

**The Life and Times of Gutless:
A Kobold Most Interesting:
Master of Mystical Arts:
Pseudo-Ex-Priest of Ceregos, the Blue Ancient Great One:
A Coward, Wizard, and Friend:
An Autobiography**

I led a relatively normal life for a kobold. On the first day of winter, I was born. Subsequently, many things went horribly wrong in my life. For one, I was born into the service of the great blue dragon Rubrinax.

Rubrinax was a great dragon to serve, don't get me wrong. I'm sure all the kobolds in all the poor little hovels guarding wyrmlings and clutches of eggs would love to serve Rubrinax. The thing is, I'm not really sure I was cut out for it. I went about my life for a long while simply existing. You know the drill, I'm sure. Wake up, start prepping the human baby roast for dinner, pray to an almighty evil dragon god, go out and steal as much gold from passerby as you can, come back to the lair, eat your leftover baby scraps, then fall asleep in blissful cognitive dissonance, believing at once that you're a good person while also understanding that you kill a ton of people who really haven't done anything to you.

Well, that got a little dark. Moving on, this led to the second thing that went horribly wrong. Every other kobold knew nothing but loyalty to our pack, and to the leader we all served, Rubrinax. I, however, was a little different. For most of my life, my brain did me the service of reconciling my moral compass with the horrible deeds I committed.

The final thing that went wrong is that not only was I born into an atrocious lifestyle with the brains to realize what we were doing was awful, but I had the poor fortune of being born with enough intelligence to study the world around me. Because I was so bright, and because I'd always liked seeing the magic that Rubrinax and the other Priests of the Scale performed, my friends—or as close as I had to friends—urged me to join the priesthood myself. At the time, I thought, "This could only lead to good things," so I joined. I became known as Priest Hala'gru'ag (that was my birth name, it roughly translates to "blue intelligent one" in Common). Long story short, I was going to visit with Rubrinax for my quarterly evaluation, when I saw his plans. Among even the Priests, the ability to read was rare, but I could. I'd learned a long while ago, as a matter of fact; but when I read Rubrinax was planning on using all of the kobolds that were in his service as a sacrifice to bring back Ceregos, the Blue Ancient Great One, I panicked. I went in for my evaluation, listened to Rubrinax tell me that he wanted to make me the head priest, hastily agreed, and then in the middle of the day (our lair was nocturnal, mostly), I gathered up my thing and ran away for good.

With naught but my spellbook at my side, I made my way out into the world. And, in the world, I learned something: people really don't like kobolds. Apparently, all those times that we robbed people and let them live, they told other people about it! And they certainly didn't appreciate that we continued to steal their young and eat them. So I tried my best to tell them that I was not like the other kobolds, that I, Hala'gru'ag, was better and would not (probably) eat their children nor would I rob them of their possessions. But they continued to run in fear, screaming gibberish, or so I thought.

After a few attempts of communicating with the humans only to be met with horror and fear, I happened upon a dragonborn named Kalanax. Kalanax initially seemed disgusted at the sight of me, but when I explained to her what happened in my old lair and how I ran away in shame and cowardice, she told me that

I was speaking a language that you would all know to be Draconic. But, this meant that most humans had no idea what I was saying. Kalanax told me that if I ever wanted to fit in with the non-Draconic culture, I'd need to learn to speak in the Common tongue. If I wanted to, she said, I could journey with her to a nearby city, where I could stay permanently, and on the way, she'd teach me Common.

Thanks to Kalanax and my wit, I learned enough Common to get by on the long journey to the town of Rimeshore. Far enough removed from my old lair that the residents didn't recognize my appearance as hostile on sight, and big enough that there were other non-humans in the city, Rimeshore seemed perfect. And it basically was, for me at least. When I was there, I felt like I was completely different from the kobold I was before. Besides that, Kalanax and the city felt like the first thing that had gone wonderfully right in my life. However, after a few days, Kalanax said to me, in Common, "Gutless one, it's time I journey away. I have other business in other cities to attend to. But for now, I think it's best if you stay here in Rimeshore. Perhaps one day, we shall meet again."

"But why would you ever want to leave," I asked, "the most perfect city in the world?"

"I'm honor-bound to other things besides myself and my desires. Such is the lot for my kind. That means that I have to leave."

And leave she did. As she was walking away, I had but one question: "**WAIT!**" I screamed, "You called me gutless one. What does gutless mean?"

As she was walking away, she turned around, thought for a moment, and said, "It means a good friend."

Gutless Roleplaying:

Goals (in order of immediate relevance):

1. I want to learn as much as possible about magic so that I can help to prevent the rise of Ceregos and stop the cult of which I was once a member.
2. I want to explore this world. I've only lived outside of Rubrinax's lair for 4 years and I'm constantly impressed by the myriad of wonders in the world
3. I want to find Kalanax. Almost 4 years after she initially left Rimeshore without me, I still haven't heard from or seen her. I worry that she's dead, and I want to find her, dead or alive. This would be easier if I knew anything else about her besides the fact that she's a bronze female dragonborn named Kalanax who speaks Common and Draconic.

Adjectives that others would use to describe me:

- Naive
- Curious
- Sensitive
- Protective

Adjectives I'd use to describe myself:

- Coward
- Unworthy
- Excited

Traits

- Will stutter a little bit when he gets nervous
- Somewhat tinny voice
- Glass-half-full kind of guy
- He'll do anything he can to help his friends
- Prefers to not be the center of attention (it could bring danger)
- Doesn't really understand the concept of money or material things, only values knowledge, experience, and friends

Appearance

- Wears somewhat shoddy wizard robes with a ruby and silver amulet that is his arcane focus
- Has tons of horns and protrusions all over his body
- Goes barefoot most of the time
- Has a satchel in which he keeps his spellbook and his copious notes