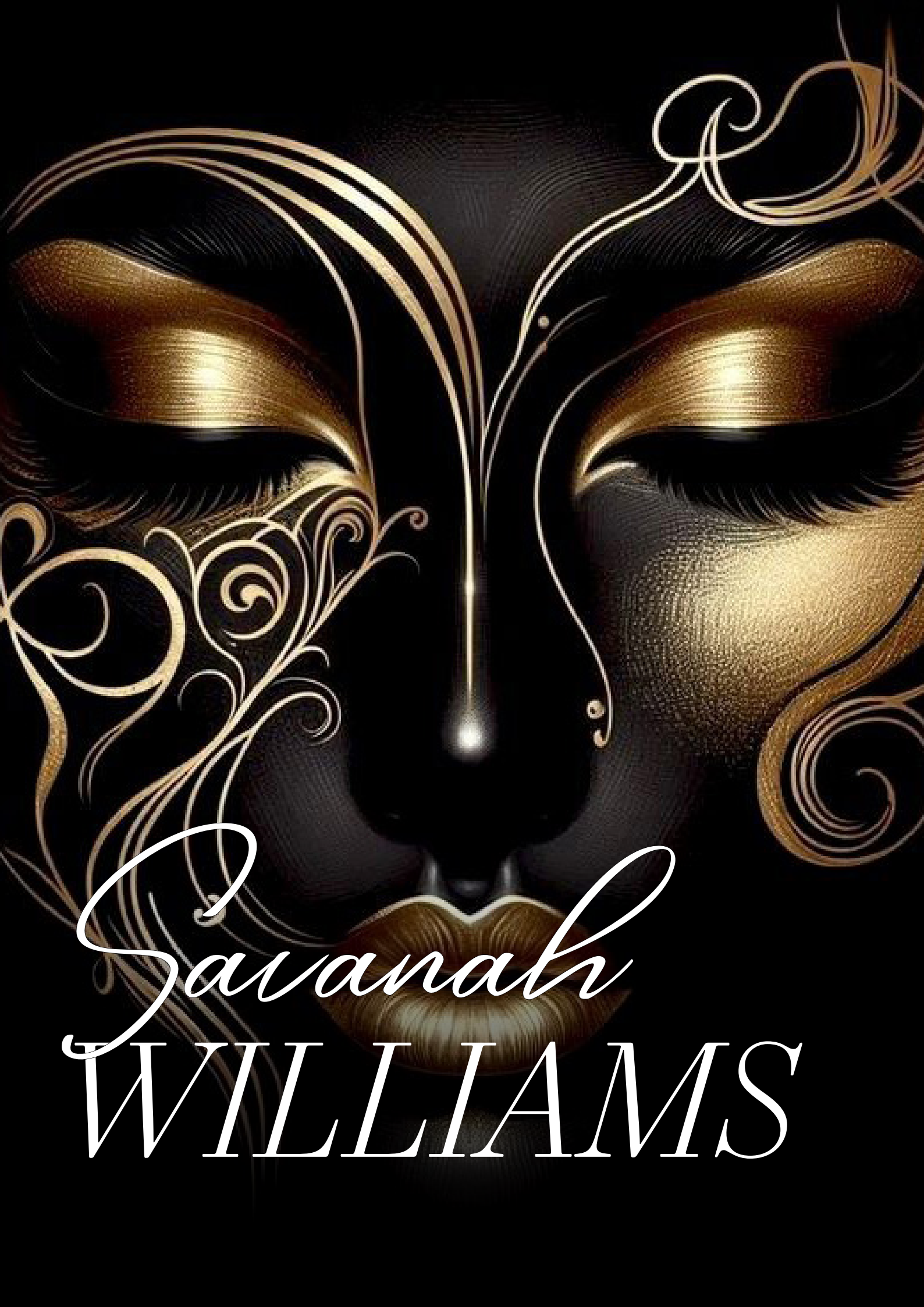




Savannah
WILLIAMS

Savannah Williams
O'CEN K'ARE

THE DOLPHIN OF LEVIDIER

LEVIDIAN NAME: O'CEN K'ARE

SIGIL: LEVIDIAN DOLPHIN

POSITION: QUEEN OF LEVIDIER, LEVIDIAN LADY

SECT: ADORA AL SHE'AH

KINGDOM: EL'AH

TITLES: QUEEN OF LEVIDIER | VAULT OF ENT | LILAC QUEEN

PILLAR: SECURITY

SYMBOL: LOCK

HOUSE TYPE: GREAT HOUSE

RECRUITMENT: ORIGINAL LEVIDIAN [PRE-THIRD ACT]

