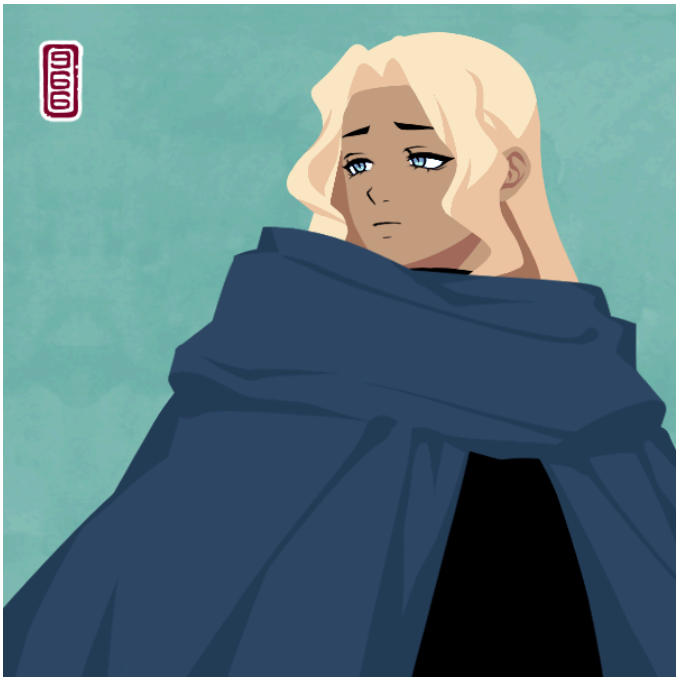
Section 1: Information

- Full Name: Bláthín Ní Comhraidhe (BLAW-heen NEE KAHR-ee)
- Race: Pure Sairshi
- Pronouns: She/Her
- Age: 22
- Height: 4’11” (~150 cm)
- Weight: 90 lbs (~40.8 kg)
- Theme: You Must Carry On (Composer: Pedro Silvia)
- Theorycrafter Link: Here

Section 2: Appearance

“This cloak? It’s a gift from an old friend.”

Image Ref: 

(Thanks Marcie for the link to the picrew and link to that is here, full credit to those who made it)

Standing at a below average 4’11” (~150 cm) with thin arms that lack any muscle, disheveled, straight, blonde hair that stretches just beyond her shoulders, and healthily tanned skin, Bláthín carries herself with a happiness that shatters upon even tiny inspection. She’s almost always slightly hunched over, her eyes just a little droopy, her smile not quite managing to reach the edges of her mouth, and her arms usually hang lazily at her sides. Her clothes are largely ordinary, a combination of greys, whites, blacks, and browns, plain undershirts and long pants conceal her lack of muscle mass. The only standout in her wardrobe is her signature Cloak, a dark blue color that’s far too long for her, and reaches down past her knees, almost to her feet. Clearly, it was made for someone far bigger than she is. Regardless of the poor fit, she’s always seen wearing it, occasionally tugging it close. The woman’s build betrays her utter lack of fighting experience, alongside her relative lack of appetite, and although she carries around a knife on her belt, just about anyone could tell she didn’t really know how to use it.

Section 3: Personality

“It’s okay, I promise. Everything is going to be okay.”

Bláthín tries to be a forgiving sort. After all she’s done, it would be hypocritical to be judgemental, even when others have done worse. She believes that fighting is a last resort, one that she’d try to avoid with all her effort. She’s the type to be tricked, then apologize to the people who tricked her for not being good practice. She tries to be kind to others, helping those she can, but her utter lack of physical strength and near pacifist nature means that how helpful she is can be rather limiting, but that doesn’t stop her from trying. She’ll often give everything her best shot if it means helping others, even if that means losing sleep or putting herself into danger.

Of course, this feeds into Bláthín’s opinion of herself, which is to say: low. She says that after helping enough people, she’ll be a good person. Now, if you asked her to define just how much is “enough”, she’d struggle to define that, because, of course, that’s impossible to define.

She's convinced, though, that one day, after enough people have been helped, saved, given healing, or what have you, that eventually, she'll wake up the next day feeling happy. It motivates her to try and be kind and helpful to others, as an eternal penance for what she's done. It's not a healthy way to keep going, but it is *one way* to keep going that doesn't involve jumping off of a hospital roof.

Section 4: Backstory

"What a sweet girl I was."

