



THE CROW

“ Didn't you hear? The DEVIL was an angel first. ”

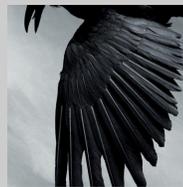


penned by Γ plantdad 🌱 J

📍	GENERAL.	📍	PSYCH.
NAME.	Crow V. Corbin	MBTI.	ENTP=T.
ALIAS.	Crow, █████, Vorona, Bastard	ALIGN.	Chaotic Neutral.
AGE.	34.	TEMP.	Sarcastic, Whimsical.
GENDER.	Male. (AMaB)	ROM ORIENT.	Demi
ROLE.	Mechanic / Intelligence Op.	SEX PREF.	Pan
DoB.	27/10	RELATIONSHIP.	Single

Crow “V” Corbin is a freewheeling rebel from a small fractured network called **The Fleet**. He fell from grace when the nomadic group **Pleiades** he was traveling with had a Martian encounter that turned sour. Casualties ensued, sending him sprawling out into the desert newly alone and seeking salvation. He seems to bear a lot of resentment for the past. Some aches never dull.

- > Religion: Agnostic. Occasionally makes reference to Kievan Rus’ and Pagan deities; mostly blasphemous.
- > Education Level: A student of many, he has a wealth of knowledge from the many people he’s met.
- > Languages Spoken: English, Ukrainian (Surzhyk, Slobozhan, and Polissian dialects), Russian, French (con conversationally fluent), Morse, Sign, small amounts of Polish
- > Heritage: Ukrainian and French-Polish



“ You've got to choose between your FACES. ”



APPEARANCE.

HEIGHT.	6'1 // 185cm
WEIGHT.	74kg without prosthetics, with an additional 2-4kg for his leg prostheses, 5.5kg for his cyborg arm.
EYES.	Naturally hazel-green. His left eye is blind, a milky blue with a pale rift across the iris. His right eye is augmented, close to his natural color but with a reflective red pupil, much like a cats' eyes in the night.
HAIR.	Choppy black, with a white Mullen streak beside his widow's peak. His eyebrow and some of his eyelashes are partially discolored white, in line with the poliosis in his hair. He wears it long with shaved sides, usually opting for a messy top-knot or ponytail to keep it from his face.
SKIN TONE.	Medium olive, mottled with pale pink scars.
BUILD.	A weasel of a man who bears the scars of many a woeful tale. He has broad shoulders and built musculature, well-maintained to off-set his physical limitations. A narrow waist. Strong thighs, mapped with tattoos.

With the everpresent ghost of a sneer, Crow earned his name for more than just his penchant for thievery — he is a shifty man with the alertness of a bird, preened with careful attention to never look *too* put together. Crow-black hair, messily bundled like a fistful of feathers at his neck; an aquiline nose with the crooked bump of an old break, lifted ever so slightly with smug bravado. He carries himself with a lofty, disarmingly casual sense of pride, shoulders back and a self-assured jauntiness to his stride. He is missing his right arm to the shoulder cap, a shoulder disarticulation, preferring to crop and tailor his clothing so it pins well away from the plating. His right leg is amputated just below the knee in a transtibial cut, with a revolving choice of AI-assisted feet grips depending on what work he is doing.

FASHION (OFF-DUTY). His style could affectionately be dubbed *wasteland wanderer*, a mixture of functional techwear and industrial street style, blended with the familiar livable comfort of military fatigues. He sticks to neutral shades like ash and glacier greys, with occasional pieces in khaki or diesel. If he had his choice, he would permanently wear his digital half-mask, custom-built to latch around his ears. He feels most comfortable that way.

MARKS + SCARS: Extensive burn scars on his face and right side of his body. Three tears in his right ear. He has a litany of minor scars on his flesh hand from working with machinery and tools. One thin scar on the bottom of his sound foot from misadventures as a child. Crow also has three beauty spots on his face; two on the left side of his chin, and one Monroe spot. There are more, scattered across his skin, particularly on his back and shoulders.

