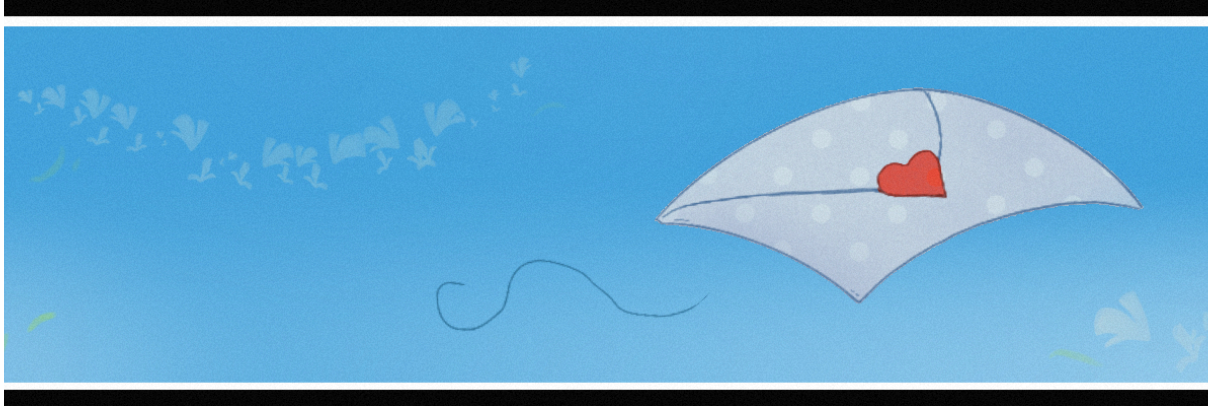




A SWEET DELIVERY

Participants (feel free to add yourself!)

- **Finlay (Dras)**
- **Calder (Noodle)**
- **Prescott (Amber)**
- **Marmin (Rue)**
- **Cúan (Faolán)**
- **Roan (Sorrel)**
- **Jivvin (Nyth)**

QUEST OBJECTIVE:

Maisy Sweetpaw needs your help...again! Don't worry, she's not trapped in the Forest of Stones again. This time, she needs you to deliver a letter to her girlfriend across town! She's busy dancing around in her bee costume for Bluebird Café to do it herself, and she insists her girlfriend will be thrilled to meet the Wayseeker's Guild cats personally. You know, the cats with the magic. Who helped her and the others out.

Write, draw, or roleplay your character delivering a letter to Maisy's girlfriend across Greendoze (design is up to you). Will they make the delivery more exciting? Will they make Maisy look good?! 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



FINLAY REDMOND | [APPLICATION](#)

WATER ♦ LV 1 ♦ HE/HIM ♦ Post 1/4

A letter.

Holding the sealed envelope up to inspect, the paper crinkling slightly beneath his thumb. It seemed important, at least by how the cat dancing in that bee costume had implied. Maisy..? He thinks that was her name.

He'd only stopped by the café for a slice of apple pie, the scent of the fresh baked pastry almost unfairly tantalizing on the wind. A dastardly ploy against his rumbling stomach, to which he fell for hook, line, and sinker. Now it was *after* this point, with his appetite thoroughly appeased, that he'd been excitedly buzzed up to by Maisy. The dancing bee cat pointing to the guild bandana around his neck with eyes aglow.

It seemed a bit silly to be delivering a letter, he wasn't a mail cat! But- he was a Wayseeker now,, maybe that included mail delivery..? It would be a change of pace at the very least. He really hadn't had much else specifically to do anyways, with everyone still recovering from well- *dying*. Which was understandably a big thing. It still nibbled at his own thoughts in idle time.

But the letter, *right*. He couldn't just say no anyways. That would be rude. Not to mention she was *very* insistent it be guild cats that delivered this letter to her girlfriend across town. So, on his way to deliver a letter he went.

...Wait, cats. Plural.

He was but a singular guild cat.

This wouldn't do. He couldn't fail such a simple task, *he needed more Wayseekers*.

Lifting the letter to wave in the air, cupping his free hand by his mouth to call out loudly to any poor souls nearby. Still easily within earshot of the café. "OOOOI!! **Wayseekers! Gather up! We've got an important mission to do!**"

■ STATS AND SKILLS

STR +2

DEX +0

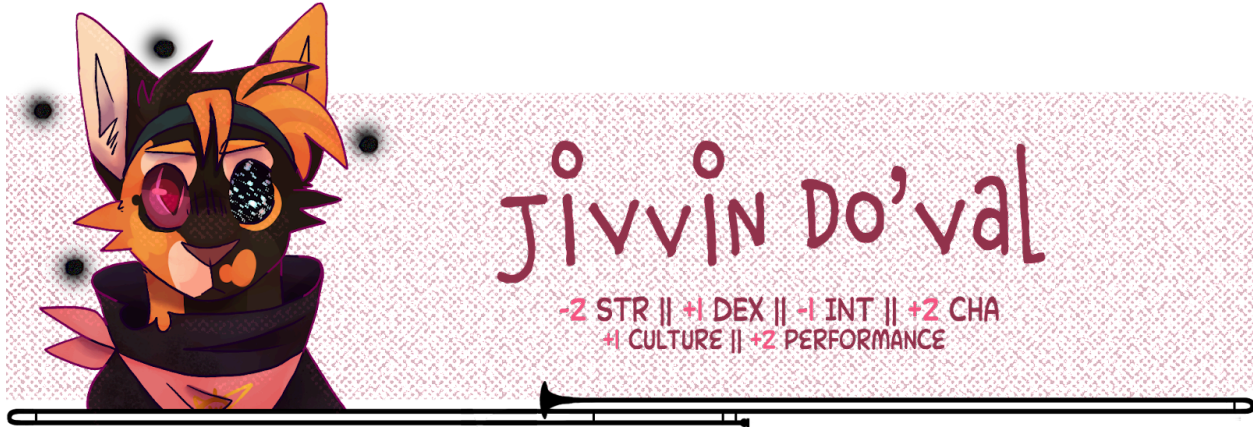
INT +0

CHA -2

+2 Magic / +1 Culture

■ SUMMARY AND ACTION

Finlay is lured to the Bluebird Café by his stomach, where he's dragged in by bee Maisy to deliver a letter to her girlfriend. Uncertain this is really a job for the guild, but lacking the heart to say no, or wanting to make the guild look bad, he agrees. Taking her words to heart that the recipient would want to meet the guild cats personally, he goes about calling to any Wayseekers around to gather for a mission.



[he/him || [bio](#) || void lvl 1]

1/4

Jivvin.. well.. *truthfully*- truthfully he'd been quietly trailing after Finlay. *Not* following him!! And certainly not following him in any *creepy* sort of way!!!

He'd actually been at the café already, eating a relatively late breakfast when he'd noticed him enter the café. At which point his mind had danced frantically between *not wanting to be seen at all I'm not prepared right now I have egg in my teeth* and *Finlay!! It's Finlay!! Let's hang out!! Finlay time!!!* He couldn't really side with the latter- he didn't know if Finlay was looking to eat his pie in peace and it would be awkward!! It would be *very awkward*. At least that's the justification Jivvin gave himself for not approaching and instead doing the decidedly very not creepy thing of watching him out of the corner of his eye and praying he wouldn't be noticed..

Very normal. He was doing very normal today.

Jivvin had hoped there'd be some sort of natural way to run into Finlay outside of the café but that's when he'd noticed the russet individual speaking to someone in a bee costume. His curiosity was thoroughly piqued, but at this point he was too far into this espionage-grave he'd dug for himself and couldn't make out what they were saying. But he'd seen the bee hand Finlay *something*.

Something..

Jivvin felt himself unconsciously drawing closer.. in fact he'd almost worked up the courage to finally approach Finlay candidly. Almost.

But that was when Finlay suddenly bellowed out a call for Wayseekers, sending Jivvin jumping out of his fur. With an undignified yelp he stumbled backwards into his rump. So *much for stealth.*

There was no way Finlay hadn't noticed *that.*

In a frantic effort to make the best of it- or cover up for it- Jivvin leapt to his paws and scrambled over to Finlay.

"Err! Wayseeker Jivvin, reporting for duty!! Hahaha.." he dusted himself off fussily. **"Uhh, Finlay! Whatcha got there?"**

SUMMARY: Jivvin makes a fool of himself, following Finlay a little stalkerishly- simply put- before being startled out of it by Finlay's call.

ACTION: o.o"



	Prescott Quellington <u>APPLICATION</u> Flora Lvl:1 ♦ He/Him ♦ 1/4 IW: Finlay, Jivvin
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With enough ranting and raving from every sort of cat he's conversed with, Prescott was finally convinced to try this famous Bluebird Cafe. Seeing as how he quite fancied a spot of tea, a quick stop should do no harm...after all, ah...it wasn't as though he had any plans for the day. Time was indecipherable at this point, days blurring and melding together like a hodgepodge of cacaphonic colors; Prescott was a cat who craved excitement, not...like that of the Boundless cave, mind you, alas...he grew restless staying in a singular area and, as charming as Greendoze was, it was growing very...hmm...samey? Mundane? He should be thankful for the peace...he just died by jove's sake, yet...well, the reason he left home, aside from, y'know, atrocious parents and all that haha, was to explore and become an adventurer. If anything, well...at least it went to show that not even that nightmare of an expedition could quench his wanderlust for long. Heck, not even his aversion to magic could dent it either.

Why was their mascot a bee? No, really...shouldn't it make much more sense for the Bluebird Cafe to be represented by, well...a bluebird? If the boot fits...you should wear it, no? Yet, here he was, watching this poor molly dance about in what he could only assume was a very uncomfortable bee costume, quite literally buzzing about between customers in the facility. Erm...no thank you, he liked *real* bees, not man made horrors beyond his mortal comprehension. The way the bulky costume undulated made him want to hiss, so he was rather quick in purchasing his tea and scone (blueberry, to all those wondering) before heading outdoors to take his seat at one of the tables there, free of any bee felines. Beelines, if you will. ...He would not. Please and thank you.

The tea, at least, was rather sublime, refreshing him instantly as he allowed himself to sink into the blissful summer atmosphere. Fortunately, a slight breeze kept the heat from erring on the side of discomforting and, well, perhaps it was rather nice to take a moment to merely exist. Even his thoughts seemed agreeable today, deciding not to harass him. Truly, such a sense of serenity was rare, he ought to indulge-

"OOOOI!! Wayseekers! Gather up! We've got an important mission to do!"

Cue the sound of glass shattering, but the glass was that aforementioned sense of serenity. No...oh, wait - it was actual glass too. There went his teacup, smattering against the ground after being knocked aside from Prescott's shock. He winced, well...good thing he had an ample amount of coins to cover those damages. Still, ahh...he had to hurry! A calling of the Wayseekers? This could mean trouble, he had to help! (Had to prove himself to his fellow comrades that he was no whelp. ...he WAS, but, ah...maybe he could prove himself wrong too! Who knew!) Haphazardly, he gathered the broken shards, placing them on the table as well as a note with a hastily scribbled 'many apologies!! I must make haste but here, I should hope that this might cover any damages!' On top of the note he placed a plethora of coins, likely more than the cup was nearly worth before he hightailed it out of there, seeking the source of that shout.

His short coat of fur was prickling like a cactus when he located the shouting culprit, a boisterous brown-colored tom who seemed vaguely familiar and, oh-! Trombone guy! ...Jivvin. It was Jivvin, Prescott. Still, the tom who had shouted didn't seem frantic or frightened in

appearance, in fact, it was quite the contrary. That was good, at least. That likely meant it wasn't a Boundless, haha...PHEW. Still, never the sort to deny his sense of curiosity, he approached the two tom-cats, fur flattening as he regarded them with a pleasant smile.

"Salutations Trom-Jivvin!" Good save. "-and, ah, fellow Wayseeker! I do not believe we have ever formally met, I am Prescott Quellington! Might I ask, what seems to be all the fuss? I heard your call and came running right over...is something the matter?"



