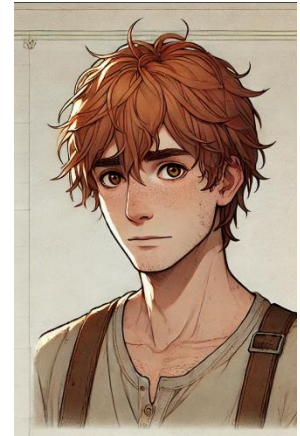


Anodai

The naloran scientist



Strength	Agility	Size	Intelligence	Wisdom	Charisma
Average (5/10)	Low (3/10)	Small (3/10)	Exceptional (9/10)	High (7/10)	Average (6/10)

Age	34	Origin/Race	Human
Gender	Male	Education	None
Profession	Inventor	Mentality	Introvert, motivated, patient.
Height	165 cm	Best friend	His dead brother, Darcai.
Weight	60 kg	Enemies	The tyrant king Sarcatas.
Eye color	Hazelnut	Family	Brother Darcai (dead). Parents kidnapped by the king.
Hair color	Copper-Orange	Deepest need	Freeing himself of the guilt of brother's death.
Distinctive features	Short and lanky.	Gestures/Mannerisms	Anodai is a beard scratcher.
Walking style	Heavy, nervous.	Weakest trait	Lost touch with his empathetic side after brother's death.
Distinctive traits	Extremely intelligent, crafty, slightly arrogant.	Scoffs at	Prejudice, narrowmindedness
Political position	None. Anodai has dedicated his life to science.	Biggest passion in life	Creating innovative machinery
Life philosophy	"The end justifies the means."	A typical quote from the character	"Do NOT touch my food!"
Hobbies	Cooking, exploring.	Character likeability	Likeable.
Traumas	Growing up as an orphan. Death of his younger brother.	Highest wish	Rescue his parents. The tyrant king kidnapped them, two brilliant scientists, and is forcing them to work for him.
Inner conflict	Guilt is haunting Anodai like his own shadow.		

BACKSTORY

1. EARLY YEARS

1.1. A HARSH UPBRINGING

Anodai and his younger brother, Darcai, grew up in a reality where survival seemed impossible. Orphaned and without a roof over their heads, they faced a reality no child should endure. Despite the odds, the brothers fought tooth and nail to see each new sunrise.

They lived on the outskirts of Miranil, a small city near the eastern borders, where even the youngest could recognize the hopelessness of life on the streets. Anodai and Darcai had no answers about what had happened to their parents, and the question haunted them both—particularly Anodai. Did they die, or had they abandoned their children? His earliest memories provided no clarity, only fragments: the radiant eyes and comforting smile of a woman whose face he could barely recall, and the vivid image of a snow-covered mountain engulfed by a raging blizzard. Neither memory made sense to him—or to Darcai.

Contemplating these mysteries was a luxury Anodai could not afford. Most days, he dedicated himself to sneaking into the city, stealing food and clothes to keep his brother and himself alive. He assumed the role of caretaker out of necessity, a burden far beyond his years. After narrowly escaping arrest by the city guard while attempting to carry more fruit than he could manage, Anodai realized that their current way of life was unsustainable.

His options were painfully limited. The city offered no opportunities for work to someone like him, not even among the stonecutters who toiled in the eastern quarries.

Then, one early summer morning, everything changed. The miners of Miranil staged a massive uprising, demanding better treatment and fairer wages for their grueling labor. The riot engulfed the city, leaving the guard overwhelmed for nearly a month. By the time the chaos subsided, most of the miners had packed their belongings and left, seeking livelihoods elsewhere. What was a disaster for the city turned out to be a rare stroke of fortune for Anodai and Darcai.

Only two days later, the brothers met with the foreman of the miners' guild. They shook hands, were handed pickaxes, and, for the first time, had steady work—and the promise of food on the table. At long last, the gods seemed to smile upon them.

1.2. A HIDDEN TALENT

The years flew by as Anodai and Darcai worked tirelessly in the mines. Anodai was often struck by a surreal sense of gratitude, marveling at how far they had come from their days of stealing scraps to

survive. Determined to make the most of their new life, he threw himself into his work with relentless energy, always striving to improve.

