**Warren Like character**

The Granthams live in Warren, Michigan. They’re a family of lawyers. They’re proper, follow the rules and instruct themselves to be law abiding citizens. They’re not wealthy, or part of the one percent of the population that lives in obscenity by buying luxury cars, flaunting their money on social media or any of the kind. They’re not part of the middle class but don't consider themselves to be of the upper class as they dislike the labels applied to it, even though by economic standards they do belong and could be said to be ‘snotty’, or thought to be better than the common layman. This is a prevalent thought among the new generation of Granthams, one that is disproved by the current head of the family, or eldest member whose name is Oscar Graham the third.

Oscar is the Grantham that propelled himself to go into higher education when all his relatives were conformed with continuing to work on the fields of landowners or within the Aveling & Porter engineering company. He attended Grantham college where he was taught engineering and graduated with high hopes for the future, and yet he ended up working alongside his relatives in Aveling & Porter where he was unable to move forward in life as he had hoped. This failure didn’t deter him, nor did the arguments from his parents and siblings and he soon embarked on a ship where he traveled to the United States in search of the opportunities he often heard people make of the ‘country of opportunities’.

After arriving he was disillusioned and thought back to the family he had left behind. He had dreamt of resources for him to overcome the boundaries of his new dire economical state, but all he found was discrimination for his race, his appearance and way of speaking, unfriendliness from government officials and the harshness of the institutions he approached. He hated this new land, despised what they made him out to be and swore to be successful enough to take his anger on them for negating his existence and spreading lies to the outside world.

He enrolled himself in school, in continuing education programs that he was told to take if he wished to enrolled in higher education; the material was easy enough for him who prided himself in be well-rounded in his mathematics and technical knowledge, the english acquisition proved to be a challenge but one that he took with full force and passed with little inconvenience.

He supported himself by working as a janitor, a temporary occupation handed by government agencies. He despised this and thought it to be a humiliation for an professional, certified and well taught engineer.

He worked there for a number of years in his janitorial position, and it was there where he met Edith Wither, his future wife who at the time was an intern. They met by chance, with Edith approaching him for any inquiries he had of his current position, if he needed more support or supplies of any kind. This was a task given to her by the head of intern meddlings, or so she said to him.

He fell in love at first sight and waited not even a second to let her be unaware of his sudden liking. At first she blushed and paid him no mind, but with time and observation from both of them a spark of strangers became one of allies and then of friends which was cut short by them going out.

This romance and discovery for Oscar changed him, made his heavy and angry heart soften. He no longer desired revenge against a corrupt system but had new aspirations thanks in large to Edith. She professed to him the purpose of lawyers and of laws, of rights and of wrongs in the country and the world. His worldview had expanded, and for the better he thought. In his mind the anger still lingered and he knew it futile to try to get rid of it, instead he redirected it into something else, into something that could help him use the ire that burn as hot as the flames of hell and forge the future that he had come to this country for.

By Edith’s guidance and convincing arguments for the judicial system of the country he proposed to follow his girlfriend’s footsteps and become a practitioner of the law.

This for him was no trouble nor intrusion in his studies. Immediately after passing the adult education examination he moved onto a community college where he took all the required courses that would be needed for him to then move towards university enrollment.

Thanks to his wit is that he was able to afford these expensive costs of schools which dumbfounded him; through his many years of living in the United States he accumulated his income and only took what was needed for his bare necessities, an outlook that many said to be to his unwillingness to spend money, for being cheap but he knew that said income would prove necessary in this expensive country where immigrants such as himself barely had any savings for emergencies, and his future was in emergency as he discovered after researching schooling costs.

Thanks to his current education, recommendation from his professors and Edith he was able to join her as an intern much to his delight and his anguish for all the menial work he’d have to do without pay.

He considered it hell, a state of both little joy and of greater anger to abuse of his time and energy in unpaid labor. He viewed this as a necessary evil to his plans to forge ahead a life where money was no longer an obstacle to his needs.

They were grueling years for both him and Edith who while not being of immigrant descent, still struggled to survive in the current climate. It was her who at first graduated from her studies and became a lawyer in the firm where she had interned for two years. These were news and celebrations in which Oscar partook fully, already having meeting her family and being accepted by them it was in Oscar’s mind without a doubt what he had to do now.

He asked for Edith’s family approval in marriage before asking her, and it was with much trepidation that they agreed only because they knew he was following their daughter’s footstep into a profession of law and was already in route to graduate himself just as she had done so.

