

NEENAN CROWLEY

[GENDER	Transfemme (She/They)]
[AGE	/// 28]
[D.O.B.	/// 10/31]
[HEIGHT	/// 5'11"]
[WEIGHT	/// 195 lbs.]
[BLOOD	/// O-]
[ORIGIN	/// Coven]

“I DON’T CARE WHAT Y’SAY, MAGIC IS REAL, AND THERE’S NOT MANY BETTER AT IT THAN ME”



APPEARANCE

- Irish/Korean descent.
- Peachy complexion, Shoulder-length tan lines from regular work in corn fields.
- Wiry, athletic build.
- Above-average stature.
- Grayish-Blue, round-shaped eyes, sclera dyed black from tattooing.
- Nails kept short and trim, usually painted black or lilac.
- Usually dressed in layers to avoid sun damage, leathers in colder weather
- Rarely seen without heavily-modified rabbit-themed riding helmet, covered in optic sensors.
- Facial piercings include: Medusa, outer left eyebrow (2), right nostril, bridge, snake bites.
- Long black hair, currently dyed lilac.

MEDICAL FILE

MEDICAL NOTES

- Generally robust physical health, no doubt aided by Coven diet of fresh vegetables and pork.
- Hypermobile/Hyperflexible, known to use both to shock others.
- Struggles with Pica, often seen chewing gum to manage this.
- Canines replaced with metal implants

PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE

- ADHD/Autism
- Survivor’s Guilt
- Rejection Sensitive Disorder, exacerbated by exile from home.
- Frequent stimmer, usually with some sort of chewable, but also known to occupy her hands with metal toys of her own making.
- Classic people-pleaser
- Martyr Complex

PERSONALITY

↑ Creative	Industrious -	Self-Sacrificing ↓
↑ Courageous	Empathetic -	Impulsive ↓
↑ Caring	Earnest-	Oblivious ↓

Neenan is a quirky young woman who grew up in a quirky little family in what could be the quirkiest settlement on Earth, and it shows. At a glance, they seem to be just a spacey eccentric rambling on about fake magic and long-dead species of bugs; a closer look reveals a brilliant young woman who's been given free reign to live out her fantasies through engineering and is a bit out of touch with reality as a result. Neenan carries herself with a happy-go-lucky air in all but the gravest of circumstances, they seem to believe herself protected by the gods of their people, evidenced by her throwing herself into immense danger on a regular basis. Among her Convoy and now Salus, Neenan is incredibly giving and will lend out her talents as a mechanic for nearly any project; it helps that tinkering is one of her favorite hobbies, but they are known to toil away day and night to their own detriment. Neenan is awkward but highly extroverted, combined with her folksy Coven sensibilities, talking to Neenan feels akin to meeting a fae. A true believer in much of the faith of her people, Neenan can sometimes be found with her fellow Wayward conducting bizarre rituals they're all too happy to explain or include others in. In spite of what exists below the surface, Neenan is quite the space case and can often be found off in her own world, unaware of anything surrounding her that they aren't immediately interacting with. In spite of her dreamy, can't-get-me-down attitude, Neenan carries herself with the seriousness of someone who has felt the sting of real loss in their life and has no interest in feeling it again. Neenan occasionally struggles with emotional regulation, it can be a little easy to get under her skin, especially if overstimulated. Neenan has a tendency to hyperfixate, in her downtime away from the Workshop and garage, Neenan can be found sketching concepts for new, outrageous vehicles, often including notes of imagined histories of mythical creatures she believes are embodied by the vehicles. Adding to her fae-like presence is the fact that Neenan has pretty low impulse control, she's known among their Convoy for randomly biting or licking people and quickly apologizing afterwards.

COMBAT

EQUIPMENT & WEAPONRY		PRIMARY	Mechanic (Prodigy)
Dual Beretta M1951R Machine Pistols		SECONDARY	Scout (Wayward)
'Riding' sickle, referred to as "Waning Crescent"		WEAPON	Beretta M. Pistols
Giant-scale Beyblade, "Black Sunshine", ridden like a skateboard			Chained Sickle
Smoke Grenade/Stim Toy			
Rabbit Stuffy			
360° Panoramic Tactical Helmet w/ Rabbit Ear View Enhancers			

