

[lc] On a rainy day in the early Menagerie summer, Clove Persian was born to Esmira and Malek Persian. The second born and youngest of their children, the Persian family was a well off group living in the heart of the island nation's capital, Kuo Kawana. Esmira was one of the early members of the White Fang, and worked as a nurse part-time for the local hospital. Malek was a recently graduated lawyer, finding work at a small law firm in the city. Clove had a sibling, too. Sybil, only a year and a half older than the boy. The first few months of Clove's life were happy ones. Esmira went back to work, hiring a nanny to take care of Clove and Sybil during the day. Since she technically worked two jobs, taking a lot of time off was off the table, especially considering where she put most of her talent.

[ci] After a quiet few months, things began to look troubling. Sybil's health began to decline. She almost always fell ill with respiratory infections and common colds, and for the young girl, it chipped away at her young and fragile immune system. Being a nurse and having some inside contact with the local hospital, Esmira took her several times to see what was the matter, but doctors found nothing. Malek often stayed and worked from home when he could, taking care of Clove so he'd be with someone familiar. All of Sybil's medical bills began to pile up, and they could no longer afford day-time care for both children. After a year of constant hospital trips and scares, doctors finally ran screening on Sybil's lungs, and found that she had cystic fibrosis. A disease that causes an excess of bacteria and mucus in the lungs, if not treated properly can cause young patients to die before the age of 10. Menagerie's hospitals didn't have the doctors or treatments available for Clove's big sister, and not seeing any other options, the Persian's had to make the decision to leave the island nation.

[ci] Shortly after Clove's first birthday, the Persian's packed away their possessions and boarded a ship for Mistral. The White Fang in Menagerie had given Esmira some medical work to do for the protests lead by their small branch in Mistral, and Malek's boss had helped him find a place to work as a lobbyist and attorney in the lower city. Sybil had better odds there, as there were more hospitals and doctors that could treat her. Still too young to have any inkling of a clue as to what was happening around him, Clove remembers the period of change very hazily. Within the next month, Malek and Esmira had safely moved the kids over, and were beginning to settle themselves in. The next year was quiet. Esmira took Clove to work during the day, and Malek oversaw Sybil's treatments. Things were good for the next while. Despite the racism towards their kind, Sybil had gotten lucky in who treated her, and Clove soon began preschool at the age of 4, being one of the youngest of his primarily human classmates. Unable to hide the awkward second set of ears on his head, he was often the target of unwanted taunting, staring, and even physical contact. While this memory is hazy to him, Clove remembers being called "werewolf boy" by a group of classmates for the majority of the school year. Even as a young kid, this hurt Clove, and he often came home sad or upset.

[ci] Seeing his son bullied and picked on by classmates because of his heritage and Faunus trait, Esmira did what she could to communicate with Clove's teachers, who seemed to turn a blind eye to what was happening. This wasn't common in their part of the city, and to take her mind off of the stress with Sybil, Esmira focused her attention on her son. He accompanied her

everywhere when he wasn't at a school, spending quite some time at the small White Fang base her mother was stationed with. Clove didn't quite understand what they did there, but he was likable, and the younger members there often spoke and interacted with him. He was the son of one of their most reliable medics, as Faunus who were refused service from hospitals often wandered in to seek free treatment, so they hoped he'd follow in his mother's footsteps. He attended protests with his mother, and was seemingly always at her side in public. It was different at home, though. He and Sybil had a very close relationship. The strain of constant doctor's appointments, procedures done and hospital trips wore the poor girl out, yet she still smiled when Clove was there. Malek hadn't made himself very present for Clove, but he had for Sybil, which the six-year-old didn't understand quite yet. Yet, the two still played and laughed together, forming a bond that would last for the rest of their lives.

