Celene

**Concept:**

Brash and headstrong, Celene enjoys living on the edge. However, her protective father and societal norms keep her from the adventurous life she wants. She hopes that one day a good opportunity will arise that will allow her to go explore the world.

**Character Demographic:**

Age: 20 Gender: Female

Ethnicity: ??? Nationality: Bahuran

Occupation: Warrior, Healer Alignment: Netural Good

Birth Home: Unknown Current Home: Chryl Village

**Backstory:**

With a father being a skilled blacksmith and a mother being a well known warrior, Celene was destined for greatness. However, when she wasn’t even 2 years old, her mother died during a mission to subdue the Guardians. Distraught, Celene’s father went dark and lived a quieter life in Chryl Village, away from the larger cities where he was known. Her father swore to keep Celene from becoming a warrior to protect her. However, even if her father tried to stop her, she was just destined to be like her mother. As a child, Celene often hang out with the boys whenever they are competing in tests of might. Celene usually wins against them. But when she grew up, the traditional societal structure of the village anchored her growth. While the men learned about hunting, she was stuck learning about medicine and weaving. And whenever she tries to join the men in hunting expedition, they just pass it off as a joke and say things that she can’t handle this kind of work.

Feeling caged by the social expectation of her, she becomes brazen and rebellious to the chagrin of her father. She would often train in combat secretly in the dead of night or sneak out with the hunting group with the help of her friend Mikael. Often times, her father would chastise her when she returns from these excursion, but she pays them no mind. Tired of living such a normal life, she wants to go out and see the world. She and Mathias made a promise that once they make enough funds, they will leave the village together when a good opportunity arise. Little did she know that an opportunity was just around the corner, but she won’t be going with Mikael.

**Voice:**

Celene does not care how she appears before others. No matter who it is, she speaks very informally. She is very frank and at times, can sound irreverent and brash. Her way of speaking and low alto voice make her sound masculine at times.

**Sample Dialogue:**

When Skye is get injured: “Come on, get your head in the game. I don’t want to keep dealing with your screw ups.”

**Attribute:**

Tough

Stubborn

Brash

Bossy

Headstrong

**Deepest Secret:**

**Story:**

**Year 3068, 11th Month:**

The deer grazes upon the florescent plants that dot the forest. The moon is at its highest, perfectly illuminating the deer through the canopy of trees. This is the perfect place. The perfect place to hunt it. I notch an arrow on my bow and hold my breath. There is a slight breeze so I adjust my sights accordingly. Sensing danger, the deer suddenly perks up and looks around. But it is too late. I loosen the arrow and it whistle through the air. It strikes the deer in the chest between its neck and front legs. The deer let out a painful yelp and topples over. Not letting it suffer any longer and rush towards it and plunge a knife into its neck, ending its life. As I watch the life fade from the deer’s eye, I bow my head and give a quiet prayer.

“Nice shot, Celene.”

My hunting partner, Mikael, walks out of the shadow from where I shot the arrow. After I finish my prayer, I turn to him and smile.

“Well, I did learn from the best after all.”

He chuckles.

“Stop it. We both know that you are way better at this than any of us on the hunting group.”

I lightly punch him in the shoulders. We always get into these kinds of banter whenever we score a kill.

“Yeah, yeah, alright. We can go back and forth like this all day. Now come on, help me carry this deer back. A girl can’t carry this by herself you know.”

“You sure about that? I mean who knows what sorts of feat of strength you can accomplish?”

I give Mikael a death stare.

“Just joking, just joking. Here I got the legs.”

Together, we heave the deer on our back and head back to the wagon that brought us here. The trip isn’t terribly long, but with the added weight of the deer, it did work up a bit of sweat. Once we got to the wagon, we toss the deer into the carriage and it creaked under the weight. We then cover it with a tarp along with some other games that we hunted tonight. Runic symbols glows along the tarp as it settles over the deer and the carriage sighs as the stress on the carriage is released. There is no one else at the wagon currently, but there are more people in the party. Other than us, there are five others out hunting today. We form one of the hunting parties that come out to the woods every few days to gather meat for the village.

I sit on the edge of the carriage and Mikael sits beside me.

“I hope the others are alright,” Mikael says while staring into the dark forest.

“I’m sure they are fine. They can handle themselves.”

“Yeah, I know. It’s just the Shadows have been a bit more active lately. And it’s getting close to the Dark Season.”

