

Dubh Colm of Clan Razi'r, if you have received this my adventure has come to an end. I wrote this fond farewell as my intuition was telling me that I would not get to retire.

Throughout my years of service to the ravens I have explored the continent, found friendships and rivalry. I have given my life for the betterment of freedom of the arcana, even if it meant undergoing missions that would cross the edge of the right and wrong. A life of constant turmoil for the mere chance to stand up against the man who had robbed me of my future. I was promised that with my progress I would become a Master of divinity, but how fate has turned.

Whilst many praise me as the Leader of the ravens, a master of the arcane and a honor full companion, I do not deserve these praises nor titles. My hands are not clean nor is my arcana, I was terrified being the leader as every day I would pray that my wrong doings would not effect those whom had put their trust in me.

But I care not for my well being anymore, I have finally understood what it meant for me taking in a little black dot. A kid who looked at me without trust nor loyalty, but instead just pure curiosity and devotion. Whilst I could not become your father, I put myself in the role as one. If my hands would be dirty so yours could stay clean, then so be it.

I sent you to iridium as the one thing I had managed to do well was to hide you from the cruelty of this world, and I wished that no matter what I would buy you as much time as possible in the sun. But alas I know you will come for me no matter what, and what comes after is you stepping into this world to see its full colors. I hope that I will get to see you shine in it.

Your history is grim and your future will be difficult, what has had its hold on your Clan still lingers with you. What a Clan was burdening together, now completely lies on your shoulders. I know not the full history of Clan Razir, but I know it is a dark one. If you wish to know your ancestry go

to the Archivian archives of Vasselhiem and talk to quill master Prof. Tiffen abbermont, he is an old friend of mine and studies the ancestry of the sunbristle steppes. Furthermore, lookup the Blacktooth alter and the Blackmane curse. Finally, I had promised to take this to my grave but as I am writing to you beyond it means I have fulfilled this promise. There was one more survivor of your Clan, whom now lives in Vasselheim as well and last I heard in the city of Krakenguard, his name is Soledar. He wished to leave behind the cursed clan and what had become of it, and to do so I promised not to tell anyone of his survival.

Finally, the creature which stands before you with my fond farewell is part of a contract I have made with a troop who would be willing to take you in after my passing. You do not have to take this offer but I believe they would aid you, and whom ever you travel with, well. I leave you with my old whip, which has done me well, together with bit of my savings.

I know you will outgrow me in a heartbeat and put my skills to shame, my little black panther dubh.

Your awkward master and father
Rhialto Altego Pandelume