

KAISER

CHARACTER BIO

- Human
- 1st level Druid
- Alignment: Neutral Good with social tendencies
- Motivations: Tending the wilds, curing the sick, destroying the unnatural

FOUNDATIONS

“Quickly, now,” Arz said, hurriedly checking the fallen man for signs of necrosis. “You’ll know the herb by its scent, like lavender mixed with lemon. When you cut it, a milky white liquid will seep out. Take my ern knife. Hurry.”

“Yes, doctor,” I replied, shocked from the suddenness. My legs wouldn’t move.

“Now!” he commanded with certainty, his gentle eyes pleading. “Into the woods! Go!”

I raced toward the forest to the west. I knew what to look for, but I was still reeling from the necromancer’s attack. The screams of the neighbor’s wife as she was cut down by a walking skeleton. The viscous, green liquid that spewed from the zombie’s mouth and engulfed the guardsman. Unliving nightmares from tales that only reached our little village by bard song or drunken traveler.

My feet reached the forest edge, and I began scouring the bases of trees for the liferoot that Arz so desperately needed, though I only knew the description I was told.

I searched frantically, a man’s life in my hands. Nothing came of it. Ten minutes passed, then another ten. My body burned as my breath failed from hopelessness.

A small creature caught my eye. The stripes of a chipmunk.

“Hello, little friend,” I said on the verge of surrender as it approached, chittering. “I have no food for you. I’m sorry.”

He looked at me quizzically, then turned and ran off. Something drew my gaze as I watched him run. A small pool of water near an ancient oak, and there, growing in the water’s edge, was a thick root sprouting green leaves of a distinct shape.

I cut a large chunk of root with the doctor’s knife, specially designed for cutting herbs.

“I have it!” I cried out, returning to Amphail to see the doctor triaging another wound in the street.

“Good, boy,” he said, unshaven chin quivering as he covered his nose. The stench of undeath filled the village more now as others gathered around. A pair of guards pulled a body away from the scene.

Arz took the liferoot and squeezed some of the milky substance onto the fallen man’s wound, still green from the liquid that spewed forth onto him. He covered it with



DRUID CLASS SYMBOL
DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS

fern leaves and pressed it in, tying it around the man’s shoulder with twine.

“Hold this here,” he told me, grabbing my wrist and pressing it against the fern leaf. The man’s blood seeped through into my hands.

“I’m just a stableboy, doctor,” I told him. Any other words were drowned in panicked stutters as I felt the weight of the fallen man’s life bearing down on me.

“You’re more than that,” Arz said. “We’re all more than our foundations in times of need. When the world calls on you, you answer. Do you hear me?”

FINDING WHAT MATTERS

“We’ve already seen a doctor from Waterdeep. They don’t know what caused it,” the woman said, distraught.

I examined the little girl’s wound, festering for at least two days now. Green pus oozed from it, turning the skin black. My memory flashed to a dying guard in the streets of Amphail.

“I might,” I said, rummaging through my herb pack for liferoot. I cursed under breath, drawing the mother’s attention.

“I’ll be back soon,” I added. “Keep her forehead damp with cool water, and make sure she takes in the soup you’re boiling.”

The village on the bench of Mount Star bustled with activity on a sunny day. No one here knew the truth of the attack they were about to endure. The same attack that hit my hometown down the road years prior. Not even I knew for certain, but I had my hunch. My insight rarely failed me these days.

I ascended through the pass up to a small glade I knew of. There I’d find ancient trees growing in water near a mountain lake, and hopefully the cure for the girl’s ailment.

A squirrel caught my eye on the pass. It chirped as it nibbled on a nutshell and jumped along the path.

I watched it intently, having learned to follow the spirits of the wild. They always led me where I needed to be.

The squirrel ran toward an indent in the side of the cliff. A cave of some kind, not noticeable by anyone from the pass unless you knew where to look.

