

Bahor Dimborn

Race: Kobold

Class: Bronze Draconic Sorcerer

Background: Sage

Size: Small

Weight: 30lbs

Age: 10

Height: 3ft without wings. 4'4" with wing height

Color: Bronze with Bronze dragon scales dotted through-out

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Appearance:

Brief Description:

- Bahor is 3ft tall normally, bronze in color with a dark-gray cloak covering his body and wings. Besides the cloak, he is also wearing light leather (mechanically traveler's clothes) mage clothing with his bronze tail sticking out the back. At his sides are two dagger pouches and a light crossbow. Around his neck is a close-fitting leather collar with his name inscribed in draconic on it. Below that is a small blue crystal attached to a leather band. Behind him are his slightly tattered wings
- He has a pretty go-happy nature, but is timid towards people he does not know and does not take betrayal kindly.

Appearance from an outsider:

- The market is brisk with travelers roaming to and fro. The shouts of the peddlers fill the air as you walk down the crowded street. A high-pitched cry and rattling of metal draw your attention to a nearby stall. Looking over, you see a creature with a comically large traveler's pack for its size. Just behind this pack, you see a gray-hooded fellow with a bronze tail holding a bronze colored reptilian-like hand to his head while another steadies some low-hanging pots. As this 3-foot tall creature turns towards you, your eyes widen a bit when you realize this is a Kobold. Unlike most other Kobolds you have either seen or heard about though, this one is dressed in travelers cloak and donning what appears to be makeshift sage's robes under it. Around his neck, you see a necklace made of teeth with a blue-hue crystal at its center. As the Kobold turns to walk away, you briefly catch the glint of a dagger handle, and the outline of a light crossbow tucked underneath. Almost comically, you watch as this creature fumbles down the side of the street trying to stay in the shadows.

Secret Lore:

- Bahor has a scar right at the top of his neck that wraps around. This was a result of a servant to the dark master who whipped him once across the neck.
 - Bahor has wings. These scared and slightly torn bronze-brown wings extend 3 feet out and 1'7" high when fully extended. Due to the mistreatment, he got for having them from his own tribe and travelers who mistook him for a wyvern (Or just wanted to capture him to sell on the black market as a rare creature, but he doesn't know that), he hides them whenever possible.
 - Bahor's leather collar around his neck has his name inscribed on it in Draconic. To him, it means nothing more than identifying him from other Kobolds and a gift. Anyone else except Kobolds would probably wonder why he is basically wearing a pet collar with a demeaning phrase written on it. Bahor does not understand that to others it's an insult.
 - This necklace is his spell-casting focus. It is blue because of the lightning storm energy from his Bronze Dragon heritage.
- 1) Bahor feels immense physical and emotional pain everyday from his past. The scare on his neck is a result of it.
 - 2) Bahor was an outcast of his tribe. Bahor knows they hated him and abused him because of his wings. He tries to think past it and has still thinks highly of his tribe.

- 3) Bahor's master is a powerful necromancer. He has a large army and many magic artifacts. Bahor still regards himself as his master's property
- 4) The book Bahor has is his Master and contains his master's life work. Bahor harbors immense fear and worry regarding the book. He knows the book is dangerous, yet harbors pride towards his work in it.
- 5) Bahor will do *anything* for the promise of information to add to his book
- 6) Bahor was a magical test subject for his Dark Master. He has had his memory modified, turned into a snail, and shot lightning from his mouth, and learned how to use many magical artifacts through pain and trial. (and you thought your backstory was edgy :))

Backstory:

Synopsis:

- Bahor was born to a tribe of Kobolds who were enslaved to a Dark Master
- Bahor was mistreated by other jealous Kobolds for being a Urd.
- Bahor learned about magical artifacts and their properties from experiments with the dark master
- During one of these experiments, an accident occurs where he accidentally stole a very valuable book from the Dark Master when an experiment teleported him and the book to a random location (or another plane). He continues adding to it in hopes as to not die if he ever runs into the Dark Master again.
- He has been away from the Dark Master for two years wandering from place to place where he learned to hide his wings and avoid humanoids. Particularly those with swords.

