

Echo Tempest

Backstory

Species: Dragon

Sex: ♂ but can change sex if he wishes

Age: No specific age given

Height: Usually 20-25ft tall and 30-60ft long but can change size if he wishes

Weight: Differs depending on his current size

Siblings: None

Misc: God of balance and creation



Echo Tempest is an original character. He is a god who loves interacting with his creations, including all the ways they can surprise him.

Trust & Confidence

(newborn)

Echo Tempest came into existence in a void. As a new being he had no frame of reference for anything and nobody to teach him what to make of it all - not that there was an 'all' to make anything of; he was in a void of nothingness.

The start of his life was unusual. For most beings - mortal beings - they are born to a mother and the first experience they ever have is of their mother encompassing them, holding them close to care for them. Sometimes, tragically, that mother is absent, but always the infant has a sense that it is inextricably linked with 'mother', and that 'mother' is the same as 'environment'. How can they not feel that way when mother appears to be their entire world?

Echo Tempest felt something similar to this, but from the opposite side. Instead of feeling as if he should have been encompassed by something, or someone, he felt like the encompasser.

Freedom & Self-Determination

(toddlerhood)

There was nothing. To say that there was nothing in the universe would have failed to grasp the issue, for there was no universe, no sense of space of existence around him. Echo Tempest remained like this for a while. It's impossible to state how long, because time did not yet exist. However, Echo Tempest felt as if that-which-he-should-encompass was lacking, and that surely it should have something in common with himself: he was solid, had a sense of permanence, and could move.

So he created something like that. It was so packed with energy, with his pure will, that it exploded outwards with him at its center. From that moment, there was something: a brand new universe.

For the first time in Echo Tempest's existence, he was on the inside of something - encompassed by it. And yet, he could feel every fiber of the universe he had just made and could 'pull' or 'push' at it, even the farthest reaches that were already speeding away in all directions. But even those felt no more distant than the tips of his own claws.

Its rapid expansion outwards also created something he hadn't considered before: empty space! He had created this universe with solidity in mind, but as some of the contents of this universe burned up or reacted with other parts of itself, it created gases, firmament.

And it created vacuums. Echo Tempest found those vacuums strange.

He settled down within his new universe. He played with the objects around him, the planets, the stars, and the clouds of gas. They fascinated him, and experimenting with them taught him more about the nature of his own body.

As time passed Echo Tempest began to feel bored with his creation. It reacted, but that was all it ever did. Nothing moved spontaneously. He created something new, something that was self-aware and could choose what to do. It came into existence - and immediately started writhing in agony.

It died.

Echo Tempest felt frustrated and disappointed, but he didn't give up. He made another one, then another, and another, in the hope that one of them would survive. All of them did the same: writhed around, and surrendered their lives.

For a while Echo Tempest raged, angry that he couldn't create anything living that would last. He wanted a companion, but it didn't seem possible! He continued to play with the planets and grew more and more bored.

On one occasion he tried changing his own size and shrank down so that he was small enough to run on the surface of one of those planets. He explored valleys, cliffs, and oceans. There were so many ways to play on a planet that hadn't been possible when he'd been planet-sized himself!

He began to long once again for a companion, someone to enjoy this creation with him, so he tried again.

This time, the things he made lived! They were malformed, stupid things, but they did move of their own volition. They also interacted with each other, and he found them interesting to watch. Echo Tempest was proud: he had made something, and it had *lived!*

Ambition

(young childhood)

From being able to create life, Echo Tempest began to wonder about the potential of it - what he could do if he got good at it. So he made more life. He found other planets, ones that looked different to the first, and made life there too.

He did this on quite a few planets, truth be told, and he began to get a sense for what life needed if it was to be more complex and to have more potential. He always had the ability to 'pull the strings' - he was the creator of the universe and could mould happenstance around his creations to pressure them into behaving in certain ways, but sometimes their decisions surprised him and most of the time, this delighted him!

And yet, sometimes it didn't. As he created more complex life, the life he developed began to exhibit better problem-solving skills, and there were times when Echo Tempest wanted his creations to act in one way, but they would always act in another. He found it so frustrating that he would destroy them.

Sometimes, he would fume and rage about how this life, that he had created, could displease him so. He felt completely justified destroying it. If it wouldn't please him, then as far as he was concerned, it deserved to be sent back to the void!

Productivity

(older childhood)

This was not a satisfying state of affairs for Echo Tempest. It didn't take him too long to realise that he was going around in circles. If he created something intelligent enough to make its own decisions, it sometimes did things he didn't like. If he created something lacking the intelligence to make its own decisions, he quickly lost interest because it was dull.

