

Name: Qismah 'Rosy'
Birthday: Late-Summer
Age: 21
Species: Yasho
Height: 4'6
Player: Ucuro



Combat Stats:

Hp: 18/18
Fp: 6/6
Att: 7
Def: 5
Vit: 7

Non Combat Stats:

Agility: 8
Body: 8
Charisma: 7
IQ: 7
Perception: 3

Special Moves

Xarael's Wrath (Omni Boost) *Holy Element*

Qismah taps into Xarael's power, her markings glowing bright, launching a ruthless assault on any enemy in her path.

Avatar of Xarael (Desperation Strike) *Holy Element*

When the situation is dire, Qismah unleashes her full potential, her body becoming the literal avatar of the goddess Xarael, multiple limbs bathed in holy light sprouting from her torso as angelic wings of shimmering light take form behind her, and her eyes glow a piercing white, in this form, her speed and strength are pushed to the extreme, the yasho giving everything she has to put the fight to an end.

Xarael's Blessing (Re-Enforce)

Qismah focuses her energy inwards, the holy power coursing through her body replenishing her stamina and healing her wounds over time rather than lending fully to her strength and speed.

Quirks

Cocky (Patience)

Qismah is very confident in her abilities, many would say too confident, not that she cares, when fighting starts, she tends to be a little slow off the mark, clearly not in any rush for the poor chumps that decided to take her on. sometimes even goading them into attempting a "free hit"

Avatar's Rage (Rage)

When flung into her celestial form, Xarael's wrath floods Qismah's body with divine energy, increasing her strength and speed, but also making her reckless, lost in her rage, she often disregards her own safety in combat.

Martial Artist (Close Combatant)

Being a martial artist, Qismah is unfortunately limited to close range combat, while her order -do- have ranged techniques with divine energy, the yasho is far from mastering the art.

Quick Info:

Qismah, a 4'8 yasho with bright blue eyes, has pure white scales with a cyan patterns upon her Stegosaurus-like plates, possessing a slim, athletic physique. Wears a pair of white pants bandaged around the shins, with cyan flame patterns and robes that hang on her waist like a sort of half skirt, along with a tight-fitting white vest of similar design, with a string back to accommodate her scales, wields the power of the goddess Xarael and occasionally a staff.

Xarael, The Serpent of Rebirth

Xarael, a goddess worshipped for many separate aspects of her being, namely; Life, Death, Rebirth, Cleansing, Battle, Travel, and finally, of the arts. Strictly speaking a very spiritual god, good natured and protective of the living, known well for her love of combating the forces of evil.

Typically Xarael is known to travel the world in disguise, cloaking her true appearance and nature from the mortal realm, often appearing in the form of a beautiful songstress, a noble paladin or simply a travelling monk.

Her true appearance being the form of a tall, athletic white yasho woman with a strong, muscular physique, possessing six arms, with six angelic wings sprouting from her back and the lower body of a snake. standing normally she has been recorded at around 8 feet tall, though if measured from tail tip to head is much, much larger. Her body is typically seen covered by elegant, light body armour with the religious symbol of her disciples upon her chest, namely a silver Ouroboros in the form of a snake biting its own tail.

Life

Xarael is often regarded as a goddess of life, due to her desire for her and her disciples to protect the living from evil at all costs, along with her firm belief in reincarnation, as a rule, while heaven and hell do exist, Xarael does not believe these places are for mortal souls, certainly not with the all the wonders and exploration that the mortal realm has to offer. Indeed, Xarael's own lust for life, and desire to revel in all that it has to offer, has made her a firm choice of worship for quite few across the world.

Death

Along with life, comes death, naturally Xarael's view of death is that it is certainly not final, however, she does believe that death is something to be welcomed, to allow for the spirit to be renewed by rebirth. Death to Xarael, is not a time for mourning, but a time for celebration, bidding farewell to a beloved as they are born into the world once more, or a chance for those that have lived wicked, cruel or unfair lives to have another chance at experiencing joy. Naturally, this leads Xarael to have a deep set loathing for arts such as necromancy, and a distaste for any form of magic that can promise immortality, to her it is unnatural, and an affront to the gift that is life.

Rebirth

As mentioned, Xarael is primarily a goddess of rebirth, believing that mortal souls are meant to inhabit and experience the miraculous wonders of their plain over and over again, gathering knowledge and mastery from their former lives as they go. Naturally, very few of Xarael's disciples truly master the ability to gaze into the visions of their past lives, though it has certainly been done, many of her monks having recalled and recorded entire lives of long dead people from whole other continents.

Cleansing

Xarael, as previously mentioned, wishes for all sentient creatures to experience life in as many forms and aspects as possible, however, this does not extend to things that could be considered 'evil', she views them as a taint upon the mortal world, a horrific cancer that has crippled and ruined so many past lives, and flung so many into the bowels of hell, which is to her, the ultimate atrocity, at least beings that pass on to heaven can look forward to a blissful existence. Xarael and all her disciples, are sworn to combating evil in all of it's form, eliminating as much of it from the world as they are able.

Battle

Naturally, Xarael's task requires that she and her disciples be skilled in the art of war and combat. The goddess herself having developed a martial art that allows her disciples to borrow from her own wellspring of power to increase their strength against the forces of evil. It is said that she passed down this ability to the very first of her disciples who proceeded to train others ever since,

however, giving further evidence to the goddesses desire of travelling the world herself, the style has surfaced in isolated cases the world over, a few martial artists having mysteriously picked up the style despite having never made contact with the disciples.

