Brod's prologue

Brod was born near Glastonberry and as a child befriended many of the ancestors of Stonehenge's covenant founders. He never heard of magic in the Hermetic sense and had only known of the mysteries spoken of by the local hedge magicians. He grew up a poor orphan and often endured hardship because of his poverty and at the hands of the wealthy kids who took joy in torturing the local orphans.

On one particular day, Brod was running to escape the clutches of a local band of rich kids that had set their eyes on Brod as he was walking back to the orphanage after gathering supplies. He dropped the supplies, but the kids showed no interest in them and pursued him even after he left the outskirts of the city into the woods. He escaped the group by running into a thicket, where he fell into an unseen cavern. It was in this ancient and forgotten cavern that he happened upon a very old and very ancient artifact. Brod had no understanding at the time of how his life would change. He was merely curious when he picked up the obsidian ball. Once picked up, the sphere started to glow an eerie purple. It wasn't until the runes embedded in it started to come to life, pulsing, glowing, and traveling around the surface of the sphere that Brod tried to drop the artifact. He couldn't let go, for some unexplainable reason the orb stuck to his hands. Brod was starting to panic until the bright violet light that blinded him, also rendered him unconscious. Brod later awoke hours later at night, and somehow was able to navigate his way out of the cavern he had fallen into. He looked for the orb that had held him captive, but all he saw was a pile of ash lying at his feet.

Brod started having strange dreams starting about a week after the orb incident. It felt like he was learning new skills but no discernable instruction that he could tell. He just instinctively new the material that was taught. Brod gathered wisdom and insight into the magical arts and the more sinister ones of the night. He seemed more alive at night, and started to successfully wonder at night without notice.

It all came to a head one day when Brod was around seventeen when his once young oppressors decided one last time for a fun night of torture before they left the city for their apprenticeships. Brod, up to this point had been able to avoid the rich kids because of his nocturnal forays into the city, but this time they were out the same time he was. A group of four tried to encircle him, but Brod was not having any of it. Before one of them even got a chance to strike him, Brod used his cunning, and magic along side his slippery dexterity to kill all four. Brod poured out all of his rage on that night and left not one boy standing. He took all the money they had and any valuables he could find. Later he sold them for much gold. There was an outcry at the murder of the young men, and the poorer districts suffered for it. It was then that Brod's hatred for the rich ignited and he left the orphanage for good. Over time the Orb taught him more deadly lessons and his power grew. He somehow knew that the Orb was drawing him somewhere, but where that was exactly, he didn't know. He setup his base of operations in the heart of Glastonberry in a run down, obscure shack tucked away in the corner of an industrial area containing warehouses and other storage areas.