TRIALS COMPLETED: CEREMONY OF THE 5TH

LEVIDIAN LEVEL: LEVEL 1 (AS OF 04.06.2022)

KNOWLEDGE & SKILL: APEX (PHYSICAL & THEORETICAL MASTERY)

MEMBERSHIP LEVEL: 1 (OMEGA ACCESS)

About THE ICON

Savanah O'Cen K'Are stands as one of the most trusted and tenacious figures in the Ent Empire. Her sigil—the Dolphin—speaks to her grace, intelligence, and nurturing strength. She is the woman behind the curtain, ensuring that operations run smoothly and people feel seen, safe, and supported.

As the founder and director of Advanced Steps Child and Youth Development Services, Savanah channels her life's trials into a mission of upliftment. She has turned struggle into strength, building not just programs—but people.

Known affectionately as Queen of the Ent and Dolphin Sigi, she balances fierce loyalty with strategic composure. She is described as the “silent weapon” of the Ent—often behind the scenes but pivotal to every major success.



“Though I may bend, I will not break. I’ve been weak—now I am strong. Once afraid of everything, I now conquer daily. I am Savanah, Queen of the Ent. A warrior. A fighter. A survivor. Every time they said I couldn’t—I did. Now I shine with all the imperfections that make me human: strong, powerful, kind, compassionate, and yes—even weak. Because in my weakness, I found my true strength.”

A full-page photograph of a Black woman with long, thick purple braids. She is wearing a vibrant green velvet long-sleeved dress with a draped bodice. She is smiling broadly, showing her teeth, and has her right hand raised near her face. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with parked cars and houses. A semi-transparent dark rectangle is overlaid on the lower half of the image, containing white text.

WHAT THE ENT SAYS ABOUT HER

“O’Cen is the silent weapon, the miracle when all seems lost. She supports, covers the overlooked details, and lifts others to shine. She thrives in support roles—but when needed, becomes the deciding force that secures victory. Her compassion is her strength, and her reliability is her legend.”



1 ORIGINS



A BROKEN CRADDLE

Born in 1994 in southeast London to K. Clelland and F. Williams, Savannah grew up in a single-parent home with two siblings. Life was difficult. Poverty, instability, and abandonment marked her early years, shaping a girl who learned to depend on no one but herself.

TURNING PAIN INTO PURPOSE

Her father left when she was ten. Her sister, once her anchor, was sent away.

Bullied by her step-family, terrorized at home, and plagued by depression, she found herself fighting invisible wars daily.

And yet, she pressed on.



THE SPARK THAT WOULD NOT DIE

Despite trauma, Savannah excelled in education:

Attended Woodhill Primary, John Roan School

Studied childcare at Lewisham and Bexley College

Completed an access course, childcare apprenticeship, and earned degrees from Canterbury University and University of East London

Her first job? A nursery. Then youth work. Then founding her own youth services business. From babysitter to boss—every step was earned.



RISE OF A QUEEN: JOINING THE ENT

Joining the Ent Empire wasn't just a career move—it was homecoming.

Savanah found in the Ent a purpose larger than herself. A family forged by fire and faith, not blood. Here, she turned trauma into testimony, and pain into power. She now stands as the Pillar of Security—the shield of the Empire.

LEGACY & VISION

Savanah's life story is not a tale of luck—it's a blueprint of resilience.

A protector, a nurturer, a strategist—she reminds us that some heroes don't lead from the front. They lead from the heart.

"I wasn't chasing fame. I was chasing impact. I wanted to be the voice I never had. The guide I never got. The hand I never held."

A woman with long, thick braids in shades of red and black is standing outdoors next to a bright red car. She is wearing a black long-sleeved top and a watch on her left wrist. The background shows a residential street with houses and a clear sky. The text is overlaid on a semi-transparent dark rectangle in the center of the image.