TATTOOS: Crow has an assortment of monochrome black-line tattoos. Minimalistic and bold, they are a mix of languages and animals. Each is symbolic to him. [\[CW: SHIRTLESS REF\]](#)

His largest tattoos proudly mark his time spent with Pleiades, with the bold black-line head of a snake open-mouthed with a halo on his thigh, weaving over the side of his waist. On the other side of his waist, there is a [dagger](#) wrapped in a snake with a crown on the hilt, marked for the first time he drew blood in their name. Around his neck he bears a smaller snake, biting at its tail, both a symbol of the world-eater snake and as a symbolic tattoo for having overcome addiction. The text *NO MERCY* is tattooed in English in the center of his neck, an ironic taunt meant for enemies if he were to ever be caught and refuse interrogation by having his throat slit. These particular tattoos are now obscured by the metal plating over his neck.

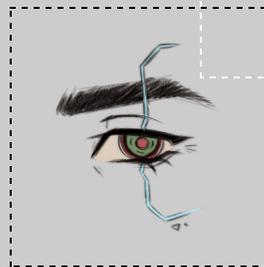
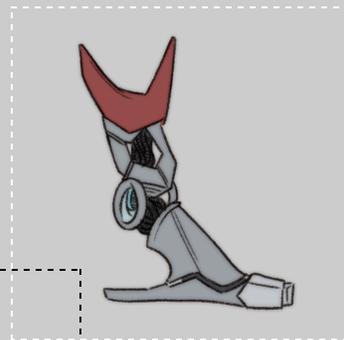
He also has matching inverted roses on his pecs, and a large inverted butterfly crest in the center of his chest. Above this, *ніколи не здавайся* (*NEVER SURRENDER*) is written in Cyrillic script. Nestled in the curve of the largest snake, the text *комета* reads 'comet' or 'wanderer' in Cyrillic. On his left shoulder, he has a large [Alsatian Oskal](#) snarl with the distorted text 'DISORDER' beneath in English. His right calf has two solid black band cover-ups and *Халена*, meaning a sudden, unexpected misfortune. On his [back](#) is his second-largest piece; [a crow in flight](#), clutching a skull with a sun halo and pine trees.

PIERCINGS + ADDITIONS: Two copper cuff earrings on his left ear. A sneer will reveal a golden canine tooth, implanted on the upper right side.

CYBERNETICS: Crow has extensive custom prosthetics. They are tweaked beyond immediate recognition now, but the premium frame they were salvaged from remains at the core of the design. He has had a partial throat and trachea replacement, reinforced and plated with thin titanium armour which reaches his collarbones and part of his left shoulder. The raised tubing and metal cap is from a revised tracheostomy, which can still be accessed if removed.

Notably, his left eye is a full digital replacement. At a glance, it appears natural, but from a conversational distance, the reflective red pupil becomes uncanny. The streaks of the iris turn to serial code, the dark ring of his eye revealing a metal red and silver inlay.

He also has a handful of custom-built feet for different activities, namely a blade for active mobility and fitness; a hydraulic foot clamp for activities that involve climbing and/or foot pressure (ie pedals); and a hiking foot with an elevated heel plate and in-built cooling system, preferred for working. These are unfortunately not waterproofed, and do not fare well in wet and slippery terrain.





PERSONALITY.

