



What Remains of Paradise



! THE BODY !

Name: Skrunk

Name meaning: A crinkled cat.

Previous names/Nicknames: Three

Gender: AMAB

Pronouns: They/He

Starting Age: 4 years old

Current Age: 4 years Old

Height: 12 in

Appearance: Skrunk is a crinkled cat with a crooked jaw. Light gray fur with brown seal points at their paws, tail, ears and nose. They have a pale pink scar over their right eye from what looks like the skin was shaved off and healed over what was left of the eye socket. Their fur is usually dull looking for the thin layer of dirt they keep to hide the shimmering quality of their coat.

Accessories: Dirt

Health: Crumpled, could be better.

Disabilities: Blind on right side. Crooked jaw, with some missing teeth. He doesn't know which makes eating weird.

Notable mutations: Permanent Slitted eye(s). Fur has a metallic sheen, almost like a fish scale.

! THE SOUL !

Soul Class: X

Soul Level: 0

Soul Shade: X

Soul Partner(s): X

STATS:

Strength: 6/10

Dexterity: 4/10

Intelligence: 5/10

Charisma: 5/10

Speed: 6+1/10

Strengths:

Resilient in the face of everything.

Optimistic outlook on situation.

Excellent memory.

Weaknesses: Easily disoriented from previous head trauma. Difficulty on right side from vision lost.

Difficulty with speaking.

THE MIND

Personality:

Positive

Kind

Thoughtful

Knowledgeable

Neutral

Patient

Curious

Laid back

Negative

Indecisive

Aimless

Dirty

History:

Skrunk was born on a warm summer morning. Part of a litter of seven that shrunk to 5 not long after, They were third in the line up and called so for a long time. His eldest sister Rosey, found her name on the side of a longboard washed up on the creek bed. The others came about theirs however mother decided it fit best. The second called herself Shimmer, for her luscious coat. The forth was Rush, for how often mother would

have to chance them down, or stop them from. The last of them was Chatter, the most annoying of their siblings and an all around brat. So typically they call him Bratter, bratty, and just brat instead. When they had grown to a decent age, their mother told them of their father. How he'd taken them far from the Ruins to the Misty trench so that their Mother could safely have them. Unfortunately their father most likely has passed on, as one day he went out to hunt for them but never came back.

- Mother cared for them until she passed.
- Rosey Died, Skrunk and Chatter buried her but had quite an argument over how and are currently on bad terms.
- Last year suffered a life changing attack, His sibling Shimmer cared for him within the small group she joined.
 - No one knows if Rush is alive or dead.
- Currently roaming bout to find Rush and just check that they are alive or not.

Exclusions: Don't use sister or her family

Writing sample:

Shadedpath stood silent during the gathering for the most part. They lightly groomed Spottys face, trying to assure the Molly that things would be alright. That they'd be alright. When the groups were named they lightly bumped noses to their cousin. "Keep an eye on Jade. I'll be alright." It was all they could say before they left for their group. They should have waited for her answer, spoken to Jade. But they couldn't stay in the Cavern. Already a slight dread creeps into them.

Jadedclaw, they would put him out of mind for now. Had too. Shadedpath was nervous like many. They scanned their members, watched as those familiar grouped up and others waited. Walking through the tunnels they kept a modicum distance between the front and back of the group. The wait wasn't great, yet what else was there to do before the surface came into view.

Shadedpath was trying hard to stay out of their head. Keep from falling into unhelpful thoughts and over worrying on little or unlikely scenarios. Than over the hush and hollers they heard a cat call "*" Anyone want to go stick hunting with me?"* Turning they saw Glow Bite looking back at the patrol. "There's both safety and success in numbers, and...." Shaded could help but smile.

With a quicken step they saddled close to the other. " I'd like that Warrior Glowbite. Thank you for offering." They said in their formal way of speaking. For some reason they felt the tension greatly lessen with the other, causing a small smile on Shaded.

"May I make a suggestion?" They asked, voice a gentle cadence. Shaded hoped the other felt they just wanted to be helpful. It's all I can do. It feels like all I can do. And that still doesn't seem like enough.

Last application update: November 17th