

EILIDH

CHARACTER BIO

- Wood Elf
- 3rd-Level Ranger

“Just like that,” Mairi said, a gentle and firm hand on my shoulder. “Lift your elbow to be flush with the arrow. Aim with your body, not with your arms.”

I did as she instructed, but my muscles ached and burned. The small bow fought me, and I wasn’t yet strong enough to keep my grip. I shook as I tried to steady myself, eventually relenting.

My eyes cast themselves downward in shame.

“I can’t do it,” my young voice said petulantly. I wasn’t yet old enough to learn the basics of archery, but I’d insisted regardless. I wanted to be like my big sister. Her skills in our village were already legendary, and she was barely two decades older than me. A blink of an eye for one of the elven folk.

“In time,” Mairi said. “Now hone your arm. Again.”

I pulled the string back, my arms burning. Steadying myself, I aimed at the old tree, already full of holes underneath the old ward that kept the eagles away. I felt the old bow creak under the weight, but like a child, I refused to give heed. I pulled back as hard as I could.

The string snapped. I felt a lash against my forearm, and I looked down and saw blood. A yelp left my lips before I could reel my voice back.

I looked up at Mairi, tears welling my eyes. She had a raised eyebrow and pursed lips, as if to say “I knew that would happen.”

“We’ll practice restraint later,” she told me.

Magic filled her hands as she quietly chanted a spell in the ancient language. Non-elven words that I didn’t recognize echoed through the aether around us, and bright light coalesced around me. My wound closed as if by some mystical force.

I felt a wave of dizziness as the healing spell took hold, but my vision cleared just in time to see an arrow fly expertly past my head, impacting the tree. The eagle ward above shook gently, adding its chime to the wind.

“Good shot, Ailis,” Mairi said.

“As always,” Ailis replied, a smirk shamelessly ridden across her mouth.

My only meaningful difference with Ailis was that I was born four years after her. Her mother was also a hunter and her father was also a crafter, like mine and Mairi’s. There was nothing special about Ailis. Every bit of her skill was explained by that extra time she’d had training.

So then why was I so bitter about it? I would get there eventually, too. I knew that, even as a youngling.

“Don’t let it get to you,” Mairi whispered. She had a way of always making me feel at ease. It’s probably why she was next in line to become the village shaman after

EILIDH



our mother. She’d have to earn it, but there were so few others who could compare to Mairi’s wisdom, skill, and empathy. I couldn’t imagine a world where she wasn’t there for me.

“Keep practicing, Eilidh,” Ailis told me. I could tell she meant it sincerely. No one else our age had taken up the bow, and she wanted a rival who could keep up with her.

“I will,” I said shyly, clutching my arm. The healing spell had fixed the bleeding, but it still hurt.

“It’s almost time. Mother and Father will be waiting for us,” Mairi said. “Come on, you two.”

We walked back to town where our families and neighbors awaited. Once a month, we got together as a village to enjoy a feast together that the other hunters had spent all morning preparing. Ailis’ mother, Morag, had expertly hunted a particularly fat tapir and skinned and gutted it, and her husband was roasting it over a fire with herbs. There were also various birds, fish, and other staples and delicacies to feed us all. The smells wafted toward us.

“Mairi! Eilidh!” Mother called to us, seeing our faces as we approached. I saw that she was wearing her traditional attire for someone of her position, something she only did during rituals like the monthly meal. She welcomed us and smiled at Ailis, pointing her way toward her parents with her chin. Laughter could be heard as wine sparked mid-day conversation and

relaxation. Even one as young as me could see it was a pleasing respite from the harsh responsibilities of village life on the border of the untamed lands.

"Friends. Neighbors," Mother began to say to everyone, calling for a hush to wash over the mingling crowd. Fifty voices of all ages went quiet at the village shaman's attention.

"We gather here today, as always, to –"

Suddenly, a cry from above interrupted my mother's speech. A bird's call. One of the eagles that hunted nearby small creatures in the wooded jungle. They never came this close to our town, though. The warding chimes kept them away, their echo about the trees decorating our eyes and ears and keeping our farmed animals safe.

Looks of astonishment went skyward as a swarm of eagles came closer. At least ten of the birds, large and imposing, menaced their way toward us. Our elven eyes saw plainly that something was wrong with them.

There was some kind of aura about them. Darkness pervaded their feathers, glowing faintly in the sunlight. With every flap of their wings, the darkness shed itself off only to regrow before our gaze.

