

At first glance,

Atreidiele

appears like any Eladrin, beautiful and elegant, were it not for her monstrous black arm.

While hunting and gathering for her tribe one day, Atreidiele came into contact with a necromancer practicing his dark arts in the forest. The necromancer attacked Atreidiele and forced her to defend herself. During their frantic combat, her assailant cast a malformed spell that hit Atreidiele in her right arm. Within seconds, the dark energy scorched across her limb, eating away at the flesh and transforming it, turning it black as coal. Her once graceful right hand swelled into a claw-shaped shadow of its former self. Only by remaining calm and remembering her training did Atreidiele finally manage to defeat her opponent.

Upon returning to her group, her fellow Eladrin were shocked and appalled by the monstrous hand. Her tribesmen treated her wounds, but the most skilled healers and wizards could do nothing to return her corrupted limb to its original state. As the days went on, Atreidiele sensed her people's sympathy turn into fear and even disgust. She stood out like a sore thumb among the otherwise perfectly beautiful Eladrin. People spoke only briefly to her, if at all, and whispered malicious words behind her back. Before long, Atreidiele couldn't cope with the staring anymore. She left the Feywilds in search of a place where she would belong or a way to restore her arm, fearing in her heart she would never find either.

Terribly ashamed of her malformed arm, Atreidiele tends to keep it hidden under a cloak or cape. She has since switched to doing everything with her left hand, barely even utilising her black hand as if to deny its existence. This, of course, leads to numerous awkward social situations, which is why Atreidiele prefers to avoid contact with others altogether. She's insecure, shy, and untrusting. Her eladrin origin already made her seem otherworldly, but combined with her arm, it makes her downright alien. Only when she is forced to use her black hand, such as during combat, will she acknowledge her cursed appendage.



Though technically a magical creature herself, Atreidiele harbours a strong dislike of magic and mages alike. She hates black magic for what it did to her, and she blames all other magic for not being able to help her. She used to pray to the Gods of Wilderness and Nature but has since fallen from her faith.

While Atreidiele would rather just lock herself away from the world and all its inhabitants, she continues to search for a cure. Still, her nights are haunted by disturbingly tempting visions of death and murder. Deep inside her, she can feel the corruption relentlessly spreading. How long before she will be consumed by it?

AUTHOR'S PERSPECTIVE

Rémy van den Wijngaart

The initial inspiration for this character came to me while playing Magic: The Gathering - Duels of the Planeswalkers 2013, which contains a card called Crippling Blight. This card depicts a woman whose arms are being affected by some sort of magical disease. The contrast between a person's natural beauty and the corruption by malevolent magic fascinated me.

When building characters, I usually start out with a character's flaws, as I believe this is where the true drama comes from. For Atreidiele, I chose the eladrin race (from Dungeons & Dragons) because of their love of nature and beauty, and their collectivist culture — a female eladrin would be severely affected by this alienating corruption. The choice to have it be her right arm was a conscious one also; disabling her main hand would further throw her off balance by forcing her to change her combat style and social graces. This also offered interesting gameplay opportunities. The final element, the idea that the corruption isn't just of the body but also of the mind, came naturally. I suppose I have a weakness for characters struggling with an overwhelming darkness originating from within. Atreidiele has really grown on me since her creation.



Jim Raynor
Starcraft