BACKSTORY

CW: Death, Sick Parent, Death of Parents, Religious Themes

- Neenan was born in Coven, a settlement of mechanically-minded agrarian cultists who worship the earth, sea, sky, and bees; her grandmother is the Elder of the Circle of Gold.
- From a young age they showed immense talent and knowledge for engineering, creating, restoring, and eventually piloting some of the settlement's most bizarre and deadly vehicles of war, causing plenty of problems for the settlement in the process.
- On a particular outing to a Battleship Graveyard to scrap for war boats, Neenan and her friends were ambushed by Guards, several died in the battle.
- Neenan trained in Coven's unique forms of sickle fighting and vehicular combat under her father, a legend of Coven's many wars against polluters.
- Journeying to a building formerly controlled by a defense contractor, after sneaking and (mostly) fighting her way through the Guards left within, Neenan located an experimental combat helmet meant to give the user a 360° panoramic view.
- With the help of a childhood friend, Neenan 'perfected' this piece of technology by adding mechanical rabbit ears with cameras of their own, making it near impossible to take Neenan by surprise in battle.
- Neenan's parents tell her at 23 that they are having another child
- Neenan's father is called to wage war against a Martian Biome responsible for stealing precious metals that Coven relies on for some of their rarest vehicle components, and dies in the process.
- A grief-stricken Neenan rides with her grandmother to recover her father's body and motorcycle, burying him in the cornfields of Coven, as he would have wanted.
- Neenan's mother gives birth to her little sister, Aoife, who begins to show much the same ingenuity that Neenan did as she grows up.
- Neenan's mother dies due to complications from childbirth a year later, leaving Neenan and her grandmother to care for the young Aoife.
- Neenan rides across the former Massachusetts for years, attempting to assemble a rideable Beyblade she once dreamed up from watching entirely too many cartoons, constructing Frankenstein-esque machines of war for her people as she slowly assembles the parts for her personal project.
- Neenan locates a gyroscopic actuator, the last piece of machinery she would need to build her magnum opus, but is forced to give it up in order to restore a

Automotive Engineering, Aeronautical Engineering, Marine Engineering, Mechanical Engineering

Flight Training, Watercraft Training

■ Kick the Tyres and Light the Fires

Any vehicle with this mechanic on board has +2 to speed and manoeuvrability rolls.

■ Crackshot

+2 when throwing objects or using firearms.

■ Zoom Zoom

+3 to all rolls when using a vehicle as an action.

■ Hotwire

+4 to successfully break in and hotwire a vehicle. Can only be attempted twice per vehicle, thereafter, if still unsuccessful, the vehicle is rendered beyond repair. The vehicle rolls 1d20 against the mechanic's roll each time (must be rolled by someone else).

■ Metal Bender

+2 to rolls against metal based objects.

■ Uno Reverse

This Scout can't be surprised or caught off guard, and instead of the opponent getting to attack first, this Scout can roll to attack first. If their initial attack hits, they get a +2 to all rolls against this opponent. If they fail the opponents can attack as per normal.

tiltrotor that had been getting rebuilt since before Neenan's birth.

- Saddened by her big sister missing out on the chance to realize her dreams, a 5-year-old Aoife steals the actuator back and gives it to Neenan.
- Theft of a part meant for a Holy Relic is a high crime and an affront to the gods in Coven, and if found out Aoife would be made to become a Wayward Witch when she turned 18.
- Instead of allowing Aoife to suffer for a singular childhood mistake, Neenan uses the actuator to complete her giant Beyblade and claims guilt, sentenced to be Wayward.
- Neenan begins telling Aoife a fantastical reimagining of their lives as a method of trying to explain her departure and provide her little sister closure.
- Neenan departs Coven, sent away to gather hearty plants of the deserts, where she and her Convoy settle down in Salus for the time being.

[THE MOSS - COSMO SHELDRAKE](#)

"Lay your head down bub, get all good n' cozy, I've got a long mornin' ahead."

"I wanna hear a story, Neenan!"

"S'pose that's fair enough, it'll be the last one for a good while though, so make sure it's the one you really, *really* want to be hearin'."

"The Wicked and The Wonder, obvs!"

"Heehee~ 'course Aoife, it's your new favorite isn't it? Well, settle in and I'll see if I remember just how that one starts..."

"The Wicked wasn't *always* a villain..."

"Silly me, you're right!

ahem

The Wicked wasn't always a villain, in fact, when they were born, the people of Veenoc would say: 'She's wicked special.', 'She's gonna be wicked smaht.', 'They got wicked magic in their eyes.' The Wicked was born with good fortune on her side, y'see, as she was the child of the land of Veenoc's hero, the Unicorn Knight and his bride, the fair Lady Dahlia, daughter to the great Witch Elder of Gold. The Wicked proved all of the people that expected big things from her right at a young age, she was a prodigy in magic, like the Transmessiah herself had blessed her mind. From readin' the Divine Geometry to tamin' the roarin' hearts of the people's War Steeds, the Wicked seemed destined to be a great Witch. What truly set the Wicked apart from other Witches was not her aptitude, any Witch worth their Holy Salt would learn how to commune with the Steeds. No, what made the Wicked special was her creativity, she could manifest fantastical Steeds beyond other

Witches’ wildest imaginations; Horses, certainly, but the Wicked was known to summon and tame oh so many wondrous beasts, think y’can name a few?”

