

Character Statistics :

Name : Lyris O.C.C. : Knight
Alignment : Aberrant R.C.C. : Human
Sex : Female Age : 21 Height : 5' 5" Weight : 136 lbs. Exp. P. : 3255
H.P. : 16 S.D.C. : 40 P.P.E. : 6 Attacks : 5 Exp. L. : 2

Appearance : She is extremely attractive with beauty that is befitting of an elf. She has straight, dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Her hair is straight and stretches half way down her back and is well taken care of. She usually wears a decorative comb in her hair that can also be used as a minor weapon in an emergency. When she is wearing her armour, she pulls her hair back into more of a pony tail and has it tucked into the helmet to help make sure it does not get in the way. If not dressed for battle, she is usually dressed in finer clothing fit of a noble or in her riding clothes.

Her armour and her two main weapons (a finely crafted long sword and dagger) all form a matching set. They are all magically colored a whitish/grey. The armour fits her figure nicely and helps show her womanly figure. Across the chest is her family crest (altered slightly to make her own symbol) marked in silver. She wears her shield across her back, held on by two leather straps, to help protect her from unseen attacks. This shield is small enough to be easily concealed by the long navy blue cape she wears. On her cape is also a copy of her family crest (same as above), also marked in silver. The blades of the two weapons are beautifully decorated and their handles are wrapped in a navy blue silk. The wrappings can be easily replaced should something happen to them.

Attributes and Bonuses :

<u>I.Q.</u> : 14	<u>Initiative</u> : +1
<u>M.E.</u> : 12	<u>Strike</u> : +1
<u>M.A.</u> : 06	<u>Parry & Dodge</u> : +6
<u>P.S.</u> : 15	<u>Roll with Punch</u> : +4
<u>P.P.</u> : 16	<u>Pull Punch</u> : +4
<u>P.E.</u> : 11	<u>Save vs. Horror Factor</u> : +1
<u>P.B.</u> : 18	
<u>Spd.</u> : 26	<u>Charm / Impress</u> : 40%

Skills :

Hand to Hand: Expert	N/A	Heraldry	40%/45%
Athletics (general)	N/A	History	45%
Body Building & Weight Lifting	N/A	Horsemanship: Knight	45%/35%
Boxing	N/A	Land Navigation	44%
Running	N/A	Mathematics: Basic	65%
Language: Eastern	98%	Military Etiquette	55%
Language: Elven	60%	Play Musical Instrument: Harp	40%
Language: Western	60%	Public Speaking	45%
Literacy: Eastern	45%	Recognize Weapon Quality	40%
<u>Literacy: Elven</u>	<u>55%</u>	Sing	45%
Art	50%	Wilderness Survival	35%
Astronomy & Navigation	40%	Writing	35%
Dance	50%		

Weapon Skills :

<u>Ancient Weapon Proficiencies</u> :	<u>Strike</u> :	<u>Parry</u> :	<u>Thrown</u> :
W.P. Knife/Dagger	+1	+1	+1
W.P. Lance	Unseat "m" 20	N/A	N/A
W.P. Shield	N/A	+1	N/A
W.P. Sword	+1	+1	N/A
W.P. Paired Weapons (sword and dagger)	N/A	N/A	N/A

Weapons & Armour :

Full Plate Mail (magical) - lightweight and color	A.R.: 17	S.D.C.: 160	
Small Wood & Metal Plated Shield	50 S.D.C.	(+7 to parry)	
Silver Long Sword (dwarven/magical) - additional damage and color	2D6	+2 to Strike	+2 to Parry
- (total bonuses including PP and WP)	(3D6)	(+4 to Strike)	(+9 to Parry)
Silver Dagger (dwarven/magical) - blinding flash and color	1D6	+4 to Damage	+3 to Parry
- (total bonuses including PP and WP)	(1D6+4)	(+2 to Strike)	(+10 to Parry)
Throwing Dagger - (total bonuses including PP and WP)	1D6	(+2 to Strike)	(+7 to Parry)
Lance	2D6+2	(+2 to Strike)	

Mode of Transportation :

She owns a predominantly black, only a hint of white between the eyes that stretches down its nose, riding horse. When she first began to train him, she viewed him as nothing more than a riding horse to be used as she saw fit. However, since that time, she has grown attached to him, a fact that has caught her off guard. After that, she appropriately named him "Rinstad," which is the Elven word for "Spirit of the Wind." He has remained faithful to her since the beginning and will not leave her (unless she dies). Has a running speed of 33 and is valued at 2,000 gold. 33 S.D.C., 26 H.P.

