Chronicle Comics: Character Dossier

Identity Profile
Name at Birth: Kasfiya
Primary Moniker: Crimson
Other Known Names: N/A
Visibility: Obscured
Chronological Age: 33
Species/Type: Normal Human
Moral Stance: Neutral
Group Affiliations: She aligns herself with anyone who offers a benefit or paycheck, though no loyalties hold her for long.
Family Ties: Her son, Aayan Rahim, is the most important person in her life. He is currently 8 years old
Operational Base: Los Angeles
Nationality: Pakistani-American
Civil Status: Single
Day Job or Role: Assassin (Night Work)
Birth Date: May 29
Hometown: Uncertain; foster care caused her to bounce between cities, leaving her roots blurred and forgotten.
Creator(s): Deniz

Physical Attributes
Sex/Gender Identity: Cisgender Woman
Sexual Preference: Lesbian
Height: 170 cm (5'7")
Weight: 65 kg (143 lbs)
Eyes: Brown
Hair: hidden by her hijab
Defining Characteristics:
Kasfiya's facial scar is her most memorable feature, a jagged line that runs from her chin to just below her nose, splitting her upper lip. It's a reminder of her hubris and her first near-fatal mistake in the underworld. Beneath her clothes are hidden scars—burns, knife wounds, and bullet grazes—all a roadmap of her bloody career.

Personality Profile
Kasfiya is a woman of duality, switching between roles with calculated precision. On a job, she is the epitome of a professional: silent, methodical, and focused, embodying the cold efficiency of her moniker, Crimson. Her minimal words—always concise and practical—mirror her detached nature, as if each kill is a transaction she must complete. Yet this quiet is deceptive, masking the careful thought she puts into every assignment. Her motto, "Nothing personal, just a paycheck," isn't an excuse—it's a boundary, keeping her emotional distance in a world where attachments mean death.

Off the clock, when she sheds her assassin persona, Kasfiya is deeply human. With her son, Aayan, she is dryly sarcastic and refreshingly grounded, her protective instincts woven into every interaction. Her conversations with other parents at Aayan's school—especially with judgmental "Karens"—reveal a biting wit and a knack for shutting down condescension with a single look or sharp word. Kasfiya avoids emotional vulnerability like the plague, but her son is the one person who has cracked her icy exterior.

Despite this, she remains introverted. Interactions drain her, so she keeps relationships to a bare minimum. The underworld knows her as "mysterious," while school parents dismiss her as "weird," unable to reconcile her edgy presence with her tender maternal role. Kasfiya couldn't care less about their perception, as long as it doesn't impact Aayan.

Fears

Kasfiya's greatest fear is having her double life exposed and her son taken from her. Every time she walks through the door after a job, she half-expects the police—or worse, one of her enemies—to be waiting. Her paranoia pushes her to live in a near-constant state of vigilance. Additionally, she fears failing as a mother. Kasfiya knows the trauma of abandonment, and the thought of her son suffering as she did sends her spiraling into sleepless nights.

Backstory

Kasfiya Rahim's life began in chaos. Born to Pakistani immigrants in the United States, her parents died when she was six, leaving her and her younger brother to the foster care system. The siblings were separated often, shuffled from one neglectful or abusive household to the next. She found herself clinging onto her religion. To the small teachings of her mother and father that she remembers. Starting to wear the hijab at about 12. in this turbulent environment Kasfiya learned the art of survival. By 15, she had slipped into petty crime—shoplifting, hustling, and running messages for low-level criminals. It was a means to survive when no one else seemed to care. She justified it to herself by saying Allah will understand her circumstances.

Her natural skill and fearlessness caught the attention of an underground assassin network. At 16, she was handed her first contract—a test of loyalty and competence. Though terrified, she completed the job. Over time, the fear faded, replaced by grim satisfaction in her ability to take control of her fate. She excelled, her youth masking her danger. By 18, she had become Crimson, a rising name in the underworld.

However, one mistake nearly ended it all. Overconfident on a high-stakes job, she was ambushed and left with her defining scar. The physical pain was nothing compared to the psychological blow to her pride. From that day forward, she wore a mask, both literally and emotionally, never underestimating her enemies again.

Her world fractured further when her brother discovered her true profession and severed ties with her. The guilt gnawed at her, but she buried it beneath her work. Around the same time, Kasfiya fell in love with a fellow assassin—a femme fatale with a sharp mind and a sharper

smile. Their relationship brought brief joy and unexpected tragedy when her partner died after complications in childbirth. Devastated but determined, Kasfiya vowed to give their son, Aayan, a life free from the chaos she endured.

The early years were grueling. Kasfiya balanced single motherhood with her dangerous career, relying on daycare to keep Aayan safe while she worked. As Aayan grew older, life stabilized somewhat, though Kasfiya's paranoia never faded. Every kill, every risk, was calculated to ensure she returned home to him. They visit his mother's grave regularly, an act that keeps Kasfiya grounded and reminds her of what she fights for. Aayan is now a bright, curious child, excelling in school with no idea of his mother's true occupation.

Aayan is a pretty popular kid at school. Partially because his mother seems so relaxed. He regularly goes on play dates where the other kids mom's asking weird questions. Then he always shrugs off. He loves his mom in his life. Although sometimes he wishes. That his mom was there to protect him from the nightmares. He's used to having to wait for her and sometimes he fears that she will never come. Not really understanding how true that fear is.

Power Metrics
Rank the character's traits on a scale from 1–7:

Intellect: 5/7
Physical Power: 2/7
Speed/Agility: 2/7
Stamina/Endurance: 2/7
Energy Output: 2/7
Combat Skill: 6/7

Learned Skills
Kasfiya is a master marksman, specializing in long-range weaponry with an emphasis on sniper rifles. Her calm demeanor under pressure makes her a formidable sniper, capable of hitting targets at impossible distances. Though she prefers to avoid close-quarters combat, her years in the field have honed her hand-to-hand skills. Her style prioritizes quick, disabling movements—disarming and escaping rather than prolonged fights.

Her tactical mind is one of her greatest assets. Kasfiya meticulously plans each job, mapping exit strategies, predicting variables, and avoiding unnecessary risk. Her ability to read people—honed from years of mistrusting everyone—makes her adept at manipulation and blending in when necessary.

In her personal life, Kasfiya has developed a knack for improvisation. From repairing Aayan's toys to patching up her wounds, she's resourceful and skilled at solving problems with limited resources.

Weaknesses

Kasfiya's dedication to her work and her son comes at the cost of her physical and mental health. She often neglects herself, surviving on minimal sleep and nutrition. While she can endure days without proper rest, the eventual crash hits hard, leaving her incapacitated for hours or even an entire day. These crashes throw off her and Aayan's routine, a disruption that fills her with guilt.

Her lone-wolf nature is another weakness. By refusing to trust others, she has no one to rely on if she's injured, captured, or outnumbered. Her paranoia keeps her alive but also isolates her, forcing her to shoulder every burden alone.

Tools of the Trade

On the job, Kasfiya wears dark, nondescript clothing with a hood and a crimson mask. Her backpack carries burner phones, intel, backup weapons, and minimal supplies. Her sniper rifle is her primary weapon, customized for precision and power. For ordinary targets, she uses conventional firearms to avoid drawing unnecessary attention.

Fun Facts

Despite her hardened exterior, Kasfiya has a soft spot for cartoons and animated movies, which she often watches with Aayan. It's one of the few times she allows herself to laugh freely. Her favorite snack is spicy chips, which she keeps hidden to avoid sharing. Additionally, she has a small tattoo of her partner's name on her wrist—Nazia—a quiet tribute to the woman she loved and lost.