



By Louis Wain

SETTING

New Star City is a big place, filled with catfolk from all sorts of backgrounds, who all share at least one thing in common... They all need to put food on the table. That's where Cornflower's Soup Kitchen Collective comes in!

You might find the fliers around the city and investigate, or just happen upon Cornflower herself at any of the soup kitchen's rotating locations. Either way, the baggy-eyed cat greets you through the crowd with a bright smile and stained apron. But it's only when she realises you might be here to volunteer that a weight seems to lift from her back. She's got a big staff, but an even bigger city to feed; there's any number of ways to help out. And who knows? Maybe she can show you a little something about cooking on your meal break!

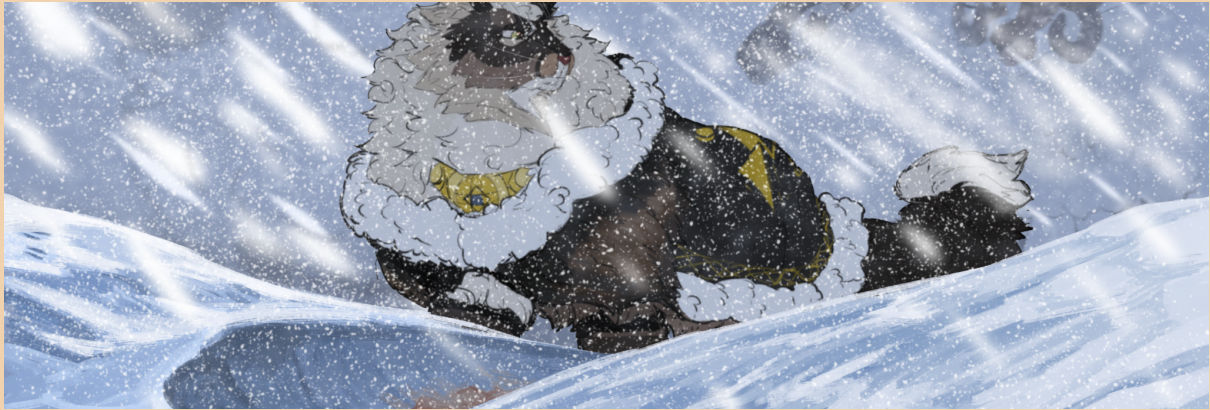
PLAYERS

 **Cúan**
Played by Faolán

 **Desembra**
Played by Shannah

SCENARIO

New Star City is a big place, filled with catfolk from all sorts of backgrounds, who all share at least one thing in common... They all need to put food on the table. That's where Cornflower's Soup Kitchen Collective comes in!



🐾 CÚAN O'CAOIMH 🐾

SHEPHERD OF THE RUINS FLOCK

APPLICATION . THEY/HE . 19YRS.

STATS AND SKILLS

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

+4 Survival / +3 Perception / +3 Animal taming / +2 Nature / +1 Insight / +1 Stealth /
+1 Intimidation

Lv: 2 | Earth / Lv: 1 | Lifespeak

POST 1

Cúan's paws held a small flier in it, the paper was new and read about a soup kitchen. The young cat's whiskers twitched, they ought to at least help out, they had time and they needed to do something not saving the world esc, it was getting boring doing nothing being so mused to the routine of farming and then nearly exploding 4 times over.

Either way, the shepherd had made his way down to the soup kitchen, curious of it and having to be cautious, weary from prior events. They had bid marmin farwell and left their animals at thomás' house. There was much to be learned and even in new star city cats needed help.

They eventually arrive and make themselves an entrance and head over to Cornflower, more so dragged over, something about a strong lad such as yourself and other things and the shepherd flustered and sputtering agrees to something hes not to sure about.. Well thats how he got here now, in a kitchen.. Making soup? Or something else. He was lost on that part, time to figure out he supposes!

SUMMARY: cúan finds the flier, goes to check it out and gets roped into something

ACTION: N/A



BARRIER LV 3 ♦ SUMMONER LV 1

THEY/ANY | [APPLICATION](#)

— POST 1 of 4

In their youth, Desembra's family often relied on kitchens such as Cornflower's in the time before they owned rats. Now in a position to give back and desperate for something to distract them, Desembra felt it was only right to volunteer their time when they happened upon a flyer. The aforementioned Cornflower was thrilled when they appeared to offer a helping hand and didn't appear bothered when Desembra admitted their lack of cooking expertise. Soup was an awfully hard dish to botch, after all. Like burning water.

