DnD Character:

Eorland

Campaign:

Army of the Damned

Backstory:

Raised in a modest home with a family and several siblings, Eorland lived a life in between comfort and strife, not living in the slums and fighting for survival, but not wealthy enough to afford a formal education beyond reading and writing the common tongue. When he turned to the age of 15, his mother and father passed away in an accident. As the middle-aged child with no inheritance to speak of, Eorland left his infighting siblings behind in search of the world and its opportunities.

Eorland found labor in factories and mining camps, earning enough wages to purchase tools and taking parts with him home to fidget with and figure out their inner machinations. He was then found by the operators of these factories and mines to have a knack for innovating repairs on the machines and various other items, creating new ideas from discarded scraps and broken tools.

Among those to take notice was the elvish owner of a mine that traveled far and wide to inspect production of one his many sites. Deep within the mines and accompanying the overseer and the owner with his many cohorts, the crew experienced a unique cave-in in which the floor fell out from underneath them and they fell into and underground. The only survivors were the owner and Eorland.

Eorland in desperation to repair his lamplight struck it in anger, the right combination of magic and chemical ingredients caused his lamplight to illuminate the entire cave. With this Eorland led himself and the owner back to the safety aboveground, strangely encountering many creatures along the journey, but none, even mind flayers and beholders, dared make the first move from the shadows.

Taking a keen interest in Eorland’ s abilities the owner employed Eorland into his service, revealing that he himself was an artificer in the Knights of the Bureau, an order of artificers that had an increasing dwindling member count. While most members where under the impression the Knights of the Bureau where about creating machines and various inventions for the betterment of all living beings of the civilized world, the true purpose of the bureau was to create the tools needed for the survival of all creation against the dark and uncontrollable forces of the world that would seek to topple the balance of power.

For the next 5 years, Eorland was given a formal education by his new master. As an apprentice he received access to libraries of vast knowledge, and training to further his abilities as a master artificer in the bureau of control. Throughout his time traveling and training, he worked extensively with Elves and Goblins and everything in between, learning to speak their language and communicate effectively.

Eventually Eorland became a near equal with his master over the span of what became the next 10 years of his life. One day his master sent him to a remote continent to investigate disturbances with a mining facility on his own. Eorland was deep within the mines when the ring on his finger, a mark that all member the members of the bureau with knowledge of its true purpose wore, shifted from its golden tone to charred black and red. Knowing this meant a signal of danger and a call for all members to return to the fold he set off to return to his master.

Upon returning to the city, he had called his home for the last 10 years, he found the city completely gone, erased from existence as if it had never been established in the first place. Everything except for a small smith shop he had regularly visited. Approaching the smith, he about the home he was seeking. The smith smiled and said, “They said you’d be coming by, they left a message for you.” Eorland knew what this meant, he grimly asked, “What was this message?”. The smith smiled with the same expression that his master once had “Your trials to become a master artificer of the bureau begin now.” As the smith spoke those words the town vanished from existence like smoke from a blown-out candle. Everything blowing away. The smith smiled once again before he completely vanished and softly spoke the words Eorland heard his master say time and time again.

“*Mára alma, ar mára roime mime yondo*”.