**Back Story of Magnus Ritamir**

What becomes of the mind when its body is rendered useless? Up until now, Magnus Ritamir would have said that it disappeared along with the body. He would have believed that his last thoughts that day would be the end of him.

*Is this how I am going to die? Who is going to protect my sweet Jenea? I wish I could have been there for poor Olivia.*

Normally, he may have been right, for even I don’t know what happens after the cruel embrace of death. What I do know is that if one has a soul bright enough, it can last throughout lifetimes. With a final breath, the once “Mighty Magnus” closed his eyes and disappeared from the world. But this wasn’t the end to his story as Magnus predicted. Where one door has closed, a new one took its place. Nothing in Magnus’s previous existence prepared him for the adventures this door led to or the new friends that would change his life forever. This is the story of Magnus Ritimir, the angel from the void…

Magnus felt as if he was being torn apart in complete darkness. An intense force was stretching his body through what he imagined was a small tube pulling and pushing what was left of his body. This agony lasted what seemed like a few minutes before a bright light blinded his still closed eyes. With an abrupt shake, he was thrown into the brightness, slowly falling to what he hoped would be his destination. A soft but powerful voice spoke in his mind as he slowly descended.

“Magnus Ritimir of Narra, you have been selected to aid a young adventurer and his party in their quest. We are sure you will give them what is necessary for them to find what they seek. Magnus, where life is given, it can easy be taken. Farewell and good luck.”

It seemed strange to Magnus why he would be chosen for whatever task these people wanted him to do. His name and his home village ringed in his head. He tried to remember more of his past with little recollection. He saw a flash of a burning village, of a beautiful girl who appeared to be carrying a small baby, of an approaching army. Magnus remembered it was his job to protect the village. A feeling of dread washed over him. He obviously failed his job. He hoped that the girl he saw escaped and found safety elsewhere. Before he could think any more on this subject, his feet touched the stone ground and against all odds, he opened his eyes once again.

He appeared to be in a large hemispherical room surrounded by group of unfamiliar people. The room was well-lit and a group of strange men in grey robes appeared to be watching us from a raised platform. Their blank expressions bothered Magnus. It made him feel as if they were judging him, waiting for his next move. There was also a man standing at this table. From the back, he seemed like a knight standing brave and strong, everything Magnus wanted to be. His unkempt white hair fell to his shoulders and he seemed to be missing a hand. At this moment, the man turned around.

In order to save his father and destroy the evil goddess, Vecna, Yorick must play a game of chance for a chance to win free wishes. With the unlikely help of Tapo the newborn lich, who was an ex-serial killer who was killed in a previous expedition, the party recovered the artifacts of Vecna from evil Knights of Vecna. While fighting with the knights, Yorick was reunited with his long lost brother now turned from his evil ways. After a long battle and the eventual loss of Yorick’s left hand, the party travelled back in time to consult with the Elan council who gave birth to the assassin, Isabella Clair Marx. Instead of a council, they find a deck of cards on a table. The rules of this game where simple. Draw an amount of cards and receive the beneficial or ill effects of the cards. First up to pick cards was Yorick, the Paladin of Freedom. Thankfully, with the exception of his lost hand and a drop in intelligence, Yorick was very fortunate. His last card gave him a new ally. Out of nowhere, a man appeared behind him. A man who would eventually become unwittingly important to Yorick.

Turning around, Yorick saw a man who seemed to be in his early thirties. He had an average, but toned build. His face was covered by his beard and his medium length brown hair. He definitely didn’t seem like anything special to Yorick, who at the time had grown weary and desperate.

“What is your name?” He said.

“Magnus.” The man spoke. “I’ve been brought here to aid you in your quest, I think.”

“My name is Yorick Alibaster. Welcome to the Queen’s Guild, Magnus.”

“Queen’s Guild? Where is this? What are those cards?” responded Magnus. It occurred to him that in his right hand was a playing card that seemed important to him somehow. Did that card summon him? No. That would be impossible. Then again, it wouldn’t make any less sense. He felt connected to this man, like it was his duty to protect him. He seemed pretty capable of handling things himself, though. Regardless, when Yorick asked him to draw two cards from the pile, he felt obliged. Luck had guided him here; he was going to follow it.

The first card he drew gave him immense power. It came as a rush. He felt suddenly capable of defeating anything. It was the most amazing feeling that he had ever experienced. In good spirits, thanking God, he pulled the next card. While he expected another surge of power, something worse happened. A creature, unlike anything he has seen before, appeared next to him. It looked as if death himself wanted Magnus to return to where he belonged.

The room vanished along with Yorick and his friends. It was just him and “death”. It was his job to defeat this monster. Magnus laughed. He beat death once. He can do it again. With the newfound power and weapons given to him as he entered this world he lashed out against this deadly foe. It was working. The monster was taking damage. Magnus himself was feeling weaker and weaker though as he felt his life going away for the second time today. His conscience was fading.

*I thought I was stronger now. How could I be defeated twice. Here we go again.*

Then a voice rang in his head.

*You better come back home, Magnus.*

It was the girl with the baby in his memories before. Before he could think, he said, “I will, sweetheart. I promise.”

That was his wife. He had a child. Strength overcame him once more as he continued to slash at this beast. He had to get home. He had to continue his quest so that it wasn’t all for nothing. With a powerful scream, he dealt the final blow, and the beast fell to the ground. He was victorious. Maybe this was his mission and now he can go home. With a smile, he passed out in exhaustion.

After a few minutes, the man appeared back from his battle as the apparent winner. It completely baffled Yorick and the party and they quickly rushed to his aid. He was alive, but just barely. This man defeated a creature that was normally considered to be the death of anyone. Magnus was a special man, and Yorick was thrilled that he was now part of the guild. After completing their objective to achieve their wishes, the party, including Magnus, is brought back to the guild to rest.

Darkness again floated into Magnus’s mind. Panic quickly followed.

“I didn’t die again, did I?” Magnus thought.

“No.” The soft but powerful voice spoke yet again. “You have completed our final task. You are worthy of carrying our message. Bring balance back to … In a few months, you will wake in a new world filled with more surprises and strange creatures and inventions. Listen to young Yorick and guide him in his journey.”

“Will I get to see my wife and child again?” begged Magnus.

“Unfortunately, no. At least not under the same conditions before.” Said the voice. “Your body in that universe has been destroyed now for some time.”

Magnus wept. He had his wife and his child tore from him at such a horrid time. He couldn’t handle all the events that had taken place. He wanted that creature to bring him back to death. Yet, he couldn’t find it in himself to feel that there was no purpose for his arrival here. By doing good deeds here, he figured he would get a chance to see his wife and kid again. With a new resolve in mind, he relaxed his mind and waited to meet up again with this new Queen’s guild.