Horse Barding : A.R. 17, 125 S.D.C. (magically colored to match her armour)

Other Information :

Money : 88 in gold.

Equipment : Two sets of clothing (one is a fine set of clothing fit of a noble and one set of riding clothes), soft leather boots, a pair of leather gloves, long cape, belt, bedroll, tent (two people) lined with mosquito netting, belt purse, backpack, two large sacks, two small sacks, a saddle bag, a water skin, (2) 40 ft./12 m. rope, hand manacles, food rations (jerked beef, 4 loaves of bread, and a few apples), a bottle of outstanding quality brandy, a goblet, crow quill pen, a bottle of dark red ink, 12 sheets of parchment, a 100 page stitched notebook (used as a personal diary), treated torch, pocket mirror, a finely decorated comb that can be worn in the hair, (2) ounces of good perfume, a Star Sapphire on a silver necklace (worth 275 gold) that is a family heirloom, and a tinder box.

Family _____: She is the oldest daughter of Lord Lylander and has a younger sister named Renia (only half sister) who is 11 years old. Her mother has been dead since as far back as she can remember. Whenever she would ask her father, or any of the servants, about her departed mother, they would all refuse to discuss the subject. This is something that has always made her wonder if there is something more to it than what was told to her. The Star Sapphire necklace, worn around her neck at all times, is the only thing she has of her mothers. For this reason, she views the necklace as an almost sacred item.

Religion _____: Lyris and her family are followers of the Church of Light and Dark. Lyris publicly worships Bennu, the Phoenix. Although Bennu has her flaws, Lyris feels she is the only gods of light that does not pretend, or force himself, to always do good. For this reason, she feels the most connected to her. However, in her heart, she holds great respect for Anhur, the Slayer of Enemies. She respects him not only as a warrior, but also for his code of honor. However, since he is officially a god of dark, she does not publicly declare this because it would go against the ways of her family and may bring them dishonor. For this reason, she only worships him in secret.

Disposition _____: Lyris is, for all tense and purposes, a snob. She is not fond of the other races, but will tolerate them when necessary. It is possible for her to become friends with one of them should they prove that they are worthy of her presence. She feels that she is better than almost everyone else due to her noble blood. She is also quite aware of her beauty which only adds to her feeling of superiority.

She values the lives of those under her father's direct rule (a major land owner). This is not to say she doesn't value the life of other's, just that their lives take top priority. If she is faced with an evil enemy, she will have no problems killing them. They simply get what they deserve. She feels that she is most complete while in a fight. Despite this fact, she does not go around looking for fights, simply won't back down from one and fears no enemy. This is mainly because she feels she can take anyone in a fight.

History _____:

A young girl runs through the halls of the giant castle. She seems lost, or perhaps she is looking for something. She looks down each passageway trying to figure out which way to go. As she reaches the end of one of the hallways, she pauses. A smile comes across her face. A bright light shines down the hallway to reveal the silhouette of a woman.

The woman's face and features cannot be made out. Her eyes light up as the young girl stares intently at the figure. Then, the silhouette begins to move away. The young girl chases after it, running faster and faster. But she cannot catch up to the figure. The girl cries out, "Mommy. Come back Mommy. Please come back." She trips and falls to the ground. When she looks up, the figure is gone.

The young girl suddenly wakes up and looks around the room. She is in her bedroom. It had all been a dream. She begins to cry loudly. A young woman comes into the room and asks, "What is it Lyris? Are you okay?"

Lyris continues to cry. "My mommy. I want my mommy."

“I am sorry young Lordess, but your mother is not with us anymore. You know this. Now let me put you back to bed.” The woman goes to tuck in Lyris.

Lyris pushes the lady away, “Shut up. I want my mommy.”

The young woman looks sad. “I know little one, I know.” The woman hugs her. “But do not worry, your mother still watches over you.”

She looks at the woman slightly confused. She sniffles as she tries to fight back the tears. “What...<sniffle>...what do you mean?”

The woman holds the necklace that Lyris wears around her neck. “See this necklace. It is called a Star Sapphire. It’s a very rare gem, just like your mother was. It was hers. When she passed on, it was given to you. I believe that through this, your mother continues to watch over you. So whenever you start to miss her, just look at this necklace. When you do, you will know that she is still with you.”

Lyris looks at the necklace in wonderment. Then she looks back towards the woman, “Thank you, Alassia.”

The woman bows, “Anytime my Lordess.” She begins to walk back towards the door.

“Alassia, can I ask you a question?”

