

There's not quite one word to describe Miktyr. However, many people have certainly tried.

Some common choices: mischievous, naive, clever, insecure. A series of paradoxes with someone who seemed like an open book, Miktyr had a habit of sidestepping expectations placed on him. Born and raised in one of the deepest, most traditional villages in Ostaria, Miktyr became an active participant in Rehey and in the Yailuna Forest's culture at a young age. Encouraged by strict values instilled in him by mother, father, and his older sister, Miktyr worked hard to emulate what it meant to be a wood elf. This motivation tapered off when he was about five years old.

In a lineage of perfect wood elves, Miktyr stood out like a sore thumb. His disregard for traditional wear and his lack of respect for his elders made him the talk of the village, and he was often turned away or frowned upon by fellow wood elves in the village. Raised only among the wood elf population, Miktyr didn't realize the existence of other species, not just in Yailuna but in Ostaria until age 8, when an accidental voyage outside of the borders of his hometown revealed to him just what the world had to behold: thousands upon millions of species, none of whom were the exact same. His knowledge of this world became his own secret, a thought that he could comfort himself in when he felt out of place in his own home.

His entire life, Miktyr knew that if he was given the chance to leave Yailuna, he would take that opportunity. From ages eleven to fourteen, his family hardly saw him around. Much of his life was spent out; not in the depths of Yailuna, doing spiritual training like they thought, but close to the border of Belanore Forest, living off of help from locals in the towns nearby who thought him to be humorous. Much of Miktyr's immediate inclination towards humor as a coping mechanism was due to his desire to remain entertaining so that he seemed like a worthwhile investment to the people helping him evade his family's suspicions (and avoid death, in some circumstances). For all intents and purposes, Miktyr existed for five years as just a kid- a kid who was growing up and had to explore and learn a lot about himself on his own, yes, but still someone with a lot of mischief and adventure in his heart. He loved to explore the nearby areas, but he never strayed too far from what he knew was his primary fallback.

Miktyr experienced his first brush with a traumatizing experience following the sudden death of his father. Now thrust into a role that required significant amounts of responsibility at such a young age (15 at the time), Miktyr felt trapped within his village and its customs. While he could shrug off the elders of his town before in a childish manner, his disrespect would now come off as blatant disrespect, and, at worse, a besmirchment of his father's legacy. It put a strain on his life, as well as the lives of his sister and mother, who expected him to be able to fill his father's place with the

practiced ease of a refined wood elf. Miktyr's disappointment at being unable to fulfill the necessary role that his father left in their lives led to his period of extreme panic attacks, some which would last up to an hour. While Miktyr felt simultaneously that the roles of his village were suffocating and that he couldn't survive in this traditional structure, he also felt innumerable levels of guilt for not being able to be what was needed of him by his family. He no longer had a fall back spot in his adventures- this was it.

One night, following a particularly bad panic attack, Miktyr took a walk along the outer edge of Rehey- never outside of the village, a place he hadn't seen in the months following his father's death. Miktyr made it to the edge of Rehey, an area known for its rocky cliffs that descended down to the village at lower elevations. There was a carved path he could take, but he opted instead to look for the jagged points. Miktyr rode much of his life off of the feeling of his adventure, and he knew that staying in Rehey would slowly kill him as opposed to the taking of his own life. He left everything of worth at his home, in hopes his family could pawn it for cash, and took the leap. As he felt himself about to land on impact, he found himself back at the top of the mountain. Frustrated, he tried again, only to wind back up at the top of the mountain. At the bottom of the cliffs stood a centaur, still, minus the breeze picking at the side of its flank. Miktyr stared it down for a while, in an indescribable amount of time, before it eventually fled.

Ashamed to return home, Miktyr decided instead to head further south, to a town that he often stayed at overnight in the bushes. Getting some poor quality rest there, he devised a new plan for his life. Instead of returning to Rehey, he was going to return as the elf he needed to be. He planned to go from city to city, finding whatever he could take of value and bringing it back to his family before eventually killing himself on the same cliffs he was just stopped on. With his new end goal in mind, he set off for further south, leaving the forests of Ostaria for the first time in his entire life.

His journey south brings him to Thera and Zenith, commencing the start of the main storyline of Project Star. On his way south, he finds and adopts a small frog, who becomes a main companion of his on his journey with the other two travelers. The frog's name is not specified within the storyline structure, as he changes it on a whim.