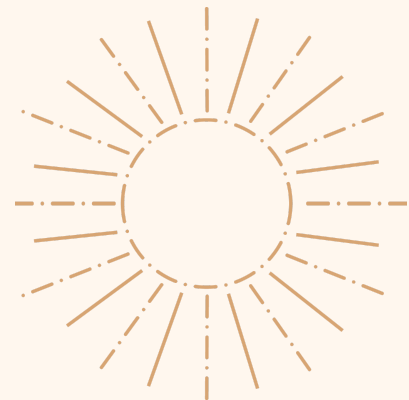




◆ CHARACTER INFORMATION ◆

☀ BASIC INFO

- ❖ **Full Name**
Myrh Bakshi
- ❖ **Age / Gender**
22 / Male
- ❖ **Birthday**
13th April
- ❖ **Origin**
Lemuria Islale
- ❖ **Height**
178 cm / 5' 10"
- ❖ **Weight**
78 kg / 171 lbs
- ❖ **Magic Type**
Regenerative
- ❖ **Element**
Air



◆ SKILLS ◆

☀ MEDICINE (Lv. 3)

Having learned his whole life whilst growing up, Myrh is used to making remedies as well as treating injuries using medicine. That being the case, there had also been many cases where he used his magic, especially when short on specific herbs.

❖ **Magic: Saving Grace**

Using the surrounding air as a medium to reach the wounded, Myrh can heal a group in a simultaneous moment. The people have to be within a meter's radius from his being, any further and they would be out of range. At his best, he can heal up to 3 individuals with minor wounds. When his target is a single person, he's able to heal a deep wound at the distance. However, this magic uses up a lot of energy and Myrh will need to rest fully.

◆ PERSONALITY ◆

Someone who knew him would say, "Myrh is a good listener, he was patient when listening to my problems and kept the secrets I told him. I always felt like a burden was lifted when I confided in him."

Myrh: Ah~ Those secrets? I forgot what they were. 😊 I'll probably remember it if I hear something related to it.

"He remembers about people's habits or what they dislike. I'd say he's considerate."

Myrh: I know someone hates spicy food. I forgot who though. So I placed spicy and mild food in front of them to see who didn't take it. 👍

Myrrh is mostly easy-going, it takes some effort for him to become angry truly. If his help is needed, he doesn't mind lending a hand or two. That is if he wasn't feeling petty with you. If a situation is clearly beyond his capabilities, be it a fight or danger, Myrh would choose to run rather than get hurt. He'd even rush to find someone who could help him if they came to mind. He has a cheery front, even after the war and losing his family. Myrh's strength and willpower come from the careful teachings and upbringing of his adoptive parents. "They live in my memories, and I live so they remain that way."

◆ LIKES & DISLIKES ◆

☀ LIKES

- ❖ Sleeping
- ❖ Experimenting
- ❖ Socializing
- ❖ Sweet Foods
- ❖ Festivities

☀ DISLIKES

- ❖ Eerie silence
- ❖ Fights
- ❖ Cooking
- ❖ Heavy Work
- ❖ Onion

◆ REASON TO MOVE INTO RIMVEL ◆

"I want to see it happen with my own two eyes."

With the passing of his parents and losing his home, grief filled his being, making him feel aimless and stray. Filled with loneliness, Myrh could only pray, "Oh, Gods, Goddesses, please, *guide me.*"

Even if only temporary, some people need peace.

Then came the peace treaty, Rimvel, a place free from war. Anyone was welcome, regardless of where you came from. Akin to a gasp of air once the smoke of war has choked you, Myrh decided on a path that had been illuminated.

If there was a possibility of peace to exist for the far future, then he wanted to be there to see it. This time, *he chooses to be involved.*

Carrying the advice of his late parents, the book passed down to him, and a small old flute that wished him safety, he headed toward Rimvel.

"I promise, I won't run away this time."

