



Given Name: Outis Okeanakis

True Name: Salt Waves Crushing Stone Beneath A Sky of Thunder

Nicknames: Salt

Birthday: Eighth of December, a Holy Day for Poseidon, 2002.

Gender: Male

Character Age: 20 years above the sea.

Species: Demigod

Ethnicity: Hellenic

Physical attributes

Height: 6'

Weight: 146 pounds

Description:

Salt is tall and lanky. His muscularity is best described as sinewy, and he moves carefully. His hair is dark brown, bordering on black, and he wears it long and wavy. He wears practical clothes and boots, sometimes made from oilskin or other tough-wearing materials, and is hardly ever seen without one of his spears or harpoons nearby.

Post-Timeskip:

Salt is tall and well-muscled. He's honed his physique through physical struggles and fighting. His hair is black, with only the faintest brown hints, and he wears it shoulder-length and wavy. He has grown a short dark beard along the line of his chin, and a mustache, giving him a look comparable to Orlando Bloom playing the character William Turner. He wears clothes fashioned in the Atlantean merpeople civilizations, and is hardly ever seen without his spear.

Personality

Character Personality:

Salt was raised by humans, and has thus achieved a semblance of normality in his manner. He lived a fairly ordinary childhood when looking past the supernatural things that occurred. He is laid back to the point of lackadaisicality, though some issues can cause him to tense. He is an avid environmentalist, and some of his greatest sources of anger are unreasonable harm to nature. He mainly eats seafood, preferring the taste, and if unable to, will usually resort to vegetarianism in absence of seafood. He enjoys all oceanic sports, swimming, sailing, surfing, and many others. He is fluent in several languages, including English and Modern Greek. He is skilled in the usage of polearms, a habit originally gained from harpoon fishing, though it later developed into a martial discipline for him.

Powers and traits

- **Ocean's Hungry Grasp**

- Salt temporarily sacrifices his human shape to return to oceanic form. He becomes a semi-human figure of churning water, and can create enormous amounts of salt water which he can control. At the center of his human-like shape is a 'heart' of seaweed and brine. If this heart is destroyed it will cause Okeanakis to revert to human shape, incapacitated. He must then wait until his aquatic shape regenerates. While in this shape, his empathy for people lessens, and he is less concerned with collateral damage, focusing only on defeating foes. In times of stress and pain he has managed to partially change his shape, changing parts of his physiology into the oceanic form.

- **Pound Ships To Splinters**

- Salt can control water in a specifically destructive way. He could manipulate it freely, but with very little fine control, but years of training has seen that fine control sharpening. Now, water is like spare limbs for him, easily manipulated with barely a thought. His control over fresh water was much worse than over salt water, but prolonged exposure and training with lake waters have made him every bit as adept at freshwater as he is with saltwater. The control of water is often marked by stormy waves or undercurrents, making it a violent power.

- **Ocean Breaks The Shore**

- Salt can control mineral salt and rocks. This is limited severely by weight limits; he can control approximately two hundred kilograms of stone, rock, or sand, or approximately five hundred kilograms of mineral salt.

- **Call of The Deep**

- When fully submerged in ocean water, Salt could telepathically understand and communicate with sea creatures, but this power has evolved to also function above water. He can freely breathe water and siphon oxygen to be able to respire, and he is unaffected by underwater pressure and cold in general.

- **Grasping Tide**

- If he has no sources to fuel his powers, no stone or salt or sea, Salt can pull these elements from other places in which they are present. He can slowly and laboriously pull moisture from the air, or salt from sweat, or accumulate sand into stones.

- **Swallow The Land-Dwellers**

- This power is one of Salt's more unique powers. He is capable of altering local geology to create a saltwater wellspring, where there previously was no water. This can be performed miles inland, or even at high elevation points where such a thing ought not be possible. The wellspring will continue to work and obey natural rules after he leaves, but will usually run out after a few hundred to a few thousand years.