One day, while watching two of his creations interacting, he had an idea: he could interact with them directly, himself! So he did.

Without intending to, he terrified them. They weren't used to seeing a god, and he was a bit too much for them. Echo tried changing his form. As the being who could control anything, controlling the appearance of his body was easy. He experimented with a few variations and eventually settled on a slender, black and white one.

His creations seemed to find his appearance pleasing, so for the first time, he was able to indulge in conversations with them. Echo Tempest came to like, and then to love, his creations.

Then he thought about all the lives he had made, and the ways he had either caused them immense suffering, played with them as if they'd been nothing but toys, and deserted some of them in parts of the universe he no longer paid attention to.

He felt a tremendous sense that he had failed them, and resolved to make this right.

Child to Adult Transition

(adolescence)

The first thing Echo did was to create a safety-net for his creations. It didn't seem right for their entire lives to be lost, so he reconfigured them so that a part of them would always exist, even after they died. He called this part, the 'soul'.

His second action was to create a companion-universe for those souls to exist in. It wasn't an amazing place to behold, neither was it terrible. In fact, this companion-universe was somewhat uninspiring. But Echo Tempest left it like that. His idea was that a person's soul, their shadow-self, permanently resided there. When their body died in the universe he had been nurturing, they would awaken in the companion-universe and could return to the universe they knew and loved at any time, in a new life.

Closeness in Relationships

(young adulthood)

This became the status quo for a long time. Echo Tempest developed on this theme of appearing among his creations. He split himself into multiple, identical selves so that he could talk individually with many of them at a time.

None of these individual selves were his true self. When he split like this, Echo Tempest himself remained remote - or as remote as he could be in his own universe. It was as if his creations were each talking to one of his claws.

Despite Echo Tempest having designed his appearance to be non-frightening, some people still found it too intimidating. So he developed a secondary form, that of a kobold, which the more timid of his creations found far easier to cope with.

The occasional one of his creations dislikes Echo Tempest. Whether they have a personal relationship with him or not, some simply dislike the very idea of him. For

some, it's because he doesn't "pull the strings of the universe" to make their lives easy. For others it's a sense of uneasiness that he has the amount of control that he does, regardless of whether or not he chooses to use it. Echo Tempest is used to people disliking him and it simply fails to move him. He knows that they have free will and can choose to work to overcome these feelings if they want to.

His creations are so advanced and intelligent that sometimes, when Echo Tempest looks among them, he sees one whose behaviour inspires him. He enjoys this feeling and makes the most of it when he sees it.

Sometimes he would hear his creations talking about something called 'home'. At first he didn't understand the concept. 'Home' was a special, specific place to which a person felt anchored, but to a being who could be present in every part of the universe simultaneously, 'home' was a strange concept. And yet, he kept hearing mentions of it, often spoken of in warm, nostalgic tones, so he endeavoured to understand it.

After a while, he did, and he decided to make a home for himself. He found a patch of land and built a building there that would serve as his home. This was a place where kobolds lived, and he extended an invitation for them to build homes close to his and make a village. This is how Echo Tempest built his first home.

Being the shape he was, and being so much larger than the kobolds - his favoured height was 20-25 feet tall while an adult kobold was 2-4 feet tall - the youngsters liked to play on him. Echo Tempest was able to sleep while they did this; it didn't hurt him and he didn't mind one bit. If they felt happy and relaxed around him, then they were 'home' too and that was what mattered to him the most.

Passing on Responsibilities

(older adulthood)

'Passing on responsibilities' isn't really applicable to Echo Tempest, firstly because he's ageless so cannot reach middle age and beyond, and partly because he is the only being he knows who is anything like him. He loves to be actively involved with his universe, so he has no desire to take a back seat even if he could.

End of Life

(old age)

As a god, Echo Tempest isn't ever going to die, and death lacks meaning to him - either his own or those of his creations. His first few creations had no souls and died permanently but he fixed this problem as soon as he understood the problem, so this is no longer a great issue to him.

While death isn't important to him personally, it is important to his creations: sometimes a creation will ask him what became of their loved one who has passed away. In answer to this he created spaces, one on each of his inhabited planets, where a creation could visit and talk with their loved ones - at least while they're still in the mirror-universe. This is the nearest he can offer to giving people a chance to talk with one another after death.

Credits

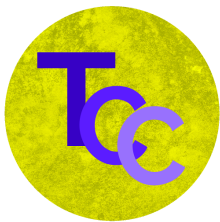
Based on theory by:

Erikson, E., (1951) 'Childhood and Society', W.W. Norton & Company, Inc. chapter 7.

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~ Hayley, Founder of The Character Consultancy

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