
Starry Eyed

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Story Premise

After the Divine War between humans and the Astra, a small group of scientists find and repair the remains of an android named Matthew for the simple and ambitious purpose of carrying mail to the remaining inhabitants of Earth. Doing just that, Matthew happens upon Philotheos, a mute Astra cast from Illunis: the plane he hails from. As the two grow closer, Matthew and Philotheos uncover lost memories, reconnect with old friends, and challenge the Gods themselves.

Historical Background

In this world there is Earth and Illunis. Within Illunis live a people larger than humans and bearing supernatural powers, all varying depending on descendance. Within that people lives a hierarchy. Higher-level Astra may be recognized by you as having been called Zeus, Thor, Ra, and many others. Lower-level Astra are not remembered hardly ever, if at all, and are not necessarily blessed with these powers, unless they are very lucky.

Although bearing no powers of import, all Astra are at least born with the ability to travel between their plane and Earth and are able to live extremely long lives of varying circumstance.

Humans are seen as playthings at worst, adorable at best. Some Astra choose to fight in their wars, accept their sacrifices and offerings, but never should an Astra fall in love with a human. And why should they? Mortals in the eyes of Astra are deplorable—nothing like their own kind. And although in this ancient time Astra commonly walked among the humans, it is a novelty that quickly wears off.

Generations and generations of humans live and die still worshipping the Astra until we find ourselves in an age of technology. Artificial Intelligence is commonplace, and androids are starting to be built and tested among human scientists. This stirs the now-largely-absent Astra, finding humans unworthy to harness the power of creating life and divine power entirely by their own hand.

With a little help from an Astra disguised as a human, they are finally able to create something revolutionary: androids with the power of flight, healing, as well as powerful and destructive capabilities. Threatened and appalled by this, the Astra and humans rage against each other until finally full-on war breaks out. A small group of Astra choose to fight for the humans bound to the Earth, but they are severely outmatched. Even as they rush to produce as many of their new androids as they can to help fight against the Astra, humans lose in the blink of an eye.

Main Characters

Philotheos: Exiled from Astra long ago for falling in love with a human and consequently giving humans a gift that was not his to give, he has wandered the Earth for thousands of years bearing a monstrous form and remembering none of his past as an Astra. While mostly keeping to himself and away from humans, he finds that he believes it in his nature to terrorize humans in various ways—a “demon” of sorts.

He is very tall, with long, dull green hair reaching well past his waist. His features are sharp and angular, as if a living marble statue. Black horns protrude from that hair and end in points. Like those horns, his hands begin at the wrist to turn black and decayed as if from a blight, and also end in points. One eye is gold (from when he was an Astra) and the other a deep red. Generally, he has an eternally-sickly appearance.

During a second imprisonment in Astra, he is cast from his plane and literally caught out of the air by Matthew.

Obviously cannot relate to humans, but finds a specific comfort in Matthew.

Matthew: A “robot mailman” built by a team of scientists shortly after the Divine War. Built from the scraps of previous android models and built in the image and spirit of the Greek Hermes, his simple yet ambitious purpose is that of delivering mail to the remaining inhabitants on Earth. Matthew is insanely proud of this, and (as a parallel to the Astra finding humans adorable,) loves humans, wants nothing more than to learn from them, and wants only to help them in their time of need and radio silence.

Appearance-wise, he is small, (5’7”) while also being incredibly heavy from the machinery that keeps him together. He has white fluffy/messy hair, a tan complexion, blue eyes, and a small pair of wings. These wings are, however, useless and serve only to solidify the look and silhouette that the scientists who built him wanted to convey. He always has on him his large and stuffed-full mailbag, his goggles, and a bomber jacket adorning various space-themed patches.

He can fly as the wings would suggest, but by a very powerful magnetic force. He does not appear to be aware that his wings are non-functioning. His eyes give off a certain ethereal glow and serve as small solar panels. As Matthew was made from scraps, his battery power is lacking. Battery powered to a degree, each battery only lasts about 12hrs at most. He carries extra batteries when he goes out, and should he lose them or use them all, he has a backup power-save mode run by the solar-panels reflected in his eyes.

His Artificial Intelligence, while certainly vast in the areas it is, is lacking, mostly socially. He is about 2 years old during the beginning of my story, and has not yet learned many mannerisms and speech patterns of the humans that he delivers mail to. Therefore, he is incredibly eager to learn from humans, and will easily talk far too much in response if given the chance. A very good boy.

Believes in Philotheos and immediately takes him home to show to his “parents” (the three scientists still overseeing him), who he is sure will have answers for him.

Supporting characters.

Gideon: Philotheos' twin brother, and ultimately the catalyst of the divine war. Mischievous mostly but cares deeply for his brother and humans to a degree. While he did not care for the hierarchy within Illunis beforehand, seeing his brother exiled changed something in him, and while he was once mischievous without care for others or purpose, he now has something to fight for: his brother, the humans his brother loved so dearly, and a way to rise up against the higher-level Astra.