They said yes to his request, and he then proceeded on that very same day to propose to her to the best of his abilities and financial situation. Oscar while arriving home and finding Edith pouring herself over a case she had been supporting walked up to her, put his knee on the ground and while avoiding her gaze at first took her hand and asked her if she would do him the honor, the privilege, the blessing of spending her life with him who would cherish her beyond his final days and love her in sickness, death and thereafter.

She said yes.

A year after he stopped being an intern and was an associate within the firm alongside his wife, Edith Grantham. Another year after that, he graduated and stopped being an assistant in the firm, he had been appointed a lawyer alongside his love.

They worked together for many years with Edith focusing over criminal justice cases while Oscar against his own judgment worked feverishly through immigration cases where the aid and support were minimal, the pay similarly low and the difficulty of them was made harder as most clients were refugees, individuals without any forms of proper documents and often times adamant for results that were often times nigh impossible if not unreal.

He felt anger for his failures that would result in deportation, family separation or jail time for innocent people who pleaded with every ounce of energy for his help, for his answer as to why he failed. He lamented each and every one of the children who cried and begged him for answers, he had none.

Edith saw this and felt the pain as her own, his husband who when she first met was filled with sorrow for the broken promises of their country and raging with the desire to break off the system of oppression was now the one pleading for its help. Oscar was broken and the fault laid in the system that had failed him.

Oscar would find solace in Edith, advice and rest in her arms whose warmth never seemed to fade. One night many years after a stream of struggles, a time in which Edith was deemed successful and Oscar a failure she spoke with purpose, a proposition towards the future.

Edith now having triumphantly managed a multitude of high profile criminal cases had earned her a reliable reputation among her colleagues and superiors, and with it came many privileges. She could now choose her cases, see details ahead of others and enough resources to investigate details and witnesses to better support the clients that had chosen her. She was at the prime of her firm and on this particular day which will lead to the fateful night mentioned earlier she was cordially invited, to become a partner in the firm and become as she and Oscar dreamed of being more than financially stable, in other words, rich.

It was in this very night that Edith propositioned Oscar, - his dear husband who despite his own lack of fame, privileges and income had supported through every step of their career, never had let resentment overcome his senses nor jealousy cloud his mind - to quit their jobs and create their own law firm.

It goes without saying that Edith in that moment where the invitation had come forth from superiors whom she admired and respected could only think back to his husband who would’ve surely cheered for her and been there every step of the way. Her heart had sunk and tears who others mistook for acceptance streamed down her face.

It was with time, energy, determination and their entire savings that their small, three rooms office without even a secretary allowed for their budget became in the span of more than five decades an empire that boasts not of how many cases they win, or of the profits that are generated quarterly, rather, there is no boasting.

To this day, Edith and Oscar continue to run Grantham-Wither, their firm alongside one-hundred employees who despite being slowed by age show no wavering in their conviction to help those who are in need. In the large number of employees mentioned, three of them are their children who followed in their footsteps and became lawyers. The names of them are Edith jr, Oscar jr and the youngest one Noah with all sharing their parents last names, Grantham-Wither.

Their children led a life of comfort, unlike Oscar and Edith whose life was one of struggle, injustice and pain theirs was a calmed one; The parents were always busy, always working but they never were so lost in their jobs that their children were denied time.

Edith jr. was her father in spirit and she was her eyes and in looks it was said to resemble more her mother’s side than of Oscar. She had dark brown hair from her mother and eyes as big, blue and deep as the ocean. Her being their first child it was a miracle the law firm didn’t fall apart with their concurrent playtime with her. She was pampered by them and her cheeks pulled constantly in so much that now being forty she still hovers over her father and doesn’t leave until he pinches her as he used to do when she was grinning in her arms. She did as him even in her education where she first majored an an Engineer where she too as if attempting to replicate their story, fell in love with another young man seemingly of Scottish descent and married in the year 2000, after switching majors, successfully passing the bar exam and focusing on immigration cases within the family’s firm of course. She has one child, a girl named Charlotte who is blonde with green eyes, a spittin image of her father. She continues to work and support those in need who lack the resources for a immigration focused lawyer while her husband stays at and instructs their child within their home near their grandparents residence.

