

[playlist](#) / toyhouse

don't hesitate to remember everything

IDENTITY

name Lek'kai Atratas (not preferred)

aliases Locust (known/preferred)

Tom
He/Him

sex
pronouns

age Eight and ten years old

dob 7th day of Nuhocht

Atratas
Noble, Squire

house
status

from this never ending drama monologue

OUTWARD

A dark spotted tomcat with long ears, lanky extremities, and a lythe build, often sporting a scowl with burning, scornful orange eyes. The cut of his hair is shaggy and oft unkempt. An awkwardly long tail that he has yet to grow into trails behind him, often dragging along the ground.

height 6'1" ft

build A thin and muscular young man, though looks scrappy and roguish.

Dark scrappy fur littered in spots and rings
A few here and there from sparring and fighting with his siblings. Along with the old healed piercings along his ears. Additionally due to his extremely late and intense growth spurts, Locust is covered in stretch marks along his back and legs.

fur
scars/injuries

scent Sweat and bitter spices.

voice claim

don't leave your hate and surrender

COMBAT

<u>Attribute</u>	<u>Base</u>	<u>Status</u>	<u>Weapon</u>
Might	3	+2	
Speed	3		
Endurance	3	+1	
Knowledge	3	+2	
Sanity	7		

INWARD

Always seen with a frown and a glare, Locust is a snippy and angry young tomcat. Seeming like your average angsty teen, Locust snaps easily and isn't afraid to speak out when he finds something to be unfair or unjust. His demeanor portrays a cat with nothing to lose and no respect for anyone around him, however when it comes to the deeper underlying reasons for his actions he clams up and keeps his past bottled away from everyone around him. He doesn't have many friends and is just out to protect himself from others, keeping a fierce and spiteful barrier between himself and the world.

alignment	Chaotic Neutral
mbti	INTP
enneagram	Type 6 - The Loyalist
star sign	Nehzoz

hard-working / loyal / adaptable
irreverent / emotional / solitary
reactive / spiteful / blunt

positive traits
neutral traits
negative traits

Trigger warning: mentions of abuse

Locust has always been an angry little thing. Even as a child the boy could often be found glaring around, hands balled into fists. Though this anger and tough guy act was always his way of hiding the hurt harbored in his young heart. Growing up in house Atratas instilled a great sense of injustice within little Locust and his pent up feelings were rarely acknowledged by those within his family, making the boy secretive and resentful of those who were meant to raise and protect him most. Years of abuse drove him from his home, but after eighteen years being raised this way it's no wonder the young man has quite a few behavioral issues.

Now free of the family that wronged him so, Locust has difficulty holding his tongue and his anger at bay and it lashes out frequently as he has no true way to regulate those feelings, since he was never taught. This front shields the heart of a boy who only truly wanted to be loved and needed and a great gaping hole lingers in his chest which can only be filled with the attention and love he always desired. However his upbringing has made him suspicious and paranoid, so even when presented with the praise he so desires, Locust always acts as though kindness is a mask for malicious intent. Deep down also believing no matter how badly he wants to be loved that he doesn't deserve to be and will never attain it.

Having been scorned one too many times, Locust is distrusting and resistant to familiarity, preferring a solitary lifestyle as he knows if he is alone nobody can hurt him. However if you manage to squeeze through his emotional armor through resilience and a great deal of backlash you will find a lifelong friend. Though he is abrasive and unforgiving, Locust is loyal to those he has deemed worthy of his trust. To those he loves, Locust is caring, helpful and protective. Though he is not the best at helping others with their own emotional turmoil as he can hardly regulate his own feelings, acts of service is how he communicates his care for those around him. He will go out of his way to do tasks that help his friends, especially tasks they may find mundane or demeaning. Though you will rarely hear an affectionate word leave his lips as he is not good at voicing much more than his complaints.

This is different though when presented with a *lady*. Though his mother treated him abhorrently, Locust's only molly sibling always treated him with kindness and a gentle hand. If he perceives a molly to be "ladylike", having a kind demeanor and dignified constitution, Locust has some fairly polished manners and becomes more reserved and well behaved, not wanting to offend such a person. However if you do not have these sort of qualities these manners fly right out the window. He's a gentleman, but only to those he thinks deserve it. In short: he has manners, he just chooses not to use them.

Locust, though typically spiteful toward nobles and authority figures, still has a deep seated desire for praise. So though he rebels against falling under the control of others, one way to get through to him is to find the things he strives to do well and praise him for them. At first he will be suspicious, but as time goes on this is the best way to befriend the young man, or simply don't let him run away/ don't let his bark scare you. The more you show him you aren't going anywhere the more he will grudgingly take a liking to you.

