

General Info

Name: Varicite
Nickname: Vari
Gender: Female
Species: Gem
Designation: Facet 1-A, Cut 6-C
Planet: Homeworld
Purpose: Healer
Weapon: Mace on a chain.

Variscite doesn't typically find herself using this for anything more than threats.

Instrument: Full-sized Harp, engraved with all four diamond insignias and made from a pale green material to match her color scheme.

Song: Fireshrine by Purity Ring

Personality

Temperament: Easy-going and laid back. Doesn't often find herself getting irritated, but does enjoy needling people to see their reactions.

Moral/ethical beliefs: Variscite will not, under any circumstances, leave someone injured unattended to, even if they aren't on the same side as her. She was made to care for others and going against that doesn't ever occur to her.

Hobbies: Harp, lounging, badgering others into giving her attention. She likes figuring out how people work as she believes it makes her a better healer.

Habits: Often sways from side to side as if hearing music, even when silence fills a room. Constantly tucks her hair behind her ears so they don't get in the way while she plays her harp.

Quirks/eccentricities: Goes out of her way to explore areas of Homeworld she's not technically allowed in. People are acutely aware she's not meant to be there.

Likes: Being surrounded by others, laughter, dancing, helping.

Dislikes: The smell of sulfur,

Appearance

Height: 5'5"

Weight: Heavier than her build implies.

Hair: Deep Jade

Skin: Light Jade with Gold, spiderweb marbling.

Gem Type: Variscite

Gem Shape: Triangular Cabochon

Gem Position: Back of Right Hand

Eyes: Pale Green

Clothing: A blue robe with diamond embroidery along the hem, worn with the right arm free for ease of playing the harp. She wears simple white bindings on her chest and plain, light blue flats.

abrasive people, being restrained.

Fears: Being left behind, abandoned, or otherwise discarded. Outliving her usefulness. Being subjected to the same, dull existence forever.

Strengths: Healing, as it is her purpose, but she also excels in getting others to open up to her.

Weaknesses: Is easily mollied, tricked, and swindled. Can be distracted with nothing more than a suggestion and is, in fact, highly suggestible herself.

Short term goals: Finding someone new to bother and acclimate into her small group of friends.

Long term goals: Escaping Homeworld to go to a place that will appreciate her.

Hopes and desires: Variscite wants to live a life full of appreciation and joy, without hardship; she yearns for a place to belong that doesn't define her on what she's capable of.

Occupation: Healer.

Skills: Harp-playing, healing, weaving, getting into small spaces.

Gear

Always has:

- Her harp; it is significantly taller than her. Stored in-gem.
- Miscellaneous fabric scraps.
- Her clothes.

Sometimes has:

- Hair decorations pilfered from gems higher in rank than her, obtained as favors.
- Books she's taken from libraries and hasn't returned.

Events and History

Birth to Present

- Created at the turning of Era 1 to aid in the healing of warrior type gems.
- Had her first experience where she couldn't save a gem from being shattered.
- Bore witness to an upheaving of a local rebel group, and how they had been unfairly put on trial.
- Kept her head low and slowly started looking for ways to assist from the sidelines.
- Met and lost many friends over the course of the transition into Era 2.

Background details

- Once loved a Tourmaline, though it never went anywhere.

Writing Sample

Patiently, Variscite listened. There was this air of indifference the longer her hall companion went on, but she almost seemed... eager to have someone listen to her rambling, as if she had never been given a chance to simply speak her mind. With the way Homeworld's strict rule set works, she wouldn't be surprised to find that being the truth. So she sat, and ruminated on the fact that apparently these towering shelving units were historical archives; Variscite would think that it was, perhaps, dangerous to be here at all now that she had the context. Raking her eyes upwards, she scans the high-arched walls, the pillars that keep the ceiling in place, the windows looking out onto the hollows of Homeworld's first kindergartens. How long would it take before this, too, became cut-off from the rest of gem society?

"Off-hours, huh?" Variscite turns again in place, looking up at the other gem with a little smile, like a secret. "Then I should be fine to stay, don't you think? After all, if it's just you and I here," she walks around the girth of her harp, "then there's no need to move. You should take a break from all of that and relax for a moment."

When the other didn't respond, she paused, just for a moment. There was nothing else happening around them-- no sounds of other gem life shuffling around the halls, or the sound of ships taking off. Just a beat of heavy, uncomfortable silence that makes Variscite sway in place. She's never seen this cut of gem before, doesn't really know the protocol for this interaction, so

she falls back on what she knows works. Hopefully, it will put the other gem at ease and, if that should fail, she can take it from there.

"I'm a Variscite. Facet 1-A, Cut 6-C. " Her feet make no noise as she circles back around to her stool, and she sits with a little flick to the length of her hair. "My duty is to tend to the cracked soldiers filtering in through the medical wards. I don't have a purpose while off-duty, so I look for places to play. To make new music."

With one foot on the floor and the other on a pedal, she pulls the towering harp towards her body, setting the length of it along her torso. Her hands gently rest on the strings, gem catching the light on her hand; she plucks the strings softly, barely more than a brush against them than anything more substantial.

"Sit, listen. It'll be good for you."

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