“Of course, I am your humble servant. If it is within my power to answer it, I will do so.”

“How did my mommy die?”

The expression on the woman’s face is a cross between shock and horror. She pauses for a moment as she does not know what to say. Then, she walks over to Lyris. She brushes away some of the hair on Lyris’ face. In a sweet and gentle tone she says, “Do not concern yourself with such matters. Now try to get some sleep.” Then, she quickly hurries out of the room and closes the door.

Lyris doesn’t understand. Every time she asks about her mother, no one will answer her. She looks at her mother’s necklace. She speaks softly to herself, “Mommy, why did you leave me?” She simply stares at the necklace for a few moments. Then, she slips back under her covers and goes back to sleep.

Lyris grew up as the daughter of a nobleman. Her father is Lord Lylander of the Eastern Territories rules over the territory known as Yashkyrr. Their family originated from the Western Empire. However, after a conflict involving her great grandfather, their family was sent into the harsh and untamed lands of the Eastern Territories as a sort of punishment. They have since made it their home.

Growing up as a noble woman of only 8 years, she began to feel superior to the common person. When he remarried to the Lady Ralia, her attitude only seemed to get worse. This fact did not sit very well with her father. So he decided to hire a bodyguard that would not only serve as her protector, but also act as a moral mentor. This man was a mercenary named Drakmar. He was a friend of her father and had proved himself a man of good conscious.

On her tenth birthday, their town was attacked by a large band of Coyles. The troops of the small state were unprepared and had trouble holding off the attackers. It looked like a grim situation. Luckily, a wandering knight named Malik passed through

their state at this time and helped to drive off the Coyles. He was not only a master swordsman, but he was also a brilliant tactician and helped to guide the troops to drive off of the attackers.

Lord Lylander was appreciative of the knight's help, not only for protecting his people, but for saving the lives of his daughter and his pregnant wife. He offered Sir Malik a position in the state's defense force. Sir Malik decided to accept the king's offer for a brief time. However, he made it quite clear that one day he would move on. Lyris admired Sir Malik for his skills as a warrior and developed a slight crush on him. For some reason, he took an interest in her and decided to train her in the ways of the knight.

Sir Malik taught her the joys of battle and how it was important to be the best. She studied diligently to become the greatest warrior in the land. This apprenticeship did not sit well with Drakmar as he felt that Sir Malik was not the noblest of knights and should not be idolized by such a young and impressionable girl. However, despite his objections, she continued to train.

Lyris practices in the castle's courtyard. She swings her sword like a skilled warrior. Striking, then parrying, and striking again. She has been fighting invisible foes just to become better. Sweat drips off her brow. It has been four hours since she began her practice.

Clapping could be heard coming from one of the doorways. "Very good Lyris," speaks a voice.

She responds, "So Drakmar, you finally decided to speak. I was beginning to wonder if you had gone mute."

Drakmar chuckles, as he was known to do. For a mercenary, he was a rather light hearted individual. "I see you haven't lost any of that wonderful personality of yours."

She smiles. "So tell me, why were you standing there anyways? Looking for pointers perhaps?"

"Just seeing what it is that that knight Malik has been teaching you. I see that your sword form is quite good. But I fear that you fail to understand the heart of the blade you wield."

"What are you talking about, Drakmar? I do truly hope that you have not lost your mind. My father would be most saddened."

"All things in this world have an energy around them. Strength and skill will not always be enough. There will come a time when you will need to become one with the blade you wield."

"Don't be so foolish."

"Yes, I suppose that you would not yet understand this. Then perhaps you would be up for some sparring instead. I'm sure I will be a much greater challenge than those imaginary foes of yours."

A smirk comes across her face. "I wouldn't be to sure about that, my imagination can be quite tough." She twirls her sword in several circles while swinging it from side to side. "Come on Drakmar; let's see what you've got."

He draws the huge two headed battle axe from across his back. "You waste energy in such foolish displays. Energy that would be much better spent in battle."

Lyris charges at him. He raises his battle axe just in the nick of time to parry her attack. He speaks, "Quite good Lyris, I did not expect such skill. But you are too aggressive." As he says the last word, he summons his strength and pushes her back.

She stumbles back a bit. Then, regaining her balance, she smiles again. She did not expect him to attack like that. She is impressed. The two lock back into battle again. It is a display of expert fighting abilities, both fighting their hardest and neither willing to lose, not even in a simple sparring match.