I peeked into the cave, lightless and foreboding. My nose bristled with an odd stench. Something akin to rotten pork and mold. It left a pallid sourness on my tongue.

I grabbed my waterskin to wash the taste out before a sudden pain behind my skull sent me blacking out. My chin hit the dirt.

My eyes recovered to dancing torchlight. Hands bound in front of me. Head pounding.

"You are still alive," a voice in the dark said.

"You too," I replied.

"Hmm?" the raspy throat let out. It had been scarred somehow, crackling with every intonation. "Do you know me?"

"I know your work. It's too bad I was just a boy when I learned of you." I was already trying to free my hands, but they were clasped tight.

"Ah," he groaned. "Soon you will know only death," he threatened.

"Can we talk about this instead?" I asked dryly. I had managed to free Arz's ern knife from my pocket. It would cut rope just as keenly as herbs.

"Discussion is meaningless. Only my work matters now." The old man approached, a vial of something in his shaking, boney hand.

Navigating my own thumbs to saw against the rope, I struggled silently, heart racing.

The necromancer towered over me and tipped the vial. I leaned to the side as it poured over me, burning the leathers on my shoulder, but not quite reaching my flesh.

The rope at my hands snapped, and my knife pierced the necromancer's chest as I reached up under his arm. A wheeze escaped his mouth as his lung deflated, and he fell back, squealing.

I clapped my hands together, rubbing off what blood I could.

"You know, I've spent most of my life raising animals. They don't kill needlessly. They kill to eat. To survive. Not to progress some absurd notion of research," I admonished.

The old man let out a series of pained moans as he struggled for breath.

"One thing animals don't do is let people suffer," I said coldly. "Beasts are above even you, I suppose. I'll take my knife back now."

I walked over and pulled the ern knife from his chest, ending his life with it. I wasted no time leaving that horrid place. I had no way of knowing how long I was unconscious in that foul lair.

Night had fallen. I searched in the dark endlessly for the curative root that would heal the girl. It took some time, but I was guided there again by the wilds that I loved so dearly.

I sprinted back to the village and went to work saving the girl's life. The only real work that mattered in this world.

ALIGNMENT AND ROLEPLAY

Kaiser was exposed to death and suffering at a young age when his village of Amphail was assaulted by a foul necromancer. It was during this time that he learned the ways of healing from a local physician named Arz whom he looked up to. He went from being just a local stableboy, tending horses, to attaining a deep understanding of herbalism and healing.

Something in the wilds showed favor toward Kaiser when he took on this path. Call it nature's inspiration or some kind of fey serendipity, his love of animals as a boy extended to his willingness to rely on the little creatures of the wilds to guide him.

It's this willingness that guides his values as a person. At no point did Kaiser ever question what needed to be done. He took on the mantle during times of need and stepped up to the challenge, and in doing so he gained an understanding of what life's true meaning is. In Kaiser's eyes, saving his fellow man is the most significant thing to him. He embodies Neutral Good, always ready to provide aid.

To him, the natural world and his sense of preservation are two sides of the same coin. He's just as likely to rescue an injured animal as he is a person. He'll use nature's spirit to heal those in need and to harm those who need harming, and he isn't afraid to get his hands dirty himself. He understands that he's just as much a part of nature as any plant or animal.

Kaiser's path to druidism is just beginning though. Once he joins his circle, he'll probably devote his life to leading a flock. Whether this means an actual leadership role in some organization or settlement is up to you. He seems just as likely to lead through acts of nature's wonder and healing. Maybe he'll return to Amphail to become the town's doctor in Arz's footsteps, or maybe he'll prefer to defend his hometown or another village as their protector. This would probably be secondary to his role as his adventuring party's protector and healer. The bonds of fellowship are often stronger than the bonds of home and tradition.

Ask your DM if you can integrate the knife from his backstory into your character.

ERN KNIFE

Weapon (dagger), common

This magic knife folds at a specific angle designed to optimally cut herbs. It grants advantage on Survival rolls made to harvest herbs.