

Enter Nailo

By Nailo

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Just a forebode to a history I'm writing of my original character Nailo, who also represents a lot about me.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Nailo/44993/Enter-Nalo>

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"Sociable" was not a word often used to describe Nailo Sense. "Normal", and "Friendly" were uncommon at best. "Strange" however, seemed to strike a chord, as did "Weird" and a list of other such adjectives. This reputation was well earned, many would say, as studying relentlessly in a small tower on the outskirts of town did not merit sociality. Wizards were regarded with enough suspicion due to their dubious magics, and the reclusive elf did nothing to unsettle this belief, as the frail mage could be labled miles away as a practitioner of the arcane arts by his flowing robe and the bags of eldritch tomes he carried. Even these oddities were belittled by the strangest trait about him, the fact that no one in the entire village had ever heard him utter a spoken word. On rare occasion of his communication, gesturing and pointing had always been his media, as opposed to verbal language. The gossipping crones of the village wove bloodcurdling tales about how he had allegedly ripped the tongue from his mouth in a demonic conjuration ritual, trading his speech for blasphemous knowledge of the arcane.