

Eldoria

- [Realtors](#)
 - [Marcela Kint](#)
- [Thieves Guild](#)
 - [TORBIN "THUMBNAIL" REDBIND](#)
- [Other Adventurers](#)
 - [John Lionhearth](#)
 - [Daria - Half elf - Thief](#)
- [Prof. Lebrey](#)
- [Xanareth](#)
- [Elven District](#)
 - [Locals](#)
- [Rygarth](#)

Realtors

Marcela Kint

- half-elf, sharp-tongued broker
- Wears ink-stained gloves, keeps a silver pen always twirling.
- Practical, sarcastic: *"Of course it's haunted, darling, that's why you can afford it."*
- Always demands her 5% cut.

Thieves Guild

Thieves Guild

TORBIN “THUMBNAIL” REDBIND

Halfling Fence & Information Broker

Party knowledge: 2

Party reputation: 1

This older halfling is a well known fence in the dock district. His extensive information network and ample protection allow him to slip into the many alleyways of the district and disappear should the long arm of the law reach out to him. Smerrel called him 'ome Henk'

Other Adventurers

Other Adventurers

John Lionheart

Another adventurer the party met when carousing the town. Quarth particularly struck a cord with him because of his boisterous charm.

Other Adventurers

Daria - Half elf - Thief

The [BPC](#) cooperated with her to smuggle a water spirit to [Eldoria](#) where Xanareth was waiting for it

Prof. Lebreu

Human professor of arcane languages at the college. The BPC met him to ask for advice with the mirror of Mor'Shaar

Xanareth

Powerful wizard meddling with forbidden magic and entities. He lives in a spire in the elven district.
He was dissapointed that the [BPC](#) lost his 'package'

Elven District

Elven District

Locals

Hadra, Elven woman, old: sweet and nosy neighbour of the library. Has warmed up to the BPC

Rygarth

Rygarth was a powerful silver dragon with a vast domain in the peaks of the blade of Thalros. When foul intended mortals came barging into his lair, he would have made short work of them if not for the battle the previous days. Yamai the black dragon's actions had been growing more bold and antagonistic. As the senior metallic dragon in the region, Rygarth had to act. Words became treats which in turn were delivered. The thunderous roars and terrifying breaths of the two dragons were heard for miles beyond the mountain range, echoing far beyond the foothills. At last Rygarth slashed his mighty claws across Yamai's neck, fatally wounding him. But the black dragon fled and Rygarth too wounded and exhausted to pursue. What became of his foe, Rygarth could only guess at. Fleeing in the direction of Eldoria. Surely he could not get far so mortally wounded.

Rygarth crawled back into his lair, exhausted and bleeding. He snuggled with his wife and young son comforted by their presence. He would need time to heal. But some mortals had other plans. Attracted to the thunderous noises and blinded by greed and fame they stormed the dragon's lair callous to the harm and hurt their actions might cause.