

KRAGOR GRIMSTRIDE

I AM KRAGOR GRIMSTRIDE, ORPHAN of Bladegarden. My parents were proud orcs of the Righteous Brand, fallen heroes who died defending our city's walls. But hushed whispers in the alleys hinted at a darker truth—betrayal, or sacrifices made in shadows. At five years old, none of that mattered. Only the gnawing emptiness of my belly and the cold stone streets that became my home.

I was never as strong or clever as the tyrannical bullies who ruled the streets. By deception, speed, stealth, and a silver tongue I survived until adulthood. Fortunately, I was lucky enough to be taken under the wing by a grizzled, retired veteran who had learned the art of tattooing while on tour near Xhorhas. He taught me the skill, and I scrapped together a few coppers as an apprentice. But my designs... they were never truly my own. Sometimes I would take up the needle, and my hands would move with a will I did not recognize, etching abstract, strange, and unsettling glyphs. Other than myself, they interested only a few mages, those who saw something beyond the ink on skin, something that mirrored the unsettling stirrings already taking root in my own mind. My mentor, Dagmuk, who taught me how to manifest these designs on my skin and others', often said I had a "touch for the unseen." He couldn't have known how literal that would become.

Even as I navigated the tangible threats of Bladegarden and the daily grind of survival, a far more insidious struggle began to unfold in the dark expanse of my unconscious mind. I don't know why, or how, but some presence... some thing... from outside our realm began whispering in my dreams—discordant, incomprehensible words, and images of impossible geometries. For months these dreams plagued me, a subtle, creeping insinuation into the corners of my mind. The murmurs were vague at first, then became

persistent, a distant echo of a vast, alien hunger stirring far beyond my comprehension.

My darkest hour arrived one night. After earning a decent sum from tattooing a wizard, I boasted about my newfound wealth, unaware that Brother Theron and his Tuskbreakers were watching. These thugs had terrorized downtrodden orcs like me for years. I was caught off guard and struggled to fend them off, but the blows rained down, each one a hammer against my fading strength. Blood filled my mouth. The world tilted into darkness. Feeble and desperate, despising the weakness that had always plagued me, my will to live burned hotter than ever. Then the whispers exploded into a roar inside my skull—an ancient will offering power beyond imagining. I screamed and I surrendered. Eldritch energy surged through my veins; my eyes bled black. The tattooed glyphs on my arms burned with a cold light. Muscles tensed unnaturally; power crackled at my fingertips. I didn't just fight back—I unleashed a storm. I obliterated one of the thugs and sent the others scattering into the night, their screams echoing my own.

Since then dream visions continued to haunt my slumber and reveal the depth of my awakened abilities. With my war hammer raised and eldritch energy crackling at my fingertips, I fought against the street tyrants at every opportunity, protecting those they sought to exploit.

Gradually, the chaos of my dreams began to coalesce into a chilling clarity—a command, stark and undeniable, and a promise of greater power. "Go north. Cross the frozen north. To Eiselcross." The purpose remained a shrouded mystery, yet a strange, cold resolve settled deep within me. I would follow.

When I went to give Dagmuk my farewell, he was gone and his shop was empty, abandoned. His tools were scattered like forgotten

memories. A scorched parchment bore one of my glyphs. An unspoken message? A warning? I felt a pang of loss for the only person who believed in me.

I hit the road with a cover story. A Righteous Brand veteran now seeking his own fortune was a tale that opened purses and secured passage. Merchants, traders, wandering groups paid for my protection, though my true purpose was survival. Traveling alone meant certain death. Joining caravans and groups was a matter of strategic necessity.

Nights were the hardest—when the cold bit through my cloak and the whispers in my mind grew louder, reminding me I was no mere soldier. Dangerous encounters were rare, but not nonexistent. Most challenges I met with a growl and a bluff, my war hammer a sufficient deterrent. But there were moments when mere brute force wouldn't suffice—moments when I felt the cold breath of death on my neck. It was then, when my instincts screamed that head-smashing is not enough, I would unleash the alien power within me, breaking the careful illusion of a simple veteran soldier. The reactions were always the same: a mix of shock, fear, and a quick retreat as

they recognized I was something else entirely. They would scatter, leaving me to continue my calculated journey, the whispers in my mind a constant companion.

