

# Character Bio's and Creation Info

By IndagoFeather

Submitted: June 18, 2006

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*People seem to ask about my characters a lot (well, they used to...) This here is a guide to my main characters' pasts and some background info. Enjoy! ^\_~*

*I'm sorry if it appears a bit iffy. Somehow the coding just seems to like messing up on me. If i*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/IndagoFeather/35356/Character-Bios-and-Creation-Info>

**Chapter 1 - The Bios**

**2**

# 1 - The Bios

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Okay, first of all I'd like to tell you that this here is written for the purpose of explaining unknown info about my OCs instead of narrating their plots into each pic I submit. This story thingy here will go over *behind the scenes* *stuff* about the creation of my characters and then trail onto their actual storylines which have actually changed a bit since you last read about them when I was Animemaster2334 (that was if you did read them. If not, have no fear, you'll miss nothing but the comparison between old and new stuff).

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Without Further ado, I'll get this over with. Beware, it's a lot of writing ^^;

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Character 1: Raos

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Full Name: Raos Erostoana (Translation: Garnet Earthsong in his native language of Draggi)

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Gender: Male

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Age: 27

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Creation Age: Approximately 1 year

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Race: Drakken (humanoid creature, 3/4 human 1/4 dragon, usually sports dragon-like features such as wings, fangs and scales)

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Creation Info:

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I created Raos after seeing Sephiroth on Kingdom Hearts for the first time. The whole "one wing" concept struck me and I decided to work on a concept. The first one turned out rather....strange. It was available in my old gallery but gone now. I won't describe it but I will tell you, it's a whole different character in comparison to him now. I redid the concept after realizing how ridiculous it looked and he turned out the way he looks today with some help from a punk rock influenced idea that came from listening to Avril Lavinge while working on his new concept. He doesn't keep much of that old air about him anymore now being a rather sophisticated character as an oppose to his old rebellious Gary Stu-ish self. After Raos was finished I immediately started him out in RPs and his personality and character started to develop to where it is today. After a year of drawing even his appearance has changed a bit, the style of his hair still has the same basic concept as it used to but it looks a lot less like eyebrows than it used to. That was a common mistake.

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Raos is now the favorite out of all of my OCs and a very special character to me. He's like a muse, a little spark of inspiration, and a great thing to spend my time on. Now being about a year old I feel like I've done a good job with him over his first year.

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Character Bio:

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Raos was born into a wealthy noble family as a single child of two drakken parents such as himself. His parents loved him more than anything in the world. He received the finest treatment possible and lived a cheerful life until the age of eight when a large nomadic bandit troop swept across the land and caught word of the young and vulnerable child who indeed had a powerful noble family bloodline and large inheritance bestowed upon him and two very gullible parents. One night the bandits succeeded in slipping into little Raos' room at night and took him away leaving a ransom note for his parents. The two nobles were ordered to go alone to fetch their son who was now terrified and completely clueless of what was going to take place.

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Raos' parents offered the money the bandits ordered from them in the note when they met in an alleyway out in the local village. The bandits caught the two loving parents off guard and took the

advantage of killing them because they were ordered to come unarmed. Raos watched his parents slaughtered before his eyes at his young and impressionable age. Afterward, the bandits raided his home and pillaged all the riches they could find and killed any soldiers or guards they came across. After that, they took the last heir to the noble family along with them and forced him to use his noble rank for their own benefit.

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A few years passed and Raos grew into a quiet, miserable, and rather paranoid boy. His captors abused him and treated him as one lower than themselves. That was the way the boy was raised. When he reached fifteen he started to gain a bit more respect from the group of thieves but the beatings and hurtful insults still went on. By this time he had stayed with the gentler people of the group, the mages. From them he gained an interest in literature and magic. Soon enough he was learning spells he taught himself from books the mages carried with them.

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By the time Raos turned eighteen he was a rather rebellious young man. He kept his fondness for magic but also trained with a few light weapons for a while before realizing his true talent was in multi-elemental sorcery. Over the years he learned many advanced spells and mastered all non-corrupting elements. (everything but darkness)

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He had had enough of the mockery and pain he was caused. He dyed sections of his hair black and styled them in a rather unique way to prove his rebellious feelings towards his captors in a rather unusual way. None of them seemed to mind because in the group, no one looked entirely normal. The bandits continued to force the noble to do their dirty work using his place in society as an easy passage to places that normally had to be broken into. Now that Raos was older he had more power as a noble but that power was still harnessed by his captors and eventually he was completely sick of everything. He had never been brave enough to attempt to escape by flight or any other way but in the state he was in, all he wanted to do was break away. He used his strong yet delicate wings to soar off into the night sky at midnight but the bandit camp down below realized he was missing and started a search. Because he was so easy to spot up in the sky he was shot down with an arrow or two and fell to the ground below and was taken back in again.

