their hands and by their wings, by the strength of their courage and the nature of their character, nations would rise, empires would fall, the path of fate would be revealed and a new balance would be struck between the light and the darkness.

--Kkat

OOO: Players, please post your character sheets, including background and personality synopsis, here immediately following part one of the prelude.

[February 25, 2003, 05:19 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare. My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to know magic's still there!

--Storyteller, Heather Alexander

Registered: Jul 2002 | IP: [Logged](#)

Kkat

Member

Member # 97922

posted February 25, 2003 05:18 PM



PRELUDE

"...the visible world seems formed in love, the invisible spheres

Wizards.Com Boards: Here There Be Dragons (Chapter 1: The Gathering)



were formed in fright." -- H. Melville 1819-1891

"I look forward to opening up... a dialogue." --G'Kar, *Babylon 5*

Part 1: The Wedding

Prince Alton smiled, clapping his hands. The wedding festival was superb. Lord Falden had really outdone himself. The only half-elf to have been granted Lordship over a fief, Falden had been the obvious choice to host the wedding between Prince Alton and a lady of the noble elven House of Silverprongs. But Falden had acquitted himself beyond admirably. Despite a few dissenters at the gates, peasants displeased with the idea of racially mixing royal blood, and a dubious visit by gypsies, the feasts, wedding and festival had gone spectacularly! And now, as an extra delight, a host of fae had appeared to honor the marriage.

Prince Alton spared a loving glance towards his elven bride. But his attention returned to the fae as, to gasps of surprise, they trotted out the most beautiful Basti he had ever imagined. Music began, enchanting and ephemeral, as fae played their flutes and harps, and even a satyr let into his pipes with a gay ferocity. And the Basti danced! The dance was beautiful, graceful, often shameless but always entrancing...

The piercing scream beside him pulled Alton out of what seemed like a waking dream. The fae music stopped abruptly. The Basti's dance glided to an premature end. People were rising. Staring towards him. Gasps and cries of alarm...

Slowly, as if forcing himself through mud, Alton turned to his bride. And she wasn't there. For a moment, he knew she had vanished, kidnapped through some dark magic. But then his eyes fell lower. Her body lay on the podium at his feet. Even as he rose from his golden chair, his eyes took in the dreadful, gaping, grotesque wound. As if part of her body had been eaten away. Her glazed, open eyes turned to him, and her mouth began to form words without sound. He stepped back as if struck. Faintly, as if over a great distance, he could hear the security magi casting about their spells.

"Help her." he said, though his voice failed him. Wounds like that... one could not hope to survive. How could this happen? What... who could have done this? One Lady, one of the just freshly appointed new nobility and an elf herself, rushed to the platform and knelt over Alton's fallen princess.

"C-can you save her?" He forced the words out, dreading the answer.

"No."

He felt as if he had been plunged into No Man's Sea with a boulder tied to his feet.

"But I know who can."

His heart rose. But before he could speak, a thrown blade arced past the podium into the open grove beyond... and struck something Prince Alton couldn't see. A dagger materialized,

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falling to the ground as if dropped by an invisible hand, and a tangible blast of nearly paralyzing fear struck Alton, cutting off the words in his throat. From the sounds of those behind him, terrified panic had erupted.

People ran every which way. A few strong guardsmen charged into the grove along with a few honored guests who could brave the nearly palpable terror. They clammered to a stop, staring into the vacant skies.

He heard a last, choking breath from his love. And forced his face to turn towards her...

The world erupted in light. Pure, clean, radiant light. It bathed the Princess. And then he saw the source of the light. The healer that the elven lady had called to her. The Unicorn slowly bowed its horn towards the wounds. And they began to heal.

--Kkat

[February 25, 2003, 05:23 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare.
My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to know magic's still there!

--Storyteller, Heather Alexander

Registered: **Jul 2002** | IP: [Logged](#)

canamrock

Member

Member # 110297



posted February 25, 2003 05:26 PM



Kuratsukan

Male Juvenile Blue Dragon Inkyo 1

Age: 36

Alignment: LN

Size: Large (9'8" long, 8'10" wingspan)

Movements: 40', Fly 150' (poor), Burrow 20'

Str: 19 (+4) | BAB: +15 (+18 M / +14 R)

Dex: 10 (+0) | AC: 23 (23 FF)

Con: 17 (+3) | HP: 158

Int: 14 (+2) | Fort: +14

Wis: 15 (+2) | Ref: +11

Cha: 14 (+2) | Will: +13

Attacks

Bite: +18 - 2d6+4 (20)

Claw: +13/+13 - 1d8+2 (20)

Wing: +13/+13 - 1d6+2 (20)

Tail: +13 - 1d8+6 (20)

Polymorphed Unarmed: +15/+10/+5 - 1d4 (20)

Skills

Appraise: 5 (2) +7

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Concentration: 11 (3) +14
Diplomacy: 11 (2) +13
Knowledge (History): 11 (2) +13
Knowledge (Religion): 11 (2) +13
Listen: 15 (2) +17
Move Silently: 11 (0) +11
Search: 15 (2) +17
Sense Motive: 10 (2) +12
Spellcraft: 15 (2) +17
Spot: 15 (2) +17
Wilderness Lore: 10 (2) +12

Languages

Celestial, Common, and Draconic

Feats

Power Attack
Flyby Attack
Quicken Spell-Like Ability
Leadership
Void Use*
Improved Unarmed Strike*
Simple Weapons Proficiency*
Light Armor Proficiency*
Kitsuki's Method
Self / No Self
(* These feats granted directly by class)

Special Abilities

Keen Senses, Darkvision 400', Blindsight 120'
Immune to *sleep*, *paralysis*, and electricity.
Breath Weapon: Line of electricity (80') 8d8 (DC 20)
Spell-Like Abilities:
* Create/Destroy Water (3/day)
Sound Imitation (DC 19)

Spells

Caster Level: Scrl (may learn Air Shugenja spells)
Spells (Level) per Day: 5(0), 4(1)
Spells Known:
* Mage Armor (1)
* Magic Weapon (1)
* Detect Magic (0)
* Know Direction (0)
* Mage Hand (0)
* Prestidigitation (0)

Void Powers

Void Points: 2
1 pt., +2 to a skill/attack/ST roll or AC
1+ pt., +4 to Spot/Search/Sense Motive roll per point

Treasure

Items:
* Belt of Polymorphing
* Bag of Holding (Type 3)
* Ioun Stone (Clear)

Coins:

* 80 pp

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* 300 gp

History

Kuratsukan was abandoned as a child in the steppes of the Emerald Empire, for reasons unknown to him. Through raw perserverence, he etched out a means of survival in the harsh, unforgiving lands so foreign to his kind. The steppes had fairly substantial veins of jade, which Kuratsukan learned to mine and trade with Emerald Empire merchants for emeralds (which he adores) and other goods. Eventually, he acquired a belt that allowed him to assume human form. Using this belt, he sought out a temple in the fringe of the Empire, where he learned the ways of the Inkyo. More recently, Kuratsukan has grown angered over the apparant theft of most of his horde. He is in search of the culprits who had stolen his precious collection of jade and emerald.

His powers of the Void mesh well with his natural abilities, and he is a competent trader. His knowledge of Draconic is good, though he uses it rarely due to the lack of fellow dragons in his home on the steppes. He would not come to meet other dragons until very recently, when on the search for his missing treasure.

Personality

As with most Blue Dragons, Kuratsukan is a naturally honorable soul. His greed is more tempered by his enlightened training, but he still has some lust for treasure and power. Knowing almost no others of his kind has made him feel highly proud of his powers, and often can have issue with the perceived inferiority of others. He dislikes having to polymorph into a human form, and is somewhat prejudiced against the smaller races. However, when others have proven themselves to him, he is a most trustworthy associate. He is rarely overly friendly or cordial, however.

[February 25, 2003, 05:29 PM: Message edited by: canamrock]

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From: **California, USA** | Registered: **Oct 2002** | IP: [Logged](#)

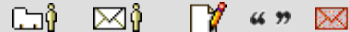
Mr Kami

Member

Member # 105592



posted February 25, 2003 05:31 PM



Name Durney

Gender Male Race Dwarf Class Cleric lvl 7 Deity Moradin

Alignment LN

Str 04

Dex 10

Con 17

Int 13

Wis 18

Cha 08

Com 10

Hit Points 57

AC 10 (+0 dex, +0 other)

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Init +4
BAB +5
Grap -3
Speed 20 (base 20, load 0, armorcategory)
Fort +8, Ref +2, Will +9

Medium, 4'1" tall, 174 wt, 60 yrs old
Black hair, Blue eyes, lightly tanned skin

Speaks Common, Dwarven, and Celestial

+13 Concentration (10)
+11 Spellcraft (10)
+7 Knowledge(religion) (4)
+2 Ride(4cc)
+4 Listen (0)
+4 Spot (0)

Feats

-Improved initiative
-Empower Spell
-Eschew Materials

Dwarven Traits (Ex): Dwarves benefit from a number of racial traits.

+1 racial bonus to attack rolls against orcs and goblinoids, through special combat training.
+2 racial bonus to saves against spells and spell-like abilities.
+2 racial bonus to saves against poisons.
+4 dodge bonus against giants, through special defensive training.

Darkvision up to 60 feet.

Stonecunning: Dwarves receive a +2 racial bonus to checks to notice unusual stonework. Something that isn't stone but is disguised as stone also counts as unusual stonework. A dwarf who merely comes within 10 feet of unusual stonework can make a check as though actively searching and can use the Search skill to find stonework traps as a rogue can. A dwarf can also intuit depth, sensing the approximate distance underground as naturally as a human can sense which way is up.

Skills: Dwarves receive a +2 racial bonus to Appraise checks and Craft or Profession checks that are related to stone or metal.

