Name:
Silvanus Verne (Tangerine)

View:
Tangerine is somewhere in between! He finds it easy to accept the supernatural when given enough proof that it is in effect, but he wouldn't argue with the sceptics either. Whether or not a phenomenon is provable, the effect it has on the beliefs of a minority is interesting enough.

Height:
5'3

Age:
23

Class:
Stoner

(Stoners gain 3 additional stat points to distribute as they like.
Stoners are a support class. They give up the ability to achieve higher base rolls in exchange for bonuses to the rest of their party. For the rest of the encounter the stoner would roll a 1d15 and the rest of the gang 1d20+5.)

Stats:
In Freak Fest there are 4 main stats, Strength, Dexterity, Intelligence, and Social. At the beginning of the group you have 3 stat points to place in any of these stats. Those stat points will apply as a flat bonus to appropriate rolls. The highest you can have in any stat is 6. (When recording stats make sure to also account for any stats awarded by your class.)

STR | 0
DEX | 1
INT | 2
SOC | 3

Combat Skills (optional):
-

Personality:

Playful and oftentimes mischievous, Tangerine loves spending his free time engaging and playing harmless pranks on others to get a reaction. He is undeniably a people person, and there is little he enjoys more than living vicariously through the experiences and stories of another. He tends to be attentive to personal experiences, especially those involving passionate and strong emotion. Having little motivations of his own, so it would seem, Tangerine gets a kick from listening to others talk about their dreams.

The young adult can seem to be rather aimless, his fickle attention span never lasting too long on one particular subject. Instead, he's constantly pulled in different directions by different engagements, finding it difficult to commit when there's a world of new experiences

calling for his attention. Impulsive and hedonistic, he can be complacent to a fault when it comes to negative consequences, and lives by the rule that there are no bad results, only expected ones. Truly, there is nothing that scares Tangerine more than boredom and mediocrity. Anything short of that - even devastating despair- is far more welcome. He cannot seem to contend with the idea of peace, the thrill seeker that constantly has his eyes set on something new. It is that attitude that often leads him to trouble, though he's able to talk himself out of most situations.

Bio:

(CW: Hospitalisation)

How to disappear

Step 1: Be born to a family of imitators. Be aware of the masks they wear and the lies they tell to others. (Ie. 'yes, we're in love', 'yes, we're happy', 'we love being here, we will always be happy, I will always love you')

Step 2: Receive the mask you're meant to wear. Join them in their ranks. Understand that your existence is dependent on the role you play. Read your script and memorise it.

Step 3: Grow to hate the part you play. Grow to hate staying still, grow to hate smiling for no reason. Grow to want to shed it off like a shell.

Step 4: Receive news of your imminent doom. A defect in the heart, an always sickly frame. Realise that even your death is pre-planned.

Step 5: Refuse to be part of the play.

Step 6: Fail, like you always knew you would. Be confined to never ending sets of hospital corridors and waiting rooms and doctor's offices. Hate your part. Hate your body. Stay still.

Step 7: Mentally leave the stage. Watch your own body in the audience stands. You don't exist. You don't exist. Write yourself out of your play.

Step 8: Learn about cryptids and spirits. Identify with them more than you identify with people. Be active on online forums of discussions. Enjoy watching people bicker. Gradually be interested in the scripts of others.

Step 9: Start your own blog under an alias. Talk at length about things the actors would scorn you for. Enjoy doing these things behind their back, and getting away with trouble. Experiment more, talk to more people. Begin plotting with them your eventual escape.

Step 10: Learn about Freak Fest, and all your online friends who are going to the festival. Think that you might give living by your own will a shot.

Step 11: Erase yourself from the script. Pack your bag, escape from the hospital that has held you in and out for years. Escape from the major surgery that might change your life forever in ways you cannot foresee or control. Become your own Schrödinger's cat, then kill the person you were meant to be as though you could escape fate itself.

Step 12: 'Silvanus' doesn't exist. Silvanus never existed. You are Tangerine, the web alias you've chosen on a whim. You are Tangerine, attending Freak Fest two states away because you think the missing posters might take long enough to reach that the festival might be over without anyone knowing you were gone. Nevermind you have no plans to go back. Nevermind you came here wishing you could erase yourself completely. Those are problems for Silvanus to fear.

Trivia (optional):

- 'Tangerine' has been on the road for a while. He hitchhikes across state lines to avoid notice and often bribes his way out of trouble with the money he saved up from his rich background (mostly in terms of jewellery/expensive items)
- He's a decent shoplifter, but a bad pickpocket.
- Has high resistance to drugs and is probably way too comfortable with pain. Nothing can really match up to what his body does to him on a regular basis.
- Often gets excited and then takes a day to fully recover from the overexertion he puts on his body.
- Can sew, can cook, has a knowledge of the arts.

RP Preferences:

PST (or Californian time!) I can do both lit or script, but have a preference for script because of school reasons and adhd reasons.

My anxiety is easily triggered by heavy existentialism, so I'd appreciate it if you give a trigger warning beforehand! I'm good with conflict, blood etc. if I'm uncomfortable I will reach out in dms so don't worry.

Open to shipping! I'd prefer if bonds form naturally but if they jive well I love exploring character dynamic.

Mindscape

<u>The hospital</u>

Shadows in the corridor, with the people they belong to never taking physical shape. Footsteps outside the door, a single bed with a long shackle waiting for you. Drip goes the bag on the IV stand. The shadows murmur reassuring nothing to you before whispering behind your back. "Poor thing," they say. "I wonder if he knows." Trail down the seemingly endless rows of curtained beds, and the moment you start wondering if you'll be trapped walking forever, you come to a red and gold curtain.

The theatre

A hall with a myriad of masks stretches backstage. Too many to pick from, stacks of scripts stock the shelvings. It seems to go on forever. Within each script is a wonderful story you never get to read to the end, because there are others begging for your attention. None of these stories are your own.

There is a single illuminated seat in the audience stand. You know where your spotlight belongs.

Sit there and watch the play for a moment. Or turn away to the exit sign, and enter-

The nightclub

Dazzling lights and faceless people, deeply engaged in their own conversations. They turn to you when you pass them, each face morphing into someone you recognize but you can never place the name to. A strange feeling of deja vu, like you've seen this before, like lately this is all you've been seeing.

You head out the back door. The lights are pulsing from within, the cheerful chatter and raucous laughter of conversation. You remember a memory from when you were a child, half asleep with the party outside your bedroom door. It would be nice to sink like a stone here forever.