That’s right. Shadows. Creatures made of darkness that wanders the night where the moon doesn’t shine. Normally, they would be active during deep night when the moon is at its lowest, but recently, they have been seen even before moon sets. Worse yet, the Dark Season is approaching. During the season, the moon is at its dimmest and the creatures of night are more active than usual. Not to mention, the Guardian will be awoken during this time. I let out a sigh.

“That’s true, but come on, there hasn’t been a Guardian sighting in this area for ages. Plus, everyone in the village is trained to deal with Shadows. The village is pretty small, but at least it is well fortified against them.”

Mikael looks away and gives a small “yeah.” I slap him in the arm.

“Forget about the others for a second. How much do you think you can get for the extra meat?”

Other than being a hunter, Mikael is also in charge of trading in the marketplace at a nearby city. Mikael looks at the carcasses behind us, then back at me.

“I don’t know. If there is a demand, I say a few gols at best. Why?”

“Why? You damn know why. Remember our promise? That we’ll go explore the world once we get enough money to travel with a trading caravan.”

“Oh, you were talking about that. Of course, I remember. It’s just that its getting awfully close to the Dark Season and there won’t be that many caravans that will pass by right now. Even then, I don’t think we have enough yet. I want to be extra safe with how much money we have available because a lot of things can go wrong out there. I know you really want to go, but can’t you wait until after the season.”

“Ugh, fine. But you better promise me that once the new season comes, we are getting out of here.”

He looks me in the eye. “I promise.”

As if on cue, there is a disturbance in the nearby brush and five guys walks out lugging an assortment of wild game. One of them, a chubby one, sees us and let out a large grin.

“Ey, if it isn’t the lovedbirds. You guys sure got back fast.”

I roll my eyes while smiling. He is the jokester of the group and always call us that since we are almost always together.

“Ha, ha. Fuck you too, Gabe.”

He lets out a hearty chuckle. Everyone in the group are friends and we are comfortable making jokes like this.

“You got a good haul over there, Raif?”

I yell out to the large muscular one in the back.

“Yup, the best one yet. See, I told ya we get a lot more without a girl slowing us down.”

“Hey, don’t make me come over there. You don’t want a repeat of junior year, do you?”

Raif gives a roaring laugh.

“No, ma’am. The scars on my arm are a testament to that.”

“Good, now you guys get your asses over here. I want to get back before the moon sets.”

Raif and Gabe gives a salute and starts loading the carriage with their loot while the other three, Lucis, Uric, and Meta went to the front and begin readying the horses. Once everyone is on, we set out back home.

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Chryl Village. Not the most elegant nor the biggest village in Bahu, but it is the most average village by definition. Well-fortified with wooden walls and a solid population of 150, Chryl Village is the epitome of the standard village size of the many that dots Bahu. That being said, Chryl use to be a town that was demolished by the Guardian many years ago before I was even born. Ever since then, the people left decided to reconstruct nearby and not expand too much for fear of the Gaurdians return. In fact, many towns suffer from the same situation. That’s why you don’t see too many towns or cities in Bahu. Many of the smaller village even live nomadic lives.

The wagon we are riding in pulls up to the gate. As the guards open the gate for us, I quickly duck underneath an extra tarp. Truthfully speaking, I wasn’t allowed to be on the hunting expeditions. Never was and never will be. Males and females were brought up with two completely different educations past primary school. Guys learn swordsmanship, hunting, and smithing while girls learn about medicine, farming, and craftsmanship. I didn’t really enjoy learning about herbs and remedies so I often ditched class and see what the guys were up to. Obviously, the adults didn’t look too kindly to that. After I snuck out with the boys in class during a mock hunting expedition, I was quickly caught and scolded by my school teachers. Said those kinds of task aren’t what a lady should be a doing. It’s one of the reason why I wanted to escape from the village as soon as possible.

From underneath the talk, I hear murmurs of conversation between Lucis and the guards. After a bit, I hear the gates opening and the carriage starts moving forward. I let out a sigh of relief. Getting pass the gate is a bit of gamble since the guards sometimes check the cargo. Got to hand it to Lucis. His friendly attitude gains him the trust of most of the people in the village. As the carriage rolls along I listen to the bustle outside. After doing this for so long, I have can figure out where we are just by listening. By the chatter outside, I believe we are at the small marketplace which means the stable should be close. However, as I though this, the carriage suddenly stops. Confused, I listen intently to hear what’s going on. Without warning, the tarp I hid under suddenly vanishes and light blinds my eyes. When my eyes adjust, I stare straight into a bulky man with a thick mangy beard. Shit, it’s my Dad.