Classname Abilities

-Armor and Weapon Proficiency: Clerics are proficient with all simple weapons. Clerics are proficient with all types of armor (light, medium, and heavy) and with shields
-Spontaneous Casting: Good clerics (and neutral clerics of good deities) can channel stored spell energy into healing spells that they haven't prepared ahead of time. The cleric can "lose" a prepared spell in order to cast any cure spell of the same level or lower (a cure spell is any spell with "cure" in its name)
-Turning - 3/day modifier -1 damage 2d6+6
-Domain: Law
-Domain: Protection
Bonus spells 1 each for lvls 1,2,3, and 4

Spells Prepared (E) is empowered, (D) is domain

0th- Create water(2), Detect Magic(3), Light

1st- Endure Elements, Obscuring Mist(3), Magic Stone,

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Sanctuary(D)

2nd- Animal Messenger, Bull's Strength, Endurance, Sound
Burst(2), Calm Emotions(D)

3rd- Meld into Stone, Magic Vestment, Create Food and
Water, Protection from Elements(D)

4th- Bull's strength(E), Greater Magic Weapon, Order's Wrath(D)

Spells Per Day 6/5+1/4+1/3+1/2+1

Vibrant purple ioun stone 6/6

-Bull's Strength(E)

-Cure Moderate Wounds

Daily Buffs

-Bulls strength(E)

-Magic Vestment

-Greater Magic Weapon

-Endurance

Equus (War Pony)

Str...15

Dex...13

Con...14

Int...02

Wis...11

Cha...04

Com...16

Hit Points...11

Initiative...+1

Speed...40 ft

Ac...13

Attacks...2 hooves +3 melee

Damage Hoof...1d3+2

Face/Reach...5ft by 5ft/5ft

Special Qualities...Scent

Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +0

Skills...Listen +5, Spot +5

When Durney was young he caught a wasting sickness, which crippled him for the rest of childhood, with the help of the temple of Moradin, He learned to artificially increase his strength through Moradin's magic. He grew up on the steppes of the Emerald Empire with his clan mining for jade, and emeralds. Because he was so weak he could not be a miner, so he was sent to the local temple to learn. Through the merchants, which traded with the clan, He learned that there was a Blue Dragon living not all that far from the clan. He tipped the merchant for information, and went to meet this dragon. He set up an exclusive trading deal with the dragon, Kuratsukan. He eventually wanted more than what his small clan had to offer, so when he heard that Kuratsukan was leaving he decided to go with him. Tradition stated that when someone leaves the clan they leave only with a hearty meal and the clothes on their back. In his last meal Durney slipped in some gems his Ioun stone into his drink. He left at morning to catch the dragon before he left.

Durney Normally dresses in a billowing robe and cloak that is the color of unpolished iron (black). He keeps the hood up most of the time so his balding head doesn't get sun burnt. He keeps his Beard tightly braided and his holy symbol, a small hammer, is

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secured within. When he does have his hood down his bright blue eyes are startling.

His Pony, Equus, is a hot-blooded horse typical of deserts. it is mostly white, with gray stockings.

Durney is a light hearted dwarf, who takes tradition very seriously, he is used to jokes about his strength, and wants badly to be stronger.

Outfitname (Scholar's outfit, 0wt)

Black Pearl- 600gp (pouch, -wt)

Obsidian- 14gp (pouch, -wt)

Jade- 70gp (pouch, -wt)

Other pouch contents (pouch, ??wt)

[February 25, 2003, 05:39 PM: Message edited by: Mr Kami]

Soldarin's ECL system

High Magic Foundation Member 10

-----"snicker-snack"-----


From: **Michigan** | Registered: **Sep 2002** | IP: Logged

FranklinT

Member

Member # 78996



 posted February 25, 2003 05:37 PM



Gwuarahanawee "**Gentle Breeze**" (Rolls under Gentle)

Male Silver Dragon Wizard Level 2

Lawful Good

Str 13(+1) (Base 7, +6 Racial)

Dex 12(+1) (Base 12)

Con 12(+1) (Base 8, +4 Racial)

Int 23(+6) (Base 17, +6 Racial)

Wis 18(+4) (Base 12, +6 Racial)

Cha 23(+6) (Base 17, +6 Racial)

Hit Dice: 13d12+2d4

Hit Points: 117hp

AC 23 (+1 dex, +12 Natural)

Init +1

BAB +14

Speed 40ft, Fly 150ft (Poor)

Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +14

+15 Melee, Bite, d8+1, 20/x2

+10 Melee, 2 Claws, 1d6, 20/x2

+10 Melee, 2 Wings, 1d4, 20/x2

Medium, 4'3" tall by 7'6" long, 5' Reach, 380 wt, 23 yrs old

Twinkling Sky Blue Eyes, Very Pale Blue Sparkly Scales

Speaks Draconic, Common, Elven, Dwarven, Halfling, Auran, Celestial, and Sylvan

Skills (156 + 16 Skill Points)

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Skill.....Ranks...Modifier

Listen.....13.....+17
Spot.....13.....+17
Search.....13.....+19
*Spellcraft.....13.....+19
*Jump.....13.....+14
Climb.....7.....+8
Disguise.....9.....+15
Concentration...11.....+12
Diplomacy.....9.....+15
Know: Arcana...11.....+17
Know: History...11.....+17
Know: Astroful...9.....+15
Know: Religion...9.....+15
Know: Dragons...9.....+15
Know: Greymettle.5.....+11
Know: Mists.....5.....+11
Know: Astrology..6.....+12
Hide.cc.....4.....+5
Move Silently.cc.5.....+6
Scry.....7.....+13
Bluff.....7.....+13

*free ranks

Feats

-Leadership
-Wingover
-Power Attack
-Eschew Materials
-Scribe Scroll
-Spell Mastery

Silver Dragon Traits

-Air Subtype
-Cloud Walking
-Polymorph Self 3/day
-Cast spells as a 1st level sorcerer
-Breath Weapon(Su): A 30' cone of either cold or paralyzing gas. Creatures caught in the cone of cold suffer 6d8 damage with a reflex save (DC 18) for half. Creatures caught in the cone of gas must make a fortitude save (DC 18) or be paralyzed for d6+3 rounds.
-Cold, Acid, Sleep, and Paralysis Immunity
-Blindsight(Ex): Can ascertain creatures by nonvisual means with a range of 90ft.
-Keen Senses(Ex): A dragon sees four times as well as a human in low-light conditions and twice as well in normal light. It also has darkvision with a range of 300ft.

Sorcerer Spells Known:

0 - Read Magic, Detect Magic, Daze, Ghost Sound, Quick Boost*
BoEM2
1 - Comprehend Languages, Mage Armor

Wizard Spellbook:

0 - All Cantrips
1 - Alarm*, Endure Elements*, Protection from Evil*, Shield*, Obscuring Mist*, Identify, Feather Fall*, Animate Rope, Object Loresight (BoEM2), Grease

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-Spells marked with an asterisk can be prepared without a spellbook with Spell Mastery.

Sorcerer Spells/Day = 5/5

Wizard Spells/Day = 4/4

Horde:

Fine small gold bracelet (20)

Silver amulet with blue quartz stones (140)

Small silver mug with jade inlays (600)

Silver anklet with white pearls (2000)

Heward's Handy Haversack (2000)

Ring of Sustenance (2500)

Scrolls:

1st: Magic Weapon, Detect Secret Doors, True Strike, Shield, Charm Person

2nd: Invisibility, Endurance, Protection from Arrows

3rd: Displacement

Mundane Equipment:

Exotic Riding Saddle

Spellbook

Spell component pouch

Journal

30 sheets of paper

3 vials of ink

Silver holy symbol of Kariska Wonder Bringer

Money:

309 gp

50 pp

Rain Swoop - Tiny Hawk Familiar

Str 6, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 7, Wis 14, Cha 6

AC 19 (+2 size, +3 Dex, +4 natural)

Saves: F+8, R+11, W+12

HP 58, HD 15, Init +3, Attack +19 melee, Damage d4-2 (claw)

Movement 10' or fly 60' (average)

Skills: Listen +6, Spot +6 (+8 racial in daylight)

or as Gentle Breeze's

Feat: Weapon Finesse (claws)

Special: Alertness, Improved Evasion, Share Spells, Empathic Link, Touch Spells

Rain Swoop can typically be found perched on Gentle's back.

Otherwise, she is nearby foraging or scouting. She is a majestic example of her species with beautiful white and black feathers and a regal bearing.

History:

This is a story of dragons. Dragons and love. Love and pain. Pain and tragedy, tragedy and hope. Cloud Lining and Skyflower were the greatest couple ever. They shared a wonderful lust for life and all of the other Silvers thought they'd share millennia. The two were inseparable.

Alas, such was not to be. On a routine excursion from Astroful, the pair was attacked by rogue whites from the mist. Torn from

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the air, Skyflower plummeted into the mists. In a feat of bold daring, Cloud dove into the dreaded mist, sacrificing himself to rescue his true love.

His efforts were not in vain, and the badly injured Skyflower returned to the Silver City, dejected and sorrowful. She soon learned that she was ready with a clutch of eggs. Flower drew a comfort and satisfaction, knowing that a part of her true love would live on. In short time, three eggs were laid.

The eggs were slightly discolored and small, but there was still hope for incubation. Skyflower's normally joyful and open demeanor became sullen and withdrawn. Only one egg came to term, a runty yet beautiful baby boy. In honor of her fallen lover, she named her youth, Gwuarahanawee Roranraaa, or Gentle Breeze Rising through the Mist.

After the hatching, Flower's personality continued to worsen, eventually driving her to flee Astroful. Leaving her very young child, she flew off from the city, never to return. Some whisper of corruption, but others silence the rumors as soon as they start. Nevertheless, tales reach the abandoned Breeze.

A large family of halflings took to the care of the hatchling, with occasional help from the local Silvers. Gentle Breeze was raised in a loving and joyful manner, with copious education and moral upbringing. He readily adopted their small and nimble form, growing along with the fun-loving halfling children.

