

**“Identity 1 ID.6-8.1:** I know and like who I am and can comfortably talk about my family and myself and describe our various group identities.”

-Teaching Tolerance, *Social Justice Standards*

### **High Elf Rogue**

The problem with knowing myself is that it has inevitably devolved into navel-gazing, void of all reason or sense and, to be honest, it is probably pretty boring to anyone who would read it.

Through the process of creating a D&D character, I hope to get more in touch with who I am and want to be, while also getting a badass character ready for my first campaign.

The campaign to create a just classroom. This is a concept I one day hope to implement. The idea originally came from one of my students, who once asked me if I heard about gamifying the classroom and if I ever would consider trying it. Although there can be some problems with gamification, literature and storytelling is useful for distancing oneself from issues and gaining perspective, so why not write our own story? The character could function as a type of armor along the way, a way of stepping back and examining one’s actions and keeping the classroom a safe place where one can make mistakes and learn from them. Each student, upon creating a character, will introduce their backstory and personality to the rest of the group, keeping in mind that their character will be a reflection of both who they are and who they want to be this year.

#### **Introduction:**

Who am I? My name is Xenaphia Moonwhisper. I am from the Forgotten Realms originally, but consider myself a traveler, staying in new homes for around 10 years at a time. As for my age, I am 110 years old. I know that seems old to many of you here, but I have only been considered an adult for the last 10 years or so. I would be delighted if you pronounced my last name in my native Elvish, Galanodel, but I understand it can be difficult to remember.

I was not always ready to take this journey here with you, and I must admit I spent most of my childhood following the letter of the law in the Forgotten Realms without question. Even my eventual teenage “rebellion” had no force against which to rebel; the law of the household was just to my mind. My parents had ever been on the side of my exploring the world, and when I eventually left the Realms, it was with their blessing. Much of my own journey has been in pursuit of greater knowledge at Candlekeep, where I have scoured the libraries and found new perspectives in lecture halls and public gatherings.

You may ask why I am here, and I say this group of adventurers needs me as a guide when we are lost. Many of the secrets I have stealthily acquired will be of use in times of peril. I am excellent at operating under the radar, and have become somewhat of a rogue in my

adulthood, sticking to the law more when it aligns with my morals rather than what is deemed as good by society. It is my solemn duty to protect my students - through any means possible. I will tell you as well that my morals can change with the company I keep, forming on new experiences, new attitudes, and new worldviews. Together, we will fight whatever plagues us.

**Sample writing prompt:**

Write about a time your character acted against their alignment.