“**Terrorgon the Drake!**”

“Oh yes, Terrorgon, a great and terrible monster of the sky, and a fickle beast at that. Even the Elders struggled to bring him to heel, he would fly for no one, until the Wicked, still just a girl, communed with Great Terrorgon. Y’see, though mighty, Terrorgon is a big softie when it comes to children, so the Wicked was allowed to approach. The Wicked used her magic and spoke the dragon’s tongue, as they spoke, mighty Terrorgon told her a manticore had stung through his scales, the stinger still buried within his wing, keepin’ him grounded. The Wicked climbed atop the drake and onto its wing, eventually she found the barb and yanked it real good. Took some time because she was just a little thing still, but the Wicked pulled the stinger from Terrorgon’s wing, and with a mighty wingbeat and a roar, the drake could soar the skies once more. Terrorgon let the Wicked and the Elders fly upon his back, he became a friend of Veenoc and an enemy to those that would lead the world to ruin. Even to this day, they say Terrorgon flies over the world, breathin’ fire on the Witches’ foes. Aaaaanyone else~?”

“**Behemotor the Beast, they're *really* scary!**”

“A fearsome beast, indeed! Behemotor was a huge monster of the Road, far faster than any beastie its size certainly had any right to be. See Aoife, the Wicked herself summoned Behemotor, and her summonin’s didn’t always go too grand, for every two simple, clean summonin’s she had, the Wicked was sure to bring up a real doozy of a beastie at least once. Behemotor was one such summonin’, at first, it had a proud and powerful heart that couldn’t be easily tamed, great knights from across Veenoc came to test their mettle and make Behemotor their steed. Many tried, but its heart was so strong, its fury so great that it would buck off anyone, even the Wicked tried her hand and ended up strugglin’ to stay on the buckin’ beast so long that the two careened into a farm and caused all the hogs to scatter. Ooh, did the Wicked hate havin’ to fetch all those piggies for the farmers, but ridin’ Behmotor gave her wisdom. The Beast didn’t need to be banished from Veenoc, as the Elders had demanded of them, the Wicked saw the problem was far simpler, shoes! The poor beastie's hooves were hurtin’, shoes too tight y’see, but with a little coaxin’ Behemotor let the Wicked near and she gave it all-new, bigger shoes and even helped put some shiny caps on the beastie's horns so it didn't get hurt when it crashed through walls!... The Wicked also had to fix the farm fence, too, probably more of a pain than the piggies because at least there were beasties to cuddle and play with. But! But, Behemotor still rages across the Open Road to this day, a certified Castle Crasher of Veenoc, that one! There's more than just those two though, hmmm?”

“**Galvos the Unicorn! They’re the fastest, most majestic steed to ever lay hooves on the Open Road!**”

“Do y’wanna tell the story yourself, Aoife? Hee~, kiddin’... Bit of a jump in our story, close to when the Wonder comes in, and a sad one at that, sure you’re ready for Galvos now?”

"Hmmm... maybe... **The Hydraider?**"

"Excellent choice! Hydraider was the result of the Wicked's very first quest beyond the realm of Veenoc! The Wicked and her adventurin' party traveled faaaar south to the Autumn Riverlands, the corpses of mighty sea beasts had been beached on the shores since before The Great End, preserved in time while the world around them went through so much change. The Wicked’s party

entered the long dead beasts, fightin’ off entire hordes of the Steel Legion’s automatic monsters as they harvested vital components from the long dead beasts. In the struggle through those Leviathans, good Witches were lost, but the Wick-

“What were their names, Neenan?”

“I-

What?”

“The Wicked’s friends, did they have names?”

“... Yes, yes they had names, Aoife. Yes... ah... Kaz, Winona, Trinity, and...

And River.”

“Are you crying, Neenan?”

“It’s ah

sniff

Just a very sad part of the story, bub. This wasn’t just a random assembly of adventurers, they were the Wicked’s friends, friends meant to tame the great beast they came to summon and ride it into war. And then...

And then the survivors pressed on, because they had to, how could they go home to Veenoc empty-handed after such loss? With hearts, eyes, claws, teeth, and all manner of guts in tow, the Wicked’s survivin’ party came home, hailed as conquerin’ heroes. The Wicked didn’t feel like much of a hero though, she just felt sad her friends were gone. Rather than wade in the swamp of sorrow, the Wicked channeled their feelin’s into conjurin’ the great beast those friends were meant to bridle. Without them it was a Herculean labor, but the Wicked toiled away, and eventually she called the many-headed terror of the sea to Veenoc.”

