

PARALLAX WRITTEN APP TEMPLATE

ID

Name: Silvanus Verne

Age: 18

Gender: Male

Orientation: Undetermined

Place of Origin: R-001

CAPABILITIES/ SKILLS

Primary Class: Medic

Secondary Class: Scout

Traits: +2 to healing rolls

Neutral - Swift +3 when running, chasing or evading

Primary - Placebo effect: When this medic is in a mission team, all HP losses are reduced by 2 to all other Classes that aren't medics (primary or secondary). [GROUP STACK +4]

- Team Med: +2 to all medical actions when with another medic (Primary or secondary), this also applies to the other medic. Cannot chain.

- Surgeon: Rolls 1d20, the value rolled is the amount of HP added to the patient's HP. Overhealing can be stored for up to 10HP extra, and dispersed amongst other units in need of healing.

Can be used up to a total of 20 HP points restored.

Patients cannot use action moves while being treated with this bonus.

Unconscious patients will remain unconscious

Cannot be paired with Nurse

Primary medics only can have this trait.

Secondary - Tooth and Claw +2 when fighting without a melee or short range weapon.

- Rolls with the punches: Once down to half HP, user negates 2 HP for every consequent injury

Equipment & Weaponry:

- A screwdriver

-Coiled mountain climbing rope

-Small multitool

- Bottlecap bracelet with the word 'H' scratched into it made out of colored string

- 1 Poorly sewn beanbag toy
- 1 box of chalk
- 1 pair of gardener's rubber gloves
- 1 pair of rubber rain boots
- 1 Purple bandanna

Additional special training or skills:

- Good at making rudimentary traps out of bits of rope
- very good at staying still and quiet
- Can go days without sleep before blacking out for a week straight
- Photographic memory

PHYSICAL PROFILE

Height: 4'8" |

Blood type: A-

Appearance:

Pale skinned little redhead gremlin with blue green eyes and hands that are always too cold. There are some scars here and there, but he seems mostly unscathed.

Medical Notes:

Claw like scarring over right arm

Weak constitution- prone to shortness of breath when feverish

Psychological Notes:

Superstitious

Hoarding Tendencies

Overly curious

Apparently unbothered by most events that may be deemed traumatic

PERSONALITY PROFILE

"Now make a bird with your hands!"

Likes:

Naps

Oversized clothing

Stories

Brightly colored things

Learning about something new
Sharing experiences with others
Soft fabrics
Meat!

Dislikes:

The concept of losing things
Feeling hungry
Bitter herbs and medicine
Things breaking
Being snuck up on

Personality Description:

+Enthusiastic | +Sincere | +Loyal | +Social | = Adaptable | = Curious | -
Irresponsible | - Vengeful | - Chaotic | -Ambivalent

Bright eyed and innocent looking, Sil treats most things with the wonder and enthusiasm that seems unbefitting of current circumstances. He loves to come up with games and rhymes, even if he was hiding from surveillance or trying to find shelter in the rain. Always excited to learn or experience something new, Sil is like a rubber ball that keeps bouncing back from every set back thrown his way. Believing that there is no bad outcome as long as he keeps on learning, there is a certain carelessness to Sil as he hops into every new situation headfirst, without a second thought to his own safety.

While he is no doubt good at his job, he is never a stickler for responsibility. He does his due duty, and it's up to you if you wish to take his advice. Believing in individuality and free will above all, Sil doesn't take well to listening to instructions or even giving rules for others to follow. People simply need to try things out for themselves to learn. So long as it doesn't involve fatal choices, Sil seems more than happy to have people get hurt. After all, he's there to patch up after their mistakes. There is an air of ambivalence to him, like an outsider watching characters of a play.

Even though he doesn't seem to have much of a care in the world, Sil is a loyal creature to those who have shown him kindness. Though he's brought up learning to see the best in others, Sil has a healthy dose of skepticism compared

to his kinder older brother. Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth is his motto. So long as you treat him with grace, he would in turn return the favor. Hurt him, and he will find a way to reflect that hurt onto you tenfold. Sil does not forgive, and he certainly does not forget. Someone has to keep track of grudges.

Interesting Facts:

- Recently gotten into swearing. Rebel phase.
- Knows how to tie and hide snares
- Loves puns, both making and hearing them
- Has a cryptic way of speaking at times due to the more religious outlook
- has a little ritual every time he enters a new area
- Would fight to the end to protect the purple bandanna in his hair
- Has a wariness for machinery.

HISTORY**TL/DR:**

- > Compound went up in flames, leaving hamlet and Sil the only two survivors
- > They have a nice time hiking and trying their best to survive, just two children in an unforgiving universe...
- > One test of courage later he finds himself performing first aid in order to save hamlet's life. Way to shake some responsibility out of a guy.
- > Staying with his brother in Vulcan, pit stop on their continued search for their missing parents.

