

## Song Xia



Figure 1: Xia's appearance when armored.

# 1 Character Description

A white-haired, but not quite elderly half-elf, Song Xia would cut the figure of a grizzled veteran... if she wasn't a complete novice in the matters of battle. One, however wouldn't expect this from her appearance; a large unsheathed broadsword of fine elven make lays magically attached to her back and, after a certain hobgoblin incident, Xia always has her tailored Mithril Half-Plate on. In addition, she wears a green cloak which, when the hood is pulled up, seems to attract and consume the nearby light.



Figure 2: Ghaunavel.

# 2 Backstory

Walking through the poorly lit streets of Waterdeep, the cloaked man, having seemingly appeared out of nowhere, coughed into his hand. Clenching his fist, blood streamed off of his knuckles and dripped onto the pavement. He was dying. But he was certain that the poison wouldn't take him immediately. It wasn't in their nature to afford him a clean death. Dimly, he wondered if he should be grateful for their sadism that allowed him to live until this point.

He glanced down to his sword, which glew with the light of the *locate creature* spell he had been maintaining. The spectral trail emanating from the blade, which passerbys strangely seemed to be unaware of, had stopped at the entrance of a tavern. *The Adventurer's Respite*. His fine elven nose turned up at the smell 'What a shithole' he thought. Gritting his teeth,

however, he walked in.

His eyes brightened upon entering, ignoring the smashed patrons and instead focusing on an half-elven figure behind the counter. The *locate creature* spell, with the completion of its task, faded, and the elven man waded through the patrons to stand by the counter. He glanced at her, and was dazed for a moment. She looked just like her... but then he grimaced.

Merely an half-elf, her lifespan was already nearing its end. She was too old, he could see her fingers slightly tremble with age, her footsteps loud, revealing the weakness in his bones, her body. He wanted to laugh bitterly, but could only cough. This time the blood was tinged with black. He knew he didn't have long. Seeing her walk over in concern, he shook away his lethargy and asked her 'Do you have any descendents?'

The unfriendly look in her eyes told him all he needed to know. He sighed, knowing he had no other option than this poor one. There were none left. Slowly, he reached for his blade, unclipped it, and placed it heavily onto the counter. He looked into her shocked eyes, and gravely said 'Descendent of the Song, I leave this in your care. Protect yourself well.' And with that, as his hand left the blade his form shifted and dispersed into a cloud of nothingness.

Later that night, Song Xia, sat in her room above *The Adventurer's Respite* and stared at the blade with a strange look in her eyes. When the man had dispersed earlier in the day, she had cried out in fear. But strangely, not a single other person in the bar had reacted to the spectacle, and she had to embarrassedly apologize to the tavern. It's as if no one else had seen that man. Looking down at the blade, she saw intricate runes engraved across the blade, but she couldn't understand them. She had forgotten all of the Elven taught to her in her youth. Unconsciously, she reached out a hand to touch them, and when she did a name floated into her mind. *Ghaunavel*. She didn't even have time to scream before the blue arcane fires of the blade-rite enveloped her.