Lastly, when confronted with his family, Locust's personality turns on its head and the typically boisterous young tom becomes reserved and uncomfortable. Usually defiant eyes turn down and his voice completely disappears, especially when his mother is present.

	strengths
	Dedication -
	Hard working -
	Resilient -
	weaknesses
	Emotionally volatile -
	Distrusting -
	Holds grudges -

likes

- Fighting
- Swimming
- Trying new things
- Nature
- Staying active
- Spicy food
- Walking
- Hearing crickets at night
- Music

dislikes

- His family
- The gods
- Horses
- Being seen as worthless
- Talking about his past or family

try to save all the friends that you have lost

KINFOLK

parents

father Lord Arioeh Atratas

mother Lady Latria Atratas (née Morrass)

siblings Heracina (28, Female tom, eldest), Rhovvo (27, Male Tom), Cica'ssia (25, NB molly), Pari'nnia (23, Female tom), Kloveis (21, Male tom), Jeren (20, Male tom)

	Salliphos Veket, Arlo Atratas, Ryam Morrass	uncles
	Cayra Atratas (née Veket), Pedna'ssia Veket (née Atratas)	aunts
	Artaris Moors, Zhinasi Veket, Zarin Veket, Samwyle Morrass, Danelle Morass	cousins
spouse	n/a	
children	n/a	

save yourself from everything that you have learned

BACKGROUND

Trigger warning: Abuse

SUMMARY: Locust's family was toxic as shit and didn't treat him right so he ran away and changed his name so as to never be found/be sent back to them. He's very fucked up over it.

- ❖ Seventhborn of the Atratas children, Lek'kai was brought into a world of turmoil. Seventh son, sixth Tom, runt of the family, just another squalling mouth to feed. The tiny and weak kit was born in the dark of winter under the sign of Nehzos, an ill omen in his mother's humble opinion. Her superstitious nature would follow him through his years like a shadow from the day he was born.
- ❖ Lady Latria had little love in her heart for her last born son. She had little love in her heart to spare most of her tom children. Her attentions were trained upon her only molly child, a pretty little thing called Cica'ssia, whom she doted upon and dressed like a doll and made to be just like her and do as she said, suffocatingly. This disconnect between mother and children encouraged fierce rivalry among the other children of house Atratas who collectively strove for an ounce of affection or recognition for their mother and for their father's praises.
- ❖ Having fallen from their former glory, as a house of war has little use during times of peace, House Atratas now relies on their spice trade to keep their house from falling into obscurity. Though with their decline in popularity and wealth there is little to go around for the Atratas children. From a young age they all knew they would need to claw and fight to earn their keep and their own glory, all but Cica'ssia, who would be their golden ticket to any political marriage that came their way. That and their eldest tom sister, Heracina, who would one day become head of house, unless some tragedy befell her. Knowing this, the eldest Atratas child would inflict acts of intimidation and bullying upon her younger siblings to ensure none of them ever dared move against her. And as children so often tend to do, monkey-see-monkey-do, the bullying and harassment would be learned by each of the toms and passed down the chain upon those who they could exact their dominance over, leaving Lek'kai at the bottom of the food chain.

