**Drifter Background Introduction**

The road is your constant companion, your only home. You’ve spent years walking its winding paths, taking what odd jobs you could, never staying in one place long enough to be remembered. Faces blur together in your mind, towns and cities fading into distant memories. You don’t know where you belong, and a part of you wonders if you’re destined to wander forever.

On this particular evening, the forest feels heavier than usual. The trees loom like dark sentinels, and the air carries a faint chill. You tighten your grip on your pack, its weight a small comfort against the creeping unease. Just as you consider stopping to rest, the faint glow of lanterns cuts through the darkness. A village.

You sigh with relief as you make your way toward the light. The promise of a warm fire and a hot meal drives you forward. You’ve seen enough villages to know this one might hold work for someone like you—a drifter with no ties, no questions asked.

**Noble Background Introduction**

The halls of your family’s estate were grand, adorned with banners bearing your house's crest, the scent of polished wood mingling with the faint aroma of aged wine. Yet, beneath the luxury, you felt trapped—bound by duty, suffocated by the weight of expectation. A life of politics, alliances, and preordained destiny was all you’d known.

When your elder sibling inherited the title of lord, you thought you’d find peace in your reduced responsibilities. But the scheming of courtiers and whispers of betrayal grew unbearable. One fateful evening, you made your choice: you donned a simple cloak, packed your sword, and left your family behind. The road ahead was uncertain, but at least it was your own.

Now, after weeks of wandering and dwindling coin, you find yourself stumbling through a dense forest, your noble boots muddied, your stomach growling. You crest a hill and spot a small village nestled in a valley below. Lanterns flicker in the misty evening air, and your heart lifts slightly. Perhaps here, among simpler folk, you might find refuge—and perhaps a new purpose.

**Outcast Background Introduction**

The memories of your past are vivid, sharp as blades: the betrayal that tore your world apart, the faces of those who turned their backs on you, and the cold realization that you were truly alone. The brand—whether literal or figurative—marks you still, a constant reminder of what you’ve lost.

You’ve spent years surviving on the fringes of society, shunned by most, tolerated by few. Every town, every camp, every settlement has felt temporary, a place to hide rather than to live. Yet, somewhere deep within you, a flicker of hope remains. Perhaps, one day, you’ll find a place where you’re more than just an outcast.

The forest seems to stretch endlessly around you, the evening shadows deepening. Your meager rations are running low, and your strength is waning. Then, through the gloom, you spot it: a village, its lights like beacons in the darkness. You hesitate for a moment, wary of the reception you might receive, but your need for shelter outweighs your fear.

**Common Introduction into the Tavern**

The creak of the Dancing Willow Tavern’s wooden door is a welcome sound as you step inside. The warmth of the fire hits you like a wave, chasing away the evening chill. The scent of roasting meat and spiced ale fills the air, and the hum of conversation wraps around you like a familiar tune.

The villagers glance your way as you enter, their eyes flicking over your mud-splattered boots, your worn cloak, and the weariness etched into your features. They don’t speak, but their expressions say enough: another traveler, another story.

The barkeep, a stout man with a gray beard and a towel slung over his shoulder, beckons you to the bar. “Come in, stranger,” he says, his voice gruff but welcoming. “You look like you’ve had a rough journey. Care for a drink? Something warm to eat?”

You nod and take a seat at the bar. As you sip the ale he sets before you, the voices around you begin to rise. Farmers whisper about strange markings in their fields. A merchant complains of goods stolen during the night. A hunter, seated near the fire, mutters about wolves howling closer than ever.

The barkeep leans in, lowering his voice. “This village’s been quiet for years, but lately… strange things’ve been happening. If you’re looking for work, there’s plenty of trouble to go around.”

You glance around the room, taking in the faces of the villagers. Some are hopeful, others wary, but all are burdened by something they can’t fight alone. Whether by fate, duty, or sheer chance, you realize this small village is where your story begins.