

NAME: Petra de Mori-Ann von Ker'Stein II

ALIAS: Willow Hollowvale

APPEARANCE:

Willow/Petra has long curly back hair, two strands braided in an organized pattern on either side of her face. She always bears a dark maroon flower behind her ear. Her two most notable features, however, are her dark marble stone right eye, and her right fingertips made of the same dark marble material. She wears what looks to be a mix of noble fancy clothing, and less flowy clothing to compliment a better range of movement.

SETTING: High Fantasy (aka DND)

FAMILY:

Mother: Petra

Father: Fredrich

Older Sister: Vera

Younger Brother: Isaiah

BACKSTORY:

Chapter 1 - Early Life

Petra grew up alongside her family of Nobles. Her father, Fredrich, and Mother, were both well respected individuals within her government and were well regarded in the mineral trade, which is how they procured such wealth. Her home, being as old as it was, bore lots of dark corners and creepy noises. Rather than being scared of these things, Petra would make stories out of the noises, turning what a normal kid might assume as a monster into tales of magic, heroics, danger, and love.

Chapter 2 - Young Adult

As Petra grew up she became infatuated with the concept of the stories that the dead could tell. Still holding onto many of the stories she would make when she was younger. With this in mind she learned ways to entreat spirits. Many people thought her practices were nothing but hogwash,

but she was passionate about it none-the-less. Eventually becoming successful a handful of times, she would turn the spirits stories into songs, though she never would perform the songs she would write except in her bedroom at night.

Chapter 3 - From Stone We Return

While wandering through Hollowvale cemetery, working on entreating more spirits for her writing, she felt drawn to an unwelcome part of the graveyard. There was a gate wrapped in barbs and vines, despite the warnings of nature, she persisted, in search of a new story still. She walked through vine covered tombstones and spiderwebs before settling on a location at its center. There she entreated a spirit, as she would normally do, to speak their story through her. However instead of her normal visions of tales past, she instead reappeared in the dead of night with rain pouring on her face. Unsure of what happened, but feeling as though time had passed, she wandered back home, breaking through vines once again. While home her house seemed empty. She called for her family but none answered. As she walked, she heard the front door open, and ran to greet who she thought was her family. Instead one of her house maids came through the door, and upon seeing her, ran to Petra and gave a deep hug.

Petra then began to ask what happened and where her family was. With a heavy heart the maid told her about her family's fate. Turned to stone and put in the family mausoleum, an event which took place 3 weeks prior. Before Petra could act hastily the maid informed her that Petra was declared suspect number one, as she was the only member unaccounted for.

Instead the maid told her to grab her belongings and come with her. Petra did, throwing over a cloak she followed the maid to the mausoleum in question, of which was built below a Willow tree. When she walked in she saw the still expressions on each of her family's faces, it looked like they had no idea anything was happening. The maid once again apologized for what happened and left her to be with her family.

Petra sat in the room and cried for a time, still deep in her grief, and unsure of how she ended up in this situation. Gently she began to hum to herself, a song of comfort, one her mom would sing to her when she was little. Slowly the stone on her family began to peel away, her family

confused and looking around frantically before her mother perked up “Petra?” In Petras excitement she stopped her singing and ran to hug her mom, thinking that it was just a bad dream, but as soon as she wrapped her arms around her, her mother returned to stone. Petra frantically tried to sing again, maybe that was the key, but as she did she noticed her right eye going blind. Eventually reaching up to look at it she saw her fingers had already turned into the same marble her parents were.

Confused and distraught, Petra made way to the forest with everything she could carry with her.

NOTES:

Personality: Petra, now Willow, hides her emotions behind a thin veil of cheerfulness and glee. Choosing to have a much more happy demeanor on the outside to avoid questions or prying into her personal life.

Flaws: Petra/Willow has a tendency to be a very judgemental person. She often doesn't even give first chances let alone second ones. She's hellbent on being perfect, or at least her own version of it, refusing to ask for help even when she desperately needs it. As far she's concerned she's the only one who can fix her problems.

Dislikes: People telling her what to do, Citrus Smells, Statues, and Dirty or gross things.

Likes: Salty things, Tea, Fancy Food she can't pronounce the name of, and Stories

DIALOG:

Willow: *I'm sorry; I don't know if I can eat (hesitance) that (emphasis).*

Party Member: *(pleading) Oh come on you have to eat. If you don't you'll starve.*

Willow: *I'm quite good thank you, I'd rather wait until the next town over.*

Party Member: *The next down over is three days out. If you think you can last that long that's fine by me, more for us!*

Willow: *Thank you for respecting my wishes to not eat... What did you call it again?*

Party Member: *It's me mama's Grub Slop! Made with love and the highest quality grub worms.*

Willow (Nearly gagging): *Ah, sounds... interesting! Unfortunately it doesn't seem like it matches my palette.*

***Party Member:** Well it's your loss!*

***Willow:** Indeed it is.*

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THE MORNING AFTER

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***Willow:** You wouldn't have any more... of that food would you?*

***Party Member:** You mean Mamas Grub Slop! What? Were the overwhelming smells of good cooking getting to you last night?*

***Willow:** Something was overwhelming, yes.*

***Party Member:** Well lucky for you we got some leftovers left, but be sure to chew carefully, I think I missed a couple Grubs!*

***Willow (Sarcastically):** Fantastisch.*

- THE PARTY MEMBER HANDS WILLOW A CONTAINER AND WILLOW LOOKS INSIDE

***Willow:** Mmmm... Looks... Digestible... (Mostly)*

- WILLOW HESITANTLY PUTS HER LIPS TO THE CONTAINER AND TILTS IT BACK

- A MOMENT PASSES BEFORE A LARGE GLOB OF SLOP SLAPS INTO HER MOUTH

- SHE NEARLY VOMITS FOR A MOMENT BUT SWALLOWS IT IN ONE GULP

- THE PARTY MEMBER LOOKS AT HER WITH GLEE

***Party member:** Enjoy it that much did you?*

***Willow:** Oh... (gag)... yes I (gag)... did... But I don't think I could have anymore.*

***Party:** Shame, all we bought for this trip was Grubs... You'll get used to it just you wait.*

***Willow:** Wunderbar*