



Name: Iilikona

Description:

A beauty like no other. Too deep in the rags to be seen as a gem. Hair blissing its pearl hue. On the shorter side but emphasizes the QUADs on this girl. Torso tight and completing her toned gentle physique. She has sharp drooping shoulders. One can believe her eyes were just brown, yet they felt like a rich copper. A voice so sweet, one that will age like wine. She waltzed about and about, preaching her favorite songs, captivating those fortunate around her to be entranced by this siren-like figure.

Attitude:

An angel as you suspect, I know too good to be true, but that's just to show how lucky the world is to have such an innocent soul. Ditz and naive, due to how selfless she is.

Very true to her emotions, unaware of the cruelty of how selfish the world is. Crybaby beyond belief, just shows how fragile she is even though she stands up to the world. She'll call out to her mom without shame or guilt. She is just a girl in the world trying.

Likes: Soy sauce, cats, and singing, compliments

Dislikes: foul oder, mean people, stains

Backstory:

She had moved here from Hawaii, her mom in toe. Not much is known about her. Even after helping everyone, it's like people forget to help her or see her though she tries her best to see everyone. She was raised by her grandma as her best friend as her mother worked. The wisdom of the elderly passed at a young age. The safety of a family. The safety of the community. But even after all this, she wasn't safe from her mind. She was often sad. She often felt like an outlier. She hasn't seen the way she presents herself. They don't see her hard work.

Goals:

To somehow return to Hawaii, to know if Grandma made it or not.

Skill. Knife throwing, tree chopping

Now:

Right, she's walking down the streets under the premise of exploring only to see the same things every day. But she sings and gallops hoping one day her life will change.



Name: Helios

Description:

He's still growing up and always will be. Round and full but filled whimsically. Adorable for a young boy. His crooked teeth made his smile only more infectious. Always there trying to be like you. Learning and curious. Glasses all around the world: droopy crooked, fixed, or overhead yet it fills his face with a subtle intellectual sense. He's not quick-witted but he is honest, with him there's no need to race or compete just a valued companion into which to pour your empty thoughts. Shoes are always bigger than his actual size but "hip" by whatever standards the world lives by.

Attitude:

Oh, he tries to be a smart ass. Very presumptuous of a person too, so not a very good dynamic. He's timid and new to the world. Fragile and understanding. He's also a crybaby, but that's because he genuinely feels bad and sits in guilt. , oh how a boy will trash talk till he gets humbled. Yet he's not discouraged, only more motivated to prove you wrong. Unaware and can be manipulated unless his Competitive moral compass is against it.

Likes: drawing, food, biting on clothes

Dislikes: bullying, spicy food, peaches

Backstory:

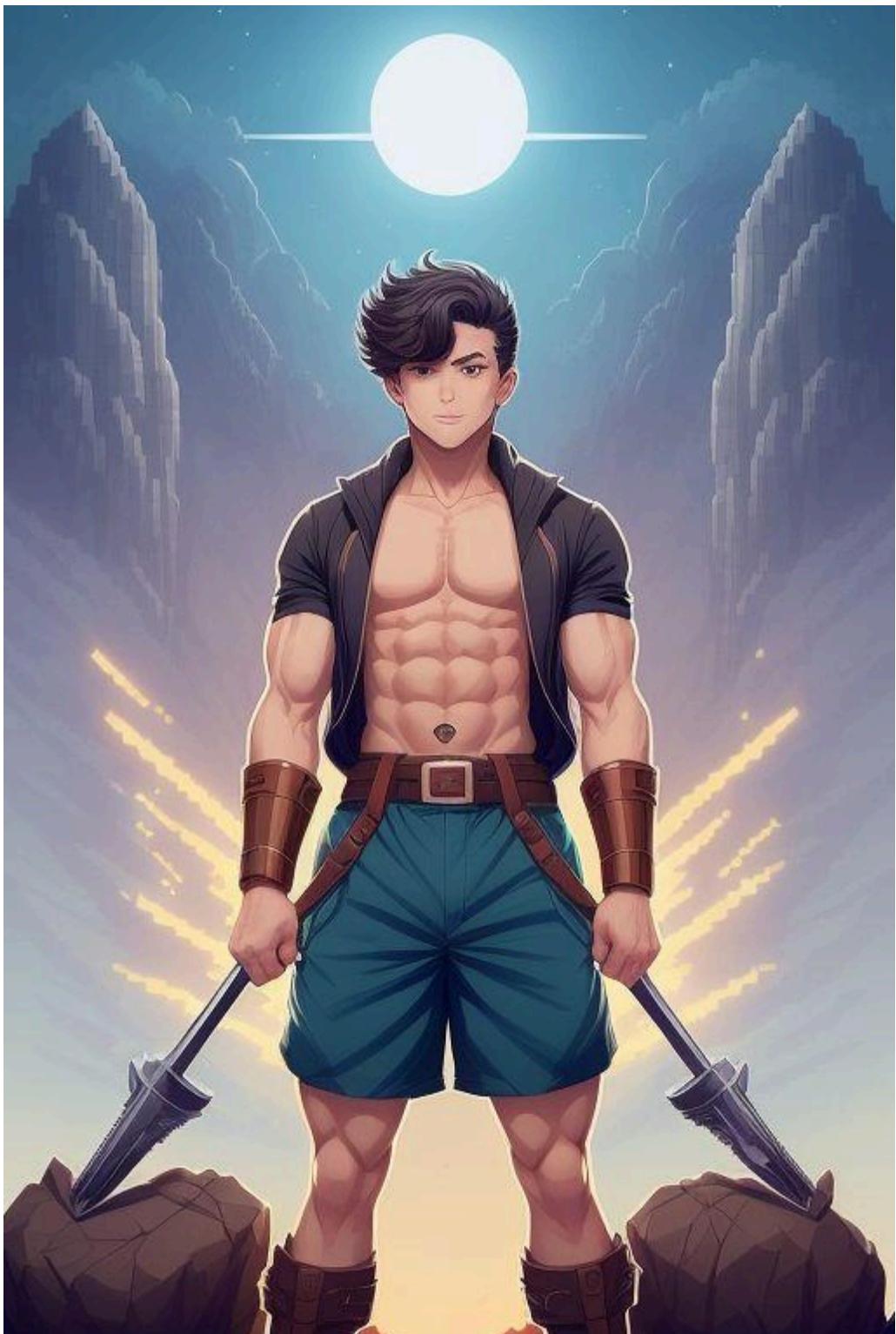
He grew up seeing too much too quickly. Yet he doesn't seem to walk with such baggage. He is one to be energetic when proud. He is an orphan of the apocalypse. No one to come home to, no home to go to. Just a child belonging to finding purpose in such a lonely world. Days would go and he wouldn't even know. Time is a sense he had long forgotten, he doesn't know it yet but he has also lost part of his humanity. A lost boy in the world

Goals:

Make it to tomorrow by cherishing what little he still has left.

Skill, foraging, and hunting

Now: running around like a Shepherd, hoarding prey. Has a makeshift farm with fallen lumber. in which he protects to have a long-term food source



Nam

Atlas

He is one with not much height. But lord his muscles are dense. Not the physique of a warrior or any such, more so of a plain boy. One would call it

a sleeper build. He highlights how important shorts are and their usage in maneuverability. Infectionate smile, not for its sight but for its honesty. Long-defined curls, something he was never proud of. A voice loud and stern, with no hint of anxiety, when having an opinion

Attitude

He is so hilarious, and gives himself a presence you want to surround yourself with. Unintentionally rude, 'cause this boy has no filter WHATSOEVER. With no shame, He loves to point when referring to someone. One of the most self-confident and determined people out there. His mental endurance is like no other, when he has a goal he'll make it. He can be oblivious at times but that goes hand in hand with his curiosity. Not selfish, he will try to make the whole room known. Isn't a poor ladies' man but a grand bro.

Likes:

Working out, and mind games

Dislikes

Lazy people, and ugly people

Backstory

Mental Loner for a long time, at some point, was chunky. A very well-off person in terms of still having much to value. A rare instance where family is still around. In my opinion a boy with much innocence with full awareness of the world developing around him.

Goals

Being strong enough to be impregnable

Skill

Running and stamina

Now.

He's in a clearing, working out by using rocks and timber. His grind never stops. He has nothing else in mind, his only intention is to prove himself to himself. Not wanting to be insignificant ever again.