“But the Wicked didn’t tame Hydraider herself? I thought they could tame anything.”

“No one Witch could ever tame the Hydraider, Aoife. It’s a keen beast with a strong will, each of its heads needs to have a rider to keep it in check. However, the Wicked did eventually find riders capable, but it wasn’t easy. There were no greater riders than her fallen companions. How about we get to a happier part of the story, hmmm?”

“Black Sunshine!”

“Wh- Okay, now we’re cuttin’ all the way to the end, y’wanna go to bed already?”

“Nooooo, it’s just my favorite part...”

“All good stories are told start to finish, no jumpin’. ‘Sides, you don’t wanna hear about the Wicked comin’ into her own as a knight of Veenoc?”

“Oooo-ooo-oooh, almost forgot, yeah let’s get to The Helm!”

“There we are, get to talk about one of *my* favorite parts~. But before we get to that, we need to talk about her trainin’ under her father-”

“The Unicorn Knight and Galvos! The greatest heroes the land of Veenoc would ever know!”

“Right y’are, Aoife! The Unicorn Knight was a great hero, great father, and great man, he did everythin’ in his power to ensure the Wicked would be ready for the rigors the Open Road would show her, knowin’ she may someday be made a knight without her choosin’ that life. The Unicorn Knight taught the Wicked in the ways of the Sickle, all great knights of the realm wielded the tool expertly, because they knew one day they would cease their fightin’ and return to the harvest, as all Witches wished to. To make absolutely certain she was safe, the Unicorn Knight would give his daughter his personal chained sickle, the Wanin’ Crescent, forged from Titan Steel, light as a feather, but strong as the Saltfather’s grand pillars.

So yes, over the years the Wicked learned under the Elders, who insisted they teach her as much as they could about magic, but she exceeded their expectations, pushed the boundaries of magic as a wee child. Turns out though, as the Wicked grew up into a proper lady Witch, like so many Witches before her, the Wicked would grow to have a wanderin’ heart. Even alone she would quest beyond the reaches of Veenoc, one such time she had was after gainin’ a treasure map from an explorer the Wicked got in exchange for healin’ the traveler’s beastie. The Wicked hadn’t really found a new adventurin’ party yet, but she wanted to adventure into the dungeon the explorer had tipped her off about, so she went on her own. The journey to the Clockwork City was thankfully short, as the ruins neighbored Veenoc, but the dangers were great all the same; y’see, as the Wicked entered the Clockwork City’s war wizard’s tower, she found it was teemin’ with the Steel Legion’s clockwork beasts. One of the deadliest of the many iron beasts, a great dire wolf known as Lockjaw had made the tower the new home of its pack. The Wicked stalked through the wizard’s tower, slayin’ whelps with her crossbow until she arrived at the wizard’s vault where she squared off with that damned Lockjaw.”

“But the Wicked totally made Lockjaw into a scrap heap!”

“That she did, Aoife. With her crossbow and Wanin’ Crescent, Lockjaw was as good as doomed. The beast slain and the way clear, the Wicked entered the vault and found a grand treasure indeed, the Helm of All-Sight. When a brave soul dons the Helm, they see everything around them. The Wicked claimed her prize, but she saw greater potential in it, and brought it to-”

“The Divine Scribe!”

“The Scribe, an old friend and fellow survivor of the Battle at the Battleship Graveyard, They were a master of drawin’ the Sacred Geometry, skills that had eluded the Wicked to a degree, but very necessary to accomplish what she had set out to make. The pair combined their great magics, and eventually they conjured all new sets of eyes on the Helm, redubbin’ it the Eyes of the Beholder, afforded true sight, no one and nothin’ would ever surprise the Wicked in battle again after that day.”

“That really is a great part... Okay, now time for Galvos!”

“Guess it is time, hmm?... Well, it’s another sad part, love, so don’t mind me if I get a little teary-eyed again, yeah?

Anyway-

Galvos was a majestic unicorn and a steadfast ally to the Witches of Veenoc, famous for ridin’ with the Unicorn Knight into battle, their shinin’ horn had slain countless who tried to poison the land. The Wicked had learned how to ride horseback, rather unicornback, on Galvos; she learned her most foundational beast handlin’ and healin’ magics by practicin’ with her father and Galvos. Galvos was as much a part of the Wicked’s family as her Grandmother, as far as she was concerned. One day, when the Wicked was nursin’ an injury from a particularly difficult summonin’, the Lady Dahlia and the Unicorn Knight revealed that they were expectin’ another child, a Wonder Child, since the two believed themselves long finished with parenthood. The Wicked was of course delighted by the news that she’d have a little siblin’ to dote on, perhaps even pass on her magical skills to them. The Wicked would spend her time laid up craftin’ all manner of toys for their siblin’-to-be, carin’ for her mother throughout most of her pregnancy. As the expected day drew near, invaders from beyond the stars were settin’ up a fortress around a wellspring of vital components to the land of Veenoc, and the Witches were called to war. The Wicked was still injured, and told to stay and care for the Lady Dahlia, while the Unicorn Knight and Galvos led the charge against the invaders.

