Artist and Writer: Samuel Rose

Character: Zephyrus the Defiled

Origin: Goric/unknown

Alignment: Neutral Evil/antihero

Media Focus: Video Game Main Character

Explanation: Zephyrus is a Magik type. He was cursed with his powers after an unfortunate event with his father. Also following this event, he was relieved of his right middle finger, left index, and mouth (explanation in the story) so he might carry the burden of his past with him forever. I envision Zephyrus as a main character in a video game. You might control him and his various abilities to be the antihero the \*insert person, place, or thing here\* needs.

Read below for an interesting, short backstory/introduction to the character.

This is a small tale of Zephyrus.

Zephyrus grew up humble. He would help his father care for the coin farm off in the far shadow of Orion’s belt, not too many parsecs from earth. They were not rich, but they were not poor. They were alone. No mother to help raise Zephyrus. Day in and day out graphics processing units would get fried from farming too much coin. Day in and day out Zephyrus would replace them and continue the process. It was no small task. The building that housed their GPU’s was 3 stories tall, made of Goric-ish concrete (the planet was called Goric), and offered a brief glimpse into a world Zephyrus wanted to go.

Over the years, Zephyrus’s father grew ill. He had suffered what they call “coin-poison,” a deadly mental illness that will manifest itself into a deadly brain tumor. The only cure was to stray from mining coin. But this man could not abandon it; he knew no other life. The hardest choice he made was to continue so Zephyrus had a chance to get off of this metal-forsaken rock. The deepest regret he had before he died was allowing himself to allow Zephyrus see him deteriorate into The Nothing. Few words were spoken in the final months the pair had together.

“Zephyrus, my son,” started his father. “I know you cannot speak. Or will not. I know you wear that bandana to cover up your fear of yourself.”

Zephyrus nodded.

“That scar… that you’ve carried with you all your life… that has troubled you so long...

“You feel it, don’t you?” His father coughed into a weak hand. “You feel you are different from the rest?”

Zephyrus stared blank into the soul of his father through his eyes.

“Zeph, I am not your father. You have not a mother, father, dead siblings…”

Zephyrus’s stare could not be broken.

“You know, don’t you? That you -- “ he coughed again. “You… you were born in the *void*.”

Zephyrus’s brow tightened, then relaxed, urging into a sorrowful look.

“You cannot imagine the burden I have withheld from you all these --”

The man stopped talking. His eyes were piercing Zephyrus’s, and his mouth was agape. He transferred his vision towards his center. Zephyrus had reached into his chest and grabbed hold of his heart. His right-middle finger pushed deep into the aortic valve. A second wave came. Zephyrus’s left index finger stabbed through the soft spot in between the skull and the spine, instantly making his “father” no more.

The world swirled around him. As this man in his arms went limp Zephyrus was engulfed in a purple-dark and red cloud. He was sucked in. He was no longer on Goric. He was somewhere else. He was in the *void*. A booming voice began in the back of his head.

“You… are Zephyrus. The defiled. You had been given a chance for a new start. You have failed. You have destroyed your proxy father figure. You shall live, but you shall be stripped of the tools used to harm him.”

A rush of pain swept over Zephyrus. A dull, pressureless feeling overcame his hands. He looked at them. His right middle finger was dematerializing into a stump. His left index being written out of his genetic code entirely. He tried screaming. The bandana fell off his mouth and he opened wide, but no words came out. He was being forced to close the only thing he never used. When it was closed, it could not open again. It dematerialized. A new bandana -- one of light and dark -- presented itself unto Zephyrus. Glasses of the same material landed on the ridge of his nose.

“You will be imbued with the *Curse of the Deep*. You shall carry the burden of regret for the next 500 years. You shall die, resurrect, and die again until your sentence is over. You have no one but yourself. I cast you out.”

A blast of force pounded his chest, propelling him backwards. As Zephyrus traveled, a mixture of blue, red, and purple energy flowed from everywhere and swirled up his arms and legs. It reached his heart and collapsed into a black-hole. Zephyrus was sucked into it. He shrunk and bent and twisted and curled into nothing. The energy followed him out of the event horizon.

When he awoke we was on the streets of an unfamiliar place. He looked down at his hands to see if it was all a dream. It wasn’t. He began to panic. As his heart-rate rose, energy dispursed from his fingertips and palms. A beautiful, blue, purple, and red ball of energy materialized in front of his eyes. *Magik*, he thought.

And he collapsed under the strain of the energy.