

Persephone, *the Broken Mother of All* (she/her/they/them)



Roles

Besieger | Suppressor

Alignment

Bonded

Characteristics

Powerful: The first God and Creator turned into a mere mortal, Persephone retains a small portion of her power, due to the rage involved in the transition.

Cynical, untrusting, and worn-out: Having seen the worst that humanity has to offer, her levels of trust, benevolence, and overall patience for human behavior is diminished.

Extremely intelligent, but sorely lacking practical knowledge: Only recently becoming a human, Persephone lacks the experimental nature of human intelligence. Otherwise, she is unfathomably intelligent in a large spectrum of high-level concepts and disciplines.

Visual References

As a human thrown into the world without any background, family, or job, Persephone's corporeal life is a bit of a mess. As such, her clothes are as simple as can be, as she gathers whatever clothing she can find on the streets and wears that.

Her usual clothes are an off-white, classical flowing robe, with a worn-out red draping. The idea is to show the player the visual style of a deity, but using scrap cloth found on the streets. As such, in visual style, she would resemble the Torch Lady, or the Statue of Liberty. But in-universe, she's just wearing what she came across.

Her skin, hair, and eyes still retain a fraction of their once-cosmical existence, and occasional gleaming flakes flow through her skin, then fade away.

Regardless of her unintentional visual glory, she is a broken woman. Her posture is one of discouragement, and her stride lacks purpose or determination.

Introduction

Originally the first God and Creator of Uphaven, Persephone's path ultimately led to her self-induced personification when her vision for the world she had conceived went sideways. From the start, she had taken a hands-off approach to Uphaven, truly convinced that her creations would evolve naturally and cooperate without any intervention on her part.

After Uphaven's descent into a radioactive wasteland with constant environmental changes spiraled Persephone into despair, as she realized her plans for civilization's healthy and united growth had failed, and anarchy had ensued. As her last intervention in worldly life, she gave a portion of the population magical powers to help them survive, and provided the Council of Gods with finite powers, so they could take care of the world.

Persephone produced a physical manifestation of her divinity and took it into an unreachable bubble of void space and time, with an ever-long marble gallery corridor, and within it, created infinite realities. In all except two, she violently pummeled her divinity, who just laid there, immortally fated to suffer at the hands of this aggressive outlet.

However, in one reality, she collapsed onto her divinity's shoulder, devastated with her inability to build a functional, sustainable society. She had made humans in her own image, and they had effectively failed to unite and evolve. In another, she approached her divinity, asking it to dissolve itself. Her divinity obliged, and Persephone's sensory system shut down. When it returned, she felt the thin sand enwrapping her feet, and the cold ocean water coming ashore. For the first time in her long life, she wasn't a God, and the

responsibility to care for the world wasn't hers. For the first time in her long life, she felt joy.

Featured Story

Nothing.

Empty.

Then...

Something?

Persephone was born. And so was the world. *Uphaven*, she called it. It joined the apparently infinite array of planets around, each sitting at a massively different distance from the last. And somehow, it joined the seemingly more infinite empty space too.

With her infinite wisdom, the shape of a body was hers to make, to sculpt with her bare hands, and to give it attributes as she saw fit. The intimacy of such a decision was not only new to her, but also poured a portion of herself into the daily lives, problems, and solutions of the people she swore right there and then to do right by. With the power to affect the individual lives of so many people for eons to come, her incorporeal hands would tremble if there at all, and her mind would race if it weren't guided by instincts whose origins she didn't know, but could feel in her core.

Persephone traced the contours of the form. But they weren't right. So, she did it again. Same result. And again. And again. Either the physics didn't add up, or the silhouette wasn't elegant... There was always something wrong. She spent uncountable amounts of time experimenting how to make the best possible human being, to give it the tools it would need to make the most of its short, limited time alive; to keep evolution moving forward, but to take the time to care for its own and those around nonetheless.

Then, in her colossal wisdom, she stopped. She thought, instead. She planned. It was no use to keep repeating and remaking without a clear plan of what the physical form of a human should be. As such, she let go of the visual shape, abstracting herself from the need to visualize the body, and focusing on the values she wanted to plant in this naked world she was dressing.

A human needs not to be perfect. A human needs only to connect. If its message is passed to one more human and their lives connect in any way that positively influences the lives of the two, its most innate purpose has been fulfilled, as far as Persephone considered.

With this renewed perspective, she soon settled on a design. The two legs, two arms, and one head. And that's just the way it would be... for now, at least.

But people wouldn't evolve without a little push, she figured. So, while their bodies rested, their minds could do the work, giving them the willpower and aspiration to stride forward with confidence. Thus, the Dream Machine was invented: a device with the purpose of creating the most beautiful, magnanimous dreams of celebration, unity, and progress. It was designed to bring the world's population together, in an amalgam of cultures and traditions that would complement each other and culminate in an ever-lasting peaceful existence, a perfect setting to bolster a healthy growth ecosystem.

Persephone formed an immense, unified landmass – the mega continent. She created a young girl and boy, that she placed in its dead center. She watched as the two grew, and interacted with each other.

Of course, it's rare for plans to go as expected, but the Goddess – notwithstanding her huge wisdom – had no way of knowing this. The two children took to each other, developing a deep connection and friendship with each other. One day, however, the boy foraged more than he needed, and ate until he was full. A gap appeared amid the two tents as they slept, filled with clear water. The morning after, the boy saw his reflection in the mirroring water, and was so fascinated that he started ignoring the world around him. The following day, the puddle grew. And it seemed that the more water there was to look at, the more time the boy knelt down, admiring his own features. And the more time he spent gazing at himself, the more the puddle grew. Over time, the distance the pair built had sprung a large lake.

To reignite their friendship, the girl decided to visit the boy's tent across the body of water, and invite him to sail with her on a raft she'd built from trees and plants. After some convincing, on they went.

The girl sang and pushed the raft around with a long stick, as the boy sat at the edge, staring at the water. Persephone, having realized that her first creations seemed to have failed, gently rocked the water, in an attempt to prompt the boy to sit in the middle. But being her first time interacting with the physical world, her strength proved too powerful, and she produced a large wave. The boy, trusting his own image to save him, leaned further into the water, as the girl tried to grab him.

The two fell in the water as the raft partially shattered and turned sideways. The boy, who had never learnt to swim, inhaled water right away, and perished. The same fate befell the girl, who lost her strength as she tried to save him.

Time could well have stopped for Persephone.

Despite her great wisdom, she hadn't thought of this.

Where would people go when they died?

Rushing, she created a dimension for souls to stay in after their brief physical life. The boy's soul was lost forever; the energy from his body recycled and distributed throughout the universe. The girl's soul was saved at the brink of time. Persephone realized that she lacked a proper way of explaining this newly made posthumous existence to mortals after their death, but felt compassion for the girl's understandable confusion in the new, void dimension. She delegated the task of transitioning humans into the afterlife to the girl's essence, effectively sentencing her to an eternal continuance bringing recently deceased souls into this dimension, answering any and all questions they may have on the way.

Persephone perfected her design. This time, it wouldn't fail. And indeed, it didn't... for now, at least.

Making full use of her wisdom, she engineered a societal model to keep everything in its place and avoid anarchy; she put interactions, language, and love at the center of the needs and wants of the people. She put a limited amount of happiness in the world, and linked pairs of people in such a way to control it, to keep resource usage capped, and to ensure that ambition was a solution, not a problem. She populated the world, and gave its inhabitants the background and tools to develop productive, inclusive lives, with foundations of empathy and solidarity.

And she waited, and saw, and decided never to intervene. Her past mistake irreversibly cost a soul, and her responsibility was something she couldn't erase. She promised herself to take a hands-off approach, and let the people make the mistakes they would make. She had formed the conditions for a prosperous global cooperation; now it was up to them to make it happen. She built a Council of lower deities to supervise the world, and report back to her on any necessary topics.

But alas, her dream machine was flawed. It spat out nightmares, gibberish, and an occasional constructive dream. Cosmic beings from between dimensions invaded some of them, haunting the people affected, and turning them into psychopaths, or worse. Not yet ready to break her promise to herself, her fix was to invent a team of fighters that would protect the physical realm from the otherworldly troublemakers.

And, for a while, the world's balance seemed to stabilize. A few wars, a ton of schemers and scroungers and rats, but everything appeared to move forward at a steady pace.