POSITIVE.	Creative, Witty, Observational, Flexible, Capable, Humorous, Jaunty, Alert, Gritty, Liberal, Thrifty, Self-Assured, Self-Sufficient
NEUTRAL.	Whimsical, Unpredictable, Teasing, Evasive, Tenacious, Defensive, Daring, Casual, Flirtatious, Coy, Proudful
NEGATIVE.	Vindictive, Manipulative, Malicious, Unreliable, Unfaithful, Resentful, Self-Serving, Superficial, Arrogant, Sarcastic, Duplicious, Egotistical

Crow is a Cheshire Cat who keeps his friends distant and enemies closer. To the untrained eye, Crow seems to simply be a lazy swindler, with a magnetic whimsicality to his actions. He is enigmatic, witty – an entertaining jester who runs his conversations like a magic show with performative spectacle. To some, he may even be charming, pulling out well-used compliments from a toolbox designed for disarming conversation. He keeps his company on their toes, flustering them and distracting them with visual and verbal sleight of hand. Throughout these dealings, he maintains a level of plausible incompetency, blithely complacent. He likes to be unremarkable, easily dismissible. *Not a threat.*

This playful exterior masks the nasty, manipulative truth beneath. Each new relationship is a potential pawn to Crow, and he does not hold allegiance to anybody but himself. He has left many embittered betrayals in his wake. If asked to describe him in a few words, many who have known Crow would come to the same conclusion;

“Bastard.”

– and he would not deny them.

Crow lives by a few simple, self-proclaimed rules:

- Save yourself above all else, regardless of the cost.
- Don't let others know anything truly personal. They can and will use it against you. This is an inevitable truth.
- Lie. Cheat. Steal. Make whatever advantages you can so you win in the end. You're stuck with yourself, so you might as well make the ride comfortable.

He is often careful to disclose just how much he knows, preferring to watch on as somebody struggles rather than offer a hand. Unless it proves personally useful to him, he is a frustrating

back-seat driver, and nothing more useful. He disguises his true nature behind this facade of naivety and a devil-may-care attitude. He loves to make droll commentary from the sidelines without contributing anything useful until called into the fray. Having been manipulated in the past for what he has to offer, he keeps his cards close to his chest.

When cornered to drop this act and become serious, the calculating and observational aspects of his personality come to the fore. He reveals a prideful, sardonic streak, where he mocks opponents as he completes work to, what he deems, a superior standard. He can be ruthlessly efficient, with a tinge of anger that the situation pushed him to give that response. He has a tendency to gaslight individuals who see this side of him. When robbed of the option to ghost and disappear, he endeavours to undermine or manipulate their experience of his cruelty. *'It didn't happen like that,'* he insists. He is a man of many faces, and prefers to disappear in a crowd, picking his solitary battles wisely where he can corner and control the situation alone.

Furthermore, as somebody with avoidant attachment tendencies, Crow is not a man of honor — promises are empty words that are forgotten as soon as the play changes and the odds are no longer in his favour. He is underhanded and unfaithful, and does not believe in the valour of 'playing fair' from experience. He holds grudges and has a selective memory for when he has been wronged. He would much rather stay a loner, remaining self-sufficient and independent. As such, he is dreadful at asking for help when he needs it, and would rather grit and bear his teeth to suffer in silence, than admit he needs a hand. If he can't con somebody into doing it for him without admitting he's struggling, he'd rather the task not get done at all.

He is not without merit however. He is a clever, crafty individual, who would dedicate his time to a frustrating challenge or debate if only to sharpen his mind. He loves to be intellectually stimulated with puzzles and invention. If he noticed a maintenance issue or a feature that could be updated, he would likely devise a fix in private and anonymously leave the work and suggestions on another mechanic's desk. The same goes for overhearing others' problems. If it's something he can fix with his hands, he may volunteer his time, if only for something to do.





TRAITS.

SLEIGHT OF HAND.	+3 to going unnoticed for trickery involving sleight of hands.
COWARD.	+1 to evading damage when hiding behind others. substitute takes +2 dmg.
STRENGTH.	+1 mechanic class bonus.
INTELLIGENCE.	+4 he enjoys a brain-teaser and solving problems.. or creating them.
SPEED.	+0 not as fast as he used to be with that prosthetic leg.
PERCEPTION.	+1 a watchful eye in the intel tower. always seems to be watching...
CHARISMA.	+5 a silver tongue that's good for swindling and smarmy business.

