

Chapter 1: The Island and it's people

High up on the clouds, miles above the sea level, lies the island of Gallea, an island full of lifeforms nothing alike those of the blue seas below such as the fluffy and friendly Cloud Yaks whose thick fluffy hides resemble clouds and allow them to lightly float around the skies, or the dreaded Sky Screechers, flying snake like reptilians covered in feathers with large fangs and larger vocal chords which they use for loud screams that can sound anywhere between humans yelling in pain to the wind lightly whistling through a forest, and atop the food chain lie the blue wyverns, their huge wings and snouts can easily spell doom to anyone who finds themselves before a hungry wyvern, it's best to avoid them, those are some of the many species that call the white white sea their home. But all of those pale to the group of humanoids who call themselves Galleans, these feathery folk have wings that sprout out of their arms and their "hair" is entirely composed of short feathers, they built communities that welcomed all who could prove themselves useful to the group unit, small camps grew into tiny villages and those tiny villages into peaceful towns and although the circumstances seemed against them they not only were able to prosper among all those beasts, they made it comfortable.

The Galleans were a peaceful bunch who weren't a scientific bunch, but neither were they religious, but they did have mystics and shamans which taught the young about Father Sun, Mother Sky and the history of their people, communed with nature to predict the weather or when crops were ready to grow and took care of the sick and the elderly. Those mystics tend to be covered in many tattoos and piercings made of bones, each of'em has a story behind it which they're always eager to tell you all about but be warned, once they start telling one story it's hard to make them stop. Every Gallean Town is ruled by a small council composed by the wisest of the elder galleans, the current head mystic and sitting above all of those is the Skyspeaker, a mayor of sorts but more spiritual in nature, a role reserved to the few who can pass the trials of Father Sun, it's easy to distinguish a Skyspeaker from any other Gallean citizen by the large sun tattoo unlike any other that stands proudly in their chests like a badge of honor, made with fresh blood of a recently slain wyvern, somehow the properties of the blood when mixed in the body of a Gallean make it so when bathed in sunlight, not only does it change color from a dark, almost black navy blue into a warm glowing yellow color that shimmers like a star, there is no greater honor in Gallean society than to be a Skyspeaker.

The towns are pretty well structured, with a large pyre in the center that acts as a main plaza, meeting point and main stage to events. That same pyre is also used to burn the bodies of the dead so they can rejoin Mother Sky in the clouds, to the north and always to the north of the Pyre stands a large, wide circular tent which is where the council meets. From the central pyre the remaining buildings stretch out like the rays on the sun each of it is a district based on the occupation of the patriarch of each family, these occupations ranged from things like hunters, weavers, leather workers, farmers and even performers. Behind the council hut lie the homes of the current Skyspeaker and the mystics and their healing huts, the entire towns are surrounded by walls made of a mix of wood and animal hides, these may seem flimsy but they're surprisingly sturdy, the walls have a singular entrance which has a great wide road that leads towards the central pyre and the sides of these roads are

dotted with colorful shops and restaurants and are the central hub for commerce in any town.

Life in Gallea tends to be very uneventful and routine-like, but the many festivals held all across the sun-cycle breathe in all the life and excitement they need to satisfy their needs, some of them includes the Sky Children Festival, based on a peculiar meteorologic occurrence where even though the later winter months tend to have grey cloud infested days, in the final night of the winter the sky opens up revealing all the stars shining like never before, they say that during the winter Father Sun and Mother Sky are reuniting and every star at that night is a newborn member of their large family, this festival's traditions involve showing affection for your loved ones it's very common to hear loud declarations of love all throughout the night and the music tends to go beyond the night and extend into the next day. Another one of these events is the weirdly named Fiery Fiery Fiestival(ry), it is held in honor of an ancient hero of the Gallean people, the very first Skyspeaker and rumoured to be one of the first wielders of the Mera Mera no Mi, Ba'Hann, but those are merely rumors, in this festival or "Fiestival(ry)" the pyre is fed insane amounts of firewood to represent the burning spirit of the great Ba'Hann, it's said it grows so big it can be seen from the Blue Sea, also it's during this time where apprentices tend to finish their mystic training completed by a risky leap through the pyre, it's not uncommon to see a bunch of burn wounds but those are quickly taken care of, the moment the flame starts to die down the festival is the signal that it's about the time for it to end but not until the closing ceremony of giving the first tattoo to the new mystics based on their performance throughout their learning experience, they even get a cool nickname like "Eye in the Sky" or "Oracle of the Seasons" and that one time one was named "Loud Snore".

Chapter 2: Morgan, The Odd Child

On a rainy day near the start of Autumn, most lights were out except back by the mystics' medic huts, in the center lied a woman with a swollen belly clearly pregnant, around her stood multiple mystics among them were Ivory Mind, Feet Ablaze and even the current head mystic: Hungry Wyvern a rather large fellow. The woman's stomach was painted with many tribal patterns, each a blessing for the child some stood for intelligence some strength and some cunning, these were said to ease the process of birth, but this one time they weren't seeming to work, the mother was in great pain as she struggled with all her might to set this bird out of it's cage and with every cry in pain she'd squeeze the hand of the man standing beside her, a tall and strong man, his body so well trained his muscles fit together like bricks in a house, he kept whispering encouragements to his wife, wishing for a safe birth. This went for several hours and just as the sun was about to rise the final push was made and out came her child, a young healthy boy with dark hair and white feathers but he was born different than others, he possessed two weird lumps on the top of his head that slowly unfurled into a set of wings atop his head, the younger mystics and shamans were sent home to rest while some took the baby and began to clean it, measure it and weigh it, the eldest mystics left the hut with the child's father and the remaining mystics took care of the mother to make sure she got the proper attention and rest.

The group of the mystics gathered inside by the pyre who still burned brightly like it always

did and discussed the new child's birth with his father.

"Farol, we are looking into your child's weird... "extras" and it may seem that your child is, well, more than misfortunate we fear that he may have some form of curse." Said Hungry Wyvern with a soft melancholic tone to his voice.

"But other than that he is a fine boy just like any other right?" Farol barked back almost immediately.

"Well... uh, that we know of yes

He is, as you say... normal."

"Then that's all that matters, there was no big issue with Ghost Hand, he was a great mystic even though he was born with no arm!" Both sides kept bickering back and forth until they realised they wouldn't get anywhere so they oth eventually gave up and took a long nap because it had been a very long tiring night.

The child would be named Morgan, and like his father had said he was just a kid like any other, but the mystics opinions might have had an accidental effect on the child's life, as some people had heard the conversation and rumors quickly spread, most people believed that Morgan was a cursed child which caused him to grow up being bullied at a very young age (although it would eventually stop when the other kids would mature a bit more), Morgan found protection with his parents that loved him for every inch of his body, whether he was normal or supposedly "cursed".

Morgan grew very attached to his parents, but he spent most of his time with his mother, she had a serene aura to her which made her very approachable especially for the inexperienced Morgan, and with the more time he spent with her the more interested he became in her hobbies, especially gardening. Morgan's home stood near the walls of the town, it was near a forest and because of it the area around his house was very lush and fertile, plants of all shapes and sizes grew from the ground up, this close interaction with his mother and nature was Morgan's first step into botany.

One day, when Morgan was already ten years old he came across a rare illness called Tox-Tox, a disease known to very easily take the lives of young children as in extreme cases it could make their small throats swollen and choke to death, to Morgan's frail body it seemed to spell doom for the young child, his parents tried his hardest to keep him cheery and hopeful but it's pretty hard to keep a kid happy when they're bedridden and will most likely die, it came to a point so severe that he was sent to the head mystic, Hungry Wyvern's hut permanently where he would only leave either alive or as fuel for the pyre.

Chapter 3: Fade to Black

It was another day for Morgan, a day like any other day, he woke up covered in sweat with a burning hot sensation, he tries to get up and off the bed but he remembers that he can

barely move his muscles, he keeps gasping for air but barely any oxygen is able to go in, he tries his hardest to keep calm until Hungry Wyvern comes in like he does every day. A rustle is heard by the entrance and Morgan uses all his strength to look by the door to be greeted by his current caretaker.

“Still kicking are we Morgan? You don’t need to answer that it’d be a waste of your energy, I’ve been communing with the nature to figure out more possible cures for your illness, I might finally have the one this time! Even though I say that everyday... Let’s just keep our spirits high shall we?” Hungry Wyvern was the man who came in, his hair a bit more white and unkempt than what he was 10 years ago, just like every day he keeps trying to figure out the way to cure Morgan and everyday he says this is the one but at this point all that’s doing is exhausting them. Hungry Wyvern sits beside Morgan’s bed and pulls a table full of weird mixtures and ingredients up to his rotund figure and he just begins to work away mixing ingredients to hopefully finally fix this broken boy.

“Morgan my boy, I had a very wrong interpretation of you, you are much stronger than you seem, I’d be surprised if you didn’t end up living through this somehow... And to think when I first met you I was plagued with such bad thoughts of you, but you knew that didn’t you?”

“n-N... o...” Whispered Morgan with his breath barely escaping his mouth.

“I thought I said I told you not to talk my boy? Haha hah... Anyways I think it’s fair to tell you now” Hungry Wyvern said as he stopped mixing weirdly coloured liquids and started pulverizing some roots into a fine dust. “Back when you were born... I was there, but that’s no surprise to you is it? You came out and I saw your... your “gifts” I could only assume the worst, my clouded judgement might have caused you some sadness and I hope... I hope whether or not we get through this I’ve earned your forgiveness, nothing would bring me greater joy now than for you to get better.”

