



Gift del Rae

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Race & Class	Tiefling Cleric / Wizard
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Main character	
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Tags	

Gift del Rai

BLUF



Variant Tiefling, winged (wings not strong enough for flight)

• Peace Cleric / Wizard (Chronurgy or Divination)

A disorienting appearance: a tiefling with very light grey, almost white skin. Hooves for feet, and feathered wings on her back. Rather than horns, she has two parallel sets of thin, spiky coral-like horn-ridges sweeping back from her forehead. Her eyes are bright blue eyes, large and set wide apart, and one canine sticks out from under her top lip. A gaze that tends away from others eyes, often moving, quite focused. She wears glasses.

She is not ugly, but disturbing to look at.

She always carries odd things on strings on her neck and arms: rocks, an acorn, string, dice. Odd writing adorns her forearm and hands.

My known life began in Cloud Cliff hospice. At months of age I was sent there via courier. I arrived with a large 'scholarship' from the anonymous parents, who couldn't raise me for some reason. I have a letter saying they loved me dearly, but it's safer for me to be un-connected to them. My unusual appearance and habits may have something to do with that. But further funds arrived to Cloud Cliff. Their request was that Dr. Nimrovich find someone to raise me well, and to 'make the most of my talents'.

The hospice was a quiet, somewhat boring place. Even as a child I was curious and bad at following rules, resulting in much frustration from my caretakers. I did intend to sneak away, but rather always followed my curiosity, for better or worse. I got lost, I broke things, I was always where I shouldn't be. I made the caretakers mad.

My name comes after early misadventure involving spilling potions on a holy text. One of the younger initiates charged with watching me was quite irate, yelling what he had done "to deserve being cursed with such a strange disorderly child".

The Deacon first smiled, then laughed with a weary sigh. "Ah, but don't you see? This child is a Gift for exactly that reason. Not the one we want perhaps, but the one the Gods believe we need."

The name stuck. It is often said ironically I believe, but those I truly care about say it genuinely.

The clerics did their best. I honestly tried to follow their path, and succeeded in small part. I can still perform some rituals, which are quite helpful. Sometimes I do believe Rae speaks to me, though it's not easy to understand.

But in the end, my nature won out: I was curious how things worked.

The clerics in the hospice sort of rotate through, staying for periods while they're needed, but often heading back out again after anywhere from months to a year.

When I was , I met Eladra, a Peace Cleric. I was playing with the Strands and she saw me. She was my first teacher - she showed me how the Strands can Weave people together, and how you can use it. When it came time for her to leave. I asked Dr. Nimovich if I could travel with her, and he said yes.

For the next . . . years I travelled with Eladra and learned from her: healing, how to influence people - things I needed help with. We ran into Genesis Gambit, where we helped with some healing for a bit. That's when I met Trigger - he saw me playing with some Weaves I was making, and asked me about it.

Trigger showed me how to do much more with the Strands - he can do many things that I want to do. And he gave me excellent books to read, with so many ideas and facts and formulas and equations. I love feeling like I'm running so fast in my head I'm about to fall over.

When \$NPC left, I couldn't leave. Everyone in Genesis treats me like an adult, like someone who can do things. And Trigger says my 'education' is just beginning.