STRENGTHS.

- > Has a creative mind, unbound by law and order or regiments. Quick to pick new knowledge and skills up and adjust to new situations on the fly. Great at finding unorthodox solutions to problems. Incredibly flexible and innovative.
- > Handy with tools and self-sufficient when it comes to repairs and maintenance. Good understanding of electronics, mechanical items and cybernetics, and tends to extrapolate prior knowledge for new challenges.
- > Has a sharp wit and sharper tongue. He can be surprisingly humorous and witty when he's in a good mood. Good at picking up mannerisms and mimicking or impersonating people.

WEAKNESSES.

- < A compulsive liar and thief. Finds it hard to give straight answers or keep his hands to himself, and tends to undermine his trustworthiness because of it. Boy who cried wolf much?
- < Self-sabotages relationships and refuses to settle for long periods of time. A restless soul – can't cope with extended confinement.
- < Avoidant tendencies. Especially when nervous or cornered, he tends to deflect and avoid, rather than confronting his issues. He would cut all ties and leave an entire life behind to escape a situation he didn't want to deal with. Prone to paranoia.



LIKES.

His [mask and helmet](#), working on electronics, metal and electronic music, [screamy hyper-pop](#), small cozy spaces, the color olive green, the smell of pine trees martinis, good vodka, gossip, metal-working, bird-watching, *crows*, ravens, card tricks, teasing people, being told he *needs* to do something, people-watching, running, working out, early mornings, comfortable mess (or *organised chaos*, as he calls it).

DISLIKES. Clothing getting tangled in his plating, excessively hot weather, people going through his stuff, being totally blinded, needy children, screwdrivers that don't have a magnetic tip, missing screws, *shower time*, not being able to smoke, people trying to tidy his things, being too clean/orderly, beings called out for 'borrowing' items, being wet, not having prosthetics.





beginning of the end

агент ворона



ON THE RECORD .

RED MEANS RECORDING

“You want little ole’ *me* for an interview? Aw, famous already am I? What are we signing today— a shirt? A cap? Maybe my name, *right across your heart*- Kidding! Kidding, *bozhe moy*, no need to scowl at me like that. Didn’t anybody ever tell you that your face will stay like that if the wind changes? Honestly, it might be an improvement-”

<TAPE CUT>

“Ow! Okay. Limited tape, got it. No more messin’ around. Keeping it short ‘n sweet, like your m-”

<TAPE CUT>

“Oiya! Stop cutting me off. Do you want the fuckin’ interview or not *сука? Мені це треба як зуби в дупі...* Alright. *Dobre*. Best behavior. Where to start, huh... Veni, vidi, vici is how it goes right? What does it mean? No clue. [crunching.] Enough with the looks already, I’m allowed a snack on the job. [unintelligible. rustling foil.] *Whan’ shome?* No? Eh, suit yourself. Who cares about expiry dates these days anyway? Sure, they’re probably a little more funky than when they were first packed, but it adds to the flavor profile. A sophisticated, refined palette. [a faux accent.] Yes, these are pickle-flavored. Pretty good if you ask me. No, I’m not stalling, I told you veni vi-”

<TAPE CUT>

“Still not good enough for you? Spare me another lecture off the record. [sighs. affirmative grunt.] Name, Crow. Crow Corbin. Yes, that’s the whole thing. Age, 21. ... Okay, 32. Almost had you, didn’t I. It’s the boyish good looks. [laughter.] Male. 6’2. Ten i-”

<TAPE CUT>

“Got here eight- five... two months ago. Whew, time flies when you’re having fun. Real welcoming bunch, you lot are. Love what you’ve done with the place. Really cave miner vogue. Very... brutalist chic of you. No, that’s not *sarcasm!* Learn to take a compliment, *priyatel!*”

“And before this? Ah, y’know. One of those traveling groups. You know the sort. Never stayed in one place for long. The name of it... They went by a couple names y’see. Pretty small-time. You’ve probably never heard of them. It doesn’t matter now anyway. We got fucked over by a bunch of Martians. [the table shifts. interviewee is tapping his cheek.] This shit’s the real deal. I got lucky. The rest of the sorry bastards? [the interviewee shrugs.] Killing my appetite over here thinking about it. I’ve got a whole sleeve of these crisps to finish.”