Bows were drawn by all as everyone scrambled for either cover or combat. Mother and Mairi shared a look, and I felt my sister's arm around me.

"Let's go," she ordered, a fierce look washing over her face. I moved with her as we ran for our home to hide from the coming attack.

We made it ten paces before the jungle came alive.

Predators of all kinds leaped forth into the village. Jaguars emerged from hiding, their tan and black hides blurring with speed as they raced toward victims. In their eyes, I saw the dark aura that afflicted the eagles above. Giant snakes followed, a dozen or more of them slithering along to find victims to gorge on whole. Their scales shimmered with the same darkness.

One of the anacondas approached, rearing up and towering over the two of us. An arrow pierced its eye before it could strike, and it went down. Mairi drew her dagger and impaled the creature's head for good measure.

I looked back and saw Ailis give me a nod as she ran for her own home next to ours. Behind her, a jaguar skulked. It leaped, and an arrow from Mairi's own bow was embedded in its forehead. The darkness left the cat's eyes as it slipped into death.

It was chaos. All around the village, I saw people I'd known my entire life screaming and fighting for their lives. People, adults and children alike, were dying at the hands of this invading army. We'd had no warning. No indication that a threat loomed.

"Into the house. Quickly!" Mairi shouted, crouching and running back toward the village center.

I ignored her. Instead, I ran for my bow. It was right where I'd left it, and my quiver with it.

I heard the caw of an eagle descending on me in uncontrolled fury.

Aim with your body, Mairi's words echoed in my memory.

I loosed my arrow and it impacted the bird's shoulder, sending it into a spiral. It hit the ground near me with a thud before twirling end over end, its neck broken from the impact.

There was no time to celebrate. I looked around for other signs of danger. I heard a cat's roar behind me and saw my father's muscles bulging. He was wrestling the beast with his bare hands, both of them grasping just past paws the size of my head. I could see bloody gashes across his chest where the beast had landed its strikes.

Flexing with everything he had, he broke the jaguar's front arms as its back legs raked into his stomach, tearing his insides out. I screamed toward him, but my voice cut out from the harshness of reality. It refused to make a sound, just as it refused to accept the truth that my father was dying in front of me.

The jaguar collapsed, unable to walk on its useless forelegs. Father pulled a knife from his belt and ended its misery with a stab to the eye, where the darkness left it immediately.

I saw Mother rushing to his side, already channeling shamanic healing magic in her hands as she was stopped cold in her tracks.

The roar of the jaguar before was outshadowed by a blood-curdling howl that turned bowels to water and enshrouded every elven face in fear.

All except one.

The enormous beast stepped out of the jungle calmly, its golden fur and black stripes harsh against the wooden, green homes of our small village. Riding atop it was a sight nearly as terrifying.

She was dressed in the traditional garb of a shaman from our village. The same clothes my mother wore not twenty steps away.

Neither elf nor corrupted animal dared move at the woman's presence. Eagles floated above, jaguars stood ready to pounce, and snakes coiled at the feet of anyone with a weapon drawn. The attack had halted, but the corrupted animals could strike instantly if anyone made a threatening move. No one dared tend to their wounded or dead.

"I see the people of this village still celebrate their trite victories over everyday life," a cruel voice came from the woman.

"You are as unwelcome here now as you ever have been," my mother said spitefully. "Why do you attack us? Why do you kill our people?"

"*Your* people?" the woman asked sarcastically. "You mean *my* people."

"You were exiled, Sorcha," Mother said. "You killed your own. You have no respect for life. You enslave and you murder. My only failing as village shaman is that I showed mercy on you."

"Such tender mercy," Sorcha replied. "I come to repay that mercy."



JUNGLE TIGER
ZSOFIA DANKOVA (ARTSTATION)

The evil woman glared toward my father on the ground at Mother's feet. He breathed heavily, clutching his wound. His eyes were half closed.

The tiger trotted forward slowly, allowing Sorcha to dismount. It kept walking.

I found Mairi had wandered next to me in the commotion. Her bow was aimed and ready to fire a shot, but the evil shaman gave her a look that spoke volumes. Mairi kept the bow leveled, but didn't release her arrow.

"Leave. Now. Send your animals away, and let us tend to our fallen," Mother said. "The alternative is that we all die. Our village, yes. But you will be the first to see death."

