

Dungeons & Dragons

Drahcir

Drahcir's parents were both half elf. Each of his parents' fathers was an elf, and equal human and elf genetics were passed on to Drahcir. None of his siblings had any elf genetics passed on.

Drahcir was born in an outpost of the town of Wychitintilo, which is a town almost unknown due to being cursed by a sending many generations ago so that outsiders approaching the town without an inhabitant of the town with them could walk right through it and never know it had been there.

There is a legend in the town, which no one believes, of a sending that summoned an Earth Elemental and this is the same sending as the one that cursed the town.

Due to the curse and Wychitintilo's remote location in the mountains, people often travel from Wychitintilo to trade with the outside world and keep up to date with what goes on. To get to the outside world requires crossing a sea and the only access to the sea is through a small town which is very unfriendly and will only allow warriors to use its ships and so only warriors are able to pass. Others have tried but have always returned unsuccessful.

Vikki, who Drahcir had fallen in love with, had been trained as a fighter by her father who wanted all his children to be able to defend themselves. She had shown such an aptitude that she had the skills of a berserker and she decided to try and take the ship and return within a year.

When she had not returned after three years, Drahcir wanted to go and look for her and disguised himself as a fighter. On the ship he met up with another fighter who revealed herself to be Vikki disguised as a man. She had tried to get a ship and was refused on the basis that she was a woman and had left the town for some time so that they would forget her before she came back dressed as a man. They both planned to leave the ship at its first stop.

The men on the ship however had been planning to use this voyage to raid a small town across the sea that had poor defences. Drahcir

and Vikki decided to leave the ship at this stop and try and fight on the side of the town. Vikki was confident she could hold off half the raiders, while Drahcir could help the people escape or cure their wounds.

By going down the coast to come up by surprise, they came to a small village that had been built on stilts away from the shore in order to prepare. The fighters had built it on a previous raid for that purpose. They had it maintained by slaves who were forced to work under the phrase “*Break the rules and you will suffer, obey the rules and you will suffer less*”. When the ship stopped there, they saw that Drahcir seemed bothered by something, since training as a cleric he hadn’t had any real combat experience. They tried to ease him by offering him use of a building in the village with a young female slave to rape.

Drahcir pretended to be looking forward to it, but when he was alone with the slave, he reassured her that he had no intention of raping her and opted to take a sleeping drug, to make it seem like the slave had drugged him. First of all, he helped her escape by climbing out the window to Vikki who was waiting below. The slaves’ village had been completely destroyed by the raiders when they took the slaves. The town that was about to be raided took a view on escaped slaves, that meant any they took in would always be of the lowest class, even below that of prisoners. Vikki helped the slave get away and find a place to hide ensuring the slave that she wouldn’t be forgotten.

When Drahcir was found, the raiders guessed what he’d wanted them to guess, and then, when Vikki had rejoined the ship they waited for the raiders to make their way to the town in order to switch sides when the raiders attacked. The fight that followed resulted in the raiders retreating, as they had suddenly found themselves outnumbered three to one. Originally they had outnumbered the towns’ people, and their loss of men was largely due to Vikki’s skill.

However when the raiders left, Drahcir and Vikki remained to help the towns’ folk clear up and repair. The towns folk only seemed to remember them arriving with the raiders, regardless of which side they had taken.

The chieftain had them taken prisoner and summoned the king who suggested they should be tried before the high king, since he was the only one who could give the death sentence.

The king had them both flogged and stripped before being brought before the high king and immediately demanded they be put to death since that was the sentence for raiders. The high king however, wanted to hear their story before making any decision, especially something as permanent as that.

When Vikki and Drahcir had given their case to the high king, he decided that since Drahcir was a cleric he could leave the town, as long he never returned. Vikki, being a warrior, was told that she'd have to live outside the walls of the town for seven years, as a guard, eating only what the towns people wanted to share with her. If, after seven years, she had proved that her intention was as she had told the high king, she would be free to go, or to live in the town. If she tried to leave before the seven years were up, she would be hunted down and sentenced to work in their deepest mines for the rest of her life.

Drahcir did tell Vikki in secret, that if Vikki ever needed to escape and could get back to Wychitintilo, she'd never been caught. Vikki told Drahcir where she'd hidden the slave and Drahcir decided to take her with him until he could find somewhere safe for her to make a home.