He hungrily devoured all of the information he could get his claws on, methodically emptying the Astroful libraries. The young Silver took a morbid interest in the deterioration of the magical tapestry and spread of the Mists since the Cataclysm.

Each day, Gentle would go out of his way to gaze upon the temple of the lost Goddess, Kariska Wonder Bringer. He developed his natural affinity for the magical arts with deliberate and precise study, heedless of the dangers of burnout. A burning passion to set things right, as they were in the great histories of The Time Before, drives young Breeze.

He knows now that there is nothing more for him in Astroful. Gathering his meager horde Gentle Breeze Rising through the Mist sets forth from Astroful. He is accompanied by Halberon Bilson, a wise and trusted druid fascinated with all of dragon-kind, and his bonded hawk Rain Swoop. A million ideas racing through his dizzying intellect, this is a dragon on a mission. He knows not where the breeze will lead him, but a steady confidence shines through his pale metallic scales.

Gentle is small for his age, physically scrawny and thin. He is still quite impressive, with an wide wingspan and a line of horns running up his head's crest. His tough and shiny scales gleam a faint blue-grey with flecks of true silver giving an impression of the first touch of snow on an ice covered pond. His skinny tail is smooth and broad, suitable only for guidance in flight. He moves carefully, with the gentleness his name suggests. He is frequently surrounded by the tell tale twinge of multiple abjurations.

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In halfling form, the dragon goes by the moniker Gen, pronounced with a hard 'G' like "go." He is still small, even for a halfling, but has an almost mystical cuteness about him. Freckles, dimples, and curly brown hair frame a tranquil and wise face. The majority of Breeze's time is and has been spent in this form.

Gentle Breeze is calm and noble, used to the patient and honorable halflings. His quite slow to anger and tries to act carefree, but his personality hardens quickly when his deep and powerful sense of honor is at stake. Breeze will not give his word lightly, but he will die before breaking it. He has a tendency to expound pedantically on any subject he considers himself to be an expert on. Which are many. On the other claw, he listens enrapturedly when others gift him with new and exciting knowledge.

President of the Koga Fan Club - Yeah that's #1 baby!
CoF Level: Bard-8/Old Guard-3/Roamer-2
Do you have a Very Large Hat?


From: **IL** | Registered: **Apr 2002** | IP: Logged

**Master of
the
Squirrel's**


Member

Member # 68430



 posted February 25, 2003 05:40 PM



(OOC: Wow! I haven't read an opening to a game that felt so much like a book ever before on these boards! Very impressive fro a n00b, )

Halberon Bilson
Male Halfling Druid 5/Shifter 2
Neutral Good

Str 08
Dex 15
Con 14
Int 15
Wis 16
Cha 14

Hit Points 52
AC 12 (+2 dex)
Init +2
BAB +4
Speed 20ft
Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +7

Small, 3'4" tall, 90lbs., 34 yrs old
Black hair, Brown eyes, Light Tan skin

Speaks Common, Halfling, Draconian, Druidic

+12 Knowledge: Nature (10)
+07 Knowledge: Mists (5.0)
+12 Ride (10)
+12 Animal Empathy (10)
+15 Listen (10)
+15 Spot (10)

Wizards.Com Boards: Here There Be Dragons (Chapter 1: The Gathering)

Feats

- Alertness
- Endurance
- Wild Speak

Druid Abilities

- Nature Sense
- Animal Companion
- Woodland Stride
- Trackless Step
- Resist Nature's Alure

Shifter Abilities

- Greater Wildshape (2/day)
- Forms Allowed: Animals of any size, small or medium sized humanoids, and monstrous humanoids.

5/3/2/1

Spells Prepared

- 0th- Light, Animal Trick, Fire Eyes, Scarecrow, Purify Drink and Water
- 1st- Wood Wose, Cure Light Wounds, Entangle, Summon Nature's Ally I
- 2nd- Creeping Cold, Regenerate Moderate Wounds, Persistence of Waves
- 3rd- Summon Nature's Ally III, Poison

History:

Halberon Bilson was born in Astroful and raised as a lover of dragons. Even while in the crib he watched in amazement at the huge creatures fly about. He came to have an attachment to animals in general, and grew up to work at a professional stables that groomed fine flying mounts, and also catered to dragons. As he studied further into nature, he found out about the Shifters, people adept at changing form. Halberon instantly was obsessed with becoming one so that he may one day become one of the dragons he so loves. One day, a silver dragon named Gentle Breeze came looking for a personal assistant to help him out with various tasks. Halberon's enthusiasm instantly got him the job, and he is devoted with all his being toward Gentle Breeze. Halberon has taken study with his draconic employer and has done some research into the Mists so that he may better understand this threat.

Halberon is best described as a bit overweight halfling of average size. He has taken up white hair early in life, a trait past down through the men of his mother's family. He is usually to kind for his own good, and just a bit naive of the real world. Other than that, he is an adventurous soul, who greatly enjoys trying out new bodys and the abilities he can gain from them. He is constantly looking for new creatures to analyze, as he is practically a sage of any creature that has been through Astroful and everything he can summon with his limited druidic powers.

[March 01, 2003, 12:31 AM: Message edited by: Master of the Squirrel's]

This is the way the world ends

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This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends

Not with a bang, but with a whimper.

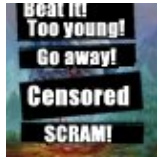
"My surname is Li and my personal name is Kao, and I have a
slight flaw in my character."
-Master Li of Bridge of Birds

From: **Forests (occasionally Crane palaces)** | Registered: **Mar 2002** | IP: Logged

tsrblke

Member

Member # 117625



posted February 25, 2003 06:39 PM



Risnia (tsrblke)
Male Juvenile Bronze Dragon

Neutral Good

Str 20 +5
Dex 14 +2
Con 16 +3
Int 22 +6
Wis 16 +3
Cha 24 +7
Com 21 (Elven Form 23) +5 (+6)
Hit Points 154
AC 25 (+2 dex, +14 Natural Armor -1 Size)
Init +6 (2dex+4misc)
BAB +15
Speed 40, Fly (poor (imp: Average) 150, Swim 60

Fort +12, Ref +11, Will +12

Base attack +14
Melee attack +19

Weapons

+20 Melee, Bite (reach) 2d6+6, 20/x2
+15/+15 Melee, 2 claws, 1d8+3/1d8+3, 20/x2
+14/+14 Melee Wings, 1d6+2/1d6+2, 20/x2
+14 Melee, Tail Slap, 1d8+7, 20/x2

Large, 30 yrs old

Appearance
Dragon form:
Black Eyes, Bronze skin

Note: Risnia spends much of his time in Elven form. He is never in Dragon form in the Cities. He reverts to Dragon form for combat (which he rarely is in.) A person meeting him in Elf form will not be able to distinguish him from any other elf (he has adjusted well to Elven society) except that he is well spoken and highly intelligent.

Speaks Draconic, Common, and Elven,
Dwarven, Gnome, Aquan, Giant, Celestial

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Skills: TotalBonus Skillname (Ranks)

+13 Alchemy (7)
+9 Appraise (3cc)
+18 Bluff (11)
+14 Concentration (11)
+18 Diplomacy (11)
+18 Intimidate (11)
+17 Know: Arcana (11)
+17 Know: History (11)
+17 Know: Local (11)
+17 Know: Dragons (11)
+17 Know: Religion (11)
+18 Listen (15)
+8 Move Silently (6cc)
+17 Scry (11)
+21 Search (15)
+21 Spell Craft (Int. Based) (15 Free)
+22 Spell Craft (Cha. Based) (15 Free)
+18 Spot (15)
+20 Swim (15 Free)

Feats

Leadership

Improved Initiative

Improved Flight (Improved to Average) (This feat is from MotW, If you don't like it I'll change)

Snatch

Bronze Dragon Traits

Immunities:

Sleep

Paralysis

Electricity

Breath Weapon:

Line of Lightning (80ft) DC: 20 8d6 Damage Reflex Half

Cone of Repulsion (40ft) DC:20 (Will) Affected Creature Flees from Dragon for 1d6+4 Rounds

Blind Sight 120 ft.

Keen Senses:

4X low Light Vision

2X Daytime Vision

400ft Dark Vision

Spells Know and Casts Spells as 3rd Level Sor. (Stacks with Sor Levels)

Spells Per Day

0th- 6

1st- 7

Spells Known

0th- Mage Hand, Mending, Arcane Mark, Read Magic,

Prestidigitation

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1st- Obscuring Mist, Shield, Identity

Magic Items:

Necklace of Natural Weapons

Ring of Sustenance

Risnia Grew up in the Corsair Empire along with the majority of other Bronze Dragons. As of the last 10 years however he has spends most of his time among the Humanoids in the Kingdom of Greymettle, in particular the elves. He remains in his elven form while in Greymettle and none know of his true identity. He is quite fond of the Elves and, as some rumors have it, has taken a shining for a particular young Elf Maiden. If these rumors are true, he is cautious to pursue this, lest his true nature be found out. In his time in Greymettle, he has come to favor the elves over human, though he harbors dislike for neither. He is incredibly happy to see them at peace but if war were to break out again, he would most likely side with the elves or remain neutral.

He travels back to his home in the Burning Land every so often (about twice a year). He leaves the city on foot and when he is in a secluded area he Polymorphs back to a dragon and flies over the Mountains of Mist.

His time in the Kingdom, away from the influence of the other dragons has changed him. His horde is no longer his primary concern. He now wishes to hone his magic skills, especially in this dire time in which magic fades.

He has also taken a Keen interest in the Psions, though he hasn't studied them much at all. Although shunned by most, he has noticed that they can avoid the ill effects of the Cascades and believes the hold the key to stopping the fall of magic. He has found friends among some of them who he believes to be pure in purpose.

Edit (added Comliness Score, fixed typos)

[February 26, 2003, 04:01 PM: Message edited by: tsrblke]

If you're not in Kkat's Game, you might as well ignore this sig.