◆ BACKGROUND STORY ◆

With pale, light-colored skin, the crying baby in the basket found by the Athran River was not of Lemuria origin. The paper had a name, Myrh, and a message. However, other than the few words that could be made out, "Erith, Altoria, mercy, protect," the message was unreadable due to the smearing ink. The Lemuria woman who could not bear a child despite the long years together with her husband decided to adopt Myrh at that moment.

The couple were gentle people and owned an apothecary in Jayanti, Lemuria. Both were adept at herbs and medicine. While Myrh was growing up, they taught him a lot about medicine in hopes the child could one day continue it once they had reached old age.

Myrh awakened magic when young, but it wasn't obvious at first. Only when his mother had seen him fall and Myrh's scraped knee healed after a wave of his hand did she connect the dots. Myrh's magic was mostly self-taught, only with permission did he use it on patients in the apothecary, but once he grew older and had more control, he was allowed to use it more freely.

Which also resulted in Myrh's new hobby, sleeping. Freedom to use his powers also meant that he would experiment with his limits. Going around helping those who were injured with his magic, it wasn't rare to see Myrh returning home tired. He'd immediately fall asleep. His parents were worried at first, but once the youth awakened he'd be as active once more so they didn't say anything. There were also times when after using it to help a heavily injured patient within the apothecary, Myrh immediately left to sleep. Plus, being able to sleep when truly exhausted and waking up refreshed is a great feeling. Addictive 😊.

As the years go by, the harassment dies down, especially with Myrh being able to provide treatments and remedies to the villagers and use his healing magic. The peaceful uneventful life was enough to be called happiness.

Yet, even that had to end as the fires of war arose.

When the war began, his parents offered the soldiers medical assistance, and he followed suit knowing his capabilities (not wanting to stay behind). The war was scarier than what he could ever imagine. He honestly told his parents about his fears, and they understood. They helped him run away from the battlefield.

"All life matters, especially yours, Myrh."

The hell of the war, the battlefields, was something Myrh had to run away from. *"Because I'm weak,"* he had reasoned to himself, to justify his cowardice, *"So it's fine to run away."*

Not everyone can vow to fight a never-ending battle. Everyone leads different lives.

Running away came at a price. All he could come back to was the news of his passing parents. His home was lost with his adoptive parents' lives being returned to the sea.

◆ INVENTORY ◆

☀️ MINI FLUTE

During his childhood, Myrh was bullied by his peers due to his clear difference in appearance compared to his peers. Of course, Myrh immediately tattles to his parents

when it happens, even to the parents of those kids as well, refusing to suffer from injustice. Later, Myrh's parents were worried about his safety and whether he'd be bullied so they gifted him a small flute (whistle) to blow on and get attention if he was ever in trouble. It helped the situation a lot, even when he suddenly became lost one day, those familiar with the whistle noise would be able to find him. It makes a very loud high-pitched noise when blown into with no musical knowledge whatsoever. He still uses it even now. No, he doesn't know how to play the flute.

FAMILY MEDICAL BOOK

Passed down from generation to generation, Myrh was given the book once he had proven to be mature enough and sufficiently knowledgeable to help with the clinic. It is filled with the names of medicinal herbs and pictures drawn to match. To Myrh, the book felt like proof that his parents truly regarded him as their son. Although old, it never collected dust for the current owner is very diligent in maintaining the book's condition.

BANDAGES

For emergencies. (Probably not for himself. Hopefully.)

◆ TRIVIA ◆

- ❖ His name was originally supposed to be Mirth which means Joy but because of rain, the ink on the paper smeared and it looked like "Myrh" instead. His adoptive mother assumed it was based on Myrrh, a medicinal plant.
- ❖ His magic is instinctual. He wouldn't be able to explain it in detail, but he understands it. *"Just like breathing. I can control how long I hold my breath or how fast I exhale if I want to, but most of the time it just happens, you know?"*
- ❖ Myrh can't handle spice, he can eat it, but his face will turn red and he'd need a few glasses to deal with the heat.