“Mr. Florencis, I can explain…”

My father raises his hand to shut Mikael up. Without another word, he grabs my arm and drags me off the carriage. As he drags me back to our home at the blacksmith shop, I notice the villagers wandering eyes as well as my friend’s helpless expressions. This isn’t a rare sight to anyone anymore. After the third or fourth time, people just became accustom to seeing the blacksmith dragging his daughter home while she wears some misfitting hunting gear. At least it’s better than that one time he caught me while I was changing back to my dress at the back of the stable.

“Dad, I…”

“You be quiet. We’ll talk about this after we get back.”

I shut my mouth. Dad is usually a very amicable guy, but when he gets angry, it is the scarier than facing a horde of Shadows at night. Once we reach our home, he tosses me into the living room and slams the door shut. He then turns to face me.

“WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?”

His loud voice booms through the small and cramped living room.

“What? I was just hunting. I thought you didn’t care anymore if I went or not.”

“That is not the issue here! I told you that you can go under the condition that you must tell me when you are going and I get to decide if you go or not. And I don’t believe I gave you permission to go today.”

“But today was the supposed to be our biggest expedition yet. We managed to get over 800 pounds of usable meat today. And I already promised the guys I will be joining.”

My father slams his fist on the table.

“That is no excuse to go out at such a dangerous time! We’ve been having a lot more Shadow attacks these days and I don’t want you outside of the wall right now! Plus, the Dark Season is right around the corner. It is only going to get more dangerous from here on out. Rather than focusing on hunting you should be focusing on getting ready for the winter!”

I feel my anger rising.

“I am already 20 years old! I can handle myself just fine! So why are you treating me like a child that needs to be protected?! Mother was already fighting against the Shadow when she was 17 years old, so why can’t you just give me a bit of freedom?”

Dad’s face went pale. I realize I just went into some touchy subject and I cover my mouth in shock. Dad fumbles for a bit before stabilizing himself on a chair.

“Where did you learn about that? Did you go in the room?”

“I… well, yeah. It’s just you never really told me what kind of person mother was. I was just curious so I learn to lockpick and sometimes read about Mom’s past.”

“How much do you know?”

“Well…she was recognized by the king for her bravery during a Shadow attack and became a member of the Lunar Knights at 17. And then, in a few years, she became the leader of the Lunar Knights and was gifted the Cor’Kalin, a sword that you helped forge.”

At this point, Dad walks over to a door hidden in a little crook of the house and disappears behind the wall. After a few seconds, he reemerges with large oblong object wrapped in bandages. He touches the bandage and it glows with a faint blue color before fading away and unwraps itself. What emerges from the bandage took my breath away. In my father’s hand is a large broadsword, roughly one and a half meters long. The blade is about 16 centimeter wide, but what’s really odd is a second handle in the middle of the blade. Holding the sword at both handles make it look more like an odd spear than a broadsword. Dad sits down with the sword in his lap.

“I assume you know how the story ends.”

I couldn’t do anything, but nod. Dad decides to finish the story.

“A bit over a year after you were born, the Guardian went on a particularly terrible rampage and left many cities and town damaged or destroyed. The kingdom decided to create a subjugation force to pacify the beast, but I was skeptical about its success. There has been many such mission before and they either failed or were very costly. Of course, your mother was tasked to lead the group and I tried to discourage her. But she insisted that this was necessary for a better future for all of us. She was proud and stubborn and there was nothing I could do to stop her from going. Days later, news reached us that the Guardian has been greatly injured and returned to whichever hole it crawled out of, but the casualties were astronomical. Among those dead…was your mother.”

Dad stop talking and just sat there silently. I didn’t know what to say so I just let the silence drag on. After a moment, Dad gets up and wrap the sword back up. As he does this, he starts talking again.

“I moved here with you because I didn’t want you to follow in your mother’s footstep. Out here, no one knows who we are and I want you to live a normal life with no expectation hanging on your shoulders. Yet, you are constantly going out into the dangerous wild doing whatever you want. Do you know how many times I nearly had a heart attack worrying about whether you are alive or not?”

“…sorry…”

“I realize that you have your mother’s blood running through you so I gave you some freedom in what you do, but after today, I realize it’s not enough. So starting tomorrow, you are not allowed to go anymore. No more hunting, no more wandering. Instead, you are to help me at the forge until the Dark Season pass. Then, we’ll see what happens.”

“BUT…”

“No ‘buts’! Get yourself cleaned up. Tomorrow, you won’t have any free time.”

With that, he walks outside to his forge and starts working.

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Deep night. Everything is quiet and the moonlyght lanterns that illuminate the village have been dimmed. I waited until not a single activity can be heard before I took action. I creep into Dad’s study room just like the last few times, but this time I am looking for something different. After prying a bit, I find what I’m looking for. My mother’s sword. Careful not to make any sound, I silently escape from my home and head towards the wall. I have been along this path quiet often whenever I wanted to get out of the village. As I follow along the wall if found the little crack that I discovered a few years ago. After working the wood loose, I crawled under the thin wooden barrier and then proceed to my little training area not too far away. I found this area after a particular heated argument with my dad a few years ago after I beat up some of the boys mocking me. At the time, all I wanted to do was to let off some steam so I just found a long stick and start whacking at the largest tree around. After a while, it just became a routine whenever I’m frustrated, I would come here and train in some sword fighting that I see the guys doing.

As I near the spot, I see the tree where withstood all my attacks for all these years. The bark is cracked and peeled off in one particular spot, revealing the smooth wood underneath. Beside it on the ground lays a few sticks that have been carved to resemble swords. But, today is a little different. Today, I have brought the real deal. I place the wrapped blade on the ground and touch it where I noticed dad touched it a few hours ago. Just like before, it glows briefly before unraveling itself to reveal the intricate sword underneath. Unsure what to do next, I try to lift the sword with both hand. As the handle lifts from the ground I feel the full weight of the sword bearing down on my arms. I struggle to lift it off the ground but once I manage to lift the tip of the sword a foot, my arms give and I clumsily drop the sword onto the cold earth.

“Fuck, this thing is heavy. What kind of monster must my mom be to wield this thing?”

As I stare at the large sword in the dark, a soft breeze blows through the woods and shakes the floral life around me. A florescent plant, glowing brightly from all the moonlyght it absorbed during the day arcs towards me from the wind and shed its purple light across the blade. That’s when I notice the faint symbols running across length of the sword. A sudden idea flash through my mind and I reach for the sword again. However, instead of lifting it with brute strength, I close my eyes and concentrate. I sharpen my sense and attune myself to the nature around me. Softly, I whisper.

“O, Light of the Moon, grant me your strength.”

My hands begin to warm and slowly but surely, I feel the weight of the sword begin dissipate. I open my eyes and witness my hands glowing a soft bluish color while the same bluish hue runs through the blade revealing the scrawls along the blade. I test the weight. To my utter surprise, I easily lift the sword straight up as if it is one of the sticks I’ve used to practice with. I slowly let one hand go and smile when I realize that it still weighs almost nothing even with one hand.

“Awesome.”

Since the weight is comparable to the sticks I’ve been using, I do a few routine practice swings I normally do. However, I realize that while the weight of the sword is almost gone, its mass is still there. The air resistance from swinging such a massive object around and the heavy momentum nearly knocks me off my feet. Bringing it back to a frontal position, I decide to try holding it by the second hilt at the middle of the blade with my left hand. Now that I am physically holding it, the second hilt feels more for half-swording rather making it into a spear. I practice a few swings from this position and found that swinging like this makes the sword more controllable and accurate. However, I also notice that there is so sort of force pushing against my left hand as it grips the second hilt. I check where the second hilt merges with the sword and decide to tug it as if trying split it apart. And to my surprise, the sword did exactly that. There was a blinding flash where my left held the sword and the sword breaks in half with tremendous force. My right hand arcs backwards swiping my practice tree along the way and makes a deep gash in its trunk. I just stood there with my mouth wide open.

“Wow…”

That was all I can say. I stare at the broken sword, now two separate swords, in my hand and smirked. This is going to be fun.

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On the parapet of the wooden wall a shadowy figure stares into the darkness where Celene disappeared into. The figure sigh and strokes his bushy beard. Garet Florencis knew that he couldn’t stop his daughter from her destiny. No matter how hard he tries to suppress her warrior’s instinct, it just comes back stronger than ever. After he shown Celene her mother’s sword, he knew that she will try to wield it just as he knew that she always goes to her little training area whenever they argue. Garet lets out another sigh. He is fully aware that Celene can handle herself when she hunts or dealing with the Shadows, but what truly worries him is the day when she will leave on a grand adventure, which he knows will be coming one day. And when that day arrives, she will be dealing with forces much stronger than in this little patch of wilderness just as her mother has in her youth. And it is that day that Garet truly fears.