STATS and SKILLS

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



SUMMARY and ACTION

Prescott hates the bee costume. He buys tea and has a good time then knocks over the tea when Finlay's shout startles him :c After leaving behind some \$\$\$ to compensate for the broken cup he goes to check out what the fuss is all about

[Nothing]



ENERGY ♦ LV 1 ♦ HE/THEY ♦ 1/4 ♦ APPLICATION

The Bluebird Café, Cúan certainly seemed fond of it. Marmin yearned to say the same for himself – but the quiet, modest atmosphere wasn't exactly the farmer's scene. Plus, Marmin wasn't awfully fond of pastries or sweet delights – he far preferred the saline flavors of a nice juicy steak. That being said, he was still going to devour every last

piece of the food on the table in front of him – waste not want not and all that. Speaking of tables, could they make this one any shorter? Marmin would be lying if he said he didn't fidget an awful lot, especially in the leg department – he would often swing his legs to keep himself stimulated. But the size of these tables made it so his knee would hit the underside of the board following each swing, sending the cutlery and plates flying upwards upon impact.

He just had to keep himself distracted, perhaps that would quell his restlessness. Marmin scanned the Café. This particular morning had attracted many customers, a few of whom seemed to be from the guild. Well, Marmin assumed so, anyway. It was easy to tell when someone wasn't from Greendoze – he also recognized one of the patrons from a few days prior. He considered approaching, but thought otherwise. Catfolk from the city were often reserved, Marmin had learnt, they weren't as used to random bumpkins like himself wandering over and introducing themselves. Marmin didn't want to cause anyone discomfort, so he took his eyes elsewhere.

On the other side of the Café was a *GIANT BEE*? Oh wait – it was just a cat in a bee costume. Marmin deflated slightly; seeing an enormous bee would undoubtedly have added excitement to this otherwise drab day. The farmer felt somewhat sorry for the dancing molly – no one seemed to be paying her much mind. Maybe he should call her over, brighten up her day a little. Marmin opened his mouth to speak, but before the words could escape his jaw–

"OOOOI!! Wayseekers! Gather up! We've got an important mission to do!"

Marmin yelped lightly, thrusting his knee into the underside of the table, sending one of his pastries straight to the floor. *Ohhh... what shame...* Marmin lied, scooping the custard-filled delight from the ground and back onto his plate. *Wayseekers!* That was him! This would be more than enough excitement to cover for the loss of a giant bee. The farmer practically leapt from his seat. He took a hasty step towards the voice – but hesitated. The dish that had fallen to the ground was otherwise intact, he would hate to see anyone try to accidentally eat a floor pastry. In a stroke of genius, Marmin plucked a stick from his fur and placed it into the custard-filled dessert. *Perfect.* Now no one will eat it. For good measure, Marmin stuck his paw into the custard and smeared a message that somewhat resembled 'flore patsry' onto the plate in front of him. *A job well done.*

There was no time to lose, adventure was calling. Marmin rushed over to the source of the voice– a large, stocky, brown tom who was slightly taller than he. Two other cats were standing to the side of the culprit – a dark calico and the city cat he'd recognised earlier. *Salutations?* Definitely a city cat.

Marmin shoved his way between the two and held up his paw, **"OOO!! ME!! ME!! I'm a Wayseeker! 'Name's Marmin, you say you need adventurers?"** The farmer looked from left to right. *Jivvin, and... Prescott, GOT IT!* Marmin noticed a small envelope between the brown tom's paws, **"OOO a secret note? We on a spy mission? I'm awful stealthy."**

That was a lie, but he wanted to impress his new friends! Especially if they were going on a mission together.

STR +1 DEX 0 INT -1 CHA +1
+1 Nature / +2 Culinary

SUMMARY

“Marmin is restless today, he looks around the cafe – taking note of the stranger in a bee costume – before hearing Finlay’s call to action. He approaches him and introduces himself.”

ACTION

N/A



Now wasn’t this a delight in itself? A comfortable dining session at a local eatery. The calico was taking in the town’s scenery as this was his first time eating here. Calder wasn’t really a cafe type of cat, nor had he figured he’s eaten at a place with such an atmosphere. Perhaps it was the smell of baked goods or the fact that they got a huge bee dancing and entertaining the customers as the mascot of this quaint place. Wait... do they make bees that big? Strange. This was a new experience, so he insisted on trying to immerse himself. He kept asking so many questions to the staff about the names of baked goods and other trivial matters, such as, “*what is a quiche and if it’s eggs why does it look like that?*”

This behavior was more akin to a kid discovering a whole new type of food, and for Calder, it was the discovery of brunch. His family was pretty simple, and he was just glad to be

included in these fancy kinds of dwellings. With him being on the taller side, it was like being seated at a kid's table but this is how brunch must be, after all! So there he was, at a small fitting table, a cup of tea in one hand, a whole quiche in another, and he was mesmerized by what he thought was the world's largest bumble bee doing advertising. Luckily his attention was quickly placed on a catfolk making a roll call. His eyes dart over to the direction of Finlay.

"Wayfheekers... PHAT'S ME-" Calder mutters, his mouth full of quiche before swallowing it. Pocketing the rest of his quiche into a napkin and then into his bag. Now he's ready for some adventure! He leaves some of his money on the table for the service, not before chugging the rest of his tea and dashing over to the guild catfolk meeting with the tom cat.

"I'm a Wayseeker!! Right here! Here! Here! I'm Calder and I'd love to help on your adventure!" He was able to get the first few names of the other catfolk. We got a Jivvin and a Prescott and- *"Marmin! Oh, boy am I glad to see you!"* He gleefully gives him a playful nudge. His eyes adjust back on Finlay with intrigue. *"You must be the captain! So what's our assignment?"*

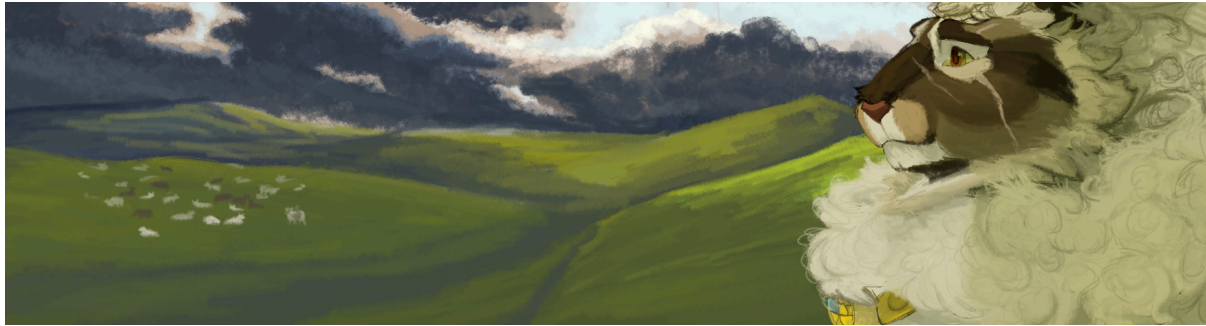
STR 0	/	DEX +1	/	INT +1	/	CHA -2
+2 Survival / +1 Nature						

SUMMARY

Enjoying his time in the Bluebird Café, Calder spoils himself with the newly discovered delights (to him) of brunch. The call of action for Wayseekers gets his attention and seek's out Finlay's call for support. Seeing a familiar face in the crowd, Calder makes sure to introduce himself for this new adventure.

ACTION

N/A



🐱 CÚAN O'CAOIMH 🐱

SHEPHERD OF THE RUINS FLOCK

APPLICATION . THEY/HE . 19YRS.

STATS AND SKILLS

STR 0 / DEX +1 / INT +1 / CHA -2 | +1 Survival +2 Perception

Lv: 1 | Earth

POST 1 OF 4

Cúan knew that this place wasn't marmin's scene particularly. The fluffy cat had asked him today to try some of the food, and just because they wanted to show him it.. Anyway , Cúan had a small bit of a sweet tooth, especially for butter cream. They hadn't tasted it in so long and they knew better than to over indulge, They would get him some steak and mince later to make up for it, maybe getting him to go for a run might help burn of some energy, they knew themself if they didn't they would not be able to sleep tonight. A small purr sound left them as they bit down into what was basically pure sugar, they wouldn't get much more of this so they decided to savour the taste for now.

Cúan didn't mind the fidgeting and the hit of the table, taking it in their stride, though they silently met his gaze every once in a while, not wishing to stay if it was going to be uncomfortable for marmin, they could eat their cupcake later and take it back to home base as it were. Their back started to ache as they leaned down , posture be damned this table was so short, their ears occasionally twitching as they looked up from their food, always looking around for the first signs of danger or trouble.. That's what they told themself anyway, totally not to

look at him or anything , always watching behind marmin just in case.

He didn't know why the tables were so short but he tried, holding the small cup in his paws, it was far cry from what could be an ale mug he used back home to make his morning tea. He was trying so hard not to grip it too tight and break it, but usually Cúan chose a time that was quiet, that was safer and it made their life easier.

The hussle of so many cats who they didn't know so close, simply was not well for their head. Cúan decided to hastily eat the rest of their cupcake , having drank the tea earlier. They were being a bit adventurous this morning and they realised why they usually were adventurous only in the wild and not in towns and cities, this was not fun.

Their tail twitching behind them half curled around their chair. Cúan watched marmin for a while as he seemed to try to distract himself leaning back over the chair to look at the passing cats and the bee?

No no that was not a BEE that was a costume. The shepherd's head tilted to the side as they watched the cat outside the café move, and then a bump made a small *mrr* sound leave them in surprise as marmins knee caught the underside of the table , paws raised in surprise. “**Marm-**”

They heard the call as well and slowly got up with a little less haste but with a degree of anxiety as more cats seemed to appear, suddenly the café was far to busy for cúans liking all together a distraction would be good, thought they didn't recognise the voice, their shoulders taunt as they watched marmin hastily pick up the dropped food and they raised an eyebrow watching him write on it. They don't know if they wanted to be horrified or laugh at the stick in the food or the writing but that was ok and cúan watched him dash off with a found smile and a very confused look in their eyes , they took the plate to the bin and left the empty plate on a small rack before turning around, ears pricked as they listened for marmins voice in the crowd , having taken a small paper napkin in their paws. Their tail curled as they listened and looked around for a second in the too loud room before they heard him and walked forward, muttering excuses and polite apologies. Cúan appeared to marmins left, looking at him before gently poking him and handing him the tissue for his paws, looking pointedly at the mess. Even if they knew he wouldn't really need it, that stuff is sticky and annoying to get out when it dries on your fur.

Cúan waved to the other cats with a soft warm accented voice. “**How-ya, Im cúan** “ They stuck

to marmin's side while the cats gathered around, Cúan recognised prescott but the rest of the cats, cúán didn't seem to know at all, or did not remember them. Cúan noticed the calico approach then, curiously watching him stride up with confidence akin to marmin's who also happened to know marmin, which didn't surprise the brown fluffy cat at all. Cúan, shy as ever, was not exactly gifted in the social interactions department of the skill tree. The tension in their shoulders eased as they stood near marmin watching the other cats, a nervous paw fidgeting with their collar. They kept their tail curled slightly to avoid cats stepping on it, though it was more of a tripping hazard than anything. They waited for the new cats to speak, eyeing Finley and Jevvin curiously. “, **Hi Calder**” they started looking to the calico before turning back to finley “**What's da story with yer letter?**”

They mewed looking at letter in the golden eyed cat's arms. The shepherd wouldn't pass up an opportunity to help but they nearly laughed at marmin calling himself sneaky, when he was as mad as a March hare, a grin spread across their face at marmin's lie but they said nothing yet, rolling their eyes good naturedly, standing beside marmin clearly or quite literally the more quiet and soft spoke of the farmer duo though none the less warm. They had their arms folded behind their back unsure of where to put them, fidgeting with their paws behind their back.

