

QUEST OBJECTIVE:

A boundless has rampaged through the library overnight, leaving a mess of scattered books. The librarian has put out a call for help tidying up the shelves, organizing, and repairing the torn pages.

Write, draw, or roleplay your character helping to clean up the library - tidying up shelves, organizing books, repairing torn pages, or fixing broken furniture. Collaboration between players is encouraged, including open group roleplays! Other characters cannot be used without permission, and players will only be rewarded if they contribute to the final piece.

RULES:

- ★ This doc will NOT be moderated. However, group rules still apply during rest breaks, please keep that in mind and be respectful!
- ★ Minimum 4 posts per participant, including your own character, about completing the quest



TSERN DONAHUE

LV 1 ✦ BARRIER ✦ HE/HIM ✦ 1/4 ✦ APPLICATION

Tsern awkwardly paced outside of the Greendoze library, tail twitching anxiously as crowds of townsfolk swarmed around him. The normally stoic tom had been particularly fragile since the… *incident*, and being out and about during daylight was making his anxieties increase tenfold. Every sudden movement or loud noise had him flinching, and he cursed under his breath.

During the past week, he'd kept mostly to himself, resting in bed or going for nighttime walks when the townsfolk were asleep. He'd been discharged from the hospital a few days ago with strict instructions of rest and quiet, but one could only listen to their own thoughts for so long.

No, he couldn't isolate himself any longer. A peaceful afternoon in the library would do him some good.

Pushing open the heavy doors, Tsern quickly realized that he *miiight* be in too far over his head. "Messy" didn't feel like the right term to describe the library- the place looked like it'd been hit by a miniature tornado. *Suppose that's Boundless for ya,* he mused. Ragged claw marks covered the wooden shelves, and chewed-up books lay scattered across the floor with stray pages surrounding them. The library's disastrous state was a frightening reminder that *they weren't even safe in Greendoze, there could be another attack, more Boundless could swarm at any minute-*

Tsern placed a trembling paw on his chest, breathing slowly until his heart rate returned to normal. His pulse was slightly muffled by the course bandages covering his chest, wrapped tightly over the spot where the Laurelstone shard had struck him. His whiskers shook and he exhaled, forcing himself to un-tense.

Ignoring how his muscles protested, Tsern kneeled down and began collecting salvageable books, tucking them under his arm.

STR +2 **DEX +0** **INT -1** **CHA -1**

+2 Nature / +1 Intimidation

SUMMARY

Tsern, still traumatized from the Laurelstone incident, is having trouble readjusting to society. Seeing the destroyed library makes him anxious, but he pushes it down and starts cleaning up the best he can.

ACTION

Tsern begins picking up salvageable books.



DESEMBRA GRAY

— the artificer —

THEY/ANY ✦ BARRIER ✦ LV 1

STR -1 DEX -3 INT +2 CHA +2

Magic +2 Nature +1

— POST 1 of 4

Desembra knew that it was a good thing that the Boundless, for the most part, tore through the town without much disturbance. No catfolk were hurt. It disappeared before daylight, and only the library and its books were the casualties.

Yet the artificer couldn't help but feel despondent that they missed the sighting. It would have been *such* an opportunity to test their magic against the Boundless. Could the barrier

withstand the void? Would the magic have attracted it? And why did it target the library? Did it once house something enchanted that attracted the monster's attention?

Alas, all Desembra could do was pick up the crumbs and speculate to themself. And of course, help with restoration efforts. Such a fountain of knowledge needed to be preserved and protected, and even if they weren't a Wayseeker, they would have arrived at the library's doors regardless to lend a paw.

Having spent the better part of seven years in dusty aisles, they felt like they had the professional skills to help. Like a doctor, or a medic.

Desembra was likewise collecting—scraps of paper, neatly arranged in one paw or under their arm, while parent books were clutched under the other, cane rhythmically tapping the ground. They were musing about rebinding techniques when they stumbled across the familiar burly shape.

"Ah." Desembra quietly exclaimed, blinking in surprise to find Tsern before them. **"So you've heard about the attack as well?"** As if a Boundless tearing through Greendoze Central was some hushed rumor rather than the only thing on everyone's mind.

✦ SUMMARY
Desembra feels sad that they missed seeing a Boundless but they are eager to help with the library's restoration efforts. They greet Tsern.

✦ ACTION
Desembra picks up scattered papers and the books they belong to.

☾ ☼ Nexus ☼ ☽



Application ✦ Bio ✦ Relationship Tracker

She/They ✦ 25 yrs ✦ Barrier ✦ LV 1

Post 1/4

Ever since that first day in the Guild, Nexus had been hit with never-ending reminders of her time in the Scorched. Standing before the wreckage of the library was probably one of the worst ones so far.

Hearing wind that the library had been attacked by a Boundless, her heart had practically stopped. First from the fresh memories of the coiled substance around her, secondly out of fear that the Scorched had found her, that she had led them here. She had bolted out as soon as she heard, whether to confirm her fears or confront them, she had no clue.

Standing in the doorway, she gripped the floor with unsheathed claws to stop herself from trembling. The fear, the grief, the rage…it was overpowering. Books and papers lay scattered amongst damaged shelves and furniture, the once peaceful and nostalgic air tainted by the presence of the Boundless. Decorations lay shattered in the wake of its rampage, the craftwork of catfolk destroyed without a second thought. Seeing the damage to the children's corner especially gave her a sickening feeling.

She was so, so tired of this. The destruction. The reminders of things she had done. The lingering sense that nowhere was safe that resonated throughout the town. This place had become a place of peace since she discovered it, like a small sliver of…a remnant of something akin to a shelter. Not quite a home, but something calming.

Nothing was untainted in this world, and this was a stark reminder.

She flattened her ears and sighed before treading carefully through the destruction, resolve pushing through the storm in her. She could do something about this. She can help.

She began to tenderly pick up papers strewn on the ground, glancing around for a folder or safe spot to put them while she worked, and spotted two familiar faces. She tapped a paw nervously before making her way over to them.

"Hey," she greeted softly, blinking at Desembra and Tsern. **"Do you guys need help or anything?"** She glanced at Tsern for a moment, unable to mask the worry about his bandaged form.

SUMMARY: Hearing about the Boundless attack sends Nexus into a spiral, and she rushes over to check it out. She has a moment or two or five before resolve kicks in because she can do something about this. She sees Des and Tsern and approaches them.

ACTION: She picks up some papers

STATS AND SKILLS

STR 0 ✦ DEX +2 ✦ INT +1 ✦ CHA -3

Stealth +2 ✦ Survival +1



Ryland Calyan

Written App ☘ 1/4 ☘ He/Him ☘ Mattershift ☘ LV 1

The library had quickly become Rylands favourite place in town. Of course, the actual ‘library’ part was a big reason as to why, and he had spent hours over the past few days researching, trying to gain sense on his new powers. But, more importantly, it was quiet. A place where he could be alone and away from the bustling Greendoze.

Hearing news of the Boundless attack had sent a chill through his body, and a numbing sense of fear. After everything in the cavern it was impossible to not be terrified of the creatures, and he was sent down a whirlwind of anxious thoughts. *Were they safe? What if they attacked the town? How could he help, when he could hardly control his own magic?* Yet, guiltily underlying the fear was the curiosity, burning bright and fiery within him, with the constant questions being asked in his mind, and the want for knowledge continuing on despite the terror. Combined with Rylands newfound powers all the feelings were… overwhelming. He constantly felt hurried and panicked, existing in a frenzied haze of adrenaline.

With how much Ryland had come to love the library he couldn't just sit around and do nothing. He woke up bright and early the next day, arriving at the library determined to help.

As he pushes the door open he finds the place a mess– books torn open, ripped paper strewn across the floor, scratches along the wall and through the craft work in the children's area. It was nothing like the comforting, cozy, and well-loved building he has grown accustomed to.

With a solemn sigh Ryland got to work. He opens up an extra fabric bag he had stashed in his satchel and begins the methodical work of picking up scraps and neatly placing them into the bag. Ryland continued with this for some time, humming along to a song and almost enjoying the repetitive work. The bag was soon full enough that he couldn't add anymore. He makes his way to an empty table, and begins placing the paper in organized stacks based on size onto its wooden surface.

As he turns around to continue his work, Ryland catches sight of three cat folks mingling nearby. They were unfamiliar to him, but judging by the gear and bandages some wore, the cats were clearly guild members. He lurks and starts picking up papers in the proximity, listening to their conversation but not yet wanting to interrupt.

STATS

0 STR / -1 DEX / +3 INT / -1 CHA / + 1 SURVIVAL +2 MAGIC



QUINCY WISEACRE

APPLICATION || THEY / THEM ✱ WATER ✱ LVL 1 || 1 / 4

Residents of Greendoze had been chattering about a myriad of tasks for the recovering Wayseekers to partake in during their resting period, but one that stuck out to the artist was the vandalized library. Not because of the potential of Boundless debris or residue, but more of the fact that this was a place they hadn't visited yet, and like the Achmor Woods park, wouldn't be crowded. The day they set foot in the town square was the day their fur melted right off their figure.

Oh, the irony, as they walked up to the library, realizing within seconds that they were not going to be alone.

And not just with new faces, like the dark molly with silver specks or the calico tabby wordlessly picking up debris.

No. The faces of Tsern and Desembra meet their eyes, and Quincy recoiled inward for a moment.

It was an indescribable feeling, truly, like a pit in their stomach seeing these two again. Maybe it was regret, for thinking what they had about them, even if it was all just thoughts neither of them would ever be subject to, or shame, because they had to witness and deal with Quincy in such a weak moment. Whatever it was, it caused the black-and-white cat to inch towards the edges of the library walls, awkwardly taking up a few of the salvageable books under their arm and beginning to get to work returning them to their abode amongst the shelves. They hung near the calico tabby tom, back turned to their former teammates.

Quincy scowled to themself, picking up a novel by its spine and inspecting the doodles within its pages whilst it hung upside down in their grasp. As soon as the image of something dark and otherworldly came into focus, they shoved it on the shelf between the others without another glance.

They weren't here to chat and get distracted. As the task entailed, they were to clean up the library and grow their connection to this town, the latter being more of a personal goal, since they were going to be here for quite some time. Mindless chatter about the Boundless, or whatever other nonsense anyone wanted to spill about so-called 'magic' would only divert them from their strictly labeled task the librarian had put out for them. Quincy would not be for any of that.

