
SYLKE WYNDE

Sylke has an almost Loari-like curiosity for the unknown. She delves deeply where none wish to, nor possibly should go, though.

*Is it an intelligence or aptitude?
Perhaps both...but it is more likely the Elvish curse of impetuosity.*

*Ever since, she has thus been running from Demons.
Both figuratively and imagined, internal and ex...*

--Elor once Dark, TE5830



"Sylke is the name I use in these oft-dark times.

I try to help those in need when not lost in my own thoughts, but it is a jumble of memories in there. I may seem distant, some moments, due to this. Sorry, ahead of time! I recently hailed from Rhakhaan and earned a Knighthood from the Phoenix Crown of all things?! I even saw it!

Before that was the ancient Remiraith forest in the South West of Jaiman. Amazing wildlife! Then, Urulan. Ah, Urulan.

Seems to get sadder with every hop, no?

Well, then there was Quellbourne... I don't like my memories of that place."

First Impressions

Sylke is an average looking Erlini, whether it be her Elven height or toned, slender, looks. Auburn of hair and pale, jade green of eye, she dresses in expensive form-fitting but flow-y gowns of complementary neutrals. She glides in her movements and they are preternaturally quick. She seems to love baubles and curios of all sorts, sounding like a soft rain as the worn items swish with her gait. There is a clumsiness to her, however, but this seems more an act to catch those that make her out to be an easy mark. One notes that Sylke carries no weapons - not even a dagger, although she does have a single leather wrist wrapping that seems out of place (her Sling).

What Sylke's Friends Know

Lady Wynde was born on Urulan the year that Eidolon was raised into the skies over Emer. It delights her that she has finally made it to the floating behemoth's environs to see the sky city for herself! She seems honest and earnest enough in her demeanour, but her eyes betray that she has survived a lot in the many years of her life. She tries to play off the sadness seen as something in her eyes but a long, blank, look soon replaces the concern of being found out, as she slips back into a reverie of the past.

With so many tales of yore, and a voracious mind always in her books, Sylke seems more a fabled Loremaster than anything else. This shows up in her poor physical abilities that aren't helped by natural talent vs skill.

"Are you Going to finish that?", often pointing to a book versus food.
