

# **Yaztars Backstory**

## **My early life**

I was born in the underdark to a family of powerfull drow, and for someone thats 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, thats how I learned to read and write.

As I got older hidding became harder eventualy 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 tourture 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 and fast as I could untill I found a crack in the cavern walls that lead me through into a small tight alcove.

Contained with in was a crystal about the size of my palm, purple in color with white star like specs suspened within.

Apon setting my eyes apon the crystal, it consumed all my attention and draw me twoards touching it. When I did everything went purple, glowing purple jagged tendral 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 tying 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 bareable like constant background chatter that you cant quite make out what is being said.

Though I dont 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 them I have learned are humans and dwarfs.

## **Things I dont 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.