Elya.

Race: Half-elf.

Age: 26 years old

Recommended classes: Rogue, healer.

Alignment: Lawful neutral.

Description: Although she feels drawn to the Wind, Elya does her best to balance her bonds with the elements so as not to offend any of them. She wears her hair long but regularly shaves the sides of her head to feel the breath of the wind on her scalp. The same goes for her clothes, which she wears long and loose so she can feel them move against her body. She likes to wander off alone and isolate herself so she can undress and lie in the warm sand, or push herself physically so she can sweat and feel the sweat dry on her skin. Bordering on self-mutilation, she will often plant herself in the blazing sun and hone her focus by channeling her energy. She often does this when she is upset, to gather her thoughts and calm her anger or disappointment.

Personality traits:

- Fatalistic.
- Pious.
- Uncompromising.

Native psionic talent: Lend Health

Roleplaying tip:

Elya accepts life's ups and downs by taking refuge in a fatalism that tends to irritate some of her companions. To her, life, death, and everything that happens to living beings are dictated by the will of the elements. Had she met different people along the way, she could easily have become a priestess or even a druid, but her path did not lead her in that direction, and this refuge allowed her to endure extremely difficult trials without losing her mind.

She feels guided more than anything by the wind, which has always helped her on her travels and ultimately steered her toward House Red. She is not here by chance, and the recent events have made her understand her role in life and her presence in this place. It is all clear now. She had to know slavery in order to understand it. She had to be a half-breed in order to understand them. The Unwanteds have a part to play in the world, and it falls to them to save half-breed slaves, because they alone know the suffering and rejection inflicted by others, the only ones who understand the elements and the only ones the elements understand.

Everything else is a complete waste of time. Elya has a hard time accepting the need to run a merchant house. In her eyes, the whole group should focus on freeing slaves. She is always the first to volunteer for action, and she has convinced herself that her failures are nothing more than an additional test, a way to strengthen her resolve.

Although the notion of love is utterly foreign and incomprehensible to her, Elya likes being surrounded by people. She is more at ease in places teeming with life and activity than in empty, soulless ones. She finds the Red Obelisk to be too small a village and will do everything she can to welcome as many people as possible there, at the expense of everyone's comfort.

Primary goal: Growing the group is essential to the Unwanteds. Find other members to gain access to other skills, free the half-breed who are suffering in cages or take them out of places that don't suit them, and open their eyes to their role in the world. Elya has so much to do, so much action to take, that she forgets about herself.

Secondary goal: Although Ozak has held back her urges, Elya tells herself that the Unwanteds should be proud of what they do, and that showing themselves openly could no doubt inspire others to join their cause. She is actively working on a symbol that she will be the first to wear, displaying it as a personal decoration, and she will give one to every person in House Red who compliments it. To her, it is a way to unite under one banner, to share a common purpose, to belong to a group.



Elya before the Unwanteds.

Working as a slave in a merchant house was perhaps a sign sent early on by the elements to an innocent little girl, teaching her in the process the rudiments of life on Athas.

Her first lessons in commerce came from her mother when she was six years old, when she sold her like a product one wants to get rid of.

To this day she still sees her in nightmares, gathering her money scattered in the sand while spewing a torrent of obscenities at her, like a volcano spitting out lava, her face bright red, her eyes full of tears, finally wishing her good winds and, above all, good riddance.

Little Elya, too young then to fully grasp the gravity of the situation, had mostly seen, that day, a grave offense against the four elements. The fire of the volcano, the tears, the sand, and the final good wind were all brought together in a series of blasphemies by one and the same person. She told herself that her mother must have committed some unforgivable act that she herself normally condemned, which was why it was better that they take her away from her.

Her father, whom she had never seen, had also tried to teach her his own view of commerce by showing her that love had no value. This story, told by her mother about once a day since her birth, was by now firmly rooted in her.

For several days, her mother had been traveling in a magnificent caged caravan and had quickly found herself in the arms of a handsome young elf who opened her mind with epic poems describing the beauty of the desert, the twinkling stars, and the song of the wind. When his friends came to open the bars, she could not follow them, and from their encounter, the only gift she was left with grew in her belly. Consumed by bitterness and resentment, she would endlessly draw her lover's silhouette in the sand, only to better plunge her daughter's head into it, pulling her by the ears and screaming that it was all her fault…

Elya never really kept count of the number of journeys she made across the desert, nor of the number of transactions in which she was the merchandise, but she still remembers the first words of the man who planted himself in front of her, a child in his arms and tears in his eyes.

"My name is Alek," he had said, breaking into a broad smile.

Elya today.

Elya's life is a series of vignettes, frozen images of the most important moments of her life.

The most recent is that of her "little brother," with whom she had grown up and formed such close bonds despite their opposite statuses, lying in a pool of his own blood, his throat slit by his own brother. Stunned by the situation, her hands trembling and her heart knotted with fear, Elya nevertheless did not have the luxury of taking time to think, because Dhalim's life was in her hands. Gasping for breath, she pushed aside her doubts about her ability to save him; she forgot her failure despite her many attempts on Alek. Perhaps, for Dhalim, it was not too late. She gathered her thoughts and focused her inner energy. As her concentration grew stronger and her energy drained away, she watched the wound on Dhalim's throat close and the bleeding stop. She knew she would have to give a great deal of her own health to close such a wound, but today, let the elements bear witness, the slave was going to save the master!

Elya relived this scene regularly and felt torn between pride at having saved Dhalim and guilt at having failed her father. Alek was dead, but his son would take over. She had convinced herself of this and had ended up convincing the others, helped by Ozak and supported by Dhalim himself.

A few months after the creation of the Unwanteds, Elya carries this project forward, throwing herself into it body and soul, constantly thinking up new strategies, new means, innovative methods, and anything that could lead the group to save half-breeds.

All her energy and all her time are devoted to the goals set by the group, and nothing else matters to her.

