



# What Remains of Paradise



## ! THE BODY !

Name: Saturn

Name meaning: Roman god, directly associated with the Golden Age.

Previous names/Nicknames: Amari (birth name)

Gender: Cis Woman

Pronouns: She/her

Starting Age: 2 yrs 4 months

Current Age: 2 yrs 4 months

Height: 6 in

Appearance: Long furred tabby point with downy feather mixed in their pelt. Small, useless wings.

Accessories: Gold ankle bands with a sheer material attached and strewn across her body.

Health: Normal

Disabilities: None

Notable mutations: Wings

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## ! THE SOUL !

Soul Class: X

Soul Level: 0

Soul Shade: X

Soul Partner(s): X

STATS: (You will have 26 points to distribute between the 5 stats. If you are a cat, you may add either +1 to Speed, or +1 to Dexterity. If you are a dog, you may add either +1 Strength or +1 Charisma)

Strength: 2/10

Dexterity: 5/10

Intelligence: 7/10

Charisma: 6/10

Speed: 6+1/10

Strengths:

Booksmart

Confident

Persistent

Weaknesses:

Sheltered

Squeamish

Clumsy

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## THE MIND

Personality:

(at least 3 positive, 3 neutral, and 3 negative traits)

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Down to earth: Saturn was taught to try and be perfect, to her that meant understanding anyone and everyone.

Scholar: Being made to learn, study and practice for all hours of the day has turned Saturn into a nerd.

Inquisitive: She is incredibly curious, she'll try anything once!

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Self-absorbed: She's never had to think about more than her success, even caring for others was for her benefit at the end of the day.

Daydreamer: Saturn has been kept to herself for her whole life. She's only ever had stories and her dreams.

Soft-spoken: Saturn has always been more of a listener anyways.

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Sheltered: Everything was kept from her, she never knew pain, hunger or sadness.

Fragile: She wasn't taught to fight or endure. Her paws are soft like a kitten's.

Sensitive: No one has ever been mean to Saturn, they simply weren't allowed to be.

### History:

Amari was told she was found in the mist, abandoned and left to freeze. She was barely bigger than a sparrow and was said to have fit in the crook between a grown cat's shoulders. Her adopted mother Dottie, despite knowing that the kitten had a name as she was happy to tell them when they asked, decided that Amari should leave a cruel past that left her abandoned behind her instead naming her Saturn. The community she was brought into had been experiencing heartache after heartache so Saturn was a revered bright spot in their lives, as any kittens born had not lived past their first moon. However, Saturn did survive and as she grew she was beloved by the community, so much so that Dottie claimed that Saturn was a blessing sent to them to cleanse them of whatever curse had caused the community so much loss. And the community soon began to prosper again, with kittens living to adulthood and food becoming abundant for the group.

As Saturn grew she was seen more and more as a divine being sent to care for the community, she embodied the angelic grace that was expected of her and learned as much as she could be taught. She wasn't allowed out of sight though, she always had to have a guard or her advisors with her. She wasn't allowed to play, or hunt. She had to remain clean and proper for her whole life. It was painstakingly boring and frustrating for such a young cat. If she had a crush on someone and it was discovered the crush would be banned from interacting with Saturn so as to not distract her from her duties.

Saturn began to dream of a life exploring the world and delivering blessings she's been told her whole life she's been giving to the community. It confuses her why only a select group of cats gets to be assisted instead of everyone possible. After a lot of indecision Saturn finally makes the choice to leave home, in secret, to respond to the calling but got lost.

Exclusions: Is there anything you don't want to be used for plot reasons in the story? Put it here!

N/A

Writing sample: My character is Wisteria :)

There was an unexpected sense of comfort when Nikolai appeared, Wisteria squints at the ducks feigning intense focus rather than discomfort with her own feelings. His question did make her eyebrows raise, "Oh, I guess you never got much time for little party games huh? It sounded like a pretty serious life whenever you told us about your home." She tilted her head one way and then the other as she tried to figure out the best way to explain it, "From what it seems it's a game of luck, I think most of the games here are, you pick a duck and then there's a message or symbol on the bottom to indicate which prize you win?" She shrugged softly, "My father and my brothers preferred skill games so I've had limited contact with this."

Internally she knew that showing him would be beneficial, which really rubbed her the wrong way. Why does she even care? Regardless she shuffled closer indicating to Nikolai to follow her. “There’s probably a pattern, to encourage losses to make the big wins feel special. A lot of games can be rigged this way or that but for simplicity’s sake I’m just going to choose whatever comes up.” With a quick paw she swiped a duck and held it up for their prize.

While she waited she looked around the crowd, “Are the others with you? They weren’t terrible as far as company goes. They even grew on me a little I think. Like a fungus.” The last comment was an obvious deflection for her burning ears’ sake. Luckily, she could ignore her own vulnerability as Hemlock brushed past her, absolutely earning a scathing look from Wisteria but she took a moment, breathed, and then let it pass. This group needed her cooperation and it was in her benefit for things to be the least amount of bothersome.

She gave Hemlock a toothy smile, “Sorry about that! It must be all the rubbing fur around us.”

Last application update: