Xi Shandri Amakiir (mee!) is Half-Elf born in 1750PRDA [post-red dragon apocalypse] and raised in the outskirts of Davalium city. Davalium City is one of four big cities that make up the Trentonforte Cities Complex, which is a group of cities that straddles the river Trentenforte as it flows 90 miles from the Andavar mountain range to the East Andavian sea. Davalium, famous for it's fabric and dyes, lies just south of the river Trentonforte 13 miles from the foot of the Andavian mountains. Risentower, the largest of the 4 and a centre of knowledge, is intersected by the river as it meanders in the apex of an 'Ω' shape (known as the Omega bend). To the North of Risentower is the 700 acre Risenwood Forest Range and hence Risentower is majoritally populated by Elves. Dwasnther is a days ride south of Risentower and it situated next to an old mining range, because of this, it's largely populated by Dwarves and known for it's rare minerals and gemstones. The last city, Eiselthorpe is the only city completely north of the Trentonforte river and lies 18 miles from the sea. It's speciality is engineering and as a hallmark of this, the Eiseltrente bridge due west of Eiselthorpe. Is a beautiful stone bridge which crosses the river Trentenforte, wide enough to fit 8 horses astride!

I was a clever half-elf, and upon the time I was at the age to apply to the various academies in the region, I decided I wanted to study Archeology at the prestigious Risentower Elven Archaeology Academy (REAA). Non-elves or part-elves don't usually get accepted into prestigious elven schools, and usually have to jump through many hoops to even get noticed. Half-elves get a bit harsher treatment in these processes than most, being 'tainted' with non-elf blood, but they made exception for me because of my skill and heritage upon application.

The Akonul family name is a celebrated Human line, the exact reason has been lost to our family, but the elves say it was because their ancestors helped them out in the Drow Sorcerer wars.

As I studied at REAA I worked alongside elves and underwent lots of joint research with dwarves. Due to it's mining history Dwasnther Dwaven Academics has entire departments in REAA. Such to foster good communications, people spoke dwarven and elvish if they could, though the knowledge of at least one was an entry requirement.

I was smartish, but not leading academic smart, but due to lack of things that interested me, I became an academic anyway with own research niche: Why the people who lived in 250 PRDA used certain materials for enchanted objects. In 1790PRDA after being offered a permanent position, I permanently moved to Risentower.

Academics often became wizards during their time at REAA and thus a lot of the senior academics were wizardfolk, who travelled a lot. As this culture ran over time, it became expected that you either became a wizard, or nothing at all. As time progressed, I set up a network and fostered many strong links with dwarves and elves alike, and my career prospects were good. In the space of 10 years I rose from researcher to digger (Di) to minor (Mi) by age 50.

But time was not my side and my insecurity about being able to be a long term academic was showing, eventually I was falling behind academic quotas, my name was starting to be aligned to the less-effective academics, publishable results were thin on the ground, and new people working in the area were encroaching on my established niche.

I was drinking my sorrows in the Trentonforte Arms where one night a strange person left a mysterious box in their drinking cubicle with a mark of the old patron Denavat who, according to legend, devoured the planet Mothugi said to be home to the font of all knowledge. It should have been destroyed, and all protocols pointed to getting rid of it as soon as possible, but instead I kept it. and then eventually opened it.

I mired about the consequences of opening the box, or even being found with it for several months, but after a very bad day at REAA, where I lost out on funding and was passed over for a largely ceremonial role again, I opened it.

Immediately a booming voice echoed in my head asking if I wanted power. It did not take me long to succumb and say yes. An orange light overflowed me and the box disappeared. I gained enhanced eyesight and more importantly, gained a knowledge to retain uniqueness.

This method of acquiring knowledge is frowned upon by the elves who do not trust this infernal magic, and the dwarves even less so, whom consider it devilish. The pact worked in my favour for a decade, and the telepathy allowed me to gain an advantage over my rivals and I gained rank of excavator (Xi) aged 62. During this time I also got married to an Elven Risentower local and astronomer Yenta Amakiir, and we even had a child together, Manaphne (1801).

One day in 1815PRDA, I got complacent and careless, and a female Digger working under me found that I had supernatural eyesight and confronted me. Seeing no reason how I could have supernatural eyesight without using a spell, she came to the conclusion that I was a warlock. Looking to use it as an opportunity to climb the ladder via blackmail, or just ruin me entirely (undergoing a trial for academic purgery results has jail time and strips you of all titles), forced me into a corner. Reasonably sure that nobody was around, I unleashed my warlock powers and we battled. In the end I killed the digger and I panicked, but I was ready for such tragic eventualities.

I made the Digger up to look like me, knocked out their teeth and stuffed my teethset print into their mouth, scorched the face so it was no longer recognisable, and crushed the skull so they could's identify the race from the bones, but left the jaw. I then burned the office down, leaving with a few scrolls hoping that the people first on the scene would assume my student killed me and ran away. I then left the Academy building watching it smoulder from a hillside, the metaphor for the life I had built myself burning away. I took a horse and rose south for a day to Dwasnther, gathered supplies and aimed to get as far east as possible to outspeed the waves of Elven and Dwarven police searching vehemently for a Warlock killer. I cried every night for a month cursing my ambition, my greed, my actions and the fact i'd never see my son again.

Cutting to 5 years later. I took up the name Nahara Zoliscient and I found a life for myself as a librarian in the far-eastern city of Shenstone. But being curious, and a pact-holder, I couldn't stay low for the rest of my life. So I learned Undercommon and tapped into the underground information network and went to continue my search at the Mines of Madness which were newly discovered. They were found not only hold crystals of gems used in the pre-enlightenment PRDW period but holds possible long lost treasurers.

Not a week goes by where I don't think about Yenta and Manaphne, who would be 19 now, but I can't mope about them. I must be strong and persevere. I'm sure they are doing fine without me. Little Matuga, my familiar, keeps me company now.