If you are well then, all of the important info not in the threads (and alot that is) is here

www.geocities.com/tsrblke

From: **St. Louis, USA** | Registered: **Dec 2002** | IP: [Logged](#)

drachedeeis

Member

Member # 115670



posted February 25, 2003 06:51 PM



Crimson Dawn Young Gold Dragon Age 22

Stats Pre Modified.....After Modifiers

Wis: 10.....17

Cra: 713

Con: 12.....19

Dex: 16.....16

Int: 11.....17

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Str: 13.....28
Comliness..11.....11

HP: 154
AC: 26
Saves:..Fort..13..Reflex..12..Will..12
Lanuares: Elven, Draconic, Dwarven, Gnomish

Special Abilities: Fire subtype, water breathing and polymorph self 3x a day, keen senses(blind sight 90ft radius, 300 ft dark vision, can see 4x better then a human in low light and can see 2x better in day light)
Breath Weapon: 6dl0 fire DC 21 or weakening gas DC 21 if fail take 3 str damage, temporarily

Feats:
Improved Flight Maneuverability
Multi Attack
Flyby Attack
Hover

Spells Known (5 0th level Spells per day and 3 1st level spells per day)
0th level
Detect Magic
Read Magic
Mage Hand
Daze
1st
Shield
Cure Light Wounds

Skills.....	Ranks.	Modified.	Total
Spellcraft.....	14.....	4.....	18
Sense Motive.....	14.....	3.....	17
Listen.....	14.....	3.....	17
Spot.....	14.....	3.....	17
Search.....	14.....	3.....	17
Climb.....	14.....	9.....	23
Knowledge(GreyMettle).....	10.....	3.....	13
Knowledge(Glitterwarren Economy).....	10.....	3.....	13
Knowledge(Mists).....	10.....	3.....	13
Intimiadation.....	14.....	2.....	16
Bluff.....	11.....	2.....	13
Appraise.....	7.....	3.....	10
Attacks:...BAB..13....	Melee..22		
Bite...+22....	2d6+9		
Claws...+20....	1d8+4(each)		
Wings...+20....	1d6+4(each)		
Tail...+20....	1d8+13		

Treasure(On his person at all times)
Belt of many pockets
100gp
Ring of Protection +1
10 10gp pearls

Physical Description 6 ft tall 10ft 4 inches long
He's eyes are a shiny yellow that can at times seem to emit thier

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own light. His scales are still a fairly bright yellow but also has a fair number of scars already.

History

Little is known about Crimson Dawn's personal history. Such as where he was born or who his parents are. He has no permeant lair. He wanders Grey Mettle and Glitterwarren Economy often in the guise of an elderly man or woman, or a child, presenting himself as a target for bandits. The strategy is not without risks, as evidenced by the scars he has acquired. He has been wandering the two nations for almost 2 years now and bandits are starting to get smarter. However as of yet it doesn't seem that the bandits have fully realized what they are dealing with their haven't been any survivors and few witnesses, innocent bystanders. Because he has no permeant lair he has very little loot and what he has he keeps on himself. There have also recently been a tale or two of a gold dragon attacking a bandit camp at dawn. Whether or not those tales have been connected to the destruction of several groups of bandits or not Crimson doesn't know.

Personality

Crimson lives by a code of honor that he would never willingly break. The exact nature of that code is vague but it definitely includes protecting others even if he must risk his own life, another part is honoring his word regardless of the cost.

Hummm I guess that's enough

Mike(added a little and fixed it up)

[February 26, 2003, 01:54 PM: Message edited by: drachedeis]

everytime you post something stupid god kills a kitten.....so
please before you post think about the kittens


From: **in my mind** | Registered: **Nov 2002** | IP: Logged

guido_ca

Member

Member # 97145



 posted February 25, 2003 07:03 PM



Drhasskahalak "Ever Night" (Rolls under Evernight)

Female Dread Shadowdragon Juvenile

Chaotic Evil

Str 19(+4) (Base 11, +8 Racial)

Dex 16(+3) (Base 14, +2 Amulet)

Con 19(+4) (Base 11, +8 Racial)

Int 18(+4) (Base 10, +8 Racial)

Wis 18(+4) (Base 10, +8 Racial)

Cha 21(+5) (Base 11, +8 Racial, +2 Circlet)

Comeliness 19(+5)

Hit Dice: 13d12

Hit Points: 137hp

AC 30 (+3 dex, +16 Natural, -1 Size, +2 Bracers)

Init +3

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BAB +12

Speed 80ft, Fly 150ft (Poor) (Base 80', light load 42/348)

Fort +12, Ref +11, Will +12

+16 Melee, Bite, 2d6+4, 20/x2

+14 Melee, 2 Claws, 1d8+2, 20/x2

+14 Melee, 2 Wings, 1d6+2, 20/x2

+14 Melee, Tail Slap, 1d8+6, 20/x2

Large, 6'1" tall by 10'4" long, 10' Reach, 1400 wt, 35 yrs old

Glowing Emerald Eyes, Dark Translucent Scales

Speaks: Draconic, Common, Elven, Dwarven, Halfling, Gnome, Orc, Gnoll, Undercommon, Celestial, Sylvan, and Giant

Skills (130 Skill Points)

+15 Bluff (10)

+15 Concentration (11)

+15 Diplomacy (10)

+13 Escape Artist (10)

+13 Hide (10)

+12 Knowledge(Arcana) (8)

+12 Knowledge(History) (8)

+12 Knowledge(Religion) (8)

+08 Knowledge(Dragons) (4)

+17 Listen (13)

+17 Search (13)

+--- Speak Language (6cc)

+17 Spellcraft (13) (Free)

+17 Spot (13)

Feats

-Leadership

-Multi Attack: Dragon's secondary attacks with natural weapons suffer only a -2 penalty.

-Hover: When flying, a dragon can halt its forward motion and hover in place, fly straight down, or fly straight up regardless of its maneuverability.

-Flyby Attack: When flying, the dragon can take a move action(including a dive) and another partial action at any point during the move. The creature cannot take a second move action during a round when it makes a flyby attack.

Dread Shadowdragon Traits

-Negative Energy Subtype: Healed by inflict spells, cannot be raised, can be turned

-Hide in Plain Sight

-Spell Like Ability: Mirror Image 3/day

-Spell Resistance 16

-Cast spells as a 3rd level sorcerer, can also cast all cleric spells and from the Chaos, Evil, and Trickery domains

-Shadow Blend(Su): During any conditions other than full daylight, a Dread Shadowdragon can disappear into the shadows giving it nine-tenths concealment.

-Breath Weapon(Su): A 40' cone of billowing, smoky shadows with an energy drain effect. Creatures caught in the cone gain 2 negative levels. A successful Reflex save vs DC 20 reduces the number of negative levels by half.

-Energy Drain, sleep, and paralysis Immunity

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-Blindsight(Ex): Can ascertain creatures by nonvisual means with a range of 120ft.

-Keen Senses(Ex): A dragon sees four times as well as a human in low-light conditions and twice as well in normal light. It also has darkvision with a range of 400ft.

Spells Per Day 6|7

Spells Known

0th- Inflict Minor Wounds, Ghost Sound, Read Magic, Detect Magic, and Prestidigitation

1st- Inflict Light Wounds, True Strike, and Expeditious Flight

Ever Night has been on her own since reaching the age of 26 and becoming a juvenile. Drove off by her mother, Ever Night was forced to fend for herself at an early age. She did manage to sneak away with one of her mothers most prized treasures before being banished though, a belt of polymorph. Like most Dread Shadowdragons, she feels that her race deserves to be the masters of the world and she harbours a distinct desire for revenge for her peoples defeat at the hands of the united dragons. With this in mind, she has set herself the goal of attaining what her ancestors could not.

To accomplish her goals, Ever Night knows that she must keep her secrets to herself about her plans while still gathering information. She knows that time and patience will show her the weaknesses of her enemies and so for now she spends her time looking to make an alliance with the coloured dragons of the surface. She also realizes that she will need other allies to obtain her desires of revenge and so she set out early in her banishment to look for someone that would suit her needs. She has spent the last nine years of her life, Relying heavily on her precious belt of polymorph, with various teachers learning the history and languages of nearly every race that dwells on the surface. Of all the races she has seen she finds humans most fitting to her ideals. They are power hungry, easily corrupted, numerous, resourceful, and not powerful enough on their own to fight back against the Dread Shadowdragons. With humans as allies in mind, she has founded a lair deep under the lands of Greymettle and even forged an alliance with an evil human cleric.

Brogarn Bencharc, an evil cleric of Gruumsh has accepted Ever Night's leadership and offered the dragon his life. In return for such devotion, Ever Night allows the human to ride a specially designed saddle that she wears allowing him to fight from her back and rewarded him with the use of her own magically enchanted longspear when she is in dragon form. Also in respect of his loyalty she has not yet considered killing him on a whim, even on the rare occurence when he has angered her. Holding with her suspicions, she has still not revealed her own true plots and desires to Brogarn. Combining their spells and combat skills, the two make an effective team that has allowed Ever Night to work towards her plans. Ever Night finds herself looking for a group of Coloured Dragons to join forces with so that she can determine each of their weaknesses. She plans to use the banishment from her mother, resulting in a distancing from her own kind, and lust for treasure as a cover story for her true goals of observation.

Ever Night is as prejudiced as any dragon but less so than most

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Dread Shadowdragons. She holds herself to be above all races, including other dragonkind but she is smart enough to recognize strengths when she sees them. She is unique from her kind in that she is willing to follow others or orders if only to meet her own goals. She possess much restraint when the situation calls for it and thus can control her destructive nature, releasing it only when it will not endanger her plans. Despite all this she is still a Dread shadow dragon and is hot-tempered, vicious, and unpredictable. Her lust for treasure and revenge drive her and she is both ruthless and brutal in most of her dealings.

