

Nazhan: The Fearful of Fate

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Nazhan: The Fearful of Fate

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Summary

A short attempt at a blurb and bio for my fan champion Nazhan! I'd like to write a color story for him in the future at some point as well.

NAZHAN

THE FEARFUL OF FATE

"Why is it always so much easier to hurt than to heal?"

~ NAZHAN

Though Nazhan's power came from a malevolent source he refuses to be bound to a path of darkness and instead fights against predestiny. Nazhan attempts to channel his power to heal rather than to hurt, but it's an uphill battle as his demonic magic is easily contorted by his emotions. Now, hearing of other powerful mages in Ionia Nazhan seeks them out in hopes of learning more about his power and his fate.

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When Nazhan was born no cries escaped him. The infant was silent with eyes shut as though he were sleeping. This son of Shon-Xan was gaunt and sickly even as he grew, his skin taking on a greenish hue. Other children avoided Nazhan and it was believed he would not live past eight summers. His parents sought every possible avenue to have him healed, yet all proved fruitless.

All but one.

The elders of Nazhan's village were capable of performing rituals of healing through communing with *kanmei*. In order to be selected for one such ritual all there need be was a sign from the spirits, something that proved your worthiness of being saved. Yet no such sign ever came for Nazhan even as he grew ever closer toward death. Frustrated, his parents begged the elders to act without a sign, but they would not budge from their traditions.

One evening when the village was asleep Nazhan's parents carried him into the temple where the healing ritual was performed. Nazhan's father had watched the village elders perform the

ritual on a young woman who had broken her arm just seven sunsets before. Though Nazhan's mother insisted that his father watch the ritual at least one more time before attempting it on their child Nazhan's father pushed on nonetheless. He would not allow his son to suffer another day.

Closing the temple doors Nazhan's father began the ritual, his mother attempting to follow along. All it took was a fumble of words, a slip of the tongue, for the ritual to sour. Rather than summoning the benevolent *kanmei*, *akana* and *azakana* alike were drawn into the temple. Though his parents were quick to halt their chanting it was already too late.

Malicious energy flowed into Nazhan, raising him from the floor then tossing him to the ground once more. Nazhan's features shifted to become *akana*-like as he lay motionless.

Before Nazhan's parents could cradle their son the village elders burst into the temple. The temple was cleansed of *azakana* and dark energy, but not before Nazhan and his parents were banished. Not only had his parents disrespected the village's traditions, but the elders also believed the child to be tainted with evil. Nazhan had been healed of his illness yet cursed with a gastly visage, Nazhan and his parents could find no village willing to take in a boy who looked more *akana* than mortal.

Nazhan and his family made their home far from civilization. In their time together his parents discovered that Nazhan's metamorphosis was not just visual. Nazhan displayed powers that could hurt and heal seemingly dependent on his temperament. He could drain the life from a living being and could then restore it. Nazhan's parents knew they had to teach their child how to use his abilities to help, not hurt. They would not let their son become evil as the elders believed him to be.

Nazhan grew up in relative isolation alongside his parents. Though destruction came more easily than healing, he made great progress in learning to control his *akana*-given abilities. His parents frequently reassured Nazhan that he was not a creature of evil and that his power could be used for good, but secretly Nazhan felt doubt in his heart. Why was it so much easier to use his magic for cruelty than kindness?

A disturbed spirit tore through his life in an instant. Nazhan returned home from a solo hunt one evening to find his parents were little more than shadows burned into the ground where they once stood. They were dead. A fury like nothing he had ever felt before consumed

Nazhan. The flames of his magic consumed him, the spirit, and the surrounding area. His power was unbound.

Teal flames cooled and all that remained alive in the charred remains of Nazhan's life was Nazhan himself. The spirit had been destroyed in his anger. He felt no satisfaction, only disgust. Mourning, Nazhan knew he couldn't stay here any longer.

Leaving isolation for the first time since he was a child Nazhan knew not what he would find, but rumors of a woman similarly burdened with power led him to believe he wasn't alone. A woman with enough power to rip a tower from a fortress in Fae'lor? He had to seek her out. In her perhaps he would find an answer to a question that had burdened him since he was a child.

Are people like them destined to become evil?



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