Summarized Version:

Bahor was born a URD or a winged Kobold. He was considered cursed by his clan-mates as there were no adult urds in the tribe. Likewise, "ordinary kobolds resent urds and don't get along with them." This caused them to constantly have Bahor do the most dangerous jobs. This lead Bahor to becoming the #1 test dummy for the Dark Master. Whenever there need to be 'volunteers' for a new magical artifact, Bahor was sent. This allowed Bhor to learn about magical artifacts and how to use basic magical skills to interact with them. This went on for years and for some reason, none of these artifacts killed Bahor (although some got close). He has had his memory modified, turned into a snail, and shot lightning from his mouth. As the years went on, he learned much about various magic artifacts and their properties either by example, or the Dark Lord talking to himself as he *Wrote in His Book*. When bahor was 8 (Old for a Kobold's typical lifespan due to accidents) he was called in to test a magical artifact. During the experiment, the Dark Lord got irritated that it was not working. So irritated that he threw the book that contained a sizeable amount of his notes on magical artifacts on the ground. Bahor

went to pick it up to hand it back to him. When Bahor touched it though, the artifact went off and teleported Bahor to a random location with the book. Knowing the wrath of the Dark Lord, Bahor dared not attempt to go back (if he could even find the Dark Lord's lair).

In the last two years, Bahor has been wandering from place to place.

The first year was a rough one for Bahor as many travelers attacked Bahor to either capture him, kill him, or out of fear. After a few close calls, he learned to move at night and only during the day when it was necessary.

More recently, he picked up the gem from a party of adventurers who were drunk off their asses and thought he looked cute with it.

During the entire two years, Baor has been adding whatever information he can to the book hoping that if he ever ran across the Dark Master again, he could use it to impress the Dark Master. Bahor is hopeful that the Dark Master would add him to his ranks as a sage or magic artifact keeper, but would be content on just preventing the Dark Master from torturing him for eternity.

THE OTHERS DO NOT KNOW THAT I AM PLAYING A LAWFUL NEUTRAL CHARACTER. And if it fits, a neutral evil. I'd need to learn the character first.

Stories in the book:

Bahor's First Magic

It was a long time ago now, almost 8 years when I discovered I had magic. I was working in the tunnel when it happened. Sparks and rocks flew as metal hit the stone over and over, until we broke into a cavern. Curious, me and another kobold called Baeshra (translated to animal), decided to widen the hole and enter the cavern. The slow, steady drip of water echoed through the chamber as we entered. The cavern itself was about 100ft wide with its ceiling about 20-30 ft above us. Different lengths of stalactites hung from the ceiling, their points sharp and deadly. The lack of algae or plant life was the only other interesting thing in this cavern. Disappointed, we turned to go back when I heard Baeshra cry out in surprise. Turning, I saw a transparent tentacle pull Baeshra into a gelatinous cube! Having encountered these creatures before, we both knew that being engulfed means death. Turning to run, I felt something grab my tail as I was yanked into the cube. The sting of acid over me reminded me that I am weak and expendable; here only to serve our master and tribe.

No. Bahor is not weak. Some ancient power awoke within me, forming a chain of lightning. The gel of the cube began to boil and split until it exploded into small chunks of acid. Mustering what strength I had left, I dragged Baeshra over to the pool with me. We sat in silence for some time, gingerly cleaning the boils and burns across our bodies.

Once we headed back into the light, I heard another gasp. Turning, I saw Baeshra just staring at me, jaw agape.

"What?" I asked confused.

"You have big, dark bronze scales!" he replied.

Looking, I could now see a darker bronze colored scale. Touching it felt hard, much harder than my other scales.

More magic took place, and as they did, the number of hard dragon scales grew as well.

Bahor's First Meeting with the Dark Master

This story pains Bahor to write. The story is not for the faint of heart or mind. A long time ago, shortly before Bahor turned 1, I was with the crew in the central cavern. We were resting after a long day resetting traps. We were feeding and watering ourselves when the large stone separating us from the Dark Master started moving. The grinding sound of stone was followed by three of blue skins humanoid and one normal walking through the entrance. Our group's spokesperson, an older Kobold named Lear, spoke to the normal humanoid, "Why great powerful servants of the dark master, why are you here?"

"Silence vermin!" A raspy, harsh voice called out.

"I am here to collect a specimen for my master. One in physically good health and..."

His voice trailed off as he locked eyes on me. I continued to stare at him, head cocked to the side.

As I was trying to understand his words, the humanoid's eyes narrowed as his smile widened.

"Him. The winged one. We'll take him." the humanoid said decisively.

As he said this, the three blue skins became immediately moving towards me. Worried, I quickly scampered away, but my tribe mates blocked my path. Attempting to try pushing through them just resulted in them grappling me to the ground until one of the blue skins picked me up.

Looking back at the tribe, I saw worry from some, remorse from others, but worst of all was a sick, sinister grin plastered across most of my tribe.

Crying out, pleading for them to let me go, I watched as the stone was rolled back into place sealing me off from the rest of the tribe and my home.

I was dragged deep into the Master's domain where the twists and turns fused together as I lost all sense of direction. Eventually, we came to a large, stout iron door with iron bars. When we entered, I was held against the wall as a metal restraint was placed upon my wrists keeping them suspended and attached to the wall above me. After, the humanoid and three blue skins left slamming the iron door behind them.

