It has been more than fifty years since Amryn Relgos left the dwindling security of the wooded lands. He did not venture as a wanderer, or as a solider, but rather as an outcast, rejected by his own kind as a political dissident. His views of the proper hierarchy and control of society were at odds with the great elven leaders, who coveted and extolled independence of self. Amryn valued safety, the rule of law, and believed that citizens aught to urrender some of their individual freedoms for that protection. This sounded too much like dwarf talk to most, and he eventually was ostracized.

Forced from his home, which he has never returned to, separated from his family, he mingled with the lesser races in their small but growing cities. It was in the outskirts of these cities, far from the marbled temples of vanity that the powerful built for themselves, where the guards slept or accepted bribes, that Amryn saw the true cost of lawlessness and anarchy: orphans starving in the dusty streets, throats slit over mere gold, fields burned in family rivalry.

Imbued with purpose after years of meaninglessness, he clung to the power of law as his salvation. So intense was his devotion that he cast aside the elven gods and now worships and spreads the word of justice alone. He became known as a zealot, loved by some, hated and feared by others, whose bow and sword brought justice to the rich and poor, the powerful and the weak alike.

A stranger in foreign lands, he makes his way mostly as a bounty hunter, tracking down deviants, always staying within the law of the land regardless the mission. He then uses this money to fund his own armed fanatical investigations into anyone he suspects of lawlessness.

He is almost a hundred years old, and medium height for an elf. He has black eyes and white hair. His worn armor and weapons he manages himself, as they are unique elven items and some of the only things he brought from his home when he left.

He would rather stay in the shadows and observe than directly confront.

He would rather take a man captive, or try to convince him of his misguided ways than kill him.

He worships a concept rather than a god, although if he was pressed, he might choose the Moon. Anathema to the Wandered despite his nomadic lifestyle. All who live must be subservient to the law: a societal chain that can never be broken.

He admires the lawfulness that the dwarves have brought, but can't help but to feel at least some empathy for his kindred.

He admires the drive and will to live of the younger races, but is concerned by the usual chaos of their cities and lifestyle.

He at least in some part misses his elven home, and commiserates with some of their plight, but has never fought for them or even tried to gain access to the forests.