Oscar jr on the other hand whose position is second resembles none and behaves like none took a different path in life than those before him. As a child he was quiet and didn’t speak with the affection that he was shown. He enjoyed reading and made the company aware of their intrusion. One such event was in his eight year of living that had been playing futbol (soccer but their fanatical parents reinforced in their children its correct name) by himself, kicking the ball left and right when a group of children rushed towards him to play with. They played with the ball with the most energetic, pure and warming smiles on their faces, except for Oscar jr who at first kicked the ball to them and rushed forward as if to begin the game, and he had done so well. The children rushed towards him, took the ball and made the field their home. A s said, Oscar jr initiated this, but as soon this ball was no longer in his position he stopped and waited for everyone to pass so he could walk safely and slowly as he usually did. His solemn expression needed to say nothing for everyone to see his riddance.

The skin on him pale, a ghost could be said to cover him. The hair upon him long and wavy from the moment he was born, one could say it reach the floors from Edith’s description and yet, from this young age he preferred a bowl cut which he himself did as the horror of Oscar and Edith. He liked it and keep it to current age forty-two, gray hairs and all in full growth. He has the equally big eyes as his sister and the color too of his hair too. The path that had been said to being different, and the simple way to explain this is as this: Oscar jr was a rebel. In the more complicated way Oscar jr lacked the spark that his family carried, he held no rush of energy upon the prospect of sport, of games or money (much to their parents dismay), except for books, books and their words that manifested him into worlds and galaxies far away from where he stood. He wanted to write but not only that but to see the world in ways that he still hadn’t. He always had been so strong willed and serious in his decision, this his father admired but despised as well. He reveled not only the worlds and the people in these books but its authors too, he wanted to know hos is it that these extraordinary literary pieces came out of human minds. Just what is it that they knew that others didn’t? What have they seen and lived to tell tales of such splendor, fun and comical genius, with theo odd ball dragon slayer fantasy thriller. He wanted to know, not by asking but by discovering and this he did. A journey of two years where he saw people he wouldn’ had seen in a hundred years had it ot been for his travels, he faced mortal dangers where he almost lost his life at the hands of a gun, a knife and of other hands at multiple times. He helped those who wanted help and learn of their own tales and travesties. Oscar jr had grown to see that those who composed the books he was amazed with didn’t know anymore than he did when the doctor had spanked him. Those authors were performincreation not with the knowledge that they were in fact more than great nor that their penship was short of special but the hopes to come across those that they themselves looked up to. Oscr jr learned that in this world that live in, we all share the knowledge of being, and the joy, the pain, the sadness and the horror of it too. Oscar jr understood the world as much as any person could, and because of it he returned home to see his parents and thank them for everything they ever did for him; the neverending praise for every accomplishment he ever did, the warm hugs that received no return, the disappointing expression when one came close and the hollowness he gifted with his avoidance. He cried and cried and cried until he could no more. The knees of his fell in shame wished to fall fully which he had done so. But his parents loved him, loved him as they did when the first kick woke mommy up and teared daddy with joy. They went down with him and embraced him as he had said so, kisses him and did what they would always do for him, lifted him and loved him.

At nineteen years he went into school, graduated and worked in Grantham-Warren where he helped interns navigate the world of law with justice and morality where reinforced in their minds. He continues to work there and has three kids who all share voice and face but not personality. Maria, Alejandra y Cesar, they are only four months old and are Oscars jr’s reason for living now. The pained expression that was his signature is gone and never missed as now a wide, warm smile is glazed upon him. He has three kids, triplets but no wife or partner.

Maria Salazar whose last name survivess in their children died during childbirth; Maria, Alejandra and Cesar Grantham-Salazar. Oscar jr is now 38.

Noah is the baby of his parents. When he was born Oscar and Edith were forty and forty three, at this time neither of them expected another child nor where they anymore prepared. During this period the firm was in a major case against the government; a number of police officers had been recorded physically abusing immigrant children while shouting racial remarks. The event stirred the immigrant community to rise and demand justice for the severity of the officers actions.

Grantham-Wither offered their services without cost and this required a plan and strategy and detailed investigations to uncover anything related to the case and the records of the officers in question and of the department. Oscar and Edith too were involved in this, although Edith who had been pregnant at the time took a leave after giving birth. She wished to be away from her son and be doing what she loved second to her children, and yet she knew that her baby needed her.

