



SILVESTER ATTWELL

ambrosian.tumblr.com

BASICS:

Name: Silvester Ambrose Attwell

Other names: the Great Librarian, Headmaster Attwell, Silvy

Age: appears no older than 19, is 300+ years old

Appearance: 6'3, brown hair/hazel eyes, thin and lithe

Gender: male (he/him)

Sexuality: bisexual? He hasn't put thought into it.

Species: once human, now immortal

Birthday: December 8th, 1701 (sagittarius)

Birthplace: Bangor, Wales

Accent: Welsh, though watered down over time

Name meaning: silvester/ of the forest ; ambrose/ immortal ; attwood/ lives by the spring

Face claim: Deaken Bluman

Personality: while some of the parts of his shy demeanor still remain, the years of solitude and his inability to leave his realm has formed a sort of stilted charisma; something about the way he holds eye contact for just a little too long seems off. His smart, quick-witted, and some might even call him hauntingly alluring. He seems ageless, and at the same time, chronically a teenager. He's rash, impulsive, and impatient, despite the fact he has the rest of time. But he is also caring, compassionate, and kind.

ABILITIES:

Silvester's abilities are, but are not limited to;

MAIN ABILITIES: *Silvester's specialties ;*

Immortality: Silvester will not age past the day he was given his immortality, he cannot die of old age and will not be killed by conventional means. The only way (that is known) to kill him is to take him from the library he resides in. He can still become wounded and need time to heal like any mortal, but he can spring back from any injury, no matter how severe.

Divination: or "to be inspired by a god," is the attempt to gain insight into a question or situation by way of an occultic, standardized process or ritual. Palmistry is his favorite of the divination techniques to use, but he is also proficient in tea leaf reading, tarot, runes, as well as bone-throwing.

Illusion: Upon command, Silvester can conjure a mirage, be it something as small as believing an object laying in front of you when it doesn't, to as large as changing the appearance of an entire room. Usually, he only uses this for teaching purposes, however he is known to be a mischievous man, and may use it to mess with someone for fun.

Conjuration: Silvester can summon things to him, either things that already exist in the realms around him, or a limited ability to create new things such as creatures or objects. Generally, Silvester only uses his Conjuration ability to summon items such as books or even people from one side of the library to the other, but sometimes he will use it to call upon things from outside of his nexus realm, such as electronics, appliances, movies, and even other books of a non-arcane genre for himself and his students to enjoy.

SECONDARY ABILITIES: *abilities that Silvester has dabbled in over the years ;*

Spells, curses, hexes, black magic, chaos magics, potion making, elixirs and tinctures, herbology, past life regression, ancestor magic, elemental magics, summoning rituals, transmutation

COMPREHENSIVE LORE:

For a short time, when he was a boy, his normally absentee father took him in, giving him shelter on the pirate ship he had happened to be captaining at the time. The ship saw no real battle, but while Silvester was on board the ship, his father and the rest of the crew scored a nice haul of loot. Among the loot was a book left forgotten by the rest of the crew; a book of magic and spells. The crew, as well as his father, were "Good Christians", and meant to throw the book overboard, but before they had the chance, little Silvester snatched it up. It was rare that a boy Silvester's age could read, but he could, and so he took interest in the book, packing it away with his belongings, reading it at night by candlelight so that his father and the superstitious crew would not punish him and destroy the book.

Soon he was left in the port of his hometown, where he had moved back in with his mother. She had remarried since he was gone, and had another child, whom she paid more attention to. But that wasn't an issue for him; he could sneak around more easily, ask magicians and spellcasters for more books and for lessons on the occult without her knowledge, without her disapproval and fury. A teacher, who's name and face have faded from Silvester's mind over the years, had told him the legend of the Occultist's library, rumored to even hold books that Merlin himself read from. Silvester was fascinated, entranced, and eventually became obsessed with the idea of finding this library. He vowed, at the tender age of fourteen, to find it before he died, and to take in all of the knowledge that it holds.

Years of research proved fruitless, and the now nineteen year old found himself impatient; he had to be the first to find it, to make it his own. He started conjuring, summoning, asking the powers that be to help him on his endeavor. He did not have much to give, but he would give anything in order to just see this library -- to know that it was real. In the night, after weeks of pleading, Silvester was visited by an entity. It was powerful and intimidating, but he wasn't afraid. It told him that the library was banished, it was held in a plane between worlds, with neither a librarian nor scholar to tend to it. Inside the library was tremendous power, some of which is too great for a normal human to possess, so it was cast asunder. "In order to recreate it," the entity told Silvester, "you must enter the nexus space and put it's pieces together, acting as the pillar to keep all pieces together. The library must stay in the nexus between worlds, and you must protect it's great knowledge. You may never leave, or the library will be lost once more, and you will die." Silvester agreed.

Assembling the library took time on it's own, but once all of the pieces were put together and the great arcane knowledge was presented to him, he was finally fulfilled. He drank up the books, poured over scrolls and

pondered all of the manuscripts, but even good things can become boring. He found himself lonely, the company of the books not enough anymore. With his new knowledge and increasing power, he decided to invite other spellcasters to this sacred library, scholars from all over the world so that he may have companionship in this pursuit of knowledge.

It started as a small group of scholars, but as time went on, more and more people began to come for knowledge. Those who were allowed to come and go would bring new faces, new students, to the place that they called Attwood's School of Arcana. As the number of attendance grew, so did the academia like structure, until, before his very eyes, the library that he gave his normal mortal life up for was a school, teaching other knowledge hungry individuals just like himself.