

Tristol Starweather is the son of Kefnar Starweather and Lutra Starweather, both fairly accomplished mages in the city of Halarahh in Halruaah. As with most typical couples in the mage run lands, they were paired for their abilities and less for their fondness of one another. Still, some kinship sprang up between them and they decided to make the best of what was offered them. Mystra was said to have a hand in the lives of all the mages, so her hand must be guiding this decision as well.

The odd thing about this particular couple was that Kefnar wasn't exactly your typical Halruaan. While a generation or two had lived in the capital long enough, and their social standing had grown, his true lineage ended in a vulpinal couple somewhere up the chain. The city had done a fairly good job at keeping his exact history a mystery from him, as it did with most things that clashed with their rules. Kefnar had given Tristol his red fox tail, while his mother had given him her facial features and thin form. The pair of triangular fox's ears that were stuck prominently on top of his head came of their own accord, likely from some recessive gene that decided to finally show itself.

His mother was an illusionist, and quite powerful in her own right, while his father was more of a dabbler, choosing to learn what he needed rather than devote his life to a singular study. Because of his mother's high ability she was constantly in demand and often left Tristol alone with illusions to keep him busy. His father would often go along with Lutra to these meetings to act as an assistant, despite his prowess in other magical areas. The illusions at first were interesting and kept him occupied, but as he grew in magical knowledge and ability, their shallowness began to wear on him.

Little did his mother know that he was quickly growing a dislike to the illusions she left him, and the simple enchantments she used to keep him from causing trouble were losing their effectiveness on him. In fact, once he learned enough of Mystra's art, he would dismiss the effects of her spells with a wave of his hand once she was gone. Every so often, tutors would be hired to more formally instruct him in his magical training. It became quite apparent as he gained prowess in mastery of The Art that his talents were directly opposite that of his mother's. He often found himself studying the arcane teleportation circles set around the tower by his father for quick travel, or picking magical locks that would keep him out of his mother's personal libraries. His true talent lay in evocation though. Watching targets smolder and explode when lightening bolts and fireballs hit them, or making something sizzle with an orb of acid seemed to please his growing destructive nature. In most cases, he kept his fascinations under control, except perhaps when he wanted to show off, which was all too frequent of a thing for him. He also had a vast capacity for learning spells and putting them down faithfully without embellishment in books and scrolls. Given his background and overexposure to illusions, he devoted the majority of his time to detecting and dispelling them, feeling trapped by all the lies that surrounded him. In fact, he was not only a formidable evoker and diviner, but he was also extremely good at canceling spells and analyzing their roots.

Tristol's father spent a good deal of money and time finding the best instructors to teach him the arts and to further his knowledge in whatever direction he wished to take it, while his mother couldn't really understand why he didn't have the knack for illusion or the want to pursue it. By the time he had reached the ability to cast spells of the 5th sphere, he was nearing the end of his formal education. His independence was starting to show and he was at the age where most wizards would spend a year or two traveling the

lands and learning of the world before they settled down in Halruaah and were picked a mate.

His mother, in an attempt to get him to see the light of illusions, hired a final instructor for him named Jengo. His sole purpose was to teach him the benefits of illusions and hopefully convince Tristol that they were worth his effort to study and learn. Jengo did a good job of showing Tristol that illusions were beneficial for conveying information without having to write it out by hand, or for illustrating things without expending the energy to create them. He tried to show him that illusions could be entertaining as well, but his choice of material to illustrate this was a little skewed. He had taken him to a house of mirrors and illusions in a carnival on the opposite side of the city. It was a fairly popular attraction for the average citizen, and provided a good deal of amusement for those who liked to get lost in its endless corridors and mazes. Tristol refused to see the purpose of the exercise, and turned around to find his way out, only to learn that it been replaced by an illusory wall taken physical form. He stomped around a few moments, muttering about false magic, lies, and trickery. Jengo followed along as well, knowing that the wizard's temper could flare when it came to situations such as these.

"You'll see that Lady Mystra blesses us all with different types of magic, and they are all equally as powerful. It would be wise to learn that lesson soon." Jengo said, trying to hammer home his point before the situation got out of control.

"I'll show you what I think of these lessons..." He then raised his hands in the air and quickly dispelled the illusions in front of him, watching them melt away and disappear before his eyes. As he started to make his way out of the now empty room, he realized that his spell had indeed gone too far. The illusions for the entire house of amusement were starting to fall like dominoes, raining down the walls, or outright just flickering and vanishing. As he looked up, he realized that the magical sphere which provided the arcane energy for all the illusions spells was right above him. A smug look of satisfaction spread over his face as he grinned back at Jengo, who was more than a little shocked at this.

"How could you do that?" Jengo asked, his jaw dropped open in astonishment. Apparently, he had never seen the young mage cast such a potent spell, nor had he expected him to openly destroy someone else's magic. Jengo then backed away slowly from the apparently mad mage, and ran out into the now free street, looking around in astonishment as the magic continued to leap from building to building, unrestricted in its movement. Random pops and screams of astonishment sounded from various corners of the market, signifying the magic's range. Within a few minutes, the entire square was quiet and several rather angry merchants and wizards started approaching, looking for the source of all this commotion. Standing there, in the midst of the chaos, was Tristol, with a smug look on his face, all worry or concern missing from his stare.

"You will pay for this..." someone said under their breath, before several armed fighters approached and seized him, carrying him off to jail.

After his bail was posted by his father three days later, he was greeted at home by a rather irate set of parents. By that time, his fame had spread far across his homeland and was already making it into other parts of the realm.

"Tristol..." his mother began. "I arranged to have all that mess cleared up.. and a very expensive price I must say! However, you are not allowed to set foot in the town

proper for at least year, or charges will be filed." She then took a long deep breath. "And your father and I have been discussing things. We both agree it would be wise to send you out on your own for a while, so that you can get into trouble and get yourself out."

"Finally... a chance to be on my own." Tristol said, breathing a sigh of relief. "Where should I go? And do I get to take anything?"

His mother nodded, "We have prepared a small travel bag for you." She then hefted a brown bag up from the floor. "It has a few changes of robes for you, random scrolls, and a few rings to help protect you. We want you to take this opportunity to get to know yourself and find your place in the world. Come back to us when you've figured it out."

"We've also arranged for you to get to Sigil. With your ability there should be plenty of opportunity for right... or wrong. Just remember, we won't be there to bail you out." His father added, letting out a sigh.

Tristol snatched the bag from his mother and stood up, "You'll hear from me soon I'm sure... For now, I'm off to adventure!" He then kissed his mother's cheek lightly and shook his father's hand. "See you soon!"

Tristol then turned and marched out the door, stopping only to put on his rings and other vestments, making his way to the teleportation chamber in the house, intent on getting to Sigil as soon as possible.