



Candidate's Name:	Smasher
Age:	21 years
Gender:	Nonbinary
Race:	Harpenai
Height:	5'0"
Personality:	Studious, learned, inquisitive, protective of close family members
Description:	Blue skin (visible on the legs), jet black feathers, luminous red eyes, short, stocky, and well-rounded
Biography:	Smasher doesn't speak much about their past. They know where they came from, the mountains and the valleys that shaped their childhood. They know of the monsters that smashed everything in their lives into pieces. They know of the long suffering that came afterward, when no one and nothing came to save them. No one else needs to know that. Smasher showed up at the Warren one day, not long into the start of the war. They were a small bundle of fluffed-out feathers and pointed talons hidden in the back of a supply caravan. They attacked the merchant who found them, and the guards who came after. Despite their small size, scarcely larger than an average dog, it took three guards to finally subdue them. Then, when asked about where they came from and how they got into the cart, they only answered by parroting back the words of their captors. The one who finally broke through to the frightened and fierce little

devil was the Warren's head chef, Helena. She enticed Smasher to calm down with some offered food, then roundly shamed the merchants for being so rough with the poor little thing. Once she had him inside, his name came out (or at least the word he clung to as his name) when she voiced some admiration for the way he dealt with some of his aggressors.

Smasher remained with Helena for years afterward, growing and learning at her feet. By the time the war ended, they were well able to hold a regular conversation with their peers, had reached a lofty height of five feet, and developed a fondness for reading. Even so, they were lonely.

Smasher had friends, of a sort. They had people they enjoyed spending time around. Yet they were always the quiet one of the group. The reserved one. The one to disappear halfway through a gathering without a word to anyone. Their hesitance in social situations made it difficult for them to connect closely with anyone, and yet they yearned for a connection of some sort.

Smasher was not searched so much as made themselves a nuisance for the search riders. They were constantly present, waiting for their name to be called. It took several weeks, but at last one of the search riders decided to take a look at the quiet, diminutive bird man.

Smasher picked from the list of available locations, basing their selection on want rather than need. Any dragon who needed a bond could pick from whatever showed up in front of them. Smasher wanted a friend who chose to be with them.



Name:	Diwendi
Age:	hatchling
Gender:	male
Breed:	Udraku
Colour:	green
Hatchling length:	1'4"
Abilities:	Telepathy, Verbal Speech, Breath Weapon: Light, Breath Weapon: Smoke
Personality:	Diwendi brims with curiosity and tenacity. He strives to learn as much as he can about any situation before he acts and is an unbudging force behind his sponsor. He supports Smasher's desires wholeheartedly and is fiercely protective of the little harpenai. Diwendi is an excellent secret keeper but a poor confidant. He likes collecting information but rarely has wise advise to give in return. He's not particularly social and is happiest when it's just him and Smasher. Diwendi has a voracious appetite for trying new things... including, of course, food. The kitchens will have a difficult time

	keeping him out! While he's small, Diwnedi is sneaky and elusive, but it's likely to lose this edge when he reaches adulthood.
Origin:	The Refugium

Chapter 1: