



AMELIA BROOKS.

twenty. art history major. daughter of demeter.



F*ILE.*

I'm a foolish fragile spine.

BASICS.

FULL NAME: amelia brooks.

NICKNAME: amy (her father is the only soul allowed to use it, she won't respond to anything but amelia), brooks (by some campers in chb, she loathes it).

AGE: twenty.

BIRTH DATE: 21/12/00.

ETHNICITY: white-irish, french.

BIRTH PLACE: beats me, but she thinks of savannah georgia as her birthplace.

GENDER: cis female.

ORIENTATION: panromantic & pansexual.

OCCUPATION: art history major & cashier at re-reads.

FAMILY.

PARENTS:

- biological father - hugo brooks
- biological mother - demeter
- ex-stepmother - camille derose

SIBLINGS: half -(maiken duale, mae lee, sila mardin, gael navarro).

PET(S): none.

PHYSICAL.

FACE CLAIM(S): elle fanning.

EYE COLOR: green.

HAIR COLOR: blonde (sometimes dyes it auburn).

HAIR STYLE: long & straight, she mostly wears it down or on a loose ponytail tied with a ribbon.

HEIGHT + WEIGHT: 5.7ft, 130lbs.

TATTOOS + PIERCINGS: the regular piercing on each earlobe + one extra on her right ear, a tiny rose tattooed on her left wrist.

NOTABLE PHYSICAL TRAITS: long legs & many tiny scars

MENTAL.

AILMENTS: panic disorder.

INTELLIGENCE: culture smart, semi-street smart, definitely not a math genius.

LIKES: literature, art (especially mannerism-rococo), meditation, catholic religion, cafés, spring.

DISLIKES: the gods, quest overachievers, violence, store bought bread & small-talk.

DISPOSITION: mostly bitter, sometimes curious.

MISC.

MBTI: INFP.

ZODIAC: sagittarius sun, scorpio moon, pisces rising.

WARDROBE: neutral, mostly white. button-up blouse, loose pants, jumpers, knit sweaters, silk dresses, low heels.

MUSIC TASTE: indie french, sad songs & bedroom pop.

ABILITIES.

FAVORED WEAPON(S): sword, if she must.

WEAPON SKILLS: 6/10. could be better if she bothered to train.

COMBAT SKILLS: 7/10. self-defense mostly, not terrible at hand-combat.

THREAT LEVEL: 8/10 if she uses her geokinesis, otherwise she's a 4.

POWERS

GEOKINESIS: If she could change anything about her, this is at the very top of the list. She finds it *entirely* useless and often thinks of it as a curse. It's her strongest power nonetheless, if she bothered to learn how to control it, she'd be able to create a magnitude 6 earthquake. For now, it's *deeply* tied with her emotions so she keeps it dormant with meditation and hopes for the best.

CHLOROKINESIS: This one is tricky and the only one she keeps trying to develop. So far, she can keep plants alive, but finds it easier to make the plants around her wither as if winter had come early. Needless to say, she's not very needed at the greenhouse.

CASTING CURSES / CULINARY: She's *gifted* in the kitchen, though she doesn't really associate it with her *godly* inheritance. Whenever she's having a bad day (which is most days), she calms herself down baking. What she *doesn't* know is that while doing so, she's also casting tiny curses into the baked goods. Given it's all completely unconscious, the curses tend to take the form of self-induced stomach aches.

PERSONALITY

Amelia was once happy and wild, but those days seem very distant to the Amelia that now attends Eonia. At best, she's distant- with her nose stuck in a book, at worst- well she's not one to be mean for shits and giggles but her temper is *unstable* and she could make the earth swallow you up just to make a point. Really, Amelia means no harm: her heart is big and fragile, her passions involve finding the beauty in the world that surrounds her, her laughter still echoes the halls in her father's apartment... but all of that is ever so often consumed by an eternal sadness she can't really get herself out of.



BIOGRAPHY.

i want all that is not mine.

- PANIC ATTACK TW

There's always been this darkness inside of her- calling for her. In a trance, she'd let her pale fingers sink into the ground and feel the soil beneath her begging for an embrace. She'd always thought it was the underworld grabbing at her soul- had always ran from the thought... but little did Amelia know, her suspicions were not that far from the truth.

Amelia was born on a cold December night, the 21st to be exact. She only came to know this because on an equally freezing morning on the 24th, Hugo Brooks found the baby in a basket made out of vines- a note attached to it and a thornless rose carefully placed on top of the many white blankets.

"Primrose was born on the 21st, she's ours" the note read in flawless cursive letter. Hugo proceeded to crumble the note and take the baby girl inside, into the warmth of his home in Savannah, Georgia.

Her parents' relationship had started a whole lot like a fairytale- a beautiful woman appearing before the man in his frozen-yet somehow blooming garden. It was cold, but he was warm and so they spent countless afternoons in each other's arms. Four months they lived together, but all good things come to an end and once spring came, his heart was dropped and she was gone. Not that Amelia knew any of this for the first 8 years of her life.

The second his baby girl came into his life, he decided one thing- that the girl would be his and his alone. Amelia would be her name, not the one given by the goddess of harvest and Savannah would not be the town she'd call home- not with so much painful history in there, materialized in a rose garden. And so, Hugo booked a flight to his mother's home country and found them a

place in the city with the least amount of green: Paris. Clearly, her mother was barely ever mentioned for the first couple of years and by the time Amelia turned 3, Demeter had been successfully replaced.

Her name was Camille and she was the sunshine of both Hugo and Amelia's lives. While the bond between daughter and father was fairly strong, the minute Amelia's new *maman* came into their lives, it really did leave everyone wondering how the pair had survived till then. The man had raised his daughter with all of the love he could muster, but from a very young age anyone could tell Amelia would prove one day to be quite a handful. There was a wildness inside that one could see if they stared long enough into her eyes- a wildness that didn't necessarily come in flames, but in the shape of something far stranger, darker even. A cold rage, Camille called it- One they would be wise to keep dormant. See, Amelia grew up a very happy child, but most of that happiness wouldn't have been if it weren't for her stepmother's efforts. Whenever the girl got really quiet and seemed to listen to whatever demons lurked about in the universe, the

atmosphere around her became heavy and Camille made sure to quickly step in and snap the child out of her emotional trance. She made sure she never forgot the miraculousness of a flower's bloom, the wonder in a snowflake's structure, the splendor in even the darkest paintings- and the love that surrounded her.

Books, museums, flowers (despite his father's wishes) and even the Catholic Church, kept her company in those first years of her life. She was happy, she was wild and impulsive- but also thoughtful and loving. The question of her biological mother really never crossed her mind, there was no need for her really... and perhaps that's why on her eighth birthday party, Demeter came back. She felt her presence before she saw her- something deep in her core she had kept locked for so long, now tugging at her, begging her to walk into the room where three adults sat. His father was red with anger, Camille was pale and this other person- she was glowing in her perfection, but also in her triumph. That day was probably the very last of her happy days. She didn't understand, not when his father tried to explain and Demeter tried to show- All Amelia knew was that Camille would not meet her eye, and the *thing* inside her kept pulling and **pulling**. She didn't want to understand, she *refused* to understand and accept that the world she knew wasn't the truth after all. Her father on his knees reached for her hand and then and

there, with a hand wrapped around the cross on her neck, Amelia let out a scream and the ground beneath them roared alongside.

That day, she'd managed to create not only an earthquake but she'd also made a crack separating her from the others in the room. Demeter had smiled, Hugo was consumed with worry and Camille was as white as a ghost, looking at her not with love but with fear. She didn't give much of an explanation to Hugo when she packed her bags that very same day and never came back, she didn't give Amelia anything... and that hurt more than Amelia could come to comprehend. After that came the monsters from which both Hugo and Amelia barely escaped alive and a few months later, the decision was made that she'd attend France's camp for demigods as a full-time camper.

PANIC ATTACK TW. At first, Amelia was afraid. She was afraid of herself and afraid of what she was able to do- but fear is a strong emotion and when mixed with the attacks that came soon after... her breathing became shallow, her heart pounded against her chest, she started to sweat and then she trembled- and then her geokinesis took over. Then came the sadness... one so profound it made her forget who she used to be. Sadness that came from the fact that the person who had fabricated her happiest memories had treated her as no less than a monster and *left*. And at last, she was angry. Angry at herself, angry at Camille and angry at the goddess who had to arrive out of nowhere and ruined *everything*. That's when the cold rage came back into her life. **END OF TW.**

It was funny, because even though she'd been claimed by Demeter,

campers & mentors alike sometimes forgot her godly parent wasn't the god of death, but the goddess of seasons and harvest. Darkness grew inside of her and thrived- she was scared of herself, yes; but most of all she was angry, she hated being stuck in camp and her gifts didn't let anyone forget. During her first weeks she was allowed to settle in and go easy on the training, but the more she thought about it, the more she came to hate the idea of it. For all she knew, she was only able to destroy with her powers- Chlorokinesis was a big no, she could only keep a plant alive and at that she even struggled, almost as if her gift was somehow reversed and instead of giving life, she was only able to take. The winter season, some offered with a smile, but she couldn't see what the smile could possibly be about: winter was cold and dark and dead.

At her strong refusal for training, Amelia was shipped around. First came the camp in Athens where they put a sword on her hand and made her stick to it- but they never could make her keep her geokinesis at bay. Then came Camp Half-Blood where for a year, *somebody* thought the best way to go was to get under her skin and make her train her powers with anger. It was only supposed to be the beginning of her training, a technique that would make her grasp some sort of control- but as she was forced to go on her very first quest, something went **horribly** wrong and she vowed never to use her geokinesis ever again- at least not on purpose.

Back in France, Amelia came to the realization that if she ever wanted to live a life as godly-free as possible, she'd have to learn how to keep herself and those around her safe- and so, she agreed to train in combat and sword-fighting, but only for the purpose of self-defense. Her geokinesis, however, was never the subject of her training ever again. Instead, Amelia learned to meditate so she could somewhat keep that demon on a leash.

The day Amelia turned 18, was the happiest day of her life in recent memory. The girl walked out of camp and fooled herself into thinking life could go back to normal once again. Her father welcomed her with loving arms, she found herself a job at a coffee shop and her friends kept her busy in between shifts with parties and city adventures... But Camille was gone, the cross that used to hang around her neck lost its magic and even though she tried not to think about it, deep down she knew she was a threat to those she loved. Amelia let herself forget for a glorious year. Let her worries be reduced to the uncivil manager at the café, the choice of a university for next year and the relationship with her father and her boyfriend, Pierre. *How foolish*, she thought to herself as she sat in the hospital's waiting room with tears in her eyes. Just like that, her problems had come right back... as they walked down the Seine, holding hands, a winged creature came crashing down and Amelia barely had any time to react- To save him, she used her fear and threw a mass at the creature that pierced it through, what she didn't realize until a minute later was that the mass hadn't only hurt the monster.

After that nothing was the same- Pierre didn't remember what happened, but Amelia knew his soul did because in his eyes she saw the same fear she once saw in Camille's. "I don't think this world's for you, my love", her father said with a sad smile and so she was shipped off to demigod paradise and her personal hell, this time in the form of Eonia.



CONNECTIONS.

i'm sorry if i smothered you.

CURRENT CONNECTIONS

I FIND THAT FEELING, I FEEL ALONE: they were really close... or close to being close, but then it fizzled out. maybe something happened, maybe it just didn't make sense anymore but amelia misses them from times to times. (0/1)

TWO HANDS LONGING FOR EACH OTHER'S WARMTH: they're both a little sad and the mutual sadness somehow brings them comfort. (2/2)

DARKNESS FALLING LEAVES NOWHERE TO GO: either did something that hurt the other that just crossed the line, unforgivable. Maybe they meant it, maybe they didn't but it's hard to see how to come back from it. (0/2)

STILL WITH EYES MEETING: something happened. maybe amelia knows something about them, maybe they know something about amelia, maybe it's something that happened involving them both. They haven't talked about it and it's just... tense. (1/1)

SLEEPLESS FOLKS WATCHING LIGHT GROW: maybe they knew each other from before, maybe not but one day they find themselves talking and drinking for hours about life and their problems etc until the sun comes out. (0/1)

I WAS DRUNK AGAIN, CAUSING ACCIDENTS: she was drunk, got angry and hurt them bad with her geokinesis- maybe they were the one that made her angry, maybe they were an unlucky bystander. You bet she feels AWFUL. (1/2)

DROPPED YOUR HAND WHILE DANCING: they were a thing, they got past her barriers and she showed them her very best & happy self... but all good things come to an end. amelia freaked out when things got a little more serious and broke things off. it's the sad place now. (0/1)

AND I WAS CATCHING MY BREATH: amelia's been meditating for about 3 years now- it's the one thing that's kept her sane. Maybe they're meditating buddies and share tips or maybe they're somehow trying to get started and they bug amelia to teach them. (1/4)

THERE IS HAPPINESS: they make amelia see the good in the demigod world- or at least they try (she doesn't love it because she likes to live in her self-pitty). (1/3)

NO ONE HAS TO KNOW: a friends with benefits kind of thing where other people don't even think they get along- and maybe they don't but hey it kind of works. (0/1)

CRYING ISN'T LIKE YOU: for some reason or another, they saw past amelia's "i hate the world, stay away" face and got close- but amelia's freaking out and just tries to push them away. (0/1)

SIBLINGS: Chances are they don't get along but where's the harm in some family drama?

CAMPERS: she was in the camp in france for most of her life (all-year kind of camper), for a summer she went to the athens camp (2016) and then for a year she went to camp half-blood (2017). she hated it so maybe she made a few enemies or maybe she made some miraculous friends who knows?

CO-WORKERS: she works at re-reads and mostly keeps to herself but anything could happen!! She's also not a super responsible employee so there's that.