“Anyway, I’m here now. You’re stuck with me. Lucky you. I make being here fun, don’t I? Must have been awfully bleak before I got here. I’m sure I’ve got work to be getting back to. You’re always harping on about how I don’t do enough around here so... why don’t I go get stuck into that now! Everybody’s happy. Go ahead, cut your precious tape.”

<RECORDING END>



OFF THE RECORD .

TRIGGER WARNINGS: GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF INJURY, DEATH



Self-preservation is king. *If you survive, you are the victor.*

This is the mantra that birthed **Crow Corbin**. Crow began in a rebel network on Earth called **The Fleet**, a series of semi-nomadic survivors who all shared similar hit-and-run tactics in order to source bulk supplies from biomes. He lived with the largest group known as **Pleiades**.

An underground bunker close to a cluster of other established settlements, Pleiades was one of the larger rebel forces in the area, using old mining tunnels and fallout bunkers to shelter their forces. Amassed from the struggling city dwellers and survivors on the outskirts, they had at least fifty souls in their care, but few who were fit to fight. Their primary cause was to provide

food and support to those dependent on the generosity of the downtrodden. At the helm of this settlement was **Ivan ‘Starling’ Novikov**, and **Lidiya ‘Lark’ Kuchurenko**.

“ласкаво просимо на плеяди.”

“Welcome to Pleiades.”

Lark. The fierce, austere co-leader with her braid of dark brown curls and eyes like smoking embers. Intense. Haunted.

Starling. The laid-back, lackadaisical figurehead of the camp with his messy shag and eyes that seemed to be melting, keyhole pupil softened with a sympathetic wince and twinkling with mirth. Relaxed. Friendly.

Despite rocky beginnings, Crow befriended both of them. He found Lark enigmatic. She was tough, smart, fighting with a chip on her shoulder. Admirable for her bravery and ferocity, and the sheer tenacity to survive in the landscape they found themselves in. Her occasional softness, in the firelight. When she cared for elderly members of Pleiades, setting up camp for the youngest members and finally resting proud on the laurels of her work. Starling was easy to get along with. They saw eye to eye on most things, and hardly talked about the things they didn’t. They grew close — with Lark, it was something more. Something undefined. Intimate.

From crafty maintenance repairs around the camp to resourceful use of items others had jettisoned as junk; from strategic pathways that upped the survival rate of returning foragers to useful hints on patrol cycles to avoid skirmishes and detection, Crow made a good name for himself as somebody dependable, capable, and above all, *loyal*. Pleiades was his nest, one he was attached to keeping.



FOOL’S GOLD.

Somewhere in his idyllic time with Pleiades, something went wrong. What should have been a routine hit on a biome was met with an ambush of Martians flanked by Guardians.

The details blur in his memory; he remembers hands raised in surrender, a stiff voice by his ear. Did they bargain? Did they ever speak, before that grenade rolled into view?

As he lay there gasping for breath, ears ringing from the keen of the explosion, the arm that should have reached out for her was— gone. The tattered rags of his shirt lay in his peripheral. Just white pain and flames licking at his skin as he tried to get up, his knee sliding in the dirt. He found no purchase, only a sticky pool of his own blood where his leg ended just below the knee. Agonizing waves of shock. Lark lay across from him, unmoving. He sagged back where he lay, feeling the footsteps rather than hearing them as somebody came to his side. How much time had passed? Where was Starling? He had no clue. Only the sensation of firm hands wrapping a tourniquet and speaking to him as though calling across many oceans. The grey sky, fading to white.