In addition to mastering both surface and underground mining techniques, Anodai began developing ideas to streamline the mining process. He observed inefficiencies and suggested small changes to improve workflows and safety. While his fellow miners appreciated these ideas, the foreman dismissed them outright, preferring to stick with the established ways.

Anodai's curiosity wasn't limited to the work itself. He became fascinated by the machinery used in the mines, particularly an advanced device called The Piercer, which was used to break through stubborn rock. The machine sparked his interest in engineering, and soon he began sketching designs and improvements in secret. When he approached the foreman with an idea to increase The Piercer's efficiency, he was met with the same dismissal.

"Don't try to fix what isn't broken," the foreman grumbled.

Frustrated but undeterred, Anodai decided to keep his designs and blueprints to himself.

1.3. A DEEP TRAUMA

For the next two years, life continued much the same. Anodai and Darcai toiled deep in the mines, their days blending into a monotonous rhythm of labor. They didn't have much free time, but at least they no longer went to bed hungry or cold. Anodai continued to refine his engineering concepts in secret, compiling a growing stack of blueprints and notes.

Then came the day everything changed.

It began as a normal shift. The Piercer had broken down, and the foreman called on Anodai, Darcai, and the crew's head engineer to help with repairs. Anodai immediately spotted the problem, but when he suggested a solution, the engineer waved him off.

"I'm in charge here, boy. Step aside!" the engineer barked, gesturing for Darcai to assist him instead.

Anodai watched with mounting dread as the engineer implemented his plan. Something about the repair felt off—dangerously so. As Darcai prepared to flip the power switch, Anodai's instincts screamed at him to intervene.

"Darcai, stop!" he shouted, dashing toward his brother.

But it was too late.

The moment Darcai activated the machine, a massive explosion ripped through the mine.

When the dust settled and the smoke cleared, only one man emerged from the ruins. Anodai.

1.4. A NEW PATH

Overcome with grief and guilt, Anodai left Miranil and never looked back. He wandered from city to city, drowning his sorrow in taverns. Each visit ended the same way: with him thrown out onto the streets after drunkenly starting fights.

This cycle of self-destruction didn't last long. Anodai's meager savings dried up, and with no money for alcohol, he fell back into the habits of his youth. Tavern owners scratched their heads over missing kegs of mead, while Anodai slumped in dark alleys, stomach full and body warm.

His luck ran out one night when he learned the hard way that the local tavern had increased security. Guards chased him through the streets, and Anodai, out of breath and out of shape, found himself cornered.

What happened next defied explanation. A thick, black smoke filled the air, obscuring everything. From within the smoke, a hand grabbed his shoulder and yanked him into an alley. The hand belonged to a figure cloaked in shadow.

Before Anodai could ask what was happening, the stranger led him to a door that vanished with a single wave of their hand. Anodai followed, unsure if he was awake or dreaming. Inside, the figure turned to face him, revealing nothing but an abyss of darkness beneath their hood.

“Wh-what are you?” Anodai stammered.

The figure made no sound. Instead, it raised a hand, and a scroll materialized out of thin air, floating gently to the ground. With a nod, the figure disappeared into the shadows, leaving Anodai alone.

The scroll felt unnaturally cold as he picked it up. What he read within would change his life forever.

If finding work as a miner had been the first lifesaving event in young Anodai's life, the discovery of the mysterious scroll would prove to be the second—one that changed his destiny forever.

Upon reading the scroll, Anodai learned that the collapse of the Raven Tooth Mine had not been an accident. According to the document, King Sarcatas's spies had reported increasing rebel activity near the southeastern borders. Fearing that the rebellion was preparing to seize control of the mine, the king made a grim decision. With his forces already stretched thin combating the orc threat in the south, Sarcatas could not spare the manpower to defend the mine. Instead, he ordered it destroyed. His men planted several bombs deep within the tunnels, wiring the detonator to The Piercer's power switch. The goal was to make the devastation appear accidental, and the plan had succeeded—until now.

But the revelations didn't end there. The scroll also spoke of two brilliant inventors who had been held captive by King Sarcatas for years. These inventors were the key to his kingdom's unparalleled weaponry. Their forced labor was what allowed the tyrant to spread fear and death across the land.

Their names were Varri and Haldeglin.

And, most importantly, they were Anodai's parents.