Morgan felt bad for the man, he tried showing emotion but all he could present to the man was pain, as this happened he felt it harder to breathe than it had ever been, he started panicking and struggling for air and Morgan began to rumble the bed and wobble around trying his very best, the message was clear to Hungry Wyvern who immediately shot up his chair and began looking around the shelves on the back of the hut, he felt time racing against him and he didn’t have to time to spare so he quickly grabbed a fruit he had there somewhere not paying close attention to which one, from what he recalled from his communing it didn’t really matter what kind it was and he hurried back to the side of the child.

The last thing Morgan saw before going unconscious was the weird black fruit in Hungry Wyvern’s hands and how it had these distinctive swirls all across it, and then he...

Fades to Black.

Upon seeing the child close his eyes a sense of dread spread across Hungry Wyvern’s body, a feeling so great it might have been felt by everyone in the town, sweat started pouring

down the mystic's head as he shook and mixed and stirred, powders and mixtures and fruit chunks flew everywhere, it was like a hurricane had just passed by the mystic's hut and Morgan stood in the eye of the storm. He couldn't concentrate as his eyes shifted from his medicine and the child's unconscious body but he persevered and eventually he'd be rewarded, the mixture was done, he leaned over the child and tried raising his head and pour it slowly into his mouth as he whispered "Drink... Drink..." between exhausted breaths, he didn't remember the last time he was so stressed or had burned this many calories, he thought his work was done until he realized that it wasn't going down his throat, instead it was starting to drip down his mouth into the floor, he lunged over to his work table as swiftly as he could and began shuffling through the tools of the trade of a mystic, the small bone instruments being shaken made a melody similar to a wind chime being played by a crackhead until he found it, a funnel. He shoved it as far down the child's throat as he could even if it tried to resist, he closed his eyes and when he reopened them he was greeted with the marvelous sight of the medicine slowly pouring down.

Hungry Wyvern wanted to celebrate but he couldn't yet, it was up to the child to now beat the disease by itself, if he didn't survive this time there may not be another, Morgan's body had a quick spasm which the head mystic took as a sign of victory, he triumphantly fell on the back of his chair and he closed his eyes for a couple of seconds, and when he reopened them...

Morgan's feathers began to...

Fade to Black.

Chapter 4: About time we end this backstory sheesh...

Morgan had survived, he had passed the darkest moment life could throw at him, although he was marked for life, for some reason his feathers had permanently changed from the soft cloud like white that most Galleans have to a black with a very soft hue of dark blue, like a the night sky in the summer, the moments after he finally reopened his eyes were some of Morgan's happiest, his parents and all of the town's mystics were there and before he could even say a word they grabbed him and lifted him atop their heads and began marching to the pyre. As they made their way Morgan noticed that everyone single citizen was there to cheer him on even people he'd never seen before and people who looked to be from different towns were there it was truly a moment of raw pure glory he was embarrassed to be the center of attentions since he was so used to being alone at a young age but this one time, it felt kinda good.

Morgan would be defined by this moment which at first was a great feeling, but he'd later would grow tired of only being known for the kid that didn't die that one time and he got the tendency to feel extremely stressed out when this was mentioned to him or when he was around large crowds, eventually he'd be so anxious all the time that his mother took notice of this one day while planting flowers with her son and tried anything she could to help him get over this new negative development but nothing seemed to stick, when she was about to give up after weeks of trying, Farol, Morgan's father, had an idea and he crafted him a small wooden mask and offered it to his son, miraculously everytime he put on the mask he would

feel a lot more relaxed, almost like he was a completely unrecognizable different person (even though he was the only Gallean with raven black feathers), eventually he'd realise that people still knew it was him behind the mask but it still helped him feel more loose around people.

One day Morgan would grow tired of... Well being the famous Morgan that everyone in Gallea knows and he dreamed of another world where he'd just be another nobody, he was surprised to be informed by Hungry Wyvern that there is such a world, right below them. This blew the now young man's mind and he pleaded and begged to go there, Hungry Wyvern would soon give up on stopping the boys dreams and he made all the arrangements for a one way trip down to the Blue Sea. It would be a day like any other since there was no recent history since a Gallean had ever wanted to leave, it might have even been a century since the last time.

The ceremony was beautiful, it was decorated with flowers of the wildest of colors from all around Gallea, they immediately caught Morgan's eye, they reminded him of the ones he used to plant with his mother and those nostalgic thoughts quickly came flowing along and made the boy teary eyed, to save face he grasped for his mask and softly placed in his face.

As he sat down on the boat that'd take him floating down with a giant balloon all the way to the Blue Sea, Hungry Wyvern stepped up and asked him if he wanted a keepsake from his homeland.

"Yeah can I get some flower seeds? these look great, are they yours mother?" Exclaimed Morgan trembling behind his mask, his request was met with slight confusion but nonetheless he'd get his seeds and he'd go to a brand new world unlike any other he'd seen, as he began to float down he looked back to the crowd to spot his crying mother, he takes out the mask and yells from the top of his lungs.

"I love you mom and dad! Never forget that! One day I'll come back I promise, but until then, wait for me."