[ci] As Clove grew up, he spent more and more time glued to his mother's side. When he wasn't at school he was at home or with her, attending protests and sitting and studying quietly while Esmira attended to her duties at the White Fang base. He continued to be bullied as he got older, and past the age of eight, the bullying and teasing grew violent. How he should handle it was disagreed upon between Esmira and Malek. Esmira thought he had every right to fight back, while Malek thought that picking fights would only get the boy into more trouble. This left Clove conflicted and confused. However, he sided with his father, for a while, at least. He went for a few months, just taking the insults and bullying as it came. Until he snapped, the boy unable to take it any longer. After a particularly nasty mannered classmate tugged a bit too hard on Clove's Faunus ears, in surprise and anger, he sucker-punched him. One broken nose later, and Clove found himself in the office for "reckless behavior." At the time, Sybil was currently at the hospital, having fallen ill once again. Malek was working from there so he could be with her, so Esmira left work with the white fang early to go collect him, and see what had happened. As Esmira left the school with a distraught Clove, she asked what had happened. Clove shook his head in answer, and Esmira stopped, looking right at the boy. Narrowing her eyes, she asked once more. A brief moment of silence, and Clove broke into tears, the bullying starting to get to him. He didn't understand, why was he always the target? Why was it his fault when he was only defending himself?

[ci] Esmira walked Clove home, explaining the social differences between Faunus and humans, and letting him in on what she actually did. She told him that the White Fang wanted to make them equals, and achieve justice for years of prejudice and hatred towards their kind. She had a knack for winning the boy over, and what she said had him sold. He wanted to be like his mother, an advocate for change. Unbeknownst to the nine-year-old, their plans weren't all peaceful. Clove spent the next few months learning more about the cause and trying to keep his head down at school. Taking sympathy on her bother, Sybil tried to spend more time with him, knowing that Esmira likely would've put her in Clove's situation if it weren't for her own sickness. As time went on, Clove got older and as such, began to notice more. A few months went by, Clove turned 10 and moved onto another grade in school. He put up with the harassment and vile words he faced from both classmates and even teachers at the time. Sybil's health began to

decline, and after a couple of scares and close calls, she was in and out of hospitals almost 24/7.

[ci] As this went on, Malek made himself scarce, scarcer than usual. He basically took over managing Sybil, and Clove only saw his dad when he was with his sister. He often wondered why he didn't get the same amounts of time with him as Sybil, but Esmira saw this as an opportunity to try and lock down Clove's ties with the organization she dedicated herself to. A couple of years passed quietly, Esmira saying they right things to get Clove interest, and at the age of 12, he was thrown into a youth program, designed to let the kids of members see what went on and what the white fang was all about. Esmira began to reveal how they were helping people, oftentimes sugar-coating some of the more.. risky operations happening in Mantle. A firm believer that equality should come no matter the cost, her grudges and distrust towards humans fueled her hate fire for the harassment her son and family often faced. Yet, like her son would come to be, she was blind to the violent agenda that a certain sub-faction of the white fang was trying to push.

[ci] Spending his afternoons and weekends at Mantle's White Fang headquarters, Clove and a few other Faunus kids his age started learning about the organization. They watched and attended negotiations between officials from other kingdoms. During one, in particular, Clove briefly met one Gale Soloviev. It was a brief meeting, but one that would spark a life long friendship. They both listened in on a negotiation, Gale going back to Mantle with the visiting White Fang members shortly after. A few months passed in similar fashions, and right after he turned 13, Clove knew what he wanted to do. Esmira often pushed more violent agendas unknowingly, claiming that they'd be helping the people. Clove, who was practically glued to his mother's side, heard these words and wanted to help his fellow faunus. He wanted to learn to fight, not to harm, but to protect. Protect those who couldn't protect themselves, like his sister, and the other Faunus kids he often saw get picked on at school. Hearing him show an interest in agendas that she wanted to be pushed, Esmira was ecstatic. She made sure he attended whatever basic self-defense classes that were being taught to white fang members at the time. Protests got violent, and it became policy across all branches to make sure that their members could defend themselves and others.

