

Deoch 214



I'm Glyndara, priest of Temuair... though I didn't exactly start with holy thoughts and prayers. Once upon a time, I was a rogue, living off polished gems, sharpened swords, and my uncanny ability to haggle bankers into tears. If there was a coin to be squeezed, I could find it. Honestly, I was pretty good at it and I enjoyed it far too much.

But here's the thing: I was a terrible rogue in one regard. I couldn't keep my loot. If I saw a new spark staring at their rusty blade like it was their destiny, I'd hand them a better one. If someone looked longingly at a polished gem, I'd slip it into their hand. For every coin I earned, at least two vanished into someone else's pouch. My guild, Chocolate, identified this in me early on. They didn't mind - they welcomed me, and they knew I was a "rogue with a heart condition." The condition being: giving away everything I owned.

The more new aislings I helped, the less fun the shadows became. Sneaking around was entertaining, sure, but watching someone's eyes light up when they survived their first fight? That was better than gold. My sooris started feeling less like a weapon and more like a cute accessory. I wanted something greater than a full coin purse... I wanted to prop aislings up.

So, I traded my daggers and sooris for spells and prayers. Becoming a priest wasn't exactly in my five-Deoch plan, but it made sense. I'd already been patching up spirits with words of positive encouragement; why not patch up bodies too? And besides, I look better in robes.

Not everyone believed in me. "A rogue priest? Useless!" they scoffed. Fair enough - it's not exactly the most powerful class out there. But

I've found it has its perks. My rogue side lets me slip around unnoticed, which means I can duck away when things get dicey. More importantly, it makes me perfectly suited to helping low-level ayslins. Some call it "leeching" but I prefer to call it "professional trap placement services." Either way, they gain experience, I keep them alive, and we both walk away more fulfilled than when we began.

These days, I still shine the polished gems that I've stashed away - we all know how expensive priest spells are. The shadows taught me speed; priesthood taught me patience. Together, they keep me useful. And if a new aysling needs trap laying strategies and a shoulder to cry on, I'm your girl.

Chocolate is still my home, and we've continued to be the guild that helps new sparks. Some guilds chase glory; we chase the wide-eyed warrior who forgot to bring a dirk and a shield to a hunt. Recently, several of us have begun duking it out at the Coliseum Arena. We've definitely formed some fun memories there...

When I tell my story to ayslins awakening at the Mileth Inn, I make it simple: "You don't have to stay what you started. Rogues can become priests, shadows can find light, and everyone can find a home here in Temuair."

I'm Glyndara - rogue by training, priest by calling, guildmate by choice. If you're lost, low on health, or just need someone to argue with the banker on your behalf, come find me. I'll hand you a polished gem, heal your wounds, and probably give you whatever coin I have left. Old habits, you know.