STR -1 ✱ DEX +1 ✱ INT +2 ✱ CHA -2

INSIGHT (+1) ✱ SURVIVAL (+2)

SUMMARY

Quincy enters the library, spots familiar faces, and goes over to Ryland to help him clean up.



— POST 2 of 4

Even more familiar faces show up, to Desembra's initial delight. A calico catfolk they didn't quite know by name mingled nearby; the artificer never spoke to the bespectacled cat before, but they recognized them from the fleeting glances they caught during the expedition's opening.

And Quincy, someone they were more acquainted with, caught Desembra's gaze. A smile reflexively jumped to their face upon seeing their former teammate. They would call them over, include them in the conversation, perhaps catch up.

But before they could open their mouth to do any of that, Quincy very deliberately turned their back on them. Desembra blinked, taken aback for a moment, a mixture of surprise and tight apprehension coiling in their belly. There wasn't any way that Quincy didn't see them and Tsern, having looked right at the pair. They seemed focused on picking up books, but it wouldn't have hurt them to at least acknowledge they existed.

Desembra didn't take kindly to being ignored. Snubbed. Not after what they all went through together.

Before they could do something impulsive, Nexus approached gently. Desembra blinked again, and just like that a warm smile was on their face. **"Nexus!"** they greeted lightly,

already moving the books underneath their arm. **"Sure do—I can only carry so much with my armpits. It makes me feel like a penguin, waddling around like this."**

Handing off the books to Nexus, Desembra gestured with the papers clutched in their hand. **"I think these belong to those books. We're going to ravage Greendoze's supply of paste before this is over with, I'm afraid. But it'll be all worth it to get this place back into shape."**

Like usual, Desembra's volume projected. They weren't exactly loud, but their voice carried enough that others in the area knew of the conversation.

"I *do* wonder why a Boundless ran through here… Don't you find it odd? Or at least curious?"

✦ SUMMARY
Desembra is upset that Quincy doesn't greet them and Tsern, but warms up when Nexus appears. Out loud for others to hear, Desembra wonders why a Boundless tore through the library.

✦ ACTION
Desembra hands off books for Nexus to carry.



TSERN DONAHUE

LV 1 ✦ BARRIER ✦ HE/HIM ✦ 2/4 ✦ APPLICATION

Tsern's ears perked up as a familiar voice called out from behind him, and he turned to meet Desembra with a tired smile. **"Mornin'.**

Yeah, I saw the call. Quite a shame." He suppressed a shiver, envisioning a man-eating beast running through the very hall they were standing in. **"Concerning, too."**

Before his thoughts could spiral into ones of death and doom again, another friendly face joined their little troupe, gathering up torn papers. It was a little embarrassing, being around both Desembra and Nexus again after sobbing his head off to them the other night. There was no sign of judgment in either of the cat's mannerisms, though, and Nexus seemed more outright *concerned* as she not-so-subtly looked over Tsern's bandages. It warmed his heart, in all honesty, that she was worried over a cat she barely knew. From what little he knew of Nexus, Tsern could tell she had a kind soul.

Two new cats were making their way through the wreckage as well, and Tsern's eyes widened as he spotted Quincy among the duo. He hadn't seen the spotted cat since the hospital, and instinctively reached out to call to them- but quickly lowered his paw when he watched them deliberately turn away. Ah. The gesture stung a little bit, but Tsern knew more than anyone how it felt to want to be alone. He wouldn't bother them if they wanted peace.

Though a simple *"thank you for saving me from being impaled by a Boundless"* might've been nice.

Nevertheless, Tsern turned his attention back to the task at hand, gathering up books and placing them on one of the few unturned tables. He beckoned at Nexus, pointing to the surface. **"Here- set the books down. Desembra, can yeh figure out what pages belong to which books?"** He paused for a moment, and then pulled a chair over so they could sit down if they needed. **"We can do the heavy lifting."**

It was indeed odd that a Boundless had chosen a library of all places to rampage. There wasn't any Laurelstone in here that he knew of, but libraries tended to house the strangest things. **"Used to think those bastards were just mindless beasts… but after everything, 'm not sure now."** He leaned down next to a fallen bookshelf, and with a strained grunt pushed it back onto its feet. **"Ya don't think it's because of… us?"** The image of the exploding Laurelstone flashed in his head, weaving power and magic into his very soul. He must look like a gourmet five-course meal to a Boundless.

STR +2 **DEX +0** **INT -1** **CHA -1**

+2 Nature / +1 Intimidation

SUMMARY

Tsern is happy to see Desembra and Nexus again, if not a little embarrassed. He's a little hurt that Quincy doesn't acknowledge him but doesn't hold it against them. Assigning himself the heavy lifting, Tsern muses about why the Boundless attacked the library.

ACTION

Tsern turns over a bookshelf and sets the torn books on a table.



KIRI ★ THE FALLEN STAR

SHAPESHIFT ✦ LV 1 ✦ SHE/HER ✦ 1/4 ✦ APPLICATION

If there is one thing that Kiri feels completely, irrevocably comfortable with in her life, it's *books*. Page upon page covered with words and bound in linen and thread, solid and real in her paws - her oldest friend, really. All those days she had mournfully stared out the window, wishing to go join the other kits in a game they were playing…it became easier to bear - to *ignore* - once she could turn to books, instead.

The Reverend had obviously encouraged it as part of her studies, but it still felt different from the rest of her controlled life. She had full access to the Oasis's entire library, and when she wasn't studying or pretending to be Akarra…it was where she spent most of her time.

So when she hears the call to help put together Greendoze's library, it feels mandatory to Kiri. She would do it whether or not they were asked. Libraries were wonderful places, and they offered so much to catfolk, to *her* - so of course she was going to do her part to restore it for this town.

The russet molly pushes open the library's doors, her heart sinking as she takes in the chaos, the destruction. It lifts slightly a moment later as she realizes she's a little late to the party. *Of course others care too*, she grins, gaze flicking from one to the next.

There are two cats she vaguely recognizes - the old tom, from before the expedition, now covered in bandages. She racks her brain for a name, but she's not sure she was given

one - hopefully not, anyway, because she's going to feel terrible if she just forgot it. The other cat she recognizes is Nexus, from their strange little group meeting at the wishing pond.

There are two she hasn't seen at all, and a strange sort of tension between some of them, but before she can think too hard on it her gaze lands on the last cat in the room, and she visibly brightens.

"Ryland!" She waves at him, her whole body shaking with how enthusiastic it is. She hasn't seen the older tom since they all left the hospital. Stepping among the wreckage lightly, she moves forwards towards everyone, mentally cataloging some of the room's damage as she does. She reaches Ryland's side, turning to everyone she's not quite as familiar with. **"Hi, everyone!"** A bright smile shoots everyone's way. **"Mind if I join? It looks like we need every available paw just to get this place back into shape!"**

STR -3 DEX +1 INT +2 CHA 0

+1 Insight / +2 Stealth

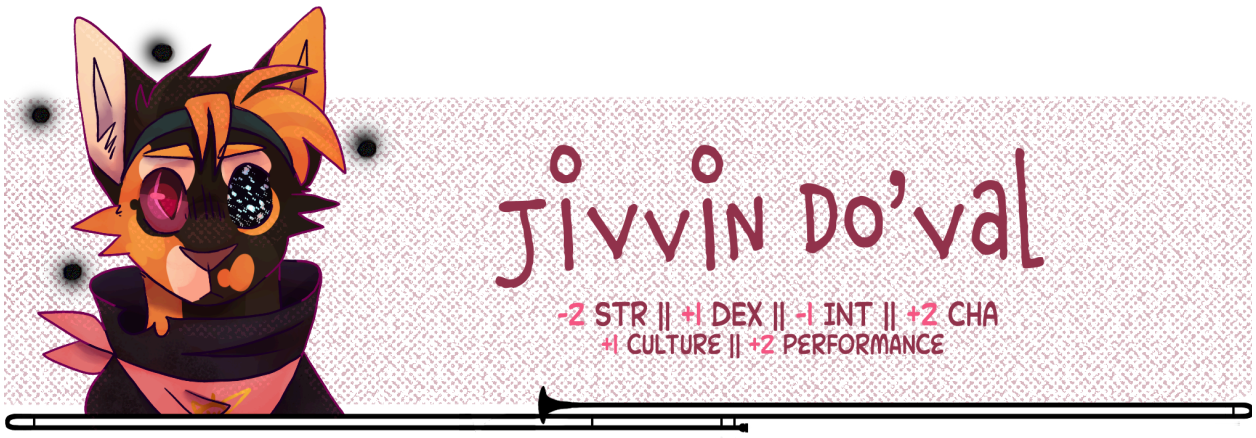
SUMMARY

Kiri joins the library clean-up crew! She recognizes Tsern, Nexus, and Ryland, heading to Ryland's side before asking everyone if she can join in.

ACTION

N/A

★ ★ ★



[he/him || bio || void lvl 1]
1/4

The instant Jivvin heard about what had happened to the library there were two thoughts on his mind. *Why. Why the library of all places to ravage. Did the Boundless think it'd catch up on some light reading before their next frenzy? Was it upset that the library didn't carry the latest edition of How To Terrorize Townsfolk Monthly and so trashed the place?*

His second thought was that Nexus might be there.. he liked Nexus.

So maybe he didn't have the most *morally upstanding* reasons for showing up at the library that day. But he was still showing up to help. Wasn't that all that mattered?

He wasn't anticipating- or wasn't prepared for- feeling any sort of strong emotional reaction to what he saw before him when he carefully shouldered open the door to the library and his gaze met the wreckage that the Boundless had wrought. But, immediately he felt a twisting, turning, nauseating sensation in his belly as he took in the sight of the damaged interior. A sickening reminder of how *truly* dangerous and destructive the Boundless were. His mind flashed with the memory of Boundless upon Boundless swarming, scurrying across his mindscape like a swarm of rats before he managed to shove the memory down again.

He was left feeling a little nauseated, but focused instead on the cats already working to make something of the debris. Nexus *was* here, so he wasn't disappointed in that regard, but he didn't recognize the other individuals bent among the showering of paper and- well lots of paper primarily.

"This looks terrible." he stated as if that wasn't obvious, shutting the door behind him.

It seemed Nexus was already engaged with two other individuals Jivvin didn't recognize. *Not that you're here to socialize, Jivvin..* he reminded himself, casting his gaze over the scattered interior once more- this time with the intent to decide what *he* was going to do.

