**ELTHOR Ienatarcshen (een-at-ark-shun)  
  
  
(Child of the Great Forest of Magical descent)**

I came from a family of mildly famous Wood Elf wild-magic sorcerers who lived in a Elven conclave in the Great Forest of Einashaw\*. I was born in the time after a bloody war between the Wood Elves and the Drow, with heavy losses on both sides. One of the most terrifying sections of the Drow army was a band of Dark Sorcerers called the Faenmor and thus wood elf sorcerers were feared as having a daemonic link with their reclusive cousins. The wild magic was seen as unruly, untameable and intrinsically evil, but my parents’ performance in the war, especially after the battle for Einashaw where they killed the Faenmor leader Naivara, held them in better stead with the elves and they came to live in peace in the times after the war.   
  
I must have been about 50 years old, and one day during a row with my parents my brother cast a spell, I have no idea on the specifics on how it happened, but the magic inside my older brother uncontrollably unleashed sending out three giant forks of thunder striking the house and my father, knocking him unconscious. My brother, now in hysterics and completely out of control, fired off spells and the random effects kept coming. My mother, fearing the worst, only had time to cast a protective ward over me before the house collapsed in a fireball and pure magical arcana exploded out into the surrounding forest, wiping out both my parents, destroying the house, and a part of the forest. My brothers’ body was never found.  
  
With the war now 200 years old, the fellow villagers forgot the good that wild magic had achieved and reverted to their basic fear of it, they became scared of the last remaining elf of the family after seeing the damage that one lapse can have. Fearing for their safety and the sanctity of the forest they drove me out and I fled the village to a druidic monastery in the far reaches of a neighbouring forest called the Earthbound Collective, which my parents told me about as a baby. The monastery focussed on becoming one with nature and the intertwining of your latent energy source, ki, and the energy of the natural earth to tap into the world around you on a spiritual level. I gave brief thought to venturing to the outside world, beyond the forest, but I was young and I feared that the sorcerer blood in me would rage and hurt those nearest me at any time, so I decided to become a monk to see if I could tame it. At the start of my time at the monastery, the magic stirred within me and I grew restless. It rolled around, taunting me for not being used, aching to be unleashed, filling my every fibre with a desire for destruction. I stayed there for about 50 years refining self-control, understanding ki, and learning druidic healing spells, which I practised every day to hone and refine my concentration and by the end of my time there the bangs had greatly lessened, but they were there deep under the surface and those closest to me there knew it.   
  
The druids are a people that are very connected to the planes that we live on and therefore they respected me and the unruly magics that dwelt within me as a part of the earth. This sort of acceptance was something I longed for among my own kind. Druids also have a mantra that since each one of us are connected to the earth, we must have a place in it. Accepting our true fate and finding our purpose is something that every being should aspire too. With a growing sense of cabin fever and irritableness at the people around me. I knew I couldn’t learn any more staying at the monastery. Head Druid-Monk Aladran of the Forrest concluded my training and gave me leave to explore the world and apply the techniques I learned to help and preserve nature. Upon declaring myself an adult, I left to become an adventurer deciding on my purpose; to quash the rebellious magic within me for good or find true inner peace with it.

Not knowing really where to start, I decided to begin with the closest town and ask around discretely for wild magic sorcerers or wise wizards and hop from village to village gaining information. My initial inquiries of nearby villages lead me to meet a curious little dwarf in the fourth village west from the Great Forest, Arborside. I say met, I almost managed to destroy his supply wagon when I lurched into the road to avoid a pavement brawl. He was called Gundren Rockseeker and was gathering bespoke Forest-side cheeses\*\* and Elven crafted bows for a supply run to Phandalin. After our altercation and I had helped to right his horses, we got talking over a beverage in the local tavern. He told me where I could find a Sorcerer Coven\*\*\* in this part of the world and in exchange I offered to help escort his wares to Phandalin. When he left on his travels the next day I took a lift in his supply wagon to the next stop on his travels, Neverwinter.

\*Einashaw is the human name of the Great Forest. The elven name for the forest is Ienatredow (pronounced een-shri-you)

\*\* Any cheese made from forest goats is a Forest-side Cheese. You seem to be only able to get it in and around the Great Forest. The milk of forest goats varies in consistency and taste due what grass it feeds on. A true connoisseur can tell which part of the forest or neighbouring area that the cheese came from, apparently.   
  
\*\*\* Since wild magic sorcerers are feared in most parts of the world to some extent, some collections of magic users built covens for sorcerers to keep tabs on wild magic users and help train them.