

## Mobius Mertik

The story of Mobius Mertik began with his birth in the young stronghold of Kilzak (*Kil = proud/powerful zak = anvil*). He was the son of Ovdin (*Ov = cunning/wise din = a born blacksmith*) and Aild (*A = forge ild = fair/kindness*).

Mobius had a fairly standard Dwarven upbringing, apart from the absence of his mother Aild whom died during childbirth. He learned at a young age the value of strength and perseverance from his father, the local blacksmith. He was trained in the art of fighting both armed and unarmed combat. He eventually became a practitioner in the way of the anvil; in the creation of the axe, the hammer and armor. He then was called upon for another task, the defense of his proud stronghold.



Mobius as a young dwarf

He went on many a campaign for his stronghold gaining a name for himself due to his exploits in war and his prowess in combat. Mobius returned after his journeys a hero and eventually married the daughter of the local mayor, Wera. He had a family of his own, raising them as his father had raised him. His wife Wera bore him two sons and a daughter; his eldest, Kur, was much like himself, a fierce competitor and warrior. His daughter was born after Kur, and he named her in remembrance of his mother Aild. His youngest was named after his father, Ovdin. Soon after

the birth of his second son his father strangely disappeared from the stronghold overnight.

When investigated by Mobius he could find no clue as to where he went or why he left, except for a strange and menacing symbol, of what looked to be a human skull affixed atop a mace, carved into his father's doorway. Due to the remote location of the stronghold they had no idea the terror that awaited them. All was quiet for many a year in the stronghold of Kilzak.



The strange symbol on his father's doorway.

That is until one fateful evening when the locals started to get sick, including his wife Wera. At first it was believed that this was nothing more than a bug going around the stronghold. They couldn't have been more wrong. Mobius felt powerless, unable to use his strength and prowess in battle to protect his wife. Unable to protect her from the war raging inside her body he prayed to the gods to save his wife, pleading for them to take him instead. Time went on and the healthy began to get sick, the sick began to pass on. Mobius had no time to waste; he had to save his family. He left the stronghold with his Warhammer in hand in search of answers.

His journey eventually led him to a secluded monastery deep in the mountains far west of his home. As he approached it, the weathered and aged sign out front read something to the effect of, "**Funried h--- to the Raven Q--n's Disci---s**", confused and tired he approached the local tavern. He entered with caution, not knowing what await him inside, to his surprise a fellow dwarf sit at a table enjoying a flask of mead. Little did he know at the time, but this fellow would grow to become his best friend. He spoke to this dwarf at length this night, sharing tales, mead



The cleric Kilgar

and laughter. He learned that this dwarf was a cleric named Kilgar, a local who trained at the monastery. For the first time in a while, Mobius was enjoying himself. The cheerful air would soon turn sour when the conversation took up a serious matter; his family, his home, and their plight.

Kilgar listened as Mobius explained the situation; all seemed well until they got to the subject of the symbol. Mobius brought out a slab of stone on which he had etched as best he could, the symbol that he had seen. Kilgar

instantly leapt to his feet warhammer in hand, ready to strike down Mobius where he stood. After a short brawl and several destroyed tavern appliances Mobius obtained the upper hand was able to explain where the symbol came from. Kilgar's attitude changed to that of pity. He knew what this had meant, but was unable to break the news to Mobius. Instead they decided to take off back towards Kilzak at a doubled pace in order to reach it quickly.

During the trip back they became close friends; fending off many creatures of the wild, and the occasional mercenary band on the way. They formed a bond together that could only be forged in combat. Whilst traveling they also spoke in depth about the Raven Queen, her charge and Kilgar as a cleric. Being a seasoned warrior himself Mobius could respect the reverence he gave death, yet still he held back thinking about his family and that death might yet come for them and those he cares for. As they approached his home Kilgar became increasingly uneasy, unable to hold back any longer he told Mobius the meaning of the symbol, it was the sign of the Cult of Orcus.

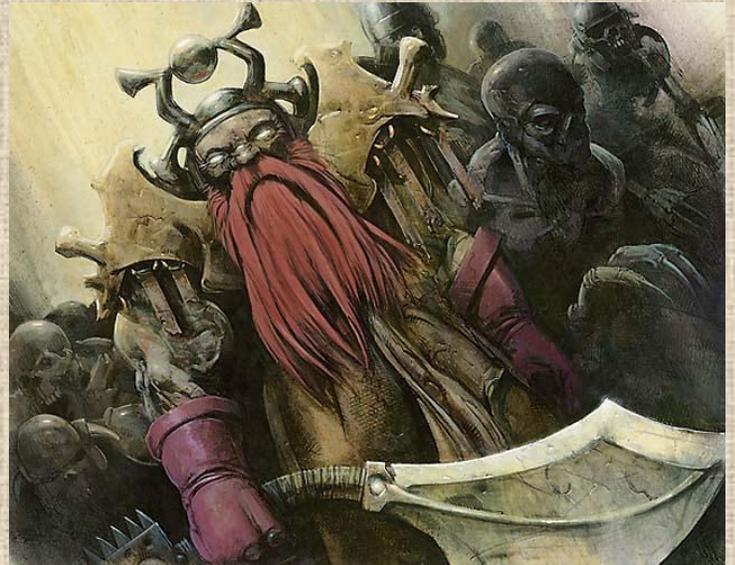
Mobius was stricken with fear and doubts about what would happen to his family. He had never heard of the cult of Orcus before and could only imagine what they had in store for his home, let alone how it was related to his father who originally went missing. They trudged on closer and closer to Kilzak while an ominous blanket of fog covered the path ahead of them mere yards in front of the entrance. Then....the sound of tapping could be heard.

