# Life with his father Julius

Khirhan was 5 when he was exiled from his tribe and picked up by his father. After the long trip away from his tribe and mother, Khirhan and Julius arrived near the huge walls of an even bigger city. Despite his hopes, they did not head into the city, but made their way along the wall and past the settlements around the city to arrive at a less densely inhabited area. There, was the foundation of Julius’s house. That’s right, the house was not built yet. Every day, Julius would spend hours into processing wood and stone to build up the house. Most of the days, they slept together outside in sleeping bags and ate what they could salvage. The forest was near, so Julius could hunt. He would sell what was inedible and keep what wasn’t. Julius occasionally made trips to the town, but never took Khirhan with him. Being a man of few words, he did not share his reason with his son, nor did little Khirhan have the courage to ask why that was the case due to his fathers lack of patience and seemingly lack of interest.

After a few years, Khirhan was already able to help with building the house and hunting. His father still didn’t allow him to go to the city or to do the selling of goods they procured. This was a great opportunity for Khirhan to develop his strength and reach his natural potential. This, and his curious nature lead him to wander in the near settlements, where he often picked fights, mostly due to the other people’s cruelty. This lead to him returning late to his father, often beaten up. His father did not comment much on this. He did offer him treatment though. Various natural ointments, herbs and bandages was the most he could muster, but he never saved up when it came to his son.

His mother visited him often. Julius did not interfere with this and sat some distance aside. After Esma spent her day with Khirhan, shared her stories and left a bone fragment to Khirhan, she would have a short private conversation with Julius. Then she would hug her son and make her leave.

# Life on the road

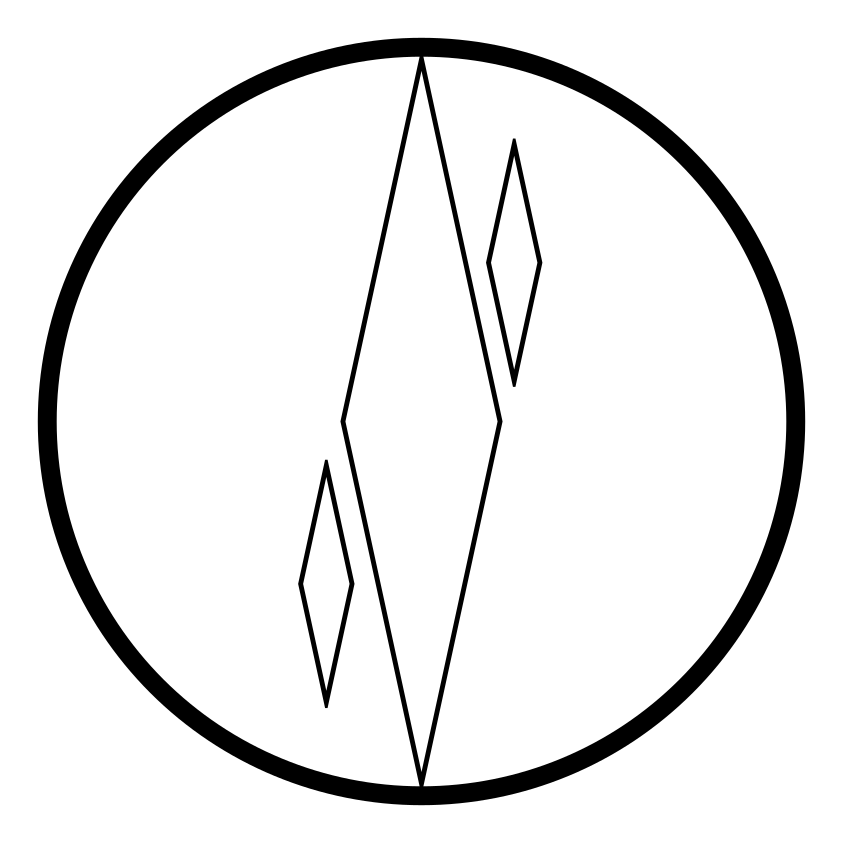
Due to his mother not visiting in more than 3 years, upon turning 18, Khirhan decided to go look for her. Julius, having gained respect for Khirhan, acted as he always did. He put together things that may aid his son on his journey and gave him the Lakh’ota Battleaxe with the words “It belonged to your people.”

The house was built at this point. A few years back. It was a little crib, just enough for 2 people. Nothing glamorous or hard to maintain. But it still felt like home. Khirhan’s relationship with his father was a strange one. There was mutual respect, but it was mostly expressed through actions, rather than words.

When Khirhan started his journey, his father did not even say goodbye, nor did he wave at him. They just turned their backs and so it began.

Traveling across forests, hills and fields, Khirhan did not find it hard to stay alive. He loved exploring and the **survival** skills he had developed while living with his father proved very helpful. He saw some strange things on his journey. A temple in the middle of a forest, clean as a whistle, huge caves, animals he had never seen, sounds he had never heard… He even met people who were not as cruel as the ones near the walls.

One night, near his campfire, he decided to take a closer look at the axe his father had given him. The intricate tribal carvings were quite fascinating, but what was more exciting was the single circled sigil engraved on one of the sides of the axe’s head.



Time passed and he eventually came upon a potential clue. One of his former tribesmen. Head smashed, bleeding bruises on his body, or at least what was left of it. He had rejoined the circle of nature. Then after some time another one. Then another. Eventually he even found the chieftain’s corpse. It was as if lightning had ran through him, apart from the same type of bludgeoning wounds he saw on the other corpses… This made him grow more and more worried about the fate of his mother, but he did not give up.

# The latest clue

On his journey, he eventually stumbled on a performance group, traveling the lands. The people were super welcoming and the leader was really a sight to behold. The pointy eared person, dressed in luxurious wide clothes and robes was like something out of this world. Alien, but very pleasant and warm person, always smiling. Khirhan didn’t open up to people a lot, but he kind of felt like he can trust this guy and that he ultimately didn’t mean any harm. That night, he shared his troubles with him and to his surprise, the man said he would help him. Well, in a way. He knows a person who is very charismatic and can help him get information out of people, among his other talents. This person is the owner of the **Red Lotus** in in **Valgrum city**’s **Earth District**. He told him that he would recognize him immediately due to the way he dresses and behaves. Quite an eccentric fellow that one. Left their group some time ago to look for a story of his own, different and fresher than the ones that they performed all the time.

“Such a quest shall light the fire burning within his adventurous spirit. He shall not refuse thee and will be willing to go miles with you for thine, and his story.”

The night they spent sharing stories of their past, as much as they liked to divulge, of course, further deepening their friendship.

Morning came, and they bid farewell. The elf, who the other night introduced himself as Fi’el, gave Khirhan the directions towards the city. A few days later, he arrived at the very familiar walls he first saw as a child. He finally found out the name of the city. It was time to finally step into it. He put his hood on and walked in...