After some time, I resorted to kneeling as attempt to relax. The only sense of time I had was the throbbing of my arms and wrists as the cold, unforgiving metal dug into them.

Finally, after what felt like forever, the door opened. A large, dark humanoid creature entered placing a book on a pedestal a few feet from me. In draconic, I heard the creature speak out, "ah a winged one. It has been a long time since the tribe raised one of you. Tell me Kobold, do you speak?"

Staring for a few seconds, I cocked my head to the side curiously and nodded my head.

"Humm. Shy hu. We can fix that; if you survive anyway. No matter, you don't need to talk for what I have for you today," The Dark Figure continued.

With that, the creature spoke some words as a spectral hand appeared. The creature withdrew a small pouch as the spectral hand reached inside and pulled out a small blue gem attached to a small metal chain.

"Now my little pet, just let this fall over your neck. Oh, and let me know if it hurts you" the Dark Figure said with a slight smile.

I pulled against the chains and wrenched my neck away from the spectral hand and gem, completely overtaken with fear. As I cowered, the smile dropped as a cold, hard voice spoke.

“Stop” the figure commanded.

I felt a strange feeling come over my body as I went limp, unable to resist. I watched in fear as the hand placed the crystal and chain around my neck, settling a good length below my chin. I gave a small whimper not knowing what to expect, and then a sigh of relief as nothing happened.

The smile that had grown across my face when I realized I was safe left as I saw the creature in front of me fuming for a moment before collecting himself.

“No matter” the creature replied, “it’s good that it is benign. More scrap for crafting.”

As the figure reached out towards me, a new sense of fear came over my body as I cowered as much as I could. As the creature touched the gem, a bright light flashed from the gem and into the creature throwing it back.

As the figure got up, its hands emitted fire as a rage burned in its eyes. I closed my eyes and turned my head unable to stop the pain I presumed would come. But, a few seconds passed and I heard a small chuckle instead.

“You have a bit of magic little one. Perhaps I have more use for you in the future after all” the creature spoke, its hands extinguished.

The creature then collected the book, dismissed the spectral hand, and walked out leaving me once again alone in the dungeon. After what felt like an eternity, the door finally opened as a blue skin walked in with the same humanoid from earlier.

“You’re lucky to be alive vermin.” the humanoid said as they released me from my bonds.

With that, I was carried again back to the nest and my tribe where I was greeted with different results.

Bahor’s Place:

Bahor writes this short story to recount the event that caused him physical scars.

Bahor was woken up to the sound of Yips and Yaps from the other Kobolds in his mining group. Getting up, I saw that coming down the tunnel was one of the overseers with one of the other kobolds acting as a guide. As he walked, the *crack* of the whip can be heard with each new stride.

“*Vermor*” I heard this beast call out, “*Your work hours just doubled. Our master requires more gemstone. Mine it.*”

Almost robotically, the four of us picked up our digging tools and moved further into the tunnels.

“Ding, *crack*, ding, *crack*” the rhythm of the whip cracking in the air moved perfectly in sync with the sound of metal on stone. We worked diligently and methodically not wishing for the slash of the whip across our backs.

“Ding, *crack*, ding, *crack*, din-*SNAP*” As the Kobold next to me brought the pick down on the stone wall, the head of the pick flew off as the twisted root base snapped in two. The tunnel fell silent as the rhythm that was kept for hours was suddenly shattered. The kobold whose pick broke frantically tried to collect the head as a “*SNAP*” could be heard as the whip dug deep into the back of this unfortunate Kobold.

"Vermin! You clumsy, lazy, dirt rats. Resources are precious and you have the nerve to break it? If I had it my way, you'd all be dead!" the overseer spat out. *"You know.."* His expression changed into a sadistic smile.

Realizing what was about to happen, each one of use booked it back down the tunnel in the direction of the tribe. If we made it there, there would be far too many of us for him to do anything. We just had to make it.

The first Kobold went high, pushing him over, the second kobold swung his pickaxe into his leg to slow him down, and I trampled over top using my wings to give me a brief boost. We rushed towards victory as the angry shouts of the overseer could be heard behind us.

What ensued was a chase of endurance. The one who had his back ripped open ran for about 10 minutes before collapsing from his wounds. The remaining three of us continued running as we heard one last agonizing *"YIP!"* before we heard no more. Knowing the overseer would not stop, we kept going.

Malnutrition, lack of sleep, and over-work unfortunately caught up with us. One by one, another Kobold fell; too exhausted to continue. Bahor had better luck as Bahor had recently been fed extra whenever he worked with the Master. This allowed Bahor to run further than the rest, but even Bahor eventually began to feel his body giving up, but the goal was in sight. In fact we had already passed a few Kobold patrols who had given us a wide berth while a few of their members ran back towards the tribe center.