While he is slightly more androgynous and has softer features than Philotheos, he is a mirror image of Philotheos before he was cast to Earth. His hair is also quite long, but a shining black color. Both of his eyes are also shimmery and gold.

Currently hiding as a human, and one of the three scientists that is overseeing Matthew's project.

Olive: One of the three scientists that continues to oversee Matthew, although the mostly closely-involved with him (and therefore who Matthew most socially takes after). Matthew is in her eyes like a son to her, although she is quite young herself. Optimistic and light-hearted, she wants to understand Sage more. While she is not the brightest scientist in the villa, she is both inadvertently a cheerleader, and a wonderful shoulder to cry on.

Bobbed hair that is naturally light brown, but it is often dyed. (Dye is not easy to come by, and she often spends somewhat exorbitant amounts on it.) Fashion-conscious and collects glasses she doesn't need, popping the lenses out to use as an accessory.

Sage: One of the three scientists that continues to oversee Matthew, and who is currently trying to streamline him. Distracted, spaced-out, and always knee-deep in work. While she is among the brightest of the team located in the house with Matthew, she does not get along well with her peers and is always a point of gossip (not that she notices or cares besides). Realistic above all else, using logic and reason to solve every problem put before her, even when it's personal. Tall and angular but wears heels even so. Long black hair that's usually held up in a ponytail, and rather plain as far as her appearance goes. (She doesn't really have time for that.)

Locations



The Villa

The Villa is home to a number of scientists (including of course the three scientists that continue to oversee his progress) as well as Matthew himself. Located in Rome, Italy (the birthplace of Matthew), it is sprawling, well-stocked with things to do and rooms to fill with bubbling beakers and various machinery. Matthew returns here every night to charge, get check-ups, say hi to his “parents,” or organize the letters he has to send. Most notably a lot of stray cats gather here, much to many of the scientists’ delights. Even in this trying time, they try to keep these stray cats fed.



Illunis

Illunis is the other plane on which the Astra live. It is a place housing such deities as Zeus, Thor, Ra, and other such well-known Astra. But it is not all limited to higher-level Astra such as those, as it houses lower-level Astra as well. (This includes Philotheos.)

This world has various ways and portals into Earth, and there is little to no special discrepancy. A place of myth that no human has ever seen, it is ethereal and luminescent. This is a place that both Gideon and Philotheos are familiar with, and one that houses a hierarchy that neither agree with.



Rome

A generalized location, but one that Matthew is extremely familiar with, and trying to remap to update GPS data. Not only does Matthew possess a catalog of the winding, cobbled streets of Rome, but he must also learn them by sight, and know who lives where. Although he sometimes travels as far as Greece or even Spain, Rome is his home and houses a vast majority of the recipients and senders of the mail he delivers.

In particular, there are a few owners of café's that in this trying time insist on staying open, for the enjoyment of all who is left.

The better part of central Rome is used for markets in this near-post-apocalyptic setting.

Additional World Information

- Nearly all of humanity is lost in the war, vanished or left to die. Almost all technology that we have come to rely upon today is lost as well. Communication above the spoken word is lost, and humanity must learn to rebuild. Cars are still more or less accessible, but gas is a luxury.
- Additionally, the one-way barrier between Illunis and Earth is broken. While there are few that choose to in the first place, Astra again walk the Earth. Some stay for life, and others curious to see what humans had wrought before they could be snuffed out.
- It is worth noting that this world holds strong parallels to our own, but it is important to remember that just as in myth, Gods and deities would fight alongside mortals in their wars.
- Over time, Astra have slowly withdrawn from the company of Humans, either tiring of them or simply finding them not worth their time anymore. Worship of the Astra still occurs, and some new religions crop up over time as well, some worshipping gods that do not truly exist.
- After the war, the structure of Earth becomes much like how we would think of when we think of a zombie apocalypse. Not many people exist anymore, and those that do are sometimes afraid to stay outside for very long for fear of the Astra, or perhaps an Astrum living nearby. A combination of bartering and paper-money-based trade is put into effect in some places, especially when these places are generally more populated. (Places like Rome, Los Angeles, New York, London, etc.)

Story Synopsis

Philotheos is an Astra living within Illunis alongside his brother Gideon. Unfortunately, Philotheos falls in love with a mortal on Earth—a taboo severe enough to perhaps even get one imprisoned.

In being tricked by the mortal he falls in love with, he gives something that is not his to take owned by a higher-level Astra. Outraged, they imprison Philotheos and ultimately cast him to Earth, cursed with a monstrous appearance and without any of his memories or a voice to speak with.

Eventually, he finds Matthew, who has run out of battery and fallen from the sky. Matthew pleads with Philotheos, asking to be taken to his parents in a villa not far from where they are. Philotheos accepts, meeting the three scientists that currently oversee Matthew: Olive, Sage, and Gideon. Gideon is indeed Philotheos' brother, although not knowing whether or not it is in his best interest to reveal himself as such, Gideon stays quiet while Philotheos remains unaware.