Extended History:**Warning - Death**

TW: Death

It takes a village to raise a child, and never had it been more true in Sil's case. Growing up he never understood how different his life was compared to other children his age, he played hopscotch among the rubble scattered around, he threw stones and flipped rocks over for bugs until his mother called him for dinner, where he watched her intently as she taught him how to prepare wild rabbits that had the misfortune of stepping into her traps. The world outside was dangerous, but within their compound Sil barely felt it. He grew up happy and carefree for the most part, learning how to walk

and toddle for places he wasn't allowed to be in. The world outside was treacherous, his mother told him. Full of unseen dangers. But to Sil it was something that glittered with endless possibility.

It was on one of those little impromptu explorations that brought him away from the settlement that ended up saving his life, for better or for worse. Sil played a little game of hide and seek with his favorite babysitter hamlet, and by the time the both of them got back the compound had vanished into pillars of flame and smoke.

Sil giggled with delight then, trying to catch the sparks with wide eyed wonder. He was too young to understand the gravity of the situation, much less respond to it. When Sil was older, Hamlet would tell him that their parents were not found in the rubble they searched through. That their families must have evacuated before the compound caved in, and that their main journey was to find them.

Hamlet was the one person Sil had left from his large family, and Sil relied on them every step of the way. He picked up some of hamlet's eccentricities, never once doubting his elder brother's words when it came to the spiritual or the unknown. There was some comfort to be found in the familiarity of the nature that surrounded them, as lonely as it felt. Things were alright as long as they had each other.

But Sil got older, and the older he got the more restless he became. Tired of Hamlet's protective nature, Sil wanted to prove to him that he was every bit as capable as Hamlet was. When he was 13, Sil tried to sneak off himself from their safe base in order to bring back evidence that he could be independent now, and his pride earned him a close brush with a G-Sabre-347. Scrambling back, Sil could feel the sharp metal on his spine, before Hamlet jumped in the way.

He could still see the blood in his mind's eye, the body of Hamlet shielding him from the attacks and dragging them both back. Somehow, Hamlet managed to stay standing until they had shaken off their attacker, before collapsing. Horrified by the consequences of his decision, the young teenager found himself performing impromptu first aid based on nothing but the information gleaned from the medics from other settlements he visited. Refusing to lose his longest lasting companion, Sil's mind kicked into overdrive. He didn't know how, but he managed to stop the bleeding and mend the wounds, narrowly saving Hamlet's life.

He became a little more obedient after that. Albeit, only slightly. Sil keeps an eye out for Hamlet, and developed a rather tenuous relationship with most forms of machinery. Understanding how important medical skills are in an environment like the one they were in, Sil threw most of his attention toward learning first aid skills, using any opportunity he could get when they stopped over at certain settlements to learn from any medics that were willing to spare him the time of their day.

Eventually, the two of them happened across Vulcan, planning to settle down there and gather supplies before continuing on their journey. Unbeknownst to them, it was a break that wouldn't be lasting very long.

TO BE CONTINUED

HANDLER

Discord ID: Soli#2933

Relevant social media ID: @Soleilthesun1 on Twitter

Preferred Name: Soli

Pronouns: she/her

RP Style Preferences: Lit/Paragraph or Script

Triggers: I'm no good with existential discussions! Anything oc related is fine tho!

Fun facts: Indian yellow was made from buffalo pee

ROLE PLAY SAMPLE:

1. Scenario One "The Medical Exam"

Sil was taking tiny little surveys of the room when he thought the chief wasn't looking. Were the rumours of candy really true? Sil didn't think he's had anything sweet before, save for the time he managed to steal a stick of honey from a beehive. He was distracted until the chief spoke, straightening up a little as he's called to attention.

"... heeeh?" He blinks once or twice at the extended list, before holding up a hand. "Hang on, can you repeat that? I gotta take note of what you're checking

for- are you going to show me my records later?" A bright look comes into his eyes, one of innocent, eager curiosity. "I didn't know there was so much information you could get from me! You'll spare no detail in telling me how the testing goes, right doc? I could count on you, right?" He rocks back and forth on his heels, leaning to peek at the tablet the doctor was holding.

"Are you going to open me up?" Sil gapes a little at the comment about warming up the hands. "I don't think you need to go through the trouble- I'm very used to the cold, I promise!" He puffs out his chest, ignoring the fact that he's currently under several layers of clothing. "And I'm very warm inside!" He's tilting his head at the beakers, clearly uncomprehending.

"With blood?" His eyes widen comically. "Are you a vampire, doc? Whatcha need that much blood for?" Sil was giggling, as though the doctor was making a joke. You're going to have to spell it out for him, because he certainly isn't getting the message.