

Force of Elements
Hero Backstories
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Sir Vaskos

Truly, there has never been such a heroic man as Sir Vaskos. He is descended from a long and historied line of knights, and all he ever wanted from the time of his childhood was to be a knight errant, valiant and chivalrous in all pursuits. As a boy, Sir Vaskos squired for some of Sangorn Kingdom's most revered champions. He learned from them their deft swordplay, and what it meant to be courageous.

The day Sir Vaskos was knighted remains the happiest day of his life. It was the culmination of everything he'd been working toward for so many years. He was still quite young, but already renowned for his skills in battle, and his gallant nature. Many of Sangorn's nobility clamored for Sir Vaskos' fealty when he was first knighted. They offered him huge sums of money, great tracts of land, and even his pick of their daughters. But Sir Vaskos would not be swayed by offers of wealth or women, for he sought a greater station in life.

Sir Vaskos chose to swear fealty to a relatively poor nobleman, much to the chagrin of the other nobles. He made his choice because he knew the nobleman's land was near the border, and always in threat of being attacked by outside forces. Sir Vaskos wished to protect the people of the realm as best he could, and swearing fealty to this man was the best way he saw to do it.

For years, Sir Vaskos honed his skills and protected the citizens of Sangorn Kingdom. It was almost as though the man could smell trouble, for he was never far behind when something happened. It didn't take long for Sir Vaskos' reputation throughout the Kingdom to grow. The noble's lands were peaceful now - none dared invade the territory that Sir Vaskos roamed. It didn't take long, however, for Sir Vaskos to become weary of the peace that he had brought to the noble's lands. It's not that Sir Vaskos particularly delighted in battle, for he actually deplored violence. But, he knew that he had the power to help bring peace and justice to a land that was in dire need of it, and therefore a responsibility to that land as well. With great regret, Sir Vaskos ended his employ with the nobleman and began his trek around Sangorn in search of those to help.

Sir Vaskos romped around for years, defeating all foes he came across. His name was spread far and wide across the land as a man whose chivalry knew no bounds. Eventually, warriors began to challenge the knight to test their skills, but Sir Vaskos couldn't be bested. Over years of battle, Sir Vaskos took many blows, and while his body showed no sign of deterioration, his mind was beginning to slip.

Sir Vaskos would never stop in his quest to end all injustice and evil in the land, but rumor has it that he doesn't fight so many challengers these days. It's said he has jostled with a windmill, and when damaged in battle, takes little heed until he faints from blood-loss, only to awaken with no memory of the occurrence.

Phasmus

Phasmus is a powerful warrior of the void who is much more on the inside than he seems. He is a man of two minds - separate entities in a single body.

He was born Krall, the son of Krull, The Sun Falcon Tribe's mightiest warrior, and their chieftain. It was a blessed day for the great man when his first son was born, for he knew the child would one day be a powerful figure. The Sun Falcon Tribe watched Krall grow up with great expectations, which the boy tried endlessly to meet. But try as he might, Krall impressed no one with his skills, for he was smaller and weaker than the other boys his age, and even than some of those younger than himself. Even his own father gave up on him becoming a great warrior.

Despite his small size, Krall strove to be the best in the Tribe, and to prove everyone wrong. There was another boy in the Tribe, revered by all for his prowess, who was called Sol. Krall set his sights on this boy, a whole six years older than himself, who bested even older and larger opponents with ease. Krall watched Sol fight and tried to learn from him what he could. He looked up to the older boy, but also saw him as a rival.

When the time came for Krall to endure the rite of manhood, he set off exuberantly for the Grey Wastes to defeat a deadly wraith. But, as he walked to the edge of the village, his father and two of the Tribe's Elders stood waiting for him. They told Krall that he would have to wait another year to perform the ritual, as he was too small and weakly and would surely die in the process. He would continue to be considered a child for that time.

Refusing to accept the Elders' decision, Krall waited until the fall of night and snuck off to the Grey Wastes in search of a specter to defeat. When he found one, he readied himself to strike, but the specter suddenly attacked him. Krall was felled with a deadly strike to his side. He looked up at the specter and awaited the final blow.

Just as the specter was about to finish him, a wraith pounced on the thing, killing it instantly. Krall thought he was next, but instead the specter spoke. The creature knew Krall was weak, and had lived a life of humiliation. It offered him a bargain: take the specter and its powers into himself so that he may show the world his strength, and so that the specter could be free of the Grey Wastes, for it had spent an eternity there.

Krall could feel his life force slowly ebbing from him. He wanted power, and this was the best way to get it. He nodded in acceptance at the creature. It shrieked joyously and dove at Krall. He didn't have time to react before the thing collided with him and seemed to go through him. Krall felt a pain like nothing he'd ever experienced. It burned through his entire body and it lasted for what felt like hours, and it changed him

When finally the searing pain had stopped, he stood up. He looked over his skin that stretched over a large and powerful frame, now a ghastly blue-grey, and he was no longer Krall. He was Phasmus now. He could feel an unearthly light shining from his eyes and hear the whispering of the specter, ever-present in the back of his mind. He set off in the direction of his tribe to show them the man he'd become. They would know Phasmus. They would know his power.

Mudruk

When the Orb of Elements shattered, there was a great expulsion of excess energies and some of the remnants came together around a great swamp in Acharos. The swirling energies gave a new kind of life to the swamp - sentience. He could move about the swampland at will, and though he was a part of the swamp, he was also separate from it, and that separation filled Mudruk with loneliness. The world was too noisy for him, and he wished simply for a quiet place to call home where he could forget his mind and simply be a swamp once more.