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Once back in the bandit camp his past freedoms were limited even more when he returned. He was bound and placed in a tent while he awaited his punishment for escape. The rarely seen leader of the bandit clan came in and questioned him of what he had done. Raos' answers were rather disrespectful and his harsh tone offended the man. With ease the leader tore off his right wing which almost knocked the drakken dead from the horrible pain. (A drakken would rather take death than have a wing torn off because their wings are so sensitive it hurts horribly to do as much as puncture the membrane) After that was all over the drakken slowly became quieter and horribly depressed. His gaze turned stone cold and dead for months on end and he hardly spoke a word unless his other wing was threatened. Eventually he became so upset with his horrible loss that he attempted suicide through starvation for he couldn't bring himself to die by a blade or other quicker methods. Of course his sudden change in eating caught attention of his captors and they quickly forced him to eat. The humiliating experience of being force-fed left mental scars that would never heal and he never attempted starvation after that. Even though he was eating again, his appetite shrunk and people were still edgy about him starving himself again. He became ill from wound infection and heart complications that came from missing a wing. (a drakken's heart beats at a fast rate for extra energy during flight. If flight is lost the heart wears the creature out as it stays at it's normal rate and stays un-exercised. It begins to wear out the drakken



rather than energize.)

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Now a gaunt, withered, and broken person Raos started to become more and more modest around people until he became so self-conscious he had difficulty even taking off his shirt in complete privacy. His wild and rampant personality was torn to shreds and rearranged into a shattered and domestic soul. Though he had been a rather attractive young boy to begin with, when he reached his twenties he had matured into a handsome young man despite his fragile, and ill form. He still kept his magical skills intact although now that he was so weak he had a hard time rationing his power and couldn't cast as many spells as he used to without completely immobilizing himself with fatigue.

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Eventually during a chaotic village raid with a *seemingly* quiet and poorly guarded town Raos managed to shove through the battle with a few wounds to show for his struggles and managed to escape. After nearly dying on a mother's doorstep he was taken in and cared for until the raids passed and the bandits had searched long enough without prevail to forget about their captive. After that, Raos left the woman and her daughter and returned to his territory where he was welcomed and took rule over the unmanaged nation at age twenty-three and reigned until twenty-seven where his plot branches off into "who-knows-what?"

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Character 2: Eclipse

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Full name: Eclipse ??? (was abandoned at too young of an age to learn his last name)

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Gender: Male

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Age: 25

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Creation Age: About a year and a few months (probably created in March 05)

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Race: Dark Angel (rather an earthly angel with no divinity. Dark angels are not demonic but simply titled "dark" from the sinful world they are born into)

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Eclipse was created at first for the sole purpose of a dark angel RP (my second plot to be exact) He was a lot different than he is now when he was first created. He was a good leader, and a rather agreeable and decently attractive character. I laugh now. He's a jerk, a pervert, a drunk and women hate him. Haha, hahahahaha! Enough of that.

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When Eclipse started out he was influenced by Dark Mousy from D.N. Angel and now that I think of it, his personality (at least when sober) is similar to Dark's. He was quickly drawn so I could give a visual reference. After the RP was finished I decided to keep him as a character. He was pretty cool to me so he kinda stuck and he was added into several other RPs and eventually he started to develop and after Raos came along the two strayed further away in quality until they were each completely different characters.

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Eclipse is still a very special character to me. He's one of my favorites but not as enjoyable to draw as Raos so he gets less attention because of his tricky color palette and his black feathered wings, which have proved to be a hassle to draw, ink and color.

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Character Bio:

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Eclipse was born into a poor homeless family. He had no siblings or distant relatives. Dark angels were horribly discriminated by humans and other races because they were commonly mistaken for demons (though there are several differences). Humans were often after dark angels to hunt them down and destroy them so Eclipse's parents were constantly on the run. Little Eclipse who was still just a baby slowed his parents down because of his needs. When he grew older his parents had to set aside more food, they had to slow down to let the child toddle along. Eclipse's parents never taught him his last name if they had ever had one, themselves. They were two very selfish people and soon enough they decided they no longer wanted their son. On his fourth birthday he was abandoned on the outskirts of a town and soon enough he was chased miles away by the villagers.

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The little dark angel couldn't fly just yet and even if he could have that still wouldn't have been enough to find his parents again. After wandering for a week he realized they wouldn't come back and started to wander helplessly on his own. He felt drawn to the villages but each time he stepped foot in one an angry mob drove him away. Eclipse learned how to fly in an instant after being seized by an angry villager and tossed off a cliff. He lived that way for a few years keeping himself alive off of stolen food or edible things out in the forests.

