

The origin of Dyran

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Come, friends, and listen to what I have to say about the old elf, now lich, dyran.

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1 - Dyran, the beginning

Dyran Kyrus

Dyran Kyrus was once a great mage. He had one apprentice. One who had been raised by the High Elves of this land. The apprentice learned all that she needed from Dyran, aside from what she had learned growing up. She left, and no more than four months later, Dyran's mind was corrupted by evil. As he became evil, so did his magick. It became as warped, twisted, and dark as his mind. His spells were used to create monsters. Monsters that defied him. Many escaped his captivity, but only a few were found.

Dyran's Experiments

Number Name Species

67 Barunos Komodo Dragon/ Tortoise

85 Calabus Eagle/ Horse/ Donkey/ Human

34 Drig Mole/???

98 Breyer Bird/ Crocodile/ Bat

76 Skree Cat/ Bat

23 Flip Cat/ Fish

12 Salem Cat/ ???

69 Scandal N/A (records missing)

98 Trojan Horse/ Alligator

45 Dracohound Dog/ Black Dragon

56 Escol Wolf/ Eagle

Not only did Dyran create these poor creatures, but he also turned to Necromancy. With this forbidden and unholy magickal art, he created abominations. Undead creatures were dragged from their graves to serve him.

Undead Creatures

Styr the Beholder

A Clannfear

Zymph the Leviathan

Rouglar the Black Dragon

All undead abominations did his bidding. All except for the last one. The dragon turned undead, now a Dracolich, turned on the one who revived him. Rouglar killed Dyran and left to try to exact his revenge on the one who was responsible for his death. Rouglar took up the title, Rouglar the Undying, and went in search for the dragoon, Akrion Dorgell. Moments after the Dracolich was gone, Dyran's set spell was activated. He had predicted his death, and set his own necromancy to the test. He had revived himself. Only now he was no longer human. He was a lich.

A lich is driven to live- or rather half live- by the desire to exact revenge. Dyran was no different. He knew it was Rouglar who had killed him, thus sparking the hatred towards all dragons, living or not. He needed some kind of creature capable of whipping dragons out of existence.

Thus was the creation of the Kumowaz. With its ripping teeth, shredding talons, and deadly speed, it was the ultimate predator. Its hearing and sense of smell were so acute that it could track something, even by the faintest of scents. Smell and hearing... those had to be enhanced, as the Kumowaz was blind. It was also land bound. The wings it had were small and useless. But the most dangerous feature of this beast was its stinger. The venom from the Kumowaz's stinger could kill large prey in less than fifteen minutes.

But one wasn't enough. There had to be more. Dyran created countless others of the same kind. They could now hunt in packs, like wolves. They could outrun anything. Even the swiftest Wraith Dragons. Now that his ultimate creation had been released, he needed to settle down to regain his magic. After all, magic was the only thing that kept him even half alive.

Now was the time to speak with his old friend, Maacon. Maacon was a demonic overlord of his own realm. The only problem was the fact that he was missing his body. It had been destroyed by his own son. He needed his daughter, a hydra with strong psychic abilities, in order to rebuild it.

Dyran agreed to help, under one condition. Maacon's underlings had to serve Dyran for a few years. Though reluctant at first, Maacon agreed. However, unknown to Maacon, it would be quite a while 'till he got his body back. Dyran had things to do and enemies to kill.

Maacon took to possessing the body of none other than his son. He performed many horrible acts in the guise of Varanth, such as destroying villages and killing hundreds of innocents, but always leaving one sole survivor to tell the story. Poor Varanth had now become the subject of many bounty hunters.

In the time it took for Maacon to ruin his son's life, Dyran had already split families asunder. One such family was that of the twin blue dragoons, Zeke and Sparx. Their father had been a human mage, who had been devoured by their mother upon her return to consciousness. The dragon mothered the two halflings all the way up until her untimely death at the hands of slayers hired by Dyran. The twins, only eight at the time, were left to fend for themselves. The only thing left of their beloved mother was the medallion worn by Zeke.

Another family had but one survivor, and an unlikely one at that. A silver dragon, only a three month old hatchling named Moon, had only just escaped the fate that both her parents shared. The very same slayers that took the life of the twins' mother had stripped Moon of her parents. Now without anyone to care for her, Moon wandered the wilderness, alone and afraid of all. She had never been this far away from home. And she was wounded...

Dyran didn't stop there. He had another friend who had lived longer than he himself. A Lychen by the name of Bardenus. Bardenus had turned the knight, Banesthen of Taroth, into a perpetual werewolf. Now Dyran attacked Bane at every chance he had. He had tried silver and wolvesbane, both of which Bane was saved from by an unlikely one. A human bounty hunter named Dergo Consule.

However, there is one final person he wished to rid himself of. Dyran wanted the death of his ex-apprentice, Ruwen Xalont, a black dragoon. Unfortunately for him, Ruwen had surpassed him in magickal strength, and she also had another unexpected power. She was the essence of good. If she were to die, the earth would be destroyed by the essence of evil, the Hell dragon Kalabith. Ruwen also had the help of her own apprentice, Twik. Yes, this would be a difficult advisory, but Dyran didn't care. He wanted her gone at all costs.

Luckily, Dyran has yet to succeed in this. Unfortunately, I have some bad news. Dyran is now after me, Wyrmses Dragonclaw, and for a good reason. I myself am a black dragoon. Oh, for those of you who can't figure it out, a dragoon is half human and half dragon. We are mostly human, except for the wings, tail, claws, and fangs. We have our ways of hiding those. Ruwen, for example, has a complete physical illusion spell, which hid her completely of all tell-tale signs of being a dragoon. All except for her inhuman violet eyes.

As for me, I'm a dragoon, and I'm proud of it! But having an undead wizard after me is not fun, and due to my heightened sense of smell, I can always tell when he's near. That's not fun. He smells like a rotting corpse!