Finally, the deciding moment that occurs in every battle happens. As Lyris attacks, Drakmar steps out of the way and hits her in the back of the neck with the handle of his battle axe. She falls to the ground, face first. She turns onto her back, preparing to continue to fight. But as she turns, she sees the blade of Drakmar's axe pointing down at her. If he had wanted, he could have already killed her.

She pauses, unsure of what to do. He pulls back his battle axe and holds out his hand to her. As she takes it, he helps her to her feet. The two look at each other for a moment, but say nothing. Finally, Drakmar breaks the silence. "You have improved more than I first thought. Perhaps next time we spar, you will use both your sword and your dagger. I have seen that you are quite fond of that combination. You should not have held back on my account. You must learn to come at your opponent with everything you've got."

"Next time we battle, I'll be sure to do that. And perhaps you will then honor me with using those two battle axes that you're so famous for. I'm sure you will be able to move much more freely then with that oversized one."

He looks at the giant sized two headed battle axe he had been wielding. "Ah yes, but this was a gift from an old friend. It would be a shame to never use it. Besides, it serves it purposes." Both look at each other and smile. "You should probably go inside now and get bathed before dinner. You know your father wishes you to look more the part of someone in your position."

"Yes, he worries too much about these politics of his," she sighs as she thinks about it. "Very well Drakmar, see you soon." She then heads off into the castle.

Drakmar stares at the doorway for a bit. Then, after he is sure she has gone inside, he turns to a balcony that looks out into the courtyard. "So Malik, what do you think about what you have just seen?" In his voice could be heard a hint of distain.

On the balcony stands Sir Malik, the man who is training Lyris in the way of the knight. He stands there with his arms crossed looking down at Drakmar. His expression shows no emotion whatsoever. "Very interesting. I am impressed with your skills. That is of course, after taking into consideration, that you are a mere mercenary."

"I want you to stay away from Lyris. You will lead her down the wrong path."

"I have never gone where I was unwanted before. But I believe that is for the young lady to decide."

"Listen, her father hired me to make sure she doesn't turn out to be someone..., " he pauses for a moment. Then, he looks into Malik's eyes and continues, "...someone just like you. You may be a skilled warrior, but you lack compassion. There is a darkness about you that I just can't explain. And, although I don't know your true intentions here, I want you to leave her alone."

“Do not fear mercenary. I will not harm her. You talk of darkness and hidden intentions, but I assure you that you are just being overly melodramatic. I am merely showing her how to become a knight. Once I finish teaching her what she wants to know, I will leave.”

The two stare long and hard at each other. There is definite tension between them. After what seems like an eternity, both turn and walk away. The issues the two have still left unsettled.

By the time she was 17, Sir Malik told her that she was as good as he could teach her and suggested she journey into the world to increase her skills. After that day, he left and continued his own travels.

Her father was not pleased with this suggestion and forbade her to go. However, she was a stubborn child and did not take orders very well. She snuck out and headed out of the state. After traveling for only two days, she ran into two kobolds on the road which had robbed and killed a merchant. She decided to test her skills in actual combat and make the two pay for their transgressions. As the three of them stared at each other, she slowly drew her sword and dagger. The kobolds drew their weapons and they all prepared for battle.

She charged, as was in her impetuous nature. The three locked in combat. In a short time, she pierced her dagger through one of their throats. The kobold fell to the ground dead. The other one looked slightly scared. She was sure that victory was going to be hers. Little did she know that the kobolds were not alone. While she was distracted by her fight with the kobold, which could have easily been over with had she not been toying with him, two trolls and a goblin came out of the woods and attacked her.

The trolls were far more skilled than the two kobolds she had been battling with earlier. She began to become outclassed by her attackers. Despite their numbers, she refused to give in. As she fought valiantly, Drakmar came to her aid. It turned out that he had been following her as he had suspected what she would do. With his aid, the two were able to kill one of the trolls and the goblin. The other two were driven off.

Drakmar looked at her, but said nothing. He then headed back. She decided that she should return with him and discuss things with her father. When she returned, her father looked both angry and worried at the same time. Everyone left to allow the two to talk without disturbance. For a long time, there was nothing but silence. Once the two began to talk, it lasted for several hours. In the end, the two came upon agreement.

Her father realized that he could not stop her from leaving; otherwise she would simply run off again. So he decided to allow her to travel. However, she would only be allowed to travel for a few years. By the time she reached 25, she would be obligated to return home and continue her duties as a noble woman. Lord Lylander explained his daughter's absence as training for her to return and help protect the state and its people. Although it caused some controversy, it was generally accepted.