Ever Night has translucent scales and a large dark body.. From a distance she looks like nothing more than a foreboding mass of shadows but up close she is power incarnate. Her massive shoulder and chest muscle ripple with even the slightest of movements. She has malavolent green eyes that glow with an inner light. When staring at someone her eyes seem to bore into their soul delving for the deepest secrets hidden there. She has a nearly 25 foot wingspan that allows her to gain impressive flying speeds and maneuverability. Her long sinous tail has a translucent fringe on the the lower half that evolve into spikes as they climb up the tail and onto her back. She has two small, curled horns that flare back from her head and and point to the two seperate frills that run down each side of her thick neck. She has fewer bone spurs and bony plates than most dragons which conveys a feeling of sleek power running through her body.

Recently, Ever Night has taken her faithful pet Brogarn and journeyed to Garthe Peak for a meeting Janabelle, an ancient blue dragon. Janabelle offered riches and power in return for her aid in tracking an assassin to the realm of Greymettle. At first Ever Night was not impressed as she found that she would need to work with three metallics and a blue of her age. All four dragons are easily as prideful as Ever Night, and their companions hold the same contempt for Ever Night as their masters do. The call of money and riches was too much for Ever Night to resist however and so she accepted the bargain, receiving a magical cloak as a down payment for services rendered. Ever Night now finds herself flying toward the realm of Greymettle in Janabelle's debt.

Current XP: 4550xp

Needed XP: ???xp

Belt Of Polymorph (worn, 1wt)
Ring of Lightning Resistance (Worn, --wt)
Ring of Fire Resistance (Worn, --wt)
Bracers of Armor +2 (Worn, 1wt)
Amulet of Dex +2 (Worn, --wt)
Circlet of Charisma +2 (Worn, --wt)
+2 Longspear (Cohort, --wt)
Janabelle's Blue Cloak (Cohort, 5wt)
Large Exotic Military Saddle (Worn, 40wt) 120gp

Coins- 580gp, 9000cp (Lair, 11.5wt)
Golden Yellow Topaz - 700gp (Cohort, --wt)
x3 Onyx - 50gp (Cohort, -wt)
Gold Bracelet - 55gp (Cohort, --wt)
Fire Opal Pendant - 1200gp (Cohort, --wt)

[March 25, 2003, 06:24 PM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

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"The only difference between Genius and Stupidity is that Genius has it's limits"

Currently DM'ing:

The highly controversial Assassin's Redemption
The delightfully sneaky Down On Our Luck

From: **Calgary, AB** | Registered: **Jul 2002** | IP: Logged

THrag2K

Member

Member # 122415



📄 posted February 25, 2003 11:15 PM



Brogarn Bencharc (for purposes of pronunciation, it's Ben-shar)
(rolls under Brogarn)
Male Human Cleric of Gruumsh 7th lvl
Chaotic Evil

Str 12
Dex 14
Con 14
Int 10
Wis 15
Cha 8
Comeliness: 10

Hit Points 54
AC 16 (+2 dex, +4 armor)
Init +2
BAB +5
Speed 30 (base 30, 20 when all of stuff is worn)
Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +7

+9 Melee, +2 Longspear, 1d8+3, 20/x3 10' reach
+7 Melee, Returning Shortsphear +1, 1d8+2, 20/x3
+8 Ranged, Returning Shortsphear +1, 1d8+2, 20/x3, 20'r

Medium, 5'7" tall, 110 lbs, 22 yrs old
Black hair, brown eyes, tanned caucasian skin

Speaks Orc (only language taught to him)

+9 Ride (5cc)
+12 Concentration (10)
+4 Spot (2cc)
+6 Spellcraft(6)

Feats
-Mounted Combat
-Mounted Archery
-Combat Casting
-Skill Focus (ride)

Human Traits
+1 skill points per lvl
Extra feat at first lvl
Favoured Class: Any

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Cleric Abilities
Divine Spellcasting
Domains (War and Evil)
Weapon Proficiency (Longspear(from domain))
Weapon Focus (Longspear(from domain))
Weapon Proficiency (all simple)
Armor Proficiency (all)
Shield Proficiency
Spontaneous Casting (inflict spells)
Rebuke Undead

Spells Prepared
0th- 6
1st- 5+1
2nd-4+1
3rd- 2+1
4th- 1+1
Will tell spells prayed for at beginning of each "day"

Brogarn grew up amongst a nomadic tribe in the Savage lands, Brogarn was raised amongst an orc-human tribe (with many half-breeds, as he sees them, as well). As he was a member of this tribe, he was raised to be a worshiper of Gruumsh, One-Eye. Upon reaching age 12, he was given to the clergy of Gruumsh, to be taught the ways of the orc-god, to humble his human beliefs. Upon seeing that Gruumsh was just as vicious and brutal of a god that he wanted, Brogarn became a devout worshiper. He quickly reached higher in the ranks, even becoming a battle cleric.

One night, however, Brogarn was visited in his dreams by Gruumsh. He was told to seek one out called Ever Night. Upon receiving this, Brogarn went on his mission as soon as possible, not wanting to raise the ire of He-who-Never-Sleeps. He spent 3 long years of his life trying to find this Ever Night, and two years ago, he found her. Upon initially breaking the language barrier (as Brogarn only speaks Orcish), he quickly submitted himself to her. He never has told Ever Night why he is truly there, but he also doesn't know why, but suspects there must be some chaos and destruction that he was sent to help Ever Night reap.

Chain Shirt 25lbs
Peasants Outfit

Backpack (center back, 2lbs (total of 36.5 lbs)
Bedroll (below backpack, 5lbs)
+1 Shortsword of returning (5lbs)
+2 Longspear (from Ever Night) (9lbs)

Ring of Spider Climb(left 4th finger, -wt)
Necklace (art, sapphire pendant on gold chain) (worn, -wt) (1800 GP worth)

Silver plated longsword with gem hilt (art, worth 400 GP) (4lb)
2 Waterskin- water (backpack, 8lb)
5 Torches (backpack, 5lb)
Flint &Steel (backpack, -wt)
Trail Rations- 6 days (backpack, 6lbs)
Blanket, Winter(backpack, 3lbs)
Mirror, small steel (backpack, 1/2 lb)
Rope, Silk (50 ft.) (backpack, 5lb)

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Peasant outfit (backpack, 21b)
Potion, cure moderate (backpack, -wt)
3 Potions, cure light (backpack, -wt)
Whetstone (backpack, 1b)

Coins- 14gp, 21sp, 13cp (pouch), 11b)
Golden Pearl- 80gp (pouch), -wt)

Total weight carried: 81.5 lbs (40lbs after backpack and bedroll are dropped)


"Brute Force: The solution to all problems. If it's not working, your not using enough."
-James Needham

From: **Leduc, Alberta, Canada** | Registered: **Jan 2003** | IP: [Logged](#)

Kokiriaz

Member

Member # 104070

 posted February 26, 2003 04:08 AM



Ryu

Male Elven Telepath Psion 7th lvl
Alignment CN

Stats

Str 7 -2
Dex 16 +3
Con 11 +0
Int 13 +1
Wis 10 +0
Cha 16 +3
Com 20

Hit Points 22

AC 17 (+3 dex, +4 Inertial Armor)
Init +3
BAB +3
Grapple -2
Speed 30 (base 30, light load, no armor)
Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +5

+1 Melee, Longsword, 1d8-2, 19-20/x2
+1 Melee, Necromancer's dagger, 1d4-1, 19-20/x2
+6 Ranged, Light Crossbow, 1d10+3, 20/x2, 80 ft. range increment

Appearance

Medium Size, 5'1" tall, 120 lbs, 132 yrs old
Black hair, green eyes, pale skin

Speaks Common, Elven, and Sylvan

Skills

+11 Bluff
+8 Concentration
+7 Knowledge (psionics)
+11 Psicraft
+8 Spot (Cross-class)
+7 Listen (Cross-class)

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Feats

- Resculpt Mind (Delay psionic combat modes for feats)
- Hidden Power Visual
- Hidden Power Audiable
- Inertial Armor (Add +4 to AC when not wearing armor)
- Psychoanalyst (+2 bonus to Diplomacy, Bluff, and Intimidate checks with humanoids)
- Psychic Inquisitor (Detect lies)

Special Qualities

- Standard Elf Traits

Psion Abilities

- Psionic combat modes: Thought Shield, Empty Mind, Mind Blast, Psychic Crush, Ego whip
- Psicrystal (Liar): Int 9, Sighted, Emphatic link, Telepathic link, Self-propulsion, Speak with other creatures.

Power Points: 36

Powers known

- Lvl 0: Detect Psionics, Far hand, Lesser Natural Armor, Catfall, Telempathic projection
- Lvl 1: Conceal thoughts, Create Sound, Spider Climb
- Lvl 2: Brain Lock, Suggestion, Invisibility
- Lvl 3: Fairy Tale, Fly

Items currently worn

- Backpack
- Bedroll
- Clothes
- Torc of Psionic Might

Items in backpack

- Black Cloack (special equipment to not be recognized)
- Waterskin- water
- 5 Torches
- Flint &Steel
- Trail Rations- 5 days
- Holy sign of Ehlonna, in hidden pocket
- Pouch with money

Coins- 4996 sp

Sapphire (Also psicrystal)- 800gp

Ryu was born in the woods in the Savage Lands, in a small elven village of Llantil. The village was a peaceful place, and mostly unknown to the outside world. Almost all people there worshipped Ehlonna, and though she was losing power, the people there continued to trust her as their village's patron deity, as opposed to other villages, who started to worship Obad-hai. Ryu's villages was put under severe strain by those other villages, to stop worshipping Ehlonna. But the village of Llantil refused to do so.

Ryu was expected to later on become a druid, but instead found out that he possessed another gift. By force of will, he could release hidden power from his mind, and he was especially adept at influencing other people with this. He stopped training for druid, and decided to secretly develop his powers.

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One day, when Ryu was out to 'hunt', but instead was training psionics, the stress between the villages came to a climax. Priests of Obad-Hai (NE alignment), of a certain organization called the Black Leaves, forced the village to change deities, or else the village would be wiped out. As an example, the temple of Ehlonna was set on fire.