Four weeks of winding roads and vicious winds carried me from Bladegarden, through Nogvugrot, Rextentrum, and Yrrosa. Icehaven finally emerged from the Zemni Fields like a promise. Once I arrived, I made bargain with the first captain who would take me. The rest you know, as we all met on board the *Frostwind* on our way to Palebank Village.

APPEARANCE

From the journal of a traveler, name unknown, recovered from a windswept road north of Saltwallow Bog:

Of all the strange and disquieting souls one is fated to meet upon the winding roads of this world, few have etched themselves into my memory with such unnerving clarity as this singular orc. To look upon him is to read a page torn from two different books, one a gutter-dweller's grimy chapbook, the other a tome bound in the skin of something that fell from the stars.

He calls himself Kragor Grimstride, a name



that tastes of iron and long marches, and he wears the part with a practiced ease. The bearing of a soldier is there, in the straightness of his spine and the way his hand rests near the haft of a war hammer that seems, upon closer inspection, a trifle too heavy for him. He is an orc, yes— the mottled, greenish-gray skin, the dark architecture of his bones, the twin tusks jutting like broken daggers from his lower lip all attest to that. He wore no mustache, but thick sideburns descended to a dark beard that framed a jaw of resolute strength. He is a tower of a man, tall enough to cast a long shadow even in this wan light.

Yet, the illusion of the common sell-sword frays at the edges. Where one expects a bulwark of muscle, a physique hewn from granite, there is instead a certain wiry tension. He lacks the brutish mass of his kin; he is built not like a battering ram, but like a coiled whip, all lean sinew and a predator's deceptive grace. His strength is not in the breadth of his shoulders, but in the quick, assessing flick of his gaze and the low, persuasive timbre of his voice. He has survived not by breaking skulls, but by turning heads and twisting words— a truth that clings to him more closely than the worn leather of his armor.

His face is a study in contradictions. The long, jet-black hair, drawn back in a severe topknot, speaks of discipline. But his eyes... his eyes are where the true madness begins to leak through. They are not the simple, brutish black or bloodshot red of his race. They are the color of a winter sea beneath a sky of impossible clarity, a startling aquamarine. And within that startling blue, flecks of gold drift like motes of dust in a sunbeam— or, if one stares too long, like the shattered script of some forgotten, cosmic alphabet. There is an unnerving depth there, a sense that one is not looking *at* his eyes, but *through* them, into a gulf of chilling, silent space.

And then, there are the tattoos.

They are not the proud clan-marks or crude battle-scrawks of a typical orc warrior. These

are things of a different order entirely. They coil around his arms and spill across his collarbones, a filigree of stark black ink upon gray-green skin. At a glance, they might seem abstract, but to the discerning eye— or to the mind already teetering on the edge of certain esoteric truths— they are a disease made manifest in ink. They are a brand of unhallowed calligraphy.

There are no dragons, no skulls, no symbols of martial pride. There are only glyphs of a maddening, alien geometry. Spirals that seem to pull the eye into a lightless void. Angles that meet in ways that make the head ache. Lines that weave into patterns that suggest the skeletal framework of things that should not exist. They are not merely on his skin; they seem a part of it, and in the shifting light of the campfire, they sometimes appear to writhe, to shift their configuration ever so slightly when you are not looking directly at them. They whisper of a pact made not in blood, but in the currency of sanity itself.

He stands there, a charlatan of the mundane, his simple story a threadbare cloak thrown over a form scribbled with the signature of a lunatic god. He is an orphan, a veteran, a survivor. But he is also a vessel, a canvas for an artist whose studio is the void between worlds. One looks at Kragor Grimstride and sees a down-on-his-luck orc seeking his fortune, but one also feels an inexplicable chill, the same disquiet one feels when hearing a melody that is almost beautiful, but for a single, recurring, discordant note that promises only chaos and the dark.

