

## Druscilla Snowfire Backstory: Michelle Burgdorf

“Some days it just does not pay to get up in the morning.” Druscilla thought to herself as she looked at what remain of the very small fire she put together last night. The rain had soaked through everything and even the little magic she knew could not get a good fire going. Needless to say she was not having a good morning and it was just starting. “Well it seems I should be ready for anything today.” She said to herself as she thought of that first day. The day she realized that she had no memory.

It was a year ago this day that she woke up on the side of the road with no ideal about who she was or how she got there. “It was raining that day to.” she thought to herself as she started to clean up the camp. She had been staying in the area trying to see if anyone knew her. In the year she had been in this area she had started to remember small things. She knew her name and that she could do magic but for some reason it was not working the way she knew it should. Oh she could still do some small things with it if she thought about it really hard, but it never seemed to work the way she wanted it to.

The only clue she had was a spell book that was written in her writing, a satchel that always seemed to have what she needed in it and a pedant that did not seem to come off. Three gifts that should be easy to fallow rumors of but no one had ever heard of anyone with items like that. So she stayed in the area for a year as the villagers talked about strange things happening in Bristol. She may have stayed in that village for the rest of her life if it was not for a traveler that had passed through the village after helping to slay a dragon. They had been badly injured from an attack by Draco disciples not a half days journey from there.

As they were healing, the traveler talked of all the people that where in Bristol and the war that was silently taking place. She learned about the Band of the Twisted Claw, a group of gypsies that seem to know more than most did about what was going on. They told of Bloodtharken the dragon and the betrayal of one of their friends, and as she heard the travelers stories she knew somewhere deep inside her that she had to go, she had to help.

So here she was lost, wet, cold, and hungry and not looking forwarded to the rest of the day. She looked up to the sky and all she saw was clouds. “Would it really hurt if the sun came out if just for a bit?” she asked the sky as she started on her way. The sky of course, just ignored her. So with a great sigh she headed south hoping she was going the right way.

It was around noon that she heard it. It sounded as if someone was being attacked in the road ahead. She ducked off to the side of the road and came up on them from the woods hoping that she could surprise the attackers and help the other person. She peeked out from the branches and saw a mage surrounded by three men in black cloaks. The mage was exhausted, and from the shape of the road and the bodies that where still there, it was quiet clear why.

“You will not win this Mage.” One of the cloaked men said.

“Tis not I that should worry Draco,” He spat at them,”but you and your brothers.” With those word he did one last spell and toke care of the three men. Drusilla watched as the mage collapsed to the ground spent. She carefully picked her way out of the trees and stared to go to the man to see if he was hurt.

“If you’re here to kill me do it quick,” he said “For should I get some of my power back I will kill you Draco scum.”

“I’m not a Draco disciple. My name is Lady Druscilla Snowfire and I’m here to help.”

“Well Lady my name is Caius Shadowsworn and if you don’t mind half a day’s journey from here is the town of Bristol. A place I can rest among friends, if you could help me there.”

“I was on my way there as well good sir and would be happy to help a fellow traveler, but I must say they seemed to be rather adamant that you not get there in one piece. Is there a reason behind this?” She asked as they stared down the road.

“What reason do they need other than to keep a champion from helping.” He said. “If you journey with me you will know soon enough what I mean.”

No truer words were spoken but that is a story for another day.