What was he going to do? He felt overwhelmed. There were pages. *Everywhere.* How in the fallen star was he supposed to find the original book all of these papers came from!? The sheer amount of paper felt disproportionate to the amount of scattered books he saw. And that wasn't to mention pieces of furniture, shelves, decorations.. where to begin..

His ears flicked at the sound of someone he recognized from the farmer's market who he hadn't currently noticed. She'd said her name was Kiri, right? He offered her a smile. **"Yeah-uh.. do y'all.. anyone got a strategy for like.. what we're doing? Maybe we can bring all the pages to the table and someone can sort them into books..?"** He knelt and gathered up some papers, glancing towards Nexus' group who seemed to have a similar plan? Maybe?

SUMMARY: Jivvin is here! He's happy to see Nexus but doesn't really recognize anyone else other than Kiri a little. He offers a plan of action for getting the pages sorted back into books.
ACTION: Jivvin picks up some torn pages from the floor.

☆♩♫♩♫♩☆

☾☼ Nexus ☼☽



Application ✦ Bio ✦ Relationship Tracker
She/They ✦ 25 yrs ✦ Barrier ✦ LV 1

Post 2/4

Despite how much she was still not used to being around many catfolk at once, it was relieving to see more volunteers to show up — all of them here to help restore the library. Nexus didn't recognize the first two — a calico and a fluffy black and white cat, although the latter rang a bell in her mind for some reason — but she recognized Kiri, and her eyes lit up when she spotted the familiar tortoiseshell pelt of Jivvin. She rolled her eyes humorously at his comment, because *no duh it looks terrible*, before flashing a shy grin and returning her attention to Des and Tsern.

She accepted the books Des handed to her with a quiet chuckle at their penguin comment, and per Tsern's instructions, set them down on the nearby table, placing the papers she had previously grabbed beside them in a neat stack. Well, as neat as they could be, anyways, with some crumpled and torn.

She had numerous theories on why a Boundless would ransack a library — none of them particularly pleasant to think about — but she hoped it wasn't the Scorched. It was just so…so out of place. **"Could have been led to here,"** she murmured after a moment of hesitant silence. **"By catfolk or…or us, yeah."** *It* could *have been us,* she realized with a horrified tremor, turning around and beginning to scoop up loose papers and books. They seemed attracted to magical things, after all. What if them staying in Greendoze was just going to harm the locals? A whole guild filled with cats who (supposedly) all had magic. It must be like a beacon for Boundless. Or maybe there had been a laurelstone or some other magic item in the library. Or maybe it just targeted a library. There were too many variables and too many unknowns.

She sighed wearily, before lifting her head and waving meekly back at Kiri after they had not-so-quietly asked if they could join. *We can use all of the help we can get.* She desperately hoped someone would take charge, because she did *not* want to. **"I think that'd be a good idea,"** she responded to Jivvin, placing down another few books and pages next to the previous ones. **"Maybe after all of the furniture 'n stuff is put back and repaired or something, some of us can focus on organizing the books and pages."**

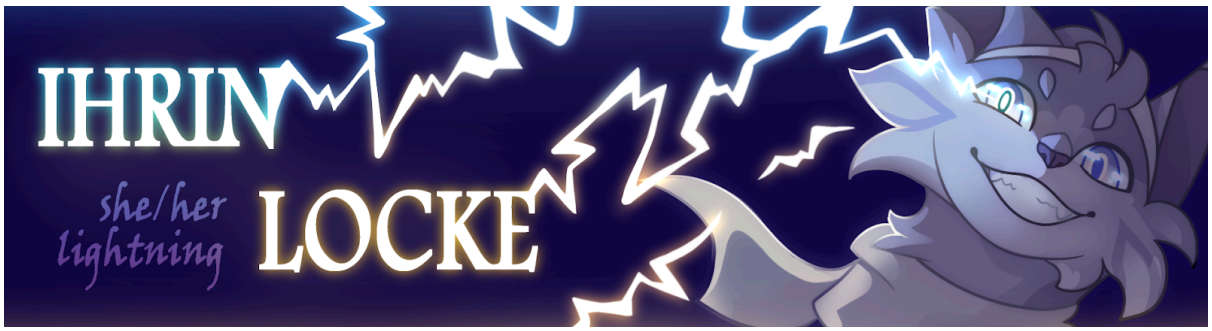
SUMMARY: More cats! Nexus rolls her eyes and grins at Jivvin and then chuckles at Des. She begins to help Des and Tsern, placing down the papers on the table. She hopes catfolk (or them) didn't lead the Boundless to the library. She acknowledges Jivvin's idea and really hopes someone takes charge.

ACTION: She picks up more pages and books

STATS AND SKILLS

STR 0 ✦ DEX +2 ✦ INT +1 ✦ CHA -3

Stealth +2 ✦ Survival +1



+1 STR / +2 DEX / -1 INT / -2 CHA
+1 MAGIC, +2 SURVIVAL

APPLICATION

Boundless. In the city. Ihrin's fur was buzzing with excitement as she trudged towards the library where the event was rumored to have taken place. Though the advertisement was mostly about cleaning up the mess the Boundless had made, she couldn't help but hope that in the clutter she'd find a little critter hidden away. Perhaps something bigger even, that she could take on in a fair fight. How thrilling!

Entering the library, the she-cat groaned lightly as she saw the heaps of torn paper, shredded books and broken furniture. Certainly more than she could handle on her own. Makes sense that they advertised it for the entire city - you need more than just a pair of paws to clean up THIS mess, she thought as she ventured in further.

While heading in she hardly noticed that she walked right through a pool of ink produced from a spilled bottle, surely from the nearby desk that had been absolutely smashed. With her paw pads stained, she made her mark on both floor and torn pages alike - not really helping the situation any further.

Familiar faces and voices caught her attention and - still unaware that she was leaving a legacy of pawprints, rushed over in a hurry. **"ERNIE!!"** she exclaimed in a greeting, eyes first laid on the old man. Her two other teammates didn't evade her eyes too long though and sparks flickered off of her in a flush of excitement. **"Des! Q! Didn't expect to see ya this soon,"** she purred, delighted to see half her team present. Nexus was next and Ihrin patted her heartily on

the back. **“NEXUS as well! If I knew this was where all the cool cats were at I’d have come sooner,”** she said, grinning broadly.

A few other cats she didn’t know already were present as well, but her words were definitely intended to room them as well. **“Fellow guildmates?! Pleased to meet you - I’m Ihrin!”** she announced, introducing herself. So far, cleaning the library didn’t seem to be on her mind.

At least her paw pads had dried at this point, so no more inky paw prints appeared as she walked closer to Jivvin, Ryland and Kiri - eager to earn their acquaintance.

SUMMARY / ACTION

Ihrin heads to the library, hoping a Boundless is still hiding in there. She’s surprised to find half of team 1 in there and happily greets the cats she knows, before introducing herself to the new faces. Unaware, she has stepped in a pool of ink and has spread pawprints across the floor and torn pages she walked across,



Ryland Calyan

Written App ☘ 2/4 ☘ He/Him ☘ Mattershift ☘ LV 1

Header art by Frankie!

More cats began to arrive, all of them unfamiliar outside of passing glances, and a sizable group was forming among the libraries bookshelves. The original trio of catfolk conversed among one another with an ease of familiarity, and Ryland realized they must know eachother. The fact that applied to the black and white as well, even as they drift closer to Ryland in avoidance. There was clearly some recognition in their interactions, stilted and tense

as they are. Ryland began to feel more and more out of place as the cats continued talking, and began to slowly take his cleaning elsewhere.

He's so focused on organizing his papers that Ryland doesn't hear the swinging of the door, or the sound of someone entering. As a loud familiar voice calls out his name he nearly drops his paper in surprise. Footsteps echo as a russet furred molly trots over, and Kiri falls in line next to Ryland.

Ryland sighs in relief, glad to see someone he recognizes. He hadn't seen his teammate since the hospital, and it was good to see Kiri out and about. “**Hello Kiri,”** he greets with an amused chuckle. Two more catfolk soon followed after her; a tortoiseshell with plum coloured eyes who he doesn't catch the name of and a grey furred cat who introduces herself energetically as Ihrin. He winces upon noticing the track of ink she's left across the floor.

With Ryland no longer being the odd one out, and with the conversation slowly being expanded to include the wider group, he stops trying to make his retreat and moves closer. Now facing the group Ryland waves a paw and clears his throat before talking, “**Uh– hello, I'm Ryland It's nice to meet you all.”** He offers everyone a soft smile, glad to see so many helping paws.

He waits for a gap in conversation before continuing, “**I can help in organizing the book pages, I'm good with books and have already spent some time in this library, so I know a bit of where things go.”**

As Ryland finishes talking he gently pokes Ihrins shoulder to get her attention, “**Excuse me? Ihrin right?”** he says in a lower tone, “**could you ah-”** Ryland gestures to her inky paws “**don't want to get ink all over the pages.”**

Stats

0 STR / -1 DEX / +3 INT / -1 CHA / + 1 Survival +2 Magic

Summary:

Ryland is relieved to see Kiri, and begins to join the group. He introduces himself and offers to help organize the books. Noticing Ihrins inky paws he quickly talks to her, asking her to clean up.



QUINCY WISEACRE

APPLICATION || THEY / THEM ✱ WATER ✱ LVL 1 || 2 / 4

Pawpads tingling with unease as the eyes of both Tsern and Desembra bore a small hole in the back of their pelt, Quincy continued their cleaning mission. They were better off just sticking to themself. Leaving the hospital room without another word to their teammates probably already stung, but not that they were particularly worried about that.

Amongst their book-sorting and shelf-filling, they noticed the unfamiliar calico tabby moving away from them out of the corner of their eye. Quincy gave him a side-glance as he joined the rest of the chattering catfolk, but their expression didn't change from neutral. Alright, then. They could do this bit alone.

More loud, obnoxious voices began to join the mix, prompting the black-and-white tabby's tail to flick once in annoyance from behind them.

For a *library,* they sure couldn't keep the place *quiet.*

The first being a chipper, curious voice they don't recognize in the slightest, same to the calmer voice that came after, but the loudest voice was all too familiar. Quincy didn't turn to acknowledge their assigned nickname, letting out a quiet sigh as Ihrin rushed to greet the other cats. They clearly didn't share the same excitement, setting their jaw and stiffly shoving a couple of the salvageable paperbacks amidst the rest.