It was joy for Edith to spend time with Noah of course, but still she yearned to be with Oscar who took full charge within the case. Oscar wished to be with him, but he knew that he couldn’t ignore the screams of the poor children who were victims of oppression, he thought of his own children who at times too suffered remarks off their descendance, their way of speaking and appearance. His fight may have been for unknown children but he fought for them as if they were Oscar jr, Edith jr and Noah, a baby without fault already shunned by many for only being born.

Due to this event it was that Edith solely raised Noah, not that she minded as she would revel in his cute expressions and adorable laughter that fluttered her heart. Noah would grasp her finger and rub his head on it, eventually fall asleep while gripping tightly at it. Soon he began to make noises, sounds of bubbles stirring in his lips and syllables that made no sense to no one except to Edith. Oscar jr and Edith jr too were enamored with Noah, to say that he was spoiled would be an understatement. Noah suffered no injustices in his days as a baby, less so as a child and none in his older years; for now focus is in his formative years.

Noah would fly into the sky and beyond in a rocketship, race in dangerous tracks where death loomed in every corner and swim in the endless ocean of the world, or so his older siblings would pretend. He was loved dearly by all and was given nothin but their embrace. Their bond between siblings was a strong one and so it was with their mother, with their father too, that is except for Noah who because of the case dragging for years was left with his father figure absent of his early years.

Oscar loved him of course, never a day went without giving a warm hug, or words of encouragement and reminders of his eternal love, and yet Noah felt a distance from him. In his teens Noah continued to be cherished although the love did lessen as his siblings were older and now with lives of their own. Noah was now old enough to take care of himself and so his mother returned to the workforce when he was ten years old, at this point the firm had won the case and had grown because of it but so did the workload and he seemed to drown more and more in it. Noah didn’t resent his father, not knowingly at least and could truthfully say that his father loved him, but every time he did a pinch in his chest would make him flinch, as if the unconscious mind didn’t allow him to forget the space between them.

Noah’s childhood was one that couldn’t be complained about, love, toys and everything he needed at his disposal. And yet the one thing he wanted was the time of his parents that after Noah’s growth distanced himself even more by returning fully into their firm’s work. He yearned for his mother’s hand and his father’s embrace that nurtured his mind and cemented in his mind that he was in fact loved and cared for.

As a child Noah was happy, he went to school where he had friends and played with them. The friendships there were precious to him and found in them the love and time that he looked for at home. Over the years the distance between his family and him grew and grew, the firm had grown enough that Oscar and Edith didn’t have to spend most hours in the day there and were excited at the concept of finally being able to welcome Noah with the arms he at a time yearned for. But Noah wasn’t looking for them anymore.

He returned their affection, loved them and did enjoy their company as much as any child with dotting parents could love anyone, and yet Noah felt disconnected. From an early age he wondered why his parents were always away from home, why his sister shut herself for hours in their home’s library or why his brother wasn’t at home anymore. He knew their parents' work was almost exclusively helping those without much resources and was very aware of how much people appreciated them, how grateful many were for their help as even two schools in their town were named in their honor, Grantham High School and Wither school of Law. As was with his sister and his father, Noah spent many of his hours within the library as he grew in age but unlike Edith jr he didn’t meticulously poured himself over the books of law and education in them, nor in the fantastical books as Oscar jr. Noah instead found the quietness of the room soothing, strange and hurting. Why he still returned is a mystery to himself, he says that the peace of the room lets him think and ponder his thoughts in a profound manner.

On his fifteenth birthday, the year 2013 he was in a party where only his family attended. As it had become the usual, relatives from Scotland would come and visit, talk with him and enjoy the company that they scarcely had. Oscar, whose mother was still alive at the time showered her grandchildren with kisses on their lips as she was accustomed, much to their dismay and their cousins who thanks to their uncle were able to live comfortably and attend privileged schools. With emphasis on Noah then, he had a quiet gathering where his father and mother had a talk with him.

Noah didn’t know what it was about and wasn’t expecting anything other than hugs, wise words for his future and so on with other matters he took little interest in. First it was Edith who spoke with him, she made mention of his future, as he saw coming but also brought news that was shattering to him.

Noah was to inherit his parents financial accounts.

After this news was spoken by his mother, Oscar came and alongside Edith explained just why they had decided this and on this occasion rather than when they were on their deathbeds. This realization alarmed him, immediately broke down by the mere thoughts of a world without his parents who despite his avoidance and sedentary way of being loved them and would do anything for them.

