Scarlet Tanager

Scarlet Tanager grew up tangled in brambles and birdcalls, raised more by moss and moonlight than by halfling hearths. Her early days were wild — tracking foxes through the fog, mimicking bird whistles, and napping on sun-warmed roots with her owl companion Sparky perched nearby.

From the forest, she learned healing — which roots soothed pain, which fungus cured rot, which songs calmed frightened deer. But she also studied: sketching leaves in a threadbare notebook, tracking lunar cycles, deciphering glyphs etched in ancient bark.

The spirits of the land spoke to her. Not always in words, but in wind patterns and animal eyes. When she first called one forth — a shimmering elk that lingered only long enough to chase away a pack of wolves — she knew she was not just a druid. She was a Shepherd.

She's not without flaws. Scarlet's curiosity sometimes outweighs her caution. Her fingers tend to "borrow" interesting things, and while she trusts nature implicitly, she has a harder time trusting people. But she protects the wild and its creatures fiercely — and now, in Eiselcross, where magic runs old and thin beneath the ice, she listens for the voices only she can hear.