

Rori Willowroot was born in his childhood home, high above the ground in the lush jungle of his homeland. His parents were attentive and caring, and their tribe by extension was very close. The first 12 years of Rori's life were of care-free and child-like behaviors. Racing through the trees with the other kids in his tribe, looting the hanging fruit orchards, and generally getting into just the appropriate amount of trouble for a young Vanaran his age.

Several moons past his 10th year, there were whispers among the tribe about a group of outsiders spotted by one of the adults. These were people unlike Vanarans and the tribe decided as one that they must stay away. Rori was unable to quench his curiosity.

Rori spent the next several days venturing out looking for this group of outsiders. The adults were careful not to offer any specifics to the curious youngsters. On his 4th day, he found something wondrous. It appeared to be a huge floating village Rori had never seen a ship), with huge sheets drying in the sun, hung from tall spires shooting straight up from the middle. In his shock at this site, he didnt take the due care to hide himself and was noticed by one of the humans on the ship and quickly darted away.

He visited the grounded ship often over the next several days, and had even exchanged words with a few of the crew using the language of some of the other Vanaran tribes they communicated with. The ship, it seemed, was in need of repair after being set upon by some nasty beings known as pirates. He found himself visiting more often, and was washed away in the stories these humans would tell him, especially the one known as Blake. Blake seemed to be a friendly one, and Rori took to his storytelling readily. Rori would come to the ship late in the afternoon, sit in a comfortable spot in the trees, and listen to Blake's stories of far away lands, unimaginable creatures, and incredible adventures. Rori would never leave the safety of the trees, but would pick a spot up in the brances to speak and listen to the words of these men.

As he lie there one day listening to Blake's tales, he noticed a vine on the trunk next to him moving in an odd fashion. He raised his head for a better look and before he knew it, was falling out of the tree and towards the ground, firmly ensnared in a trap set in his favorite perch. As he hit the ground, he heard a loud screech from above. His Mother had chosen to follow him that afternoon and upon seeing her child ensnared, leaped from concealment. In a flurry of furry rage, she loosed herself upon Blake who was holding the other end of the vine-trap. However, she was not the fighter Blake was, and he was soon standing over her with a small blade in his hand, the sand beneath her motionless body turning a crimson red in color. Blake cursed to himself, muttering about how having two would be better than one. Rori was frozen in place, paralyzed in the wake of his mothers violent death. He didn't even notice Blake approach, nor did he see the club coming down from above to steal consciousness from his body.

