

## Alleina Shiante – World Leader Application

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Name: Alleina Shiante

Level: 20

Submission: <http://forums.layonara.com/character-approvals/100878-alleina-shiante.html>

CDT: <http://forums.layonara.com/development-journals-discussion/101586-alleinas-diary.html>

*I know, I know... the CDT isn't so very up-to-dated. I blame lack of time, as it generally took me about two hours (!) for each of the last entries! Therefore, we will take this great opportunity to make this application to an entry also!*

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*Mai 2, 1422*

It is a calm day.

The birds are chirping happily and slowly gliding through the air above the lake, creating tranquil scenery in great contrast to the years before, when the threat of Bloodstone's complete conquest was imminent, just like the fact that all life has an ending. Today was just a day when the mutual presence of two figures was all that they both needed.

On a cliff beside the lake, in front of a rather huge house, a young looking elf and her almost six month old baby can be seen. The little one is sitting in her mother's lap while happily playing with a colorful ball that's swirling in all the colors of a rainbow, a most fitting toy considering the inhabitants of the house. At the same time, the one known by the name Alleina is humming a soft tune for the comfort of the child, and slowly writing in a red little book for the sake of safekeeping her own thoughts.

*Dear diary,*

*When I'm looking at her now, I can't stop to think about my own past, of how it was years and even more years ago, back to when I was a little child myself. Of course, some people would argue that I'm yet a child, but that's beside the point! What I mean is how life was thirty... forty... fifty years ago.*

*Life was so much simpler then as every day was the other alike. There were no troubles and no worries, just the sort of life I wish to give my own child now, although knowing that's not possible if one doesn't suddenly become some sort of eremite!*

*I've never been back to the old cottage since I left and probably wouldn't be able to find it as I'm just about as clueless about directions as mother is. But that's fine as the cottage has sort of become a tomb and memorial of the past, a place one should not disturb.*

*I sometimes wonder what I have done under all these years, of whether I have done anything at all. Perhaps I'm just a person floating on the waves of time, drifting towards what the gods themselves, what fate, has planned for me?*

*As clear as the midnight sky, I still remember the day I decided to go against that flow. My dreams are no longer filled with the agony of the last moments Bell was in my arms, but the images are none less ones that I will never be able to forget. I wonder how she has it now.*

*Mother has always told me the importance of finding my own direction in life, that I should make my own choices, to make sure that my life is really my life, so to speak. Looking down at the little darling in my lap now, I guess her advice has not been completely ignored...*

**Alleina looks down at the child who seems to be enjoying herself with the overgrown ball of hers, before continuing to write in the diary.**

*When I took my first steps into the world outside the shelter of the cottage, all I had was the clothes on my body. I was all alone and had no one to call friend, no one to talk with. The only comfort I had then was the knowledge of someone constantly watching over me, to see to that no harm or misfortune was brought upon me... the said comfort no longer being present. No, the comfort is still there, it's just that the source from it is now different.*

*I could never have guessed that such would be the turning of events.*

*I met strangers, strangers who told me their names and slowly gave me the feeling of people I could lean my head on and cry out at the moments of troubles. I met two young girls whom I later would start to call sisters. I was presented to a most strange and unusual person who would embrace me as a daughter. I met someone whom I would scream at, shout at and then moments later, give a hug to as though nothing had happened. And, of course, I met the one who I would share a child with.*

*All night and day, I could continue on to write about those I haven't mentioned yet, of the pie pilfering one, of the honorable ones, of the chicken loving one, of the... There I went again!*

**Alleina smiles and dips the quill into the ink again.**

*Friends and family has changed me, made me to who I am today. I can just hope I have had influence in others life also. It is, after all, not proper just to be given, but never give out!*

*I wonder how the little girl today, the one who were threatened by the kidnapper and blackmailer. It must have been a horrible memory for her, for having a dagger at her throat, threatened to death if not the money was given. Who was the man and why? Some questions are probably never answered. But as long as the girl is happy now, having got over that part of her life, I guess it's not too bad.*

*And the one who were forced to do horrible things, in an attempt to pay her education? I cannot remember anymore what her goal was but that doesn't really matter, as long as her dreams were fulfilled, another life in the world has been brightened, if just a little.*

*There was also that child who had his mother being used in some evil goblin ritual, such a poor boy. He is probably no longer a boy now, but rather a young man, but still, such memories tend to itch in one's mind forever.*

*Thinking back now at the past, I cannot hide the fact that there are so much pain and horrors in the world, of so many mistakes being made, leading to the suffering and death of oneself or more importantly, others.*

*I have stood before demons with all bones in my body screaming “run”, burnt corrupted ancient books to the dismay of scholars, seen a dead body of a long ago passed away dragon, found myself in the indescribable presence of a goddess, had an unknown voice in my head saving my life, persuaded souls to return to their bodies with help of happy memories, walked through the underdark and back with my life still intact, seen a happy wife and husband share their first official kiss.*

*I do not believe many can claim that they have had a more eventful life than mine. I have had the joyful moments, I have had the sad ones too, all of them entwined into my life, none more than the other. There are moments I regret with what I have done in my past, but now, thinking back, I do not wish have them undone. My past is my past and my past only. I don't want to change that. Ever.*

After a pause with the writing, she continues.

*But...*

*There is still one last puzzle about my past.*

*Who am I?*

*Some would just laugh and answer that I am Alleina Shiante, fiancée to Tristan DeMoyer, the one living in both the strange house at the Forest of Mists and also from time to time in the equal strange house in Hempstead. The happy person commonly seen with a child in her arms. And they are right. Perfectly right. That's me. Even I can laugh at myself for that silly question. I'm content, I'm happy, and that's it! That's surely me!*

*But...*

*It's difficult to silence the tiny, tiny voice back in one's head...*

*Who was I born as?*

Alleina carefully puts the book away, together with the quill and inkbottles, and the glowing ball of the child's. The little girl seems to have fallen asleep sometimes during the whole writing. The young woman smiles and gently stands up with the young on in her arms, quietly walking towards the door of the house, silently slipping through it...

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The latest bit of information, the one regarding to her new deity, is not in here as this particular application was half-typed by the time she acquired it! But that shouldn't be affecting too much...

As for the goal, I would like to probe the past of Alleina. What about her original family? Why did they live in the lands of humans? The thought “outcast” quickly springs to one's mind, which is even more reinforced if one takes into the consideration that her parents were murdered (albeit by “accident”... or was it accident or just a murder made to look like an accident?). The old wizard of hers left her when she was approaching adult age, although not in the normal way with his body lying in his bed. Did he truly die? Or did he leave in an attempt to protect Alleina? Perhaps he was an old friend to her parents, the reason for his timely rescue during that night?

Despite her previous writing of not going back to that cottage again, it might be what she would do anyway, one last time to say goodbye and one last time trying to find clues of her past. Where are the tracks leading? Perhaps her parents were once living on Voltrex, them being one of the noble houses and therefore in the Niasa, and something grave (intrigues?) happened, forcing them to seek exile? Did they have any ties to Alleina's newly gained deity, a possibility of why Alleina is like she is (having some traits in common with her parents), making her movement into the said deity being just a logical step of being herself?

Who knows!