Although it was distracting, they did their best to tune it out. Some cats had to make themselves productive, even while the rest may resort to chit chat. There wasn't much to really catch up on, though, was there? They were all Guild cats. Seems like a conversation might just go, *"Hi, you're a Guild cat, right? You must have gotten exploded too!"* Which, while highly exaggerated, is as absurd as it sounds. The thought of that sort of exchange made Quincy give a small snort to themself in dry amusement.

Reaching down, Quincy's paw brushed the spine of the next book they planned to stuff away, absently grabbing at it. …Only for the spine to snap in its weak state, the papers within it exploding from the damaged paste, flying all over the ground around them.
They stepped back from the initial startle of it, blinking down the pages.

"Shit," They hissed beneath their breath after a moment, crouching down to quickly scoop up the contents of the defaced novel, doing their best to keep them in an order. Unfortunately, all the pages started to blend together as they huddled them into their arms. Squinting, Quincy sought out the page numbers, shuffling the pages around into some sort of comprehensible mess.

Every ten pages, they would tuck the progress back within the spine and set it against the shelf, reminding themself to go get the paste for it later to patch it up. Once the other Guildmates had finished with it, at least. They weren't sure what was worse: walking over for a conversation, or walking over just to swipe up the paste and shuffle away awkwardly.

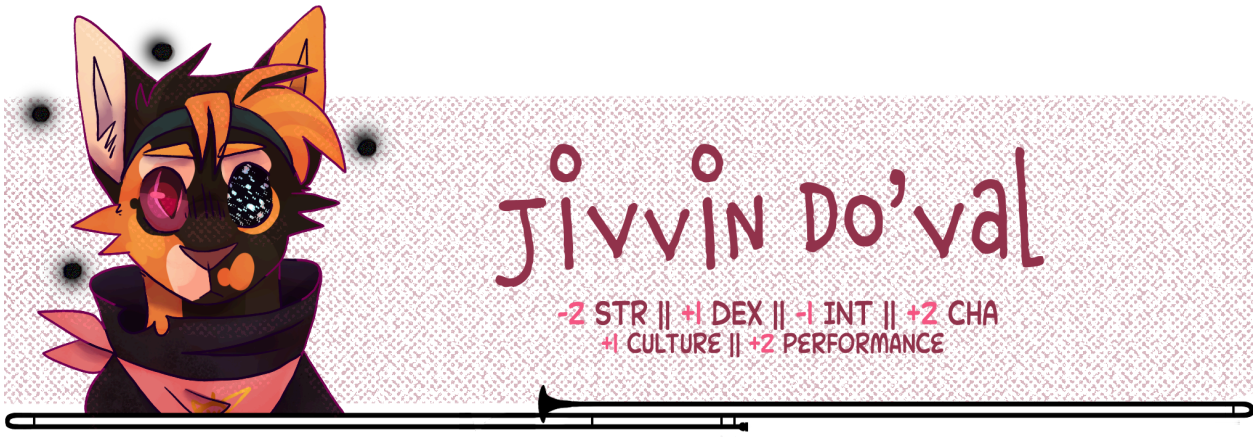
Instead of going to patch up the book once all the pages had been tucked in, Quincy simply moved on to another book that looked like it was about to fall apart the moment they touched it. And fall apart it did. The spine didn't even last on this one, causing them to scowl and lift up one of the pages. If this book wasn't able to be restored, they had to check if that would really be something worth trying to save. It appeared to be a book about rocks, or something. The blob on the page they picked up sure *looked* like a rock. Might have been a beetle. They cocked a brow, wondering if judging the artistic skills of this book's author was really a great way to spend their time right now.

STR -1 ✱ DEX +1 ✱ INT +2 ✱ CHA -2

INSIGHT (+1) ✱ SURVIVAL (+2)

SUMMARY

Quincy avoids the chattering group, choosing to deal with crumbling books and flying papers alone.



[he/him || bio || void lvl 1]

2/4

Oh there were many cats in here! More than he'd thought there'd be at least! Not that he was particularly complaining. Though, he found himself a little less willing to offer strategies the more cats entered the library, feeling his fur prick uneasily at the prospect of being told he'd had a bad idea in front of this many cats.

"Yeah," he nodded in response to Nexus' continuation of his idea. *Probably best to focus on putting the place back in order before we get lost in the details of whose pages are whose.* **"May as well get the books and papers off the floor where they won't be stepped on, though.."** pausing at the sight of an inky paw print before following it to its owner.

Should I say something? Maybe someone else will say something and I won't have to.

His maw flashed with a grin as the ink-stepper greeted Nexus cheerily. **"Nexus I didn't know you were so popular!"** Between this newcomer and her current posse she must have gotten to know a lot of guild felines. He shot her a teasing wink.

"Nice to meet you Ihrin, Ryland. I'm Jivvin," he responded jovially enough to the gray tabby and calico, kneeling to scoop up more papers and torn books before they fell victim to Ihrin's pawsteps. And *oh good Ryland did say something about the paws*- Jivvin was saved from possible confrontation.

He set his present armful gingerly down on the table. **“Glad most of you seem to know stuff about books because my relationship with books is casual at best- not that I don’t *like* books it’s just..”** he eyed the debris. **“Well I don’t know the first thing about how to put these back together.”**

Jivvin noticed a fluffy bicolor who hadn’t introduced themself yet seemed to be struggling with books falling apart as they picked them up. He padded over them to kneel and help them gather up the escaping pages. **“And some of these books are gonna need surgery it seems haha.”**

SUMMARY: Jivvin agrees to sorting the books later, focusing on getting them off the floor for the time being. He teases Nexus about being popular, noticing Ihirin’s excited reaction to her. He then introduces himself to Ihrin and Ryland (grateful that someone said something about the inky paws before he had to) and comments that he doesn’t know much about the organization or assembly of books. He then goes to help Quincy who he’s noticed books falling apart on as they’re picking them up. He makes a joke about the books needing a surgeon.
ACTION: Jivvin helps Quincy gather up the spilled pages from a book that broke as they were picking it up.

☆♩♫♩♫♩☆



Kiri ★ The Fallen Star

SHAPESHIFT ✦ LV 1 ✦ SHE/HER ✦ 2/4 ✦ APPLICATION

Her grin persists as she greets everyone, new and old acquaintances alike, though for the moment she doesn’t move to say anything more. She notes down the newcomer’s name, Ihrin, and squints at the fluffy cat who doesn’t deign to share one. That’s fine, she supposes, though interesting.

Normally, her cheer and energy would be shoved in everyone’s faces, Kiri playing up the part beyond even normal levels…but there was something about being here with everyone, seeing the destroyed library that had a knot forming in her chest. She wasn’t quite sure what it was - perhaps it was just how many of them recognized each other, able to interact with ease? Or was it sadness, to see so many books and shelves thoughtlessly destroyed? Perhaps both.

Kiri was not one to shy away from social situations now that she was Kiri, not Akarra, but it didn't necessarily mean she was good at them. What was too improper? Not proper enough? Being on a team with a few cats, none of whom knew each other beforehand, was one thing, but…some interactions were a little harder to juggle. While normally she would try to engage regardless, there was something about the environment that was preventing her.

So instead she remains quiet, choosing to observe. She can still learn things about her fellow guildmates after all, and then maybe interacting next time will be more interesting. Her keen blue eyes gaze across the group with a gleam as she keeps her smile on, paws gathering up pages and shuffling them in her grip.

STR -3 **DEX +1** **INT +2** **CHA 0**

+1 Insight / +2 Stealth

SUMMARY

Kiri keeps quiet, choosing to focus on her task while observing the others rather than engage further. Something about the environment is dampening her usual energy.

ACTION

N/A

★★★



TSERN DONAHUE

LV 1 ✦ BARRIER ✦ HE/HIM ✦ 3/4 ✦ APPLICATION

Seemed that word got around- the library was getting fuller by the second as more catfolk made their way inside. So much for a quiet afternoon. Among one of them was a vaguely familiar girl- Kieran? Kiki? Tsern had spoken to her briefly before the expedition, but didn't know her any further than that. The approaching tortoiseshell was a new face to him as well, and he nodded politely to acknowledge their presence.

And then a very familiar, very loud voice was echoing through the hall. **“Ihrin?”** Tsern turned, ears flicking. **“Ah, lass!”** His lips curled with a poorly hidden smile at seeing his former teammate out of the hospital- and then immediately shifted to a grimace when he saw the path of inky paw-prints trailing in behind her. He was nearly ready to scoop her off her feet before she made an even bigger mess when another cat stepped in, gently redirecting her. Tsern shot the calico a thankful look- he was not in the proper headspace to handle Ihrin shenanigans alone. The silver molly didn’t seem fazed in the slightest by their experience- Tsern might even say she was *embracing* it, with her newly themed outfit and all. Seemed that even death itself couldn’t dampen Ihrin’s spirit, and he sighed to himself.

The tortoiseshell- Jivvin, he’d heard the boy introduce himself as- suggested that they start with the furniture and repair the books from there. **“Good plan.”** Tsern nodded. **“Nexus, help me out ‘ere with the tables, would ya?”** The burly tom certainly could lift the furniture up by himself, but he still needed to mind his injury. Another set of paws would make the heavy lifting easier on him while the others sorted through pages. Though, maybe inviting Ihrin over to help them would be worthwhile- the thought of her getting anywhere near glue was already making Tsern’s fur feel sticky.

Before he could call out to her, though, a dark shape shot out from under the table and dove into a pile of books. Tsern gasped, bracing himself against a chair. *Boundless, Boundless, Boundless, there was one here, it hadn’t left the library, it was going to hurt them, it was going to hurt everyone here-*

In a flash, a barrier was in front of Tsern, shielding both him and the cats nearby. He crept forward, holding his arm up to maneuver the shield as he inched closer. Flecks of gold curled at its edges, breaking off and dissipating into the air. He was honestly a little surprised at how naturally the magic came to him- but now was not the time to think about that. Slowly, Tsern held his trembling cane out, holding it in the air for a few beats before a harsh swing connected it with the stack. Books went flying across the floor, and Tsern braced himself for an attack as the creature came into view—

Oh.

A tiny, fuzzy mouse was looking up at him, a half-nibbled chunk of paper peeking out of its mouth. It curled its tail closer, trembling under Tsern's shadow. Leaning in a little closer, he saw that its fur was matted with dried blood coming from a scrape across its back.