They say the Unicorn Knight and Galvos fought with greater valor than had ever been seen on the battlefield, and while the invaders were kept from finishin’ their fortress, the Unicorn Knight fell, slain by the fleein’ commander of the invaders. What’s worse, Galvos’ horn was shattered and they were forced to be abandoned on the battlefield with the body of the Unicorn Knight.”

“Why couldn’t Galvos carry him back himself?”

“Well unfortunately, when a Unicorn loses their horn, they’re practically no different from a regular ol’ horse, and Galvos lost the way home. But in spite of all that, Galvos’ heart was still the same, and there they dutifully stood by the Unicorn Knight’s body. Word came back fast of what had happened in the battle, and it hit the land of Veenoc hard that their greatest champion had fallen. The Wicked was despairin’ of course, the poor dear had just lost her father, and hearin’ he was... just. Just left there. Like he was just a broken sword or somehtin’. Well.

The Wicked didn’t like that, Aoife. She raged, rampaged across the land. Y’see, the Wicked was a great witch that the people appreciated, but she had a tendency to cause about as many problems as she solved.”

“You mean like the Automogre?”

“Ah- Yeah.. like the Automogre, gods what a nightmare that was... Another time though, yeah? Can’t tell the full story tonight, early mornin’, remember?

Anyway. Yes, right, so the Wicked was furious, and made her displeasure known, but the Elder quelled her rage, offerin’ to ride with her granddaughter to collect her son together. It was a day’s ride, but together they made it. The reunion was a bittersweet one for certain, but the Wicked collected her father, put him atop Galvos, and rode the broken steed back to Veenoc. The Unicorn Knight was given a right proper burial as the Queen of the Crossroads demands, interred under a golden cornfield. To non-Witches it’d seem odd not to have a marker, disrespectful, even, but the

Wicked knew it was exactly what her father would have wanted, to be reunited with the Cradle, made one with nature.

It uh. It was hard for the Wicked after that. She descended into her craft as the day of her sibiln's birth approached, laborin' to restore majestic Galvos to their former glory once again. It took time, but the Wicked gathered goblin bones, quicksilver, and a bit of stardust necessary, and used her great magic to restore Galvos' horn. Their family's steadfast friends recovery couldn't have come soon enough, as the Lady Dahlia would give birth to-

"The Wonder!"

"The Wonder, and what a wonder she was, Aoife~. The Wicked could tell from the moment she held her baby sister that she would be capable of the most wonderful things. That someday, she'd take all the knowledge the Wicked had to offer and become the greatest summoner the Cradle had ever known. In fact, the Wonder inspired the Wicked to do great things, be even more darin' in her summonin's. Y'see Aoife, the Wicked read many, many books as a child, she was so very fond of stories, and from one of her favorites, an idea for a summonin' was planted, and though she was dismissed as a silly little dreamer when she first shared it with the Elder, she always kept the thought in th'back of her head. After the Wonder was born, the Wicked felt it time to realize her dreams, to summon a steed that would truly be hers. Galvos was wonderful, but it felt wrong to take them away from Veenoc, and they retired to keep watch over the Wonder.

Now Aoife, I want to remind you that what happens next is... It's unpleasant, unfair, and downright sad, and it's okay if you cry again when I tell it, because I'm probably gonna cry too, okay?"

"Yeah... I'm ready."

"Okay.

Y'see, while the Wonder was a bright light in a dark time for their family, things would become darker before a new dawn came. The Lady Dahlia, her body wounded in childbirth and her heart worn thin by the loss of her Knight... Well m'dear, the Lady Dahlia died. She fought long and hard, every bit a warrior as her husband, but alas sickness was one battle she couldn't win. The Wicked was lost, Galvos and the Elder helped her stay above water, and her duty to her baby sister kept her focused. The Wicked ended up doin' all she could to keep a light shinin' in her life, and threw herself into the summonin' of her own steed."

"Blaaaaack Sunshine!"