- ❖ Always being picked on for being small and weak Lek'kai grew to resent his older tom siblings and only found respite hiding behind the robes of his molly sibling Cica'ssia, who was the only member of their family to ever treat him gently and with any degree of kindness. Picking him up when he fell and letting him grip their skirts in his tiny balled fists while giant tears stained his cheeks. Cica'ssia was his protector and only friend, caring for their little brother with soft words and gentle touches. Helping him comb his long and unruly hair as well as the piercings which were worn customarily by members of their bloodline. A practice used to teach responsibility and meant to build a child's sense of pride and self accomplishment. Though this would be used cruelly against Lek'kai as their mother often used taking the child's baubles as punishment for "bad behavior" which could be anything from crying too much, not finishing his chores, or simply taking up too much of Cica'ssia's attention. Lek'kai would be forced to walk a fine line when it came to their mother's expectations, but no matter how he tried, nothing he did would be good enough.
- ❖ Lady Latria resented her youngest son for many reasons, though her superstition was the most apparent. Lek'kai had been born in the dark of Winter under the sign of Nehzos, which could be argued meant Lek'kai was fated for greatness. However after the painful and taxing pregnancy she underwent and the word of a soothsayer, the Lady had paid for his fortune, Lady Latria knew that Locust would be a harbinger of disaster for her and house Atratas. So she would do everything in her power besides ending her own son's life to keep him on his knees so that he could never threaten her dearest Cica'ssia and her golden daughter Heracina. This would cause Lek'kai to resent his mother and the *gods* she claimed hated him so.
- ❖ Though his family was cruel, Lek'kai knew Cica'ssia would always love and protect him. It was them and him against the world... Until it wasn't. Just before the young tom turned ten, Cica'ssia would disappear from Swiftholde. There would be no warning, no goodbye, only a note left under the little lordling's pillow. It was an apology from their dearest Cica'ssia for leaving, but held no information on where they had gone in case anyone else got their hands on it. Their mother was in shambles and a search was conducted for weeks to try and locate the missing molly, but nothing would ever come of it. Locust was forgotten in those weeks, left confused and afraid for what was to come as they realized Cica'ssia would not be coming home.
- ❖ The next eight and a half years of Lek'kai's life would be hellish. With nobody to protect him and his mother's sorrow and wrath being taken out primarily on him, Lek'kai would wonder why his sibling had not taken him with them. Too young to understand that it simply had to happen the way it had, the young cat would be consumed with a sorrow and rage of his own, which would have to be repressed inside his tiny body. It didn't help that Lek'kai just never seemed to grow, even as his older siblings became tall and impossibly strong he was still small and frail and easy to push around, no matter how his rage fueled him in any physical fights he got into with his siblings, which slowly became a regular occurrence without Cica'ssia there to chase them away. He became scrappy and unkempt, still forced to keep the long hair and traditional standards of an Atratas all while growing his hatred for everything their house held dear, other than a desire to fight.
- ❖ Finally just after he turned six and ten, his time would come! A late bloomer, the boy would quickly sprout from a tiny gangly twig to something more fitting a strapping young tomcat. Though his growth was rapid and painful, leaving him sore most days and covered in stretch

marks from the sheer speed of his transformation. Now on a more even playing field with his siblings in height, Lek'kai would take less beatings and manage to become more of a player in the hierarchy of their siblings, though he had no desire to climb the ranks. He simply wanted to leave. And once he'd had enough he would do just that.

- ❖ Just as Cica'ssia had done, Lek'kai would flee in the dark of night with no warning, no goodbye and no note of apology. He would run as far as his now long and gangly legs would carry him into the plains, never looking back over his shoulder. He would run and run for days, discarding anything he could to disguise himself, his baubles, his long hair and even his name.
- ❖ Now introducing himself as *Locust*, as a nod both to all the times his siblings would call him a pest and to the insect which was the bane of their house's crops, the young tom scrapes by as best he can, no longer needing to repress his anger as he has no fear of his mother punishing him for speaking out against her or their traditions. He is scrappy and filled to the brim with spite which spills out at every turn. In his effort of survival, the boy has taken to squiring for the errant knight here and there, clinging like a barnacle to those that may have coin, room and board, and swordsmanship skills they are willing to impart on the wayward cat; though sadly never sticking for too long due to his reactive capriciousness.

save yourself from all the trust you never earned

THOUGHTS

Aroich V Atratas Father / Distant Lord

I don't remember a time you spoke more than ten words to me. I don't suspect you ever will.

Mother / Woman of Wrath **Lady Latria**

*I hope to never see you again, and that your gods drag you to the deepest pits of whichever of the seven
hells.*

Cica'ssia Older sibling / Lost Protector

Why didn't you take me with you?

we will all burn from the burning out

ROMANCE

Locust is full of spite and self loathing so he isn't overly concerned with romance...

sexual orientation Pansexual

????? looks for in a partner
???????????? interested in

we will all burn from the liar's mouth

TRIVIA

fun facts

- ❖ Always introduces himself as Locust and does not elaborate further.
- ❖ Has scars on his ears from multiple infections and mistreatment of his piercings and the healed holes where he used to wear earrings.
- ❖ Cuts his own hair, it looks awful.
- ❖ Still not quite used to being so tall and is strong but can be a bit awkward at times in his movements.
- ❖ Religious trauma go brrrrr.
- ❖ Touch starved but DON'T TOUCH HIM >:c
- ❖ Polite to ladies/ shy around them.
- ❖ Wants your approval but WILL NOT SAY THAT.
- ❖ Surprisingly likes the cold because it is so different from his home.
- ❖ Loves swimming, will climb into fountains in the middle of the night for the hell of it.
- ❖ Kinda looks like a little sewer rat atm.

Mountain standard **time zone**
Discord **roleplay methods**

save yourself from everything you have learned