

Beggar_Betrothed

You never had much in terms of money. However, they were the love of your life. Your fiancé was everything that you wanted. You had enough to get by, and with your fiancé by your side, you needed nothing more. With that, you were content.

That was all until the local lords visited one fateful eve. With their reckless attitudes and drunken actions, they carelessly killed the love of your life. Whether it was an accident, negligence, or a bit of both, it doesn't matter. All you know is the light of your life is dead and you are lost in the world. You don't seek vengeance or pity. You just roam Vallorath searching for a way to move on with your life.

Beggar_Orphan

Living on the streets, you just happened to be lucky enough to be adopted by the local lord. While you don't know why, you were lucky enough to live a comfortable life. While you weren't in line to gain power, you lived a better life than you would have on the streets. However, your complacent life was dull. Getting bored in complacency, you set out to find a new quest to keep your interest.

Boring

You have been lifted out the mediocrity of the life of an everyday person. Your previous actions were not particularly interesting to anyone's interest. Through some series of events you are now no longer mediocre.

Farmer_No_More

You weren't always roaming with a band of Kingdom soldiers. It was definitely not your own choice. Not too long ago, you were a simple farmer. It was a day like any other. Working all day in the fields to rest in the farmstead at night. For as long as you can remember, your family

worked this land; the land was always profitable and you were able to provide for your family. This all changed when a roaming group of bandits arrived.

They didn't want gold, food, or shelter. They only had an interest in chaos. The bandits burned your home and killed your family. You only managed to get away because you were in the shed at the time, returning from cleaning some equipment. Seeing the fires and destruction before you, you ran for help. Unfortunately, there was nobody close by. The land was fertile for agriculture, but it was in the middle of nowhere. However, you continued to run.

Upon stopping in the nearest town, you find a local Kingdom patrol. After leading them to the rubble that remains of your home, you chose to stay with the guard as they patrol the Kingdom. After years of marching with them, you do eventually catch the group that wronged you so long ago. They are tried and hung for many crimes, with many more worse than the ones inflicted upon you. With their death, you continue with the patrol for a small time eventually leaving to find another reason for living. You search Vallorath for a quest to fill the void.

Former_Soldier

To serve and protect the King. That was the main goal. For this was the greatest thing achievable for many of you. From a young age, you and your peers all saw great heroes paraded around the realm. Dressed in stunning armor and draped legendary stories, they captured the hearts and souls of so many. For many youths, you included, you enlisted when a call to arms came. That's when you saw the truth.

To serve and protect the realm. That is what you thought to be true. Many battles have shown you the truth. You no longer believe such a thought. Too many died at the whim of large merchants and corrupt lords. You are only the muscle where criminals can legally get their way. Only the criminals are those who run the trials, avoiding the gallows themselves. If the people only know what you and your fellow soldiers did, they would be disgusted. You leave the shining armies in disgust. So valiant and brave the rhetoric says, but you know the truth.

To serve and protect no more.

Naive_Mage

Most with a gift of magic are born and placed in the care of the Mage Council for careful monitoring as well as nurturing. This allows them to explore their natural gifts as well as prevent them from delving into magics too dangerous to control. Your earliest memories are being raised in by the Council. You can't remember anything past that.

Like many in the Council, you have strayed far. While there is a town nearby that you visit, there is not an occasion that has forced you to leave. While you are gifted in the magics and worldly from the books, you lack experience in the world. To this end, you leave the Council the next chance you get.

It just so happens that this chance comes sooner than you expect. With this opportunity, you leave the Council building that comprised your life, you yearn for a quest that calls to your sense of adventure and exploration. Whether you still use magic is up to you.

Noble_Fallen

Your family has fallen on hard times. Even as your noble line is nearly as long as others, your kingdom has not been as prosperous. Fighting for power has left your government in shambles. Your family name is tarnished as one of deceit, backstabbing, and vengeance. Through this rule, your kingdom has not been prosperous, overseeing some of the worst conditions in the land. However, nobody seems to care. Everyone with a bit of power is trying to get more. Those with power are paranoid about their potential fall.

You are raised in the political environment and are doing your best to get out of it. To make a better life for yourself, you leave and don't plan on going back. To search for a better goal than backstabbing and falling yourself, you leave into Vallorath, searching for your next quest.

Noble_Founding

Your family line can be traced to the founding of Vallorath. Ever since you were a child, you were the heir apparent to continue the long line of nobility that has run a very prosperous people to become the gem of Vallorath. You have been pruned to this position with the greatest teachers imaginable- educated in the arts, diplomacy, and even combat. Although, how much attention you paid definitely varied.

On a day like any other, your father's closest advisor turned his back on your family in a sudden coup. In a flurry of fights, fires, and deaths, everything was rubble on the ground. While the coup might have been successful, everybody died in the fire that followed.

Miraculously, you survived the destruction. With everything you knew in rubble and no vengeance to seek, you walk off into the Kingdom of Vallorath seeking a new life.

Tradesman_No_More

Forging fine wares was your father's life work and one you intended to follow as well. As other youths played and enjoyed the wonders of childhood, you spent your time earning grease stains and calluses working hand-in-hand with your father. Your father was the finest craftsmen in all the land, with you following in step.

One day, a local nobleman commissioned a project. Intent on making it his finest creation, your father toiled for what appeared to be ages to finish his masterpiece and would see it delivered in person. Leaving for the mansion, you join to see the fruits of his labor.

However, you and your father were not the only ones out that night. Thieves from a neighboring fiefdom had heard of the great work that had been accomplished. In order to intercept the delivery as theirs, they stalked you and your father, taking their time to strike.

When they revealed themselves, your father fought valiantly. You had enough time to take this work and escape while he perished. Arriving at the mansion, the nobleman offered many things in payment, but you left, hollowed with the scar of your experience. You later found the thieves had been found, tried, and hung, but that does not bring your father back. So you leave to roam Vallorath to find a new quest hoping to find some solace in that.

Reformed_Criminal

Click-Clank, Click-Clank. That was the sound that assaulted your mind everyday of your life. It was not a small crime, but one that was at least morally grey. Really, you are lucky you were not hung. That's not what's important though. You just need to get by. Besides the damn chains, prison really is not that bad, is it?

Click-Clank, Click-Clank. Yeah it was. I guess that is why it is best not to get caught. At least you can die knowing that nobody from your past life misses you. To everyone, you are dead already. Time to move on. It looks like there is a prison transfer to occur.

Click-Clank, Click-Clank. That sound is absolutely incessant. This is especially true when walking. All of us are all tied together, walking as though we were animals. While many of us are, I do not really argue about this.

Click-Clank, Click-Clank, Click- SNAP. Everything moved so quickly. An ambush from riders behind? No, they moved in from the side of the road and assaulted those behind us. The guards died immediately and bandits snapped the prison chains. They quickly attacked the people on horseback behind us, and left them there without something of theirs. Talking with the man on the road, he explains they took something of high value, and seems to be clamoring something of war. Quickly, I approach the group as they set camp for the night. While they celebrate their victory, I sweep in to take their possession and return to the man in the next town. Identifying himself as diplomat to the neighboring kingdom, the items in the chest were of central value to stopping a war between the kingdoms. As an agent of the King, he pardons me of my past transgressions. That must of been an important chest.

Leaving quickly before the diplomat changes his mind, I leave town as quickly as I can. And for a moment... I enjoy the silence.
