

# Stargazer Xeru



Figure 1: Stargazer Xeru's current appearance.

# 1 Character Description

As a Loxodon, Xeru would be a unique visual no matter where he went, but the angry purple scars that layer his entire body ensure he's remembered where he passes. At a prodigious 362 years old, Xeru sports large droopy ears, faded skin and tusks, although the tusks themselves are engraved with some sort of intricate tribal markings, mirroring his scars. But most people have to look up to see them, as he stands a striking 8' tall. Given his size, most of his clothes have to be tailor made, which combined with his unfortunately empty coin purse, results in him having the one open chested fur cloak, which he always wears. The cloak is well-made and maintained, dyed a pale green and upon close inspection has chain-mail hidden underneath. This is mostly redundant, as his leathery hide turns equally many blows away.

None of this is quite as striking as the maul he holds, as tall as he is, brutally heavy; Xeru can look quite menacing to the casual observer. However, those who would speak to him would find him well-mannered and friendly, especially when sharing a drink... which he does often. Xeru unfortunately has a bit of a drinking problem, which explains where all his gold seems to dissappear to when you think about how much alcohol it would take to get a 8' half-ton elephant drunk. Luckily, Xeru comes prepared for any occasion, hauling many kegs of ale around with him on his travels, brews he favored across the lands. He only shares those ales with those he considers family which for now is just Varkos, his only real companion here in Dead King's Bay.

## 2 Backstory

## 3 Related NPCs

## 4 Notes for the DM

- *The Kerun Clan:*

- The clan from which Xeru hailed, they settled 500 years ago from the current date on the Eastern border of The Kingdom of Valdir Descent.
- Afflicted with a magical genetic disease/curse which the clan called *Scarring*. It causes horrific purple scars and often claims the lives of it's victims, but has somehow been incorporated as a rite of adulthood by the clan.
- Xeru spent the first 100 years of his life watching as he and others of his family were claimed by it. He decided to dedicate his life to finding a cure and traveled to *XUniversity* to study medicine.

- *Gray University:*

- Xeru arrived at the university destitute and clueless, but chance led him to make a friend named *Cyrus Drayden*, a youth descended from the local governer, *Lord Drayden*.
- With his aid and influence, they both enrolled in the college and over the next 30 years became relatively well known authorities on the subject of magical diseases.

- After 30 years of the disease eluding him, Xeru discovered to his horror that the *Scarring* had been recorded to be caused by a curse an ancient lich had laid upon the land before he fell in the exact area where his clan had settled.
- It was recorded that the curse drained the life of the afflicted to empower the lich.
- The lich's name was *Azuch*.

- **Betrayal:**

- Horrified by the truth, he confided in his only friend Cyrus what was going on, and begged him to help move his tribe away from the land. Cyrus agreed, and told Xeru not to worry.
- However, in the middle of that night, Xeru recieved a desperate message from a sending spell from the tribe elder, of how guards from *Drayden* manor were massacring the village.
- In his furious alarm, Xeru stormed his way into his *Cyrus*' room and found him waiting. His friend tearfully explained that he had no other choice, that he could not allow such an ancient power to possibly rise again, and furthermore could not allow anyone to know that the lich was still active, lest his followers rally. But he couldn't kill Xeru, and begged him to flee while he still could.
- However, Xeru was consumed by his sorrow. In his rage he overpowered *Cyrus*, and threw him out of the window, to fall over 5 stories. Xeru, without looking back, gathered what few belonging he had and fled.

- **Aftermath and Wandering:**

- Immediately after he left, *Lord Drayden* placed a massive bounty of 10,000 gold pieces on his head, claiming the charges of high treason to the Valdir kingdom. He was wanted dead, or alive. Alive would be worth an extra 5,000 gold pieces.
- Xeru traveled back to his village and found it under strict guard, with no Loxodon in sight, atleast not living ones.
- Afterward, Xeru spent the next 190 years of his life aimlessly wandering, never staying long enough in one place to make any real relationships. This journey is what hardened him beyond his skills as a doctor, and eventually built the tough physique Xeru now boasts.
- In the 331st year of his life, Xeru was lured back to the Valdir kindom due to rumors of undead and there he was surprised to find his bounty still active after bandits cornered him on western border of the Valdir kingdom. Due to this, he was forced to attempt a suicidal journey into a horrifically dangerous pass that would lead into the *Wolvine* territory, in an attempt to elude his hunters.
- He would have died 100 times over in the pass, but either through luck or some kind of supernatural force, he was unharmed in his passage. A star that shined faintly in the sky, which coincidentally always seemed to lead in the correct direction. Xeru pays homage to Voyamer because of this, as he attributes his survival to her.