In some day like any other, objects started popping up in different parts of the world. Not everyday objects; futuristic weaponry and gadgets, with detailed blueprints and lengthy instructions to replicate.

From day to night, a global race to arms had begun. A portion of the world had started to adapt the new technology to help progress, while another

grabbed what they could and ran to their research facilities, prepared to rain hell on everyone else in exchange for profit and power, and equipped with the knowledge to do so.

The lake had now grown so much that the surrounding ocean held its hands, forming two sides of a once combined territory. The anarchy Persephone had planned ahead to avoid came right to her front door. The kind, generous souls she once produced and enjoyed watching had descended into an unordered civilization, where distrust and misinformation were more widespread than the values she had envisioned.

It didn't take long for the world to light up in flames and toxicity, as nuclear warfare soon broke out, and – adding to the radioactive atmosphere – the environmental changes pushed the final nail in Uphaven's coffin.

Powerless to fix anything in a timely fashion to minimize the casualties of a war that some started but touched everyone, Persephone's last intervention in Uphaven was to give nautical powers to those immediately affected by the quickly rising sea levels, and magical powers to those who would surely become extinct without them, whether due to adverse weather or rapidly mutating creatures creating even more unrest. She gave restricted powers to the Council of Gods, for them to fix what had been done, as she was not capable. She disappeared, giving no further explanation of her whereabouts.

Succumbing to the realization of her boundless ignorance and grief, she created an unreachable cosmic bubble where she took her personified divinity and generated infinite realities within, each situated in a never-ending marble gallery. In virtually all of them, she struck her divinity, hitting and pounding as its corporeal representation became battered and damaged.

Hurting hands and swollen knuckles connected with the intangible skin and flesh of this power that she had not asked for, that she had not wanted, but that she was still given. Her divinity was immortal, as was she, so this violent release would go on forevermore.

But in two of them, a different experience.

In the first, she confidently walked up to the person leaning on a wall in the clean white corridor, ready to start the pummeling once more. Had they not looked her in the eyes, it would have happened, but...

Those eyes... Persephone had seen those eyes before...

Those were the eyes of her first design.

Eyes that moved around to look at everything, an innocent gaze of discovery that took in every piece of information of every single detail in sight.

She even raised a fist, but her arm wouldn't move.

Something building up in her left eye.

A light wetness felt, running down her face to her chin, and down to the ground.

In a gentle motion, she collapsed onto her divinity's shoulder, and the two sat down. With her head on their lap, she wept and wondered. The *whys* and the *whats* and the *hows* that had never come up all came pouring out. Unprepared (or unwilling) to help soothe her doubts about herself and everything around her, her divinity stood expressionless, providing a shoulder to cry on, but no further empathy.

In the second, the same confident walk. But its purpose was different. The shoulders weren't tense, body not leaning forward, at an angry pace. This walk had determination in its wake, and each step radiated the air around with sheer raw willpower.

She asked her divinity to remove themselves from the equation. Confused, her divinity confirmed that she knew what this meant. Assuring them that she had full notion of the ensuing consequences, she repeated the request. Serenely, her divinity obliged, with surprisingly small resistance. At once, her vision went white.

././

A new sensation.

Emotions weren't new to her as a deity, but a new tactile feeling enveloped her feet. Seconds later, she noticed an abrupt cold, as well.

Her feet were caked in sand, and the gentle tickle of the fine grains passing through her skin made her smile for the first time in her immeasurably long life.

Abilities

- **Trait**
Persephone's basic attacks against turrets mark it, with each stack causing attacks to deal more damage. Can stack up to 3 times.
 - **Q**
Persephone empowers her next basic attack's damage.
 - **W**
Persephone curses the grounds around her, creating an aura that damages enemy movable units over time.
 - **E**
Persephone sends out two waves of rays. The first wave damages movable enemies in its path; the second wave stuns enemy Bonds caught for a short duration.
 - **R**
Persephone calls upon her divinity's remains, casting a large beam of light that damages movable units inside it. After the initial cast, Persephone requires constant concentration. If concentration is broken, the spell is terminated.
Spell concentration is maintained by continuously pressing the key. If the key is released, concentration is broken.
-

Related

- [Uphaven](#)
- [Mythology](#)
- [The Defective Dream Contraption](#)
- ['The Perpetually Doomed, and the One that Got Away' \(story\)](#)