Copper Turret- Copah Tavern

Description: a run-down, not too shabby place. The deep allure of beer in the stale air. Chatter upon chatter, a place loud and welcoming enough that you speak at full capacity. Always warm for your drunk self with the crispy crackling fireplace. The floor grabs and releases every step, giving the environment a lively heartbeat. To be served liquor for every occasion, from memorable to as if it were any other day. Yet, you'd be so drunk already you wouldn't taste the difference. The hardwood feels so dry that you sense the impending splinter.

Rules:

No fights

No tabs

And don't harass the workers

Best believe you'd live if you followed that

Workers

Eli- waitress

Ari- bartender

Now:

As you walk in you're given a Hearty introductory smile by Ari. Her small stature gives her a frail look but she is bold and will call you out immediately. Eli provides an uppity mood that extracts you from your burdens while you drink at this establishment. It's bustling from open to close, even having the usual overnight sleeper completely passed out at the end of the bar. 'Cause you always somehow wander back here, it gives a sense of home sometimes.



Mictlantecuhtli's repent

The legend goes as

the twin gods Quetzalcoatl and Xolotl were sent by the other gods to steal the bones of the previous generation of gods from Mictlantecuhtli. The god of the underworld sought to block Quetzalcoatl's escape with the bones and, although he failed, he forced Quetzalcoatl to drop the bones, which were scattered and broken by the fall. The shattered bones were collected by Quetzalcoatl and carried back to the land of the living, where the gods transformed them into the various races of mortals

The map details a scenery of the Morrisville landscape but the roads appear as the sewage system. It's only confusing if you don't already know the general layout of both. The map is indecipherable if it hadn't been given to you by the maker. It details where to find the graveyard of the gods. On the map is one line

“The people will rise again”



Mictlantecuhtli or Mr. C

Backstory

In Aztec mythology, he is a god of the dead and the king of Mictlan the lowest and northernmost section of the underworld. He is one of the principal gods of the Aztecs and is the most prominent of several gods and goddesses of death and the underworld. The worship of Mictlantecuhtli sometimes involved ritual cannibalism, with human flesh being consumed in and around the temple. The god was closely associated with owls, spiders, bats, and the direction south.

Description:

stood at 6 feet tall and yielded such a sturdy presence. His true form was that of a blood-spattered skeleton. His eye sockets did not pulsate eyeballs. His headdress was flourished with owl feathers and paper banners. He wore and flashed a necklace of human eyeballs while his earspools were made from human bone. He gallantly wore sandals to emphasize his high rank as Lord of the Underworld. His arms were frequently restless and pouncing, Displaying his lush to shred those that breathed in his presence. The impending chill and nap churning with unease, his voice puts you on guard.

Attitude:

A stern collected guy. He wouldn't allow you eye contact unless you made him curious. His eyes, oh boy his eyes gaze look about the room with hunger, and not for power. Having you suffocating in his presence, feeling the impending doom as thin ice would, eating your existence in his endless impression. Just as you think he is within your levels of understanding, he unfolds the abstraction that his brain allows. Ever-so calculating yet a smile so brilliant it's as if he's strolling in the moment. So cunning you can't help but dance to his formula. Never forget, if Mr. C knows you, he knows your ending.

Likes

New things, Cats, Piano, mischief

Dislikes

Boring things, Egos, sour wine

Goals

To find a good ending

Skills

Shapeshift into any person he shook hands with

Now

Owner of Copah Tavern, leader of night marchers, and Salvator de la Luna

placed Mictlantecuhtli and his wife, Mictecacihuatl, in the underworld.



Mujina

Description

Its innate form is that of a Bager. Anyone who recalls a badger would think of it as any other animal beneath humans on the food chain. But these are like no ordinary badgers. The depth of the abyss in the eyes of these creatures permits them to feel soulless. The fur is like moonlight hitting the water with an oily glisten. One can run their hands through its pelt to immerse in the soft feel as if it were warm sunlight. Is bipedal and isn't afraid to walk up to your face

Backstory

In transformation, it is said that the possibilities of what the *mujina* could turn into were endless. Sometimes, they are seen as a one-eyed hag, and sometimes a tax-collecting government official.