- After entering the Wolvine kingdom, the star continued to lead Xeru, eventually landing him in Dead Kings Bay before disappearing without a sight. He now resides there, posing as a old war veteran and doing some medicine and cartography work, a job he picked up after his supposed encounter with Voyamer.

## 5 Journal Entries

### 5.1 July 22nd, 2019

Today, we met Falken Towerfall, a young noble, and her guard Marisha. Varkos and I were drinking in the tavern when I noticed a group of individuals gearing up to attack them. Varkos and I followed two of them to the bathroom where we defeated the thugs, with some very violent help from Marisha. One of them mentioned a "Lord of Chaos", perhaps relevant. When we came out to the main room, we learned that Falken had his gem stolen by some thugs, and some spellcaster capable of atleast misty step (and I suspect invisibility too!) had escaped with it. He was part a larger group of thugs who had attacked when we stepped away, some group of travelers in the tavern had stopped them, an eccentric group of newcomers. They seem to be competent enough, however, and Falken hired all of his to try and track down the gem.

The noble doesn't know about the "Lord of Chaos", but he recommends the wharf districts for the criminal underbelly, specifically a captain Xendros. He often will trade for information, but there's often a price. In addition, she gave us a seal of the lord to help with perhaps convincing people of our legitimacy, and offered 500 gp on the completion of the mission.

The Temple of Vionna might contain some information with regards to "The lord of Chaos", specifically the head priestess; I seem to recall having a rousing chat with her a long time ago. In addition, Varkos seems to think it might be connected with Shea, the Evil God of Destruction and Chaos.

We've set off to find Xendros!

### 5.2 July 29th, 2019

### 5.3 August 6th, 2019

Regretfully, it appears I fell asleep during my surveillance, as I was abruptly awoken by the shouts of my party chasing after someone. I stumbled awake and dashed in their direction to find them cornering this young man with a cultist mask. Introducing himself as Lynn, a combination of Varkos' bad cop and Xori's good cop made him open up to us. We found out that:

- The girl is still alive, but is to be sacrificed in a ritual at midnight!
- The entrance to the cultist lair is in the graveyard (how dramatic), but there exists a secret entrance near the graveyard on the side of the sheer cliff face. There is a hidden path to it.
- One of them seems to have some kind of spellcasting ability, but the others are mostly martial combatants.

We ended up sending Lynn to the Zealous Dragon Inn, since his backstory seemed to move most of the group into sympathy. Me though, I would rather him take responsibility for his actions, regardless of the circumstances.

We rushed to the graveyard and managed to directly interrupt the ritual. The fight was not as difficult as it could be, as Xori had an extremely well placed sleep that incapacitated most of the foes. The head priestess, on death's door, wailing something about Shea and took her own life. This was unsettling, but the Oddwise seemed to be sure that nothing actually came out of it, and I tend to agree. The gem she dropped was the gem we were searching for. I picked it up and experience an extremely exhilarating feeling of power, and eventually delusions of grandeur, but the feeling subsided before it overtook me. Xori and the Oddwise inspected the gem with me, but aside from the Oddwise noting that it appeared to possess every school of magic, we were unable to make heads or tails of the object.

Varkos managed to get the girl untied, and she seemed to be fine, if a bit enamored with my bugbear friend. Good for him, I say; he could use a bit of a push in that direction if you get my meaning. As we were heading out, we encountered the beggar boy, Sadie, once more. He told us that he had managed to tail the cultist that had managed to disappear (smart lad), and saw that he had entered the Wharf district guard house. This bodes ill, and likely explains why they were entirely unhelpful in the search for this poor girl. They must face the consequences of their actions.