The village of Ayreach (AIR-och) is a relatively small trading hub, located in the grassy hills of Muirfeur, near the border of Craincrath. The town is one of the few hubs for trade between Craincrath and Muirfeur that's close to the border. For people who need things and don't want to deal with the longer travel time to Clontradail, then Ayreach provided a suitable spot for commerce. As such, there was a consistent power struggle between offshoots of criminal gangs from Clontradail and the nearby noble families. After several years of conflict, around 380, power stabilized under a singular family: the Comhraidhes. The eldest child of a generation for the family was one Bláthín, born on August 9th, 414 PD, she was a blonde girl who was detached from the family business, though her parents always knew she'd come into her own one day. Bláthín swiftly became friends with a few of her guards, even playing in the village square with other children her age. She made a few close friends, but two in particular stuck around through her time growing up: Life Ni' Fionn (LIF-yeh NEE FYUN), a peasant girl from a family of farmers, and Maine Ò Cuilinn (MAN-yeh OH QUWE-lin), an orphaned boy growing up inside a church. The trio became swift friends when they were just 7, and persisted in their friendship well into their life.

Though, as Bláthín aged, her parents decided, at just age 10, that it was well time for her to learn more about the family business. Legally speaking, they were a neutral, third party negotiating firm for the trade of goods and services between Craincrath and Muirfeur. Truly, they

were more or less the town's army, military, surveyor of secrets, and government body. Bláthín put off much of it, denying her own involvement and trying more to escape her life by hiding away with Life and Maine more and more. Though, she could not hide forever, and she knew this, somewhere, deep in her head. She was not merely the oldest of the generation, but the only child of her parents, who knew they would need an heir if their power was not to be contested. Time ticked away, and Bláthín plugged her ears. By the time she'd hit 16, her parents began making her become more and more involved with the menial tasks, bookkeeping, delegation, and the ordering of others. Though, even still, she was distant from the effects her orders had, she didn't have to see what "acquiring money from her debtors" actually entailed.

"No coin too petty to not break a man's kneecaps."

Though, that could all be delayed, or so Bláthín kept insisting to herself. She built walls between her and her work, her job, and the effects they had on others, refusing to accept that, deep down, she already knew enough to know she was doing bad things. Regardless, as time passed, the trio aged, and their chemistry evolved. Life was a quiet but calming young woman, able to say little but do much, Bláthín was relaxed too, but would, at least, speak far more often than Life, the pair's conversations almost always being driven by Bláthín. Maine, by contrast, was active, spoke often, and loudly, and usually without thinking a lot first. The trio clashed with Maine's abrasive nature frequently, but all the same, they were friends. Friends that would hide in the crawlspace above the church Maine lived at just to scare the old devil of a man who ran it. Friends who would spend days and days eating the simple bread and meat that Life's parents produced on their farm. Friends who were happy with each other, more than anyone else. Friends, that's all that mattered.

Then it all came crashing down one night.

On June 19th, 435, sometime late, late at night, Bláthín heard scuffling at her window. Life, adorned in a dark, blue cloak, stood outside, trying her very best to be stealthy. She quickly jumped away when she saw Bláthín's eyes open, though it was clear that Bláthín had seen her.

Bláthín, for her part, quickly fell asleep and in the morning, she chalked it up to a dream. The next morning, as she prepared by drinking her morning tea, she received word from her parents that someone had broken in and ruffled through their documents, something incredibly secret could be leaked to the public with that information. Bláthín, thinking nothing more of it, said “Life probably did it, I saw her outside my window last night, dressed in a weird cape… thing.” She couldn’t have imagined just what information Life was looking for, nor could she have imagined the consequences of simply telling the truth.

The moment replays in Bláthín’s head to this day. She can hear the tone of her voice, the carefree way she stuffed her face with food as she spoke, the way her eyes didn’t even bother scanning her parents’ face for their reaction, she remembers it all.

“I wish I could forget.”

The next day, Life was found dead, outside her home, still dressed in her cloak. Though she was hardly recognizable as a Sairshi, much less Life herself. Her cloak was dyed a horrible, disgusting green as Life’s blood mixed with the blue of the garment. Bláthín demanded to speak with her parents that night, for them to track down Life’s killer. Her parents did not hold back the truth. They broke down the barriers that Bláthín had built up, the dissociation from the consequences of her actions. She felt…

“Like a monster who never deserved her friendship.

Like an adult who’d deluded herself into playing forever like a child.”

She ran away that day and hid in the far outskirts of Ayreach, where Maine found her later that night. Bláthín came clean, admitted everything, told Maine that it was over, now. The woman had run out of tears to give, though the stains along her face and the snot that gathered under her nose indicated that she’d been crying for hours. In spite of it all, in spite of living a life of his own, filled with misery and poverty and awful existence, Maine forgave her. Mistakes happen, and he knew that Bláthín didn’t want to hurt Life. It was an accident, a tragic one, but still, an accident. Before Bláthín could respond, Maine told her that Life would’ve forgiven her

too. It felt like an impossibility, her best friends forgiving her for committing an unfathomably awful crime, for having done so casually, for having so much blood on her hands. But, Maine just did the same thing he'd always done: give her a big, dumb smile, and tell her that everything was going to be okay. In the end, Maine gave her his hope, his confidence that, even still, she could undo the damage she did, and make things right. It was all the man could give, and it wasn't much, but it was enough. The next day, Bláthín grabbed a light set of clothes, and tried to sleep through much of the morning.

