

Vallo Blackbriar Leafdew  
(Kender Female) Elderly NPC.

Vallo's Age is questionable as she seems somewhat youthful for an elderly Kender but she has the obvious graying hair and wrinkles accentuated that all Kender get as they age. Her brown hair and eyes as well as certain attributable facial features make her almost certain to be Tasslehoff's Mother. Instead of youthful Kender wonder; Vallo's attitude is somewhat tempered by age and time; you'd think she was almost 'afflicted' with everything she's claimed to have seen. She still hasn't lost her good heart or energetic nature; but something within her indicates a 'sadness' that she won't talk about; she herself has traveled the roads, forests, deserts, seas, and beyond every corner of Ansalon for the Last 87 years by human reckoning; and don't forget a lot has happened in 87 years...

“See Tas, your human 'Dad'- Kalin; was born roughly 87 years ago; and I know because I 'rescued' him from a really nasty Black Dragon; Yes, THAT Black Dragon, I'm envious you got to see her up close; I never actually 'saw' her so much as heard her 'chomp', ah well nevermind... after some Aghar led Burrfoot and his doomed family into Xak Tsaroth, he was a baby and you know how upset he gets when he remembers it; he had nightmares for decades and then just right before the War of the Lance broke out we caught word about a Blue Crystal Staff of Mishakal!?

And the nightmares stopped!

And I'll be damned how you found it in Xak Tsaroth because let me tell you back in the early days our clan; that's the Stoats- mind you used to comb up all down the Newsea Marsh and cliffs and round Xak Tsaroth Swamps looking for stuff; we hid from Kisanth's smelly vicious evil hide more than once; used to get into fights with the Aghar, and no I'm not talking about the friendly but dull witted Gully Dwarves like Bupu or Fooge who are more civilized than the nasty subjugated things the Draconians were using down there; first off they were cannibals, not of each other but they did gnaw a piece of 'long pork' off a few unfortunate humans; that's not the worst of it- see when I found Kalin he was so small he couldn't even talk yet, from what I can gather a lost tribe of Que Shu got mistakenly lured possibly by starvation into Xak Tsaroth; other people say they were actually LED there by crooked

highseekers spying for the DragonArmy looking to round up slaves, but my best guess they were potential Food, for Kisanth and her brood! (There were alleged to have been an entire family of Black Dragons that had just about wiped out all remnants of precataclysm inhabitants in the 300 years after; Kisanth was just one of the Black Dragons left to guard the temple of Mishakal against would be intruders; the first of many being 'Burrfoot's Parents', yeah! I gave him that Nickname! When we were in Sancrist; The whole Garrison gave him that name, the stupid lunk stepped on a Burr at night... aw let him tell it you, that's actually a funny story! As I was saying, the other thing it's not really nice to mention to your Dad and you know it used to scare you as much as it did me because I actually saw it happen; the last thing Burrfoot remembers is watching the face of his mother being dragged off into the dark, by Kisanth. By chance a bunch of lesser gully dwarves the kind that were somewhat more harmless than the Aghar, they snatched the toddler out of the cages as we were trying to free some people caught down there, most everybody was dead, but Burrfoot wasn't, of course I didn't call him Burrfoot back then; who knows what I used to call him; My family took this little boy back with us to the surface; and we went back to Haven many years later to study the plainsmen and look for signs of Burrfoot's lost family tribe. We didn't find much, but later on when we learned of what Goldmoon did, well you can bet Burrfoot considers her the greatest person in the world now, next to me. By the way, that was excellent thinking with the Wicker Dragon, I can remember when they were building 'the frame' out in the swamp; the Lizard Gizzards actually kidnapped an artisan and made him work for a year or two out there building that wicker dragon for them; we used to kick their dumb assed Goblin and Baaz guards and trip them and knock them off the cliffs into Newsea when they were drunk on watch out there; they lost so many guards in the area they doubled the patrols because of it. You went back and paid them a visit, that's my boy Tas! Don't ever forget, Your Ma loves you even if none of us stay put in one place for very long; *'May the Roads We Travel Always Be Sunny and Straight.'* Now go up and see your Dad; he's up on the roof with Pez helping him secure his Telescope and clean the lens.”

*You've been listening to KRYNN Kenderkin Radio; broadcasting from Northern Ergoth to the muddy banks of Balifor Bay. Good morning, Elleho\**