HER WORDS, HER STORY

I grew up in the United Kingdom, raised in a single-parent household by my mum, alongside my two siblings. Life was never easy. We came from a low-income background, where every day felt like a quiet battle for survival. There were no handouts, no shortcuts, and certainly no one there to lift me up or tell me I was capable of more. I had to learn very early how to survive emotionally, mentally, and spiritually. I became my own motivator, my own guide, and the only person I could count on to remind me to keep pushing forward.

Without someone to show me the way, I was left to figure out who I was and who I wanted to become. It was no longer just about getting through the day. It became about growth, about finding purpose, and about longing to feel like I belonged somewhere, somewhere I mattered. I found myself driven by a deep, inner fire that refused to be extinguished. It whispered to me, even in silence: “You can be more. You can do more. Not just for yourself, but for everyone who has ever felt the way you feel now.”

But that fire was forged through pain.

My dad walked out of my life when I was around ten years old. Before that, he was inconsistent at best sometimes appearing in my life, sometimes disappearing without explanation. Eventually, he left for good. I tried to find him, tried to understand why, but I never received the answers I needed. His absence was a shadow that followed me everywhere.

Home was chaotic. My older sister became entangled in a dangerous world of crime and violence, led astray by our cousin. They broke into houses, got into fights, even clashed with police officers. My mum was overwhelmed, especially with two younger children to look after. I remember vividly the day she broke down, sobbing on the phone to my sister’s dad, begging for help. It was the first time I ever saw her cry. That moment shattered me.



Eventually, my sister was sent to live with her father. I was heartbroken. At first, she would visit on weekends, and I cherished every second. But then she stopped coming. No one gave me answers. I was left confused and angry. I began locking myself in the bathroom, trying to make sense of it all. Then, one day, we received a letter. My sister had moved to Ireland and couldn't tell us where she was. That was my first real breakdown. I felt abandoned by her, by my dad, by the world.

Things only got worse. My mum entered a new relationship. At first, it seemed like a fresh start. But her boyfriend's step children were cruel. They bullied me, followed me, harassed me, and threatened both me and my mum. I was constantly afraid, afraid of going outside, afraid of being home alone, afraid of what might happen next. Then, one day, they threatened to beat me with a metal pole just for confirming my mum was pregnant. I denied it, terrified. Deep down, I blamed my mum for putting me in that situation.

When she finally told me she was pregnant, I broke down in tears, terrified of what the bullying would escalate to. But then she told me we were moving. For the first time in a long while, I felt a flicker of hope. A new house, a new start. And when my baby brother was born, I instantly fell in love. Despite everything, my love for him was pure, and I became fiercely protective.

Soon after, my mum gave birth again this time to a beautiful baby girl. I was overjoyed. It felt like our family had a chance to rebuild. Around this time, I grew closer to a cousin I once hated. But in our brokenness, we found each other. Our bond became unbreakable.

Still, the anxiety and depression lingered. Even in our new home, I was afraid. I kept our address secret. Only a select few knew where we lived. I was haunted by the past, always on edge, hearing things that weren't there, unable to sleep. Fear ruled me.

And then came the unimaginable.

The trauma sent me spiralling. My family didn't know how to help. My brother called me a psycho. I felt completely alone. The only person who truly tried to reach me was my cousin, the one who didn't want me to end up like the rest of our broken family.

School became unbearable. I cried in class. I cried myself to sleep every night. I blamed my family. I blamed the world.





Through it all, I kept going. I don't know how, but I did. Every setback taught me resilience. Every heartbreak-built strength. Every betrayal sharpened my sense of empathy. And even when I felt like the world had forgotten me, I promised myself I would never forget those who felt the same

I wasn't chasing money or fame. I was chasing impact. I wanted to be the voice I never had. I wanted to look someone in the eyes and say, "I've been where you are, and I'm here to walk with you through it."

And then came the Ent Empire.

It wasn't just a new opportunity. It was a revelation. I found people who shared my vision, my values, my purpose. I found a family not made by blood but by bond. A space where I could grow, give back, and finally, belong. Since joining, I've stepped into the version of myself I always believed in, even when no one else did. Everything I had lived through shaped me. But the Ent Empire gave me the chance to use that story not as a weight, but as a gift.





Savannah
WILLIAMS