ART HISTORY MAJORS: she's very passionate about art okay? If you don't make her feel bad about not being an apollo kid she'll probably be decent.

WC TAG !! // I'm up for everything!! If nothing here catches your eye please come to me and I'll shower you with ideas (if my brain cooperates)<3

CURRENT CONNECTIONS

Aphrodite

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Apollo

Levi Harris : Simple put, she can't stand him. Sure, there are a lot of people that fit that description and most didn't even do much to earn it... but only Levi Harris will keep on *pushing* and *pushing*. It's not that Amelia hates him, she just would rather keep him away from her business. Unfortunately, she sees him around often and he doesn't miss the opportunity to make himself **present**.

Ares

Leonor Barrios : They started off on the wrong foot, as Amelia usually does... but eventually what began as an endless cycle of fiery reactions and a display of Amelia's very worst version, it slowly became one of the closest friendships she keeps at Eonia. Turns out that not only do they share an unstable temper, but a true hatred towards their godly heritage. Amelia will never admit it, but Leonor is the one person she knows she can lean on.

Laurel Edmond : tbd

Athena

Lyra Kareroa : They used to be friends... Lyra was supposed to give Amelia some math tutoring but ended up doing her homework instead! Amelia did not complain and from there they got along just fine... Until Amelia's personality truly shone before Lyra's eyes and to no one's surprise, walked away. Amelia's very bitter about it and will let her know, Lyra's passive aggressive reactions honestly doesn't make things better.

Jax Lim : tbd

Demeter

Maiken Duale : Amelia doesn't really have much against Maiken... they just, don't really get along as most siblings around Eonia. She's quite similar to Amelia (ability wise)- so the fact that Maiken handles it much better than she does is honestly just a bitter reminder. In all honesty, they don't really see one another as siblings given Amelia constantly pretends her demigod gene is not a thing.

Mae Lee : Mae is probably one of the positive things Amelia sees in the Demeter house... they play the role of older sibling quite well and though Amelia's purpose in life is to find excuses not to be home, whenever she is, you might spot her with Mae in the kitchen making a little something! Not all is good and sweet thought because Amelia is definitely a little intimidated by their sheer goodness and natural skill with chlorokinesis.

Margaret Yoon : tbd

Dionysus

Virginia Viamontes : The definition of frenemies. Amelia met Virginia back in Camp Half Blood, one of her darkest periods, and their relationship still carries bits & pieces of it. They used to argue quite a lot and on Amelia's first and only quest, their rocky relationship distracted the team, attracted a monster and resulted in the death of the third quester. The mutual guilt brought them together in a curious way... Amelia definitely cares about Virginia and sees her as a friend she knows she can count on... but the girl has a talent for getting under her nerves and Amelia isn't really hesitant to hurt her back.

Hades

Rory Kinnon : While they may not be the best of friends... Amelia took one look at Rory and found somebody to relate to. It's not only that they share a religious background, but they also share a little bit of sadness inside of them. Whenever she bumps into him they're able to just sit and talk and just feel whatever they want to feel.

Soraya Ashouri : tbd*

Hecate

Jazmine Harper : One day Jazmine came to Paris and the gods thought... hey let's set them up! Her presence came as a small mercy as she walked down the streets and found a monster trailing behind- Jazmine stepped in and Amelia seeing how disposed the other was to kill monsters, she pretended to be a mere mortal and let her handle things. Jazmine has yet to realize that day she didn't save a mortal but instead a lazy demigod.

Rostam Esfahani : tbd

Nell Greer : tbd

Morgan Davis : tbd

Hephaestus

Ved Singh : tbd

Sato Mitsuki : tbd

Hermes

Anton Grant : tbd

Hestia

Maddy Desai : tbd

Hypnos

Shiloh Monroe : tbd

Iris

Momo Mcderma : tbd

Khione

Nicolai Anderson-Smith : Amelia once had a crush on Nicolai but a week later that crush was gone– She realized he’s the epitome of what she really hates about the demigod world and doesn’t like him very much for that same reason.... she’s also a little scared of him but would never admit it to his face.

Freya Anderson-Smith : tbd

Poseidon

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Zeus

June Mccarthy : tbd

Izak Møler : tbd

MISSING!

Vincent Satt
Carly Castro
Ines Tamayo
Ella Flint
Orion Shiro
Memphis Yiu
Aylin Kalkan
Daxton Lee
Ivan Gavrikov
Ophelia Fenrirsdottir
Maja Feray Aydem
Sebastian Keller
Rhys Fletcher
Talia Kaya
Kenji Tanaka
Liya Rose Charoensuk
Clarisse Prouvaire
Chen Ruiqi
Jason Goldirsch
Zelda Levi
Teddy Mosetti