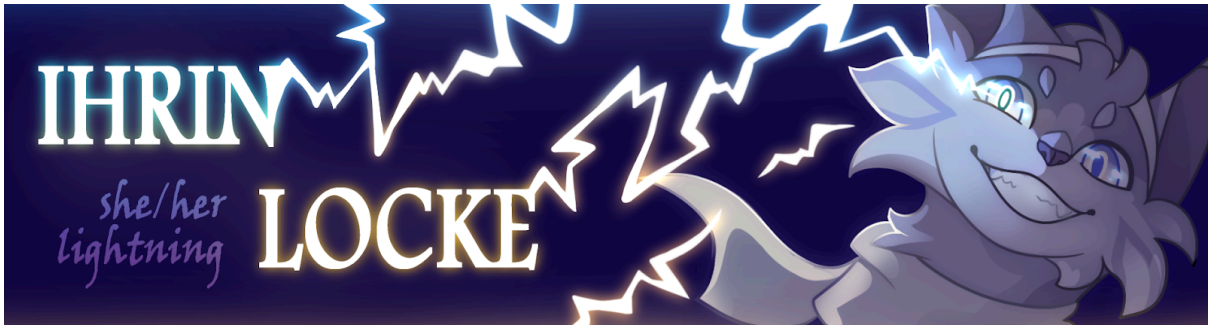
Poor thing must've just had its home destroyed… Slowly, Tsern set his cane against a chair and kneeled down. He kept his barrier intact, nudging it behind the little creature so it couldn't run off. **"Easy there…"**

STR +2 DEX +0 INT -1 CHA -1

+2 Nature / +1 Intimidation

SUMMARY

Tsern is happy to see Ihrin- but only briefly. He calls for Nexus to help him with the heavy lifting while the others collect and organize the books. He notices a creature run across the floor that he initially thinks is a Boundless- but realizes it's a small, hurt mouse!



+1 STR / +2 DEX / -1 INT / -2 CHA
+1 MAGIC, +2 SURVIVAL

APPLICATION

Glad to meet so many new faces, she hardly noticed Quincy's exasperation. However, one of the cats - Ryland, tapped her on her shoulder and pointed to her feet. Looking down she noticed the ink sticking to them and made a light 'oops' sound as she sat down on a stack of books, wiping them down with some spare cloth. When Quincy's book sprawled open sending paper flying around she couldn't stifle the laugh and chuckled, amused.

Before she could make a snide remark to her former teammate about how they were supposed to *clean* and not make a bigger mess, a wave of magic disrupted her as Tsern cast a barrier around them all. She gaped at the swirly gold traces with awe.

“Ernie! That’s *BEAUTIFUL*!” she exclaimed, bouncing on her now ink-free feet as she celebrated the demonstration - not aware that the older cat had thought they were subject to a Boundless-attack.

Then her eyes fell on the critter that had hopped out of the shelf. *Mouse.*

Her gradient eyes watched the scene, paw leaning towards her staff… Her family’s biggest qualm with their library was rodents tearing their books apart - surely nobody would notice if she took it out? However, Tsern approaching ever so slowly told a different story. With a ‘tch’ she exhaled, releasing some of the tension she’d built up as she returned her gaze to the everlasting pile of paper and books.

She scratched her head as she took it all in, before planting her paw on her hip. **“Okay!”** she announced, as if she’d just had a revelation. **“I’ll lift and carry! And probably clean up my paper trail,”** she said with a chuckle, seemingly getting into the working mood after all as she glanced back at the pawprint-laden path tracing back to her.

She started scooping up the pages she’d accidentally left pawprints on, wiping them carefully, trying to salvage what had been written while the ink was still somewhat wet - leaving the ones she had already wiped stacked on the floor.

SUMMARY / ACTION

Wipes her feet. Is about to be snarky to Quincy, but is interrupted by Tsern’s display of magic. Spots the mouse and briefly considers hunting it when Tsern closes in on it. Leaving the mouse for Tsern to deal with, she considers what work she can do before announcing that she’ll lift and carry anything they need - as well as try to save the pages she stepped on with inky paws earlier.

☾ ☼ Nexus ☼ ☽



Application ✦ Bio ✦ Relationship Tracker

She/They ✦ 25 yrs ✦ Barrier ✦ LV 1

Post 3/4

The door to the library opened once more, and Nexus turned just in time to see Ihrin step into a puddle of spilled ink and begin to leave a trail behind them. She blinked, opening and then closing her mouth helplessly because surely the pale-furred must have noticed that they were absolutely leaving a mess in their wake — and on some of the damaged papers, no less — but no, she chirped her greetings happily as if oblivious to their predicament. **"Oh, I, uh — hey Ihrin."** She was too stunned to properly react, a startled smile presenting itself instead.

The amount of attention on her was going to make her combust — maybe not entirely in a bad way. Her shy grin returned as she glanced at Jivvin again, an amused chuff thrown his way in response to his teasing wink. **"Well, what can I say? My charm is irresistible."** Her soft tone was drenched with humored sarcasm.

Introductions were shared, or called out thanks to Ihrin, so she didn't see the point in dragging more attention to herself. **"If someone happens to know where we could get lemons or lemon juice we can maybe salvage the stained pages,"** Nexus said instead, gesturing to the pages covered in the offending inky paw prints. Thankfully

Ryland had quietly let Ihrin know of their crimes, so hopefully that wouldn't be a concern anymore.

A few aisles over, a commotion caught her attention as the white and black furred catfolk seemed to have trouble with exploding books and fumbling with pages. Luckily Jivvin went over to help, and so she turned back to Tsern attentively. **"Of course,"** she replied; hopefully she could spare him popping a hip out of place or something with helping him lift the furniture.

And then Tsern had flinched back against a chair with a gasp, and Nexus' heart stopped for the second time in a month. *Boundless. It's a Boundless. It hadn't left. Stupid, STUPID.* She should have double checked that the library was safe.

So many cats in danger again.

The coils of darkness around her.

She launched into the air, perching precariously on a toppled bookshelf, snapping Dragonsbane out and aiming it, a bolt loaded within the next heartbeat. At the same moment, her barrier instinctively manifested in front of her, joining Tsern's before she even recognized the situation. She sat, tense, frozen upon the bookshelf as adrenaline-fueled tremors twitched under her fur. Her barrier shimmered away a moment later as she focused on Tsern's movements, building more panic — why had it disappeared??

Don't rely on it, rely on yourself. Focus.

Tsern's cane sent books flying.

She steadied her arm.

…

A mouse.

It was a mouse, certainly not Boundless, either.

She lowered her aim as Tsern gently kneeled down, moving his shield behind the trembling creature and nudging it closer to him. She didn't move for a moment or two, still processing the situation. She eventually lowered Dragonsbane with a shaky exhale; her Guildmate didn't seem like he had the intent to kill it, and the last time she had attempted to shoot a small creature around guild members, all she got were judgemental looks.

She kept her weapon active and dropped back down to the floor, trying to calm her racing heart. **"I'm checking upstairs, can someone clear this floor for Boundless please?"**

Without waiting for a response, she skittered away towards the staircase, claws unsheathed to keep herself steady.

The second floor was in better shape, but still in disarray. Nexus cautiously tread over the scattered papers and misplaced decorations, eyes narrowed, ears pricked. She checked every shadow, muscles tense and ready; after a few minutes, she returned back to the first floor, resetting Dragonsbane to its inactive state but keeping it loaded.

"Everything's clear up there. It's a mess but it's…it's manageable."

Her fur was still spiked and it was clear she was unsettled, but she acted as if it was normal and she was *totally fine*. She grabbed a few more books and their straying

papers off of the floor while she passed, ignoring the slight shaking of her paws. She was *fine*. It was the adrenaline. That's all it was.

SUMMARY: Ihrin makes quite an entrance, and Nexus doesn't know how to react. However, the attention isn't totally bad and she jokes back with Jivvin. She offers advice and goes to help Tsern before he gives her a heart attack. She asks for someone to make sure there's no Boundless still on the first floor while she checks and clears the second floor. She tries to act normal and go back to cleaning and ignore how shaky she is.

ACTION: yes

STATS AND SKILLS

STR 0 ✦ DEX +2 ✦ INT +1 ✦ CHA -3

Stealth +2 ✦ Survival +1



DESEMBRA GRAY

— the artificer —

THEY/ANY ✦ BARRIER ✦ LV 1

STR -1 DEX -3 INT +2 CHA +2

Magic +2 Nature +1

— POST 3 of 4

Ya don't think it's because of... us?

Desembra couldn't help but scoff as they climbed up into the chair that Tsern offered, nodding their appreciation. **"I think if the Boundless was after us, it would've targeted**

the inn or the town hall. Unless someone is having sleepovers in the library. If so, I want to be invited!"

As cats around them chatted and mingled, Desembra got to work. They laid out open books in front of them on the table and began sorting the pages by their distinct characteristics. The color of the page, their degree of worness, the type of lettering they used. Books tended to be uniform all the way through, so it was like piecing together a jigsaw puzzle. The hard part was probably going to be sorting the pages in their original intended order…

The artificer perked up, absorbed in sorting, when they heard their name being called. They flashed a smile at the gray tabby. **"Hiya, Ihrin. I suppose I should offer my name too—Desembra, for those who don't know."** And with a noncommittal gesture, they returned back to sorting. For all of their flightiness during the expedition, they were rather studious when they had books in front of them.

Another interruption came in the form of what Desembra could only assume was an earthquake. Their paws splayed flat on the table to stabilize themself before they could fall over, also thinking it's another Boundless attack, before they looked behind them and realized it was Tsern wheezing and rattling their chair with a steel grip.

The barrier's appearance caught Des by surprise, and they eyed him quizzically until Tsern suddenly swiped his cane around. They practically jumped in their seat.

"Jeez, the books had enough of a beating! Where's the fire?"

Even Nexus had Dragonsbane cocked and ready. Was it a Class 3 Boundless? A tiny swarm of void mites? Desembra turned around in the chair, their front facing its back and standing up on top of the seat. Craning their neck, trying to catch a glimpse of what stirred all the chaos.

With a disappointed sigh while everyone else relaxed with relief, Des realized it's only a mouse. It was hardly big enough to be a suitable lunch.

"Aye aye, Captain," Desembra chanted absentmindedly to Nexus as they hopped down from their chair to join Tsern's side. Somehow they doubted there were Boundless here, unless mice were the next stage of monstrosity. There was no move to actually give the floor a sweep and they did not care to point out how anxious Nexus was being; that felt rude.

"You're being awfully sweet on such a fearsome creature," Desembra teased lightly as they hovered over Tsern's shoulder, peering down as he tried to coax the mouse. **"Who knows how many books it nibbled and feasted on?"**

✦ SUMMARY
Desembra works on sorting pages together before they are interrupted by Tsern's rodent outburst.