Travel

Xarael's own belief is that life is to be experienced in as many ways, shapes and forms as possible, naturally, this cannot be done solely within the confines of a dusty old temple! As such, both she and her disciples are travellers by nature, good samaritans that leave their temple once their training is complete to explore the world, some eventually returning as masters to train the next generation. Along with the disciples, quite a few traders and travellers are known to pray to Xarael for protection on dangerous journeys, hoping said prayers will help stave off evil.

The Arts

Xarael herself is known for her love of the arts, painting, song, music, dance, acting, storytelling and writing, all forms of art hold a special place in her heart, considered to be one of the many wonders of the mortal world that leads to her insistence that mortals experience as much of it as possible (possibly so they make more neat stuff for her to look at and listen to!). Xarael herself is said to have an angelic voice, her song rumoured to be capable of lulling the dead who have been risen back into their slumber, along with many paintings, songs, dances and other pieces rumoured to have been created by the goddess herself, many of which exist within the temple of the disciples. As a result, Xarael has become the patron of quite a few aspiring artists and bards, who look to her for inspiration.

Qismah's Backstory

Eighteen years ago, in the southern city of Khalahara, a small yasho girl was born as the illegitimate child of two feuding noble houses, namely, the Sarashar, and the Vanserrah houses, her birth the result of a long standing sordid affair between the two houses eldest son and daughter. The parents adored their child at first sight, but realised what would happen if their affair ever came to light, both they and their little girl would cast out of their houses, if not killed on the spot. It had been hard enough concealing the mother's pregnancy through magical means for the full nine months, even with the help of their most loyal servants, there was no way on Earth that they would be able to keep their daughter a secret for long.

After several months of panicked words, arguments, tears and debating, the pair eventually made a decision, they adored their daughter, cherished her, but for her own sake, she could not be raised by them, or even know their names, though neither parent could bare the thought of her being raised an orphan. It was at this time, a miracle occurred, a knock on the door of the safehouse the two had used to harbor their sordid affair, a safehouse that only members of the father's family should be aware of. Panicking, and drawing his scimitar, the father slowly crept his way toward the door, friend, family, enemy, whoever it was he would protect his love and child at all costs. Swiftly he flung open the door, sword slashing downwards only to be stopped in place by the timely strike of a quarterstaff, the father's eyes widening as he suddenly found himself tripped head over heels and pinned to the ground by a single scaly foot. Standing in the doorway was an elderly looking yasho woman, dressed in nomadic desert robes, a Ouroboros necklace, formed by a snake biting its own tail resting upon her chest. Before the father had time to blurt out a word of defiance, he found a discarded sandal planted in his mouth, the woman greeting the pair in a cheerful tone, reassuring them that she was not here to cause them harm or reveal their secrets. When asked how she had found them, they greeted with naught but a simple shrug and the response "I'unno, just passin' through~" the elderly yasho chuckling merrily before adding that she couldn't help but overhear their squabbles as she has passed and couldn't resist eavesdropping, stating that she just might have a solution to their dilemma.

After allowing the father to rise up, and to return her sandal, she greeted them a tad more formally, raising her symbol to the pair, the mother immediately recognising it as the symbol of a disciple of Xarael, to which the woman simply smiled. After taking some time to explain their situation in greater detail, the monk gave them both a sympathetic look, understanding their desire to experience happiness together despite the brutality of their families hatred for one another. It is then that she made her proposal, she would take the child from them along with a combat trained servant from each of their households who would follow her to ensure that she was genuine, together they would take the child to the North-western peak of Mount Chazar, to the temple of the disciples, where their baby would be raised to become something very special, more than a mere disciple, the woman finally confessing that this was her true reason for visiting the two. Their daughter was a perfect candidate to become an avatar of Xarael, a physical conduit for the goddesses essence and energy, a living instrument of her will. If the child were given to her, she would be raised in the relative splendour of the temple of the disciples, trained in the arts of combat, and taught how to survive the harsher realities of the world, taught the importance of virtue, justice and good-will, whilst trained to resist and combat evil in all of its forms, not mention trained in the arts, the monk being sure to note the already rather melodic tone of the baby's little giggles. Eventually she would be free to leave the temple, and see the wonders of the world with her own eyes, freeing the world from evil and living life to its fullest wherever she may go. Once the servants

had returned after confirming the monks words, she would even ensure that couriers would be allowed to leave messages and gifts at the temple from the pair, so that the daughter may at least have -some- knowledge of the two that brought her into this world.

Naturally, the parents were hesitant at first, understandable of course, entrusting their child to a total stranger, who promised them both so much despite having never met or known them before? It was too good to be true, but they had been at wits ends for months, their options exhausted, and their wills crushed, this was their only hope, within a few hours of debating, the deal was struck. The very next day, the monk left with the baby bundled up in the finest silks the pair could afford, followed by two -very- well equipped 'bodyguards'.

Several weeks passed, the trio and their precious little cargo trekking across arid deserts and through bustling settlements, before eventually they came to the base of Mount Chazar, the ten thousand steps of the temple stretched out before them, the poor bodyguards grimacing at the admittedly impressive sight. After a couple of days climbing, stopping at the purposefully built rest stops along the way, the trio came to the temple of the disciples, the monk ushering them inside where they are greeted quite cheerfully by the other elders that reside within the temple's walls. After a couple of days rest, food and drink, the bodyguards were sent on their way, map in hand so that the couple may send their couriers as promised. Before the monk had left, the parents gave to her their daughters name, this would be the beginning of a whole new life for little Qismah.