Sorcha was genuinely surprised. She laughed.

"Such gall from you," she said. "I have a better idea. I will take exactly two more lives. Then we can say we are even for sins of the past, yes?"

She snapped her finger, and her tiger leapt faster than the eye could see.

Mairi's arrow was loosed, but Sorcha raised an arm. It was harmlessly deflected by vines as they slithered up from her feet, swatting the arrow from the air then extending out to snatch the bow from my sister's hands.

The tiger fell upon my father and bit into his neck. The beast shook his head violently, and Father fell to the ground, dead.

"There's one," Sorcha said savagely, her teeth bared.

My voice still refused to make a sound. I instinctively clutched a hand to my throat and dropped my bow.

Mother's eyes glared with hatred. If her gaze were fire, the evil shaman would've burst into flame before us.

"Those eyes of yours are more dangerous than I realized," Sorcha said with a devious sneer. She whistled, and an eagle descended from the sky like lightning.

Mother raised her hands in defense, but the bird was too fast. It clawed at her eyes, and I saw it flap up and back into the sky holding two orbs in its talons.

It had clawed her eyes out.

Mother screamed and fell to the ground, writhing in agony next to Father's body.

"And here I was hoping you'd get to see the next part," Sorcha quipped. "My final act of vengeance against you for all you did to me."

In Sorcha's palm, a dark energy grew. I noticed then that her hands were black. Spidery tendrils made their way up her forearms to her elbows.

She locked eyes with me, and a fear I'd never known until then settled upon me like a crashing wave. I'm not sure how, but I understood beyond any doubt that I'd be dead in moments.

A pulse of dark energy left the shaman's wrist and flew toward me. I threw my hands out in self-defense, but instead of the wave of energy, Mairi was there. She had her arms around me, cradling me and shielding me with her entire body.

I looked at my sister's face, and her eyes said everything they needed to. In that short second of life she had left, she managed to say with her eyes that she loved me, that she was sorry, and that she'd be with me forever.

Pain entered my hands as the dark energy enveloped them, but Mairi had guarded me from the brunt of the assault. Her body collapsed on top of mine.

The echo of laughter is all I heard before blacking out.

"She's in there," I said to Ailis. "It may have taken decades, but we finally tracked her down."

"Your mother said not to, Eilidh." Ailis was stringing her bow at lightning speed. She knew how to prepare for battle. In her quiver were a dozen arrows, including two that would burst into flames when they struck anything. She also packed a quick wit, knowing that I wouldn't listen to her or my mother.

"Don't bring her into this," I said, the same petulance in my voice as an adult that I'd had as a youngling.

"You're terrible at handling people. And at expressing your emotions. And at a thousand other things," Ailis chided me, exasperated at how difficult I was being.

Years upon years of friendship had made us close. If not for Ailis, I wouldn't have survived after Sorcha slaughtered my family and blinded my mother. She knew she could say those things to me and I wouldn't be

offended. And I knew she was right.

Not that I'd admit it.

"You know what I'm not terrible at? Putting arrows in people," I said plainly. "And this witch is due for one."

"Two, at least," Ailis said, an annoyed smirk growing on her lips. "If we're doing this, let's do it."

We moved with stealth through the evil shaman's camp. It was empty of anyone and hidden well within the wilds, but we'd scouted ahead for weeks and tracked her every movement. She left to hunt and gather from the jungle daily at dawn, bringing back food for several days. What she did with the excess supplies, we never saw.

We only knew that no one had seen her since that fateful day during the ritual meal. We stopped eating together as a village after that day. It didn't seem right after so many died.

And more troubling was that Mairi's body had disappeared that night. We never found out what happened to it, but when no one was watching, it had vanished, leaving the burial shawl there.

None of that mattered. As soon as the woman was dead, we could move on. My mother wouldn't get her eyes back without magic beyond our power or intervention from some deity, but at least we'd be at peace then.

"I'll follow your lead," Ailis whispered.

It was night. We knew not what the woman did after retiring to her hut in the jungle, but we hoped the hour was late enough that we could catch her sleeping and slit her throat. That was the best case scenario.

I had gone over the moment in my head for decades, believing I'd say some final words of retribution to her in her last moment before striking her down. That I could get her to realize the pain she caused. That I could make her feel even the smallest bit of suffering I'd felt growing up without a father or sister.