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Even out in the woods he was hunted and constantly plagued by priests and monks that dwelled there. Thinking he was a demon they tried all methods of exorcising him. They splashed him with holy water and he just sat there dripping wet, not screaming and melting. They tried crosses and shining light magic at him. He just looked at them curiously. Finally they tried silver blades and wooden stakes but before any harm could come Eclipse fled in fear of his life. A weapon was a weapon and no matter what material it was made of it could hurt a dark angel just as easily as a normal human.

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Eclipse continued to wander on his own and mature. One he turned sixteen he decided to get an actual weapon and plot an attack against the human race. He flew into the nearest village at night and broke into an armory. He decided to fight with something that would be easy to attack with in flight. He snatched up a rare and difficult to wield bladed leather whip. He went out into forest clearings and trained. It would have been better to start with something simpler like a sword because Eclipse had never picked up an actual weapon before. The first whip lash he unleashed swung back and hit him in the face giving him a horrible scar down his right eye. Surprisingly his eye sight wasn't horribly damage but he had a harder time seeing though it. He immediately started up again with his hate of humans driving him on. He eventually developed his own creative fighting style but not without mutilating himself during frequent accidents.

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After a few months Eclipse continued training but now he was starting attacks on villages. His mind was corrupt from many years of abuse and the sole purpose he had gotten a weapon was to kill. He was still en-experienced with it and he'd still end up hurting himself on occasion, which force him to retreat from an attack. He started up a reputation as his attacks became more frequent and more deaths were reported. After years of practice he had no shame for what he had done; his mind was clouded with hate and he was now killing off entire villages with the strength he had gained.

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Numerous times village guards and townsfolk tried to stop him with arrows or anything else they could find. Eclipse was so twisted and sadistic now that even when someone succeeded in striking him he hardly felt it or laughed at the futile attempts. The only survivors of his attacks were the women and children who hid though he sometimes found them too. He continued to slaughter thousands of people and soon became known as the Angel of Death. All memory of his original purpose of killing for revenge slipped from his mind and he now found causing pain pleasurable and became addicted to his homicidal tendencies.

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Finally, after seven years of endless murdering, Eclipse was caught off guard by one guard who had been wounded but not dead. The young man drew his bow and slowed Eclipse's movement by striking his leg and wing before he noticed the soldier and ended his life.

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As Eclipse sat, wounded, his fatigue slowly crept up on him. With no one in the village to arrest him he sat in the street against the fountain of the square amongst the corpses of his victims and contemplated his acts. Soon enough his shame hit him like a club to his head and he finally realized the pain he had caused was wrong. He had gotten his revenge yes, but now he felt horrible about it. He did the best he could to retreat to the woods and once he was there voices of the dead came back to him and haunted him further. He sobbed and wailed over his foolishness for weeks until he recovered and silently left with his bloodstained whip.

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Eclipse stayed in another region where he never attacked and the word of his killing never spread. A few dark angels lived there as well but he preferred to stay independent and live on his own. Soon enough he became a thief for money to buy food and he started to visit taverns at age twenty-one. He found that alcohol could settle his misery for a little while but not forever. He couldn't find a better way to forget so he soon started drinking more and more until he became completely addicted to the drink.

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After a few years he started to live normally again but still quelled with the shame that stayed stained on his tainted soul. He had always been anything but a well rounded person and soon became a complete buffoon due to his frequent drinking habits. He still got by fine with life but he could never return to the side of the world he had nearly destroyed all because of hate.

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And Eclipse's story usually branches on from there...

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Character 3: Adrian

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Full name: Adrian San Hymstle

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Gender: Male

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Age: 16

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Creation Age: about three years

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Race: Human cursed with appearance of a drakken

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Adrian was created during a sort of random roleplay between my brother and I when we were in Florida one year. He started out as a fan character from the Legend of Zelda series (Ocarina of Time to be exact). He was originally Ganondorf's son and was cursed with the appearance of a demon instead of drakken because I had no idea what a drakken was at the time. Bleh!

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Not much of his background plot changed really. I just de-Zelda-fied it :]

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He was my first human character emerging from a huge line of Sonic the Hedgehog fan characters. I must say, his proportions at first were rather...off. I'll probably display his first pic along with my other OCs' as well. But that'll wait for later. There's quite a bit of irony behind Adrian actually. He was my first OC, now about three years old and yet in his actual age he's the youngest of the three. Haha, I found that amusing. Adrian has always had that special place in my heart. He's been around the longest and

yet he still hasn't developed much because I've been so occupied with Raos. Well enough of this junk, onto his uberly angsty background plot!