It didn't take Mudruk long to learn that humans are a meddlesome, curious bunch who take great pleasure in needless exploration. Their farms grew and grew, and the occasional stray livestock would wander into the swamp and get lost. Mudruk quickly dragged these animals into the water for him to devour as a nice snack. Eventually, a human came looking for one of his lost sheep, but Mudruk had already gobbled it up. The young man looked through the whole swamp for some sign of his sheep, but found only the skin and bones that Mudruk hadn't swallowed. His eyes widened with terror as he saw the pile of what was left of the sheep. He gathered it up into his arms and ran from the swamp.

Stray animals continued wandering into the swamp, and Mudruk continued gobbling them up. Mudruk began to see more humans than just the one from before, and could do nothing but hide. Mudruk blended in well with the swamp, as it was as much a part of him as he was of it. The humans kept finding the piles of bones he'd leave of their livestock, and he heard them mutter under their breath about an evil monster. Children began romping around the swamp as a test of bravery between one another.

One day, a young girl wandered through the swamp all by herself. Mudruk watched her, hoping she'd just leave. But she didn't. She poked around the swamp's waters with a long stick she found. Mudruk didn't want to get poked with the stick, but he didn't want to reveal himself. The stick began to poke and prod at him from his hiding place below the murky

waters. He ignored it until the stick jammed into his eye. He grabbed the thing and tore it from the little girl's grasp. Mudruk exploded from the water as he rubbed his sore eye and the little girl ran off screaming.

Shortly thereafter, a man came into the swamp and began poking around with a large stick. Mudruk tried again to ignore the poking until it hit a sensitive spot and he tore the stick away and rose from the water. But the man did not run. Instead he pulled from his scabbard a longsword and attacked Mudruk. Mudruk didn't want to fight, he didn't want any trouble. But he had no choice. The man was no match against Mudruk's ancient powers of the swamp and he was killed. Mudruk gobbled him up and spit out his bones and armor. This was the first man that came, and he surely would not be the last. Mudruk knew what to do when they came. Mudruk knew what to do to be alone.

Argus will wander through the Southland Swamps and meet Mudruk, the only human to not bother him. He will offer to send Mudruk to a world full of only swamps, where Mudruk could be alone for hundreds of thousands of years, as long as he's willing to work a bit to achieve it. Mudruk figured anything was worth his goal, and accepted the man's offer.

Hal

Long before Acharos was settled, men marched across the land in constant war with one another. The people knew only nomadic lives filled with brutality and violence. Hal was a man born of this savage era. He was taken from his home as a child who had seen only eight summers. He lived his life as a soldier-slave in the service of a feudal lord and was an armed fighter by the age of thirteen.

Hal was as ruthless a soldier as they come - he razed and pillaged with the best of them. Over the years he rose through the ranks if not solely for the fact that he refused to die in battle. Hal could have commanded troops from the back but chose instead to fight with his soldiers on the front lines. He smashed through his enemies with raging force and none could stop him.

Hal was at the head of a raid into the underground fortress of Tecturbis. The place was built for defense, and many men were lost, but Hal pressed forward. It was a bloody battle, but eventually Hal and his men routed the enemy and forced their retreat. The underground fortress and everything in it was now theirs. Everyone knew what to do - they looted the place to find all valuables they could.

Hal claimed the quarters of the lords and ladies for himself and ransacked the rooms. He flipped beds, overturned dressers, and tossed chests about after he had emptied them onto

the floor. Hal searched through all the rooms, and found little that interested him. It would seem as though the majority of valuables had been taken.

As Hal began to make his way out of the nobles' quarters, he noticed a wall he'd damaged. The stone was badly cracked, but an odd orange light shone through the cracks. Hal heaved a huge wooden dresser at the wall and busted through it. Hal was bathed in black and orange light that poured through the hole. He could see within and the nebulous thing he saw inside spoke to him with a silent voice.

The thing showed Hal a vision of the future - his path to power, and to greatness. He would have to forsake his humanity. Hal looked down at himself and he felt no kinship to mankind. He understood what he must do, and his skin pulsed orange while his veins ran black. Hal broke his gaze with the entity and left the rooms of the nobles. He found his men. They asked if he'd made good spoils. Hal looked into the eyes of the young man closest to him, a man he'd commanded for years. The young man looked up into Hal's face with respect and Hal stared into him as he plunged his dagger into the man's heart. As Hal watched the life fade from the soldier's eyes, he could feel the power blazing inside of him, and he liked it. He moved onto the next one, his eyes full of fire.

That day, Hal slaughtered his entire battalion. Try as they might, none could defeat him. It seemed he grew stronger with each man he killed and his body appeared to burn. He stared deeply into their eyes as they each in turn fell, and imprinted the savor of their deaths onto his very soul. The men pleaded for mercy and asked of their captain why he had turned against them. But Hal's only responses came from his blade and his sadistic stare.

Hal went back to the feudal lord at the great bastion of Forthal and killed him as well. Great gouts of flame poured from Hal's eyes, his nostrils, and mouth. He killed anyone within reach until all had fled. Hal inhabited the lord's fortress for hundreds of years until he grew bored. Hal decided that surely the world must have changed, for he had as well. The power that burned inside him now burned on the out, and he was of magma and fire. Hal wished to show the world his might.