RAT ON THE LOOSE.

Are you new here? *He's been here this whole time; you must have just missed him.* Salus didn't exactly have a back door to sneak in through, so he waltzed in through the front with the nonchalance of a man who had been living there more years than he cared to remember.

He won't speak plainly about where he came from or what he wants, not even after the giant, Scottish, living catalogue of Salusian history grabbed him by the scruff and said **"I dinnae remember ye joining the ranks... Ah 'hink ah'd remember a face like yersel."** This rat will not squeal. Even when he gets dragged into the office and put in front of a microphone.

How did he survive that ordeal? It seems like even he doesn't quite know.





everywhere at the end of time

мій вибір - мій власний



OTHER.

IMPORTANT CONNECTIONS.

Ivan [‘Starling’ Novikov](#) – EARTHLING REBEL, LEADER OF PLEIADES. STATUS: UNKNOWN.

Ivan was like a brother to Crow during his time in the Pleiades camp. They shared many meals and deep conversations in those damp bunkers, saving each other’s lives countless times on the field of rebellion. Crow doesn’t talk about him anymore.

Lidiya [‘Lark’ Kuchurenko](#). – EARTHLING REBEL, FORMER LOVER. STATUS: DECEASED.

Once upon a time, he called her *“моя Птичка,”* his *songbird Lark*. He scoffs at the memory of her now, enough to put a sour scowl on his face. He refuses to talk about her.

VOICE CLAIM.

[“Don’t take it personal. I lie to everyone.”](#) – Deacon, Fallout 4

PLAYLISTS.

[“Clever liar, foolin’ us all.”](#) – If I Know You, Presets (Youtube)

[“Who are you, really?.”](#) – Mikky Ekko (Spotify)

HOBBIES + INTERESTS.

Loves learning languages, working out, running, designing robotic gadgets (especially tiny automatons or robots with interesting movement ie snakes, [mechanical birds](#)) – what can he say! The guardians are intriguing by design – simple programming projects, creating new mask displays, learning card tricks, mind-bending logic puzzles, playing the flute (sopilka), watching the sunrise, executing elaborate pranks, sleight of hand tricks, pick-pocketing skills, imitations and impressions/impressions of other people. Uncannily accurate, has a knack for doing voices and capturing subtle mannerisms that really sell the impression.

MENTAL HEALTH, ADDICTIONS, DISORDERS.

ADHD — Excessive amounts of inattention, carelessness, restlessness, and impulsivity. Struggles primarily with focus and attention span, and executive dysfunction.

Complex PTSD — Consistent exposure to turbulence and trauma has left him with severe dysphoria, an inability to emotionally regulate, dysmorphia, and insecure attachment issues. He is also prone to dissociation, night terrors, issues with identity and time slippage.

Narcissistic Personality Disorder — Characterized by an inflated sense of self-importance, a deep need for excessive attention and admiration, troubled relationships, and a lack of empathy for others, but underpinned by fragile self-esteem and deep insecurities.

Kleptomania — The recurrent inability to resist urges to steal. An impulse control disorder that falls under the Obsessive Compulsive branch of disorders. Symptoms manifest as powerful urges to steal non-essential item; a sense of pleasure, relief or gratification while stealing; and feelings of intense guilt, remorse and self-loathing relating to the theft, with spontaneous onset of symptoms.

He is aware he experiences these urges with abnormal frequency and intensity and should *probably* seek support, but finds the stress relief of committing the theft too addictive to seriously look into it.

Smoking — Has an unhealthy nicotine addiction as per his substance use disorder and addictive personality type, and has frequent withdrawal symptoms of anxiety, restlessness, tingling in his extremities, and insomnia.

Opioids — Previously had a minor addiction to smoking opioid products. He has since become sober, but would not refuse psychedelics or hard drugs if offered.