And just as Edith embraced him, Noah grasped at her just as when he was a child and was comforted by the confirmation that they were not dying anytime soon.

The reason why they had decided to tell him this and why he would be the heir to their finances and not his siblings was a simple one; Oscar and Edith knew their children and were aware that Noah, unlike his brother and sister, didn't want to follow in their footsteps. Noah was surprised, not by their correct assumption but how they came to that correct conclusion.

From an early age Oscar and Edith lamented the fact that they were far too busy for their boy, even Edith who spent many years without working as she tended him felt a disconnect as her mind often wandered into the ins and outs of their firm. Even so, they noticed that Noah perhaps wasn’t interested in law, nor in helping others the way his siblings did. At first, Noah felt rejected, different and excluded, but his parents' words made sure to ease his concerns. He was different in fact, and they cherished that part of him. They explained to him that the firm would be of his siblings, a small amount of the finances for their distant relatives and the rest for him. They didn’t want him to pursue a life of law when they knew it wasn’t for him, and as he had just expressed to them, didn’t know what to do with his life. They told him it was okay, that he had all the time in the world to figure it out and no matter what he decides to do he’ll be loved and always welcomed in their home.

Years passed and with it the love of Noah’s family for him only grew stronger, and so did the distance of his. Noah, after being aware of his future riches, was in a loop of confusion, he didn’t want to be like his family and work for the firm. He didn’t share the desire to fight the injustice of the system, he accepted the reality and instead learned to live within it. He came to his mother’s side and asked to be taught the law only to learn the ins and outs of it, how to be over it and the tricks that could be used for their gains. These were not truths told to Edith but left to his own senses for fear of their opinion upon his selfishness.

He didn’t know what to do, he was lost. His future was already promised, a comfortable life where all his needs and wants were more than sure. He was now twenty three years old and he barely saw his family nowadays despite their pleas for him to visit.

The finances of his parents, while readily available to him, hadn’t been used by Noah who in the past year left home in pursuit for something that gave him meaning. He felt ashamed, not worthy of using it when he wasn’t like his beloved siblings who all seemed to share in the warmth essence that he lacked. Noah wasn’t perfect, he wasn’t smart nor did he look like his parents. He has white light brown hair, brown eyes and his movements and quirks were unlike any of their immediate family. He feared he didn’t belong with them and once he graduated from University he left his hometown where his parents and siblings all lived together. His major was in liberal arts, specifically classical ballet.

Nah enjoyed dancing, more specifically he felt at peace when music took charge of his movements; music wasn’t just a mixture of sounds for him, they were paths that called him into lands where no one but him was allowed to enter. It was a world that he had discovered in his early years of school and was the one activity that he never abandoned. He didn’t know why this had such an effect over him but neither did he look for one. Noah was happy to have one thing in his mind that didn’t require thinking nor choices, all the possible paths would lead him to a new discovery that soothed his seclusion.

A year later, he now had more money than that which his parents had given him. Months after turning twenty-three with what little money he had saved up from his job as an opera dancer Noah invested it all, or rather threw it away with no hope of seeing it again in a cryptocurrency that had little momentum. One morning months after purchasing millions of shares valued at one-hundred times less than a penny had skyrocketed because of social media and public interest into the value of ninety cents. That is still a small value but when had in his possession millions and millions of shares he found himself in shock that he now had over twenty million dollars by doing nothing; Noah was in agony over the aimless life he was living.

No motivation for anything, no need to work anymore and shame over his every movement.

At twenty five, with no communication with his family over two years now, Noah was living in New York and was attending a party with his community of fellow young, self-made millionaires and conversing over talk that he wished stirred something in him. He had been there for more than three hours already and was ready to leave, disillusioned with the talk of who has the biggest boat, the most lucrative deals and more famous friends Noah turn to leave and sleep to welcome another unsavory day with nothing to do other than spend the money he still felt ashamed for having.

He craved for something that made him feel complete, alive with a purpose as his brother, sister and father and mother had in them. He didn’t envy them, he looked up to them and hoped to one day find something just enough to feel accomplished.

As he was leaving he overheard a conversation between a man and a woman, he didn’t know the woman but he knew Mark Jefferson (placeholder name). A famous man who was said to be a visionary, an icon for his work in the fashion industry where he had created a new style that combined punk-rock european edgy sense with that of the ancient asian style of openness and free movement.

He didn’t mean to eavesdrop, much less to be noticed and called forth by Jefferson.

