How I Got Here

"Whatever your name is?"

5th of Ninthmoon

1 Childhood

As a young child, I was abandoned—presumably by my parents—near the bard school. I was raised by the bards there. They taught me how to tell stories and how to speak. I always loved nature, so some called me *The Wild One*, but I never really liked that name because I was not chaotic. Eventually, I learned from one bard about pacifism: the idea of using words as weapons instead of dealing damage. Typically, you tell people you cannot harm them, so they should not harm you. It may not work the first time, but if you come back again and again, repeating the same truth, it almost always does.

2 My Life Now

The stories and speech grew into a love for linguistics. I still follow the path of pacifism. My love of nature has remained, along with an interest in herbalism. Perhaps I could one day speak with the forest spirits and strike a bargain with them. I still do not have a true name of my own, but I have decided to sign my chronicles with a title someone once gave me.

3 My Plans for This Year

I hope to become a great scribe, to learn many languages, and even to create some of my own. I will probably follow the wild path because of my bond with nature. I hope it is possible to avoid learning the damaging part of empathic ray. Instead, I seek treeform ball to protect myself, and a sorcery that allows me to resist reverting from treeform. I also hope to gain regeneration touch.

After walking the path of a wild mage, I plan to return to bardic training, to give back to the bards who raised me and to further my goal of learning many languages. I hope to write a chronicle every week. Most of all, I want to spread the works of pacifism. Perhaps, just maybe, I could negotiate peace with the forest spirits.

Here, they say there lies an ancient civilization from the First Era. Perhaps I can learn their language—or even their languages.