2. PRESENT TIMES

2.1 ANODAI, A MAN ON A MISSION

At first, Anodai didn't know what to believe. If the scroll was truthful, his parents were alive—imprisoned and forced to create weapons for a king whose legacy was built on tyranny and bloodshed. This same king, Sarcatas, had stolen Darcai's life, leaving Anodai to walk the path of grief alone. But the knowledge he had gained from the scroll changed something in him. For the first time since leaving Miranil, he had a purpose—a mission.

Though overwhelmed, Anodai knew his parents weren't in immediate danger. Sarcatas needed their intellect to maintain his arsenal, which bought Anodai time to plan. Still, questions plagued him. Who or what was the dark figure that had handed him the scroll? Why had it chosen to reveal these truths and then vanish?

One cloudy night, Anodai sat beneath a flickering lantern in a rented room, scrutinizing the scroll for clues. He read and re-read the words, carefully tracing every line. The contents revealed nothing new. Frustrated, he sighed and set it aside. But as moonlight broke through the clouds and illuminated the scroll, glowing lines of text appeared on its back.

Startled, Anodai flipped the parchment and read the new words. They spoke of Miira, the God of Wisdom, and named Anodai directly. The message detailed a location he must visit—the glade with the waterfall.

Though Anodai didn't fully trust the scroll or its enigmatic origin, he had run out of options. This was his only lead, and so he resolved to pursue it. Reaching the glade, however, would prove far from simple.

2.2 THE KNOWLEDGE OF MIIRA

Determined to find Miira, Anodai spent days trying to pinpoint the location of the glade and waterfall. Asking locals and poring over maps in dusty archives, he eventually discovered that the only waterfall in the kingdom lay to the north, near the Salty River. Armed with this information, he began his journey on foot.

The journey was grueling. A week in, Anodai found himself lost in an eerie, silent forest. According to his map, he should have reached the East Hills hours ago, yet the trees seemed endless. Tired and disoriented, he sat on a large rock, resting his aching legs. Somewhere in the distance, an owl screeched. Its call was oddly comforting, grounding him in the stillness of the forest.

Determined to continue, Anodai pressed on, this time carefully marking his path by observing unique landmarks. Hours passed, yet he still had no sense of progress. Exhausted, he stopped again. The owl's cry, once soothing, now grated on his nerves. He noticed something odd—the sound had not changed in pitch or distance. It came from the same direction, no matter how far he walked. Curiosity replaced his irritation. He decided to follow the sound.

The screeching grew louder as he descended a hill, forcing his way through thick brush. At last, the trees parted, revealing an open grassland. In its center stood a towering oak with shimmering leaves, their colors unlike anything found in nature.

A white owl perched on one of its branches.

As Anodai approached, the owl turned its head toward him, its sharp eyes glinting in the sunlight.

“Took you long enough,” a voice echoed in Anodai's mind.

He stumbled back, panic rising in his chest. “Who's there?”

The voice chuckled softly. “Relax. There are many forms of communication.”

“M-Miira?” Anodai stammered.

“No. Stiira, at your service,” the voice replied. “Miira sent me to meet you. Let's go.”

Before Anodai could respond, the owl leapt from the branch and soared into the air. He had no choice but to follow, jogging to keep up. Stiira guided him across the grassland, down into a valley, and to the edge of a cliff overlooking a wide river.

Far below, water cascaded from a glittering waterfall, flowing into a serene pool. The golden rays of the setting sun danced on its surface, lending an ethereal beauty to the scene.

“There's your waterfall,” Stiira said, her tone almost teasing. “Now climb down.”

Anodai stared at the sheer cliff face in disbelief. “That's nearly forty meters! How am I supposed to get down there?”

“Figure it out,” the owl said, flapping her wings. “It's easier than you think. Miira's waiting. Don't keep the god waiting, Ano.”

“My name is Anodai!” he snapped, but Stiira was already flying off, disappearing into the horizon.

Left to his own devices, Anodai spent hours debating his options. He even tried climbing down, only to slip and nearly plummet to his death. He scrambled back to safety, heart pounding, and cursed the owl under his breath.

“Just have faith,” Stiira had said.

Faith. Was he supposed to jump? The thought seemed ludicrous. Yet, as he paced the edge of the cliff, a misstep sent him tumbling forward.

He fell. The world spun around him, the roar of the waterfall deafening. Just before he hit the water, darkness consumed him.

