

The Seven™

(Working Title)

By James C. Shooter

Based on concepts and inspiration from Denise V. Wohl

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DOSSIER: JOSÉ

BACKGROUND

(Note: most of this will not be revealed)

SUPER HERO NAME: HARD DRIVE; Real Name: **José Angel Salvador Mundo Gallardo Hidalgo**

Hard Drive is influenced by the essence of **Yesod**: Yesod = El Hai Shaddai: “Almighty Living God.” Yesod is foundation. Yesod is procreative power, sex, the “seal of truth,” the non-lucid Mirror (i.e., the obscured image), hidden miracles, and, in a sense, purity. Yesod is “in the sphere of the moon,” the ruler of the night, the light in the darkness. Yesod represents the dark depths of personality, the subconscious or unconscious, with hidden but potent/sufficient strengths. Yesod is creativity and the potential for magic—the pinnacle of the mage’s mental abilities, channeling the natural instincts, especially the sex drive, to accomplish goals. If Tiferet is the sun and life force, Yesod is the Earth and body, and Yesod expresses the light for which Tiferet is the source—therefore, Yesod is “brilliance beyond bearing,” unbearable light. Yesod is associated with the Moon, the West, the color purple and Joseph. Joseph endured great hardship, but rose above suffering and turmoil. He brought into fullness what Jacob founded, the rise of a nation [see *T-star/Tiferet*].

Yesod brings Tiferet (the “bridegroom”) and Malchut (the “bride”) together [see *T-star/Tiferet*].

CHARACTER DESCRIPTION

**José Angel Salvador Mundo Gallardo Hidalgo (Super Hero name:
“HARD DRIVE”)**

Height: 1.78 meters (five feet ten inches)

Weight: 72.57 kilograms (160 pounds)

Complexion: Warm tan, clear

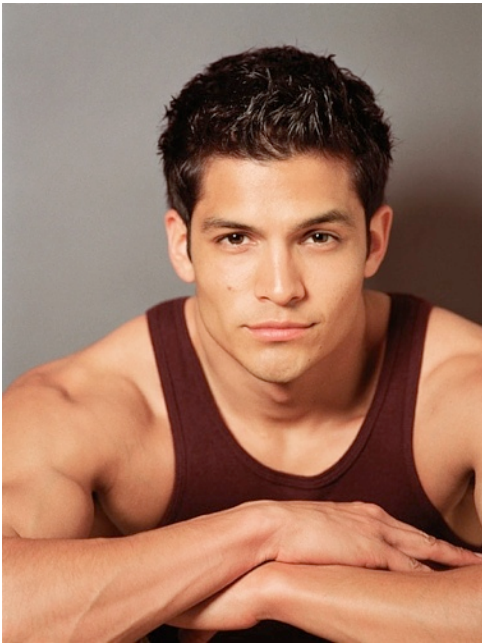
Eye Color: Brown

Hair: black

Age: 21

Astrological Sign: Aries

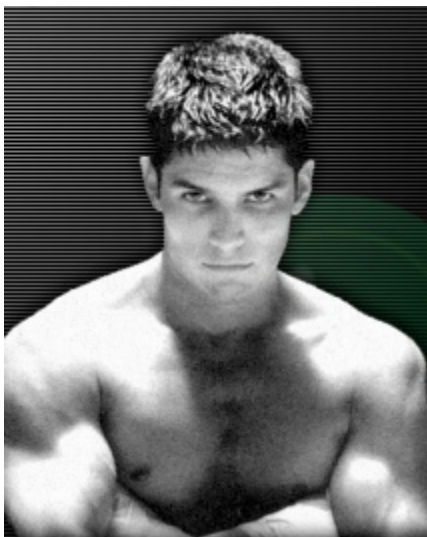
Possible Actor/Type: Nicholas Gonzalez



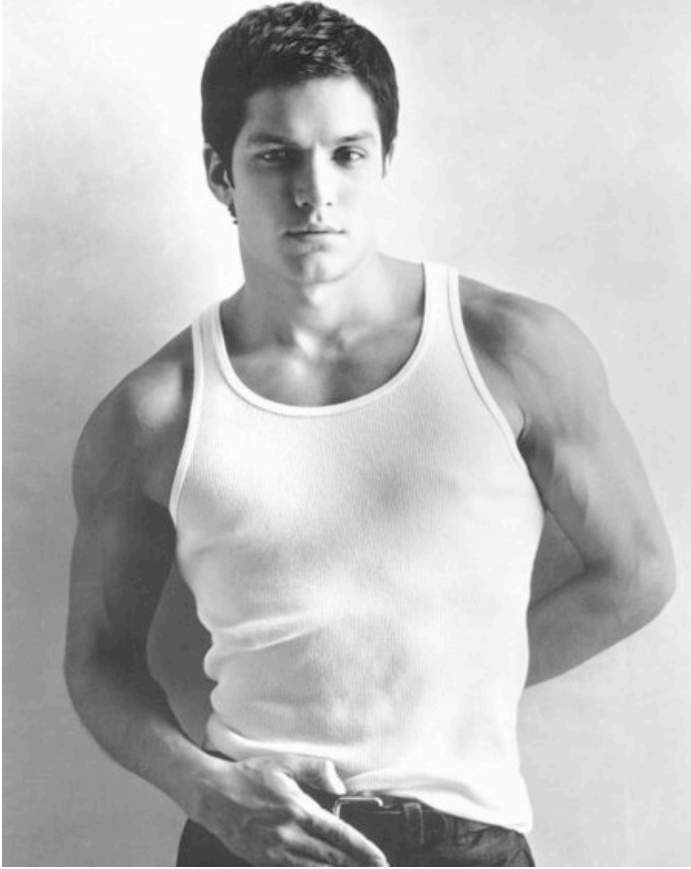
Nicholas Gonzalez



Nicholas Gonzalez



Nicholas Gonzalez



Nicholas Gonzalez

Clothes: José favors purple, black, white and some khaki. Early in the series, he wears cheap or free, catch-as-catch-can work clothes, i.e., jeans, tees, Goodwill items. Later, he will wear primarily Calvin Klein.