[ci] Having that outlet to focus his energy and skill into, Clove found a love for learning how to fight. He was a bit taller than most, and he quickly picked up skills and movements as they were taught, rising to the top ranks of his age group. He loved every minute of it, yet it was noticeable that he didn't like hurting people in practice matches or spars. If he caused anything from a cut, sprain, or a small bruise, it was noticed by others that he'd apologize profusely, and his mood would noticeably drop. Did he not want to harm people, or was he scared of the repercussion? While this was often questioned, his skill and quick learning caused it to be overlooked. He was good at what he did, and who cared as long as he got attackers off of himself and others? Training went on like that for about an hour and a half. Sybil helped him keep up on school, he spent almost all extra time he had training and going to protests with his mother, and even

started to pick up some weapons. He liked something heavy, but he didn't think that he should be using a weapon. Weren't things supposed to be peaceful?

[ci] As his talent was realized, Esmira was pulled aside from her duties one day by the officer in charge of running the basic combat classes. He thought that Clove would make a fine addition to the growing movement in Vale, where things were starting to take more extreme turns. Esmira was for it, but didn't want to send Clove across the world on his own, so she was hesitant. The officer said it was up to her, but she'd have to make a decision soon, and so would the boy. That evening as Esmira picked Clove up from school, she told him the news. Immediately, it was apparent that he didn't want to leave yet. He liked it here. Now 15, he had friends here, and didn't want to leave his family. Esmira pushed them fact that it was an incredible opportunity, and that he'd be helping people. Plus, it might turn out that he likes it there. He'd have contact with Esmira, Sybil, and Malek whenever he wanted it, and he'd be able to specialize and train to do what he wanted to. While reluctant, Clive eventually gave in, and that night, Malek's reaction to all of this.. wasn't pleasant. He was outraged that Esmira would think to send their son away to people who would put a gun in his hands and tell him that by harming humans, he was helping the Faunus. He saw through the violent sub-factions that Esmira associated herself with, and he didn't want Clove to have any part of it. His parents fought, and Clove retreated to his room for the night, eventually seeking consolation from his sister. She kept him distracted whilst their parents shouted back and forth for hours, late into the night. She felt bad for Clove, but part of her knew that Esmira had gotten to him, and he genuinely thought it was a good idea.

[ci] Three tense weeks later, and Clove was sent to Vale on an airship. Having been given a brand new scroll for communication's sake, he left his family nervous, but ready to see what kind of opportunities awaited him there. One airship ride later, and he landed on Vale for the first time in his life. Picked up with other young recruits, they were transported outside of the city and to the white fang base near the mountains. He quite liked there, and training began the very next day. It was basic stuff, letting the Valen officials get a look at what they'd be working with. Clove's skill was seen, and he was moved up a couple of classes, where he'd train more frequently and specialize to do missions and recon once he was of age. After a couple of months or two, Clove would unknowingly be reunited with Gale, the crow Faunus girl he'd met back when they were 12. After an incident where she was living in Mantle, they thought it best to send her down here, where her skills and personality would work better, and to keep her distracted from her brothers death. She was transferred to the same training group that Clove was in, and they two reconnected over the next several weeks while she went through basic training and learning protocol. During that time, Clove had begun specialized training to become a sniper. Once it was discovered that he had impeccable aim with a gun, his superiors thought it best to train him to provide cover during negotiations and missions, should something go astray.

[ci] Over the next year and a half, Clove would become proficient with the skills he was being taught, and even unlocked his aura and semblance. While talking to the faunus girl he'd later call his girlfriend, he took her hand in his, and his first-ever link was established. While he didn't

mean to, it ultimately caused the bond between the two to become stronger. Ceren Hamilton, said girl, was the daughter of an officer, and a talented writer. As such, she was being taught and trained to write propaganda and research articles to raise awareness for the injustice Faunus faced on the daily. He met her shortly after arriving on base, but they'd remained nothing more than acquaintances until that moment. Clove quite liked her, and their friendship began to grow.

