

Project: Embers of War
Character: The Foreseer
Gender: Female
Age: Unknown
Accent: Neutral American



Character Summary:

Personality:

The Foreseer is an incredibly intimidating and powerful tribal witch. The Foreseers possess the ability to open demonic portals anywhere on the battlefield allowing hordes of tribal minions to pour out and overwhelm their enemies.

The Foreseers are intelligent, proud, and wrathful. By ingesting the crystal that now covers the moon they have also gained the ability to dive into the minds of their prey- causing fear, confusion, and pain. On top of this they can also cast chain lightning and who doesn't love chain lightning?!?

Appearance

Foreseers don't walk- they float above the ground which adds to their otherworldly feel. They are draped in beautiful fabrics that show the wear and tear of battle at their edges.

Foreseers peer deep into the shadows and shades of existence and no longer need the use of their eyes. On the occasion that a tribal woman ascends to the position of Foreseer she is provided with a mask that contains a very rare type of gem that focuses and empowers their magical and mental abilities. This gem can only be found in a shadowy nether realm that exists separate from the corporeal world.

As they grow in power from rending and tearing human minds, the taint of these actions turns their once tribal heart into crystal. This transformation extends into a crystalline growth on their chests which radiates tendrils of evil essence from its core.

Vocal Notes

The Foreseer should sound beautifully evil. Her voice should possess a manner of arrogance that is often exuded by beings of immense power- ones that can perceive what others cannot.

The Foreseers voice should be rich and alluring. Think Tricia Helfer as Six in Battlestar Galactica.

Sample Lines:

- We are stronger than you now Gavin. We see things...we know things that you cannot even fathom.
- Now that your mind is mine- what should I do with it?
- This is only the beginning of your suffering. More will come and more after that. Waves of fear will wash over your people. You can no longer keep them safe behind your walls.
- How dare you enter these lands!! Your kind is not welcome here!
- Look at all of you...running, screaming...cowering in fear. How delicious...
- It was your fear- your weakness- that pushed you out into this forsaken desert Gavin, and now you have no place to run. Your people will die out here- they will suffer greatly- and it will all be your fault.
- I've seen the moments of your parents death, little warrior. Would you like me to show you?