Brought up in a happy if poor household, Saerus Neale's life changed forever when he (killed someone for love/mistakenly killed someone/though inaction let someone die). Horrified by his own actions, despite the understanding of his family, he set out into the wilderness on a journey of contemplation.

The going was hard and perilous, as an inexperienced youth, he was dying of exposure when he was found by his soon to be master, a (stereotypical good-evil-balance-obsessed martial art style) monk. Atoning for a similar evil deed in his former life, the master saved him and taught him his skills.

However, despite the superb tutelage of the old man, the two butted heads philosophically. The old man, assured that the meaning of life and enlightenment lay in self reflection and a balance of good and evil both personally and socially. Saerus, on the other hand, assured of the existence of objective evil from his experiences in his youth, constructed his own philosophy: that the purpose of life and the way to enlightenment was through unique acts of creation.

This distills down to a desire for the creation of things both physical and artistic, the advancement of knowledge, and discovery of lands. Good and evil is irrelevant, what is important is unique creation versus the tedium of the everyday. Saerus would chastise a farmer for simply tending his field everyday, but might even help if the farmer wanted to expand it. Killing or maiming is among the worst acts a person can commit, because it permanently destroys the things that person may have made. Burning a library would be tantamount to killing.

Hidden in Saerus's philosophy is of course the assumption that the creation of things is always beneficial, poisons for instance, represent a nasty philosophical conundrum.

Unable to resolve their intellectual differences, the two parted ways as friends and Saerus left on his personal journey of discovery and creation.

Saerus is on the tall side of average, with medium length brown hair. His face and body are unremarkable. He wears a traveling cloak and worn boots. He refuses to use weapons as a personal reminder of the inexorable power of human will alone, but has some knowledge of their production from his years repairing tools as a farmer and with his master.

He likes music, especially the flute(?) which his sister once played as he worked in the fields.