

Sig Backstory: [Marc Sapitula](#)

His origin is nothing special, but his story starts with a trip to Bristol. Before taking the first step to travel, Sig thought of one thing only. Adventure! At that moment that word became the most important thought to him. So much to experience down the road. Would there be an object that claws at his mind begging to be obtained with just one look? Maybe a performer or animal that hypnotizes him with every movement? Or how about a dish that really tickles the tongue? It did not matter to him what kind of experiences would be had just as long as he got live through it. Time to take that first step.

The traveling seemed it would take twice as long than what Sig had expected. That is only because he decided to take a path that did not take away some of his coin. This lead to a crowd of people that were just going about their day on their own little adventure. All this slowed down the traveling. While riding his wagon he saw in the distance a dome building of peculiar design. The entrance was truly inviting even with the guards at each side of the door. There was a sign on top that read: The Weeping Purse. He thought to himself with a smile, "That looks fun." Maybe there were supplies Sig could use.

Moments later after browsing through the wares two thieves stormed in. They bruised up the guards a bit to get through and were looking to bruise up or even kill the people inside the building just to make sure getting the loot was easy. The two thieves clashed with Sig. With fear and then anger inside of him Sig was able to keep his end from losing the fight for a while. Eventually the two guards got back up and struck the two thieves down. Sig was glad he was alive, but it left a mark on him. He could have died.

Sig was back on the road to Bristol. He could not stop thinking of what just happened. He was angry at himself for not being a better fighter. Eventually Sig reached Bristol and enjoyed the sight of the place thinking to fully drown in the entertainment it offered forgetting the day's earlier event, but decided not to. Entering the place brought to him the smells of a good meal, shows of spectacular performance, lovely ladies, games to participate in and wares from merchants that came from all over the country. He was not looking for revenge, but something that might give better self defense and to truly feel good about giving justice to the enemy.

Sig then came across the gypsies. From them he learned of a major enemy. After listening to their story he learned of two factions. The Lunar Tribe and the Order of the Sun. Out of all the elements they spoke of, fire put the biggest smile on his face. He chose to join the Order of the Sun. During the quest they set him on he learned better the ways of martial arts and wanting to be versatile, he learned the ways of magical arts as well. To help fight their enemies only made the adventure much more enjoyable.