"Mmn... guess it's time for our finale then, isn't it? Well yes, Black Sunshine was a powerful demonic construct, one the Wicked always felt a pull towards, written about in her favorite tales, but one she was told was truly the stuff of fantasy. The Wicked didn't believe that though Aoife, she knew that anything she dreamed up could be possible, she'd been spendin' her whole life provin' that she could do exactly that, and she would do it again. Over the years, as she and the Elder raised the Wonder, the Wicked would spend time questin' for Veenoc, all the while gatherin' spare components that could be used in Black Sunshine's summonin'. Eventually, the Wicked had amassed everything she'd needed, aside from one very crucial bit, a demon's heart. One day she'd actually find one of these hearts after slayin' a demon alongside her fellow Witches, but it wasn't meant to be then. The heart had been marked for summonin' a giant raven, a servant of the Transmessiah, since before

The Wicked even dreamt of their steed. The Wicked knew this, but was saddened all the same, she wasn't sure the next time she'd have the chance to perform her own summonin' anytime soon, if ever. Now, the Wonder is maybe... just a lil Wicked herself, and she decided that even if the Transmessiah demanded a sacrifice, her sisters sadness was far too much to bear. So the Wonder snuck into the Transmessiah's temple, and she took that demon heart from her sacrificial altar. The Wonder returned home with the heart and gave it to the Wicked. The Wicked was shocked, terrified for her siblin', and she refused to let her suffer the consequences of her transgressions against the gods. When the Elders came, includin' the Wicked and the Wonder's grandmother, the Wicked had confessed to the crime, and that the summonin' had already been performed. The Elders were aghast, and punishment came swiftly for the Wicked, she was declared to be a Hedge Witch, to quest far and wide to find another demon heart, slay the foes of the gods, and spread their gifts across the Cradle."

"What happens next?"

"Good question, how about I share that when I'm back home next?"

"When's that gonna be, Neenan?"

"Could be soon, if we find some nice samples out in the desert, or anythin' of serious interest."

"But what if you don't?"

"S'pose if that happened I wouldn't be seein' you 'til the winter."

"That's sooo long from now!"

"I know bub, it'll be okay, I'll be home for good before you know it."

"That's not fair! It could be forever, Neenan!"

"It won't be forever, I promise. I'll be home sooner than you think."

"Do you **have** to go?"

"Granny thought it'd be best if I went out on the Open Road, help show the newer Wayward how to be proper warriors, I'm sure my tour won't be too long at all."

"Okay... Neenan?"

"Yeah, Aoife?"

"I'm gonna miss you."

"I'm gonna miss you more~ Get some sleep, Aoife, we'll have time for farewells in the mornin'."

"G'night, Neenan, I love you!"

"G'night, Aoife, I love you too..."

TRIVIA

- └ Makes little metal stim toys for people she considers special.
- └ Avid consumer of Anime.
- └ Fourth fastest recorded landing in the Coven Flight Simulator.

EXTRA

LIKES

- └ Chewy, crunchy textures.
- └ Anything with a biodiesel engine.
- └ Bunnies!

DISLIKES

- └ Mouth sounds.
- └ Heavily preserved foods.
- └ Littering.

HANDLER

ERISAPPARENT

V

SHE/THEY

RP STYLE PREFERENCES

Prose, lit, small group.

TRIGGERS

Child Abuse, Sexual Assault, Grooming, Sick/Dead Pets, Spiders. Spiders are manageable as long as we're avoiding visuals!

FUN FACTS

Uuuhhh, I'm a big Pro Wrestling fan!
Love to headcanon, don't be afraid to reach out!

RP SAMPLE

SHORTFUSE [DOMINIQUE]

AH, THERE YOU WERE - STANDING IN ONE OF THE LESS CROWDED SECTIONS OF THE WORKSHOP AS YOU WAITED. YOU WEREN'T QUITE SURE REALLY AS TO WHY YOU WERE CALLED TO THIS SPACE, BUT THE VOICE ON THE PRIVATE COMMS WAS THAT OF URGENCY, A FIRM TONE THAT DEMANDED YOUR ATTENTION AT ONCE. IT HAD BEEN 20 MINUTES NOW SINCE YOU MADE IT TO THE SECOND TIER, THE FEELING OF EARLY MORNING STARTING TO HIT YOU - WHO THE HELL CALLS FOR SOMEONE THIS EARLY ANYWAY?! YOU HAD SLEEP TO CATCH UP ON AND A BUSY DAY AHEAD OF YOU...YET HERE YOU WERE, WAITING FOR WHAT FELT LIKE A NO-SHOW BOSS.