Drahcir had planned to get to a port past the next peninsula but the slave told him of a town further inland to the North that was very welcoming of strangers. She knew they'd accept her there and that Drahcir could also rest there until he healed completely from his flogging. The town was protected by a wall and was a very safe place.

While Drahcir was staying in the city he met an elf traveller who told him of a large island that could rarely be reached due to the ferocity of the sea that surrounded it. He had been staying in a village very close to the sea and found that the planet's moon didn't seem to account for the tides but he had noticed that if the planet had two moons and one was hidden, he believed there would be a time when it was possible to navigate safely to the island. He was waiting for the next lunar phase to attempt the voyage and invited Drahcir to join him.

While he was waiting for the tides Drahcir heard stories about the people who lived in the forest and went to investigate. He met people there who told him that periodically a magical gate opened up in the forest where people would come through and trade items with them before returning. While Drahcir spent a few nights there he told people legends from Wychitintilo which nobody had ever heard and when he left to return to the village in time for the tides the forest inhabitants told him they must pay him for his stories which were their most highly valued currency. They gave him an ornately carved staff, which they told him was a dragon staff.

The story behind a dragon staff was that it was owned by the dragons but on loan to humans, dwarves, giants and elves. It enabled the bearer to talk to dragons from a distance and it had dragon magic in it. The forest inhabitants had seen no evidence that it was a real one but thought it was such a well made replica that they believed it was a suitable payment for the stories.

Drahcir met up with the elf who had a ship which had been filled with goods to try and trade with the island. It was hoped that if the island could be reached, then trading relations could be set up. The elf knew exactly what he was doing as he steered the ship along with some other sailors from the town who had come along to help him. At dusk on the third day they saw land and a few hours later, as they approached, they saw the lights of a port and headed that way.

As they were nearing the harbour a red glow filled the ship. Although it appeared to do nothing but briefly illuminate the ship there was something about it that made your blood run cold. Drahcir went up on deck to find his elf friend in a state of shock. He explained they were in deep trouble. The glow was the sign of a spell that could be used to tell the caster about the contents of a ship and its crew. It was often cast by an evil mage, who would be with pirates, so they would know if it was worth attacking a ship and would also know if any of the crew had escaped, and hunt them down. This ship was filled with trading goods and there would be a pirate ship nearby. The elf only just had time to tell Drahcir this, when a lightning bolt shot from what had been a clear sky, and hit the mast of the ship. Pirates were often known for having lightning rods and this ship was doomed. A second bolt threw Drahcir overboard and as he swam towards the shore, behind him two lightning bolts shot from the sky and hit each other. The powerful

discharge hit the ship causing it to explode with whatever was remaining to quickly sink beneath the waves. Several good men had lost their lives and nothing had been taken. It was a sickening waste. Not even the pirates had benefited from it.

When Drahcir reached the shore he tried to rest but knew that he was on an exposed beach and there would be pirates looking for him. They would have known he had escaped and as soon as Glantanka graced the sky he would be found. There were many caves along the shore; many were probably pirate hide outs. Drahcir looked into one but finding it unsuitable tried to leave, and found the tide was coming in, already the entrance was submerged. As he tried to keep his head above the rising water he found a shaft in the roof that he was able to climb into. The shaft led up and maybe above the level of the high tide. He guessed that since the entrance to the cave could only be accessed when the tide was at its lowest, that it wouldn't be of much use to pirates, and he could wait until the tide was low and the sky was dark again to try and get to the port.

In the dark keeping close to the cliffs the water was shallow enough to wade around to the port where Drahcir managed to climb up the steps unseen. The port was busy even after dark and Drahcir knew the pirates wouldn't be around there. He was soaking wet and freezing cold and had to find an inn where he could get a room and warm up before worrying about the pirates the next day.

At the edge of town he found an inn called "The Mermaid's Ship", which had a picture of a mermaid with a ship in treacherous seas, like the ones he'd just crossed, in the background. The inn looked quite large inside and so Drahcir inquired about accommodation. The landlord quoted him five gold pieces for a room for one night, which was outrageous in a busy town like this, but it was too dangerous to go out looking for anywhere else so he reluctantly paid the money and the barmaid led him to a room.