✦ ACTION
Desembra teases Tsern.



QUINCY WISEACRE

APPLICATION || THEY / THEM ✱ WATER ✱ LVL 1 || 3 / 4

Before they could decipher whatever artistic meaning lay behind these black blobs of ink before them, a set of paws tapped along the floorboards towards them. Quincy lifted their eyes from the page in their grip, just in time to catch the end of a supposedly humorous comment from the tortoiseshell that came to join them. Most likely from a conversation with the others, as he remarked about the books needing surgery. **"Too right."** Quincy found themself muttering without thinking, probably too quiet for the other Wayseeker to hear.

Jivvin's quick assistance did not go unappreciated, but it was thoroughly surprising. They probably could have managed scooping this mangled book's pages together on their own, but another set of paws helped lessen the time wasted on the single, measly task. Too taken aback to express their gratitude into words, Quincy instead offered Jivvin a small smile if he thought to look their way whilst they picked up the pages.

The spine, however…

Quincy bent down to lift up the bent spine of the book once they're stacked all the pages together, temporarily out of order. Maybe some paste would do it good, but like this, it couldn't keep both front and back covers on without tearing on some edge each time it shifted. The artist gave an annoyed grunt at this, looking to the tortoiseshell. **"Bit of the glue treatment will definitely be in order for this one."** They mused, referencing his comment from before.

Just as they were adding the flimsy outer shell of the book to the pile of pages to keep them all in the same place, a rather loud clamor from behind them caught their attention. As if they couldn't disturb the quiet and serene atmosphere of the library even *more.* Quincy looked over their shoulder with a deadpan expression on their face, watching the black-and-silver molly jump back defensively as Tsern stumbled from a scare and flailed his cane around, at first making Quincy question if he was having some sort of heart attack. But something else distracted them from thinking such.

A glowing, golden-bordered veil of some sort appeared in front of the old tom in a flash from his quick, defensive response to whatever spooked him.

Quincy blinked.

It was still there.

They blinked again, brows furrowing.

It was *still* there. And Tsern *knew* it was there, based upon how he behaved towards whatever small critter he had just discovered. The fur along Quincy's shoulders prickled. They quickly looked away, picking up a few more of the decently stable books in their arms.

Conversations collided in their mind, overlapping and twisting and reconfiguring themselves into one sickening question. Quincy narrowed their eyes, looking at the books they held and placed either in piles or upon the shelves with an unmatched skepticism. They were probably seeing things…it was thoroughly unfathomable to imagine a cat with *magic,* especially a type as odd as what they'd just witnessed. The light from a…window, or hole, in the library was probably messing with their eyes. Quincy didn't look behind them again at any point, unwilling to admit that they were wrong.

They glanced at the tortoiseshell beside them that they still didn't have a name to put to, offering him the slightly more salvageable chunk of pages they'd picked up before he came over. **"If you're able to, would you mind pasting these pages back into its spine? It's not as damaged as the one we just collected the pages for. And I've already gotten all the pages in order, so it should just be a quick put-together."** Quincy suggested. After a moment they realized the offer might seem like they were pushing away another stranger, but it truly was just a sign that they trusted Jivvin to be far more helpful than the cats he'd walked away from in order to help them. They appreciated getting the job done.

STR -1 ✱ DEX +1 ✱ INT +2 ✱ CHA -2

INSIGHT (+1) ✱ SURVIVAL (+2)

SUMMARY

Quincy works efficiently with Jivvin to pick up the pages, briefly distracted by a dreadful thought regarding the group behind them, before offering Jivvin another task if he's willing to take it.



TSERN DONAHUE

LV 1 ✦ BARRIER ✦ HE/HIM ✦ 4/4 ✦ APPLICATION

The mouse, still in shock, made no move to escape as Tsern gently corralled it into his paws. He felt… slightly foolish for causing such a scene, and the feeling of all the other cats' eyes on him was making his fur prickle. He turned a bit to awkwardly face the group, still keeping his hands (and barrier) around the mouse on the floor. **"Er… apologies. Nothin' to see here. Carry on."**

Ah, but once Desembra was interested in something, there was no going back. Tsern's fur bristled sightly as the tabby leaned over his shoulder, craning to see what he had in his paws. That ever-present teasing lilt could be heard in their voice, and Tsern rolled his eyes even though they couldn't see it. **"Well, ya can't blame the little thing. 'S only trying to survive."** He was beginning to feel a bit woozy, holding the barrier this long, so he untensed his muscles and let it dissipate into the air. The feeling was somewhat akin to exhaling when you've been subconsciously holding your breath, and he wasn't entirely used to it yet. The mouse flinched as the barrier broke into flecks of gold, curling into a tight little ball that Tsern easily scooped up.

Nexus was right- why hadn't they cleared the library for Boundless before cleaning up? "Aye. I'll sweep the first floor." He nodded at her, pushing himself to his feet with one paw while the other gently cupped the mouse. **"As for *you*…."** Tsern glanced at the critter in his paws, and then turned to scan the library. His eyes fell on a wire wastebasket that had been knocked on its side, looking quite pathetic among the mess of books. It would do.

Setting the little ball of mouse on the table, Tsern leaned over and picked the wastebasket up off the floor. Before the critter could scurry away, he flipped the wastebasket over it as a makeshift cage. He paused, then grabbed a few heavy books and set them on the top for good measure. Pleased at his handiwork, Tsern turned to the others, jutting a thumb towards the cage. **"No one let the critter out or make off with it, yeh? I'll handle the li'l bit once we're done 'ere."**

Picking his cane up off the ground, Tsern began to scout the first floor, ignoring any strange looks he got from the others. You could never be too careful when it came to Boundless, and he was grateful at least Nexus took things seriously. Catching her eye from where she was coming down the stairs, he gave her an affirmative nod. **“All clear down here too.”**

Trying to get back into the groove of things, Tsern began propping chairs back up off the ground, though he couldn’t deny that his mind was elsewhere. He kept shooting poorly-hidden glances over at the mouse, trying to see how it was doing. Would it even survive? Were the wounds too great? *No*- he shook his head, trying to refocus himself. He had a job to do- he could play doctor later. *It’s only a mouse, after all,* he tried to remind himself. Still, maybe a quick check wouldn’t hurt-

Tsern suddenly bumped into something soft and much smaller than him, and he reeled back in surprise. In his daze, he’d walked directly into the path of the calico with glasses, colliding into them. **“Ah— dammit—! Sorry, sorry. Wasn’t lookin’ where I was goin’. Eh-**“ He awkwardly reached out to brush the smaller cat’s clothes so they were less rumpled, and then quickly realized *HOW WEIRD THAT WOULD BE TO DO*, so he stepped back and cleared his throat. **“Anything I can help with?”**

STR +2 DEX +0 INT -1 CHA -1

+2 Nature / +1 Intimidation

SUMMARY

Tsern gathers up the mouse and creates a makeshift cage out of a wastebasket for it. He scours the first floor of the library, clearing it for any Boundless. With his mind still preoccupied with the mouse, he accidentally bumps into Ryland, creating a very awkward encounter.



What she was expecting to be a somewhat lowkey task burst into a flurry of activity, starting with the older tom she recognized creating a huge glowing *barrier*. Kiri startles, though her eyes sparkle as she gazes at it, captivated by the use of magic. Why does everyone get to use theirs now except for her?

Nexus reacts a little poorly to it, though, something Kiri notes down internally. It had startled the russet molly as well, but perhaps her instincts weren't honed enough to respond that automatically. Or maybe it was just more interesting than scary to her?

Still, Kiri hesitates rather than insert herself into the fray. She had come here with a goal in mind, to help the poor library - a place that had helped her so much, growing up. She's afraid if she gets too into it with others, she'll lose sight of her goal….and she doesn't often have goals. It makes her feel…adrift, usually, so for once it feels good to have something she wants to see through. It's almost aggravating that everyone is so careless with their movements as to cause more work, but, well - at least they're *also* helping.

She keeps her ears pricked, listening to conversation as she continues gathering pages and shuffling them into the correct order, gluing books back together. The conversation turning the mouse that had scared the tom - and wasn't that something funny - is good background noise, letting her work mindlessly. The books are slowly filling the shelves through all their combined effort, and she picks up another, ready to return to its shelf. Each one is handled gently and lovingly, before being placed onto a shelf in their rightful place.

STR -3 **DEX +1** **INT +2** **CHA 0**

+1 Insight / +2 Stealth

SUMMARY

Kiri startles a little at all the activity, but chooses to remain focusing on her task, even as she listens in on all the conversation going on.

ACTION

N/A

★★★

☾ ☼ Nexus ☼ ☽



Application ✦ Bio ✦ Relationship Tracker

She/They ✦ 25 yrs ✦ Barrier ✦ LV 1

Post 4/4

Her ears flushed with embarrassment at Desembra's comment; was she overreacting? No, no there could still be a Boundless, there was no harm in checking, right? At least Tsern seemed to be on the same page, and Nexus smoother her fur as he reported no signs of Boundless, either. She dipped her head gratefully and set down the pages and books with a breathless sigh by Des.

Setting her sights back on the tables, she began to heave them back onto their feet; it was more of an effort than she expected since her body was still recovering from the whole cave thing, and after flipping one over she felt like she had just deadlifted an elephant from how sore her muscles were. The next table was a little easier, but just as she righted it, a leg crumpled with a startling *SNAP* as it cracked at the seam, the table tilting awkwardly. Nexus jumped at the noise and the unexpected movement, but shook herself out and began to tidy up the surrounding chairs, picking them up or scooting them closer to the tables.

In hindsight, doing all of this cleanup without gloves was probably a mistake, considering the damaged wood. As she picked up a nearby smashed chair, she felt a

quick stab of pain. Resting the chair against the non-broken table, she glared at the offending splinter that pricked at her paw pad, before nipping at her paw pad to try and tease it out. Annoyingly, it was just small enough that she couldn't get hold of it with her teeth. After a few futile attempts and twisting her head at different angles, she admitted defeat, accepting the splinter in her life.

Rising onto two paws, Nexus continued her work with the chairs, getting lost in the rhythm of picking them up (albeit, more awkwardly with the irritated paw) and setting them back in their place.