THAT WOULD BE THE CASE IF IT WASN'T FOR THE AWFUL CLANG YOU'D HEAR AND THE SOUND OF HEAVY, METAL CLAD FOOTSTEPS COMING YOUR WAY. THEY WERE LUMBERING, SLOW - THEY BARELY SOUNDED LIKE THEY BELONGED TO A HUMAN, YET IT WOULD BE QUICK TO COME TO YOU AND WOULD BE FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF SCRAPPING STEEL AGAINST THE GROUND. BEFORE YOU COULD EVEN TURN AROUND TO SEE WHAT HAD APPROACHED YOU, YOU WOULD SEE THE SHADOW THAT ENCOMPASSES YOUR ENTIRE FORM - BLOCKING OUT THE UPPER LIGHTS LIKE AN ECLIPSE. SOMETHING

IN YOUR GUT TELLS YOU TO LOOK UP AND YOU DO; ONLY TO BE MET WITH THE STOIC SCOWL OF ONE OF YOUR BOSSES, HIS SINGLE DARK EYE GAZING DOWN AT YOU – LOOMING, A GIANT THAT BARELY FELT REAL.

YET, YOU WOULD BE MET WITH ANOTHER SHOCK AS HIS ARM RAISES AND DROPS SOMETHING ONTO THE WORK BENCH IN FRONT OF YOU, THE OBJECT THAT LANDS MAKING A LOUD, CACOPHONOUS SOUND AS IT HITS THE HARD SURFACE. A SNORT ESCAPES THE BEASTLY MECHANIC LEAD, GESTURING TO YOU TO LOOK AT WHAT HE HAD PROVIDED. WHEN YOU FINALLY MANAGE TO RIP YOUR SCARE AWAY FROM THE MAN, YOU WOULD BE MET WITH THE MANGLED BODY OF A CANID GUARD; HOWEVER, IT WOULD SEEM THAT THIS ONE HAD A FEW DIFFERENCES AS OPPOSED TO THE USUAL DOG-BOTS. FOR INSTANCE, THIS ONE WAS A GOOD BIT LARGER, GNARLIER AND OLDER – ITS EXTERIOR COVERED IN A DEEP RED PATINA THAT MIMICKED THAT OF LARGE SCABBING LESIONS, A FACE THAT WAS LONGER AND A MAW THAT OPENED WIDER THAN IT NEEDED TO. LASTLY, ALONG ITS ENTIRE LENGTH, IT WOULD BE CLEAVED RIGHT OPEN – MECHANICAL ENTRAILS AND INNERWORKINGS NOW IN FULL DISPLAY...MUCH LIKE AN ANIMAL WAITING TO BE FULLY GUTTED.

“I FOUND THIS THING PROWLING NOT TOO FAR FROM SALUS THIS MORNING. I HAVE AN ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU.” HE MOVES TO STAND BESIDE YOU, GIVING YOU A BETTER VIEW OF JUST WHO THIS IS...THE NAME TAG PINNED TO HIS UTILITY OVERALLS READS ‘DOMINIQUE GALLO | HEAD MECHANIC #2’ AND HE DAWNS A PARTIAL PROSTHETIC MASK THAT RESTS UPON THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS FACE. HE IS A MENACING FORCE, MUSCULAR ARMS CROSSED WITH A CIGARETTE THAT HANGS FROM HIS LIPS AS WISPS OF SMOKE SURROUND YOU BOTH. “DEFUSE IT.”

DOMINIQUE LEANS OVER NOW AND GRIPS ONE SIDE OF THE OPEN CAVITY TO PRY IT OPEN FURTHER, ONCE MORE GESTURING FOR YOU TO LOOK INSIDE; WITHIN THE CANID YOU SEE A RED WIRE, A BLUE WIRE, A YELLOW WIRE AND A WHITE WIRE. “YOU WILL NEED TO CUT THE RIGHT WIRE TO DO SO.

MOST OF THESE PEZZI DI MERDA ARE BUILT WITH BOMBS INSIDE THEM, READY TO BLOW UNDER A CERTAIN TIME LIMIT...AND BECAUSE I MANAGED TO SNAG THIS THING PRETTY QUICKLY, I IMAGINE WE DON’T HAVE A LOT OF TIME LEFT UNTIL IT BLOWS SMOKE UP OUR ASSHOLES.” A MASSIVE HAND RESTS ON YOUR SHOULDER AS HE LEANS IN CLOSE, PUSHING YOU CLOSER TO THE CANID AS HE PUSHES A PAIR OF WIRE CUTTERS INTO YOUR PALMS. “IF YOU CUT THE WRONG WIRE, YOU’LL FUCK US ALL REALLY. PROBABLY CREATE A CRATER WITHIN SALUS.” HIS GRIP TIGHTENS, HIS VOICE DARKENS AS HE UPS THE PRESSURE. “YOU BETTER DO IT QUICK. YOU BETTER DO IT RIGHT. I CALLED YOU HERE FOR A REASON. DON’T MAKE ME REGRET IT. “

DO YOU HEAR A TICKING? OR IS IT YOUR HEART THUMPING AGAINST YOUR RIBS?

