


Sadene enjoved an idyllic life as a child - with the freedom to roam with her friends playing in the woods and wilderness surrounding her parent's modest dwelling. She was as strong and as fast as the boys, performed well in school, and excelled at swordplay. Her only haunting memory was of the dreams - always the same - climbing the ancient silver oak. Higher and higher she would venture, always drawn forward by some mysterious force. Then -crack -a branch would break and she would find herself falling, bounced between branches like a ball kicked between children at play.
It was her father that suggested she climb the great oaks of the forest - a way to confront her fears directly. So, on that fateful day - the day of the accident that would change her life - Sadene set out in earnest to conquer her demons. And, like the dream, she fell, losing consciousness somewhere along the way. She woke up weeks later in the hospital, wrapped in bandages with her parents standing vigil. While her bones and muscles healed, Sadene bore the terrible scars of that day - along with the irony of her dream continuing.
Afterwards, the boys and girls of the village gave her wide berth - the idylls of her youth were gone. She jumped into her sword practice with gusto - the instructors where battle-scarred veterans who did not give her slashed face a second glance. An adept student, Grimscar - as she was now known - could have easily joined the military. Instead, she became a mercenary looking to find anyone who could answer her questions about the silver oak and the nightmare that had consumed her life. That is why she was so reckless the day she met Vinewurm - a fool's errand taking the first ship out of port. No precaution landed her right where she deserved - in a stinking prison far from home.


