

Public Profile (Player Card)

[1] Name:

Faelorei Valindar

[2] Physique:

A small, petite elf girl that appears not much taller than 160 cm. Her long white hair is tied into pigtails, which generally wrap behind her long, pointed ears and over her shoulders before coming to rest against her chest. Though she appears young, it's impossible to tell with these elves. Her tired green eyes and dead stare seem to indicate she's seen better days.

[3] Attire:

Wears a white jacket with gold embellishments with a similarly styled skirt and short cape to match. While sometimes hidden from view, a striped black and white shirt is worn underneath. Black leggings and brown boots, along with gold and ruby earrings, finish the outfit.

[4] Homeworld:

Humans and elves and dwarves, oh my! Plus a wild assortment of other fantastical races and creatures. And magic. Can't forget all the magic. Amazing what a little meteorite can do to an otherwise perfectly normal Earth.

[5] More Info.:

Not much of a talker, this one. In fact, she doesn't speak at all.

(- . -)

Luckily she keeps an ancient tome on her at all times whose pages form responses on the spot.

[6] Character Image(s):



Private Profile (Character & Universe)

[1 - Parasite] Name:

Shol'zhax laumhodhad Exiolthulb Vruidh'zhixz

[2 - Parasite] Physique:

A very tiny black worm.

[3 - Parasite] Attire:

It's a worm, what do you think it's wearing?

[4 - Parasite] Homeworld:

The Void of Unspeakable Horrors

[5 - Parasite] More Info.:

Has the ability to "infest" inanimate objects, transferring its life force from the worm to said object. Drains nearby life of its energy, mana, ki, spell slots, whatever it's got until it's a lifeless husk. In this state, the parasite can control the creature. Any nutrients the husk absorbs are sent to the parasite. While the parasite itself is rather powerless to any immediate threats, it can utilize any capabilities offered by its puppet provided the parasite itself knows how to operate them.

[6 - Parasite] Character Image(s):

Just imagine a worm that is black.

Insert image of book here too?

[7] Rough Background:

- Shol'zhax laumhodhad Exiolthulb Vruidh'zhixz, a worm and unspeakable horror, travels to Earth aboard a magical space rock, filling the world with magic and turning it into a typical fantasy realm.
- The worm happens upon an elf girl and observes her magical practices, becomes annoyed with the elf's silly magic, inhabits her favorite tome, and slowly drains her mana.
- Elf girl eventually dies of mana exhaustion, becoming a husk that the worm can control.
- The worm uses the elf to demonstrate how magic should be wielded.
- It gets bored of this one day and tries the mundane magic the elf once loved, realizing this type of magic isn't so bad.
- Surrounding kingdoms grow ever larger and eventually their population discovers the elf's home, only to find the elf cannot speak.
- To keep its current life until the start of the game, the worm makes use of the tome, relaying messages on the pages in order to converse with others.

[8] Important Moments:

- That time it landed on Earth
- That time it found the Elf girl
- That time it killed the Elf girl
- That time it realized the Elf girl wasn't so bad what, lol his bad.

- That time it devised a way to communicate with others

[9] Character Relationships:

- Faelorei Valindar - Unsure if this was the Elf girl's real name, but it's what the worm uses all the same. Most everything he does is through the Elf girl's hands.
- Unspeakable Horrors from the void and beyond - Others exist like the worm, though their form and abilities vary wildly and are generally beyond mortal comprehension.

[10] Motives:

- Though in a grand sense it cares not for his Earth, he has grown temporarily attached to said planet as he fiddles with magic.
- Keep the Elf girl safe. She may be dead, but he needs the body to perform the magic he is fond of.

[11] Homeworld:

Earth, except it's a fantasy land. The nations and geography are generally as they are now, but are filled with magic and all sorts of creatures. The technology is more magic based and no i will not elaborate. It's whatever is most convenient as I (or anyone) needs it to be.

Private Profile (Backstory)

[12] Backstory:

Shol'zhax laumhodhad Exiolthulb Vruidth'zhixz, one of many unspeakable horrors that slumbered at the edge of the cosmos, decided on a whim to voyage across the stars aboard a rather unassuming rock. As a denizen of that black void, his goals and ambitions were far too incomprehensible for mere text on a google document to convey, yet similarly empty beyond belief. He was a worm. On a rock. In space. The End. Well except for that one time when...

