

Lord Byron II Caron of Nightsong - b. 132, 56 years old

His second family was more successful than his first. Born with a gimp arm, keeps it wrapped and out of sight. I'll leave his history for later, but it is extensive.



Wives

- *Lady Roslyn Caron - b. 133, d. 161 - suicide*

Deserved her own story. Killed herself upon hearing the news of her son's death in Dorne.

- *Lady Annis Caron - b. 149, d. 180 - complications from childbirth*

Fertile, kind, and the babies finally killed her.

Children

- *Royce II - b. 150, d. 161 - killed in Dorne alongside [the Young Dragon]*

How can any child compare to a murdered sibling?

- *Myles II - b. 167, d. 168 - fever*

Starting to look ill for House Caron

- **Ser Rowan** - b. 168, 20 years old

Rowan II Caron was born in 168 AC, the third-born son of Lord Byron and second-born of the late Lady Annis, after the late Myles II. He is eldest surviving son of Nightsong, and he is his father's heir. He has hazely-blue eyes, sandy-blond hair that will recede should he reach full maturity, and he is of medium height and build. He was named for Byron's father's stern brother, the late Ser Rowan I who perished with Lord Royce Caron in the taking of the Wide Way.

He was an easily excitable, easily distracted child, with a temper that never truly went away. He was a handful for his mother and Septa Mellena, and Maester Clarence struggled teaching the boy basic arithmetic. Rowan is *not* thorough and he is prone to rash decision making from gut instinct and strong emotion which he can feel in quick succession. He is proud - vainglorious even - and he is irascible and thin-skinned. He is a capable and fierce warrior, but would make a poor commander of men. He is an accomplished horseman as well, which is an accomplishment he is very aware of and frequently boasts.

Rowan's perception is faulty; he sees a version of himself that others don't. He sees himself as even-handed, just and chivalrous and he can certainly wax chivalrous, but in truth he's volatile and can be thick-headed and destructive. His anger is sudden, boundless and visceral, and his passion, gloom and joy can be just as emphasized. He is dramatic and selfish, and he spews lies even when he doesn't realize he's spewing lies - he's not deceitful, he's a narcissist.

Without the ability to think critically, Rowan took Byron's prejudices and grudges as fact and he has come to embody Byron's hatreds. He is outwardly racist towards the Dornish, and believes the marches to be above most other realms including those lords of the rainwood and kingswood. He can mirror Byron's arguments, but would be unable to fully explain why he feels the way that he feels. He just feels, and feels come before reason. He is a passionate, aggressive man-child. He will be a poor politician. He will likely die violently and stupidly.

He has no close friends though he would say otherwise. He travels with a retinue of men from Bar's Gnoll, and his sworn sword is a cousin of Ser Bannen Barclay. He has a rivalry with his younger brother Pearse, the second canon character of House Caron. I would like to eventually add one or both of these characters to either a Targaryen, Baratheon, Blackfyre or Tyrell court and if history allows, I'd like to determine which knights originally took the boys to squire.

Rowan has some odd positive traits as well. He *does* believe he is chivalrous, so he is largely loyal except for if he decides not to be for whatever reason he's reasoned out. He looks up to his father and is eager to please him, and he willingly does Byron's bidding. It's hit-or-miss whether Rowan would hold a grudge but if he did manage to remember a slight, it would be nasty. He's probably decently quick to forgive so long as whoever pricked his pride acts sincere or in a way that appeases Rowan. He feels that he deserves a beautiful wife, but he doesn't sleep around.

He has sleep apnea and allergies in the spring, and he's a heavy sleeper and he sleeps in. He's particular about his meals and bedtime.

- **Ser Pearse** - b. 169, 19 years old

Born in 169 AC and named for his father's youngest and favorite uncle, Pearse Caron cuts a more impressive figure - if but slightly. He has the same build and colorings of his elder brother and he may be an inch shorter, but Pearse had no restless energy as a child. He was *not* easily excitable, but collected and well-behaved. He was not easily distracted, but easily focused and able to complete tasks without monitoring. These traits are objectively *average* but compared to his brother, Pearse may as well be Lann the Clever.

He is as competent as Rowan martially, if only barely, and has never truly gotten along with Byron's heir. Their rivalry seemingly spans from conception. Almost as counter to Rowan's Barclay retinue, Pearse keeps a gaggle of Barlow swords about him including Ser Arthur Barlow's nephew as a sworn shield.

Perse isn't cold-blooded though, as one might come to that conclusion if we're trading traits and sliding trait meters between the brothers. He is proud as well, and he could be considered vainglorious. He doesn't boast as regularly as Rowan, however, and he is observant enough to conduct himself appropriately in appropriate circumstances. If something is intolerable, Pearse wouldn't say, "I won't tolerate that," but would perhaps say, "Nightsong finds that intolerable." As a second child with an inheritance and title just out of reach, Pearse must keep his eyes open and his ears pricked - he is opportunistic. He is also reasonably articulate when speaking, and will not become violent when his ideas are dismissed.

Perse would probably make a decent commander, and given time in the right company, he could probably make a good general or Marshall. As opposed to Rowan who would make demands, Pearse may begin with negotiations. Of course he doesn't trust the Dornish, but he wouldn't spit on their retinue. He wouldn't openly shittalk Prince Maekar Targaryen for his marriage either, though he would agree that the marriage was an error.

Around his lessers, Pearse is less kind. They are simply beneath him, and that is something that he shares with his elder brother. Neither of the elder Caron children are particularly paternal towards their other siblings - they have not quite bonded with the younger children, in the way that the younger children have bonded with each other.

Perse is a noted singer and harper. He can be cruel, and he can be guileful. He is homosexual.

- **Lady Blythe** - b. 170, 18 years old

She was the beauty of Nightsong once upon a time, and her mind was very sharp as was her tongue. That girl died though, when Blythe was raped and beaten. That's a story that I want to unfold through lore so I won't spoil it here but at 188, Blythe is a broken girl. She and Darry had been especially close.

- **Daeron "Darry" Caron** - b. 171, 17 years old

On his way to Oldtown(?). One eye looks like yolk spilling out from the pupil - real gnarly. He is/was the older brother that his older brothers weren't. He is scholarly and outgoing and

charismatic and kind. He wants to travel and he wants to see the Citadel, and he is all-too-eager to leave Nightsong despite his fraternal/paternal feelings towards his damaged sister.

- **Lady Elinor** - b. 173, 15 years old

Brilliant. Byron's favorite. Work-minded. Trying not to make her a clone of Bryneth. She is very dedicated and industrious and has learned the ins and outs of Nightsong's operation. She isn't rough around the edges though; she's poised and proper. She's a bit of a coward.

- *Bryce - b. 174, d. 187 - ravaged by dogs.*

Prodigal son. Everyone liked him. He was a Bran-type who was *obsessed* with the old stories - Giants, beastlings, griffons, and creatures that I am literally making up as well. His death is fresh in 188, and the different family members are still reeling in their own ways.

- **Llewyn** - b. 178, 10 years old

Braith and Llewyn grew up admiring Bryce, Blythe and Darry. When Bryce died and Blythe broke her mind and Darry left, Llewyn became the focus of his father's ire and he is now an obedient and sad puppy.

- **Braith**- b. 179, 9 years old

Nancy Drew. Caper queen. She can *smell* crime.

- *Bethan - b. 180, d. 180 - stillborn*

killed her mother, so ungrateful.