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### THE RUSSIAN...

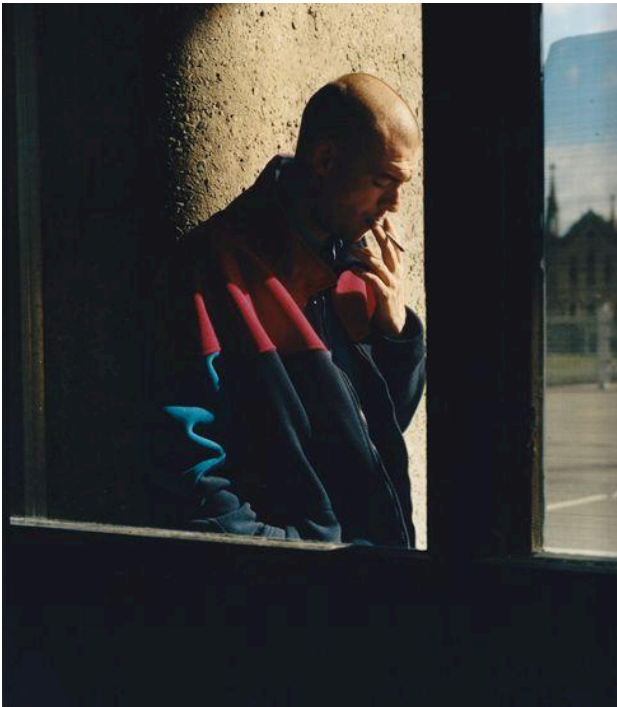
NAME.	VALERIY
LAST NAME.	YAKOVLEV
GENDER.	MALE
SEXUALITY.	UNSURE
NATIONALITY.	RUSSIAN
AGE	24
PLACE OF BIRTH.	NOVOSIBIRSK, RUSSIA
ETHNICITY & RACE.	SLAVIC, CAUCASIAN
LANGUAGES SPOKEN.	RUSSIAN, MONGOLIAN, ENGLISH
EXTRA.	EXTRA
EXTRA.	EXTRA.

### FUTURELESS ...

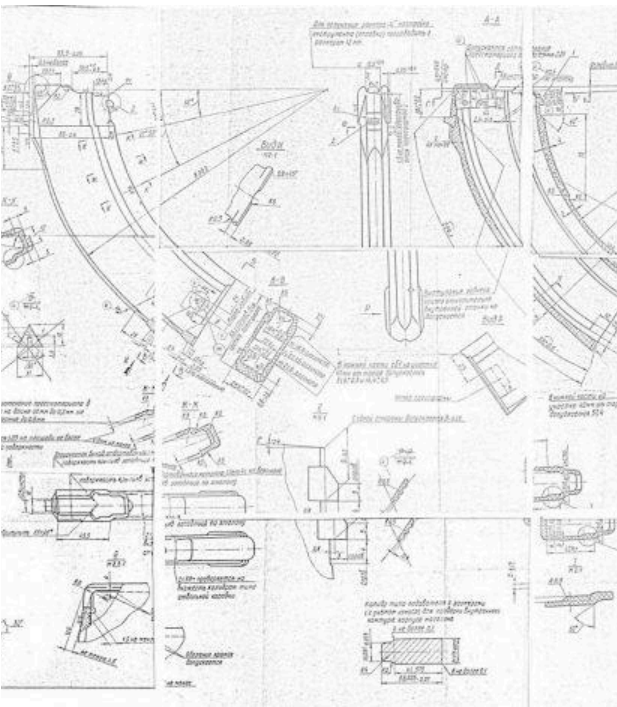
As one would find out, life for an immigrant in the United States is not a welcome one. Whether he was lured in by the promise of the elusive American Dream or merely fleeing his poor decisions back in the old country, Valeriy finds himself in a hostile, almost animalistic New York, where work is hard to find and wages barely cover a decent cost of living. Instead of relegating himself to a miserable, penniless life, he turns to his old contacts: Russian mafiosos and other Eastern European criminals who are always in need of weaponry, whether it be smuggled or smithed from parts. He operates out of Harlem, using an unassuming laundromat's basement as a cover for his gunsmithing workshop, from which he works on numerous orders and other modifications put in by the city's criminal underbelly.

Still, he seems to wish for more from life, even if the work is good. Estranged from his family and without a stable perspective for the future, Valeriy hopes, albeit without much heart, for better days, whether by making it big or somehow quitting the criminal world... a task that is easier said than done.





