



Writing Sample

Night is a black dress that clings to the body of the world. Beneath the gentle light of a thousand distant stars, the crunch of leaves breaks the silence of the forest. Whereas the voices of various beasts would usually speak in a thousand tongues, in this moment, they are silent. There are only thick, raised black leather boots navigating shadows cast by gnarled limbs. A fog hung less like a veil than a weighted blanket. It is while the world sleeps that Bedwyr Cara collects the treasures of the earth, those same overlooked and unappreciated specimens he'd saved countless lives with.

With minerals and dirt trapped between his fingertips, Bedwyr Cara carefully extracts the literal fruit of his labor. The small bulbous body of the mushroom looks unimpressive, but holds within it the power to heal the mind, both from natural or magical causes. Though his shop specializes

in an assortment of herbs and concoctions, these are always his most sought after item. He is vigilant in his process, examining the fruit body for defects and collecting them in sealed jars stored in the black leather bag around his hip. It would be another year before these beautiful instruments of medicine sprouted from the earth, and alleviating the ailments of the city would always be more important than sleep. After extracting each possible dose, Bedwyr uses his pointer finger to draw a sigil in the dirt:

The two simple lines of the gebo.

With his mission completed, Bedwyr examines the placement of the moon. The day would begin shortly, so there is no reason to return home. Instead, he makes his way east, directly toward the faint streetlights still radiating from the city.

Upon reaching the town, Mister Cara is the only living civilian upon the cobblestone streets. Several knights glance at him with stern distrust. Despite recognizing the man, it is obvious each time that he makes an appearance, the authorities view him with the utmost suspicion. The same sentiment is held by a majority of the townspeople, which is much more disappointing.

He reaches the unassuming wooden door of a small, haggard building and reaches down, grasping the bird skull at the end of his necklace. Beneath it, a rusted bronze key dangles from the same chain, and he uses it to unlock his medicinal shop. Pleased that there appears to be no obvious signs of vandalism, Bedwyr steps inside and immediately prepares to get to work, unpacking the jars from his bag. He guesstimates there are still three hours before business begins, and though he could simply sell the mushrooms as fruit bodies, his experience has taught him otherwise. By imbuing the fungus with potentiating agents and creating sweets, they will be much more potent and easily taken. Thus, he rolls up the sleeves of his black robes and washes his hands, preparing to make as much as possible by the time his first customer steps in the door.

The vulgar shriek of the front door alerts Bedwyr to the presence of his first patrons. His solemn eyes, the color of charoite, rise from the antiquarian text lying before him—the thick black eyeliner and eyeshadow only highlighting the spectacle of violet. As his brain registers the two women, there is initially no outward reaction. The processing of his brain moves slowly, curious as to whether or not these two are lost.

Yet, the longer he studies, the more compelled he becomes. A gentle tilt of the head is the first clue of his interest. The second is the closing of his book, a feat only brought forth by the utmost curiosity. The sound of wooden legs scraping the hardwood screeches out, and Bedwyr stands to make his approach.

His gait is oddly quick, and he makes pace across the length of the shop in a mere matter of seconds. Upon reaching them, he positions himself quite close, and his full stature becomes much, much clearer. His chin tilts downward immediately, as his head rests a full foot above

Ophelia's, and ten inches above Aurelia's. Despite the looseness of his robes, the definition of his features is impossible to miss—the open chest and shoulders displaying a statuesque tone odd for a simple shopkeeper. In a sign of respect, he reaches upward and pushes back the hood that hides the thick mane of black hair that now wisps down his neck, back, and shoulders. Finally, after what feels like an oddly long period, his pale lips curl into a genuine smile, and his face twinkles with interest.

“Welcome to The Cunning,” he begins, his voice uncharacteristically delicate, “Is there a particular ailment we are looking to alleviate on this fine morning?” His use of we is absolutely deliberate, as his eyes smoothly shift from one woman to the other and back. Whilst some would be offput by apparent disinterest, this only invigorates the Druid further, his insatiable desire to assist only teased by such indifference.

Biographical Information

Name: Bedwyr Cara (knower of the grave, friend)

Nickname: The Devil of the Forest

Class: Druid

Age: 2000+

Apparent Age ~30s

Hair color: Black

Eye color: Purple

Height: 6'5'

Weight: 245lb

Job: Naturalist

Shop Name: The Cunning

Abilities and Information

Skills:

- Natural Medicine
- Animal Husbandry
- Elemental Magic
- Natural Magic
- Communing with the Goddesses