

Artorias' Backstory

Abandoned as a cub, Artorias never knew his parents. He only had these strange dreams about a sad but loving female that nuzzles him into some old blankets before disappearing into the white fog surrounding them. Orphaned, he grew up in the cold alleys of Roenden. As the townspeople weren't too fond of begging souls, not even cubs, Artorias was forced to steal what he needed to survive. This didn't fare too well with the inhabitants however, and people quickly started to take notice of missing food and fabric all around the town.

It got to a point where they demanded the town leaders to find a solution to their thief problem. They decided to ship him to the tiny village on Zyusk island. A crew of seamen were tasked to transport the cub there. Artorias was forced aboard the big ship as it set sail for the tiny island. It was late evening and the sun was descending towards the horizon. The chilly and icy wind passes through the thin, tiny body of the cub. Artorias was not given any place to reside, nor any viands as the seamen really couldn't care less about their passenger.



Two hours into the journey, the sun half submerged in the icy sea, coloring the water a rich red/orangey color. Artorias was trying to shelter himself from the cold water showering the deck when two of the men rushed to the starboard side while pointing at the waves. They were shouting to each other to have a look. A huge dark figure passed under the ship then descending down into the depths.

Artorias slowly walk toward the railing catching a glimpse of a huge caudal fin brushing the underside of the boat. As quick as it appeared, it disappeared. The water became eerily quiet, they watched as fish scattered to all sides. Everyone on the ship held their breath in anticipation of what was going to happen. The cub once again carefully peeked over the edge. To his great horror the shadow was now propelling itself upwards toward the ship's underside in a speed Artorias had never seen.



The creature rammed into the ship at such a speed, the ship and the fish were thrown far above the water surface. With powerful jaws the ship was crushed in half as bits and pieces, together with the living beings once again made contact with the cold dark water. Chaos quickly spread on the surface as the crew frantically

started splashing and shouting. Artorias desperately kicked his fatigued legs to keep afloat as they noticed a towering dorsal fin swimming towards them at a great speed.

The cub's heart was pounding, it felt like it was about to burst through his chest. Faintly in the distance he could hear the ship's crew screaming "Megalodon!" while swimming toward some floating debris behind them. But before any of them could do anything they were dragged under by the strong underwater current created by the circling shark. Artorias was also dragged under, holding his breath and desperately trying to locate anything in the murky darkness.

At this moment the full moon had emerged to cast a looming blue light over the wreckage. The pale blue rays of moonlight penetrate the water's surface and luminates the surroundings. Making anything close to the surface visible to anyone above and below water.



As the light of the moon lights up the top layer of the sea, Artorias discovers to his horror that he is now face to face with the world's biggest predator. The giant black eyes of the monster penetrate the tiny cub, sending a chill down his spine. Just in front of the two black holes are located two big nostrils the shark uses to smell it's prey's blood from miles away. All over the huge nose are fitted tiny sensors used for locating prey around the predator's nose for a precise strike.

Underneath all this Artorias locks eyes on the killers themselves. The huge half open mouth filled to the brim with rows upon rows of 18 mm long teeth. Sharp as razor blades and made for ripping animals as big as whales apart. The dark abyss behind the rows of teeth made the cub's stomach turn in horror. The shark was slowly moving his pectoral, and dorsal fins to keep afloat, while the gills were slowly pulsating.

To Artorias' surprise, the shark suddenly turned toward the panicking crew that was kicking around like crazy.

Artorias, watched in awe as the blackish gray and white beast gave the cruel men the fate they deserved. Suddenly feeling a strong urge to inhale, he quickly swam back to the surface. As he reached the surface he could see the shark's dorsal fin circling in a pool of red water that slowly grew bigger.

Artorias' heart was still beating like crazy as he had no idea what his fate would be. Before he



could sort his thoughts out, the dorsal fin submerged, heading in the cubs direction. Failing to keep his cool the terrified cub started to kick his feet frantically with the tiny amount of energy he had left. The ice cold water had made his muscles stiff and achy, making it challenging to move forward.

He screamed as something made contact with the paw pads on his hind legs. His chest felt like bursting, his mind was racing and his muscles wouldn't respond, as he suddenly blacked out from exhaustion and stress.

Chilly wind brushing against the soaked fur awoke the tiny vayron as tiny water drops hit his face. He looked around to discover he was traveling at a surprisingly high speed through the ocean. The ground he was resting on almost felt like sharp sandpaper, tinted in a deep gray color. Artorias crawled to the edge of to look down, noticing the black beady eye of the megalodon. The pale light of the moon hit the huge eye, reflecting a green-blue color.

Beside his shivering body laid a big serrated tooth.