BLAM! BANG! BOOM! KERFLOW!

The space faring rock entered Earth's atmosphere and landed with the greatest of impacts, forever changing the course of history for it and its inhabitants.

There was no monumental shifting of the Earth's plates. No shockwave rustling dirt and debris to cloud the air. A crater, sure. Even a loud thud that rang out throughout the lands. But this rock. This unassuming rock. Of course one whose origins was the "Void of Unspeakable Horrors" wouldn't be *just* some ordinary rock. No. This world was spared a literal *Earth* shattering event, but in its stead, a tremendous surge of arcane energy sprang forth from the rock, filling every inch of the planet with an abundance of mana.

Mana. The essence of magic. The building blocks to make the impossible possible. Its effects were made immediately clear as many living creatures, animal and plant alike, could not properly house this energy and were forcibly altered, their very form and structure transforming into a vast array of fantastical beings. Elves, dwarves, orcs, goblins, oni, centaur, dragons, griffins, hydras... anything and everything suddenly existed all at once. Which, as one might assume, resulted in chaos. The Chaotic Era, no less. But that's unimportant for us. Eventually it all sorted out and Earth became the fantasy realm of every weeb's dreams. The End. Well except for that one time when...

Shol'zhax laumhodhad Exiolthulb Vruidh'zhixz, one of many unspeakable horrors that slumbered ~~at the edge of the cosmos~~ within the rock that lay in that cratered surface, awoke to find itself on this fantasy filled Earth. Having slept for an eternity or two, he was hungry. He left the confines of his rock and journeyed through these magical lands.

Every so often he would come across an unsuspecting creature. A caterpillar, a grasshopper, a spider, a mouse, a snake, a bird, a weasel, a cat, a wolf, a doe, a deer, a female deer... To them all, he looked like a pitiful tiny worm. Not worth the effort, except for maybe those that hoped he'd be a light snack. In any case, there he'd rest in their dwelling or in their stomach. This worm, you see, had the horrific ability to slowly drain and feed upon the mana now flowing through everything that moved. Whether it be the snail's pace at which he fed or some crafty concealing ability, the result was all the same. All he had to do was be in close proximity and it naturally found its way to him. In due time, the victim was left devoid of mana, which as mana had become integral to life's very core, the complete absence of it effectively killed all. The lifeless body would remain as a husk till it too withered away.

This slow cycle of death and destruction that Shol'zhax laumhodhad Exiolthulb Vruidh'zhixz wrought continued for some time more until one day he came across a most interesting individual: A small elf girl who lived in a cottage at the edge of a forest. She lived in isolation away from the surrounding kingdoms that had taken root and thrived. Seemingly without a care in the world, this elf chose to surround herself with books. Tomes filled with the secrets of mana manipulation to harness the power of making the impossible possible. It wasn't something all too unfamiliar to the worm, but seeing a creature as pathetic as this comprehend even a sliver of this dark knowledge intrigued him.

He observed her from the dark recesses of the cottage home while she practiced her craft. A flick of the wrist here, a dash of fairy dust there, a recitation of Earth's seven days. The flour that sat as a mound on the wooden board before her instantly morphed into a beautiful baguette! Oui oui! Another, more elaborate motion of her hand and soon the bread was accompanied by a glass of red wine. Impressive, I guess?

On the eve of an approaching chilly night, she laid out a stack of sticks and twigs. Her hand dashed about in front of her, floating runic symbols left in its wake. Assembled in a line, she tapped each one in succession. They each lit up with blue arcane energy. The wood poofed out of existence, replaced by water. The ground underneath dug itself a hole for the water to rest.

Finally, a fiery blaze sprang forth and danced atop the water's surface as the elf nestled close by for its warmth. All of this power and *this* is what this girl chooses to use it for!?

Shol'zhax laumhodhad Exiolthulb Vruidth'zhixz filled with rage. Day in and day out he watched this elf engross herself in mountains of magical tomes. A being with immense stores of mana. And when it comes time to use said capabilities... She turns wine *back* into water. The most mundane and/or useless things imaginable is what this small creature chooses to use this gift for. HIS GIFT. No, if that's how she's going to use her talent then it'd be better if she didn't have it at all.