SUMMARY: They sit enjoying eating what might as well be pure sugar with marmin, happy he's there with them but noticing he's not exactly happy. Though becoming overwhelmed as the café becomes more busy and more cats appear. Then they are summoned to help (much to cúán's relief), cúán puts the floor food in the bin for marmin before grabbing him a small paper tissue for his paws to clean them and joining the gathering group, introducing themselves but staying close to marmin's side, studying the other cats slightly.

ACTION: n/a





FINLAY REDMOND | [APPLICATION](#)

WATER ♦ LV 1 ♦ HE/HIM ♦ Post 2/4

Bright gold eyes watched the ripple of action his call inflicted upon the nearby cafe, a near visible wave of various cats jumping and pieces of dishware briefly discovering the gift of flight. He'd have felt just a tiny bit of remorse at the chaos, had he not become quickly distracted by a thump on the ground quite near behind him. Blinking before turning curiously. To see who else but Jivvin hurriedly dusting himself off. When had he gotten there? Well, no matter really, it was always a good day with Jivvin there, and his timing was frankly perfect. Finlay's expression immediately lighting up on sight of the tortoiseshell cat, arms lifted up and out excitedly.

"Jivvin!? When did you get here!"

"Perfect timing anyhow! Know I can count on you to help out." Nodding brightly as his paw returned downward into a heavy pat on his buddies shoulder. Looking back to see several other cats beginning to gather around him now. More than he honestly expected, feeling rather a bit over-important for a moment at all the attention.

Wayseekers all of them too. Although quite a few he didn't recognize yet. Aside from the more refined appearance of Prescott, feeling faintly familiar as he introduced himself very properly. The fancy cat knew his teammate as well judging by the nickname, *Trom-Jivvin*. Grinning brightly at it, and it automatically placing Prescott in his good books. Finlay's tufted ears flicked above bright eyes at the remaining introductions of the others. Paws came to sit on his hips as his look bounced between each of the gathered cats, already enjoying the energy of the little crew. Until finally coming to rest on the taller tom who called himself Calder.

“Captain? Nah, I’m Finlay! Pointing a thumb to his chest in introduction. **““Pleasure to meet you all, Prescott, Marmin, Calder, Cúan.”** Nodding to each as he spoke their names, saying them multiple times in his head, trying his best to commit them to memory.

“Nothing quite the matter,” answering Prescott's question firstly, **“but a mission. We’ve got a letter to deliver!”** Holding the slightly crinkled envelope proudly up in display to answer the rest. Pointing to the one called Marmin, **“Fraid nothing spy like-yet. Good skill though, might be important later.”** Nodding. Well, hopefully this wasn’t supposed to be done stealthily, or he may have just failed spectacularly at that part... oops. It was- probably fine.

Tail swaying casually as he explained a bit more, **“Miss Macie, er- Daisy? ...Maisy! Yes, Maisy, needs us Wayseekers to deliver this letter to her girlfriend- or, girl she likes? One of those two.”** Which was it? He’d been so distracted by the bright bee costume when she was explaining things. Nodding his head in the direction of said girl still happily dancing around in said costume at the cafe. Showing such dedication to her craft.

Pointing his free paw toward the distance, **“Any which way, her girl lives waaaay across town, and Miss Maisy insisted she meet us Wayseekers for this task! That’s where I need you all’s help, I’m only one Wayseeker. As you can plainly see.”** Nodding sagely at his flawless logic, paw on his chest. Certain they’d all be happy to help with this now that they knew the details of this predicament.

“A little less exciting than exploring or fighting off Boundless I admit, but sure she’ll appreciate it! She came to us Wayseekers too, so it must be important.” Still not entirely convinced himself this task had much to do with guild work, but he’d come too far to turn back now. It wasn’t like they had much else to do at the moment anyways

with folks still recovering. Might as well take the time to brighten a dancing bee cat's day!

■ STATS AND SKILLS

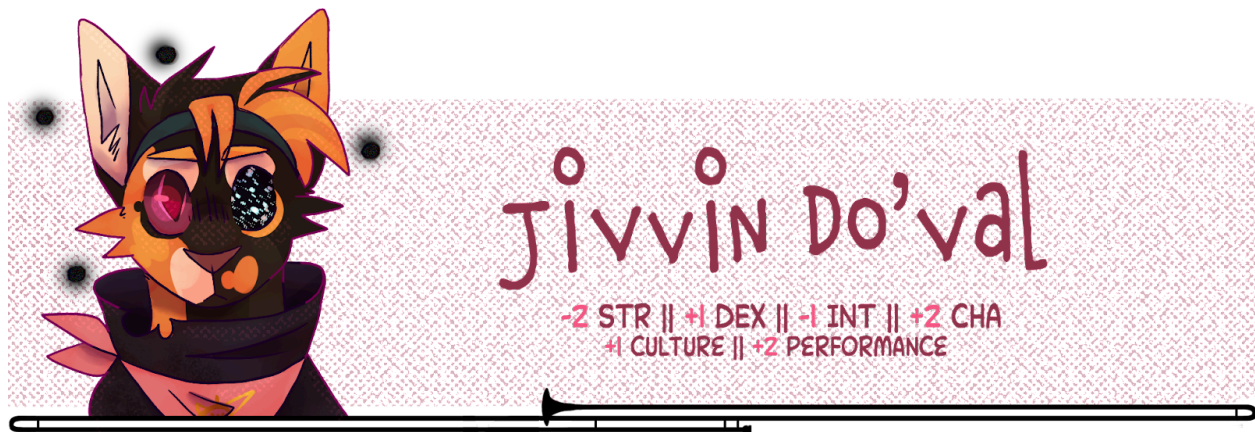
STR +2 DEX +0 INT +0 CHA -2
+2 Magic / +1 Culture

■ SUMMARY AND ACTION

Finlay is thrilled at the cats that answer his call, feeling only *slightly* bad about the chaos he caused. Introducing himself after all the others do, he then proceeds to explain his little summoning. Mostly. He'd forgotten some of the smaller details, but the main gist was there. Admitting letter delivery wasn't particularly exciting, but it was a good deed. That had to count for *something*, right?

□





Jivvin puffed out his cheeks in slight apprehension at Finlay's question. He didn't want to *lie* of course! At least- he definitely didn't want to lie to *Finlay*!

"I was actually coming up to say hi!" is what he eventually decided on. Not technically a lie. **"Ohphhff.. Well, I try my best!"** He flustered lightly at his friend's praise, trying not to seem so winded by the hearty pat on the back he received.

He too was quickly distracted by the incredibly swift assemblage of other Wayseekers in response to Finlay's call. *Did they all come out of the café?? I must have been so distracted by Finlay I didn't notice anyone else.* And there were definitely cats he recognized here! Prescott of course- and the others *did* seem familiar too..

He let out a soft mrrp at Prescott's greeting. *Trom-Jivvin..* The lykoi had been rather taken with the information that Jivvin was a musician if he remembered correctly.. He'd take it as a compliment. **"Prescott! Good morning- er afternoon?"** *Which was it at this point?*

"Ooo Captain Finlay.." Jivvin's whiskers twitched with delight at Calder's (good thing everyone was introducing themselves) question. He couldn't help but repeat it, even as Finlay clarified he was *not*- in fact- a captain.

He glanced at the other two who had joined them. A stocky calico with a straw hat and a very fluffy individual with scars on their face who Jivvin couldn't quite decide whether or not he was intimidated by. They both seemed friendly so he chose not to worry about it!

He couldn't help the wave of relief he felt at the clarification that nothing was actually *wrong*. Hopefully he wouldn't have to hear the word *Boundless* yet today..

Jivvin perked his ears, looking up to see the letter Finlay held aloft. He listened intently to his teammate as he relayed their mission, letting out a quiet **"aw"** at the knowledge that this was a letter to a girlfriend- a *love* letter- he decided. Certainly it must be. *Very sweet..*

He nodded enthusiastically, feeling more than up to this task. *Finally something I'm actually qualified for.* Despite Finlay's immediate mention of the *b-word*, Jivvin's spirits were high. This was plenty exciting for him.

"Well if it's Wayseekers she wants I certainly would love tagging along!" he piped up, eyes shining brightly. **"And certainly this letter is very important!"**

SUMMARY: Jivvin gets over himself and tells Finlay he was actually about to come say hi. He says hello to Prescott, choosing not to comment on *trom*-Jivvin. He is incredibly amused by Calder's assessment of Finlay as the captain. At the mention of a letter, Jivvin is incredibly intrigued and endeared to the idea of delivering a love letter and pledges his help to the task.

ACTION: n/a



The Bluebird Cafe is just as delicious as the denizens of Greendoze had promised, its frosted cakes sweet but not cloying and not a layer of puff pastry out of place. Roan is relieved to see it—back in Sunhollow, she'd figured out pretty quickly that the town's one restaurant was only a five-star establishment because there was nothing else to compare it to. When she'd first tasted that burnt steak, she'd thought about just bagging it all and going back to Ridgetown to grovel to her parents. Thankfully, as she tucks into a bowl of potato wedges, no such thoughts come, and in fact she hopes the guild stays in Greendoze for a while yet.

After a productive morning of researching local Boundless encounters, she's happy to take a break and sit by the window and watch the world go by, but even now, it's not much of a break. Her notebook is open in front of her, the mostly-finished sketch of the Boundless from the cavern stretching across the whole spread. Beside it, she scrawls "drawn to reservoirs of natural magic," then snaps the notebook shut. Enough work for today. She closes her eyes, savoring the feeling of the midday sun on her face through the open window, and the taste of crisp fried potatoes and hazelnut soda.

It feels good to be alive.

She's snapped out of her reverie by a sudden cacophony. *"Oi! Wayseekers! Gather up! We've got an important mission to do!"* a brown cat cries from across the restaurant. Several others snap to attention, a few with guild bandanas visible. One patchy gray cat—not unlike Creature, but definitely not her—shatters his teacup and hurriedly leaves a pile of coin on the table before running to join the gathering swarm.

Roan tugs at the corners of her bandana, tied scout style around her neck. She's a Wayseeker, after all. She downs the rest of her soda, drops a few coins, and takes the potato wedges with her, snacking as she makes her way through the crowd.

She's one of the last to get there and she's missed most of the introductions, but she hears the lead cat—Finlay—rattle off a few names. Prescott, Marmin, Calder, and Cúan, the latter of which she recognizes from the workshop a couple days ago, but the rest of them are strangers.

"Miss Macie, er—Daisy? ...Maisy! Yes, Maisy, needs us Wayseekers to deliver this letter to her girlfriend—or, girl she likes? One of those two." Finlay explains, gesturing toward the store's mascot, a young molly parading around in a giant bee costume. Roan had noticed a lot of cats that looked like Guild members greeting her like they knew her, though she didn't know why.

"How many cats does it take to deliver a letter?" she asks, beaming as she approaches the group. A few cats look to her for a punchline, but she hasn't thought that far ahead. **"It looks like you have plenty of help, but mind if I come along? I-I've been meaning to meet more Wayseekers."** As her bravado fades, she lowers herself to her haunches and bundles her fluffy tail in her paws. **"I'm Roan, by the way. It's nice to meet ya."**

Eyeing the heart-adorned letter in Finlay's paw, she adds, **"Who is this Maisy and why do so many cats seem to know her?"**

STR -1 DEX +1 INT +2 CHA -2
+1 Animal Taming / +2 Perception

■ SUMMARY

Roan is enjoying a nice little snack when Finlay's call goes out, and out of a desire to meet more Wayseekers—and because she can't just *rest* now that she's cheated death—she asks if she can come along. She was too busy getting beat up by a magic meadow to meet Maisy Sweetpaw, so she asks everyone why they know her.