Yet it was no simple tapping, maybe it was wood being knocked together....no it was different, nothing Mobius had heard before made this sound. Kilgar however, knew it all too well and readied his arms, yelling at Mobius to do the same. Suddenly they were set upon by hordes of undead, some decayed to the bone, others less so. Strangely they seemed familiar to Mobius yet he could not place how. They cut through the hordes fighting into Kilzak. Mobius grew increasingly worried the farther they made it inside, not seeing a sign of life they pushed on. As they entered the main part of the stronghold bodies could be seen strewn across the roads and pathways. There was no sign of life, yet there was a light up ahead around the corner....where Mobius lived. Finally, reaching the home of Mobius, voices were heard inside, muffled



whispering. Unable to make out those talking or what they were talking about they approached slowly.

Nothing could have prepared Mobius for what was to come. They entered the home, ready for battle, only for Mobius to recognize the suit of armor the individual in front of him was wearing, his back turned to the door so he was unable to see his face. "Father?" Mobius questioned, both aloud and to himself. The dwarf turned around only for horror to be added to the confusion. His father had been corrupted, warped and twisted, into an aberration of life, into a vassal of undeath. Mobius fell to his knees, heartbroken at the sight of what had become of his father. His father spoke, as a cold eerie voice emanated from his mouth, a voice he did not recognize, "Coomee to save your family have youuu? There is little that can be done now my boy!" He said as he leapt forward, weapon mid swipe, aiming at the kneeling Mobius.



Kilgar leapt in front of Mobius blocking the blow with his Warhammer, praying to the Raven Queen for a blessing to smite the foul undead monster. They began a battle, Kilgar started to shout at Mobius to pick up his arms and help, all the while Mobius seemed to be fixated on a single point in the room. Finally Kilgar saw what it was that had captured his attention; there lay the body of Mobius' daughter Aild. Mobius finally broke loose of his fixation after being kicked in the chest by Kilgar, "GET UP!" he screamed. Mobius rushed over towards his daughter, picking her up in his arms. She was as cold as stone, and appeared to have wounds that had to have been created by teeth. He

screamed out in rage, leaping into battle against his father alongside Kilgar.

He fought with a ferocity not even known to himself. Ovdin struggled to fight off both of his assailants he began to snarl at them, "This is only the beginning boy, we have plans for you!" and began muttering a sort of chant. Kilgar quickly yelled at Mobius, "GO! YOU MUST LEAVE NOW!!" The ground began to shake as the foundation of his home cracked and an odd fog protruded from beneath the earth and sickly arms started to reach out from beneath. Kilgar warned Mobius to leave once more as he threw Mobius a tome wrapped in leather, "Take this back to the monastery! Find the rest of your family and GO!" As he left the home the groans and rambling of the undead could be heard along with Kilgar yelling something about the Raven Queen. That was the last Mobius had seen or heard of either Ovdin or Kilgar. Thought to be dead, but not entirely certain Mobius moved on towards his father in laws estate, the mayor's house.

Once he entered the home, he noticed that there was not a soul to be seen, not even a corpse of those slain, simply no one. He headed towards his wife's former room. There he found the body of his beloved Wera, dead from the disease that had killed most of the others. He mourned the loss of his wife, when suddenly he heard a whisper behind him.

He spun around only to see the ghost of his wife Wera floating in the doorway. His mind spinning with what he was seeing he froze momentarily. Then out of nowhere he heard a voice in his mind, "Do not pity her, she has defied death, her ghost must be vanquished so that she may rest eternally." He hesitated but felt sudden warmth in the deathly cold of the stronghold. The book Kilgar had given him was warm and glowing faintly. He touched it with his hand as the specter

approached, opening its mouth to let out a deathly shriek. Suddenly the voice spoke again, "Strike now!" As he brought his hammer down upon his loved one, he felt peace and calm, the hammer itself had started to glow and once it touched the specter she immediately dissipated. A slight wail was heard throughout the room, but he did not fret. He felt he had done what he was supposed to, and was at peace just as his love was now.

He thanked the Raven Queen for her blessings and headed out towards the back exit out of the stronghold, resigned to leave this cursed place to the undead still wondering what had become of his two sons Kur and Ovdin, for he had seen no sign of them, alive or dead. After fighting his way through sporadic pockets of undead, he left Kilzak and headed back towards the monastery Funried. Along the way he had to stop several times to rest and while dreaming the Raven Queen came and spoke to him.

Through these visions he realized he had a new calling, a calling of justice and revenge. Mobius learned that even though he was a mighty warrior, his physical strength could not protect his family. He had to put down his warrior ways and pick up the holy mantle of a cleric of the Raven Queen to strike down those defying his deity, and most of all the Cult of Orcus. When he finally reached the monastery he entered the front doors, and approached the priest standing near the altar. He explained the events that transpired at his home and gave the book that Kilgar had given him back to the priest. The priest smiled and asked if Mobius would wish to join the order as a cleric. Mobius gladly accepted and began his journey to becoming a cleric.

He spent many years at the monastery honing his skills as a cleric. After he completed his training he decided that he would keep his armaments from his



Mobius after completing his cleric training

past life to remember where he came from, but focus on the holy power of the Raven Queen to vanquish his foes. He then left the monastery traveling across the lands in search of the undead, and the Cult of Orcus, specifically for the sect of the cult responsible for the fate of his family. That led him to encounter a band of adventurers deep in battle with a group of Kobolds.