

# **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 away as I could untill I found a crack in the walls of the underdark that lead me through into a small alcove. Inside there was a erie silence and a crystal about the size of my palm, light purple in color with white star like specs suspened within. Apon setting my eyes apon the crystal, it consumed all my attention, the outside world completely disapered and it drew me twoards it my hand wraping around it without a thought. 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. 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 manged to find of one down in waterdeep though from what I hear I wont have the money to afford it. Lots of traveling latter and I managed to find the college that the people were talkling about, As I suspected thought 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 dont know where elese 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.