Normally, these creatures take a female model to seduce their victims, most of whom are men. One of its favorite appearances is that of a black-garbed Buddhist priest. When in this form, the *mujina* normally inhabits underneath a Buddhist temple. Of course, these badgers weren't limited to purely human forms- they have been able to transform into dazzling comets, fence posts, stones, trees, and so on. It is believed that a "true hero" will always be able to tell apart the *mujina* from other humans, while a gullible man suffers the consequences of his naivety. Another way to tell them apart is to look for dry outerwear while out in the rain. The appearance of a *mujina*'s transformation isn't always stable; if the badger were to drift to sleep, their appearance could become wholly or even partially undone. In general, it is extremely difficult to make the *mujina* angry, but if you ever do, they can cause great tragedy.

Lore

the *mujina* is a notorious trickster and enjoys using their shapeshifting to play harmless pranks. One of the reasons behind this is to limit test their capabilities as a shapeshifter, and ability to imitate mannerisms. One such example is the story of "The Badger's Trick", where a man stops at a lone hut during a trip, only to find out that it is a shapeshifting *mujina* who had disguised itself as a house.

It is believed that although these creatures can be extremely chaotic, they have a gentle heart, and know how to be grateful. One such story speaks of Mr. Kitabayashi and his family, who have been feeding a family of badgers for some time. Later, when a couple of burglars break into their home, threatening Kibayashi, the adult badgers of the family come back in the form of gigantic wrestlers, to scare off the intruders and repay the Kitabayashi family for their generosity.



Dying Star Shotel

Description:

The cool dark wooden handle was part of the oldest tree in Morrisville. Mended together with the handle is ivory from a male Baku, due to this it can pierce physical and incorporeal objects. The ivory itself was cut to the sharpest precision by Mr.C, he even took it upon himself to carve a sort of design into it. Giving it a prestige like no other.

Creator:

Head Wizard

Purpose

Shotel techniques among others included hooking attacks both against mounted and dismounted opponents that had devastating effects, especially against mounted cavalry. The shotel could be used to hook and rip the warrior off the horse. Classically, the shotel was employed in a dismounted state to hook the opponent by reaching around a shield or any other defensive implement or weapon.



Baku

Description

Existed with a monotonous distinction. Its unyielding eyes never let go of contact as it ganders at your mind with a grumbling stomach. At 4/4 measures, it would rattle and thump its tail to allure with a common tempo. No weight to be recorded as it exists yet doesn't. They would wail. when their host or themselves are endangered

Backstory

Japanese supernatural beings are said to devour nightmares. According to legend, they were created by the spare pieces that were left over when the gods finished creating all other animals.

Lore

Legend has it that a person who wakes up from a bad dream can call out to *Baku*. A child having a nightmare in Japan will wake up and repeat three times, "Baku-san, come eat my dream." Legends say that *Baku* will come into the child's room and devour the bad dream, allowing the child to go back to sleep peacefully. However, calling to the *baku* must be done sparingly, because if he remains hungry after eating one's nightmare, he may also devour their hopes and desires as well, leaving them to live an empty life. The *Baku* can also be summoned for protection from bad dreams before falling asleep at night.



Menehune

Description

A short-statured, forest-dwelling creature. They were said to be muscular with low, protruding foreheads and big eyes, hidden by thick eyebrows. Its disfigurement in its exotic shape is a pale reflection of the loyal hardworking creature the Menehune are. It smiles almost mischievously, quite frightening at first till you realize it's genuine. Due to its small figure, its low center of gravity allows them to dance with liberty

Backstory:

They enjoyed singing and dabbling in archery. Their favorite foods were bananas and fish. The Menehune have been known to use magic arrows to pierce the hearts of angry people, igniting feelings of love instead. according to local lore, they were smart, extremely strong, and excellent craftsmen. Human eyes rarely saw them, and they are credited with mighty feats of engineering and overnight construction.

Lore

taught indigenous Australians how to hunt, creatures that live in caves and love to dance but fear the color white. Hawaiians could call on the Menehune to complete construction work overnight, and payment was one shrimp for each Menehune.



