Elliott Lane

Race: Half orc

Class: Druid

Hometown: Allen Town

Family Bloodline: 10th Generation lumberjack

6’2

250LBS

Greenish blue skin tone, broad shoulders, muscular arms

Black longer man bun

Thick square black rimmed glasses

Super sublet underbite

Blue button down

Red/blue/White tartan Kilt with Suspenders

And with wrap

Work boots

Sporran

After training camp grey leather amour

*Alright boys, on the count of three: one… two… three… Ahh there ya go smitty. Yup, hold it right there Trudy. Okay Elliott giver’ a toss.*

Elliott rifles his tomahawk through the thick brush severing vine 3 inches in diameter. This sets off a chain of slaps and claps as a dam breaks open and 50 or so logs come barreling down the canal.

*Ah that’s it boys, look at those ladies flow* Mord is pleased. Half in size ,yet full in blood, Mord runs this lumber operation, has been for years now.

A few claps of thunder bang in the distance.

*“Okay, okay the easy part is done*” Dal chips in from the side line. “ *jump on in boys*” With that the clansmen hop on to the flowing logs, straggling them as the ride down stream. Their long hooks poking and prodding the logs to keep them from jamming up.

The river is rougher than usual. There’s been some weather out of the east, that’s brought heavy rain. The water level is quite higher than that of last week. The sky is an unruly grey, something is brewing.

Elliott climbs on to a large Iron Wood trunk. His job is usually done by now.

Elliott Lane is the 5th son, and 25th grandson in the Lane Clan of Allen Town. He is a 10th generation lumberjack. Wood runs through his vines. He’s grown up on the River BEYE, surrounded by his clan most of them blood related one way or another.

Another clap of thunder, this one seems closer.

The rapids are starting to pick up as they head around a bend. More thunder followed by a clap of lightening to the right. The skys open up, water is coming down in sheets. Elliott tries to steady himself on his log. Gripping the log between his thighs.

A few of the men find this amusing, grunting and hollering has they ride the rough waters. Elliott is not one of these men.

Another clap of thunder, and then a flash of light…

So bright, blinding. More thunder.

The light is so bright, its taking over all of his senses. He doesn’t even feel the cool water any more. Its like he’s floating. Weightless. This is what it must feel like he thinks to himself. A small smile cracks across his face.

Suddenly it’s like he’s being pulled back, he’s slammed on to the ground. its feels like the weight of two men are on top of him. Disoriented and still blinded he struggles to open his eyes.

*Elloitt, Elliott, wake up man, are ya with us?* A faint voice chimes in.

It feels like he’s being jolted from a warm cozy bed. *Elloitt,* this time it’s closer and louder,

One more jolt – and his eye ice blue eyes pop wide open. Gasping for a breath.