Prescott Quellington | APPLICATION

Flora Lvl:1 ♦ He/Him ♦ 2/4

IW: Everyone

"Afternoon, I believe!" He beamed in response to Jivvin's greeting. *"I cannot say I know the exact time either though, I should really start making a habit of carrying a watch on my person, haha. How have you been faring since the last I saw you?"*

Finlay's shout was certainly efficient enough in gathering a handful of Wayseekers, goodness, this cafe truly must be as popular as foretold if this many guild cats had been meandering so close by. The tea *had* been lovely...well, the two or so sips he managed to drink in any case. Bygones. He recognized the pair of cats that approached after himself, the calico with the large, straw hat and the big, fluffy one that Prescott couldn't help but think resembled the likeness of a bear. A small part of him wanted to reach out and touch them, curious to how soft that mass of fur felt though the more sensible side, knowing he'd seem like a freak in doing so, kept that impulse under lock and key. Another calico arrived shortly after, before Prescott had a moment to greet the other two. Oh my, were some of these cats ever so energetic! It was far from a bad thing

though, in fact, the energy accumulating in the atmosphere was nothing short of infectious, causing the lykoi to smile faintly.

Finlay, Marmin, Cúan and Calder. Good. He would be sure to memorize all these names. *"Salutations!"* he greeted, trying to mirror the enthusiasm as he repeated all the newcomers' names back at them. *"Are you all coming from the cafe too? Haha, guess a lot of us had the same idea today, huh? I must say, I can scarcely believe how many fellow Wayseekers there are that I haven't had the pleasure of properly meeting yet!"*

Marmin pointed out what seemed to be an envelope in Finlay's paw, Prescott hadn't noticed it initially amongst the initial shock and then the appearance of all these cats. He seemed rather excited at the prospect of a spy mission, which had Prescott chuckle faintly to himself. He didn't share in that hope though. He...well, stealth wasn't the suit he wore best, so to speak...

"Nothing quite the matter, but a mission. We've got a letter to deliver!"

Once the lil ragtag group of cats got their introductions out of the way, their captain, who had dismissed the notion of being a captain but Prescott found it an apt enough title - he was the one in charge here after all! - Got straight to the point and supplied a reasoning behind his call of peril, erm, well...not peril. A letter? The lykoi couldn't help but give a tilt of his head in response, topaz eyes regarding Finlay quizzically. Why would he require a whole group of cats to deliver a letter? It seemed a bit, erm...excessive, to say the least.

He remained quiet though, listening to the rest of Captain Finlay's explanation. He tried to hide the grimace that appeared unbidden on his visage as he was reminded of the existence of the *beeline* dancing over yonder. Eugh. That appeared to be their client, who was very gung-ho on having Wayseekers in particular deliver the letter to her girlfriend...or girl she liked. Finlay couldn't remember the finer details and the lykoi supposed it was potayto-potahto. He didn't mind the lack of thrill to it, if anything it would be a nice excuse to get to properly know some of his fellow guildmates but, ah...he somewhat disliked the idea of this recipient wanting to meet them solely because they were Wayseekers. If truth were to be told, Prescott didn't feel anything akin to a hero and was always a bit disquieted by any attention he obtained attached to his guild

status. Still...it shouldn't be so bad to deal with within a group, no? He liked the vibe these cats brought to the table and wanted to stick around longer, mundane a task or not.

"I believe this is a task I can get behind!" He nodded in affirmation, *"As Jivvin said, this letter is important and...well...if delivering a letter is not a typically thrilling job...perhaps we can change that somehow? Woo-hoo!"* The way in which he said 'woo-hoo' carried a certain awkwardness to it...he was trying, ok? Prescott hardly knew much about the intricacies of love or, well, anything attached to that. Was this letter actually anything important? Eh...debatable. Still, a task was a task! And, as Wayseekers, it was up to them to see it through! Helping others was what he was here to do! Or...well...maybe it wasn't the initial goal of his joining the guild...haha...but...y'know!

It seemed one last Wayseeker had plans to join, a gray molly ambled over, munching on something that smelled rather tantalizing. *No, Prescott, do not ask. That would be rude.* She greeted herself as Roan, a cat joining the posse with the same goal as him. *"Salutations, Roan! Ah, the decision is Captain Finlay's to make, although, I am sure more is merrier, no? Though...I can't say I have ever heard of this Maisy cat until now either...I would have certainly remembered a character adjourned in such a hideou-erm...interesting costume. Has anyone here met her beforehand?"*



STATS and SKILLS

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



SUMMARY and ACTION

Prescott is enjoying the energy these cats bring, letting himself fall into it as well. Woo-hoo! He thinks so many cats delivering a letter is excessive, however, wants to get to know his fellow guildmates better and agrees to tag along. He greets Roan when she joins along and admits he has never heard of Maisy until now.

[Nothing]



ENERGY ♦ LV 1 ♦ HE/THEY ♦ 2/4 ♦ APPLICATION

Marmin felt as if he could faint. Several cats suddenly flocked to his vicinity – including Cúan, who Marmin was pleased to see take interest in their newly apprehended mission. A sudden nudge caught the farmer off guard, causing him to turn to the side. A pair of forest green eyes – brimming with familiarity – stared towards him.

“CALDER! BUDDY!” Marmin practically slammed into the calico, curling his arms around his friend in a firm embrace, **“I’m awful glad to see you, too! It was only a matter of time ‘til the stars brought this unstoppable duo back together!”** The farmer tipped his hat playfully. Now this was the kind of adventure Marmin was looking forward to. Friends – both new and old – working together to deliver smiles and good will. Perhaps this was why he had joined the guild, or perhaps it was simply a fun side effect. Nonetheless, Marmin was positively raring to go.

In his excitement, Marmin had failed to notice Cúan, who seemed somewhat anxious. It was easy for Marmin to forget large groups weren’t for everyone, especially since the calico relished this sort of company. Cúan was thoughtful, and smart. Marmin could only assume smarter brains required less distraction, especially brains as calculated as Cúan’s. The calico offered the shepherd a reassuring side-eye, arching his arm around the shoulder closest to him, and squeezing the other with his paw. **“We’re goin’ on our first Wayseeker mission together!”** Marmin whispered, leaning towards the shepherd’s ear.

Slowly, he peeled himself from Cuan’s side, and gently flexed his whiskers. The lykoi was next to speak. *Prescott*, Marmin repeated. He was determined not to forget any names. The elaborate tom had a strange vernacular, one which tickled the farmer’s ears. He turned to Prescott and mirrored his greeting, **“Salatutions, sir!”** Marmin was definitely saying that wrong, even he was smart enough to recognize that. Not that it mattered, it was time for the *captain* to speak, as Calder had deemed him.

Finlay was his name. The tom had a sort of boyish charm – he was humble, too, quick to deny his new title. He began to explain their mission, in suitable detail – enough for Marmin to understand, at least. The farmer’s face began to warp into a sort of doughy grin, and a small squeal trembled at his larynx.

“DAWWW a love letter? Gosh darn, how romantic!” He fawned, swaying his head towards the dancing molly, “Is her girlfriend a bee too?” The farmer queried, half joking, half not.

Marmin’s nose was drawn to yet *another* cat by the unexpected smell of potatoes. Her name was Roan. She began to speak, but unfortunately, Marmin was more interested in what the grey molly had in her paws. Remembering how hungry he was, the farmer clutched his stomach. He stared up at Cúan, with the sort of eyes one would expect to see on a groveling kitten. *NO MARMIN*. He pinched himself, trying his absolute hardest to ignore the saliva already gathering in his mouth

Nope, Marmin couldn’t help himself. The farmer, as discreetly as he could possibly manage, reached his paw towards Roan, hoping to snag a wedge while she was distracted. That stealth he had lied about moments prior would sure come in handy right about now.

STR +1 DEX 0 INT -1 CHA +1
+1 Nature / +2 Culinary

SUMMARY

“Marmin cheerfully replies to Calder, he then attempts to comfort Cúan. After listening to Finlay’s instructions, he notices Roan, who has potatoes. *HIS WEAKNESS*. Marmin reaches for Roan’s wedges. Surely she won’t notice *A HUGE CAT WITH A STRAW HAT* trying to steal her food.”

ACTION

Marmin reaches for Roan’s food.



CALDER LORENBAY | [APPLICATION](#)

◆ LV 1 ◆ SHAPESHIFT ◆ HE/HIM ◆ POST 2/4 ◆

This was quite a sight! A whole merry band of Wayseekers coming to the aid of a quest at hand. A couple of new people showed up to join the adventurers as the calico noticed folks such as Cúan and Roan join in. He gives a welcoming smile to them both in passing, *“Well, hi there, Cúan, it’s a pleasure to meet you.”* Calder was always happy to make new acquaintances and this cat had both a soothing and almost majestic quality to them. Cúan reminded him of stories of gentle giants who resembled sheep, those who patrolled the mountains to guide weary travelers back home- a gentle soul at first glance with a familiar accent to his friend. A friendly wave was given to both before he got pulled into an embrace with one of his recently made friends.

He gives a tight squeeze in response to Marmin’s hospitality, *“It’s about time I’ve seen you again! No length of sea or land could keep us apart! So happy to see you again.”* He chuckles and pounds his own chest and overalls playfully. The time for new journeys was here, and he was more than ready to take anything on. Maybe a boundless- okay, probably not one so soon but he felt filled with vigor. With catfolk like Finlay, Jivvin, Marmin, Cúan, Roan, and Prescott, nothing felt impossible.

Now for the important mission details. Calder listened intently to Finlay’s description. A letter? Must be important... very important detail as of great importance. Could have political ramifications, safety for residences, fortifying defenses of the city, something... important.

Or it’s love. Okay, he wasn’t expecting love, but he’s read a recent book in his travels. A tale of love, suspense, and understanding oneself. How different could a novel be from real life. A catfolk princess falls in love with a commoner that serves her family’s castle. A relationship between the two girls through notes of forbidden love-

Calder finally snaps out of his daydreams of seemingly fictional stories. He strokes his chin and nods in almost complete understanding. *“A letter of thought-filled compassion and endearment. To trust that to strangers of the guild, must be super important! Love is a fragile thing!”* The cat says from his experience based on love stories. He looks over to this Miss Maisy who the others are referring to. *“A love bee too? It really seems like love is possible between all types of creat- ...”* He looks closer. *“Ah, it’s only a costume and not the world’s biggest fallen in love.”* Only slightly more disappointed in his own findings but he looks back over to the others. With a new cat joining, Roan, Calder makes sure to lend a friendly welcome. Roan had the feeling that of an explorer with a seeming look of curiosity for the unknown- the adventures she must’ve seen and knowledge she could spare... and spare some potatoes if she’s a saint to do so. *“I’d be happy to have you along, Roan! The more wayseekers helping, the happier everyone feels!”* He states and eyes those taters in thought but restrains himself.

“And nope, Prescott! I thought she was a giant bee until right now. I think that anyone of mascot status is surely a popular figure. Perhaps her girlfriend is a flower mascot, how perfect that would be! Plus if Cap’ Fin trusts this, then I’m ready to go be a courier! Whenever you all are prepped, we should head out. Rain nor snow should slow us down!”

STR 0 / DEX +1 / INT +1 / CHA -2
+2 Survival / +1 Nature

SUMMARY

Calder has a cheerful reunion with Marmin as he gets introduced to Cúan and eventually Roan. Calder notes Finlay’s mission details, getting a bit lost in the fantasy of love stories he’s read but enthusiastically engaged with this mission. He readies himself for the outgoing delivery.

ACTION

N/A



FINLAY REDMOND | [APPLICATION](#)

WATER ♦ LV 1 ♦ HE/HIM ♦ Post 3/4

Jivvin's stealth appeared to have been a flawless success judging by the pleased reaction the reply got from Finlay. Perking up further, "**Really? What are the odds! Your timing is doubly perfect then. Practically a talent!**" Seeming thrilled to have an excuse to hang out with Jivvin again. Not that he *needed* one mind you, he could simply avoid the worry of coming across as overly clingy of his teammate that way was all.