When Anodai regained consciousness, he was lying on cold, damp stone. His body ached, his head throbbed, and his vision blurred as he tried to sit up.

Where was he?

The dim light revealed walls of stone and dirt, suggesting he was in some kind of cave. Turning around, he spotted an ancient altar illuminated by a faint blue glow. Behind it, words were engraved into the rock:

He who sleeps in the cave of Miira may never awaken.

A wave of exhaustion crashed over him, pulling him into a restless sleep. His dreams were vivid and painful, forcing him to relive the harshest moments of his life. He saw Darcai as a child, asking why they were always hungry. He watched, powerless, as his brother flipped the switch on The Piercer. Then, the comforting smile of the mysterious woman appeared, followed by the stormy mountains of his childhood.

Anodai woke with a start, screaming into the silence of the cave. The altar's glow had intensified, and a deep, gravelly voice resonated from all around him.

"I have seen your past, young Anodai," the voice said.

Anodai staggered to his feet, his heart racing. "Who's there?"

"Do you know the face in your dreams?" the voice asked.

He hesitated. "I... I believe it's my mother. Are you Miira?"

"Yes," the voice replied. "And the blizzard—do you know its meaning?"

Anodai remained silent.

Miira continued, their voice shaking the very walls of the cave. "The day King Sarcatas's men came for your parents, your father fought valiantly, slaying three soldiers before he was subdued. Your mother, desperate to save you and Darcai, fled into the mountains. She found shelter in a cave much like this one, but the king's men were close behind. She hid you both and surrendered herself, ensuring you would not be found."

Anodai's knees buckled as a single tear slid down his cheek.

"You have endured more than most in a lifetime, young Anodai," Miira said after a pause. "Tell me, why do you not seek vengeance?"

Anodai steadied himself before answering. "I only want to save my parents. Killing Sarcatas won't bring Darcai back."

“Overthrowing your king would free your people from oppression,” Miira suggested.

“Perhaps,” Anodai said. “But it might only pave the way for someone worse. My parents are my priority.”

“You fascinate me, human,” Miira said, their tone filled with intrigue. “How do you plan to rescue them from a heavily guarded fortress?”

“That’s why I came to you,” Anodai replied. “You brought me here. You must have the answers.”

A deep, amused laugh echoed in the chamber. “You have a sharp tongue. Look behind you.”

Anodai turned to see a well of shimmering liquid with a faint purple hue.

“What is this?” he asked.

“Take a sip, and you will find the answers you seek,” Miira said. “But only a sip.”

As Anodai bent down to drink, his foot slipped, and he fell headfirst into the well. Purple light engulfed him as Miira’s enraged voice roared.

“You imbecile! How can you be so clumsy?”

Anodai resurfaced, coughing and gasping for air. Though disoriented, he felt different. Stronger. Clearer.

When he finally regained his footing, he looked up at the altar.

“I understand now,” he said.

“What do you understand?” Miira asked.

Anodai smiled, his voice steady. “Everything.”

2.3 A NEW ALLIANCE FORMS

Anodai had left the settlement a hopeless drunk. When he returned, he was calm, collected and had a plan. He convinced an engineer to let him use his workshop after hours and in exchange he would clean the place on a daily basis. Two months later, Anodai had finished a blueprint on how to build a weapon the world had never seen and use it to rescue his parents. But while he possessed new levels of intellect and knowledge, he needed resources and manpower to help build such a machine. He turned to the locals for assistance. Fascinated by his work, many engineers offered to help.

Six months later, Anodai presented to them a remarkable piece of weaponry. As the rumors of the of it spread throughout the realm, many travelers came to the settlement to see it with their own eyes. When learning about Anodai’s intentions for this powerful machine many king-haters stepped out of the shadows and offered to join his cause. Even though Anodai made it clear that he only seeks to rescue his parents, the number of rebels joining him still grew rapidly. Craftsmen, defected soldiers and engineers started contributing, their motivation being wanting to be a part of anything that has the power to hurt the tyrant causing their misery.

And by the end of that year, an alliance was forming, their numbers reaching over ten thousand.

Anodai talked to them, letting them know it was high time to mobilize an attack on King Sarcatas' laboratory where his parents, Varri and Hallden, had been held captive for the past two decades.