http://www.pyh.com/Brand_CK_Intro.html

José is a name of Hebrew origin, derived from a word meaning “increaser,” or “God shall increase.” *Angel*, of course, means “Angel.” *Salvador*, which means “Savior,” is José’s primary surname—according to Spanish naming conventions, the father’s name is the primary and first-listed surname—i.e., José would be referred to as *Señor Salvador*.

Mundo, which means “world,” is his mother’s primary surname, *Gallardo*, which means “Elegant,” is his paternal grandmother’s primary surname, and *Hidalgo*, which means “Noble,” is his maternal grandmother’s primary surname.

José was born in Venezuela. His forefathers were among the first Spanish emigrants to South America. Though his family names do not reflect it, José is part mestizo.

José grew up in the barrios of Los Potocos, near Barcelona/Puerto la Cruz, Venezuela. His mother is a *limpiadora*, a cleaner, at one of the huge mansion houses in Puerto la

Cruz. His father was, at one time, a farm laborer, but now is too sick, too weak, and generally too drunk to work.

As a very young child, José seemed to be like so many of the children seen on “Save the Children”-type charity infomercials—dirty, underprivileged, hopeless and future-less. But, as he grew, it started to become clear that he was unique. José had an uncanny knack for seeing that which was most hidden. Nothing seemed to fool him, there was nothing he couldn’t find, no matter how well concealed, and no lie could withstand his scrutiny. Furthermore, he seemed to see *better* at night. In fact, he seemed energized by the night, especially when the moon was high. He slept little as a baby, less and less as he grew up. This led to some trouble....

When he could barely talk, José ingenuously observed that his father wasn’t really sick—he just didn’t want to do anything, especially work. His father, who had been writhing in his bed, protesting his weakness and illness, suddenly found the energy to give José a serious spanking. Not long afterward, when his mother took little José with her to work, fearing to leave him alone with his father, José took one look at the Señora of the manor and loudly pointed out that she liked to “take naps” with the tennis teacher. That nearly got his mamá fired and earned him another thorough spanking.

José soon learned to keep his mouth shut, but he couldn’t quite hide everything that made him exceptional. His parents were increasingly aware, for instance, that he seldom slept. They saw him with the other children of the barrios, always helping them find things, telling them whom to trust, whom to believe, and what was really going on in their world. They thought their son was a *monstruo*, that is, a freak, or worse, possessed.

It got worse when José discovered he had a knack for magic. It started around the time he reached puberty, as if it were somehow tied to his sexual maturation. He discovered to his delight that he could make things float in the air, animate a rope and make it dance like a cobra, make things appear and disappear and even become invisible for a while. *That* did it....

José’s parents took him to their Priest and demanded that he exorcise the demons inhabiting their boy. The Priest questioned José, who did not deny that he could do amazing things, but didn’t think he had any demons inside him. The Priest said he would study the matter, but urged José to refrain from magic and mystical things.

José did his best to obey the Priest, but there was one talent of his, just emerging, that was hard to control. José discovered that he was nearly irresistible to girls. The older he got, the more he turned from a nice-looking boy into a handsome young man, the “worse” it got. He was a good and well-behaved young man—for the most part—and didn’t take advantage of his amazing sex appeal—much—but he couldn’t escape it either. If he so much as walked down the street, girls would slip him notes, invite him to come

and see them or outright throw themselves at him. Grandmothers would pat him on the head admiringly. Rich ladies would stuff money into his pockets, and refuse to take it back when he told them he really wasn't interested. Even the Señora his mother worked for suggested that the position currently occupied by the tennis teacher might be open... for him.

It was all too much for José's parents. They disowned him.

Cast out, alone and bereft, for José really loved his parents, despite all the problems, he wandered the streets, not knowing where to go or what to do.

One night, the Priest found him standing on a street corner, lonely and near despair. The Priest said that he had, indeed, studied José's situation and he was convinced that there was some purpose to his "affliction." He advised José to seek the path of his destiny. José, he said, needed enlightenment from a teacher far more knowledgeable than any he would find in Venezuela. Where then, asked José. Rome, perhaps, said the Priest—or possibly in America. A big city like New York, he thought, would likely to have some resources for people like José. José was astounded. *People like him?* It had never occurred to him that there were other people like him—but, if there were, he needed to find them. New York seemed like as good a place to start looking as any.

With his irresistible charm, José soon acquired the travel documents he needed and the price of a ticket to New York. In a few days, he was there.

Soon afterward, he met up with the others. Because all things—knowledge, ability, money, material things and attention seem to come to him as if he's "downloading" them from *Higher Sources* as well as Earthly ones, they gave him the super hero name "Hard Drive." It sort of works with his smoldering, irresistible, ultra-masculine sexuality, too....

JOSÉ



Jeans, tank tee, casual suede shoes