Drakmar wanted to go with her, since he was her bodyguard, but Lord Lylander told him not to. If this was to be her training, she needed to do it on her own. Drakmar reluctantly obeyed. Both knew they could do nothing but hope that she would one day return. She packed her things and headed out from her home.

Lyris is in her room packing a few items in preparation for the journey ahead. As she packs, her younger sister wanders into the room. If not for the fact that the little girl has red hair and very light blue eyes, she would be the spitting image of Lyris when she was seven. Lyris is too lost in thought to notice her enter. The young girl tugs on her clothes. Lyris turns and looks at her. A smile comes across her face.

Lyris kneels down to her and asks, "Is there something you need, Renia?"

Renia looks up at her, "Someone said you were leaving. Is that true?"

"Yes, I need to go out and finish my training so that both Sir Malik and father will be proud of me."

"I'm scared sister. I had a bad dream last night that you left and didn't come back." Renia starts to cry. "Don't go sister. I don't want anything bad to happen to you. Please tell me you won't go." She hugs Lyris tightly and doesn't let go.

Lyris hugs her back. "I will return. Don't worry, I won't leave you alone. I'll come back to you."

The little girl snuffles. "You promise?"

"I promise. Besides, if I didn't come back, then you would have to change your name to Lyrenia. We wouldn't want to ruin that cute name of yours," she puts her index finger on the tip of Renia's nose. "And we couldn't have that happen, now could we? So you see, I have to come back."

Renia giggles. "I almost forgot about that. Your real name is Ris. Tell me, where did you get your name from?"

"Well, Ris is the name of our great grandmother. But I had to add the Ly to the front of my name for the sake of tradition. It shows that I intend to take over charge of the state when father...well, when father steps down."

Lyris stands up and looks at her bag. Then she looks at Renia, "So tell me, do you think I forgot anything?"

Renia looks around the room. She then walks over to the closet and holds the bottom of one of the dresses. "You're not taking this one?"

Lyris smiles, "That always was one of my favorites. But I don't know if it will travel too well. I'm sure Bezween wouldn't be too happy if he saw what I did to his dress."

"Who is Bezween?"

"He is tailor, friendly little gnome. He is well known for his talents and designs." She holds the dress in front of her and looks at it. "Father had him design and tailor this one especially for me." She then looks at Renia. "Well, why not?" She walks over to the bag and places the dress as nicely as possible within it.

Renia watches this and nods in approval. Lyris closes the bag and picks it up. She rubs Renia on the hand and then walks out, trying to hold back the tears. Renia watches as she walks out. She then says softly, "Be careful big sister."

Lyris walks down the hallway and heads toward the main gate of the palace. Her step mother Ralia stands in her way. Lyris looked at her, her sad demeanor fades away as she looks at a woman she has never liked. She is fully prepared to push her out of the way. In fact, she is hoping on it.

Ralia speaks, "Be careful." Lyris pauses and is momentarily shocked. That is not the comment she would have expected from this woman. Ralia then continues, "We may have our differences, but if anything happened to you, your father would be sad."

Lyris nods. The two may not like each other, but her father is the bond that has kept the two from killing each other. As Ralia steps out of the way, Lyris says one last comment to her, "Don't worry, I don't accept death that easily." She then continues to her way.

She walks through the gates and outside of the palace. She looks back at her home, the only home she has ever known. Drakmar is standing at the doors looking at her. She was unsure of how he approached her so quickly and silently, but he was full of mysteries like that.

"Before you go," speaks Drakmar. "I just wanted to give you something." He holds a beautiful comb in his hand. "It was my mother's. It was passed on to me to give to my daughter. And I am in turn giving it to you."

"But Drakmar, don't you think that is something you should hold on to?"

"I am not likely to be married nor have children at my age. And in my heart, you are the daughter I never had. I want you to have it."

She takes the comb from it and looks at it. "It's beau..." She stops talking as she cuts her hand on the tip of it. "Ow, that stings."

"Be careful. It is rather sharp. It is a comb used by some nobles as a decoration in their hair because of how beautiful it is. However, it serves a dual purpose. It is designed to be used as a weapon in case the lady is attacked. It's not much, but can be of some help."

"Thank you, Drakmar."

He nods, both saddened and worried that she is leaving. "Go now."

She looks at him; then nods in agreement. She understands that he wants her to leave so he doesn't see the pain in his eyes. He wants her to remember him as her strong and noble teacher, perhaps even as a second father figure, but not as a man almost reduced to tears. Respecting his desires, she leaves. She embarks on her journey alone, but knowing that those she cares about are still with her in spirit.