BONDS

- **Vargun the Steadfast:** Father. Righteous Brand veteran. Circumstances of death unknown.
- **Ursa Rune-sight:** Mother. Righteous Brand veteran. Circumstances of death unknown.
- **Dagmuk Rift-hand:** Mentor and tattooist. Righteous Brand veteran who served on the border near Xhorhas. Mysteriously

disappeared after Kragor was summoned north by his patron.

Ever since his mentor Dagmuk disappeared, Kragor has no one. He bitterly holds on to what little memory of his parents he has. He treasures the only keepsake left to him: a chipped amulet featuring the symbol of Kord.

IDEALS

For Kragor Grimstride, faith is not a whispered prayer in a sanctioned temple; it is a pragmatic code forged in the shadow of his parents' dual legacies and hammered into shape on the unforgiving anvil of the streets. Having been orphaned and left to fend for himself after their mysterious end, Kragor is a survivor first and foremost. He views the divine not as beings demanding worship, but as philosophies to be utilized—a collection of tools for navigating a broken world. His True Neutral alignment is born from this harsh education, for his life has taught him the equal utility of both law and chaos. He doesn't believe in gods; he believes in results.

Both his parents were decorated veterans of the Righteous Brand. His father honored Bahamut with the straightforward piety of a loyal soldier, instilling in Kragor a respect for the Platinum Dragon as the symbol of his family's noble purpose: be the bulwark for the vulnerable, bring justice where there is none, and act with honor. Kragor witnessed the opposite in the alleys of Bladegarden—the strong preying on the weak—and clings to the ideal of protection his parents fought for. A silent nod to a carving of the Platinum Dragon on a barracks wall is not an act of worship, but a solemn vow to memory of his parents.

Yet, Kragor has no patience for the rigid laws and hierarchies of the Empire that ultimately failed to protect him. This defiant streak was nurtured by his mother. A decorated soldier herself, she walked a more dangerous path, secretly revering Kord within an underground community. From her, Kragor learned the core tenets of the Stormlord: the necessity of

personal might and the virtue of self-reliance. His mother's faith, forbidden by the Empire, represented the untamed orcish spirit—a chaotic but vital force required to break the chains of oppression. It taught him from his earliest days that true strength often operates outside the sanction of the law. After being orphaned and thrust onto the merciless streets, he grasped this truth in his bones.

This upbringing placed Kragor at the center of a fundamental conflict. The same Empire that had blessed his parents with status and meaning also forced his mother to practice her faith in secret and failed to protect him from falling into destitution. His hatred of rigid, authoritarian structures stems not from ideology, but from witnessing firsthand how his family was forced to live within such contradictions daily. When coupled with the brutality he later suffered from street predators, this forged a fierce opposition to tyranny.

His warlock pact is the ultimate and most logical expression of this philosophy. When he needed power to survive and to fight back, he didn't turn to prayer—not to his father's sanctioned god nor his mother's forbidden one. He made a deal. He welcomed a patron who could provide him with tangible tools—pact magic and eldritch invocations—to achieve his goals. Bahamut and Kord are not gods to be worshipped, but names for the two essential instruments he inherited and now wields to enforce his code: the righteous conviction that bullies need crushing, backed by the power and will to be the hammer.

Philosophical Component	Textual Evidence	Ethical Axis Indication (Law/Chaos)	Moral Axis Indication (Good/Evil)
Core Motivation	"fierce opposition to tyranny," "be the bulwark for the vulnerable, bring justice where there is none"	The goal of establishing justice can be Lawful, but opposing tyranny is often a Chaotic act. The motivation itself is ethically ambiguous.	Unambiguously Good. This mirrors ideals of protecting the innocent and fighting for the greater good.
View of Societal Law	"no patience for the rigid laws and hierarchies of the Empire," which "ultimately failed to protect him"	Strongly Chaotic. This is a clear rejection of established, legitimate authority based on personal experience of its failure and hypocrisy.	Neutral. The rejection is based on efficacy and personal grievance, not an abstract moral judgment on the nature of law itself.
View of Personal Code	"a pragmatic code forged... on the unforgiving anvil of the streets," a "solemn vow to memory of his parents"	Strongly Lawful. He adheres to an unwavering, internally consistent code inherited from his family. This is the definition of a personal code superseding societal law.	Neutral. The code is about "results" and "crushing bullies." This lacks the compassionate, merciful element of a truly Good philosophy, focusing instead on a rigid, retributive form of justice.
Methodology	"He made	Neutral.	Neutral.

