Standing at 5ft 8in tall with long jet black hair just touching her lower back when pulled back into braids, Bryn Liadon (Silverfrond) stood soaking up the small amount of sunlight that broke through the forest top. With her copper skin and emerald, green eyes she was could barely be seen to the naked eye. She stood in the forest taking in the scenery of her home, Eflabelle. It was going to be her 90th birthday tomorrow and Bryn did what she liked to do every day and explore different parts of the forest to find new plants and creatures. She was not one to want to venture with friends, but held tight to her younger brother, Rinn. Her father, Erden, always encouraged her to venture out into the forest to listen and learn from nature since she was directionally challenged. It didn’t matter how many ventures Bryn went on she always seemed to get lost. Erden worked patiently to help Bryn gain a sense of direction, but it seemed to be a lost cause.

To combat Bryn’s downfall, she wore brighter colored clothes of golds, greens, and ruby reds that could accommodate her long bow and small compass her mother once wore before her. Bryn didn’t care to speak of her mother as it was a long time ago that she left Eflabelle and no one in the family or village spoke of the day since she left. What small memory Bryn has of her mother consisted of short flashes of burning trees with smoke billowing in the distant town just beyond Era Thalas, where Bryn ventured for her favorite brimpleberries. She remembers the screams and cries for peace and her father’s gentle embrace of his arm wrapping around her whispering for her to listen and remember. He knew her strength of hearing would be the thing helps her on her future path, but at that point in time Bryn had no clue where it would take her. She never really knew what happened that day so many years ago, but when on her birthday 30 years ago her father handed her a long bow that was made of strong twisted bark with the most beautiful engraving of a fire bird twisted around the handle carved out of redwood. The arrows were tipped with ruby red feathers and wrapped with leather the color of gold. As she took the handle of the bow from her father there was a feeling that came over her of comfort and strength. The next day her father began training, she was to become a ranger.