



THE PARANOID .

BASICS .

NAME: Joel Jeong

ALIAS: N/A

AGE: 37 years old

SPECIES: Human

OCCUPATION: Diner owner

+ ***TRAIT:*** Empathetic, humorous

- ***TRAIT:*** Anxious, paranoid

SKILLS: Singing & guitar

PHYSICAL .

GENDER: Cis male

PRONOUNS: He/him

ORIENTATION: Bisexual

FACE CLAIM: Steven Yeun

HAIR: Dark brown, mid length

EYES: Dark brown

HEIGHT: 5'9"

MISC.: Tattoos – above left elbow, lower ribs to inner thigh on right side, left rib

EXTRA ABILITIES .

TBA .

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TBA .

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EXTRA WEAKNESSES.

SEA CREATURE VERSE ONLY: Only possesses the usual weaknesses of any other sea creature *found here.*



BIOGRAPHY.

(TW: death)

It was always a wonder how Joel was born with an obsession of large bodies of water. He could never fully explain it, but there was something about them that always drew him in with the utmost fascination. If there was any time or way for him to spend his recreational time at a pool, creek or lake- he'd be there knee deep and as happy as can be. Though it was arguably odd, his parents never saw any harm in it and were glad that their son was so fond of being active outside instead of piling on hours upon hours with inside technology.

When Joel's mother and him moved out of Maine and to California (*his father stayed behind to run the family diner*), it only furthered his passion. No one was surprised that he aspired to have a career that had to do with large bodies of water. He had always been a strong swimmer, was a part of the high school swim team, and was certified to scuba diver early on. Everyone in his hometown used to joke about how he was part fish, because of how often he would swim. So it was only fitting that he ended up setting his mind to become a deep sea diver. Soon enough, he landed himself the job of his dreams when he was 18. It was almost outrageous how fast he had accepted a high risk occupation, but nothing could stop him from moving away from home in order to achieve his dreams.

The dangers of being a deep sea diver came in several shapes and forms, but none of them shook him up enough to make him quit. Joel was always sure to be careful whenever he was on duty, but death's hands were never far away. He witnessed his fair share of the deceased by random, but what really broke him was the life of his best friend. The two of them had been working on a repair when there was a malfunction with his friend's respiratory device. In layman's terms- that terrible instance resulted in his friend's death, and Joel had been there to witness the entire drowning. It was an awful, tragic accident that the local news ate up and spat out to every single outlet they could get their hands on. Yet with time, the news of how his friend died fizzed out into the background noise of town life. Yet Joel couldn't forget what happened no matter how much time passed.

He could never forget the incident, and it eventually spurred him to do the seemingly impossible. Joel chose to resign from his position without any prompting, and for the first time in his life- he was completely, and utterly, lost. The surefire ambition he had been born with fell short for years, and the loss of his friend clouded every single one of his decisions. The consumption of alcohol became a vice

for him, and it nearly cost him his own life several times. It wasn't until a hard felt intervention from his parents did he start to see the wrongs of his grief filled ways. Little by little, the grief became more bearable and he managed to get back onto his feet with the support of his family and friends. Joel quit drinking as a whole when he decided to start his life anew.

Not too long after, his father passed away due to a sudden heart attack. Though the two of them had never been close, Joel still grieved the loss (*without using alcohol as a vice*). The diner was left in his name, so he traveled over to decide what to do with the establishment. Originally he was going to sell it, but the community and staff grew on him. So the diner stayed up and running, and the wellbeing of his life stabilized while he did his best to give back every day.

MISCELLANEOUS INFO.

- Joel isn't actually a sea creature *yet*, but he did have a run in with Oram during his diving days. Ever since then, he's been drawn to the likes of Hugh & Lior. With time, the truth of what they are came to light and he did a surprisingly okay job with acknowledging it.
- Diagnosed with severe anxiety, depression, and PTSD.
- Suffers from thalassophobia (*phobia of the ocean or large bodies of water*), specifically having his head submerged under water.
- Has a service dog – Jack, Belgian Malinois.



CONNECTIONS .

- SAWYER BEDELL WAKEMAN (*@SECOND-SIGHTS*): significant other / husband, the apple of his eye.
- TONRAQ KENSUK (*@AMAAAROK*): best friend & potential love interest, obligated to eat his stress cooking & bakes.
- ESHU (*@TEMPORALOBJECTS*): significant other & reminder it's ok to have fun *sometimes*.
- NAME (*@URL*): information, information, information.
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VERSES .

『 THE MAGIC CONCH → SEA CREATURE VERSE 』 .

Achieving some sense of normality hadn't been a concrete goal Joel thought he'd reach after Robert's death. Yet he fell into it at the windswept town of Harborview. All in the good company of his diner, dog and the weird group of *sea things* that had all but integrated into his life.

If only things stayed that way.

Hugh, Dane, and Lior seemed decent enough, but it was the last of the three that cost him his life. A loose end of the retired criminal's past sought Joel out due to their friendship. He was visited late at night in the comfort of his own diner, rendered unconscious, tortured for information and then killed without mercy.

That should have been the end of his life, but it wasn't.

Of course it wasn't.

His body had been found and relocated to the sea where Oram changed him. Joel woke anew - chewed up and spat back onto the sandy shore. Thus began his life with even more paranoia and trauma than before.

– Reference to his other form: [here](#).