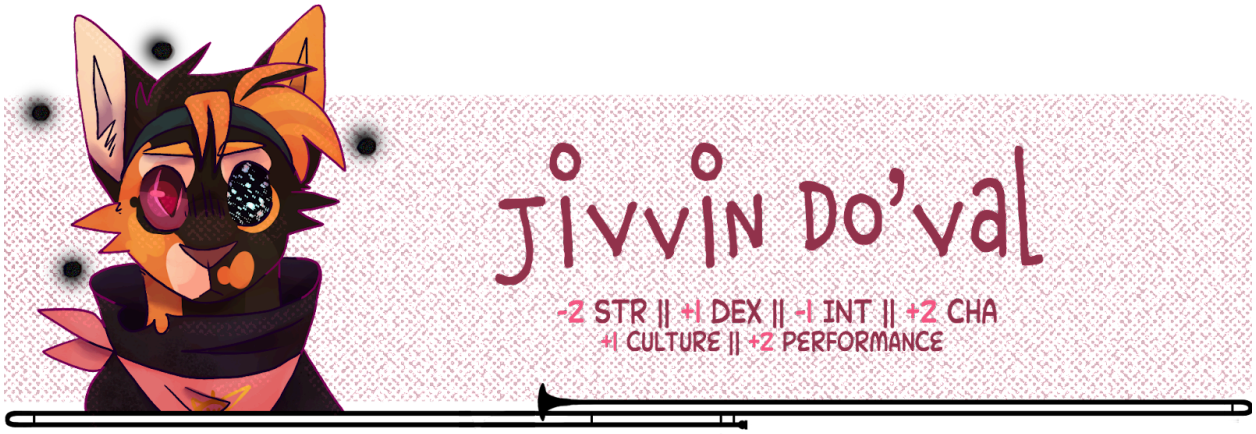
SUMMARY: Nexus worries that she overreacted, but is grateful for Tsern's support. She sets down the books and pages by Des before setting herself on righting the tables. She gets a splinter. She accepts the splinter.

ACTION: picks up tables and chairs

STATS AND SKILLS

STR 0 ✦ DEX +2 ✦ INT +1 ✦ CHA -3

Stealth +2 ✦ Survival +1



[he/him || bio || void lvl 1]

3/4

While Quincy's muttered response was missed by the tortie, their appreciative smile wasn't. Jivvin grinned in response, pricking his ears in a friendly manner. His gaze fell back on the torn book the bicolor had been dealing with. *Book spines definitely aren't supposed to bend like that..*

He huffed a quiet laugh at the glue comment- this is still a *library* after all, you have to be quiet. **"Oh yes, an astute diagnosis. I agree,"** he nodded sagely.

Pages gathered, Jivvin was about to see about taking them to the table when the sudden burst of magical light from Tsern and the now all-too-familiar sound of Nexus readying Dragonsbane made him jump nearly out of his fur- and drop all the pages he'd been holding. He turned just in time to watch Tsern topple a stack of books with his cane. The fur along his spine had puffed up and magenta eyes were wide as he looked up towards Nexus now perched on a shelf, for guidance, for safety. He knew she wouldn't let any of them get hurt. He *knew* it.

But the toppling of books revealed whatever Tsern had seen to be a mouse. Jivvin let out a long breath- practically simultaneously to Nexus'- almost dizzy with relief. He wasn't ready to face another Boundless again.. he couldn't bear the thought of it. He nodded half absently to Nexus' instructions, more focused on clawing his mind away from drowning in the dark thoughts that threatened his mood. Thankfully it seemed Tsern was on the job.

Fortunately the papers had indeed remained secure in his paws and he turned his attention back to his new friend. Whether or not they remained unbothered by what had just occurred,

Jivvin found it was incredibly hard to tell, they were handing him more papers which he readily accepted. He was glad to have something to focus on. **"Will do!"** he said in a flimsy attempt to maintain his chipper time from earlier. **"Oh- and I'm Jivvin by the way.."** he offered another slight smile and a curious head tilt, hoping to get their name in return.

He would then pad cautiously over to the table where Desembra was working on sorting pages. **"There wouldn't happen to be any glue over here.. or any glue at all that you've seen at all.."**

SUMMARY: Jivvin responds to Quincy's quip about the glue in kind before becoming thoroughly startled by Tsern and Nexus' Boundless hunting. The only reason he doesn't break out into a panic is because Nexus makes him feel safe :)
After all that he tries desperately to recover his mood but to little success. He takes the pages from Quincy, introducing himself to them officially, hoping to get their name as well, before heading over to Desembra's table and inquiring after glue.
ACTION: Anybody got any glue?

☆♩♫♩♫♩☆



Ryland Calyan

Written App ☘ 3/4 ☘ He/Him ☘ Mattershift ☘ LV 1

Header art by Frankie!

Ihrin does a quick job of cleaning the inky mess off her paws, and Ryland sighs in relief, muscles untensing as the danger to the books leaves. "***Thank you,"*** he says, a hint of exasperation coming through by accident.

Ryland moves to continue picking up his papers but is interrupted as the tortoiseshell newcomer approaches, introducing himself as Jivvin. "**Hello Jivvin,"** he smiles and bows his head in

greeting, **“I feel that, and I've spent much of my life around books!”** Ryland chuckles in response, **“Love them but ah- reorganizing. Its- well, its certainly *not* going to an easy job. At least we still have plenty of work to do just picking up the pages alone, so you can always keep your paws busy with that. But, if you'd like to help me out with putting them back together It would certainly be appreciated.”**

A commotion draws Ryland away from the conversation, and he turns towards the source where the dark brown older tom (Ryland was frankly surprised to see someone his age, if not older, here. It was a nice change though, he was starting to feel old after meeting so many younger guild members.) stood, the shelf knocked down and in disarray below him. Ryland could feel rage bubbling up in him. What reason could this cat have to cause them even *more* work? But then his eyes met with the object infront of the tom and he stared on in shock. The tom stood guarded by a large shield, but not one made of metal or wood. No, instead it was transparent, the clear curved structure curling toward gold at the points.

Magic, he quickly surmises, his interest piqued. He's gotten to witness a couple of the other guild members magic so far, and it was *fascinating* how varied everyone's had been. From what Ryland could see this seemed to be a type focused around a shield of some sort, used to protect its user from danger.

Then why had he used it now? There wasn't any danger, was there? Unless…

The boundless.

Ryland repositioned his stance, a pit of dread forming in his stomach. He reached into his bag to grab the horribly dull pocket knife he kept there. He waited, preparing for the moment it struck, but instead all he heard was a shrill squeak as a fuzzy little rodent appeared.

He nearly dropped the knife in relief, “**Oh don't scare me like that little guy,”** he whispers under his breath.

Well, with no life-threatening situation present it seemed like a good time to get a start on that organization. Ryland plucks the last few papers off the floor, pushing them together in a neat stack as he makes his way to the table–and collides directly with the dark brown tom along the way.

“**Ah–damn–”** he stumbles, holding onto his papers tightly so they weren't lost. Ryland catches his balance at the last second, saving himself from an embarrassing fall, and sits there regaining his composure before facing the tom.

The two make eye contact and oh dear that was awkward. Mr. unknown name quickly retracts an outstretched out paw– *was he trying to touch my shirt?-* and asks a question that Ryland hardly comprehends at first.

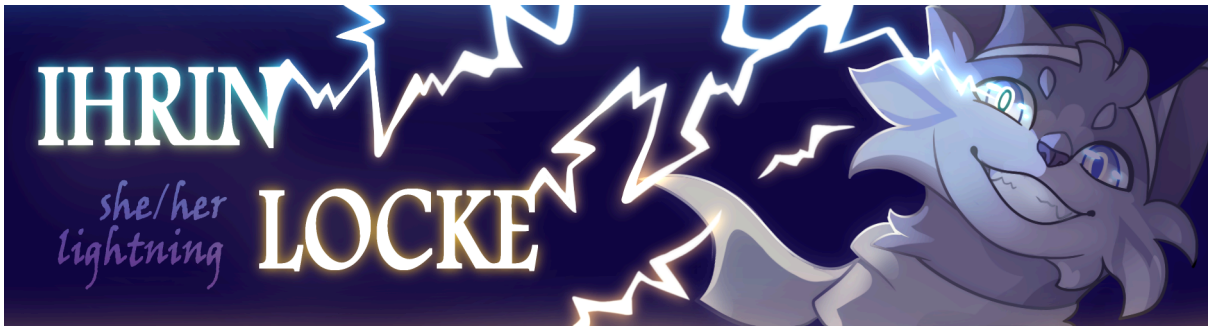
“**Its-”** his throat gets caught and hes sent into a momentary coughing fit. “**Oh ah! It's ok, it's ok!”** Ryland reassures, “**I uh wasnt… either.”** He pauses, waiting for a response as an awkward silence fills the room. *Oh right he asked me a question.* “**I think I'm ok”** he splurts out “**I was just going to sort these pages– and, uh– I'm sorry, but I don't believe I caught your name?**

STATS

0 STR / -1 DEX / +3 INT / -1 CHA / + 1 SURVIVAL +2 MAGIC

SUMMARY:

RYLAND RESPONDS TO JIVVINS COMMENT ON THE BOOKS, AND SAYS ANY ASSISTANCE IS WELCOME WITH THE PAGE SORTING IF HE WOULD LIKE TO HELP. AS TSERN SUMMONS HIS BARRIER HE IS FASCINATED BY HIS MAGIC, BEFORE MOMENTARILY FREAKING OUT OVER THE POSSIBILITY OF A BOUNDLESS. AFTER REALIZING IT WAS JUST A MOUSE HE GOES BACK TO CLEANING, BEFORE BUMPING INTO TSERN.



+1 STR / +2 DEX / -1 INT / -2 CHA
+1 MAGIC, +2 SURVIVAL

APPLICATION

It wasn’t perfect - some pages still a little smudged with ink from her earlier mishap. She hoped it could be brushed off as damage from the Boundless, in the end.

She had successfully collected a stack of pages that towered higher than herself though and she took a moment to take in her work. It leaned slightly and certainly didn’t seem steady, but she was willing to put trust in it and began collecting book covers in a separate pile. soon enough she could see the library’s wooden floor and grinned happily. Although not tidy herself by any means, she appreciated seeing progress being made.

Taking a few steps back to marvel at the work done, she accidentally bumped into the cat-sized stack of pages and it lurched dangerously, earning a gasp from Ihrin who whipped around to save it-

But she was too late. The pages flew across the floor once more, the wave of paper flittering to a halt. Ihrin dropped the book covers she was carrying with a dull *thud*. **"... Oops,"** she squeaked as she hurried over to her fallen masterpiece, scrambling to get it back on its feet again

SUMMARY / ACTION

Finishes a stack of papers as tall as herself. Content, she cleans the rest of the floor of book covers, but bumps into her stack while marveling at it and sends it flying again. Quickly scrambles to get it back up again.