A small twinge of fluster crossed Finlay's face after however, as first Jivvin, then Prescott and Calder all subsequently chimed in and deemed him captain as well. His teammate seeming *especially* tickled by the title. Getting a feeling he wasn't going to be escaping it anytime soon now. It *did* make him feel rather important. Wondering how his mother would react to him returning home today as *Captain* Finlay... Probably with a solid rap on the noggin for getting full of himself. Chuffing quietly at the thought. There was no time to try to argue against the assignment anyways. As yet another fluffy gray coated Wayseeker approached, chiming in to join their growing crew.

"We're about to find out I suppose!" The joke sailing gracefully over his head to land amongst the missing punchline. **"More the merrier I always say, a pleasure to welcome you along Roan! I'm Finlay, er- captain Finlay now I guess. I'm not really a captain you don't have to call me that."** Unsubtly whispering the last part to her, before smiling as brightly as always in answer to the greeting and affirming Prescott's assumption. The name of the new cat added quickly to those circling in his head to memorize.

Prescott, Marmin, Calder, Cúan, Roan, plus Jivvin of course. He had that one down. A larger number of cats than he'd ever expected to pull in with his call, despite his words. So many Wayseekers yet to meet, but that was exciting as well.

"Maisy's the bee over there! Well- cat bee? Mascot. Bee mascot. For the café!" Pointing in her direction again, **"Don't know her personally much myself per-say, but she seems nice! Has a fondness for us Wayseekers in any case."** Enough to be *very* insistent on their help and introductions, rubbing his neck.

Look turning back to their own group again with the question answered. Roan would, at least, stick out in his short term memory. The drifting scent of potato wedges was tantalizing, dreadfully so. Despite his recently filled stomach. Maybe she'd share one if he asked... *No! He couldn't get hungry again! There was a mission to do!*

Stubbornly ignoring the undignified rumble in his stomach at this devastating betrayal, he focused his attention on Prescott instead; whilst Marmin and Calder exchanged loud embraced greetings like long lost friends. Not everyone was strangers here it seemed. Charming. In a good way. Plus it was hard not to feel a bit enthused with the energy radiating from the two, echoing the lykoi with far more aplomb, a paw lifted into the air. **"Woo-hoo!"**

"We got ourselves quite a merry band at this point, sure we can find a way to liven the delivery up!" Nodding confidently, trying to think of just how to do that. **"I can't imagine Miss Maisy's girl could possibly be disappointed with this many Wayseekers either. Whether she's a cat or a bee or a flower, well- only one way to find out!"** Waving the crew to follow him as he turned on his heel towards the far side of town. Fearing tarrying at the café too much longer, if they gathered any more cats he'd feel fit to be leading a parade!

Alight with a grin at the exclamations of the letter being deemed a love letter, despite any real proof of such a thing. It was a fun thought to entertain though, enough to get him curiously wondering too. He'd never delivered a love letter before! Thrilling!

"I'd suggest a race to liven our delivery up, but seeing as I'm the only one who knows where we're going, that might be a bit unfair." Laughing brightly, tail flicking as his grin turned a bit mischievous. **"So hooow about, who all's delivered love letters before? That oughta be interesting to hear!"**

■ **STATS AND SKILLS**

STR +2 DEX +0 INT +0 CHA -2
+2 Magic / +1 Culture

■ **SUMMARY AND ACTION**

Slightly flustered at the insistence of getting called captain, Finlay relents as Roan joins them. Missing her joke but greeting her cheerfully (and somewhat hungrily at the smell of the potato wedges), he finishes any lingering explanations before waving the group to follow. Shooting

down his own suggestion of a race to liven things up, he instead continues the love letter train. Asking if anyone's delivered a love letter before, curious to see what reactions he can stir up to get to know all these Wayseekers better.

□



She/Her □ 2/4 □ APPLICATION

Roan chuckles at Prescott's less than enthusiastic appraisal of poor Maisy's bee costume. **"No, no. You're right. It's hideous,"** she whispers, her tail flagging cheerfully. Bless him, he's trying to be polite, but look at the thing—the fabric is pilling and a few seams are popped, and even when it was new it was probably ugly as a baboon's nostrils. It's almost captivating in its atrocity, and in Maisy's tortured dancing—who among them hasn't worked a shit job?—and in her concentration Roan almost misses the brown paw inching ever closer to her plate of taters.

Really?

Roan rises to her full height and stares right into Marmin's amber eyes, level with hers. She's got half a mind to stab him with a fork, or knock that straw hat off his head. Instead, she offers the plate toward them with what she hopes is a smile and not a grimace.

"Want some?"

She notices the calico Calder and Not-Captain Finlay ogling them too, and these cats do seem very nice, so she pushes the plate away from her in the universal gesture of *"help yourselves."* It's all right, they're all getting a stipend. Although by that logic Eyebrows McGee could buy his own damn—

"Maisy's the bee over there! Well- cat bee? Mascot. Bee mascot. For the café!" Wants them to deliver a letter to her girlfriend, Finlay explains. Roan knew that much, and by Prescott's

question, she isn't the only one in the dark about Maisy—but no one offers a better answer, and a cat in need is a cat in need. And she likes Wayseekers! *Wonder if we can show off some magic tricks...*

“Can’t say I’ve delivered a love letter before—but I used to be an errand girl, so y’know, can’t discount the possibility.” Her fur fluffs outward as she places her paw on her chest with pride. **“In any case, I’d be honored! Who’s with me?”**

With that, Finlay ushers the overstaffed delivery crew out of the cafe, squeezing past patrons and bumping into tables and causing quite enough of a ruckus over one love letter. Roan once again lingers behind—and when no one is looking, she grabs her plate and dumps the remaining taters into an empty pouch on her baldric before running off. Only the stars can judge her!

STR -1 DEX +1 INT +2 CHA -2
+1 Animal Taming / +2 Perception

■ SUMMARY

Marmin doesn't count on an equally large cat with +2 perception seeing through their stealth attempt—but Roan's better angels force their way through and she offers her potatoes to the group. She isn't fully satisfied with Finlay's answer to the question of Who is Maisy?, but she's honored to deliver a love letter alongside her fellow Wayseekers regardless. Before leaving, she stuffs her potato wedges into her pocket for the road.



If Jivvin had held any apprehension about being any sort of bother to Finlay, those worries were quickly assuaged by the russet individual's praise of his *"perfect" timing*.. Jivvin shuffled with his poncho, feeling his fur grow warm under Finlay's words. He suddenly became very preoccupied with the lint on his garb.

He pondered Prescott's question; *how have I been doing?* The *true* answer to that was far more complicated than he felt like delving into right now. *Dark marbles have started popping out of my head whenever I think bad thoughts. They don't do anything. They just float around my head and I can't touch them nor can I get them to go back into my head. Finlay's tried. I've tried. They're an enigma to me and nobody else seems to be having this problem..*

"Ummmm, well I've been alright! Greendoze has a lot of neat places to explore!"

His ears twitched at the entrance of a gray individual, introducing herself as Roan. He offered her a friendly smile, raising his eyebrows. He was indeed curious about a punchline to her entrance, but quickly is lost in amusement over Finlay's *we're about to find out*. **"True. Oh- and I'm Jivvin."**

Like the good sport he was, at Prescott's somewhat awkward- and Finlay's much more energetic- *woo-hoos*, Jivvin let out his own **"Woo-hoo!"** punctuated with a clap.

At the extension of the plate of potato wedges from Rowan, Jivvin smiled politely in silent debate with himself. They did look very good.. but he'd just eaten and this was *her* breakfast- or brunch. And he wasn't hungry. But just a small piece of potato wasn't going to *kill* him. *But* he could order them tomorrow for himself if he really wanted them. *But she was offering them for free*. Defeated by himself he gingerly took the smallest bite he immediately saw, purring appreciatively- if a little embarrassed- and popping it into his mouth. *His assessment wasn't wrong, it was very good.* **"Thank you."**

He found himself nodding along to both Marmin and Calder's sentiments about the love letter. He liked these cats. **"I'll lose my mind if she's a flower mascot,"** he laughed at the thought of it, **"that'd be too perfect."**

Jivvin grinned brightly up at Finlay's endeavor to live their trip- it was really impossible to be in a bad mood around him. (Though he was glad they weren't going to be racing, Jivvin *definitely* wasn't an athlete.)

"**Hmm.. love letters..**" he mused, he was pretty sure he'd never delivered one before. Though he'd certainly thought about *writing* one once or twice.. he thought back with slight embarrassment on his many crushes in college. *Maybe I won't bring those up.*

His ears twitched back in Rowan's direction and he nodded, "**Oh yes, my first job out of college was delivering the morning paper along the Sweetfire river, that's the closest I've come to love letter delivery I think.. I guess it's not as likely as it would have been running errands..**" But he nodded with renewed enthusiasm at Rowan's question. "**Oh absolutely!**"

"**What about you?**" he tilted his head to the side at Finlay. "**Engrave any words of adoration into swords and axes for your clients?**" He made reference back to the other's blacksmith work with his humorous question.

SUMMARY: Jivvin is once again flustered by Finlay and starts fussing with his clothes. He tells Prescott he's been doing alright though that isn't the full story by any means. He greets Rowan and is sure to introduce himself again. He joins in on Prescott and Finlay's woo-hoo's. He debates over taking one of the potatoes Rowan offers but finally does after a moment. He agrees with Marmin and Calder's statements about the love letter and admits how wild it would be to him if Maisy's girlfriend is a flower mascot.

Although he's thought about writing love letters to various crushes in college he keeps that to himself and admits he's never delivered one, but Rowan's story about being an errand runner reminds him of when he used to be essentially a paper boy after graduating college. He then jokingly asks Finlay if he's ever delivered a love letter in the form of his blacksmith work.

ACTION: n/a

☆♪♪♪♪☆



ENERGY ♦ LV 1 ♦ HE/THEY ♦ 3/4 ♦ APPLICATION

Marmin didn't get very far in his endeavor to conspicuously steal a potato wedge. His paw, now extending towards the plate, was greeted with a pair of frosty blue eyes, belonging to none other than Roan herself. The somali, rather than doing what she *should* have done and swatted Marmin with her paw, generously moved the plate towards him with a lopsided smile. Marmin would be lying if he said he didn't feel a little ashamed, seeing as Roan was being so liberal with her chip-giving. Instead of dwelling on it, however, the farmer returned to an upright position, tucking a paw behind his back and gesturing apologetically with the other.

"Thank you ma'am," He said politely, taking a small, if not – slightly generous, handful of wedges from her plate. Marmin, now too busy stuffing potatoes into his gob, had failed to notice the group begin to move towards the door – and in a slightly panicked manner, trailed quickly after them, trying his best not to drop any chips on the way out.

The farmer stepped onto the dirt footpath with a pep in his step, **"I never delivered a love letter before! The idea of one just seems so magical to me y'know? Like one of 'em little kitty folktales your momma'd tell you!"** He exclaimed, not to anyone in particular, it seemed almost as if he were thinking aloud. But after a moment, he turned to Roan, and gave her a thoughtful smile, **"Sorry for tryna' steal your wedges back there, ma'am!"** He motioned with a cordial wave, **"I was only hungry is all – you made a hillbilly's belly very happy,"** Marmin chortled, tapping his stomach lightly, **"Where do you come from? What do you do for a livin'? I like your fur, it's awful pretty!"** It may have seemed like the farmer was attempting to grovel the molly after a slightly disastrous introduction, but the calico was genuinely curious – blinking with deep, yellow eyes as he awaited her reply.

STR +1

DEX 0

INT -1

CHA +1

+1 Nature / +2 Culinary

SUMMARY

"Marmin feels slightly embarrassed after trying to steal Roan's wedges, but gratefully takes them nonetheless – following the group outside with endless enthusiasm. He answers Finlay's question, then apologizes to Roan, asking a few follow ups in order to initiate some small talk."