While they thought they would do better servicing the food to hungry patrons, Desembra thought it *was* quite satisfying to dice the vegetables and try to cut them in uniform pieces. It was only that there was a huge mountain of vegetables they were delegated to. Potatoes, carrots, cabbage, and some dreadful onions...

The movement of a large silhouette was caught in the corner of Desembra's eye. They glanced away from the cutting board in curiosity and smiled when they saw the fluffy, lost cat towering above the head in the busy kitchen.

“Cúan!” Desembra called, lifting their free hand to wave him over to their station. “Are you free? I think I have some veggies with your name on them!”



STR +0 DEX -3 INT +2 CHA +2
+5 Magic | +3 Nature | +3 Survival | +2 History | +1 Insight | +1 Perception | +1
Medicine | +1 Stealth

◆ SUMMARY

Desembra is cutting vegetables when they spot Cúan and wave him over to help them.



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POST 2

Cúan's paws had lead him to the back of the kitchen though they stood tall in the space, their eyes scanned the room for something or someone familiar, a place to even start. Thankfully they did not have to wait to long, the shepherd had finished a hasty conversation

with cornflower, and perhaps they did not catch half of what she said.

Their ears perked at the calling of their name and they shuffled over and gently moved through the other workers with a small sorry and excuse me thrown in. Finally they made it over to Desembra.

“Howya! Say no more, ill get right to it” They offered with a grateful smile thankful for something to do in simple terms.

The shepherd was delighted to see the potatoes and carrots even cabbage! Hell it was just like home, they were more than happy to start peeling the potatoes with a practise that implied cúan had been doing this for years under the gaze of a very strict gaze.

“Ye managed to make yer way down here to?, ye been down long?” They asked quietly looking around, wondering if the soup kitchen had been open lon or if Desembra had been long here, peeling the potatoe in their paws.

SUMMARY: cúan is a bit lost but desembra saves the day and alls him over giving him a job! Which cúan is more than happy to do.

ACTION: Cúan is peeling potatoes :)



BARRIER LV 3 ♦ SUMMONER LV 1

THEY/ANY | [APPLICATION](#)

Desembra smiled with satisfaction as Cúan joined them at their station and appeared relieved. Not only was it nice to have someone helping them out with the vegetables—and Des did notice his ease of movement—but they could finally chat with someone who thus far appeared to be on the same page as them.

“Not long enough to burn down the kitchen,” Desembra joked as they turned back to peeling the outer skin of their carrot before chopping it. **“I’ve probably been here for half an hour and become well acquainted with the intricacies of vegetable chopping, I daresay. Though you’re giving me a run for my money, farmboy.”** They grinned at how fast and thorough he was handling the potato.

“It’s quaint. Cooking like a normal person. It’s nice to slow down for a moment. I almost forgot what it’s like with the travelling we’ve been doing. Three moons have never felt so long, have they?” Desembra’s face became thoughtful.



STR +0

DEX -3

INT +2

CHA +2

+5 Magic | +3 Nature | +3 Survival | +2 History | +1 Insight | +1 Perception | +1

Medicine | +1 Stealth

◆ SUMMARY

Desembra jokes about their inexperience with cooking and remarks that it’s nice to cook and take a break, remarking that it’s been a long three months since they joined the guild.



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POST 3

Cúan set down each peeled potato in a small group keeping them neatly separated and placing the peels into a large bowl, they wondered if the kitchen had chicken or pig farmers to give the peels to.

“Aw, stop hardly!, i’d say ye would be last to burn it down” Cúan joked gently as he picked up a new potato

they imagined that with such a large amount of food that it would be a logical solution to the food waste. Cúan should ask, try and see what farms they have up here, of course he had seen the reindeer farms and sleds. Maybe this far north was a bit too cold for chickens and pigs? Cúan needed to ask about that as well.

