

Dragon Shaman

While growing up in the mountains in around the Great Glacier I spent a lot of time exploring the peaks and valleys around camp as our tribe moved around.

While ranging through the mountains I would frequently see someone who appeared to be an old flatlander. I usually noticed him after I caught a glimpse of something reflecting light out of the corner of my eye. I would look around and see this frail old man just sitting there and looking back at me. I'd wave and he would wave back at me and just continue to sit. Occasionally I would see if I could make it over to him, but by the time I'd get there he was gone leaving no trace that anyone was ever in the area.

My brothers were typically chosen to captain the hunting teams. I was still too young for the hunt so I was usually chosen to help with the ram herd. Even with this job I was able to find away to challenge myself. I used to see how far away a ram could stray away before I would start to go and find it. Each time one got away I would wait longer and longer before I'd go in search for it. It was during one of these searches that our tribe came under attack from a group of giants in the area. By the time I rounded up the stray and made it back to the main herd the members of my tribe were either captured or killed.

I was despondent since I wasn't there to help the tribe. After some time I knew that I had no choice but to exile myself since I failed the tribe. I was very deep into the mountains and knew my chances to make to the lowlands was very slim. I still set out to make it. While traveling I once again caught sight of the old man. This time however I set out to find him and wouldn't give up until I did. I would see him on a boulder or at a stream but by the time I reached the site he'd be gone. I'd look around and see him sitting on a boulder further up the slope. No matter how fast I moved he always stayed ahead of me. I didn't understand how this old man could move in the mountains like he did.

We kept this up for a couple of days. He was across a stream from me when an avalanche occurred and swept away the boulder he was sitting on. I rushed to the bottom of slope and started to dig through all the rocks and debris. I finally found him trapped under a fallen tree. Lucky for him the tree helped form a pocket that protected him from many of the larger boulders that tumbled down during the avalanche. Carefully I moved boulders and tree branches away from the tree trunk. Once I had it fully exposed I looked for a way to lift the tree off of him. With great effort I managed to lift the tree enough for him to slide out from under it.

Once he was out he just stood up and brushed himself off. Not saying a word he walked over to a nearby boulder, sat down, and looked at me. From a distance he appeared to be very old. Up close however there was an underlining strength and sense of power to him. Looking closely into his eyes I felt like I was looking into the eyes of an ancient soul.

He told me his name was Ag'Chazore. He was a researcher of anything dragon. He'd heard rumors of an ancient silver great wyrm that had a lair somewhere in these

mountains. I told him that there have been old tales of such but nobody has seen or heard of this dragon for generations. That didn't seem to surprise him. He just nodded to himself and kept on walking.

I spent years traveling with Ag'Chazore. He would teach many things to include many survival skills. He taught me the way of the barbarian warrior, which was the way most fighters of my kind, followed. Once I had learned the basic tenants and gained the ability to rage he began to teach me the lore of the dragon. He knew everything there was to know about dragons but had a special affinity toward the Silver. He taught me that it was possible to obtain enough knowledge that one could begin to take on aspects of dragons themselves, to even include a version of their breath weapons.

After many years I came across a large cave way up toward the summit of the highest peak of the glacier searching for game for our dinner. I cautiously entered the cave and looked around. As I was exploring I heard a faint noise coming from deeper inside the cave. Could this be the lair we've spent years looking for? I continued deeper into the cave with growing excitement. Rounding a corner the cave opened into a huge chamber. Light entered the chamber from an opening at the top. I gazed around in wonder. The light showed a large pile of treasure covering every surface on the floor of the cavern. Light reflected off items made from precious metal. Huge mounds of every gem imaginable were scattered all around. Many weapons and pieces of armor were scattered throughout the area. The sight was completely overwhelming. Finally after years of searching Ag'Chazore had finally found what could only be the lair of the silver dragon we'd been seeking. I couldn't wait to get back to camp and tell him what I found.

Running and climbing as fast as I could I returned to our small camp. When I got there Ag was nowhere to be found. Calling out his name I searched the surrounding area. For hours I tried to find him. What could have happened? After all the time together we reach our goal and now he's nowhere to be found. Finally exhausted I sat down and tried to think about what could have happened. Suddenly it occurred to me that he may have followed me earlier and found the cave himself. Rushing back to the cave I ran in excitedly calling Ags' name. Running headlong into the large cavern I saw one new sight I wasn't prepared for.

Lying on the floor was the largest creature I have ever seen. Its scaled skin seemed to be made of large plates of silver. From head to the tip of its tail had to be at least 85'. I stood there transfixed with fear and awe. The dragon turned his head to look at me and exhaled a cloud of cold mist at me. Deep in its chest I swear I heard a sound issue like a chuckle. Suddenly the air around it blurred and when everything cleared Ag'Chazore was standing right where the dragon used to be.

I just stood there stunned and speechless. Ag then walked up to me with a huge grin on his face. Leading me to a pile of treasure he prompted me to sit down and then began his story.

"As you have probably figured out by now I am the dragon for whom we have been searching." He began, "I've lived in this cave for almost a century and haven't interacted with another being for half of that time." "I've watched the tribes wander

these mountains and began to feel the urge to interact with them.” “My experience has taught me to be cautious when approaching mankind”. “I decided to watch and find one individual with whom I would approach. This person was to be you. The giants however lead me to make our introduction much sooner than I was planning. I took advantage of the situation to help guide a young one in his growth. I’ve never had a young one to rear and relished to new experience. You didn’t let me down. Watching you grow into manhood and teaching you what I could in surviving and the ways of a barbarian fighter brought me much joy and pride. Then beginning to teach you the ways of the dragon while at first joyful eventually brought me sadness. It reinforced the fact that I have never brought up a young dragon. These feeling began to grow and since you were now a young man I decided it was time for me to reveal my true nature and release you on your own path.”

For many days we talked about our time together and what the plans for my future should be. I was grieved to be leaving him but I was also excited to journey forth on my own and see the places he had described to me during our time together.

When it came time for me to leave Ag gifted me with items from his treasure so I could manage in the world. He also gave me a pendant in the form of a small silver dragon. Set up with supplies he allowed me to ride his back and flew me down into the lowlands. He gave me the name of a person whom he had befriended years before and encouraged me to find and continue my training from him. He was a gnome called Dreanrop. He told me I could find him in a city on the Inner Sea, in the Dragon Reaches. He set me down as near to the city as he could without being seen and bid me a fond fair well.

I set out and located Dreanrop. After introducing myself and telling my story Dreanrop agreed to continue my education as a dragon shaman. Our travels consisted of searching out and rumors of good true dragons and then trying to find and interact with them. Thanks to the gifts and teaching of Ag’Chazore we were able to meet with both a young gold and copper dragon. While agreeable and willing to talk they were fairly reserved and I think humored us out of fear and respect for Ag’Chazore, who it turned out, was one of if not the oldest dragons in Faerun.

About a year ago I set out on my own when Dreanrop decided he was to old to travel any more. I have made it my life’s ambition to encounter each type of true dragon whether good or evil. The good to talk to and learn whatever they are willing to impart and the evil to stop whenever they are causing problems.

So now I find myself following rumors of a young blue dragon causing problems in a town called Deepwood. Hopefully I can use my skills to help these people. I also hope to find others who are willing to help during my journey. All dragons even the very young are not to be taken lightly and I am nowhere skilled enough to challenge a even young evil dragon. YET.