- **Tidal Boon**

- Salt has several powers, but they are not always available to him. Like the tides of the sea, they wax and wane, specifically with distance to the wide oceans. When he travels inland, his water-based powers lessen, and his stone and salt powers grow in proportion, though they never reach the height of power that he has when fully submerged in the seas.

Backstory

See now darkness. It is deep enough here that light faded long ago, choked out by the murky waters, so that no brilliance could ever touch the abyss of the ocean floor. In the gloom, strange creatures roam. Below the upper depths. Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea. Unnumbered and enormous, these unseen beings make their brutal lives. They feed on base molecules ejected from the earth like noxious pus, or they feed on great leviathans fallen down into their home, or they feed on one another. There's no mercy among beasts; the abyss is cruel and has only hardship. But even these heartless beasts, slaving for their survival, even they are at the mercy of the ocean. It pushes down upon their backs with inorexible pressure, threatening to flatten and break all weakness. And this cruel fist, this handhold of doom, is held by only one. Great Poseidon, of Olympian fame. His rule is law among the dwelling dark. And here upon the ocean floor, where eyes of man and God see not, he makes his silent tenebrous abode. When the great Olympian needs his secrecy, he dwells among the beasts of foulness borne.

If there were light to see in this deep dark, then it would be incomprehensible, what secrets of the Ocean God could glean, a bystander in innocent concern. But our mortal eyes that here do glance, upon the incognito Godling's home, can see nothing but gloom of night. So let us all, my readers dear, perceive the acts that happened then, without the knowledge of the ocean king.

He stopped o'er a slab of carven slate, as dark and shiny as the gaping murk, with eyes that pierced the waters deep, and hands that swirled with powers of fate. Upon the slab he wrought his will, intent, and brine and seaweed moved by powers his. The flesh of fish and stranger things, were joined with weed and brackish sea, this mixture formed a shape upon, the table of the trident lord. A human shape reclined, supine, though made it was of water still, and stones and beasts and plants of yore, a man wrought he, Poseidon great.

See now, the great lord of the sea, he breathes his cloying algae breath, into the heart of weeds and stone, and here it pumps, a life is born. Poseidon drifts, with silent calm, into his throne of rusted steel, the darkest throne of this great king, from sunken ships reclaimed was made.

And speaks he now, the tyrant-king, who rules the seas across the world, his words are not in tongues of men, those Grecian words he utters not; the muttered words in silence said, are of the language of the sea, which none that dwells upon the ground, can ever learn to fathom hence.

He names the child with heavy words, the label for his youngest son, a name of Salt and Sea and Storm, a name of truth and fate and love. A prophecy to come as well, a present for the future laid.

And glance we now, my readers dear, away from acts of godly might, back to the dark of cold and fear, to leave the child and king in peace. Away we pass, to future times, though soon the next part comes to pass, as you will read, or so I hope, the next of branches in our tale.

December 8, 2003. Salt's first steps.

In winter when the seas were high with fury and with scorn,
There rose beneath the thunderous waves his half-unfinished form
He staggered wild and slowly to the coast of tired sand
The creature thence what came was more aquatic than a man.

He stooped and fell and quivered full, his steps unsteady, slow
A water-man, of fashioned waves, and stone from deep below
On hands and knees, though limbs they weren't, he lies upon the beach
The water seeped, and slowly wept, as he lessened his reach.

A pressing wave behind him leapt, enveloping the shape
It covered all, obscuring him, as it swathed him like a cape
Then in a flash of thunder borne, the wave was ebbing back
And in its place, a mewling babe, lying naked on its back.

A fisherman of honest stock, who gazed into the storm
Had seen the child, of divine might, when changing from its form
A prayer he spoke, a-running yet, as he leapt to save the child

From drowning death, though he'd not know, the risk was rather mild

The fisherman, whose hands alone, would bring the child back home
And cherish him, and bring him up, as if he were his own
He named the child, while fruitless wife, was kissing him in bliss
A mythic name, in native Greek; Outis Okeanakis.

Addendum page.



Salt's Spear



Ocean's Hungry Grasp - The Inhuman shape Salt adopts.