Noah introduced himself, Jefferson did the same and so did the woman whose name was Dana Ward. Noah didn’t know of her but assumed that she must be a great figure if she was in a serious discussion with Jefferson.

He didn’t know what to say, what to do but Jefferson alleviated this of him by bringing up the topic that had captivated him. Jefferson talked of a foundation that he had been developing for the past five years, an organization that would give support to the communities in need of the world. The conversation went long into the night and in great detail where, how and why this mission was started.

To say the least, Noah was fascinated how someone so great as him would be willing to waste, not to utilize his fortune to help those he will never meet, to make buildings, share basic resources for them but life-mattering for others. Noah was taken aback and thought of his mother, his father and siblings who were all already doing that same deed. He saw himself back in his home, in the house where he grew up once again grasping his mother’s embrace and his whom he missed dearly and feared for their age was already high.

Jefferson saw this glimmer in his eyes, and to Noah’s surprise, offered him an invitation to join him in the crusade to help those in need.

Noah snapped out of his thoughts and shook Jefferson’s hand that had been extended.

For once in his life, Noah was alive and inspired not for his own gains but with the idea of making a change in the world, one that his family could be proud of. Noah was almost in tears if not for the fact that it would look bad to do so in front of everyone, of Jefferson.

Noah was no fool, but he had been fooled.

A short time after agreeing to help Jefferson, an announcement was made that Noah Granthem-Wither of the respected and benefactory family had joined his cause. Little did Noah know at the time that it was all a sham made to abuse said communities, to exploit them and make no time nor reason to help anyone but themselves, Jefferson and the other members, Noah included now that he was a collaborator.

Before, Noah was ashamed, but now he was broken. Night after night he drinks to forget. He walks to tire himself out but he never does. He reads and reads to tire his mind but it only reinforces itself. Thi guilt he felt was more than anything he had felt before, to know that he was now not only wasting his life and his reputation he was dragging down all the work and effort that his parents who had made something of themselves through their own effort, of his father who had been an immigrant and proof that he wasn’t just a engineer but a man of principles and of law.

Noah didn’t know what to do with himself anymore, he wished for someone to come and help him, he waited for his sisters wise advice, for his brother’s strange story that would make sense at the end or his father’s look that waved his nerves away…or his mother’s touch that made him a baby again.

That’s how he felt, like a baby that had ruined it all.

They say that it’s because of this that Noah to this day resents his father who abandoned him at only a few days of age. He has never said so himself but a distance between the two has existed for as long as he could remember.

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He’s not like the other members, or like his family or people around him. He often tries to be a good person because that’s what he thought people wanted, but this resulted in everyone always taking advantage of him. He gave money to friends and family, did favors for them and whenever he asked for the same thing in return he was shunned, ignored, ridiculed and oftentimes humiliated. This has made him angry, resentful and spiteful towards everyone. He sees the world as a dog eat world where only the powerful and the strong can survive and gain respect, but he also sees people as being lazy and opportunistic. He hates this, but tells himself that if everyone falls in this failure of a system then he too has to fall in line if he wants to succeed.

He distanced himself from everyone he ever knew, moved states and with the money he still had from his cryptocurrencies ventures he invested in a marketing company that focused on generating donations for those in need of aid. He became interested after a fateful encounter with Nathan Prescott and Victoria Chase who told him all about their enterprise and the goal of it. They told him that despite it being non-profit very little money came to said countries, and what aid and resources were sent it was always of the least expensive. The resources that were sent were real and did help the communities troubled by natural disasters, by organized crime and political abuse. These were also from the local country in an effort to also support the crumbling or necessitated governments while also giving their financial support to political leaders.

The profits they made on a yearly basis were tremendous and the PR for their contributions and aid was seen as nothing more than benefactory.

The corporate members who talked to him knew all about Warren-like character, they targeted him, studied him and talked to the people who knew him. They lured him with the promises of riches and the illusion of having some sort of control. They’ve made him think that he’ll get to be evil, and profit from it as if he were the master of his life, of his actions when in reality he was still being abused and taken advantage of.

If anything were to be leaked out or become known he’ll be the one taking the blame.

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//Oscar is presently 83 and Edit 85 years in age.

//Edith jr was born in 1983, presently 40

//Oscar jr was born in 1985, presently 42

//Noah was born in 1997, presently 25

The Grantham family by origin come from the English town of Grantham in Scotland.