Personality

Aragon is proud, overconfident, and determined to make a name for himself as a swordsman. He is fairly convinced that there is no problem that can not be solved with the sufficient application of violence, and he likes solving problems. While he does not necessarily seek out battle, he embraces it when it comes his way as an opportunity to improve his skill. Wounds are reminders that he has more to learn. He still retains his arrogance from growing up in a noble house in Kyonin, even though he no longer has the status of it. He enjoys Aethel's company partly because he is a "peer." Around him he can relax and be himself, and does not comport himself in an arrogant manner in that case.

Description

6' tall, 145 lbs, dark blonde hair with a ponytail. Very lean, little body fat. Thin scars all over his arms, legs, and torso. Grey eyes, usually wears an impassive expression, unless he's in company where he feels he can relax.

Backstory

Aragon Shalandalan was born in far Kyonin to a noble Elven family. He had a typical childhood, including boyhood friends Aethel and Kitiara. Unfortunately, his was a family with quite a bloodline of mages and archmages. Extensive testing at his coming-of-age ceremony confirmed that Aragon had, and would probably always have, only minimal magical talent. After that, it was like his family didn't really know what to do with him. More and more, he found he was not considered when it came to plans and strategies for furthering the fortunes of the Shalandalan clan. He was expected to shut up and stay out of the way.

Unfortunately, he was too proud to tolerate such a situation. After yet another attempt to be included was rebuffed, he quietly left his family estates and sought refuge in an obscure corner of Kyonin, the Temple of Air and Steel. He accepted that he would never be much of a mage, but he did know that he was stronger and faster than his cousins, and that the Temple would allow him to develop those strengths, to become a force to be reckoned with, to earn a place on the playing board. It required him to give up his family name and title, so he took the moniker "Whisperwind," for the sound of his blades whipping through the air.

The training was hard, but he was a promising student, and soon the masters realized that he had the potential to be a true master. There was only one problem. His ego. His arrogance and pride did not allow him to go the final yard into the emptiness of the sword, the trance-like state that allowed the true master to transcend reality to an almost supernatural level. Many were the times when he wore the Chains of Hubris, designed to slow him down, to hold him back, even as his pride did.

So he was sent out of the Temple. They told him that it was a quest, not to find something, but to lose something. They didn't tell him what he had to do - they had tried that. But they told him what to look for, how to tell when it was time to return to complete his training.

So he set out, somewhat confused, but buoyed by his skill and his inexhaustible self-confidence. He traveled west, as one direction seemed as good as another, and eventually found himself in Varisia. He worked to make ends meet, mostly as a bodyguard or caravan escort.

He started in Korvosa and quickly found work as a bodyguard for a noble, one Shmendrick von Drake, who sought the cachet of having a Bladedancer for a bodyguard. His employer was quite the dilettante, and hosted many salons for aspiring artists and musicians. With nothing to do but listen, Aragon found he really liked good music, and for the rest of his time there sought out what he could in the way of talented composers and performers. His only other diversion was the pursuit of Human women, more for something to do than anything else. After a while, though, he realized that he was just a showpiece for von Drake, and his art was suffering from a lack of challenge. The inevitable duels were hardly worth his time. After that, he decided to take on jobs more likely to bring him into conflicts where his skills could be stretched. He hit the road.

The first few caravan masters he approached were a disappointment and an education. When Aragon told them his price, they laughed and showed him the door. He learned that if he wanted to work at all, he needed to re-evaluate how much services from a Bladedancer could be worth. He finally decided that he could reduce his price to affordable levels, as the job provided numerous learning opportunities, and he was really on a quest to improve his art.