

Kelrodir: Dreamer in a Foreign Land

Kelrodir has had a troubled past, born in another plane and thrust out of control into his future. When he was a child, he lived with his Mother and man that was his father only in name. Kelrodir mother was constantly insisting that this man was his father, but he read people's thoughts before he was old enough to speak. One night, the man was particularly tired and confessed in his own mind that he suspected that the child was the product of a demon, because Kelrodir somehow always knew what people wanted from him from the time he was only a toddler. While he communicated with his mother through their thoughts, his mother made sure to let him know that he should not invade the minds of people who were not willing, and never to speak into their minds. Kelrodir suspected from the attitudes of the villagers that if he had let them know of his ability, the result would not be a pleasant one.

One morning, when Kelrodir was only four years old, the sky opened up in fire, and demons tore through the plane and onto the unsuspecting village below. Houses were destroyed in massive blasts. Villagers were chased down, and either thrown into cages or flayed alive by the demons. From the mass of foul creatures, a particularly attractive woman approached Kelrodir as his mother and he were fleeing behind their house into the field. Before the woman had a chance to speak, a group of dark figures shifted into the field between the encounter. Kelrodir's mother gasped, as the lead figure screamed, and the woman shifted out of her guise into her demon form.

Despite his mother's fear, Kelrodir felt a soft of comfort from the lead figure. He felt a connection, and then felt the figure communicate to him. This figure was his brother, and he felt it to be true. He was here to find him. Before the figure could allude to why, a group of demons shifted into range and attacked. The figure warned him to run, so he grabbed his mother's hand and ran through the field to the forest. As he reached the forest's edge, his mother's grasp was ripped from him. Kelrodir turned to see his mother impaled and writhing on a spear, a large red demon cackling in laughter. His brother ran towards them, desperate to reach him. Kelrodir reached out to his mother's panicked, chaotic thoughts. All he could read before she was gone was that he was to go now, and find his true father. The demon reached out with a free hand and began channeling. His brother sensed the attack and channeled his own power to thrust Kelrodir into a portal.

When he woke up, he was in a dark, damp cellar. He could hear humming and shuffling of a fat, old priest. He could feel the cold, damp ground beneath him, and his mind was hazy. He could no longer feel the link to his newly discovered brother. Worst of all, he did not learn his brother's name, or the name of his father. He had no clues to his origins, or his whereabouts.

The priest of Avandra raised him in their faith, fighting demon influence in the decaying region of Impiltur. Ever since his shift into this world, he has had constant nightmares and the feeling that not all of his thoughts are his own. One night he was meditating on his past and Avandra came to him in his thoughts. She said that it was time for him to set out into the world, and so he did.