[ci] As his training progressed, Gale began to catch up, and the two of them discovered that they worked well together. They'd been friends for a while, and Gale had finally opened up a little bit, and had learned to trust him. As such, while she was handling two different training courses, she still took the time to talk and hang out with Clove. They began to go together on training missions, learning to combat Grimm and the like, and they were good as a unit. As such, it was a collective decision that the two would be placed on the same squad once their training was complete. The two focused their attention there, and Clove graduated first, shortly after turning 18. He was put onto a squad to run recon missions and gather information, and quickly adjusted to the new schedule, and got to know how the squad leader ran things. Gale still had a few months left of training, and the two hung out constantly while Gale was off duty. Meanwhile, he also began to get closer with Ceren, to the point where he developed feelings for her romantically. After a little while, and some surprisingly good advice from Gale of all people, he worked up the nerve to ask her to be his girlfriend, and to his surprise, she said yes.

[ci] Clove and Ceren began to grow closer as they spent more time with each other, and Clove was head over heels for the girl. While his squad often took a lot of his time, he still managed to carve some out for her. That winter, Gale finished her training and was assigned to the same squad that Clove was on. The small group typically did recon and scouted out places to hold negotiations and trade deals with local syndicates and officials. She also took over the maintenance and upkeep of all of their weapons, being a very talented and bright engineer. The first two years of missions were quiet and successful. Clove and Gale proved to be fine additions, and Clove managed to keep some contact with his family while still maintaining a relationship with Ceren despite an incredibly busy workday. When Clove was 20, the machine gunner for their squad didn't make it out of a mission. The white fang was beginning to take violent turns, and the mission was more than the small group could handle. A replacement was brought in, one Rory Taivas. A punk from Vacuo, the cardinal faunus was notorious for not being able to keep an assignment for very long. Being around the same age as Clove and Gale, he naturally fell into their acquaintances, and the three became friends. Clove liked him from the start, but he ended up having to tell Gale to be nice to him. Rory proved to be good at what he was trained for and grew to fit the role assigned to him. Odd, considering that the rest of the squad didn't think he'd last the first week.

[ci] As the White Fang began to push for more violent measures under high leader Khan, missions got more violent and high stakes. Clove didn't necessarily dislike it, but he wasn't a fan of what they were doing. What did his mother get him into? He often found himself pondering these questions, but it was often cut short by a call to go receive orders, calls home, and time

spent with Ceren. After a particularly difficult mission when Clove had just turned 23, the team didn't come back as successful as they'd hoped. Almost everyone was banged up or injured to an extent, and their squad leader was called into command. That was the last anyone ever saw of the man, and unbeknownst to Clove, he'd been killed on sight after the failure. One officer in specific had a lot riding on that mission, and he'd been let down. A few days later, and the remainder of the group was called for a debrief, being told that they'd need to select someone new to head their group. When asked about their old leader, the officer in the room gave nothing more than a halfhearted "that's classified" as a response, and the subject was dropped. When it came to picking a new leader, Gale's name came up several times. She was capable, but the young woman declined, not wanting that extra weight upon her shoulders. No one else was nominated, so once the group left it alone for the day, Clove talked to her in private. After a little bit, she gave in, and at the next meeting, she accepted the role reluctantly. Clove was glad, as it was frankly the team's best and only option. She did her job well and was fit for the role.

[ci] After some retraining from Gale, the group was ready to take missions again. Clove was glad, as things with Ceren were getting tense. She seemed to be losing her patience with him and started to become distant. Not knowing what to do, Clove threw himself into work, having to constantly remind himself that he was fighting for justice, not himself. It seemed that as time went on, missions were getting more violent. Just like the White Fang itself. Gale wasn't a fan either, but she was just doing as she was told, having expressed this to him. As missions got worse and harder over the years, the stakes rose, and they started collecting casualties. It seemed like replacements for old members came in after every other mission, and almost everyone had a close call with death. Clove himself nearly lost his life when his position was discovered and he found himself outnumbered. If not for Rory finding him and giving cover, he would've died. Gale was getting fed up with it, as were Rory, Clove himself, and the two other consistent squad members. However, there wasn't much to be done about it. The Valen branch of the White Fang was set on using violent force, and they didn't necessarily care what happened as long as subordinates did their jobs. So... on they went, for another year and a half.

