

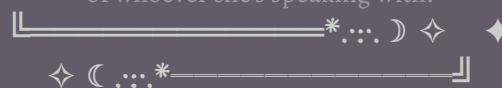
[DO NOT METAGAME ANY INFORMATION ON THIS SHEET.]

template by @celesteqiine on discord. DM or ping me if you'd like help ❤️



Soot gray skin, ash gray hair, and red, red lips. This tiefling stands at six feet tall even. The ends of her legs and tail darken closer to the extremities. Crawling up her neck is a tattoo of a rowan branch. Her frame is on the stockier side, indicative of a life of work. Her painted smile is easy come, easy go, but most often on her face.

One moment to the next, she can be difficult to read. A smile can hide as much as a face which never moves. Her body language is carefully choreographed, often reflecting that of whoever she's speaking with.



CHARACTER OVERVIEW

Full Name: Valdosta

Age: 28

Gender: Female

Pronouns: She/Her

Race: Tiefling

Class: Sorcerer

Background: Hermit

Alignment: Chaotic

ABILITY SCORES

Strength: 11 (○)

Dexterity: 11 (○)

Constitution: 14 (+2)

Intelligence: 10 (○)

Wisdom: 12 (+1)

Charisma: 19 (+4)

SPECIAL MAGICS

Eyes of the Dark

Strength of the Grave

Hound of Ill Omen

Darkvision

Hellish Resistance

Infernal Legacy

Hellish Rebuke

Misty Step

Invisibility

PRIMARY SPELLS

Bless

Feather fall

Magic Missile

Shield

False Life

Mage Armor

Darkness

Hold Person

Shadow Blade

Counterspell

Fear

Sickening Radiance

MISCELLANEOUS

Birthday: Midsummer

Occupation: Tailor/ Dyer

Marital Status: Divorced

Health: Healthy

Playlist: [\[Link\]](#)

Voice Claim: WIP

» · □ · BIOGRAPHY · □ · «

There are only small snippets left in her memory of her time before the caravan, a house with whitewashed walls, a stream that tumbled past a well-worn path, and the branches of a Rowan tree to play in. Then there was running. The faces of her parents are long gone, blurs in her memory, sometimes a strange and familiar scent will bring her back for just a moment. She remembers a woman telling her to stay in place. That she'd be back.

She never came back.

Waiting felt like forever, and a child that young can't tell time well. But when she got hungry, she left the forest to go to the road, looking for help. There, she was found by the kind souls in the caravan. They took her in, clothed her, gave her a home, a safe place. She never knew what her family was running from, and perhaps that was for the best. The caravan was unknowingly the perfect hiding place. Hermetic and nomadic, with the caravan the lost child was able to evade whatever pursued. They gave her a name, since the dark had taken her old one.

Valdosta.

Growing up, and up, and up. Past all the other girls her own age. As tall as the boys in some cases. She proved strong enough to do the less desirable chores, and tall enough to throw cloth over the wires to hang and dry. She learned what her place in the community would be, making cloth, making dyes, and making clothes with the seamstresses. She learned about the various plants, and how to use them. Especially for dyes. Sometimes dyes were like magic, changing color based on what you added, or looking completely different after being exposed to air.

Not like the magic you know.

As Val grew and developed, she became aware of her abilities. She was able to use these sorceries to defend the caravan from threats. Bandits, beasts, and ne'er-do-wells. Becoming an adult meant more responsibilities, and she took them all on with confidence. With adulthood also came expectations, from herself and others. Soon enough, perhaps too soon, she was wed

to a childhood friend. Their marriage was happy, for a time.

*Then a break. Betrayal.
Then things better left unsaid.*

Divorce as apathetic as anything set in. Val was left broken and betrayed. Truly becoming wild, and giving in to impulse. There were so many bad decisions to make, and she would try them all. Smoking, drinking, whatever it took to dull the pain. But that's when the Freeze set in.

Change. The end of the world.

It took the caravan a long time to learn of it, thinking the world was in for long, harsh winters. Their hermetic nature making it difficult to get reliable news. Soon enough, there was no ignoring it, no evading it. The undead rose and made themselves known. It was after the freeze that Valdosta came into her full power, using her magics to defend against the undead and cold. The decision was made, and the caravan went to a city for the first time. A real city. Val didn't know buildings could be that big. That's where they learned of the Freeze and how to escape it. Lacking family, and lacking valuable knowledge or skill, there was only one place for Val to go. So she made her way to the third island, ready to do what it took to make her place in this new life.



SKILLS

Arcana: +3
Insight: +4
Medicine: +4
Religion: +3

LANGUAGES

Common
Infernal
Primordial

PROFICIENCIES

Crossbow, Light
crossbow, Dagger,
Dart, Quarterstaff,
Sling
Herbalism kit

INVENTORY

Dagger x2
Quarterstaff
Component Pouch
Herbalism Kit
Explorer's Pack

RELATIONSHIPS

NAME	STATUS	THOUGHTS
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Gunter "Sug"	Friend ▾ Lover ▾	Asking a lot of questions, but never diving too deep. Being this casual works for me.
Whiff	Friend ▾ Lover ▾	You can accept the stray-cat treatment. We're both free spirits, aren't we?
Vaelyth/Raena "Sweetheart"	Friend ▾ Lover ▾	You're quite interesting. All your studies and the things you do. I want to see more of you.
Kyus "Hearts"	Friend ▾ Lover ▾	Priority for priority. But don't go fallin' in love.
Bovan "Hun"	Friendly ▾	Scratches?
Lethica	Friendly ▾	I'll help you clean up this mess.
Eddi	Friendly ▾	Flirty and friendly? My favorite combination.
Rikar	Friendly ▾	This one. She's a badass.
	Stranger ▾	
	Stranger ▾	
	Stranger ▾	
	Stranger ▾	

	Stranger ▾	
	Stranger ▾	
	Stranger ▾	

› · □ · GALLERY · □ · ◀

All Art can be found on my toybox

WARNING: Pin-ups present, no nudity, mostly old art.

[\[link\]](#)

Valdosta says: "No like. Do you have... va-voom?"

Valdosta makes a curvy figure with her hands in the air

Valdosta says: "Or do you lack va-voomcity?"

Valdosta makes a straight up and down motion with her hands