When Ryu came back, he saw the last of the building fall into ashes. Ryu had always been a fanatic follower of Ehlonna, and was outraged by this. He decided to prepare a psionic surprise if the priests came back.

The next day, the priests came back to Llantil, but with reinforcements. The inhabitants were not planning on changing deities, and they prepared to defend themselves. There was a massive bloodshed, and when the time was right, Ryu struck most of the followers of Obad-Hai with a Mind Blast, unknowing that that manifestation would be the end of the place he called home.

Escaped followers of the Black Leaves used the excuse of a dangerous village with evil psionics, to mobilize more troops and followers of Obad-hai. The village was destroyed, and as far as Ryu knows, he is the only survivor.

To this day, Ryu has fought to protect followers of Ehlonna, and protect himself using Fairy Tale, to make people think he doesn't exist. He wanders across the land of the Three Kingdoms, seeking the Black Leaves and avenging Ehlonna by stopping those who don't believe there is room for 2 nature deities in the world.

[OOC: Not the best story I have written, but it will have to do. I might rewrite it sometime.]

Personality

Deep down in his heart, Ryu is good. His heart has been blackened by the cruelty he witnessed in his hometown of Llantil. Seeking to avenge Ehlonna, and by some means return her to her former glory, he is very focused on his mission. He rarely gives out information about himself, only to close friends, which he all lost, or so he believed, in Llantil. He keeps an misleading aura of friendship around himself, but he is ruthless to those who oppose him.

[OOC: I feel the best way to make Ryu's personality is to just play IC, and his personality will develop from there.]

Appearance

Ryu has black, short hair, and deep green eyes. He usually wears black clothes, with silver and green decorations. He keeps his longsword at the left side of his belt, and his dagger on the right. His crossbow is usually carried on his back, hanging on a hook attached to his backpack. His psicrystal is usually in a side pocket of his backpack.

Psicrystal

Ryu's psicrystal is a Liar personality, which means the thing just can't stop lying, even to his owner, who knows all too well when the psicrystal is lying or speaking the truth. The psicrystal sometimes has useful advice, though.

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[February 28, 2003, 09:07 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

DDPlayer 5/Call of Cthulhu Gamemaster 2/Dungeon Master 2

From: **Netherlands** | Registered: **Aug 2002** | IP: [Logged](#)

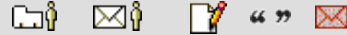
canamrock

Member

Member # 110297



posted February 27, 2003 06:08 PM



Apparantly, Kuratsukan has gained total control of the universe and there is no need to continue this game... ☹

j/k Kkat, we need you! 🌐

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From: **California, USA** | Registered: **Oct 2002** | IP: [Logged](#)

Kkat

Member

Member # 97922



posted February 27, 2003 07:34 PM



Part 2: Kuratsukan &Durney

Blackfire strode down the gleaming marble halls of the Hall of Champions like a beholder unleashed on a pack of peasants. A cook entered the hall, holding a silver tray, only to see his glowering approach and shrink behind a colonnade. Blackfire paid the human no attention. Dark-skinned and angular of features, Blackfire appeared human himself, save for the beady black eyes. But he felt no kinship for these creatures, nor did he have the time to waste on them. Not today. He had been summoned.

Behind the great doors of bronze and lapis ahead, his keen ears pick up the sounds of what would pass for discussion. A male voice, charming and persuasive, was audible saying "Well, if you insist on one of yours, I ll have to likewise insist on one of mine." Blackfire scowled, and wondered just what his Mistress had concocted to make his life a living hell now.

He pushed through the doors. They swung heavily but with balance. Beyond, the royally decorated conservatory gleamed with natural sunlight. Within, Blackfire immediately set eyes upon his Mistress, a beautiful woman of light and creamy skin, raven hair and a blue gown that sparkled with wealth. The gown alone would have cost thousands of gold, easily a lifetime of wages for any of the workers within the Hall, if it had been bought anywhere. Blackfire would be impressed if he had not known better. Her companion, a man of rugged youth and undeniable charisma, wearing finest corsair garbs under a shining breastplate of bronze, turned to smile at him. The smile actually did not look forced. Blackfire had a sinking feeling.

His Mistress spoke. And Blackfire, while still frowning thought, all in all, it could have been worse.

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Many days later...

The crow swooped through the thermal coming off the steppes. The flight over the sea had been harrowing, not the least because it required considerable ship hopping to accomplish. Now, scrubby earth spread out below an endless sky of cloudy blue. Blackfire's wings were tired. With cross exasperation, he cawed to the heavens, "I am **not** a carrier pigeon!" The skies did not answer.

It took days to find the correct stretch of the nearly desert wilderness that made up this portion of the steppes. Hours more of circling were required before he spotted what he was looking for. At least, to an extent, he understood this choice. If his Mistress was intent on such a collection of... people... to such an apparently important affair, She was going to be sure one of her own Kind was in that group. She would not be able to put faith in it without one. Some of the other choices he found less inspiring.

Landing, his wings stretched out to arms, his feathers slid into dark skin, and slowly he uncurled to stand. Only his eyes retained their nature as he flicked about cautiously. Then, drawing in breath, he called out. "I come bearing a message for the one named Kuratsukan! You have been summoned to duty. Jannabelle of the Burning Lands requests an audience with you." The tone left no doubt that the term request was merely a politeness. "You have been deemed worthy of a great honor. A quest which will surely bring you recognition and respect amongst all your kind, great honor, and the favor of Janabelle herself." He sighed deeply. Then, knowing how he would receive such an announcement himself, he took a deep breath and sweetened the pot. "And, certainly, the chance to increase your riches." One down, he thought, even as he drew a scroll from his belt and searched the ground for a good stick. One down, too damn many to go.

Finding a suitably sharp, pointed object, he jammed it between two rocks and jabbed the scroll on it. The scroll bore directions to a mountain which peaked just a hundred feet out of the mists between the Burning Lands and Glitterwarren. Anyone unable to reach it safely had no business being there.

He crouched, spreading his arms, preparing to take flight before the One who heard his message came out to try to eat the messenger. He knew, intellectually, that he really had nothing to fear in that regard. But it would make an already burdensome task even more inconvenient. Almost as an afterthought, he called out, "Oh, and it is suggested that you bring a mortal you can trust with you!" The solemn, direct tone made it clear this was a suggestion along the lines of suggesting it is a good idea to occasionally flap your wings while flying.

The crow that was Blackfire took to the skies with the depressing thought: four more to go.

Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare.
My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to

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know magic's still there!

--Storyteller, Heather Alexander

Registered: Jul 2002 | IP: [Logged](#)

Kkat

Member

Member # 97922

posted February 27, 2003 08:11 PM



Part 3: Risnia & Ryu

Well, if you insist on one of yours, I ll have to likewise insist on one of mine.

Blackfire cawed. Just brilliant. Part of him insisted this entire plan was doomed. Him Mistress had finally gone senile. In Blackfire's opinion, few people understood that Dragons were solitary creatures not by selfishness but by virtue. In any species claiming intelligence, any group of more than one spontaneously manifests *politics*. "Not even the Reds are **that** evil."

As Blackfire glided along the river, he reflected. And it was not just Dragons either. Oh no, that would have been too easy. Now mortals are being involved. Blackfire shook his head.

His eyes flicked onto the village that, if his sense of direction was anywhere near correct, should be Goldglot. A serfs hamlet that had grown busily since Glitterwarren had broken off and claimed independence from Greymettle, turning the otherwise insignificant collection of huts into a bordertown, Goldglot had become a haphazard, bustling little town whose appearance was as eclectic as its inhabitants. Humans shared their lands with numerous gnomes and more than a handful of elves. The last indicated there must be an elven reservation (no, "Arboretum", Blackfire corrected himself sarcastically) somewhere in the forests which stretched north of it. He swooped in closer and immediately wished he had no sense of smell. Unwashed people, animals, and their wastes assaulted him. Real life was far from the picturesque images seen in paintings on castle walls.

He landed in the darkened crawlspace beneath the porch of the watermill. He immediately felt damp from the mist that bellowed in from the water wheel. He resumed a human form only long enough to drop his second scroll on the ground. Then, again a crow, he clutched it in his talons and fluttered out towards the town.

The cacophony of the streets enveloped him as he glided thought the ever-shifting obstacle course of people and horses. This is so much easier, he thinks to himself, when the person you're looking for looks like a Dragon.

The crow's search took him finally to a stretch of road lined heavily with trees towards the far end of Goldglot. And when he did, he found the boy leaning against a tree trying very hard to not look like he was paying so much attention to the elven lass tending the flowers of the hut nearby. Blackfire had the driving urge to swoop up and shout something obscene.

He didn't. Because thats when he noticed he had been spotted. So

intent was he on his query, he had failed to notice the black-cloaked figure keeping eye from across the street. Something about the way that man stared unnerved Blackfire. And he was not one used to being unnerved.

He banked towards the figure.

"Message for Risnia!" he cawed, swooping low and releasing the scroll with aimed precision at the head of the elven man. Then beat his wings, taking altitude as fast as it was offered. Once the road and it's occupants glided out of sight behind the trees, he began to wonder at his reaction. Later, he assured himself, he would have to have a more in-depth examination of why some guy on the street would provoke that almost instinctual level of concern.

The scroll was different from the first he had delivered, both in author and in the wax seal of the Corsairs.

quote:

Text of the Corsair s Sealed Letter:

Risnia

I hope this letter reaches you and finds you well. Your People have need of you. A group is being assembled for a quest of great importance, both to Us and to all races. I have personally requested you be considered for this glory, as your travels to other lands have given you experience with the ways of many nations and people. Furthermore, you are familiar with the place of gathering, as you have used it in your travels. I speak of Garnthe Peak, to which I hope you will set forth immediately. This time, however, you must not travel alone. Find yourself a traveling companion amongst those about you. A friend whom you can trust, and who is stalwart and courageous, for in times to come he (or she if you are a rascal) will be your guide as well as your confidant. I will not say more here, lest the dubious courier be intercepted.