They arched an eyebrow at desembra. **“Well, sure i am full of surprises for a farm boy ill tell ya!”** They spoke lightheartedly even jokingly, catching to desembra’s own tone. The act of even doing this was so domestic, so calm, so normal, it felt like such a breath of fresh air and home. It lightened his spirit in such a way that cúan had been missing since he left his village. He knew poor Misneach would be raging if he found that cúan had been in a kitchen and not brought him any home, no matter what the speckled face ram protested his honour. Cúan would get him some in the shop on the way home.

“Tis, it is nice yeah, missed it from back home, used to help granny out doing it when we were not gone to far... Feels like a life time if im honest with ye. It’s hard on yer head and just so much goin on. Travelin was never my style”

SUMMARY: cúan returns desembras jokes with a jovial tone to his voice and offers his own replies on how he misses home and how he finds the journeys stressful and it feels like a lifetime for him.

ACTION:



BARRIER LV 3 ♦ SUMMONER LV 1

THEY/ANY | [APPLICATION](#)

— POST 3 of 4

Desembra chuckled at Cúan's protests as if they begged to differ, but they left it at that. **"Full of surprises, hm? Then maybe I'd be remiss to simplify you as just a farm boy."** But the young cat appeared to be the type that was proud of who he was, and it showed in the way he spoke fondly about his home for a moment. Many his years senior would shy away from such a strong sense of identity, and Des respected it.

"Nothing's wrong with being a homebody. I've travelled when I could once I began my university studies, but this expedition will be my first time southwest to the desert. I've always dreamed about visiting Viper's Nest." They frowned some and focused on slicing the carrot, their tone sharpening. **"Never would I think it would be at the behest of a self-interested snake though."**



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◆ SUMMARY

Desembra talks about their previous inclination to travel, but sours when they mention the reason for the upcoming expedition.



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POST 4

Cúan tipped his head gently. **“Maybe, or maybe yer right”** They shrugged with ease and a small chuckle, it lifted their shoulders in a friendly way. They stop for a moment to take a better look at the potatoes they had peeled before throwing one into their paws and catching it with ease as Desembra spoke.

“Hm, yeah.. My uncle told me the guild would be good for me to travel. What’s university like? Never been... hmm im worried about the heat a wee bit ye know... Neither did i, that making me worried ye know. I don’t like whats happenin”

Cúan's tail flicked gently in the silence. As they consider the godmother and her business.
"Im worried how it will go on affectin everyone"

SUMMARY: Cúan is worried about the godmother

ACTION: n/a



BARRIER LV 3 ♦ SUMMONER LV 1

THEY/ANY | APPLICATION

— POST 4 of 4

"Lots and lots of reading and bookwork," Desembra chuckled. "You have to get familiar with all of the theories and basics before you can do anything practical at university. Even a new field like magic technology is rife with complexity and conjecture."

As the conversation drifted towards the expedition and the Godmother, Desembra noticed Cúan's quiet shift in demeanour. They contemplated for a moment before speaking. **"I don't think there's many people happy about this,"** Des agreed, then added, **"I think people appreciate how much you care for them, Cúan. That worry you have may be what helps temper them; they'd be affecting more than just themselves if they did anything drastic."**



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DEX -3

INT +2

CHA +2

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Medicine | +1 Stealth

◆ SUMMARY

Desembra talks about university and then tries to comfort Cúan, recognizing his care for the guild.



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POST 5/4

Cúan wondered if university and studies were much different to the school that he attended as a kitten, perhaps it was not that different at all but longer. Then again that kinda was the point of school wasn't it. Cúan was a bit curious about how the magic worked in university and how different it was on a level to what they thought after seeing it all and experiencing that though Desembra could answer that.

“Is it a big difference to what ya therosied? Ye know magic and cats? How i feels?” They asked curiously, though they definitely wondered if the universities looked at things with strictly an analytical point of view.. Mechanical like the big companies too since don't

university students go to those big companies? The death of good solid morals to make money then.

They nodded their heads. **“Aye, hm... i glad ye think so but, i have me doubts ye know, especially cause of how me teammates reacted with the device. Got me thinkin about the stuff, i recogn they could do with someone whos good at talkin talk to them. It’s so strange all this”**. They offer with a degree of warmth and a shrug.

SUMMARY: Cúan warms to desembras compliment.

ACTION: n/a