THE WYRMLING

The wind howling down from the jagged teeth of Foren's frozen peaks did not merely bite; it chewed. It was a gnawing, insistent beast that sought to strip the warmth from bone and marrow, a fitting companion for the pair huddled in the lee of a wind-scoured rock formation, a few miles shy of the shivering outpost of Syrinlya.

Kragor sat cross-legged on a patch of permafrost he had diligently cleared of snow. He was a long, ropey figure of an orc, possessing little of the chaotic bulk common to his kin. His frame was all wire and leverage, draped in furs that smelled of ozone and old smoke. His face, lean and sharp-tusked, held the weary patience of a man who had spent his youth dodging the heavy boots of city guards in back alleys far warmer than this frozen hell.

Before him, curled like a glistening, thorny shrimp, lay Rime-flake. The white dragon wyrmling was five feet of absolute, crystalline malice, currently dormant. Their scales were the color of a clouded mirror, and their breath puffed out in little rhythmic clouds that turned instantly to ice crystals on the air.

"Wake up, you frost-bitten lizard," Kragor murmured, though the tone was affectionate. "School is in session."

The orc reached into a pouch at his belt, withdrawing a pinch of soot and a grain of rock salt. He began the ritual, a slow, ten-minute rhythmic chanting that felt less like casting a spell and more like greasing a lock. The starry, incomprehensible void that whispered in his ear enjoyed the breaking of barriers. *Comprehend Languages*. The magic settled over Kragor's mind like a wet, heavy blanket, filtering the world's noise into discernible meaning.

Flake's eye, a pool of pale, milky blue, snapped open. A low rumble started in his chest. «*Hunger. Meat. Warmth. Where?*»

The ritual caught the Draconic growls and translated them into concepts Kragor's street-

smart brain could parse.

“Meat later. Words first,” Kragor said. He stood, his movements fluid, lacking the lumbering gait of a warrior. He had the grace of a pickpocket. “Pay attention, Flake.”

Kragor stood with arms crossed. For this he needed no book, no magic words, no mystical gestures. His magic was the magic of the lie, the cheat, the beautiful fabrication. He tapped into the *Misty Visions* eldritch invocation, that endless well of deception his patron granted him.

The air between them shimmered, and then the mist coalesced into an image. It was crude at first, then sharpened into the form of an orc, a specimen typical of the species. The illusionary orc stood tall, leaning on a greataxe, looking imperious.

Kragor pointed a long, grey finger at his own chest, then at the illusion.

“*Nothok*,” Kragor enunciated, the Orcish word heavy and guttural.

The wyrmling uncoiled, neck snapping forward with the speed of a striking cobra. He sniffed the illusion. It smelled of nothing. Disappointed, Flake looked at the much more corporal Kragor.

«*Soft-skin. Meat-giver.*»

“No,” Kragor corrected, shaking his head. He tapped his chest again, harder. “*Nothok*.”

Flake tilted his head, the icy frills rattling. He let out a chuffing sound, a sharp bark of noise. “*Ghik*.”

«*Orc.*»

Kragor smiled, a flash of tusks. “Good. *Ghik*. I am the *ghik*. I am the *nothok*.”

Kragor waved his hand, and the illusion dissolved into swirling vapor. In its place, he willed a new vision. This one was grander. He sculpted the mist into a dragon—not a wyrmling, but a majestic, adult white dragon, wings spread wide, jaws open in a silent roar.

It was pure theater, a grander evolution of the crude distractions and sleight-of-hand Kragor had used to baffle marks in the bazaars, long before the stars whispered their secrets to him.