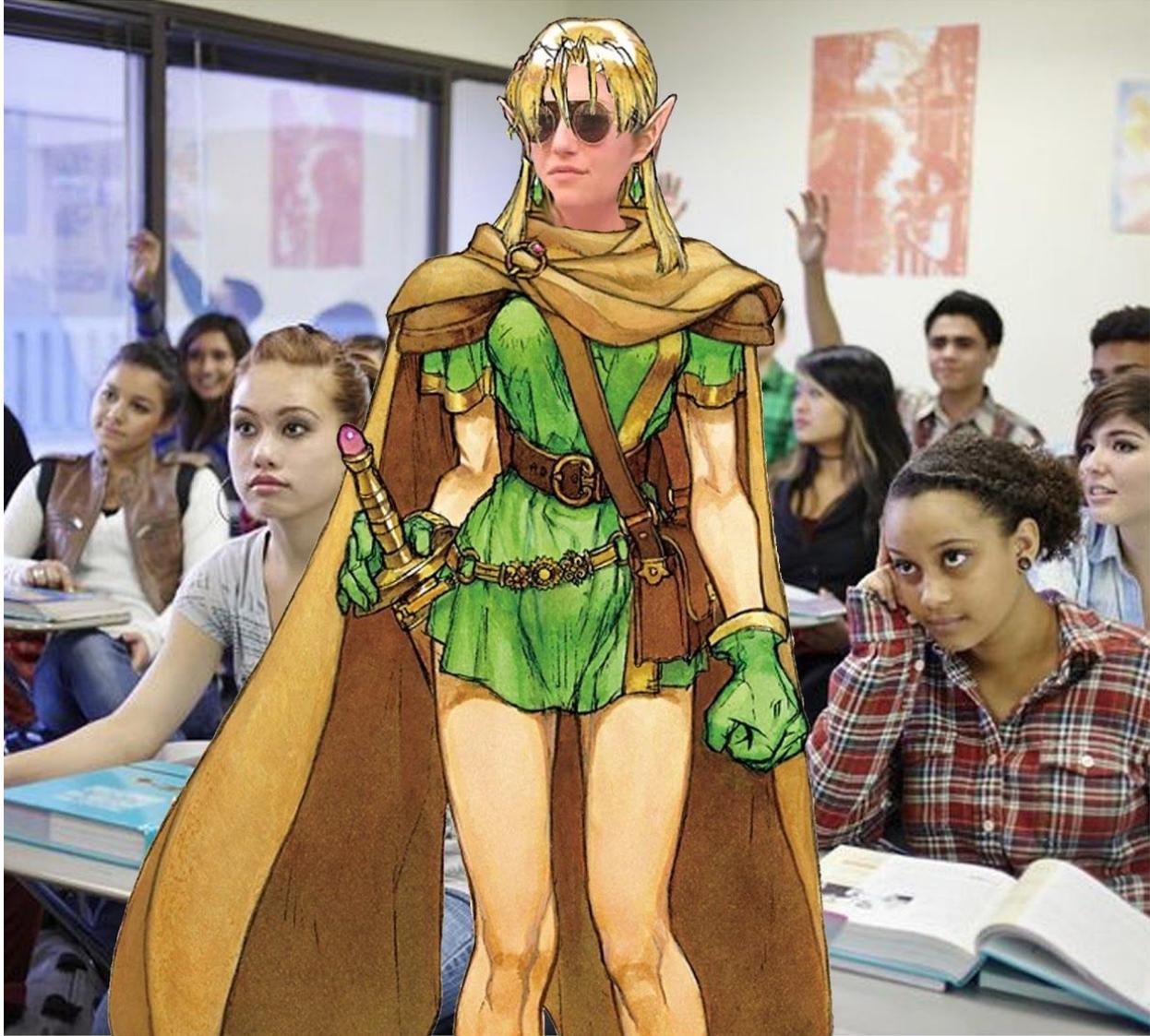
“Great shot, Xenaphia!” Adrie shouted, her voice echoing beneath the stone bridge connecting the lessons halls of The Realms. Xenaphia sprinted and caught the makeshift ball on the flat of her foot, guiding it to the ground gently. The branch she had aimed at, twisting stubbornly from between the stones, shook off a shower of dewdrops onto the shadowplants below. The morning was cool, and the elf-children were growing restless with their studies. Luckily, Adrie and Xenaphia were among the trusted youth of their class, and used that fact to their full advantage, faking an illness to take leave of their Gnomish lesson. Upon finding a stitched-together ball along their way, the opportunity for relief from their mental exhaustion presented itself. Xenaphia motioned in the direction of a clearing where the two had played frequently during their 16 years of life. “Meadowwood has targets to hit, and I bet you two coppers I can hit the middle on the first go.” “I’ll not take that bet,” Adrie laughed, “I have seen you practicing since our last wager.” Xenaphia kicked the ball out ahead from beneath the bridge, scattering a pair of shrieking stirges. Adrie darted out after, her long legs carrying her into a steady sprint. Xenaphia followed quickly behind. From the corner of her eye, a blurred figure flashed from the lesson hall. The figure became more recognizable as they cut off Adrie and stole the ball, flicking it up in the air and catching it on the back of their neck, balanced as if in silent meditation. “Thia, you daughter-of-a stirge!” Adrie laughed with exasperation. “How did you get out?” “Your illness is highly communicable,” Thia asserted, with a wink. “It truly does pay to be the teacher’s pet.”

Meadowwood long forgotten, the trio of elf-children dashed in and out from underneath the bridge into the clearing, growing fatigued as the air grew warm. Each tried to outdo the last with kicks, jumps, and footwork. The copper wagers grew higher. Adrie was already two coppers lighter when the next wager came. “I bet you cannot make it soar over the bridge,” Xenaphia pressed. “I bet you will be returning those coppers,” Adrie countered. Adrie steadied and looked to the ball. She knew just how to strike to send it steeply ascending. With an exhale, Adrie took off from a distance and hit the ball in stride. It went up sharply, a solid arch that appeared it would clear the bridge. Unfortunately, a protruding lamp, 1,000 years old and forged in partnership with dwarven magic and craftsmanship, stood in the way. The ball curved to the right and struck the lamp directly at its weakest point, shattering with a glorious and terrible flash of light. Xenaphia and Thia stood aghast; All of the color had drained from Adrie’s face. No one

took their eyes off the shattered glass above them. In an instant, the groundsmaster emerged on the bridge, cursing and spitting at the useless destruction. He caught sight of the trio and waved his fist, ordering them to remain and explain themselves. Xenaphia grew panicked. This would mean the end of their special treatment. What would the masters think of her and her falsehood? The groundsmaster came closer, but she could tell he had not made out their identities yet. And then she saw the blur that was Thia out of the corner of her eye, making off into the clearing and towards the Meadowwood at a speed she had never witnessed before. She quickly followed suit, turning on her heel and moving her legs as fast as they would allow. A raw feeling welled up inside her, and she glanced back to check on her oldest friend.

Adrie stood there, solid and still, resigned to her fate. Crouched behind a craggy log, Xenaphia watched as her friend accepted the curses of the groundsmaster. Adrie's eyes welled with tears, but she did not let them fall. Xenaphia watched as Adrie was lead away to face the Headmaster and her inevitable punishment.

Xenaphia always thought she would do the right thing. Her elven society was keen on praising the benefits of standing up for one another in times of trouble and supporting friends through thick and thin. How many times had Adrie been there for her? But this time, she ran. She left her friend to face the unknown alone. Surely the punishment would not be severe. A day's extra lessons extending a bit further into the evening would be all Adrie would face at its worst. But yet she had ran. She vowed then and there to never abandon a friend in a time of need again, damn the consequences. But the consequences were small, and she had still taken flight. When the next time came, where the repercussions were more dire, would she be able to keep her promise?



Xenaphia  
Moonwhisper