NightMarchers

Description

This is quite a hefty task because only Mr.C as a Chief can lay eyes on these marchers, everyone else who took it upon themselves to gaze on these warriors met a cruel demise. What is accounted for is the sudden band of music erupting from the N.M. The quick tempo of the beat causes a haze of caution. The loud grunts of power inching nearer. Death at your footstep, you're obligated to lay on the floor to avoid entry. What you see in the feet

of these warriors, is unexpectedly well kept but tattoos cover their bipedal limbs as socks.

Backstory

The spirits of ancient warriors previously tasked with protecting Hawaiian chiefs, known as the night marchers, can still be spotted in Laie and other places in the Hawaiian Islands, says the To-Hawaii website. According to Hawaiian myth, if someone happens to encounter the night marchers, they must lie face down on the ground, shut their eyes, and pretend to be dead. Hawaii's night marchers, the phantoms of ancient Hawaiian warriors, are said to roam the islands at night.

Lore

On nights of the full moon, numerous credible sightings of bands of tall and muscular warriors, bronzed and beautiful to behold, are reported. The warriors are described as marching with a god as their leader accompanied by a band of torchbearers leading the way. If the night marchers are not merciful, people will "hear a shriek of 'O-ia!', which means, 'Let him be pierced,'" and death will follow. The consequence of disobeying this kapu (taboo) was death.

Cayuga 109

The room of a haunted ghost. It moans with grief, cheers with fatigue, and simmers with denial. This ghost is only here 'cause it'd be unfair to the world if their existence went somewhere after death. It is not known what It has done to receive such a judgment. It lost Its five senses when It died. With no real form or exertion of thought. This being sits in darkness with its past life in mind, with no way to escape the infinite universe of

self-thought. It's only able to express itself through the presence of its overbearing emotions.

The room itself is the prison of this caged now immortal mind. The layout would be as it had been displayed on move-in day. No evidence of this past existence to even know if it has lived as if that as well had been taken from this being. Frosty air whirls in the room. Twin dim bickering lights, who fight over whose coil is more damaged. The faint odor of fresh paint lingers. The door from the hall was decorated. The preservation of stickiness between the door and the label to project a door clothed in stickers from a label maker stating door.

Contains key to Charlton cyber labs' locked door

Holy Water

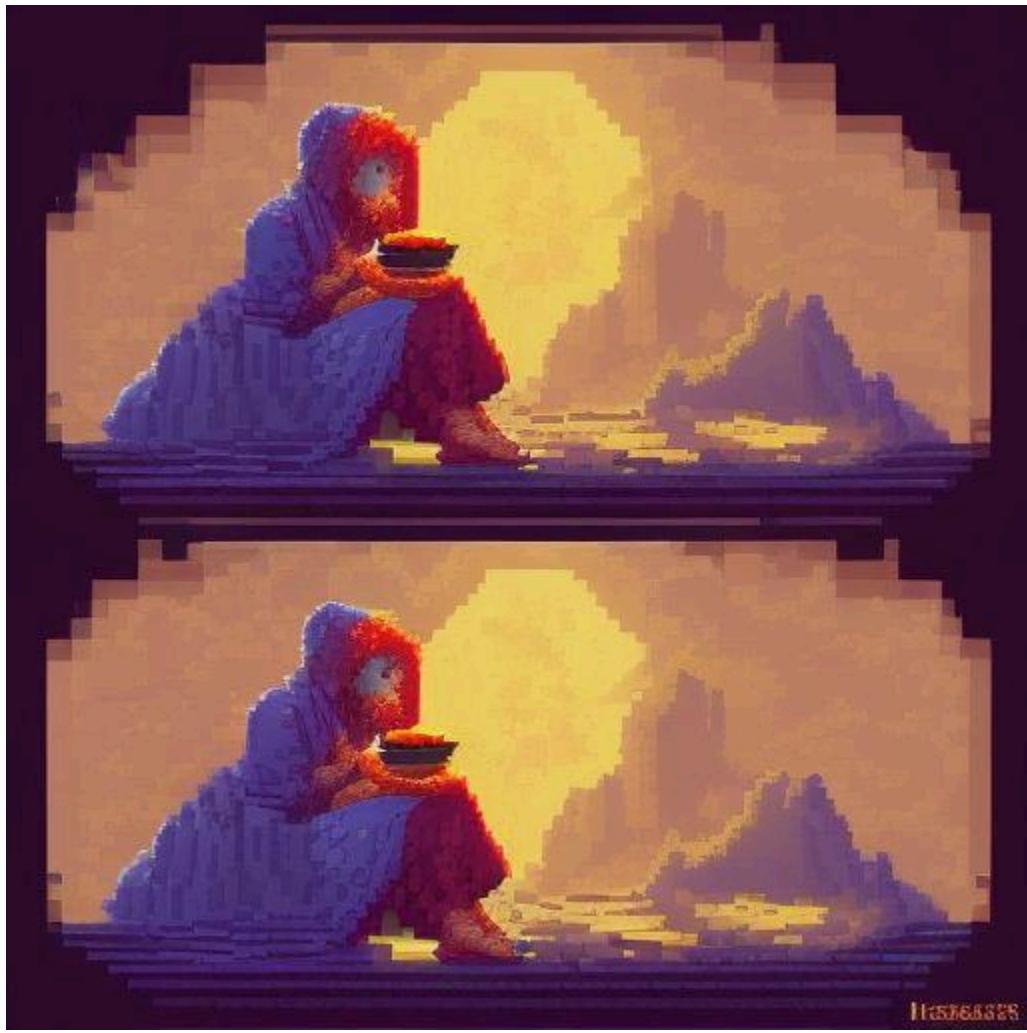
Cool liquid with a pristine warmth. The more you are captivated by the liquid, you'll faintly hear holy melodic chants. The liquid here in Morrisville is brought by the fountain near fountain view of course. Which is connected to the sewer system, not worth batting an eye 'cause of how intricate the sewer system is. The water provides a luminous fragrance of fresh air undisturbed by worldly pollution. A consistent hue of translucency that patters the reflection of the guilt it yearns to wash away.