May the currents of good fortune flow with you.

Cowray, Prince of the Corsairs

Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare.
My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to know magic's still there!

--Storyteller, Heather Alexander

Registered: Jul 2002 | IP: [Logged](#)

Wizards.Com Boards: Here There Be Dragons (Chapter 1: The Gathering)

Kkat

Member

Member # 97922

posted February 27, 2003 08:15 PM



Part 4: Gentle Breeze and Halberon Bilson

Gentle Breeze was prepared to leave. Something greater, somewhere out there, was calling Him. The time had come to leave Astroful the only home Gentle Breeze had ever known. Time to leave the clutch and make His own way in the world. But saying goodbye was a more solemn process than He had at first accounted.

He had been prepared to go for days now. Halberon Bilson was being politely patient, although there was no doubt that his longtime friend and druid companion was chomping at the proverbial bit to see wilderness beyond that little island of partially cultivated nature surrounded on all sides by the miles-high walls of Mist. That the Mist hung there day after day, year after year, shifting but unmoving like a great white curtain drawn around the Astroful Protectorate, betrayed it as unnatural. Occasionally, if you were unlucky, you saw something dark move in there.

A Druid without nature was like a Dragon without air beneath His wings. And as beloved as the city of Astroful was and the mountain valleys spotted with halfling villages below, neither supplied as much of either as Halberon and Gentle Breeze had grown to desire.

Gentle Breeze had already made His goodbyes to family and friends. Now He was making one last visit to the places here which had become so important to Him. He took one last look about the darkened Inner Sanctum of the Temple of Kariska Wonderbringer, then strode out into the Vestibule. There, He stopped, committing the images on the walls to memory one last time.

Across from Him, carved in relief and painted colors that had dulled with age, was a truly ancient prophecy. Five Dragons and five mortal Champions stood against a storm of shadows and darkness. The carvings were too stylized for Gentle Breeze to determine the races of each Champion. The Dragons were likewise all identical in form and size, but their paint make the Race of each immediately discernable. Gold, Bronze, Red, Blue and Green. By the powers of prophecy and legend, such a gathering of Dragons and men, was a powerful symbol. But likewise, it was strange to consider such a group of companions, particularly such a group of Dragons banding together, in this modern time.

Astroful itself was a pre-Cataclysmic wonder. The City have emerged from the wreckage and rebirth of the world untouched, the same now as it had been in the age before. This prophecy was even older than that. As old as the Temple itself. And unlike some of the stranger images on the walls about Him, *this* was a prophecy that had been fulfilled.

In the times of the Cataclysm, over three thousand years ago, this prophecy became manifest. Gentle Breeze reached out to touch the relief. Through studies of His own, He even knows the name of one of the Dragons who fulfilled the prophecy. "Jannabelle." The Blue. She had been given many names. Those which came to Gentle

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Breeze more easily were "Destroyer of Artifacts" and "The Dragonmage". He knew not the reason behind the former, but it was the latter which He found more interesting. From what He had gleaned from very old texts, Janabelle had earned that title for being an accomplished wizard and was the one who maintained the only other known Temple to Kariska Wonderbringer, in the Hall of Champions. A place as fabled and legendary as Astroful itself.

Gentle Breeze's moment of peace shattered as the doors of the Temple flew open. Halberon Bilson strode quickly in, followed by two halfling paladins, members of the Astroful Guard, who marched with weapons raised and pointed towards a rather pout-out looking man of dark skin and black, slightly-tattered leathers.

"I protest this treatment!" the stranger insisted loudly, sending a black glower towards the Guards. "You know of my Mistress. You know She can be trusted."

"We also know of Her familiar," the halfling replied, unmoved. "We know you cannot be trusted."

The stranger rolled his eyes, strange eyes completely black as coals, and made a flamboyant gesture of dismissal. Then his eyes lighted on the Silver Dragon. He stopped, staring at Gentle Breeze as if sizing up an opponent. "Gentle Breeze something something Rising Mist, I presume?"

The other guard frowned as if biting a fruit overripe to the point of rotting. "Are you certain this is the one?"

The stranger nodded. Then began. "I bring a message for the One named Gentle Breeze. Jannabelle of the Burning Lands requests an audience..."

Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare.
My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to know magic's still there!

--Storyteller, Heather Alexander


Registered: Jul 2002 | IP: [Logged](#)

Kkat

Member

Member # 97922



 posted February 27, 2003 08:31 PM



Part 5: Ever Night and Brogarn Bencharc

Death had come to Garden's End.

Houses of stone and wood layered along the mountain switchbacks; dark windows stared out like the solemn, testifying gaze of graveyard statues. Empty. Silent. A sepulchral quiet lay over the narrow streets. The wind held its breath, as if afraid to disturb the serenity of the grave.

A dark paw, like manifest shadow, crunched softly on the autumn leaves. Even that sound seemed far too loud and crisp in the quiet. Ever Night stopped and listened. Then looked to Her

companion. Brogarn had mounted one of the piles of rubble that had once been a guardtower. A gridwork of such towers had once protected the town. Now each was reduced to ruin.

Reports of orc raiders in the area had been greatly understated. Brogarn could see the scattered bodies of the town's assailants in the valley below. They had been over one hundred strong. The blacked roofs and burned walls of several buildings attested to the flaming arrows the orcs had used. And the raiders had not merely been orcs. He and his dark Dragon friend had spotted two ogres and many goblins amongst the bodies. Most in the valley, although enough had stormed into town to harass the humans here. A fair number of the human bodies in the town died bloodily.

But it was not the orcs who killed Garden's End.

Ever Night took in the corpses. They laid about the streets and in the houses where they fell. Pale and cold, and not a mark on their bodies. Horses lay dead in their stables. Babies were motionless in their cribs. The Shadow Dragon spotted a squirrel laying rigid at the base of a tree.

She had already been traveling here, following Her companion as he followed the orcs, when rumor had whispered that a great raven, vast enough of wingspan to at least rival an ancient Dragon, had descended upon the town and breathed death upon it. Ever Night knew of breathing death. The sort that leaves corpses much like these.

Mr. Bencharc was the first to spot the three creatures approaching by air. Two winged creatures, dark of visage, flanked a blackbird or perhaps a crow. Ever Night's keen vision could make out the scroll in the dark bird's claws. And also took note the curved swords in the flanking creature's belts.

Somebody was about to pay them a visit. Or deliver them a message...

Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare.
My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to know magic's still there!


--Storyteller, Heather Alexander

Registered: Jul 2002 | IP: [Logged](#)

Kkat
Member

Member # 97922



 posted February 27, 2003 09:07 PM



Part 6: Crimson Dawn

Four down. One to go.

Blackfire stretched out his wings, glorying in the feel of the wind beneath them, lifting him up. That last one had been the worst. He had to deliver these messages. But he was damned if he was going to go anywhere near one of **those** Dragons without backup.

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A shudder ran through him. But that was behind him now. One last message, and this should be an easy one. No hunting. No worrying about guards or crazies or being bit. Just a stroll up to the bank. A hello, how do you do, may I see the Dragon please. After everything else after weeks of this trouble, Blackfire was glad he saved the easy job for last.

He banked towards Glitterwarren, turning into the sun. He cawed softly as the warmth of the autumn evening radiated over him. The sky was already turning a bloody crimson with streaks of lavender towards the east and south.

The sun was in his eyes, but he didn't mind. Until somethinn from nowhere bashed hard into his left wing! The stone hit squarely, the impact shuddering through him. Being the Familiar of one of the oldest Dragons in the Realm had it's advantages. The blow that would have crippled or killed any ordinary bird didn't even do enough to bruise. What it did do, however, was knock his wing upward with violent force. Being a bird meant being light, and no personal amount of heartiness was going to keep that stone from knocking him for a tumbling loop.

The world spun. He was spinning, wings beating furiously to regain some amount of control. He saw the rocks rushing for him. He tried to dodge it.

The ground did not cooperate.

The maneuver succeeded only in flipping him over, so that he hit the boulder flat on his back. At once, his wind left him, leaving him stunned.

I am over four thousand years old, he thought defiantly, I am **not** going to be killed by some halfling with a sling.

He gasps from breath as the gang of bandits approached him, sensing an evening meal. Just let me catch my breath, you bastards, and I'll show you what...

He never quite finished that thought. A mighty roar rang through the air. His breath finally caught, and he rolled onto his tallons, truning about. And a blazing rush of fire ripped through the air between himself and the bandits. Dinner, apparently, was going to be barbeque. And with a squawk, he took to the air, determined not to be on the menu.

Moments later, he circled high above the fight. Not, frankly, that it was much of a battle at all. The bandit's camp had found itself suddenly invaded by a Gold Dragon.

Blackfire chortled at the irony. Weeks he had spent hunting down Dragons to deliver his messages to. And here one happens upon him with no intention at all. "There needs to be a God of Irony."

But as beautiful the smell of charcoled human and halfling flesh might have been, Blackfire turned away, again taking his heading towards Glitterwarren. There was another Dragon there, one whom he had a message for. And, he decided fervently, he really wanted to have this over by the end of the day.

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So filled was he of that eager hope, the crow failed to notice his burdon was a little lighter than in had been before.

The final scroll lay back in the grass beside the boulder, where it had bounced when he hit. A shadow, dragon-like fell across it...

Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare.
My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to know magic's still there!

--Storyteller, Heather Alexander

Registered: Jul 2002 | IP: [Logged](#)

Kkat

Member

Member # 97922



posted February 27, 2003 09:19 PM



OOO: For the record, the messages all give the same meeting day and place. Beyond that and a map to the location, they only tell the same information which Blackfire announced vocally. (See Part 2) Addressee is not named (so Crimson Dawn would have no way of knowing the message was not intended for Him.)

