

VALLA GOLDRAGON

Brought back into the fold by destiny

ORIGIN

Born to Gerald and Trisha Goldragon on a farm just outside of Stoneport, Valla had a humble beginning.

Not poor enough to go hungry, not rich enough to receive specialist training; most of his childhood was spent on the farm and in Stoneport.

As many of those who dwelled in Stoneport did, Valla became involved with the local Temple to Lathanther at a young age. He took to the teachings of the Temple quickly, garnering the attention of the Clerics.

On the eve of his tenth birthday a party of Clerics travelled out to the Goldragon farm. There they presented Valla and his parents with an opportunity within the faith – to be taken and trained in the High Temple.

JOINING THE ORDER

With his parents blessing, Valla shed the yoke of a future as a farmer and began training to become a Cleric of the Order.

Never having been so far from Stoneport before the separation from his parents was difficult at first, but he knew that one day he would return to his home with far greater glory and honour than his family line had ever known.

He grew quickly, and he grew strong. Among his fellow Initiates he excelled; learning the lore by rote, taking to weapons with zeal, showing unrelenting spirit.

As the end of his training neared, Valla received several offers from Temples across the land as a Cleric, but one offer stood out from the rest – the chance to serve as a Paladin of the Order.

The physical and spiritual training he endured was far above anything he had done so far, but after four years he emerged from it like raw iron from a forge – tempered and battle ready.

FAILURE OF SPIRIT

For over twenty years Valla served with distinction, rising to the rank of Knight-Commander. Whispers circulated that he may even be considered for High Paladin one day.

Orders came to provide escort for a Noblewoman, her family, and their entourage. Setting out from the gates, Valla immediately knew that something was wrong.

Along with the carriages and horses was a fine chest, carried by four strong servants. Something about it felt wrong, but with no indication of danger Valla resigned himself to gritting his teeth and being ready for danger.

The danger came, however it did not come from the mysterious box. Out in the wilds, just as the last slither of the sun slipped below the horizon, the camp was engulfed in a terrible wind.

Shadows spun and howled, whipping at the tents and startling the horses. Standing like a beacon in that darkness, Valla shouted for his men to assemble, for the civilians take shelter behind their enchantments.

The twisting darkness slowly closed in on the party. One by one it began dragging people into its darkness. Valla stood defiantly against it, sheltering the noblewoman and her family, channelling Lathanther's light into consecrating a barrier.

A formless face loomed out of the darkness. For a moment Valla and the face regarded each other. Feeling the weight of this thing upon him, Valla felt a sudden pang in his heart. Lathanther's light fell.

RETIREMENT

Neither the nature or origin of that darkness was ever discovered. Valla, a handful of his knights, and only five of the party returned from the wilds.

Something in Valla's heart had broken in that darkness; he felt a hole of doubt where once there was certainty. Unable to forgive himself for his failure, Valla retired from the Order and headed home.

He did return with greater glory and honour, as he had once sworn, but it wasn't how he had envisaged it.

Inheriting the farm from his father and mother, Valla settled down, married, had children, and determined to live his life in quiet solace.