Phantom Pain — Crow still experiences severe phantom pain and sensations in his residual limbs despite the incident happening a while ago now. It flares up when he experiences vivid dreams and temperature fluctuations.

TRIVIA.

- > He thoroughly dislikes giving out his name. He will go by *Crow* where possible. He is a man of many names.
- > His accent is ambiguous, but it is clear he learned English from an American-accented instructor. He blends a colorful collection of curses and mixed language terms with his English.
- > He was exposed to low-moderate levels of radiation while living out in the field, living on reclaimed irradiated territory after the area was declared habitable again, and the land fertile enough to support settlements. While the area was considered *safe* for occupation and the exclusion zone was marginally reduced, the levels are still higher than virgin land. This extended exposure potentially left him with volatile cells that may manifest illness later in his lifetime.
- > Tends to get very restless if he doesn't have something to keep his hands busy. Has a habit of tapping his heels against things, the toes of his boots into the floor, drumming his fingers, etc. Crow likes to have small mechanical trinkets in his pockets at all times to keep him busy. It also helps stave off the need to pick up other people's things. Fidget toys are a godsend for him.
- > Crow loves to run. He'd run marathons if he could. Something about leaving the house and getting out of his head in the rhythm of hitting the pavement really helps quiet his worries. He doesn't enjoy the treadmill as much these days, but you can still find him in the gym early most mornings, or at the very least, going for an early circuit run around Salus and then catching the sunrise from the watchtowers.
- > The early bird catches the worm! Crow is no exception. He doesn't mind a bright and early start (unless somebody else *asks* him to wake up), since he finds less people are awake early than late at night. He enjoys being a night owl too, but finds he's prone to less productivity and more moping in the late hours.
- > He can play the sopilka (Ukrainian flute) and a handful of other pocket-flute and woodwind type instruments. Anything pocket-sized and easy to transport, maintain and make is a favourite. He loves little svistulka (bird flutes) for their unique ceramic shapes, and finds the bubbling call of them helps ease the homesickness of his first settlement as they sound like birdcall. If you fill them with water, [they sound quite convincing!](#)
- > Crow has a tendency to hoard useless items and even trash at times, making his living space quite cluttered. He feels antsy if things are too clean and organised. If you want to get under his skin, *organise his stuff*. It's chaos with a purpose! Now he really won't know where your stuff is to return it once you've noticed it's missing.
- > He has an infuriating habit of giving everybody nicknames. Some tasteful, some... not so much. The more it peeves you, the more likely he is to keep it. It really does help him keep track of who is who.

> Crow's resting body temperature is very warm. He's a literal furnace and often forgoes a jacket to brave the cold. His extremities remain pretty cold despite this... great way to give somebody a shock if you shove a hand on their neck or down the back of their shirt.

> If he had his choice of cologne, it would be *Fucking Fabulous* by Tom Ford, which has notes of bitter almond, leather, tobacco and whiskey notes (very confusing musky scent). Mysteriously smells like cherry cola and starburst, and faint gasoline instead. Sometimes it's blackcurrant breath mints and menthol. Sweat and hair oil, and the slight must of unwashed clothes. The tang of oil. Old cigarette smoke, covered up by mints. Kinda cloying... is it pleasant? Debatable. An acquired taste. You *will* notice it when you stand in his company.

> Enjoys the gym and calisthenics! Extremely flexible. Like... freakishly so. Don't think that's supposed to bend like that...

> Hidden away in the garage, Crow has a bike, lovingly restored from salvage to a brand new sort of mechanical beast. It's diesel green and patched in all kinds of stickers, old serials on the plates etched off. He doesn't take it out for a spin often, but he's great at driving. Surprising, considering he apparently spent most of the SGP asleep at the wheel.

-X-

RP SAMPLE.