Behind me I could hear the panting bloodlust over the crunch and shift of gravel as we ran over it.

I made it exhausted over the top of the tunnel curve looking down into the outer den. As I looked down at the Kobold warriors in formation with their shields and spears at the ready, I let out a “YI---”

My cry of victory was cut short as the overseer’s whip wrapped itself around my neck and pulled me back. Unable to breath, I struggled helplessly as I quickly lost grip on consciousness. As it all faded to black, the last thing I heard was a deep, menacing, familiar voice call out, “Stop.”

Pounding, throbbing, I regained consciousness with much pain in my head and neck. As I attempted to reach my hand up to my head, I quickly found I could only move it a few inches. Trying the other hand yielded the same result. Now opening my eyes, I found myself staring into a stone low-ceiling that was much brighter lit than normal. I attempted to turn my head, but felt resistance from the back of my skull preventing movement in any direction. Also about this time, I realized that some cloth wrap was around my neck.

As my head cleared, I came to the realization that I was face-up on some sort of wooden table or object and had very little wiggle room. My wings spread out beneath me and my tail pushed in-between my legs making laying here uncomfortable. After a few minutes, I tried calling out, but the resulting pain in my neck cut that very short.

Alas, it must have done something though as I heard rustling as the head of a bronze kobold appeared over me. I recognized the head to be Yippica, one of the tribe’s only healers.

“Don’t try to move or talk. You nearly died back there before they brought your limp body to me. It’s going to take some time to recover, but in the meantime, try to drink this.” She said softly. She held up a small vial containing a red liquid that glimmered slightly as it was shaken.

I opened my mouth as she gently poured the liquid into it. It tasted sweet and strange. It wasn't like anything I had before. As I went to swallow, I nearly coughed it back up as I was immediately reminded of the immense pain in my neck. A few more tries, and I finally got the liquid down, feeling a strange sensation in my throat as it did.

The tingling sensation continued through my body and I felt much better, but there was still quite a bit of pain in my neck.

"Are you feeling better? Try saying something. Not too loud, just let it come out as it comes out." Yippica requested.

"Wh..t H..p.en.d?" I made out.

"Well, from what I heard not long before you showed up, 2 blueskins and one of the master's minions walked in asking for you. Just as we were about to tell them that you were on mining duty and deep into the mines, one of the scouts came booking in calling for defenders. A few fighters assembled as the minion and blue skins moved towards the tunnel where the echoing of running could be heard getting louder by the minute. As you popped up, I personally saw the whip wrap around you and yank you back. From there, I watched as the minion walked forward a few steps and shouted "Stop" as the two blueskins rushed towards the opening. The first blueskin pulled you over the top first and the second threw the Durik on the ground in front of us. Then the Minion asked who our healer was and I raised my hand. Almost disappointed, he told me to come with him. He led me out into their domain and into this room where they placed you on the table. From here, I set about straightening your body and dressing your wounds. I wasn't sure when you'd come-to, so I tied you down so you couldn't hurt yourself.

"Why save me?" I asked.

“Well they didn’t look like they wanted to give me much of a choice, and they also gave me that potion for you.” She said gesturing off towards something I couldn’t see.

“Well I see you're doing better, let's get you up.” She said almost hastily.

As she untied my horns and wrists, I was able to sit up and look around. I was in some kind of stone storage room. There was food on some of the shelves and bottles on others. It had the smell and feel of one of my master’s rooms, without the typical books or artifacts lying around that I was used to seeing with him. My wonder was shook back into reality though as I saw two blueskins standing guard at the door.

“There” Yippica said, “now let me see that neck.”

I sat on the table as Yippica analyzed my neck and reapplied the dressing.

“Well, that’s probably going to leave a painful scar, but otherwise you should be fine.” She said with a smile.

After that, Bahor went and performed an experiment with Master before returning to his tribe. As for Durik, the tribe tells me that the Minion said to do with him as we pleased. The tribe stripped him of everything and last I heard was being used as bait in one of the traps for overworlders.

ABC’s and how to Kill Gnomes:

A: acid

B: buried alive

C: crushed

D: drowned

E: explosives

F: flayed

G: gored

H: hanged

I: Incinerated

J: Javelin

K: Kurtulmak

L: Lobotomy

M: Mutilation

N: Napalm

O: Over-Exhaustion

P: Poison

Q: Quarterstaff

R: Rapier

S: Scythe

T: Trickery or Treachery

U: Urd Ambush

V: Vex

W: Whipping

X: Xenocryst Crystal

Y: Yeet off of a cliff

Z: Zapped

“Now I know my ABCs, next time won’t you slay with me”