“DON’T BE A BITCH NOW, DON’T BE A FUCKING COWARD. YOU GONNA FAINT? I AIN’T GONNA CATCH YOU. “ HE HISSES.

“CUT THE DAMN WIRE. “

[WHICH WIRE WILL YOU CUT?]

[PLEASE ROLL A 1D4 WITH TATSU TO DETERMINE WHICH COLOR WIRE YOU CUT! LOOK BELOW FOR WHAT EACH WIRE ENTAILS AND FOR CORRESPONDING NUMBER]

- > 1. RED WIRE : CUTTING THIS WIRE WILL DO NOTHING! EXCEPT THE TICKING GETS LOUDER...FUCK.
- > 2. BLUE WIRE : CUTTING THIS WIRE WILL CAUSE THE CANID TO ACTUALLY EXPLODE! ... INTO A PLUME OF MULTICOLORED RAINBOW GLITTER. IT’S GOING TO TAKE YEARS TO GET ALL THIS SPARKLY BULLSHIT OUT OF THE WORKSHOP AND OUT OF YOU AND DOM’S HAIR N’ CLOTHES! GOOD GOING, DUMBASS.
- > 3. YELLOW WIRE : CUTTING THIS WIRE WILL CAUSE THE TICKING TO STOP! YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY DEFUSED THE CANID!
- > 4. WHITE WIRE : CUTTING THIS WIRE WILL CAUSE THE CANID TO WAKE UP AGAIN! IT WILL START MOVING AND JERKING AROUND, MAKING AWFUL SCREECHING SOUNDS AS IT TRIES TO SNAP AT YOU. QUICK! KILL IT!

Neenan was bored, super bored! How can the Head Mechanic expect her to wait around so long? Rather than *just wait*, Neenan toils away on parts for the cannon the Wayward use to fire Seong at their enemies in battle. The damned thing took a bit of damage on the way to the desert and it needed to be back up and running before the convoy was going to move anywhere, bug boi's mobility was too important! Neenan's heavily pierced ears perk up at the sound of clanging metal, turning to see what was suddenly eclipsing the light in the room. Neenan's eyes widen as Dom enters their sight, she'd never seen someone so big!

"Wow. You're *tall*."

Neenan squints, reading the patch, so *this* was the Head Mechanic they'd been waiting for! She grins ear to ear, noticing a Guard in Dom's grasp, impressive he found one in such good condition destroyed. What's that?

It's not destroyed?

It's still going?

He wants you to do *what*?

Neenan rolls her eyes and sighs, they had been here before. I mean come on, just shutting a Guard down? Child's play! And boring! Why was this an assignment for *her* anyway? Did Dom really not see all the wild rides the Wayward brought into the settlement with them? Neenan made almost all of those! 'Sides, doesn't everyone know that the yellow wire in a Canid is its power source? As she considers just clipping the wire and going back to working on Seong's cannon, an intrusive thought penetrated every clear bit of thinking Neenan was doing. Neenan smirks at Dom's goading, normally name-calling might get to her a little, but this was their *thing*.

"Why do it right..."

4

Neenan pulls out her multi-tool, flicking it so that one side tumbled over the other and revealed pliers. Neenan clips *the white wire without hesitation*.

"When y'could make things so much more interestin'?"

Neenan takes a few big steps back and pops her multi-tool in her pocket. The Guard returns to life, creaking and groaning as its jaw *snaps* audibly. Quickly and with the calm of an operating surgeon, Neenan takes one of her Berettas out of its thigh holster. Still carefully keeping their distance, Neenan pulls a suppressor out of her fanny pack, fastening it to the barrel with a few turns. As the Canid creaks ready to pounce her, Neenan lowers her pistol, pointing the barrel straight at it and squeezing the trigger tight.

$$15 + 2 \text{ (Metal Bender)} + 2 \text{ (Crackshot)} = 19$$

The Canid leaps, its jaw unhinging and readying to chomp down on Neenan, but is stopped from doing much of anything as it is filled with holes. Neenan aimed right for the Guard's open maw, a less armored location, and bullets ripped through its internals. A loud whistling echoes through the workshop and the muzzle flash of Neenan's Beretta lights up the room in spite of Dom blocking the light. Sparks fly through the Workshop, the Canid's crumpled remains screech along the ground and are stopped when Neenan lifts the toe of her own metal-clad boot, wedging the Guards head between the ground and her heel. She looks up at Dom, their smirk never having left her face.

"Well that was fun... Mind if I get back to fixin' my friend's cannon?"