But no. My training as a ranger told me not to allow my opponent even a moment to speak. I couldn't allow her any time to react. Her magic was too powerful. Words would only see me fail.

Besides, there were no words that could convey my hatred for the witch. I had decided once and for all that the best way to close this ordeal was to see her dead body.

I caught myself looking down at my cursed hands. The same dark aura that grew in the eyes, scales, and wings of the corrupted animals still corrupted me up to my forearms. Just like Sorcha. Whatever dark wave had hit my hands and killed my sister lingered in me.

Maybe that dark curse was responsible for the hate I felt. I loathed to believe I was capable of such vitriol of my own volition.

We approached the hut silently. No traps marred our passage. She wouldn't have expected anyone to find her in this remote area of the jungle, so far into the untamed lands. So far from our home.

The entrance was shrouded in plain cloth and

scented with unguents to keep insects out. Inside, I saw in the pitch black of night that the small room was filled with strange objects. Skulls of animals, elves, other humanoid creatures, and even stranger beings were scattered about like trophies. Alchemical admixtures dotted the room, their contents unknown and unidentifiable to us.

We saw no sign of her.

"What now?" Ailis asked, the same annoyed voice always crossing her teeth.

"Keep looking," I ordered, careful not to touch anything or step where it would be noticed.

A hatch caught my eye. I pointed to it.

"A cellar?" I wondered.

Ailis shrugged.

We approached, and Ailis waved me off. She was marginally better with her hands than me and always carried animal bones perfect for picking locks. She fiddled with it and we heard a creak as the hatch opened.

"Don't let me near your valuables," she joked.

A ladder saw us proceed down the narrow shaft dug straight into the ground. Dirt walls were reinforced with some type of clay to keep the shaft from collapsing in on itself. It went down about thirty feet before landing on soft soil. Boxes were piled around, and we saw light in one corner. Metal chains clanked against something that our ears couldn't identify.

We peeked our heads around the boxes and saw Sorcha there, standing. She was mixing two liquids at an alembic of some kind, heating them over a small candle flame. The liquid bubbled softly to our ears.

But another sound caught our attention. The metal clanking belonged to a pair of chains held at the wrist of some creature. It restrained someone there next to the evil shaman.

I saw elven ears, and the form was about the height of one of our kin. The skin was blackened like tar. Its cheeks and eye sockets were sunken in, and its muscles were atrophied to near nothing. Bits of food or something worse were smeared across its chin and down its loose tunic. Reflected in its eyes, we saw nothing. No emotion. No cognizance. Whatever the creature was, if it lived, it didn't seem aware of its own life.

There was a familiarity in the eyes, though.

The thought had entered my mind, but I brushed it off like a fallen leaf on my shoulder. I refused to let it distract me.

The witch was right there in front of me. I aimed my bow as steadily as I could. I'd oiled it and shaved it down specifically to keep it from creaking in the near silent room.

My strong arms reached their pinnacle, and I was ready to loose my shot.

"I know you're there," her voice said from the other side of the room.

Sorcha didn't turn around.

"You can come out. I won't fight you," she said.

I stole a glance from Ailis. We stood in unison, but I never lowered my bow.

"Is that really necessary?" the witch said, still looking at her potions. "If it makes you feel better, you can continue to aim your arrow at me. But it won't be needed."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because you won't kill me. And I won't kill you. I have no desire to see more of your family dead, and you would accomplish nothing by ending my life."

"I'd certainly feel better," I argued.

She scoffed and laughed. "Since when has vengeance ever made anyone feel better? Don't you listen to the stories the elders tell?"

I pulled back harder on my bow, reminding myself not to listen to my enemy. Her words would only distract me.

The sound of the bowstring made Sorcha turn her head.

"I don't think you want to do that," she said.

A growl left my lips, and I released the arrow.

With an instant flick of Sorcha's wrist, my hands moved on their own before I could loosen my fingers around the fletchings. I saw my arrow enter Ailis' shoulder.

My friend let out a squelch of pain.

A shocked look crossed my face. I didn't understand what had happened. One second, my arrow was aimed at Sorcha's head, and the next, my hands were moving beyond my control.

A snorting giggle left Sorcha's mouth.

"You've discovered my gift," she said.

My hands wouldn't move. I tried to reach for Ailis to tend her wound, but I had no control over my own arms below the elbows.

"Such fragile things," Sorcha gloated. "So easily guided toward their true purpose."

