

Vera Windstorm: Nicole Beringer

==One year ago...in another reality==

“Boring! Absolutely nothing is going on right now!” A young woman protested with a pout, perched upon the gunnel of the ship she was currently traveling on. “Pipe down and be happy about it, lass.” One of the sailors scolded. “The fact that nothing’s happened means that we’ll get into Bristol all the much faster!” She continued to pout, but said nothing more. Within the hour, land came into view. “There be our port!” The cheering was short-lived, however, as they found that the once-flourishing port town of Bristol was ablaze. Dark clouds had begun to circle from a focal point in the town, signaling the beginning of a most ominous storm. The ships that had been able to leave were all sailing away from the town, fleeing to other ports. Pulling alongside one of the ships, the captain set about to finding what had happened. “Magic most foul was released where the gypsies of the Twisted Claw went to meet Lady Tso about the fate of a dragon’s egg!” The young woman, who had been watching the clouds, now turned her full attention to the conversation. “What of the leader, Thoren, and the Paragons?” “All dead. All of the gypsies, and the travelers they recruited to aid them as well.” A sudden weight descended into the woman’s bright blue eyes. “There’s no way...They can’t be-“ Anything else she would have said shall remain unsaid, for at that moment, a great wave tossed the ships, and she slipped from the gunnel. The cold, dark, stormy water engulfed her, and she surfaced long enough to have the rest of her breath driven from her by a wave crashing her into the side of the ship she had once been on. Darkness took her, and she slowly sank into the engulfing blackness of the sea.

==One year ago...current reality==

The beach not too far from the port town of Bristol was empty, save for the drenched figure that had washed up some time before midday. Now, the sun sat upon its highest perch in the sky, raining its heat upon all underneath it. It was this heat that eventually stirred the figure. She slowly sat back, letting time remind her of what had happened, and her eyes tell her where she was. “Strange...” She murmured. “There seems to be no sign of dat storm...” She turned her head, wincing when a sudden slight pain throbbled in the back of her head. “Stupid vafe...crashing me into ze ship.” She muttered, adding a few choice words of her own native German language. Slowly standing, she turned in the direction of Bristol, and had to make sure her eyes were working when she saw the town completely intact. “Most strange indeed...”

==Present time...current reality===

“Now arise, Paragon Defenders!” Vera rose, beaming a grin at her younger companion, a young girl called Oliva Wells, who had traveled from a future time to come here. The two of them had been working together for a bit, helping the Band of the Twisted Claw together, despite being from different factions. Olivia has Order of the Sun, while Vera, being more attuned to water with her magic, had been drawn to the Lunar Tribe.

‘It has been long and confusing, but at least the town still stands.’ She wrote in her journal that night. ‘Upon finding that the events of that day with the storm had not yet happened, I had found it necessary to aid in making sure they never happened, though it has been difficult not revealing what made me so eager to participate.’ She paused, looking up at the clear sky, then down at

herself. 'Tis also well that Tso's magic is no more, as I had missed my true form.' Being a mage of shapeshifting magic had proved to be somewhat disasterous with the disturbance hanging around Bristol. Only now that the balance had been restored did it settle back into a state of semi-normalacy. 'Though it appears that I shall continue to call this Bristol my home. There have been no ships sailing to my homeland, and I have no wish to go, either. So, it is here that I have decided to stay, as a champion for the Band of the Twisted Claw, and the Lunar Tribe.'

Thus is the only known chronicle of the young warrior known as Vera Windstorm.