

Sym was raised all his life by elves till he reached the age of 15, then he started to notice that he was different than the other elven children he was bigger and stronger than them, he always knew he was different but the other children began to tease him, saying that his missing mother was a beast. One day Sym went to his father Orin and asked him of his missing mother. A tear came to Orin's eye as he thought back on her, he then told Sym that his mother had been a lovely human named Katryn...Sym gasped as his face went blanch white with horror...the thought of an elf and human in such a way disgusted him. Orin seeing the shock on Sym's face tried to explain things to him... tried to explain that humans and elves were not so different, that a bond can form between the two. Sym not wanting to hear anything of it ran out of the house, and out of the village, never to see his tribe again...

After wandering for a few weeks Sym came across the town of Cauldron. Not wishing to be near so many humans, but not wishing to be alone in the world either he stepped into through city's eastern gate. Starving and cold he quickly found that his natural abilities made him well suited to minor thievery in order to sustain himself, at first stealing fruits, breads, cheeses, and the occasional chicken in order to survive. But he soon grew bolder thieving comfort items such as blankets and tapestries and picking pockets of gold pieces on occasion. Sym found that he could make himself a comfortable living in a town full of humans especially when they didn't see him as any threat, he could continue to steal from them and they never knew...except for one.

One day while in the street market picking pockets and thieving various items Sym was spotted by dwarf named Urlgen. Urlgen considered himself a master thief and considered the market to be his personal thieving grounds, but he saw a certain finesse in the young half elf's technique. Urlgen spent the afternoon watching the half elf work through the crowd at the market and then followed him to his home; a run down shack built behind an inn on Obsidian Avenue...it was more of a lean-to with walls than anything. Urlgen noticed an open window and eased himself inside and quietly sneaked into a shadowy corner, all the while watching the half elf's movements in the tiny shack.

Sym was home from a profitable afternoon at the market he quickly began to empty his tunic and breeches of goods and gold. Having become somewhat paranoid himself Sym placed all of his acquirements in a secret hole which he had hidden under the floor boards, a quick change of clothes and Sym headed out for a drink at the Inn. While Sym was gone Urlgen raised the floor board he had seen Sym place his booty under and quickly emptied it all into his sacks, and left the Half elf a note that read, "In order for ye to retrieve ye treasure ye must meet me at the Lord Mayor's estate when the moon be at its highest." Well Sym furious at whomever dared to intrude into his place and thief that which he rightfully thieved first, tucked his dagger into his boot and ran off to the Lord mayor's estate.

He waited there for sometime pacing under a large Oak Tree, all the while cursing himself for not better securing his hiding place, and cursing the fool that took his things. Urlgen watching the entire spectacle from high up in tree decided that he had let the half elf boil enough. Urlgen dropped the sack with Sym's things directly behind him, Sym in his furious state was startled by the bag that he pulled his dagger from his boot and threw it directly into the trunk of the tree, sinking it to the hilt within the wood. Urlgen began to laugh at the spectacle of of the half elf screaming at his unknown "attacker" all the while trying to free his dagger from eh trunk of the tree. Urlgen dropped down and gave the Half Elf a courteous bow, Sym looked as if he was going to burst with rage, and the dwarf simply laughed again. Urlgen introduced himself to Sym and tossed him a half empty wineskin, after a big gulp Sym returned the introduction. Urlgen told Sym that he had spotted him in the market that afternoon and had been impressed by his skill with the art, and that he wanted to help the young rogue become much

more than just a petty pickpocket. Sym listened for a long while occasionally taking a sip from the skin and listening to Urlgen's proposition of mentoring him in the ways of a rogue. Sym unsure if it was the wine or some odd respect he held for the dwarf for thieving from him, agreed to Urlgen's proposal.

Over the next few years Urlgen became as a father to Sym, teaching him all the ins and outs of Cauldron, teaching him signs of hidden safes and how to open those safes, how to pick locks, and how to set and disarm traps. All the things that a rogue needs to know to not only to survive, but to thrive as well. And Urlgen introduced his student to many contacts, some that knew of good merchandise coming, and some that could keep the city guards busy looking the other way. Sym would run "errands", usually stealing small items or dropping off bribes, for Urlgen. All the while though he would be learning, making contacts of his own. For the day when Urlgen would no longer be around to help him...that day came sooner than Sym or Urlgen had imagined. One night when Urlgen and Sym were out on a mission to nab some specialty trinkets a tipster had told them of Urlgen's rope he was using to climb out of the warehouse while being pursued by private guards snapped and he fell into their midst, and their swords fell into his chest. Sym horrified at the sight of seeing his mentor slaughtered ran off out of fear of facing the same fate. Back at his and Urlgen's apartment Sym became outraged and furious he wanted to hunt down the guards and repay them each with death, and he wanted to hunt down the tipster and repay him the same...but he knew he could not, for he knew Urlgen's first rule of thievery was that if a thief was to fall or be caught while in the act of thieving that he was to be left behind, forgotten by all, because revenge would only be repaid to those that sought it.

Now Sym stalks the dark places of Cauldron, making a comfortable living for himself through the use of skills his mentor had taught him. And although he hears people often say that thieves have no honor, he feels that his is the most honorable of professions. After all he only take from those that have, in his mind, too much. He has his own moral code and he lives by it, even if it doesn't always equal up to the laws of the city or the lands surrounding