Because of his nature and the already strained relations between Astra and mortals, Philotheos quickly leaves the villa after dropping Matthew off, but is then pursued by Gideon to “study” him, looping in Olive and Sage to agree as well. Matthew finds Philotheos again to bring him back to the villa, where he reveals he is one day to be scrapped, as he's only a prototype.

Philotheos is shocked and disturbed by this, wishing to only keep him alive no matter the cost, while continuing to regain his memories.

Story Excerpt

(Please keep in mind this is in a slightly different situation where Matthew tries to catch Philotheos, and Philotheos is able to speak.)

Philotheos gasped awake, bolting upwards, the fear of being cast from the sky returning to him all at once. But it was only him, alone and sitting on the floor of a room covered in ivy and moss and ancient stone busts.

Standing up, his limbs felt foreign to him and he shambled towards one of the shelves holding a stock of smallish statues. Where was he? The statues were discolored, browned slightly where dirt had stuck to them, no doubt coming from the open spaces in the dilapidated roof above him. It was so quiet, he stepped carefully with his bare feet over the debris on the floor, afraid to make a sound and disrupt—

BANG!

The harsh and hollow sound of wood crashing from the roof to the floor sent him reeling back into the shelf, a taller statue dislodging itself and shattering cleanly against the floor. The sudden cacophony sent his hands flying to his ears.

“Oof,” said the pile of wood.

Philotheos’s eyebrows drew together. Inching cautiously toward the pile, he moved to brush the wood away, but before he could reach down a pale boy emerged, covered in dust and leaves. His eyes caught Philotheos’s attention, a strange glassy look to them as well as a second ring of color around the pupil.

Strange eyes focusing on him, he backed away, unsure what to anticipate.

“Are you alright?” said the boy. Despite having several pounds of roofing haven fallen on him, the boy appeared to be unconcerned, his face perfectly serene.

“...Are *you* okay?”

Surrounded by the debris that struck him, the boy seemed confused by this question. After a beat, he smiled a lovely smile.

“I’m fine!” He stood, brushing off his pants and readjusting the bloated bag he donned across his shoulder. “I’m more worried about you! You sure seem fine for someone who fell out of the sky... It was a good thing I saw you when I did, but you were a little heavier than I anticipated, and, well,” he gestured to the hole in the ceiling. Philotheos didn’t even know where to begin in his stock of questions.

“Wait, what?”

“You fell right outta the sky! I don’t blame you for not remembering, though. You seemed to be unconscious or something. But I figured you woulda been dead anyway if I hadn’t caught you. So I caught you!”

He tried to remember this, only to realize he couldn’t remember anything at all. His name was there, sure, but any other detail about himself that he tried to recall turned up blank. It was like trying to hear a song through radio static. It hurt to try, and he fell to one knee.

“Hey now,” said the boy from beside him, hands settling onto his shoulders.

“I don’t remember such a thing...”

“That’s alright, I don’t blame you. Do you remember anything from before? How you fell outta the sky, or why, or where I can take you?”

“I don’t remember anything...”

“Nothing? Nothing at all?”

Philotheos looked at the boy next to him, angry at the question. He stood up suddenly, flinging the boy’s hands away from him.

“Did you remember something?” He asked. When Philotheos said nothing, the boy stood up, unbothered. “I’m Matthew, by the way. We should probably be getting you back home soon. My parents will be worried if I show back up much later than sundown...! They’re the ones who gave me these!”

Matthew turned around, pointing proudly to a pair of small wings on his back coming out through small rips in his jacket.

“Those don’t look big enough to carry even you...”

“But that’s how I saved you! It was lucky I was around. Nobody else coulda saved you quick as I did. They took me right to you.”

“...You talk a lot.”

“Do I?” Another bright smile spread across Matthew’s face.

An uncomfortable pause drew on for a moment.

“You can probably leave me in this room, Matthew. I don’t know where I belong myself.”

“Aw, I can’t do that! I’m sure my parents can help you out! They’re really, really smart. I’m sure they could tell where you came from. I’ll take you to them!”

“No, really, I feel better staying here.”

Matthew stared at him, concern clear in his strange eyes.

“It’s scary at night... Not to mention lonely. I really couldn’t leave you here. It would make me feel bad to leave you here to your own devices when you can’t even remember your own name...”

“My name’s Philotheos,” he said sharply.

“So you *do* remember...?”

“I do not.”

“Oh.” Disappointment was so clear on Matthew’s face that it drew an amused smile from Philotheos.

“I suppose I won’t get much farther in remembering anything if I just stay in this room for the rest of time.”

“I woulda come back tomorrow! But, I do want you to meet my parents. I’m sure they’ll know something. They’re really very smart.”

“Lead the way then,” Philotheos droned.

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