It must be one of the world's remaining wonders to see Crow in the same place as his scheduled duty at the right time. However... that's about where the productivity ends. With shaggy black hair falling into his eyes and no semblance of a hair net or kitchen cleanliness about him, he looks like he should have been lumped into the pest control cleanup bin-bag. Instead, here's here as the biggest health hazard to ever grace the kitchen, loafing around while the rest of the crew works on dinner duty.

Crow sits on one of the galley's narrow benches, lightly kicking his legs back and forth as he whittles away a potato with a switchblade. It's the choppiest, fuckiest looking potato in the entire underground. And he seems hilariously proud of it. He holds it up the light of the rangehood on the stove before returning to shaving peel, despite the cooking and serving being long since over now. He's been mostly unhelpful so far, blithely complaining that *Ursa Major* over there takes up too much damn space, and he'll just be in the way if he tries to get in the lineup. He's much better suited to being over here on the bench looking pretty, out from beneath the feet of titans and pipsqueaks alike.

As the tiniest of the group squishes past, he flicks a dirty, stew-sodden spoon on top of the leftover's lid she's carrying. **"You're on your way past the sink, aren'tcha darl?"** He hardly looks up from peeling. *Jackass.*

MUN INFO.

Hello friends! My name is **PLANTDAD** but you can call me **Plant/Moss** or **Mofn/Muffin** (they/them).

A few fun facts about me:

- ❖ I've lived on an oyster farm in rural Australia!
- ❖ I will stan Shakespeare until the day I die.
Please let me assign your ocs Shakespeare kin.
- ❖ I love trading music SO MUCH!! Please share music with me. <3
- ❖ I'm currently undertaking a Masters in Speech Pathology and I am.. so tired.. so very small and tired.... You will find me napping beneath the beanbags pile.

I'm just a lil menace in a terracotta pot, looking to spore some brainrot with y'all!! I'm here for all sorts of silly shenanigans even though my kid here is a dumpster fire. :D Crow might not be the loveliest dude in Salus but I don't bite! He might tho- East Coast Aussie time zone is the bane of my existence but I try to be available on Disco when I can.

He's an awful sleazeball with a penchant for mischief and casual fuckery but most of the time he's just teasing I SWEAR- You have full permission to dunk on him. He'll be here for a good time not a long time KJDFHGA but I'm very open to pre-planned stuff, hc'd dynamics, IC drama and chaos, so feel free to hit me up for any thoughts you might have. He's traveled a lot and has a lot to hide, so I'd be SUPER down for you to be his worst paranoid nightmare and recognise him from somewhere (or become his unwitting best friend if he thinks you're a soft target.) It takes a hot minute for my brain cells to warm up to hcs, but I love to get into hcs first before lit threads in or off server. I'm looking forward to making mayhem and meeting your kiddos!!

Discord

mofnking

Toyhouse

MofnKing

Timezone

GMT +10 // AEST

RP Preferences

Discord Lit // HCs + Script

Comfort Levels

Italics - Only on occasion, and in the appropriate channels (private or marked NSFW), with discussion beforehand when it crosses the line into explicit.

Bold - Okay, and encouraged. Comfortable with the options marked bold.

SHIPPING:

Do not want / *Only after planning* / **Only after our characters got to know each other deeply** / Whenever

FLIRTING:

Do not want / **Only lightly (ie. compliments, presents etc.)** / **Light innuendos** / *Heavy innuendos* / Anything goes

SMUT:

Do not want / *Just mention it then skip everything / Write the build up but skip the act / Write the act (Explicit art is okay, if discussed first!)*

VIOLENCE:

None / **Heated arguments** / **Light (ie. slapping)** / **Medium (ie. a punch or two, pulling hair...)** / **Heavy (ie. actual fighting with intent to hurt, stabbing...)** / *Beyond fighting (ie. Torture, maiming...)*

GORE:

Skip it entirely / **Mention it only** / **Describe it vaguely** / **As detailed as you want**

SIGNAL LOST