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Character Bio:

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Adrian was born into a powerful royal family which ruled over the desert nations. His father was centered on ruling by power and had no time for love, family time, or anything but forcing fear on his subjects. Adrian's father, king Hymstle managed to find a simple woman and secretly married her and she soon gave birth to Adrian. The baby grew into a decently strong and yet sensitive young boy. The king had no use for his wife after she gave birth for he only needed a blood related heir to keep his throne. When Adrian turned five he was doing decently on his own and he had become less dependant on his mother. Just as secretively as he married Adrian's mother, King Hymstle murdered his wife. His subjects had already known about Adrian but heard nothing of a wife. Hymstle threatened to kill anyone who questioned how he gained a son.

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Adrian was the only other person in the entire desert kingdom who knew the woman who was his mother was slightly aware that she died. Still young, impressionable, and rather clueless, Adrian was oblivious to the fact that his own father killed her and Hymstle coaxed him into believing she was assassinated in her sleep. Now that Adrian was left alone with his harsh father his lifestyle started to change. His father treated him cruelly by calling him names and beating him when he became annoying. He said it was all to toughen the boy up for the day he would become a man and rule for him. He wanted to harden Adrian so he could be just as cold and heartless as he when he took the throne. Sadly, the more Adrian was abused, the more heartbroken and sulky he became.

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In his older childhood years when he was at least ten he managed to slip away into the villages and tell his sorrowful tale to those who took him in with kindness. People started to pity little Adrian. They helped him cheer up when he was upset and treated him like family. Soon his father found out and had the family who had taken the boy in executed. People still supported and pitied Adrian behind the king's back. Hymstle didn't want to waste his time killing off an entire village because his son would just attract more people to him. Having people pamper his son made Hymstle think Adrian was getting even softer from such friendly care. He immediately started to research dark curses for a plan of his.

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King Hymstle already had a vast knowledge of dark magic from his father and decided to put it to use. In the desert nations most people are human. Drakkens, elves, demons, all other races are despised. It would be incredibly simple to drive everyone away from his son if Hymstle used a transformation curse on Adrian.

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Adrian wouldn't be able to survive the spell unless he had reached the minimum age of thirteen so during the year his father had to wait he forced upon his son dark arts and sword fighting. Adrian wanted to refuse learning dark magic but he had to have at least a hint of black magic within him to reassure the curse would work safely and effectively.

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Finally, on the eve, which started his thirteenth birthday his father performed the curse on his son in his sleep. The next day Adrian woke up with a pair of black framed and red membraned wings emerging from his back and his deep emerald eyes were turned to a fearsome red. Dried blood covered his back and his bed sheets. Evidentially his wings didn't simply appear on his back, they were real though much thinner and frailer than a normal drakken's wings. His head and back ached horribly for weeks and he felt weak and sick at the same time. He was at the freshest age for the curse so the side effects were magnified for him.

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By the time he had recovered Hymstle had spread the word that his son was tainted with a horrifying curse from a demon during the night. Once he forced his cursed son outside in front of the public the crowd was aghast with terror. Adrian was so humiliated he fell to his knees and sobbed in front of his father and the crowd. After that he locked himself away in his room for another week.

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No one wanted to get near him. Whenever he walked down the city streets, even when he commanded people to act naturally they still slinked back and gave him discriminating glares. People started to protest against having a drakken for their king but Hymstle insisted it was part of some non-existent plan of his. His current plan was working wonderful. He smiled as he watched his son hide away in shame, becoming more and more bitter and hateful towards the world just as he intended.

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Adrian started to plan an escape. He hadn't learned to fly with his wings. Even flexing then made his back wrench with pain. They would never support his body weight in flight. If he tried to fly they'd probably be torn from his back from his own mass alone. Instead he tried to escape on horseback. He managed to break out of the city's walls during the night by hiding his face with a sash and killing anyone who tried to get in his way. A few of the guards heard about the mysterious young rider and chased after him. They were the king's trained archers and they brought their bows. Adrian succeeded in dodging most of the shots but soon enough his horse was struck on a bridge over a ravine in the

king's territory and he fell with the large steed off the structure and struck the water below with great force. He was swept far downstream in the rapids that carved out the ancient waterway deep in the earth until he was washed up on the shores of a lake where the ravine's waters stopped.

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On old man living in a home near the lake took Adrian in and he was treated kindly once more. Numerous races lived in the lakeside village so he was safe. He figured he could live safely until the word of soldiers from the desert came into the village. People started to gossip about how they were after someone and worried if the boy they seeked was in their village. Adrian didn't want to cause any trouble for the village so under the cover of a stormy night he left without a trace.

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And Adrian's story usually branches onto another from there...

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