

# FARAMOND THE WANDERER

## Past

Ever since childhood, you have felt closer to the wilderness than to civilised society. Animals and trees have always had kind words to share with you, in spite of their surprise when they first met a man capable of understanding them. You are the youngest among the Regents, the eighth, and never before had an Oracle trained more than seven, one for each Fiefdom. Yet here you are, the Wandering Regent, the errant sentinel watching over the Vale to sound the alarm at the first sighting of Dragons.

Sweet Ninon says that the Oracle saw great talent within you, the same that has made you a capable alchemist, but you know it was all thanks to her that you even managed to complete your training. You were but a child when Ninon broke through your isolation and took you by hand, pulling you closer to the others. If you feel any more kinship with people than a wolf does, you owe it to her. During your youth at the Monastery, she was everything to you: a guide, a friend, a lover. A woman so special as to put envy into the hearts of stars in a summer night. The two of you lived your love in secret, away from the eyes of all the others. Those were the happiest years of your life.

Everything changed after your anointment as Regent, however. Your duty brought you farther and farther away and distance made Ninon ever more frigid towards you. Until one day she told you she was no longer willing to live a life of solitude in her Fiefdom, constantly waiting for you.

## Present

Without Ninon, you began to long for your peers to accept you as their kin. Once upon a time, being called the Eighth or the Wandering Regent felt like a special honour, but now it only makes you feel lonely, different, unworthy.

The memory lapses have only made things worse. Over the last month, whole days have gone missing from your recollection. Now you distrust your own thoughts, and you harbour a terrible doubt: One night you awoke to find your hands covered in alchemical powder, a deadly mixture that could explain the recent deaths of Cerdic, Regent of Zamar, and the Oracle. You know it is possible to infuse poison with Magic, although you have never learnt any such formula. You must be innocent, right?

As if this was not enough, even the news of the White and Black Dragons' demise carry a painful note for you. You cannot remember blowing the alarm before those battles, yet the animals and the other Regents heard the sound of your horn. What is happening to you?

You have been mulling over these mysteries for days and, as the day of the summons approaches, fear has sunk deep roots into your heart. Are you a murderer? Perhaps your mind refuses the blame for such a heinous crime and protects itself by forgetting entire days.

## Future

*Lylie:* Lady of life, the only one among you capable of healing any wound with a simple touch. You wonder whether she could mend the tears in your mind as if they were broken bones.

Yet you hesitate to put yourself into someone else's hands after what happened with Ninon. A part of you stays beastly, wary and afraid of judgement.

*Giraut:* Brother to Lylie and slayer of the Great Black Dragon. In youth he always stood up to Renier's bullying, at the cost of humiliation after every fight.

During the Council the vacant seat of the Regency of Zamar will be discussed. The capital is greatly sought after and Giraut will do everything in his power to take it from Renier. Whoever gets it will leave their Fiefdom unattended. What if they offer it to you?

*Renier:* Lylie's other brother, as talented as he is mean. When you were boys, he seemed to despise you over the others, as if you were unworthy of your position.

Solomon swears he has changed, but while Renier's victory over the Great White Dragon deserves some respect, you do not know whether to believe him.

*Wilhelm:* You cannot forget how seven years ago he was gravely wounded after facing a Dragon alone in open combat. You watched with your own eyes as his bolts rent the sky without ever harming the beast, and you admired his heroism.

The ravens that witnessed Giraut's battle against the Great Black Dragon told you they saw a scarlet bolt flash over the field. You wonder if it was Wilhelm running to his aid.

*Solomon:* At the Monastery you spent all your time away from Ninon by his side, and even after your anointment he was still the only one you ever called friend.

Your pain for Ninon has pushed you away from him. You fear his judgement, but who better than him could understand what it means to doubt one's own mind? His memory has always been unreliable.

*Ninon:* Recently her Fiefdom has been devastated by White Dragons and only Renier's intervention could save her life. If you were late in sounding the alarm, it is because getting close to her lands is enough to renew your pain.

You do not just long to regain her trust, but her heart as well. Now that the Dragons are defeated, everything will change: Your duty may become less harrowing, or you could gain a Fiefdom of your own. There would be no more obstacles between you.

*Drystan:* Captain of Zamar and Cerdic's attendant. They were said to be very close and he witnessed the late Regent's death.

You would like to ask him whether his master was truly poisoned, but you fear that would make him suspicious.

*Allen:* Now you have come to fear your master's apprentice. The Oracle has summoned you and he is surely looking for his predecessor's murderer.

You want to help him, but you are your only suspect. Would discovering the truth be your absolution or your sentence?