ACTION



Now this was starting to turn into an all-out cast of stars in the calico's mind. Some (one) familiar faces and new ones to be well-acquainted over during today's escapade. He does pull out a grin as he sees the later end of Marmin's great potato heist, thinking that he was so close to snatching a tater like that. He sees the plate that Roan was offering and he thinks on it but shakes his head, *"Aw, thank you that's sweet but I think I'm all tater'd out."* He politely declines as started to move out, he tried not to leave anyone too far behind as he moved his legs to and fro as he kept peaking back.

Eventually he spins himself around in a cheerful skip, listening to others with his own train of thought in tow. He laughs a bit at the thought of a flower catfolk, *"If she is a flower, then I think it's meant to bee!"* The cat cracks a pun in himself, snickering at his very own zinger. He thinks back to his own delivery duties and shakes his head. *"I think some of you all got me beat. The only deliveries I've done have been fish. Sometimes though! I delivery them wrapped up in newspapers as a wrap!"* Calder thinks, maybe some people use that paper too.

As the group gets their bearings going on this walk, he also tries to add into the conversation. *"It really is neat how all of us are from all over- I think. What did you all do before coming 'ere? Did you come far!? For starters, I came from Seaworn and then moved to Sweetwater Lake then to here!"* He says aloud, wanting to know more about his new teammates for now.

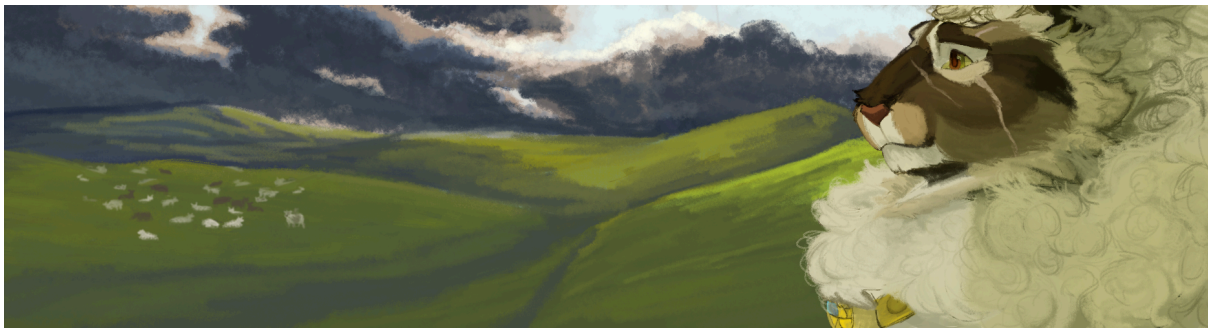
STR 0	/	DEX +1	/	INT +1	/	CHA -2
+2 Survival / +1 Nature						

SUMMARY

Calder has a small laugh over Marmin's heist over potatoes and politely declines the offer from Roan as well. He tries to make small talk with his own delivery experience and brings up a question of previous work/life experience to the others.

ACTION

N/A



🐶 CÚAN O'CAOIMH 🐶

SHEPHERD OF THE RUINS FLOCK

[APPLICATION](#) . THEY/HE . 19YRS.

STATS AND SKILLS

STR 0 / DEX +1 / INT +1 / CHA -2 | +1 Survival +2 Perception

Lv: 1 | Earth

POST 2 OF 4

The shepherd fidgeted for a second , before they were given the reason for the meeting and the letter. The title of captain being thrown into the mix too. They had to move slightly to let cats past them and their tail curled to their side in an attempt to stop it from tripping young and old alike. Cúan desperately didn't want to cause a child to face plant onto the ground. The love letter bore into their mind for a while while they stared at it, avoiding others' eyes for now. The café was simply too much and they would be well and truly happy to see the exit as soon as possible. Though cúan simply didn't mind a little harmless adventure, well they hoped it would

be harmless. They seemed softened by the thought of giving the letter and lighting up the lucky cats day. They smiled to themselves as they stared at it. Wayseekers could definitely do that, and it is important! Very important that the letter gets to the girl! Cúan nods to Roan as she approaches. The more the merrier, until they would guess it isn't. They find Prescott's idea of a more exciting delivery interesting, possibly making it more memorable for the receiver? Cúan didn't flinch away at marmin's arm around their shoulder and they looked back at him with a small nod and a thumbs up. They would survive. Softly they tapped his shoulder with their fist in conformation.

They leaned in to listen and a small smile spread over their face despite themselves and they let out a small laugh. "**Aye, we are**" They signed, slowly closing their eyes and opening them again, trying to ground themselves with marmin there with them. Their gaze was warmer and some of the anxiety melted away marmin had that effect on them they supposed, he was home away from home and perhaps he always was some part of home and the other bit was elsewhere. Cúan watched marmin dance almost back into the flow of the conversation with ease and they stood there silently, contrast and comfort. Though they didn't miss the way marmin reached for Roan's wedges. The shepherd raised an eyebrow and looked at him, he was being stealthy, which meant no stealth at all.

They didn't realise he was that hungry, Cúan internally slapped themselves for that, noting to make it up to him earlier as they brought a paw up to rub at their chin as they looked at Calder who had just welcomed them. They held a paw out to Calder without much thought and nodded. They shuffled on their paws. They had never delivered a love letter, they sure thought about it, but never done it. They were not that brave honestly, the shepherd hummed to himself as they watched marmin absentmindedly, flicking their ears.

Cúan found that both Calder and Finley had quite pleasant personalities, fresh and breezy. They liked them, they scarcely remembered the seas that they travelled before the plague but they thought those two cats would be what they imagined and it was nice, perhaps it was because in the back of their mind the two cats reminded him of someone else, they actually did not know if these cats were ever at sea, Cúan had no idea where he was going with this comparison and it made him chuckle quietly, and for a while he could block out the loud and busy background.

“Never delivered a letter but did get one once, a while ago, i don't really do many deliveries , me and marmin used to do some at the bakery as kids but m’a shepherd so, only delivering lambs mostly.” The shepherd quietly added with a twitch of their whiskers, finding their own joke a little funny, a warmth in their eyes as they seemed to fondly think of something but didn't share and their gaze dropped to the floor quickly before they looked back up in the general direction of the newly appointed captain and shrugged before they seemed to lighten up a bit.

“Be nice to be nice, i’ bet the lucky lass will be grinned ear to ear, sure if she's a wee flower then , well i’d say they be made for each other. ” They seemed a twinkle of delight in their eye , they focused their mind on other thoughts, perhaps marmin’s reaction to a letter like that, from them of course and it made them feel a lot warmer and more alive.

Thankfully, they had left the café, cúan visibly relaxed, seeming more at home as the bird’s sang above them and the gentle sound of paws on dirt around them, mixed with a chorus of animal noises. The shepherd’s strides were long as they shook out their fur and their tail, it ached slightly from having it so tightly pressed awkwardly into their side and back.

Cúan though was not gifted at small talk, they really didn't know when or what to share and how much or how little . They weren't too bothered usually and never had been but tell now, they wanted to impress marmin now, at least even if they wouldn't admit it ever , it was true. The shepherd stood awkwardly without someone to directly talk to and they wondered if leaping into saying something would be a good idea.

“Homeplace is cloncashel , wee village outside near but south of the ruins, near marmin’s homeplace, we grew up together” Their shepherds' lilted voice seemed strained and they spoke a little quickly, though it was more or less a part of the accent they had, though starkly different to marmin’s their voice was soft and the tone was warm as they gazed at their calico straw hat wearing best friend.. Though it lingered on him as Cúan just stared at him with some soft look, why did he have to make stealing wedges look cute ? That was not fair!

Cúan looked back to calmer, a toothy grin on his face from calder’s joke and a mix of looking a small bit love struck at marmin , but don't mind the last bit, **“What’s seaworn and sweetwater like? Must be nice to have raised you out of it”** They asked with a curious tone and it was genuine , more relaxed than in the crowded space as the sun glinted on their collar. Cúan hoped the compliment landed at least. They would hate to upset a new friend, they thought calder was

a nice lad. A small smile on their face as they carried on walking, staying close by to marmin but close enough to talk to calder, easy enough for the large cat.

SUMMARY: Cúan catch up post <3 They are stressed out in space but marmin helps them calm down as they try to engage in talking to the group to impress marmin a bit and show that the expedition made them a little less nervous about it (they still are) . they ask calder about his home and compliment him for it.

ACTION: n/a



FINLAY REDMOND | [APPLICATION](#)
WATER ♦ LV 1 ♦ HE/HIM ♦ Post 4/4

Finlay finally notices Marmin’s failed attempt to resist swiping a potato wedge as Roan levels a look at him, half expecting the straw hatted cat to get a whap on the nose for his trouble. A flash a white from a laughing grin instead as Roan simply offers the tantalizing treats to the group without fuss. Well, *one* wouldn’t hurt. It would be rude to turn down a gift anyways! **“Well if you’re offering, thank you kindly!”** Happily picking up a wedge between claws, tossing it in the air to catch with his mouth. It wouldn’t do to have an empty stomach on an important mission.

A pep in his step as they shuffled from the cafe after their potato wedges and woo-hoo’s of cheer. A curious tilt to his ears as he listened to the answers of his completely

innocent question, not surprised to hear delivering love letters wasn't the most common of tasks. He wasn't even sure what you'd write in a love letter really, couldn't you just say you liked someone if you did? Writing it all out on paper just felt roundabout. Of course he'd never *tried*, who would he even write one to? Looking to Jivvin at the question, chuffing at the thought of smithing a love axe.

"Adoration of farming maybe, didn't get many calls for swords in quiet little Greendoze. Not sure many folks were trying to charm anyone with an eloquently engraved shovel." Chuckling, a claw reaching up to tap his chin, **"Maybe a trinket or two when I worked in New Star, now that I think about it. Didn't give it much thought at the time. Wouldn't surprise me if one of those enchanted necklaces didn't end up around some smitten cat's neck."** He'd been far more interested in the artificing of those trinkets back then to pay attention to the exact details of what he'd been tasked to make. Engraving a sword for love *did* sound much cooler than writing a letter though, now that Jivvin mentioned it.

Another bright laugh bubbles from him at Calder's bee pun, liking the chipper cat more already. Glad he seemed to have gathered a rather good natured group with his call. Perhaps that shouldn't have been so surprising, they'd all jumped at the chance to help out, they had to be good people yeah? Lifting the letter to wave, fumbling as he nearly dropped it with his display, clearing his throat. **"Afraid I'm taking you out of your fish deliveries here then. Unless this is the smallest, un-stinkiest fish I've ever laid eyes on!"** It definitely wasn't a fish in the envelope. Probably. That'd be a bit weird to engrave your love on a tiny fish.

"Nor a lamb, though those are considerably less stinky usually." Adding cheerily as the large fluffy cat Cúan spoke up, the joke once again sailing over his head. Their voice was warm and kind, enjoying the sound as it brushed against his ears. Curiosity piqued as they answered Calder, looking towards the north at the mention of the old ruins. **"I've heard stories of the shepherd's up that way! My family lives near the edge of**

Greendoze, towards the ruins that way. Snuck to em once or twice growing up.” Grinning mischievously, sure he may have gotten himself hurt one of those times, but it had been worth it to see those crumbling ruins whispering of magic.

“It is fascinating hearing folks from all over like yourself. Me, I’ve been traveling for a while studying magic since those days in Greendoze.” Answering the rest of Calder’s question, **“Up north through the ruins and swamps, till I reached New Star beyond the tundra. Lived there a while, smithing for an artificer before I went *completely* broke. Was heading Southwest after that to see Treehaven in the desert when I heard word of the guild forming, so I made my way here from there! That’s the short of it at least, take all day to talk about all the places I saw between.”** Laughing, he could go on about his travels all day, but it was one question, not his life story. Or only partially his life story he guessed. It was where he lived over the years.