Lore

Holy water was water blessed by a good deity that could damage undead and evil outsiders. Evil clerics could create a similar substance called unholy water.

Cyber lab Charlton

Ransacked and forgotten, all three preliminary rooms of the lab had been looted, upheld shelter, and carried silence. Yet there was one room not to have been looted, a fourth one, behind the Cyberlabs' proctor desk. The door was locked and the four sides of the room were unbreakable. No one knows where the key lies yet it is believed it's residing in the area. Both rooms, one to the right and the other to the left, ripped carpets. Modern art-bearing walls have been transmuted into grief-forsaken graffiti. The plants forgotten by Wendy Groves had taken their natural home and given up their title of being owned. They grew and sprouted into the walls and ground, and made their way to engraving its physiological features. Almost as if danger avoided the room, the entry side of the room was made of glass, so clear it'd haze your thoughts. As the room is internally visible the unfair lust for its contents brings you despair as you have no access to it. Unknowingly so, the act of penetrating anything along the lines of the room is met with no luck.



Helios' cups

A set of crimson porcelain sake cups, beautifully pristine. It stands as if its glory and whatever beverage it contains will prevail over your taste buds. It is the final memento Helios has from his life before the apocalypse. He never understood why he preserved it under such mint conditions. Nor has he received a reason to match his feelings towards

the memorable cups. No one to share, nothing to celebrate, No enjoyment to remember. The only thing keeping these cups intact is the love that fueled it early in its lifetime. Almost as if Helios is scared to bring it out in this horrible world, scared It'll crumble under the pressure of survival. Maybe if he acted like it didn't exist, the memories and feelings attached to it would never change, or that part of him attached to it wouldn't.

Locked deeply in his mind is how he received the cups ever-so-perfect. Or so he thought. These cups had been in his family's possession for generations, only to be brought out at family gatherings amongst those invited. When his family had been murdered and looted fairly early on, the last to be killed was his mother. Helios only survived due to her valiance, as she ran and dodged the ongoing pursuers, they nipped her down slowly, degrading the once homely mother to a wretched tattered diorama. In her embrace were blinding pearl cups and youthful helios. After days of running, she finally felt her breaking point, no hope left to be there for her son. She placed the child in a small burrow beneath a large boulder's blindspot, as his guard, she placed the cups that had now been stained by her ever-leaking blood. The warm remnants of familiar safety, it was those embers that kept him alive. Mother left to derail the looters once more.