[ci] As time went on Ceren could barely stand to be in Clove's presence. And as such, he kept his distance and hung around Gale and Rory most of the time. He got closer with the two, and Ceren noticed, and got jealous. The two spoke of it, and it became an argument, one that ended the relationship for good, with Ceren walking out without a second thought. This crushed Clove, and the broken-hearted man moped for a good long while. He did his job and stuck around Gale, but he wasn't the same. He thought he'd really loved Ceren, but it didn't work out, and he couldn't accept that. Gale, seeing that this affected his performance, didn't want to lose another life, another friend. She talked things out with him, and it seemed to help Clove. He trusted Gale after all, and realized that he needed to pull his act together, or there very well may be a case in which he loses his life.

[ci] Clove pulled himself together, and worked alongside Gale, Rory, and the rest of the squad. After a while, though, a mission detail seemed to be the straw that broke the camels back. Gale called the squad in to receive details, and she didn't look happy, at all. As she explained, it was

revealed that they were to stop a train full of stolen dust and weapons from leaving Vale's station, and kill/take the rest of the civilians hostage. Now, they'd killed civilians in a pinch, but a whole train full? It wasn't right. Gale clearly didn't think so, and the look on Rory's face said it all for him. The rest of the squad seemed either neutral or even excited about it, but as they were dismissed, Gale pulled them aside and turned off the comms and cameras in the room. She proposed that they'd get out then, something she'd been wanting to do for years. She had a plan to, a fake explosion, a fake death. It all worked. What they were supposed to be doing wasn't okay, and Clove was in. Sure, his mother would freak out, and he wouldn't be able to check on his sister or father, but he was done. She'd liked to him, forced him to hurt the very people he was supposed to love and protect. Rory.. wasn't. He was here to repay his father's debts, and wanted to stay out for trouble, for once. Gale didn't care if he came, but Clove wanted him to have a chance, too. After an hour of talking and debating, Rory finally gave in. He hated it here, just as much as the other two. Clove let Gale know, and she snuck off base that night to plant their escape.

[ci] The next morning, the stage was set. Gale took the squad to the train station, and got them to the platform. But as the train pulled in, she subtly pulled Clove and Rory aside. Ready to go, the decoy explosive was detonated, and in the panic and confusion, they each left a bit of evidence behind and ran. Clove suggested they go north, across the ocean, and to Argus. He had an idea, and they'd work as they went, take different aliases and make some money to get housing once they got there. Gale thought it was a good idea, and so they went. While in Mistral, Clove made a short trip back to see his father and sister, risking it to see them. The last he'd heard, Sybil was really sick, and part of him ached to see her, and let her know that he was okay. He visited home, and after they both swore to keep this a secret, and tell Esmira once she got home, he stayed and visited for a bit. It was nice to see his family in person again, as he hadn't since he was shipped off, all of those years ago. As he suspected, Sybil was in fact really really sick, but she had good doctors and kept her hopes high. She did admit to Clove, however, that she was scared, and he promised to talk to her every day, no matter what. He'd be here for her how he was able to, and she wanted him to know. Once the time came to say goodbye, he said his farewells and promised to call later, and caught up with Gale and Rory. A month of travel and work later, and the trio settled down in Argus, where Gale took work as an engineer, and Rory and Clove would start careers as mercenaries.

[ci] It's been a little over a year since then. Happy in Argus, Clove is working hard and taking time for himself, having gotten into photography. He's glad to be living with his best friends, and working with them too, and couldn't be happier.