

Yaztars Backstory

My early life

I was born in the underdark to a family of powerful drow, and for someone that's both male and only half drow there really are no words that can describe it. When I was younger I was kept hidden, in closets or chests whoever hid me always made sure that I had my notebook and another book on magic, that's how I learned to read and write. As I got older hiding became harder eventually leading to me being found, turns out most thought I was killed after being born, but since I wasn't they decided to turn into a torture slave for the use of entertainment.

The turning point

One day I given a chance to escape and I took it, and ran as far away as I could until I found a crack in the walls of the underdark that led me through into a small alcove. Inside there was a eerie silence and a crystal about the size of my palm, light purple in color with white star like specs suspended within. Upon setting my eyes upon the crystal, it consumed all my attention, the outside world completely disappeared and it drew me towards it my hand wrapping around it without a thought. When I did everything went purple, glowing purple jagged tendril like markings grew up the left side of my hand from where I touched the crystal up to my eye, both eyes started glowing purple. And as I held on to the crystal my head filled with voices which began to overwhelm me.

The Surface

Then everything went dark, when I woke up I was in Mirabar. I may not truly ever find out why this crystal I wear around my neck was down there, could it have been a god reaching out to me trying to help or looking to help themselves and I have just become another pawn in their games. Since I woke up I've been hearing voices like the ones that I heard when I first touched the stone, their barely like constant background chatter that you can't quite make out what is being said. Though I don't know common that well I can catch the meaning most of the time of what people are saying around me, the people around here seem nice enough most of the time I have learned are humans and dwarfs. What shocked me was how no one seemed to mind that I was a "Drow" well as long as I help work in the mines.

In the hopes of figuring out what in the world happened to me down in that alcove I asked around for a college of magic and managed to find one down in Waterdeep though from what I hear I won't have the money to afford it. Lots of traveling later and I managed to find the college that the people were talking about. As I suspected, though, there is no way that I can afford that college though I did manage to get use of their library they even offered me a job.

Things I don't know where else it would go

This journal is the same one that I have been writing in since I first started reading as a child, it has all the notes that I've ever taken on magic.

Whenever I cast my magic my new tattoos move and start glowing along with my eyes.