He pointed to the magnificent beast, then pointed to the small, frosty pug on the ground.

“*Kulkodar*,” Kragor said, infusing the word with reverence.

Flake puffed up his chest. He extended his own wings, mimicking the illusion. The vanity of the species was present even in the egg; the wyrmling looked at the image and saw no difference between its grandeur and his own small, deadly form.

“*Darastrix*,” Flake hissed, the sibilance carrying the pride of emperors.

«*Dragon.*»

“Aye, you vain little monster,” Kragor chuckled. “*Kulkodar. Darastrix.*”

Now for the hook. Kragor knew that to control a bully, one must control the desire. He dissolved the dragon and conjured yet another image: a heavy, iron-bound chest. The lid was thrown back, revealing a heap of gold coins and glittering gems.

To sell the con, Kragor leveraged the cantrip *Minor Illusion*. From the silent image came the distinct, heavy clink-clatter of gold coins spilling over one another.

Flake’s pupil dilated until his eye was entirely black. The instinct was ancient, coded into his being before he had even cracked his shell. He lunged, jaws snapping shut on the air.

His teeth passed through the mist. The clink continued, mocking him.

Flake let out a screech of frustration, swiping a claw at the empty air. «*Mine! Sparkles! Where?*»

Kragor stepped in, holding up a finger. “Not real, Flake. Magic. Look.” He pointed at the illusion. “*Grumbull*.”

The dragon snarled, agitated. He wanted the hoard. He wanted to sleep on it.

“Say it, and you get a snack,” Kragor bargained, producing a strip of dried jerky from his pocket.

Flake eyed the meat, then the fake chest. The calculus of survival outweighed the greed for a moment.

“*Rasvim*,” the wyrmling grumbled, the word dripping with acquisitive lust.

«*Treasure.*»

Kragor tossed the jerky. Flake snatched it out of the air with a snap that could have severed a hand.

“Last one,” Kragor said, wiping meat dust on his trousers. “Then we hunt.”

He altered the illusion of the chest, reshaping it back into the dragon. But this time, he animated it. The dragon beat its wings, lifting off the ground, circling higher and higher into the grey sky above the camp.

Kragor pointed at the soaring phantom, then looked at Flake. He made a sweeping gesture upward with his arms.

“*Zes*,” Kragor commanded.

Flake chewed the jerky contentedly, refusing to move. The ground was stable. The sky was work.

Kragor sighed. He concentrated, moving the illusionary dragon so it swooped down, acting as if it were about to steal the remaining jerky from Kragor’s pouch.

“It’s going to take the rest,” Kragor lied effortlessly, his skills of deception selling the casual warning.

Flake’s head snapped up. Rivalry. He wouldn’t let a cloud-ghost take his due! The wyrmling launched himself upward, claws scrambling on the ice for traction, wings beating frantically until he caught the updraft. He rose, five feet, ten feet, intercepting the illusion.

“*Zes!*” Kragor shouted up at him.

Flake batted through the smoke, realized he had been duped again, but held the hover, looking down at the orc with imperious disdain.

“*Austrat!*” he shrieked down, the wind of his wings kicking up snow around the warlock.

«*Fly!*»

Kragor grinned, pulling his collar up against the wash of displaced air. The wyrmling drifted back down, landing with a heavy thump that cracked the ice. The lesson was over. The trust was tenuous, bought with lies and jerky, but it was there.

“Good one, Flake,” Kragor whispered, canceling the spell. The mist vanished, leaving only the biting wind. He watched the wyrmling settle back onto the ice, a small, perfect engine of destruction already preening with an emperor’s pride. Kragor saw the future coiled within that frosty form—the power to shatter armies, to become a god of ice and fear, another tyrant ruling from a throne of frozen bones. He’d seen that same arrogance in the eyes of petty street lords, and he felt a cold knot of resolve in his gut. This one would be different. This one would learn that true strength wasn’t the power to command, but the will to be commanded by none. “Be your own master,” Kragor murmured, the words almost lost in the gale. “Not someone else’s.”