— POST 4 of 4

"If it's trying to survive, it sure picked the wrong library to hole itself in," Desembra observed facetiously. Tsern dropped the barrier, and with it being the only thing that was attracting Desembra's attention at that point, the artificer stopped looming over the man's shoulder and returned to their seat. As cute and sad as the little creature was, their fickle interest wasn't inclined to it when they were all still sitting in a messy library.

Nexus placed the books on the table and Desembra gave her a grateful nod. Tsern, on the other hand, trapped the mouse underneath a wire waste bin. They snorted at the extra weight to secure the basket in place, as if the mouse would knock over its prison otherwise.

"Alright," they agreed nonetheless; Tsern seemed rather taken with the mouse, so they wouldn't joke around with making it their lunch or anything. And from their position, they could keep a close eye on it as they worked on organizing the books.

Speaking of which… Desembra bent their head back down and returned to the routine of filing the pages into stacks once more. They fell into a silent trance as they focused on the busywork, almost moving mechanically like a well-oiled machine.

✦ SUMMARY
Desembra promises not to mess with Tsern's mouse and returns to organizing loose pages.

✦ ACTION
Desembra sorts loose pages for future repair.



QUINCY WISEACRE

APPLICATION || THEY / THEM ✱ WATER ✱ LVL 1 || 4 / 4

Their whiskers quivered with unease, but other than that, they were doing their best to ignore thinking about what they'd witnessed. The tortoiseshell assisting them seemed to be content with not talking about it, which gained him a bit more respect from the artist.

As they handed him the papers, earning his name in return, they blinked. **"Quincy,"** They replied, **"And thank you. I really do appreciate the help."** Their tone was genuine, but the small smile upon their muzzle for Jivvin faded as he walked away to fulfill the task they had given him.

Quincy turned back to the mess before them, and sighed. Jivvin's kindness hadn't gone unnoticed, but that didn't make them exactly comfortable being in this space. Another book in their paws, another upon the shelf. They glanced back over their shoulder to see the scare from before had calmed itself in full. Jivvin joined the group in search of glue, addressing Desembra, who seemed rather unlike their original self whilst tidying up their own chosen area. The silver-speckled molly went back to work as well, and Tsern seemed to be the only one still preoccupied with the mouse that had caused the scare. As conversation fell, Quincy felt more inclined to find a rhythm in their task, and focus their thoughts solely on each spine being tucked neatly amongst the bookshelf before them.

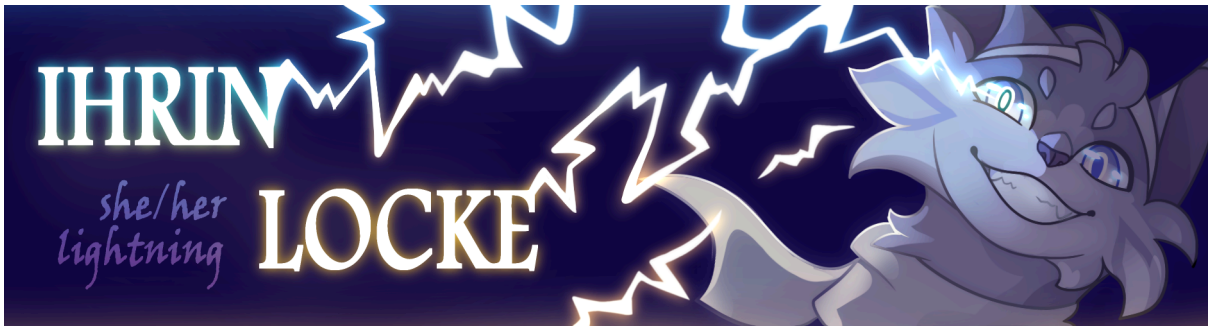
All they asked of was that there weren't any more strange happenings before the next expedition called. Each one was starting to make them doubt their own sanity even more.

STR -1 ✱ DEX +1 ✱ INT +2 ✱ CHA -2

INSIGHT (+1) ✱ SURVIVAL (+2)

SUMMARY

Quincy briefly introduces themself to Jivvin in return, and looks upon the group as he leaves their side to fetch the glue. As the chatter in the library starts to die down, Quincy finds it easier to concentrate and makes no effort to talk with anyone else while they finish the task at hand.



+1 STR / +2 DEX / -1 INT / -2 CHA APPLICATION

It wasn't pretty, the pages somewhat crumbled as she scooped them up and quickly put them back together in several smaller stacks this time, to prevent any further mishaps. Sighing she grabbed the covers and started reading a few of the spines. They had some fun titles - Tales of Titus Redmane, Baking with four paws, Little Rain… The latter she recognized as a children's tale she'd been read as a kit. She purred fondly, brushing some dust off the cover.

A silence had befallen the library as they all worked away, leaving Ihrin slightly befuddled. Usually she could chat or play with someone through their duties, but everyone seemed very focused. She found it admirable.

Sighing she hoisted herself onto her paws again, leaving the covers she'd found next to the pages as she set out to do her own work. Carrying and collecting broken furniture, excitedly peering under them for signs of a true Boundless… But alas her hunt yielded no results.Growing more disappointed by the minute she eventually decided enough was enough and with a jolly **"see you next expedition"** and a cheery wave she slipped out the library door, not about to stay indoors the entire day when the outside had so much more to offer.

SUMMARY / ACTION

Works in silence like her peers, before dipping out when her attention-span is spent. Sad that there's no Boundless to be found, she builds excitement for the next expedition instead.



TSERN DONAHUE

LV 1 ✦ BARRIER ✦ HE/HIM ✦ 5/4 ✦ APPLICATION

Tsern flinched as the calico began coughing, nervously hovering over him in case he was having a hairball. "Aye- yeh alright? Take 't easy."

“Ah- er. M’name’s Tsern. Pleasure.” He nodded politely, ignoring how his ears burned. Seems he’d really riled the place up. **“Let me—”** He kneeled down, scooping up a few loose papers and messily grouping them together. **“There we go. Sorry ‘bout that again.”** Afraid of causing a further stir, he headed back towards the desks, resuming his task.

—

The early hours of the evening began to set in, and golden sunlight filtered through the library’s windows. They’d made decent progress- while things weren’t perfect, Tsern felt satisfied enough with his work to leave it for now.

Before he headed out, he walked back over to the wastebasket and carefully lifted it up. The little mouse was now sleeping, and he gently nudged it into his paw. Tsern frowned softly, watching its little ears twitch. He wondered if it was dreaming…

No matter. Slipping the little thing in his pocket, he turned to the cats who hadn’t left yet. **“Aye- gonna be heading out for the night. Be seein’ yous”**

He paused for a moment, resting a hand against the doorframe. **“…’N stay safe, yeah?”**

STR +2 **DEX +0** **INT -1** **CHA -1**

+2 Nature / +1 Intimidation

SUMMARY

Tsern finishes up his work and heads out for the night.



Kiri ★ The Fallen Star

SHAPESHIFT ✦ LV 1 ✦ SHE/HER ✦ 4/4 ✦ APPLICATION

After a while, the background conversation turns more into background noise in Kiri’s ears, and she finds the words slipping by her like grains of sand as she focuses on her tasks. The work environment is comfortable, even as a strange tug at her chest persists. The library was her one comfort growing up, and it made this space feel comforting for the same reasons…but much like her life back at the Oasis, she was still in there, doing her thing…alone. It was her choice this time, but it didn’t lessen the tugging on her heart knowing that. She rubs absentmindedly at her chest.

The hours pass, and some cats leave, their little crowd thinning. The shelves are lit with gold by the time Kiri stops and shakes herself out of her work-induced trance. She glances around, though everything is quiet - she's hesitant to break the spell. May as well get in a little more work while she can.

Though as she reaches for the next book and picks it up, she falters. The title is relatively innocuous, if a bit silly - *Constellations and Their Starry Secrets* - but the cover is almost elegant, a deep blue with glittering gold and silver spread across a vast sky. Something about it…something about it makes her chest tug again, though this time it nearly hurts, and she almost drops the book.

Kiri zones out for a moment, staring at the cover, before she places it down a little less gently than she has every other. A quick glance around her shows everyone who was still working was more spread out, and hopefully none the wiser for her odd reaction. Flexing her claws, she gathers her cloak from where she'd taken it off and folded it up earlier, throwing it on as she rushes out the door.

She pauses just on the outside, glancing back…there is a tinge of pride, seeing how much they had accomplished. It is not enough to draw her back in, though, and she hurries off down the street, shaking off her feelings as she tries to focus on what to eat for dinner, instead.

STR -3 **DEX +1** **INT +2** **CHA 0**

+1 Insight / +2 Stealth

SUMMARY

Kiri falls into the zone and works quietly through the day, even as others leave. She has a funny reaction to a book about constellations, though, and takes off shortly after, trying to shake it off.

ACTION

N/A





Ryland Calyan

Written App ☘ 4/4☘He/Him ☘ Mattershift☘ LV 1

Header art by Frankie!

Tsern he mentally notes down, another name to remember in an already expanding list. “**Um- ah nice to meet you Tsern, names Ryland.”** He gave another small grin, and bends down to help pick up some of the loose pages, the heat in his face still raging. **“It's alright, things happen. I ah– yea. I'm going to go sort through these now.”** Ryland quickly shuffles together his papers and speed walks toward the nearest table.

-

Ryland spent the next hours sorting through papers, relativity quiet throughout the process except for a few stray conversations with the other guild mates. The afternoon soon slips into evening, and cats begin to take their leave. He waves goodbye as each depart, wishing them a good night, and thanking them for their help.

The evening turns into dusk, and dusk to midnight. The library was quiet, dark except for a candle Ryland had lit– carefully enclosed and position as far as possible from any books, the library didn't need a fire after everything that had happened. Ryland was finished with the work he wanted to get done, and was taking some time to do some reading of his own.

He flips his page, and took the moment to look up at the empty library. This morning the place had been a disaster, but with just one days work it was already starting to look like its old, homey self.

He will head out soon, and spend tomorrow helping with repairs again. But for now he smiles and returns to his reading, enjoying the quiet comfort.

Stats

0 STR / -1 DEX / +3 INT / -1 CHA / + 1 Survival +2 Magic

Summary:

Ryland stays in the library well after everyone has left, taking some time to read in the quiet.