

Nathaniel Moonwayne, Paladin of Mystra

Character Information:

- Lawful Good Human Paladin of Mystra
 - Mystra is the greater goddess of the goddess of magic in the Faerûnian pantheon.
 - Age: 19
 - Left-Handed
 - Origin: Silverymoon
 - Current Location: Whillip, lived there for two years
 - Personality: Bold (PHII pg 141) "Come, let us crush the enemy where he stands!" You are brave, eagerly risking your skin to come to grips with the enemy. Others might call this trait foolhardiness.
 - Birth-date: 04 Nov 989
 - Heroic Luck +3
- Traits & Flaws
 - Trait: Aggressive (Unearthed Arcana pg 87) +2 initiative. -1 AC (best defense is a quick offense)
 - Flaw: RWHR(1) Spontaneous Undead Visitation (3enewfeats.pdf pg 31)
 - Flaw: RWHR(1) Pride of Arms -4 on attack rolls made with exotic and simple weapons and unarmed and touch attacks (Dragon Magazine #324 – Class Acts Flaws for Paladins)
- Languages:
 - Common, Chondathan, Celestial
- Family:
 - Father: Varis Moonwayne, Silverymoon Ranger
 - Mother: Alaethe Zorastryl, Battlemage of Halruaa



Background:

"Pay attention!" Nathaniel Moonwayne jolted in the small study as his instructor, 'Practitioner Saranson' (a lower level cleric of Mystra studying extra-dimensional spaces and planar transfer in Silverymoon) rapped the side of his desk with a switch as he was daydreaming. Nathaniel was studying to be a cleric of Mystra as he had just turned ten years old, the minimum age to start. He was learning about 'The Weave', the language of the planes (Celestial) and a wondrous Sage and follower of Mystra, named

Elminster. At the age of twelve, he felt a stirring in his soul that perhaps the clergy wasn't where he belonged. He shifted his focus to that of a paladin, as he felt the calling from Mystra, despite not knowing why. Two years later, at the age of fourteen, somehow he had come to the attention of a mysterious blind benefactor who lives in a manor near the outskirts of a town he'd never heard of, Whillip, by way of Mariah Perselin, a Cleric of Mystra who resides at the Beacon (a beautiful and wondrous place of learning and spiritual elevation just north of Whillip), or so he had been told. It was still two years before he would finish his training as a paladin, having shifted his focus from the clergy. He was thrilled to have been summoned to 'The Manor' for an audience with someone who might be able to provide him with an opportunity for adventure in the very town where Elminster lives.

As Nathaniel Moonwayne rode out the gates of Silverymoon, the Gem of Luruar, also commonly known as the Silver Marches, he reflected on the past. He was only sixteen at this point and starting his first adventure as a paladin of Mystra, having felt the calling in a different way than his mother, Alaethe Zorastryl, an exiled battlemage of Halruaa and also a follower of Mystra, the goddess of magic. She had been exiled due to a curse from Myrkul, the god of the dead and a god of decay and exhaustion. As he understood it the curse manifests as spontaneous undead visitation. However, thanks to the magical wards of Silverymoon no undead could make their way into the city so growing up he had never experienced the phenomenon. Although, now that he has started adventuring outside the gates of Silverymoon he had experienced undead attacks more often than not... *"I wonder if there's a correlation? A familial curse that has been passed down a family line as the result of the curse imposed by Myrkul..."* He shook his head at the dark line of thinking adjusting his father's bow on his back. As Nathaniel readied for his adventure, his father had presented him the Masterwork Darkwood Composite Longbow. An item his father had used for many years before finally setting it aside in favor of a more magical bow. He still remembered what his father had said to him at presenting the bow, "Take care of this bow son, and it will take care of you. I know you're a more a frontline warrior, but you've trained hard with the bow and you're as strong as I was when I used this bow so please take it. Besides..." he said with a grin, "I've already deducted what it would cost you out of your travel funds."

Nathaniel groaned at that thought. The bow had ended up being even more expensive than his preferred weapon, a masterwork greatsword he had custom ordered from the weaponsmith. He sighed, glad to feel the wind on his face as he rode down the road. He felt a calling from his goddess, a pull and drive that he couldn't ignore. He hadn't been born being able to cast cantrips as almost everyone in Halruaa could, but he supposed that was due to his father being a half-elven ranger in the north. How had his mother ever ended up here he wondered? That in itself was a story he had always tried to get her to tell him, but could only pry the barest of details.

Nathaniel spent a year adventuring as a caravan guard, escort, and other miscellaneous jobs, even as an apprentice armorer at one town because they needed the help until he came to Whillip. Here he felt the calling of his goddess still and quiet to a degree, so he decided to settle here to see what his goddess had in mind for him. After two years of adventuring he was beginning to wonder if he had made the right decision, that is until something extraordinary happened and he met the adventuring group, the Xterminators.