"I was far too afraid of the sorts of dreams I'd have."

That night, Bláthín ran. Maine didn't, he just gave her supplies, food and water to last 3 days, told her to "pick a direction, and don't tell me which, then start running", and set her off with 1 last, stupid smile. Bláthín left Ayreach in the dead of the night, carrying Maine's supplies, the still stained cloak of Life, and a small bag with an inordinately large amount of gold in it. Intrusive thoughts plagued the girl's mind as she ran south.

"Maine's probably dead too."

Her subconscious attacked her.

"Life could've lived if I'd just slept through the night."

She eventually hitched a ride on a farmer's cart, where she stared up into the night sky and observed the pair of moons, traversing the sky.

"I should have known the power my words had."

That night, she slept in a tavern.

"Maine was probably lying for my sake."

Her dreams offered no succor from her mind.

"I felt like I was drowning."

And what a vicious mind she had.

"Maybe I should've been."

In spite of the mental assault she gave herself, the next day, Bláthín woke up and clung on to the 1 thing she had left, Life's cloak. After an hour spent tearfully grabbing at the garment, still utterly drenched in blood, she gave the cloak a proper washing and drying, and wrapped it around her.

"It felt like loneliness.

It felt like home.

It felt like guilt.

It felt like forgiveness.

It felt like Life."

She stayed in that tavern for a week before she gathered the strength and hope to keep running. It was a small miracle that she was still alive, another small miracle that she hadn't been found yet, and yet a third small miracle that she still had hope at all. She spent the week thinking, and had come to her conclusion: to take Maine's last smile, and his offering that Life would have forgiven him, not as gifts, or as certainties. Life was dead, Maine couldn't know what she would've thought. For her, the hope wasn't absolution, it was aspiration, a goal to keep her moving. She didn't think herself worthy of Maine's promise, nor Life's forgiveness, she had to become worthy. Bláthín adorned the blue cloak and set out in search of a reason to stop, in search of a life that Life and Maine would've been proud of.

"And clearly whoever wrote this letter knows about it all."

It's been 16 months since that tragic day. Bláthín has survived mostly by living on small farms for as long as they'll have her, helping where she can, and spending whatever of her funds she's maintained. Though by now, her gold supply is thoroughly emptied. Her parents have refused to give up the search, and why would they? After the council's assassination, their position of power was already teetering, and without an heir to easily pass power down to, they'd be 1 incident away from a coup. Bláthín is their sole claim to stability, their only way to prevent a vacuum for the other branches of their family to take hold.

Bláthín sits just outside of her tent, staring up, once more at the twin moons of Verthaca. The white lights illuminate her little hiding spot in a spot of woods in the south of Muirfeur. She tries to count the stars in an effort to ground her as she thinks, but it does no good. She tilts her head back down, and gives the letter a re-read.

“You, who seeks redemption. You, who wishes to stop running. You, who hopes to undo the damage you could never undo. You, who bears a Cloak that is not yours. I will give you this chance to begin your atonement.”

Bláthín stares and stares and stares. No matter what, it shouldn’t have been here. This had to be a trap… right? Her parents are just trying to wrangle her back home. It wasn’t their first attempt.

“I can only do more damage there.”

But that doesn’t make sense. How on earth could the letter have been so clearly referring to her, even found within her sealed sack of supplies, yet still not call her by name? How could someone have even gotten the letter in there without her noticing? If this was real, and it was sent by her parents as some kind of trick, then why leave a letter? Why not just snatch her up? She’d practiced plenty with magic, but she was far from a mage, anyone with a weapon could beat her in a fight. And if it was a trick, then what? Her parents were trying to lure her further away from home?

“They’re too smart for that.”

After a night of indecision, Bláthín takes her letter and deposits it right back into her bag, then sets off, further south, to reach the Saloreat border. Less than 2 days later, she will arrive at Cashlarsa, and begin to repay the debt she believes she owes people.

“What do I have to lose, anyways? My life?”

Section 5: Additional Notes

- Discord username: Cea Lumina#1114

- Bláthín's favorite color USED to be red, but she prefers the blue of Life's cloak now, which is a deep, dark blue.
- Bláthín would kill Chaos, because that Jack guy said it and he looks like a stand-up guy who would definitely be manipulated into doing wrong but has his heart in the right place. (No she's not projecting at all what are you saying ha ha)