

Amoranda

Here you will find a list of [Amoranda's](#) Promotions & Demotions

?**Class** ? Healer, Empath

?**Titles** ? Harbinger of Liberation

?**Roles** ? ??

?**Alignment** ? ??

?**Age** ? 25

?**Gender** ? Female

?**Likes** ? ??

?**Appearance** ? ??

?**Affiliations** ? [Hollow Aegis](#)

?**Deity** ? ??

?**Background** ? My good fellows: I pray your forbearance and forgiveness, at this overly long inquiry, from an unknown person of little importance. I am in desperate need of assistance in finding my sister, Amoranda, first born child in our family. It is my understanding that she may have come through your town within the last fortnight.

My quest is thus: I must impart upon my beloved sibling that her flight from her home, far in the north, which has lasted three years, is no longer a necessity. The ugly, brute of a man, to whom our late mother sold such a tender blossom in marriage when she was but

fourteen summers, died of a fever, a sennight after the incident where he, in a drunken rage, nearly beat her to death, which, in turn, urged her, in utter desperation, to take flight. It was only after she left that, having arrived from the next town over, I had learned the truth about how he'd been treating her over their more than eight years of marriage. Broken and bruised, she'd made her way through forests and undertook dangerous sea crossings. Utterly determined, I followed her trail for these many months.

Herein is my account, bedraggled, but honest.

I started out in a southerly direction, as not far north of the town is a vast sea, and further still lay grand ice and glacier formations.

On the third day of my journey the gods had smiled on me. I came across a farmer's wife who had found my dear sister, barely breathing and skin gone ashen, hiding in their stable, her garments caked in dried blood and mud. The farmer's wife told me Amoranda had been with child but lost the babe at least two days prior. The kind couple had taken care of her for a stretch of time, until one morning, upon their waking, Amoranda was gone without a word. In fact, the farmer's wife told me she'd barely spoken at all during her stay.

Months went by before I heard any hint of a whisper about my elusive sister. Then finally, as I sat near a tavern hearth warming my bones, exhausted from many sleepless nights, I overheard a man request of the innkeeper's wife if she knew of a tonic for a lingering aching of his head and chest. She bade him wait, then by and by, returned carrying a small iron pot with steam rising from inside. After rubbing a handful of green herbs between her palms, she tossed them into the water, then requested that he lean over the pot and inhale. When he did, she covered his head with his cloak, then instructed him to breathe thus until the water went tepid. I dashed forth towards her before she could once again disappear

into her kitchens, and inquired if the herbs were mint and eucalyptus. She confirmed that they were. Then, as if rehearsed, we said at the exact same moment, 'to clear the breathing passages and release head pain.' This took her aback for a moment until I explained to her that my own dear sister, Amoranda, had administered the same remedy to me many times. She confirmed that 'twas indeed the same woman. Then she gave me the disappointing news that Amoranda had already departed.

Exactly three years to the day of her initial flight, following a sea voyage and a perilous trek across a land littered with bogs and marshes, I happened upon a group of settlers clearing trees and fields, getting ready to establish a village. When I described my sister their faces brightened. "Verily, she did stop here for a time. The tale of your sister's strength will be told for generations." They did not hesitate in reiterating the story to me:

"Five nights prior, a lady warrior, dragging behind her on a cloak, one adult female boar and two offspring, all of which had been felled, approached our campfire, offering her kills for a few days of protection. When we asked how she had conquered the boars, she held up a bloodied sharpened stick. She said that she had jumped down from a rock outcropping, when suddenly, a startled, enraged boar charged her. Without a moment's hesitation, she dispatched it forthwith. It wasn't until she'd bested the boar that she found two vicious offspring not far off and slew them, as well."

Infinitely proud of my sister, and feeling that I was closer to finding her than ever, they provided me with a bowl of the boar stew, then, at first light, sent me on my way to continue my quest.

My dear sister survived many harrowing episodes along her journey. But already this message is much longer than I had intended.

Some may say it was unwise of her to have left her husband on that fateful night. In fact, once word spread that she'd abandoned him, the local priest decided, between the breaking of her marriage vows and her knowledge of herbal healing, that she was a witch. And, because we are related, I also shared the ridicule. But this is not about me. I care not for my fate. But please understand that I love my sister, and she deserves to know that she is out of danger and no longer needs to hide in fear of further beatings from that villain.

Might you assist me? Have you seen her? If so, would you be so kind as to tell me which way she was headed that I may one day catch up with her?

In two days' time, I shall break my journey at a tavern in your village and await your answer there. Your kindness will bear fruit in the form of blessings, I am most assured.

With much sincerity,

Dagr, loving brother to Amoranda.

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