The worm used his mysterious powers to inhabit her favorite spell book and traveled along with her wherever she went. Slowly, but surely he drained every drop of mana from her body. His insidious and dark trick went unnoticed. To her, nothing was amiss. Completely blind to the fact she grew weaker by the day until finally, without warning, she dropped to the floor with a thud. The deed had been done. The elf girl was no more, leaving behind a husk. But where past victims were left to rot and wither away, the worm had other plans.

If an elf falls in the woods and nobody is around to hear it, does it make a sound? It seems like at the very least it gets back up and continues trucking along. In the following days, the elf girl would be seen moving about the cottage. An oddity given she should be dead. In fact, she is dead. Just as dead as she was the moment her mana ran out. The worm in his horrific ways revealed another trick: Husk Puppetry. Turning the remains of his victims into dead puppets for him to parade around. Not worth the effort before, but he had a bone to pick with this elf girl. Every sense and ability the body was capable of when she was alive was now his.

Much like she did while amongst the living, so too did the worm have her pour herself over the books. While he supplied the body with all the mana it could ever want, her brain was emptied of all it knew. A blank slate. Which unfortunately meant he must learn every secret held within the countless pages before him.

As he read, many familiar sights were uncovered. The spells he had seen the elf girl use everyday. The ones that ultimately ended in the situation he was in now. However, many more unfamiliar sights aroused his curiosity and confirmed his suspicions. No doubt she learned these spells as well. Balls of fire, torrents of rain, bolts of lightning... It was all here. What he had wanted to watch her play with. The destructive side of mana.

With this knowledge in his grasp, he wasted no time mastering these spells to their fullest. Lighting able to pierce the earth itself. Infernos hot enough to melt boulders. Winds to bring the toughest of trees to their knees. Floods to wash everything away. It was easy and if her could do it, so could she. Madness! She really was wasting her true potential. He indulged himself further, leveling half the forest before coming to a sudden realization: This was fun and all, but also like... kinda boring after a while. Bummer.

Over the course of a week, he sat in the cottage staring at the book that was himself. Its pages forming random scenes of the elf girl living her life as he once observed. Perhaps she had gone through the same trials that he faces now. The allure of using magic to perform grand tricks pulled her in, but once you can do it all, how do you continue to top it. What is the next level when there is none. Magic had not seemed to progress in the world beyond the hoard of knowledge stored here.

He had the elf pull out the last remaining bag of flour and tossed a handful to the table in front of him. He popped the top of a vial labeled "Fairy Dust" and poured some over the flour. He swished her wrist much like he'd seen her do countless times before. He recounted the days listed on the now out of date calendar. All incredibly boring and mundane, and yet something comforting and pleasing. The flour and fairy dust fused and formed the French delicacy. A piece was ripped off and tossed into the elf's mouth. **Munch Munch Munch.** Oh, this is actually good. Huh. Maybe she had the right idea all along. A peaceful life filled with magic to aid and comfort. Funny.

He lived much like the Elf before had done. Unbeknownst to him, however, the world became a different, much more lively place. Towns and settlements littered the land where there were none before. Even great cities could be seen off in the distance. Soon even an odd adventurer or two found their way to the cottage, only to find a peculiar small elf girl. She could not speak as the worm itself had never had a need to and had no knowledge how to function that aspect of the body. The solution was simple, though. The elf held out a large tome and flipped it open. The pages were blank, but quickly filled with random symbols. The symbols themselves quickly reoriented themselves further, becoming legible for all who laid eyes upon it:

Hello, my name is Faelorei Valindar. How may I help you?

[13] Random Info and Stuffs:

The name is a complete fabrication. The elf kept nothing labeled with what he could tell was her name, so he thought of one that sounded elf-ish given all people he's read about in the scattered tomes.

Idk.

If you are worried about combat stuff, here's the deal:

Elf Girl: Powerful mage

The book: A book. Perhaps it can does some cool stuff, but is a book.

The worm: Is as powerful and frail as he needs to be. Have someone step on him for his death. Maybe the Elf gets an epic duel, but eventually falls. The book itself tries to fight back, but has limited capabilities and eventually is destroyed. When the dust settles, a small black worm can be seen making a slow escape as it wriggles away, only to be stepped on. DEAD.