The room inside was freezing cold since the fire hadn't been lit and the water in the jug was also cold. The bed was damp and the wood in the fireplace was soaking wet and would never light. He pointed this out to the barmaid who told him it was his room and to take it or leave it. Drahcir made a mental note not to eat at this inn even if it meant the danger of going out to find somewhere else to eat.

While in the room he thought about the dragon staff he'd been given. Although the forest people didn't believe it was real, he decided to give it a go, and focused his mind on fire and dragons and to his surprise succeeded almost immediately at throwing a jet of flame from the staff that turned the wood in the fireplace, despite being soaking wet, into a blazing inferno. The heat of the fire dried his clothes and warmed him up rapidly and placing the bed sheets in front of the fire he was able to dry them quickly too. He was even able to warm the water in the jug by placing it by the fire and dried out all the spare wood. He decided to leave the fire to warm the room and find somewhere else nearby to eat. Round the back of the inn was a small tavern that did hot meals for two gold pieces and Drahcir ate there.

As he left the tavern and made his way to the inn, a rogue stepped into the road and blocked his way. When Drahcir tried to move past him, the rogue pushed him to the ground and seeing the dragon staff that was tucked under his coat, demanded he hand it over.

Drahcir knew the rogue wanted to use it to further his trade so Drahcir truthfully told him it wasn't his but didn't mention that it was on loan from the dragons. The rogue suddenly started to chant a curse but Drahcir had known a mage in Wychitintilo who had taught him a counter curse, which could be said by anyone and would reflect the effect of any minor curses. Reciting the counter curse before the rogue finished his curse, caused the rogue to disappear. All that was left was his boots and coat. Drahcir recognised the way he'd disappeared and knew the curse would teleport the victim one hundred miles away leaving behind anything that didn't belong to him. Obviously the thief's boots and coat had been stolen. Drahcir looked through his coat and found a scroll in it with a ring round it and decided he should return this to the nearest Mage's Guild when he found one.

When Drahcir looked at the scroll in his room he saw it was the Scroll of Endurance and that the ring was required to be worn until the spell was reversed.

The next morning Drahcir was charged 16 silver pieces for a cold breakfast that tasted like spoiled cabbage and was the smallest meal he'd ever seen. He decided he needed to get out of town but didn't know anything about the island or where to go. Getting off the island

didn't seem to be an option since the way to calculate the safe times had died with the elf on the ship and he had lost interest in sailing now. When he left the inn he found the temperature unbearable. There was a market on in the town so Drahcir decided he had to risk using the market to buy provisions before he left the town. Very few people were about in the market due to the heat and all the stall holders had canopies that provided them with vital shade. After going down an alley Drahcir found a square that had a canopy spread across it and many mats and cushions where people were dozing, which made it the place to be during the hottest part of the day so you could return to the market when it cooled down. Drahcir found a place to sit and was about to take one of the chilled drinks that were being handed round, when he saw, dozing in the square, some people who he guessed were pirates. He left and decided he needed to get his supplies now while the pirates were asleep but the heat was getting to him and he felt barely able to function. It was only when he saw a stall selling uncut gems that he remembered the ring round the scroll he had, he ducked into a deserted street and put the ring on his finger and then cast the Spell of Endurance.

The spell had an immediate effect. Any hunger, thirst and tiredness vanished. The bruises he still had from the flogging no longer bothered him and when he stepped into the heat he didn't notice it. He quickly went to the stalls selling the things he wanted. Many of the stalls were selling rare spices that were obviously very common here. Just as Drahcir was ready to leave, a stall holder recognised him. He told Drahcir that he'd seen him in the port the day before dripping wet and asked if he'd come from the ship that everyone had seen explode. Drahcir gave him an outline of his situation and also mentioned how he couldn't leave the island.

The stall holder told him there was an underground passage to another island. Nobody used it. He warned him that the heat in the passage was fiercer than that on the hottest day out here and the passage was long, dark and it was impossible to carry enough food and water to make it along the passage alone. He also said that nobody used it because the island where it came out had inhabitants who didn't like outsiders. They were known to trade with different places but always conducted the negotiations on their own island.

The seas round that island were calmer to travel on but could take months to cross.

