Pharros Ziani

Combat Post: Tactics (+15 avoid for allies in 2 range), Double Team (+5 avoid), Skill/Luck boost (go up by 1 after each combat.) Rally Luck (+6 Luck to allies within 2 squares)

NPCs

- Brother: Rakin Ziani
- Mother: Imka Neeoh
- Father: Nazir Ziani
- Adoptive parents/friends: Tristan and Dayana Vitsk. Farmers
- Trainer/teacher: Lethabo Ziani, his uncle

Description:

A large, fair skinned, half-breed Draak standing roughly 6’2, Pharros Ziani is a broad-shouldered man in excellent physical shape. Two large, muscular, dull green wyvern-like wings immediately catch the eye as they furl around him like a travelling cloak. Outside of this natural cloak is his similarly dull green scaled tail, thick and covered at the end with spikes. Typically seen in simple, loose, flowing, blue robes with patches from wear and tear, and holes for his wings and tail. Bright, emerald eyes that seem to glow in the sunlight match the ever present smile that lights up his face. Large, pointed ears and dark green birthmarks match his shoulder length dark green that for ease of combat, is always in a ponytail.

Pharros is, much unlike his family and tribe, a man who does his best to remain positive. According to his own words, he will "gain the strength to right the wrongs of the entire world!" While he feels pride in his strength and skill, he is burdened by great guilt at the acts that his tribe, the Thunder Claws, have done. Always striving to get better, do better, and inspire others to do better, Pharros’s booming voice can easily be heard even over the din of battle.

Bio:

Born to the Draak bandit warlord Nazir Ziani and his mate, a pale human woman Imka Neeoh, Pharros grew up in the harsh Jetdunlix mountains. Learning early how to use the axe, bow, and lance like his father, Pharros always loved to fly high and fast, to hunt the mountain animals with his axe. Helping his mother to teach his younger brother Rakin how to fly and cook, Pharros had a strict yet wild childhood. It was not until his 15th birthday that Nazir took his son on a clash against Impirial soldiers and local Kirali militia that were attempting a counter-strike against the

Thunder Claw. Pharros performed well, thinking these were those “damn Kirali that hated us.” It was not until a year later where he finally was allowed on a raid against a Northern Hallijan village where he realized just what they were doing. The wanton destruction, the slaughter of the innocent, the event shook Pharros to his core. He saved a young teen by hiding her underneath her mother’s corpse, a beautiful light green scaled Kirali with piercing red eyes. Pharros would see those crimson eyes in his dreams and nightmares to this day.

After a brutal “lesson” to be more manly from his father, which earned him some scars from his father’s tail spikes on his back, Pharros made up his mind to leave. While his mother Imka was by no means a good woman, she had enough moral fiber to see the terrible environment this was for her children, and gave Pharros some money to help get him and Rakin somewhere else safely. For the pair of half-breeds, it took several hard weeks of travel and work for Pharros to find a farm in Echra to work on. Two Years of farmhand work was monotonous, but the farming couple, Tristan and Dayana Vitsk, taught Pharros about how to be a good man, just like he always wanted to be. While they were happy to have a smart, hard-working teen like Rakin keep working for them, they were sad that Pharros felt the need to leave. Three years of mercenary work, bodyguards, bandit fighter, standing up to raiding deserting soldiers, and Pharros had enough connections to hear about the Prince’s offer, and references to not simply be an unnamed merc. He hopes that this Prince, so recently smarting from losing a civil war, might have an open mind to helping the common man.

Portrait:

https://imgur.com/a/jVh0lPG

Sprite:

https://cdn.discordapp.com/attachments/660283321258999849/667891774236393557/Pharros_Map_Sprite_sleeves.png