“Seaworn though, that’s somewhere I’ve never been. Haven’t been that far South. Curious myself what it’s like.” Echoing Cúan’s sentiments, truthful in his curiosity. The ocean had haunted his dreams ever since the vision he’d witnessed, despite his eyes never having seen it. Seaworn was a coastal city from what he remembered, Calder likely had the sight etched into his soul growing up there.

■ **STATS AND SKILLS**

STR +2 DEX +0 INT +0 CHA -2
+2 Magic / +1 Culture

■ **SUMMARY AND ACTION**

Finlay happily accepts a potato wedge once they’re offered, and heads out with the others in good cheer. Pondering the purpose of love letters, and while dashing Jivvin’s question of engraving a love sword, he does take to the idea of it. Curious as Calder is to his compatriots’ pasts, he listens eagerly to him and Cúan. Piping up with his own travels, and sharing Cúan’s curiosity of Seaworn.



A gentle laugh escaped from Prescott, seemingly satisfied with Jivvin's answer. *"It sure does, doesn't it? Though...I must admit...by this point I believe I may have wrung this town dry of new experiences. I suppose I would call myself something of a nomad, staying in one place is hardly my cup of tea, err, so to speak."*

Discussion eventually turned to that of their client in question, Maisy, and her unpleasant choice of costume. Despite Roan claiming to have heard about this cat beforehand, nobody within their lil group appeared to harbor any knowledge of her nor her girlfriend/cat of interest.

"No, no. You're right. It's hideous,"

The lykoi's cheerful demeanor brightened some at the whisper of agreement from Roan, to which he responded with a sage nod and a soft murmur of his own, *"I...have heard of the term second-hand embarrassment before...but...now I believe I understand what it means. Still, uh...she seems happy? So, as long as it is her, uh...calling...who am I to truly judge?"* Still, he would prefer not to have to look at it. Perhaps this was the emergence of a new fear; mascots - or, well...bee mascots specifically? He would need to be exposed to other mascots to properly say for sure. ...Why...was he even dwelling on this?

His eyes slightly widened as he took notice of Marmin inching towards the gray molly, more specifically towards the very potato wedges that he, himself, had been sparing discreet glances at. H-how bold! He watched the attempted theft in equal parts horror and envy; of course he would never snatch food from another catfolk without permission, stealing was wrong! And yet...the smell of those potatoes was almost enough to make him second guess his sense of

morality. *Should I...say something?* He was about to fall into some sort of mental dilemma over this but, very fortunately for him, Roan also caught the farmer cat in the act. Well...he wouldn't have been surprised if everyone else had too, Marmin hadn't exactly been subtle. *Erm...a valiant effort?*

After a brief instance of eye contact, in which Roan's gaze betrayed a "seriously?" sorta look, she relented to Marmin's ravenous plight, pushing her plate of wedges forward for him to snatch a piece. And it seemed as though her invitation hadn't just been for the calico either, which made Prescott go through, yet again, another mental debate. Should...should he take one? They were being offered, true, yet...would it still somehow be rude? Would Roan secretly judge him for it? It wasn't as though Prescott found the other cats rude for snatching them so...why was he taking the situation so seriously for himself? No, no...it's ok. Just take a wedge. Just do it!

"V-very kind of you to offer, thank you, Roan." Delicately, as though those potato wedges were the most precious and fragile of trinkets, the lykoi plucked one from the plate and plopped it into his mouth. His trepidations melted away at the taste. Oh, wow! Okay, that was worth it. *"Oh my! The cats at that cafe certainly know how to cook!"*

Savoring the taste of the potato wedge, he listened casually as the group theorized on Maisy's "friend" being a flower mascot in order to match her bee one. That...hmm...well, a flower mascot didn't sound as though it would be as scary as this bee one. But, then again...until today he wouldn't have expected a bee mascot costume to be scary at all, y'know? He would have to be mentally prepared for the possibilities...

"If she is a flower, then I think it's meant to bee!"

His gaze shot toward the calico, Calder, who cracked that pun, his eyes practically glowing as he let out a bit of a hoot. *"Meant to bee, oh, I get it! Humorous wordplay there, Calder! Haha!"*

As the group began the trek towards the destination, their captain asked whether or not anyone had ever delivered a love letter before. Prescott shook his head, glancing at the reddish tom, *"I can't say I have! Nor...have I ever delivered any sort of letter before in general. Umm...what exactly makes a love letter unique anyhow? Is it...something like a confession of sorts? Or...haha, to be quite truthful I am...not really knowledgeable when it comes to anything of that sort!"* In fact, he would go so far as to

say the concept of 'love', in any of its forms, was something completely foreign to him. He certainly never experienced any of it within *that city*. Naturally, he knew the general concepts to it, but...what did feeling love actually entail? How does one know if they love someone, platonically or more? Uhhh...Prescott never really dwelled on it before, thinking it something so far out of the realm of his own world that it would never hold any importance to him. The disconnect was prominent. Would he ever write a love letter or receive one? Would...he *want* that? ...The thought made him slightly uneasy.

The question of love letter deliveries evolved into a discussion more along the lines of these cats' careers and places of origins. Ah, not a comfy topic for Prescott himself to participate in but, still, it was genuinely interesting to learn about his fellow Wayseekers. Little facts he could tuck to memory; Roan was once an errand-girl, Jivvin had attended college, Finlay was apparently some kind of blacksmith, Calder used to deliver fish out in Seaworn, Cuan and Marmin had grown up together, the former having been a shepherd. Calder was certainly right, it was fascinating how much their backgrounds differed from one another! Prescott was curious to hear more, eyes wide and ears pricked, before the sudden namedrop of New Star caused him to recoil. Oh...of course, of course there would be other cats in the guild who've been *there*. Still, not wanting to seem suspicious, he composed himself rather quickly.

"Gee, Finlay! Sounds like you've been all over the place!" He beamed, tail swaying slowly, *"I hate to say but I somewhat envy you! I would be keen to hear about the things you've seen, regardless if it would take a whole day!"* He then turned to face Cúan, orange eyes practically sparkling, *"and a shepard! I can imagine that's hard work but, oh...to exist within the pastoral, open lands...surrounded by a plethora of sheep... In fact, now that I'm thinking about it, I remember seeing you and Marmin with some sheep a while ago, back when we had been gardening!"* He purred softly at the nice memory, *"both were so cute!"*



STATS and SKILLS

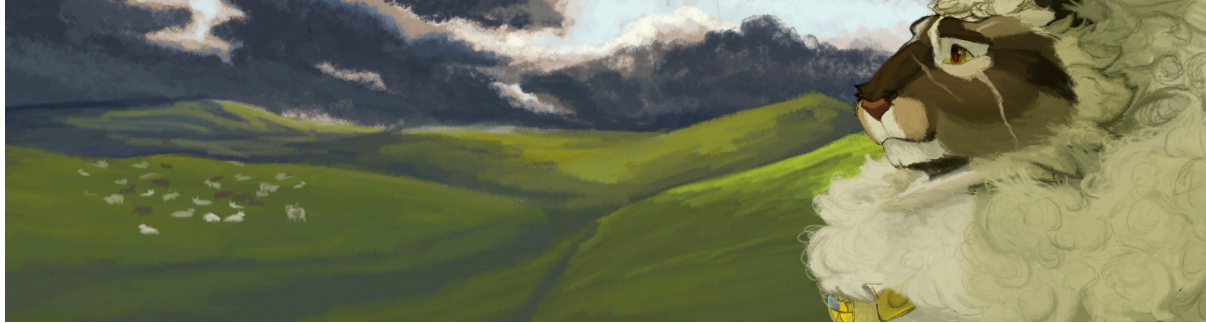
STR -3 DEX +2 INT +0 CHA +1
+2 Nature / +1 Survival / +1 Perception



SUMMARY and ACTION

My head is so empty help. Prescott takes a wedge! He has not ever delivered a love letter, he barely even really understands the concept of love lol. He is very fascinated hearing about where everyone is from/what they do but is like :C when New Star gets mentioned. To avoid showing his disdain for that place, or having anyone question him where he's from, he keeps the focus on the others; especially marveling over Finlay's travels and Cúan's profession as a shepherd.

[Nothing]



🐏 CÚAN O'CAOIMH 🐏

SHEPHERD OF THE RUINS FLOCK

[APPLICATION](#) . THEY/HE . 19YRS.

STATS AND SKILLS

STR 0 / DEX +1 / INT +1 / CHA -2 | +1 Survival +2 Perception

Lv: 1 | Earth

POST 3 OF 4

The shepherd continued walking, deciding that 4 legs were better than two, it didn't seem to make them look any bit smaller as they padded along. They shook their heads when the joke leaped over finley's head but it was good fun, they thought that was funny at least.

Though curiously they listened to Finley, **"Aye, not a wee bad place to sneak to, sure it's calm, quiet, peaceful honestly."** They spoke quietly with a deep fondness for the place evident in their tone, their tail hung low as it swayed in their walk. They had been to the new star city briefly, but stayed well contained in the ruins most of their life. Though the watery city of the south was intriguing , the seagulls sometimes flew inland when the storms got bad on the wing.

Cúan watched prescott closely as he talked, Perhaps it was the fact they had never heard much of anyone talk like him but, cúan's fluffy head turned in his direction as they walked, but cúan still stayed close to marmin. Though being addressed made them blink in surprise, looking at marmin before smiling softly. **"Thank you, prescott , do it for the love and the life of it, born and bred for it to id say, Yes. that would have been our sheep, míseach and dolly, thank you, your very kind lad."** The shepherd offered praise as they walked. **"It's hard work but**

rewarding, wouldn't change it for the world" They looked marmin as they trotted with a small smile. "What about you prescott, what do ye be up to?"

SUMMARY: Cúan talks to the group, stealing glances at marmin as they ask prescott about himself.

ACTION: N/A



She/Her ☐ 3/4 ☐ APPLICATION

"I'm glad the potato wedges were a hit with y'all! I'll be sad to leave this town now that I've discovered them." Roan grins wide enough that her eyes squint halfway shut and chirrup as they step out into the sunlight, savoring the smells of dew and road dust. Turning to Calder, she asks, **"How's the food in Seaworn City? What've we got to look forward to?"**

Food theft aside, it's nice to be in the presence of some...less intense cats than the ones she's been hanging out with. Roan has always been easygoing for a cat with some lofty dreams, kind and forthright, and it was a culture shock to face the dangers of the world alongside cats whose ambitions left them singularly driven or even prickly. She *likes* those cats, of course, but as she follows this merry pack along the road, there's a weightless spring in her step, and even her baldric feels lighter.

“School, eh?” she asks the trombone-wielding Jivvin. “Betcha anything you were in marching band. What school did you go to?”

To Marmin, she explains her “errand girl” job in a little more detail: **“For about the last year and a half, I worked at Unity Ranch. And my uncle’s farm, but Unity is the name everyone recognizes. Odd jobs, mucking stables, building pens...but they did move me up to classes eventually.”**

“And thank you! I like your hat. I take it you’re a farmer yourself, with a getup like that.”

Cúan confirms Roan’s suspicions—they grew up together, he says, on land not far from Greendoze or the Whispering Ruins. It sounds like a nice life...to spend one’s days surrounded by animals, paws in the soil, going to bed tired every night, and with a friend at your side. It’s not unlike her relationship with Cousin Hazel, but watching Cúan and Marmin interact, she doesn’t get the sense that they’re related.

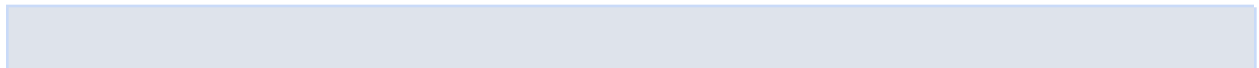
And so she gets to know something about each of these cats, which she tries to commit to memory. Calder, from Seaworn City and Sweetwater, seems to enjoy fishing. Cúan, shepherd, best friends with Marmin, farmer. Prescott, a...something, which she really wants to know about, since she can tell he’s a fellow notebook-writer, and now that they’ve bonded over that gods-awful costume. Finlay, a well-traveled blacksmith who spent some time working for an *artificer*, the lucky dog.