"How?" I managed to get out through the feelings of shock and hopelessness.

"The how doesn't matter, dear. I said I wouldn't kill you and you won't kill me," she said. "Take your friend and go. I'll know if you return."

Ailis had torn the arrow off and left her wound packed, but her shoulder would be useless. She couldn't use her bow with the injury.

"Can you climb?" I whispered to her.

She nodded, and I motioned for her to leave. She pleaded with me silently, but she knew there was nothing she could do. She left me alone with the witch.

"So brave of you," Sorcha said. "What do you plan to do? Stay here and be another of my slaves?"

My eyes wandered over to the elf in chains. I had already realized, but I refused to acknowledge it. The possibility was ludicrous. Laughable.

"Why is my sister's body here?" I asked plainly.

"Body?" Sorcha asked, amused. "Mairi is very much alive. My dark magic didn't kill her, sweetie. It simply

WOOD ELF SHAMAN
PAUL ROZHKOVA (ARTSTATION)



lets me control her. Just like I can control you.”

My heart sunk.

Not dead? I asked myself, rejecting the evidence before my eyes.

“I could never kill you children,” Sorcha said, suddenly tender. “I trained Mairi in the magical arts myself. I changed your diapers. I love you both more than that harpy you call a mother.”

“You –” I started. My voice choked.

“Poor girl. You were always bad with words,” Sorcha said, smiling sweetly.

I looked at Mairi. There was no life in her eyes. I wasn’t sure if she even recognized me.

“Free her,” I demanded. I tried to raise my bow again, but my hands wouldn’t move as long as Sorcha was near.

“Why? She’s mine,” the evil shaman said.

“If she were yours, you wouldn’t keep her chained up,” I said.

“True.” Sorcha stroked her chin and gave out another evil laugh. “I did that because I can’t keep an eye on her all day. You know, it really has become bothersome cleaning up after her. The smells alone. You can’t imagine. Well of course you can imagine, you’re smelling her right now.”

I walked toward Mairi. Sorcha could control my hands, but she had no power over my legs.

“Sister, it’s me. You recognize me, don’t you?” I begged. “Please, say something.”

“Oh, she hasn’t spoken a word in as long as I can recall,” Sorcha gloated again.

“You have to remember,” I urged her. “Mairi, it’s me. It’s Eilidh, your little sister. You used to spend all day teaching me everything you knew. You –” I stopped, trying to think of the words.

“You told me,” I continued. “You told me at the end. Not with your words, but with your eyes. You told me how much you loved me. How sorry you were that it ended the way it did. And how you’d always be with me. You *told* me. Show me in those eyes that you still feel that way.”

Something happened at that moment. The slightest twitch of movement. Mairi’s lip quivered. Then her eyes, slowly at first, as if they’d forgotten how to move in the decades spent as a slave.

Sorcha centered her full attention on my sister now. She stared in disbelief, wondering if it were possible to get through her curse. Especially when the curse afflicted Mairi’s entire body. I had felt how powerless I was before it, and it had only affected my hands.

A short grunt escaped Mairi’s throat. Almost a gagging, choking sound.

“Astounding,” Sorcha said.

“Ei–” A gravelly sound came from Mairi’s mouth. “Ei... lidh...”

Her eyes centered on me, and I burst into tears. I wanted to run over and hug her. I wanted to take her out of her chains and free her from this hell.

Instead, I found an arrow in my right hand, and I raised my bow. It was pointed at Mairi’s forehead.

“No,” I said through crying eyes. “No, you can’t do this. You can’t. It’s not right. It’s not fair.”

A grin of satisfaction smeared across Sorcha’s cruel face. This would be her victory. Killing Mairi with my own hands, even if it was her command causing it.

“No. No, no, no, no,” I repeated while bawling.

“Oh, this is perfect,” the evil woman said. “You know it was you I wanted all those years ago? Mairi was too dear to me. I wanted her to follow me of her own will. Eventually, I’m sure she would’ve. But you? You were so young. And your mother loved you so much. It would’ve been the perfect prize to take you from her.”

“You –” I started to threaten, but I felt my grip on the bow tighten. My arms burned as the muscles drew the bow for a kill shot at my sister’s head.

And through it all, Sorcha’s triumphant laughter pierced my ears.

“This is too much to ask. Thank you for seeking me out. Eilidh,” Sorcha said. “Remember, you caused this. You did this. You couldn’t let the past go, and look what you got for it.”