VALERIY AS HE IS COMMONLY SEEN WITH A CIGARETTE IN HAND



WEAPON SCHEMATICS, OFTEN FOUND IN HIS WORKSHOP

A LOADED QUESTION.

Valeriy came to this world in the twilight years of the Soviet Union. Although he remembers little of the post-Perestroika and Glasnost Russia, his family, living out of Novosibirsk, enjoyed little of the supposed new liberties introduced to the country. He lived a relatively safe and quiet childhood, developing great interest for weapon collection and tinkering thanks to his father's extensive collection of Cold War-era memoirs, which would eventually shape his interest for seeking higher education in engineering.

Despite being admitted into college, he was swiftly faced with deepening financial troubles for his family. His father's military pensions barely helped with their cost of living, and his mother's secretary work could barely cover their bills. Without a prospect for work, Valeriy found himself approached by 'unsavory' types; mafiosos in need of weaponry and someone to assemble or repair firearms. The orders and commissions paid well, even if it caused a deep divide between him and his father.

It wasn't until the group he worked for overstepped their boundaries against Russia's largest 'brotherhood'. In the conflict that emerged, Valeriy wasn't immediately targeted... but instead given an offer. To work for the Mafia, in its chapter in the United States, in exchange for safety for his family. Left without options, and facing an increasing lack of opportunity in his homeland, he soon found himself in American soil, watched by his 'superiors'.

HEIGHT & WEIGHT.	1,93m (6'3"), 77kg (170lbs~)
HAIR COLOR & TYPE.	DARK BLONDE, SHAVED
EYE COLOR & TYPE.	BRIGHT HAZEL
BODY TYPE.	LEAN, LITHE
SKIN TONE.	PALE
TATTOOS & PIERCINGS.	N/A
SCARS.	A BULLET SCAR ON THE RIGHT SHOULDER



**IN THE BASEMENT...?**

Despite his profession? Valeriy is a very, very soft-spoken person. If anything, his unassuming appearance and mild-mannered attitude are what keeps him off the radar of the mafia's more bellicose lieutenants and bosses, a skill he obtained from years of dealing with particularly difficult patrons. While not a doormat, he simply knows how to navigate conversations and keep his cool when under threat to avoid escalating situations, while also observing behaviors and ticks to make sure he doesn't immediately trigger a violent reaction.

Such skill comes at a price, however; he fosters a deeply rooted brand of paranoia, both from the risk of being discovered at his 'workplace' or due to his connections, which could always lead to a world of hurt to his family and few friends who are not involved in his criminal activities. Not only that, but the nature of his work forces him to be distrustful of others, and thus he struggles with socialization outside of his connections, both due to his status as an immigrant and his slight social awkwardness.

Deep down, Valeriy struggles with the morality of his work. In spite of understanding a great deal about societal struggle and how change often comes through violent means, he wishes he wasn't working for the criminal underworld, and often weighs in the guilt of fuelling underworld conflicts and smuggling weaponry to the rest of the world. From this is born a divide: on one side, he believes that real change comes from conflict, while dealing with the mounting guilt of aiding all manner of brutality in exchange for more money than he'd ever make honestly..

Outwardly, Valeriy is scarcely seen without a cigarette. Whether he is simply holding it or chainsmoking to relieve his anxiety and stress, his preferred poison is no secret to even his slightest acquaintances. The Russian mostly enjoys loose, warm clothes, from cargo pants to sweaters one to two sizes larger than him, as well as jackets and windbreakers to weather the New York climate. While he leads a mostly scarce social life, his preferred outings are nightclubs where he can sit and people-watch, bars, and the occasional fast food joint. He may affirm that he hates American culture, but a few burgers and fries are enough to silence him, if only for the next hour.

POSITIVE TRAITS	NEUTRAL TRAITS	NEGATIVE TRAITS	AMBITIONS
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Diligent</li><li>- Attentive</li><li>- Cautious</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Unashamed</li><li>- Slow to anger</li><li>- Critically conscious</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Paranoid</li><li>- Distrustful</li><li>- Overly pragmatic</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- To lead a peaceful life</li><li>- Reconcile his family</li><li>- Bring change to the world, somehow</li></ul>
LIKES	DISLIKES	HABITS	FEARS
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Tinkering</li><li>- Slavic music</li><li>- Cigarettes</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Xenophobia</li><li>- Mafia aficionados</li><li>- American exceptionalism</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Chainsmoking</li><li>- Humming songs</li><li>- People-watching</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Hurting those he loves</li><li>- Having no prospects</li><li>- Hopelessness</li></ul>