The one to Risnia was written by a different person than the others, and is signed Cowray rather than Janabelle. It contains the same address but the other text is different.

--Kkat

[February 27, 2003, 09:25 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare.
My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to know magic's still there!

--Storyteller, Heather Alexander

Registered: Jul 2002 | IP: [Logged](#)

Kokiriaz

Member

Member # 104070

posted February 28, 2003 03:30 AM



[OOO: I am correct if I assume Blackfire gave the message to Ryu, so Ryu could give it to Risnia? The description of the elf matches Ryu's description. Or is Risnia polymorphed into an elf?]

[February 28, 2003, 03:41 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

DDPlayer 5/Call of Cthulhu Gamemaster 2/Dungeon Master 2

From: **Netherlands** | Registered: Aug 2002 | IP: [Logged](#)

Wizards.Com Boards: Here There Be Dragons (Chapter 1: The Gathering)

Kkat

Member

Member # 97922



posted February 28, 2003 07:31 AM



quote:

Originally posted by Kokiriaz:

[OOC: I am correct if I assume Blackfire gave the message to Ryu, so Ryu could give it to Risnia?

Yes.

Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare.
My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to know magic's still there!

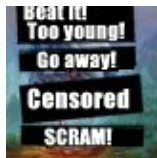
--Storyteller, Heather Alexander

Registered: Jul 2002 | IP: [Logged](#)

tsrblke

Member

Member # 117625



posted February 28, 2003 08:18 AM



[OCC: Let The Game Begin!]

quote:

Atrus asked in Myst:

Who the Devil are you?!

Risnia was reluctant to leave. He had (much to the amazement of the other dragons) grown to like it in this borderline town. None the less, his dedication to his people (despite having lived away from them) was stronger than his will to stay. Ryu, had delivered the message to him and he had read it, knowing to well that it would call upon him to return.

What he didn't expect however was that it would require him to bring a mortal friend. He knew that would have to be Ryu. The psion was the only person who knew his true identity, and he knew he could handle himself in any situation. Despite his rebellious nature Risnia knew that he could trust Ryu to be the truest of friends, and if the mission would prove hard he knew of no one else he would want by his side.

The trip would be long, and Risnia would have to carry Ryu most of the way. Even magical means of flight couldn't pass the way he must go.

He walked into his room and reached under his bed for a dusty box. Lifting off the cover he revealed a beautiful golden necklace containing a dragon tooth, and claw. He didn't hazard to guess what this would go for just as a status symbol (although it's magic was relatively weak.) Next to the Necklace was a ring, he put it on. He gathered up what little money he had. He knew that he could have remained in the Corsair Kingdom and been weathy but he enjoyed this much more. Besides he was comfortably

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well off (by elven terms of course by no means Dragon terms).

He walked outside and motioned to Ryu. "Gather your stuff, we must leave soon. I'll will explain on the way. Please be as so kind as to pack light. It's a long flight even with my strength, and I don't want to overweighed with supplies. We will walk about 2 miles out of town to a secluded area I know of, from there I will fly us to where we need to be..." He hated to drag such a good friend into the matters of Dragons, but he knew Ryu would not only understand but he would also enjoy the adventure.

[OCC: Take the reins Kokiriaz 😊]

If you're not in Kkat's Game, you might as well ignore this sig.

If you are well then, all of the important info not in the threads (and alot that is) is here

www.geocities.com/tsrblke

From: **St. Louis, USA** | Registered: **Dec 2002** | IP: [Logged](#)

Kokiriaz

Member

Member # 104070

📄 posted February 28, 2003 09:04 AM 📄👤📧🗑️🔒

Ryu understood that the letter he gave Risnia must have been of some significance, as it seemed his friend was in quite a hurry. He knew he didn't have much to pack, and even though he was always prepared to leave quickly, the serious tone of the Bronze Dragon's voice made him pack even faster. When grabbing his longsword, he paused to wonder what the letter would have said. He reassured himself he would find out soon enough, and continued.

After stocking up a bit on food at the nearest merchant, and a fast prayer to Ehlonna to guide his journey, Ryu went outside to meet with Risnia. Curious, but also focused on the new mission that would make him leave the place he had called home for a while.

[February 28, 2003, 10:40 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

DDPlayer 5/Call of Cthulhu Gamemaster 2/Dungeon Master 2

From: **Netherlands** | Registered: **Aug 2002** | IP: [Logged](#)

canamrock

Member

Member # 110297

📄 posted February 28, 2003 09:19 AM 📄👤📧🗑️🔒

Ah, where to begin...



quote:

Originally posted by Kkat:

Finding a suitably sharp, pointed object, he jammed it between two rocks and jabbed the scroll on it. The scroll bore directions to a mountain which

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peaked just a hundred feet out of the mists between the Burning Lands and Glitterwarren. Anyone unable to reach it safely had no business being there.

Hmm... what manner of disturbance is this? And to have left without proper address. Surely this could not be the Yakuza. They know to never disturb the 8th Dragon of Heaven. (sigh) Feh, it's written in gaijin... such a crude language.

(reads the scroll)

After reading the scroll, Kuratsukan alights to a nearby dwarven labor camp, where his associate Durney lives. Since the dwarven relocation to the steppes soon after his arrival, he and the nearby groups have done well in helping each other building their homes at the edge of the Great Empire. Through their combined efforts, they had formed two fair homes in the mountainsides, perfect (they believed) for protecting their mineral wealth. Recently, however, some criminal had stolen a large volume of the holdings of the Dwarven encampments and even Kuratsukan himself. After several weeks of investigation in the lands of the nearest clans, Kuratsukan realized that the culprit must have lied beyond the desert, far beyond his home, where foul-tongues gaijin insisted there were many others like him. Surely, only the home of the kami was sufficient to house the true dragons. A combination of curiosity and anger drove him to seek out Durney; he figured this odd request would give him time to investigate the loss of his precious jade and emerald.

(OOC: Mr Kami, lemme know if you want the next part changed.)

Landing at the camp, Kuratsukan called for Durney, a representative of his camp among the other groups who live on the steppes. "Durney, I bring news of a request made of me by some distant person. I know nothing of this, and I hope that the knowledge the older tiny ones here might know of this Jay-saw-belle person. It gives us some place to begin a search for the vandal that robbed our hordes. I think we should leave as soon as possible, as I am not sure how much time we have. The only gaijin calendar I had was stolen. Surely, the culprit shall pay for crimes against the Eighth Dragon. Do you agree?"

(OOC: There... that's just pompous enough. lol)

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From: **California, USA** | Registered: **Oct 2002** | IP: [Logged](#)

drachedeeis

Member

Member # 115670

 posted February 28, 2003 12:28 PM



As the last member of the bandits fell, Crimson Dawn took measure of the destruction he had brought to the camp. Over 30 had been burned almost to cinders while the remaining 10 bore multiple

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claw and teeth marks as well as crushed bones. Crimson couldn't help but smile, by Bahamut, he thought, should I be enjoying this? That the band deserved their fate was without question, he had been tracking the band for over 2 weeks now after hearing how they had mercilessly slaughtered several band of pilgrims, even the non fighters, mostly women and children. Crimson normally didn't actively pursue bandits; he normally just wandered the roads and would run into them in that manner.

Collecting himself, Crimson quickly attended to the minor and almost insignificant wounds the bandits had inflicted upon him. When he had finished attending to his wounds he quickly searched the bodies and the surrounding area. As was almost always the case the bandits didn't have a lot of gold but it would be enough to sustain Crimson for a couple of weeks. He also found a scroll with a strange wax seal. Curious he picked it up and examined it more closely the seal didn't look like it had anything to do with magic but he checked the scroll and seal for magic regardless. When he detected no magic contained in either, he broke the seal and unrolled the scroll. Inside was a message and a map. Crimson carefully read the message.

You have been summoned to duty Janabelle of the Burning Lands requests an audience with you. You have been deemed worthy of a great honor. A quest which will surely bring you recognition and respect amongst all your kind, great honor, and the favor of Janabelle herself.

Crimson was so shocked that he almost dropped the scroll. In his mind's eye he recalled the bird that had dropped from the sky like a stone. Glancing around he noticed that the bird was gone. Crimson couldn't exactly remember who Janabelle was, he vaguely remembered her name from the history lessons his parents had conducted. However who ever she was he had been summoned and one did not lightly use such a word to a dragon which meant that he had to go, now. He would have preferred to walk like he normally did but he could cover so much more ground in his normal form. Quickly glancing over the map, he gathered his bearings and with a mighty heave launched himself into the air.

everytime you post something stupid god kills a kitten.....so please before you post think about the kittens

From: **in my mind** | Registered: **Nov 2002** | IP: Logged

guido_ca

Member

Member # 97145



📄 posted February 28, 2003 03:27 PM 📧 📧 📧 “ ”

Ever Night watched the Raven and his escorts flee her might and she was much pleased. Chortling to herself she quickly scanned the contents of the scroll before turning back to her 'play' with the defeated town.

After the day had set, a brief moment for a dragon, Ever Night turned her thoughts back towards the troublesome letter.

A summon's? A chance to gain respect and riches. What

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do I care of respect from other dragons! One day they will all bow down before me and my kind so it matters little.

Of course, mayhap this gives a chance to study other dragon's. Surely the people of the surface would not put their trust in a Shadow Dragon to come at their call! Perhaps this is the opportunity I have been looking for. Yes, perhaps..

[Orc]Brogarn! Gather your weapons. It seems that I am willing to reply to this letter in person. You may as well come along since you will likely get yourself killed if left behind. Besides, I might yet need you to give your life over in this. Get your saddle strapped on me now and we will be away this very night![/Orc]

Soon after, if there were anyone alive to see, Ever Night launches herself into the air with a human strapped to her back. Her eyes glowing brighter than usual with the excitement of her plans coming to fruition, she sets off at a steady pace to respond to a summons.

"The only difference between Genius and Stupidity is that Genius has it's limits"

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