My arms burned. My muscles ached. The control Sorcha had over my hands kept me rooted in place. I couldn’t resist it.

“No sense in dragging this out,” the woman said. “Let’s be done with it.”

My eyes locked with Mairi’s.

Sorcha flicked her wrist.

Something within me fought with all my strength. I felt my hands lock into place.

The laughter stopped. A look of confusion settled over Sorcha’s face. She snapped her fingers, but nothing happened.

I refused the command. Somehow, beyond all hope, I had overcome the curse by sheer will.

“That’s not possible,” Sorcha said, confounded.

It took every ounce of my willpower, but slowly, I turned my hands toward the witch.

The look of shock on her face kept her frozen in place.

“No, that can’t happen,” Sorcha said. “You can’t break my curse. No one’s ever broken through it.”

I saw the dark aura on my hands that I’d had for most of my life. The tendrils seeped up my arms and glowed suddenly in the darkness, seemingly shining in the presence of their master.

“No more words,” I said coldly, letting my arrow fly.

It hit Sorcha in the chest, and she fell, clutching it. Gasps and gurgling sounds came from her throat, but nothing resembling magic could manifest through her broken voice.

I shattered the chains, feeble from poor construction. They were enough to hold a body weakened by decades of malnourishment, but nothing against the hands of a strong, elven ranger.

My hands.

I carried my sister up the ladder and fled that place. Ailis was ready with an arrow of fire to burn it all down on top of the evil witch. As soon as I crossed through the entrance to the hut, I fired the arrow at the roof and watched it burn in the night.

The three of us began the journey home. Back to where life had started for us. Back to where we suffered the greatest loss of our lives on that painful day.

We'd overcome that loss with Mairi's rescue. And together, we could overcome anything.

EILIDH'S STORY

Eilidh grew up in a small elven village in the topical inland jungles of Veshara. Her home isn't too far from the coastal lands that so many peaceful towns rest on, but it lies inland enough to border on the wild jungle lands that so many civilized communities find too dangerous to live near.

Life in this village is hard, with constant threats from the jungle lands requiring constant vigilance. It has the benefit of training some of the best rangers in the land though, a people who meld magic and archery with the excellence that comes from such a harsh life. Eilidh is one of these rangers.

Though relatively young, she's had several shining examples in her life to look to. Her mother was a skilled ranger in her day, and her sister Mairi as well was among one of the most talented archers in the village. Her rival and friend Ailis keeps Eilidh grounded throughout the story, and they encourage each other by training together.

Eilidh has a strong sense of community and fellowship with her family and friends from being raised in this small town. Their protection is one of her prime motivations in life, and everything she does going forward should be in service to them in some way. Because of her mother's grave injury, she might go forth out into the world to look for a cure for blindness, such

as an extremely rare Scroll of Regeneration to bring back her eyes, or a powerful healer that might be able to cast the high level spell. This would give her a reason to leave her home for your adventure.

Having grown up in a small town, she never had a reason to hone her charisma, so her social skills suffer a bit as a result. She's awkward, but at heart she's a good (if somewhat vengeful) person. She won't abide treachery, and she sees punishing evil and protection of those she loves as a matter of course. She's certainly open to any found family she might come across while adventuring, but she'll never forget the people close to her.

Should she return, Eilidh will be met by a village of people who recognize her for her skills and accept her faults. Her mother is a stern, but wise leader. Mairi's recovery from the long ordeal she suffered will take years, but overcoming the curse and its effects could be an impetus for a story beat in your campaign, should your DM decide to go that route. Ailis is a powerful ranger of equal level to Eilidh, and she'll no doubt continue her training in Eilidh's absence. If your party finds themselves in need of an ally within the jungles of Veshara, Ailis will happily accept the task.

As for Sorcha, your DM might choose to bring her back in some form. After all, a single arrow might not have been enough to slay such a powerful (and powerfully charismatic) creature, and Eilidh is still afflicted by the curse. She would make for an interesting, vindictive villain should your DM decide to integrate her into your campaign.

Having been through so much in life, Eilidh is prepared with the skills, family, and friends she'll need to become a force of nature in Kaldaryn. Hopefully she can further hone her abilities to become what those around her have always known she would grow into someday.



"THE SECRET LAND OF ELVES"
ZHIHO LI (ARTSTATION)