Drahcir decided that he could be sure of the pirates not following him if he took the tunnel and if he could get a ship from the other island he may be safe from pirates there too. The Spell of Endurance would get him through the tunnel easily and the dark was no problem since being a half elf he had infra-vision and could see as well in the dark as he could in the light.

After spending days travelling through the tunnel, the spell enabling him to only need to sleep for three hours at a time, Drahcir arrived out of an overgrown hole. He found a small path nearby and followed it. It passed by a well house. Drahcir had heard about how to use the Spell of Endurance: before reversing the spell you had to make up for everything you had lost. You had to drink, for example, and you would find that you would drink gallons without even noticing it. The same came from eating and sleeping. If you needed endurance for heat or light then you should be in the cold or dark while you slept. Drahcir went to the well house and found himself drinking gallons of water before he felt unable to drink any more. The next thing he had to do was eat; he could then reverse the spell and sleep. The ring would sustain him while he slept and then he'd have to eat and drink again to replace all that he had missed since he'd be asleep for a week. Once that was satisfied he could remove the ring.

Following the path he came towards a town and found a tavern and went in. The other people in the tavern gave him filthy looks but ignored him. The landlord pretended not to notice him for 40 minutes. When Drahcir ordered his first course which could have fed three people the landlord thought he was being funny but brought him the meal since he knew that Drahcir would have to pay for it. He was astounded when Drahcir finished it and ordered more. By the time he'd finished Drahcir had to leave two bags of gold to pay for the meal and went to look for somewhere to sleep. All the places that might be able to give him a room turned him down and finally one person said he could sleep in his chicken house. Since this was the best offer, indeed the only offer Drahcir had had, he decided to accept it and told the owner that he would be asleep for a week and would pay for it when he woke. The chicken house was cold and

dark which was perfect and Drahcir knew that he would recover after a weeks sleep.

After he'd slept the owner charged Drahcir six gold pieces a night which meant he could have bought a tent from the price of one night but he paid and went to the well house then back to the tavern. The landlord pretended he'd never met Drahcir before but was happy to serve him as long as he paid. The meal cost Drahcir his very last gold piece. One he'd eaten Drahcir removed the ring and put it round the scroll. He wanted to try and get off this island since the stall holder had not been joking about outsiders not being welcome and looked for the nearest port only to find that a boat to the main land was one thousand gold pieces. Drahcir didn't have this kind of money and could think of no way to make it with the attitude people had towards him. He went to pray for guidance at the local temple.

While he was praying, Drahcir was approached by a young man who told him that he couldn't help overhearing some of his prayers and wanted to invite him to meet some of his friends.

The young man and five others had been young children on a voyage years ago to a nearby island when their ship was wrecked. Only six of the children survived and were stranded on a small island.

Someone from this island rescued them, however since they didn't belong to this island; they were not ever made to feel welcome. They had been given places to live but they were not given any love and only given the bare essentials of what they needed. Even their education had been as little as was allowed and, only by finding books that had been rejected from a library for being torn, did they manage to further their education. Any jobs they had managed to get, and that was not easy, paid so little that between them the six of them, they only had one hundred gold pieces and needed some way to raise one thousand to get a berth that they could share on a ship home.

When Drahcir met his friends he asked them how this island traded. The children told him that it had magical stones that could open up portals to far away places. The stones could only be found deep underground and the mines for them were closely guarded. They had a fragment of a stone but it was so small it wasn't of any use; however Drahcir recognised it as one of the gems which the previous

island had been selling. He had bought three of them whilst he was there and told the children they were welcome to have them. These gems would allow them to make three return journeys. All they needed to be able to do was make one thousand gold pieces by means of only three trades. He took them to a market he'd passed on the way in. There were a few items that were less than one hundred gold pieces although the children would only be able afford one to begin with.

The children selected some enchanted super horses that had been bred for speed and endurance. Rinsing the stone in water from one of three different rivers that ran through the island would choose where the portal led to. Drahcir wished them well and travelled with them for their first journey and then left to go his own way. He gave the children the Scroll of Endurance and the ring and the dragon staff asking them to return them to a guild since they had told him that one of the places they planned to trade had a mage's guild. They were confident they would also find a dragon wizard there. He had no idea where he was and it was only by the constellations that he could tell he was still on Mystara. When he asked the driver of a passing caravan where he was, he was told he was in The Borderlands, and they offered him a lift to The Keep where they were headed.