“Ah, that’s fascinating work! My parents are crafters themselves, but they haven’t incorporated any enchantments into their weapons. Cool as it is, mine’s just a regular bow.” She tosses her head backward to indicate the simple, well-balanced recurve bow with iridescent crushed stone laid into the wood. **“I wonder if they’d consider looking into it, depending on what we discover. Might be good for business—long as the world doesn’t fall apart for it!”**

STR -1	DEX +1	INT +2	CHA -2
+1 Animal Taming / +2 Perception			

■ SUMMARY

Roan asks everybody a bunch of questions and comments on their work!





ENERGY ♦ LV 1 ♦ HE/THEY ♦ 4/4 ♦ APPLICATION

Marmin held his paws behind his back as he walked, eventually falling into step with the rest of the group.

“Unity ranch!” He suddenly exclaimed, wide eyes locked onto Roan’s, **“Only a short trip from my village to that ol’ stead! Have you heard of Penkurth? We export a lotta foodstuffs for them animals over there. Must be fun to work up close n’ get to know them!”** He said, clapping eagerly, **“And thank you ma’am! Yessum! Been doin’ it ever since I was pea sized.”**

Marmin liked Roan, he could tell she was gutsy. Not from anything she had said – the somali just seemed the type to tackle a problem head on.

The farmer turned back to Finlay, who took his place towards the front of the group. He saw much of himself in the chipper, hazelnut tom. Though, unlike Marmin, Finlay was well-traveled and knowledgeable. From what he’d gathered, the zesty feline had traversed most the entirety of Waywardia. Marmin suddenly felt small, perhaps he’d missed out on much of this adventure the past couple of years. He looked to Cúan, shrugging internally – but that was what he’d joined the Guild for, right? To see Waywardia as it was truly meant to be seen, not to wallow over the past. The farmer kicked a few rocks before looking towards Finlay.

“Sure sounds like fun, Finlay!” The farmer exclaimed, **“I only ever once been to been to Seaworn – on a trip with my family – turns out I ain’t much built for those climates,”** He chuckled softly, turning to Calder, **“Though, if I ever go again, I’ll be sure to bring Mr. Fisherman, here!”** He joked, giving the calico a soft wave.

Marmin glanced back at Cúan, who was well within a conversation with Prescott. He edged a little closer, nodding as the shepherd spoke, **“Sure, it’s hard work keepin’ them in sorts, but in the end it’s worth every hoof to the paw!”** He gleamed, touching his palm to Cúan’s back. The farmer craned his neck to face Prescott. Marmin found the tom awfully handsome. His fur, though patchy in many areas, was a beautiful rosy-grey colour – with soulful amber eyes to match, **“Yessir! You look awful clever, I love your red cloak,”** He spoke after Cúan, awaiting Prescott’s reply.

STR +1

DEX 0

INT -1

CHA +1

+1 Nature / +2 Culinary

SUMMARY

“Marmin replies to Roan and Finlay, commenting on Calder’s sea-faring expertise. He then joins into the conversation with Cúan and Prescott, curious to hear of the lykoi’s profession.”

ACTION



Calder was seeing some reactions to his prompted question of home for folks. That was a relief to see as these were catfolk that he has worked with and will be working with closely with in the near future. It was bonus points seeing others react to his fish puns, he’s definitely got it still. Those puns and jokes used to make any jaded sailor have a hearty laugh, plus his mom always like them and that had to count towards something! He smiled seeing Prescott and others have a love with it, surely lightened the load and helped bonding.

Any opportunity he can to make friends and allies in this guild will benefit both sides greatly. Plus the world itself was so large that there were towns and cities that Calder knew very little about. He’s only ever really known places by the river or coasts, even Greendoze was uncharted territory for him at first.

When Cúan responded, Calder repeated the town name in his head. ‘Cloncashel...’, he would make sure to remember that. **“I’ve never heard of it much, but it sounds like a quaint place. It’s also really cool you and Marmin were friends growing up, Cúan! I pegged you both for the ranch and farming types, that brings a lot of experiences with knowing animals.”** Calder states in an intrigued tone. As Finlay speaks upon his own experiences, it sparks the little adventurer’s heart as he sounds in love with the traveling short tale. **“That is so cool, Finlay! You’ve been so many places up north! I’ve always wanted to travel around there... gosh the stories you must have!”** He springs to life with enthusiasm and interest for his new colleague. Then there was Roan with Unity Ranch, **“Sounds like you’re cut out for hardy work! There’s a lot of potential, especially if you follow in family footsteps or forge your own!”**

Then there was Prescott who was kind and attentive but also quiet on his own regard. He nods over when Cúan follows Prescott up on his own backstory, not going to press on an already stated question. Calder thinks back to his own responses about the place he grew up in and currently works out of. **“Oh gosh, Seaworn is huge! For those who are more familiar with New Star, I heard Seaworn is like a more tropical version of it and while we live off the bounty of the sea, we got lots of respect for the water and history. It can be busy at times but everyone has a spot that can blend into. Food is delicious being if you love seafood! But we got other local grown produce so it’s not too bad- and Sweetwater is much newer and still growing but it helps with business! Nice folks who like to help out each other.”** He feels a tad bit flustered for talking so long but the reassuring compliments get to him and fills him up with jittery butterflies. Squishing his own cheeks with a soft purr. **“I’d love to show you all around when we do go there! It’s been a bit since I’ve seen my folks. I’ve traveled the coast a bunch so we’ll get your sealegs too.”**

Calder kept note of all of the catfolks origins for a mental note later. Ranchhands, weaponmakers, mysterious poetic individuals, artificers, acolytes, the list goes on and on- the world was truly stunning with the beings that populated it. **“It may be a quick walk to the ‘flower’ but I’m glad I got to know you all a bit better.”** He still waits if anyone else wants to add in but wanted to add in his honest feelings before he gets distracted by the quest or his own attention span.

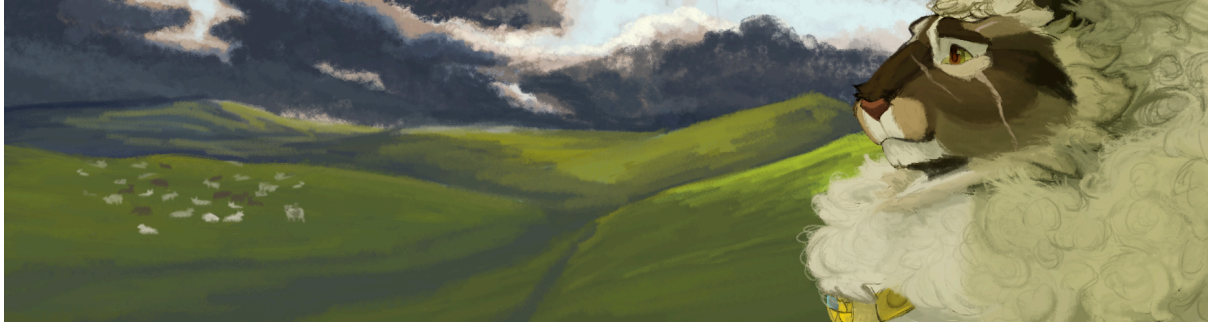
STR 0	/	DEX +1	/	INT +1	/	CHA -2
+2 Survival / +1 Nature						

SUMMARY

Calder engages with his current quest teammates and listens carefully. Noting the different traits and backgrounds they all had, thinking how sweet some had shared homes and how far traveled some had come. He shares a bit about what he knows of his own hometown in his own excited manner. Near the end of his own question, he comments on how nice it is getting to know them all a bit better.

ACTION

N/A



🐶 CÚAN O'CAOIMH 🐶

SHEPHERD OF THE RUINS FLOCK

APPLICATION . THEY/HE . 19YRS.

STATS AND SKILLS

STR 0 / DEX +1 / INT +1 / CHA -2 | +1 Survival +2 Perception

Lv: 1 | Earth

POST 4 OF 4

They kept walking, a somewhat gentle pace set. The shepherd listened carefully to marmin talking, glancing at him. A strange understanding of what marmin was thinking fell on them. Cúan had spent most if not all his life in one place, they wouldn't have changed that for the world, now or then. The shepherd stared at marmin for a bit before looking forward, in fear of them tripping and landing on their own muzzle. They didn't but the idea wasn't fun, it sounded painful on these streets. Cúan considered what would have happened for a brief second, it didn't appear, perhaps the idea of a life without marmin was so foreign that their brain couldn't compute such a horribly absurd idea.

Cúan was pulled from his own musing as he walked looking to calder as he spoke, they nodded. It did bring experience , they thought of misneach, dolly, the flock, even that huge hulking bear, the one who listened who looked back at them all. They snorted at the idea of them seeming like farmer types, though when you look around you can see the difference , not that cúan cared much for what others saw. The idea of getting sealegs, whatever that was, would be fun. Cúan for one loved the sea and smiled slightly at calder's idea and nodded. Their tail tip swayed closer to marmin's at the notion of the sea, for however much cúan loved the water and swimming they

knew marmin was not so keen in such things, they leaned closer to him carefully with a soft understanding look ,just incase it made their friend upset or off kilter, they had been around long enough to know what to do, despite this cúan seemed non bothered by the restitution of themself, taking it in stride as they continued listening. The shepherd seemed touched by the sea cat's honesty and spoke. **“The same to yerself calder, i think to be a grand auld trip to see the south”** They rumbled.

SUMMARY: Cúan thinks caldar is adorable and also reassures marmin at the thought of the sea.

ACTION: N/A



FINLAY REDMOND

| [APPLICATION](#)

WATER ♦ LV 1 ♦ HE/HIM ♦ Post 5/4

It was fascinating hearing the tales of his fellow Wayseekers pasts, they truly were from all walks of life. A cheery grin on Finlay's face as he listened to them all, the excited stories of others lives one of his favorite things to hear. Puffing up a little in pride as several of the others commented on how cool his journeys were. More than happy to oblige telling of a few on their trip across town.

A curious eye turns to Roan's bow as she mentions enchantments, though pretty as it was she confirmed it was just a plain ordinary bow. Finlay chuffing, **“Not as easy as it sounds sometimes! Least I've never been great at it.”** Laughing

brightly, **“Tried to enchant my sword once and had not an ounce of luck. Now I just keep the dried up shiny bit of Laurelstone in the hilt to make it pretty.”** Shaking his head with a grin, still, the story from Roan piqued his interest.

Listening intently next as Calder described Seaworn, his head tilted slightly. More curious about the ocean city now after his dream. **“Sounds like a swell place, hopefully I'll get a chance to see it sometime soon. I won't be happy until I see all the stories I hear of Waywardia with my own eyes!”** Beaming, easy to tell he meant the words fully. **“And aye, a short mission for us all, but a happy chance to get to know my fellow Wayseekers all a little better.”**

“Speaking of, I believe that's Miss Bailey's place up ahead! Look sharp everyone!” Grinning and feet picking up into a trot at the final sight of their journey.

Lifting a paw to knock on the door, a glance back to the rest of the group. **“Alright! Do something- er, fancy! Magicky, or cool! We gotta have a good impression!”**

Starting to make some water in his paws, until he realized that would ruin the letter. **“Ah-!”** Tossing it up quickly and shaking the drops from his paws before it could soak into the envelope. Gingerly catching it again, and only making water in *one* paw this time. Smiling sheepishly to the others, clearing his throat, before it his smile returns brightly with the door opened.

“Good day Miss Bailey! A delivery, on behalf of the Wayseekers Guild, on request of Miss Maisey of the Bluebird Cafe!” Offering the (slightly damp it's fine) letter with a flourish, letting the magic water pour in sparkles from his other

paw. Hoping it would come off as suitably magically impressive for their great mission.

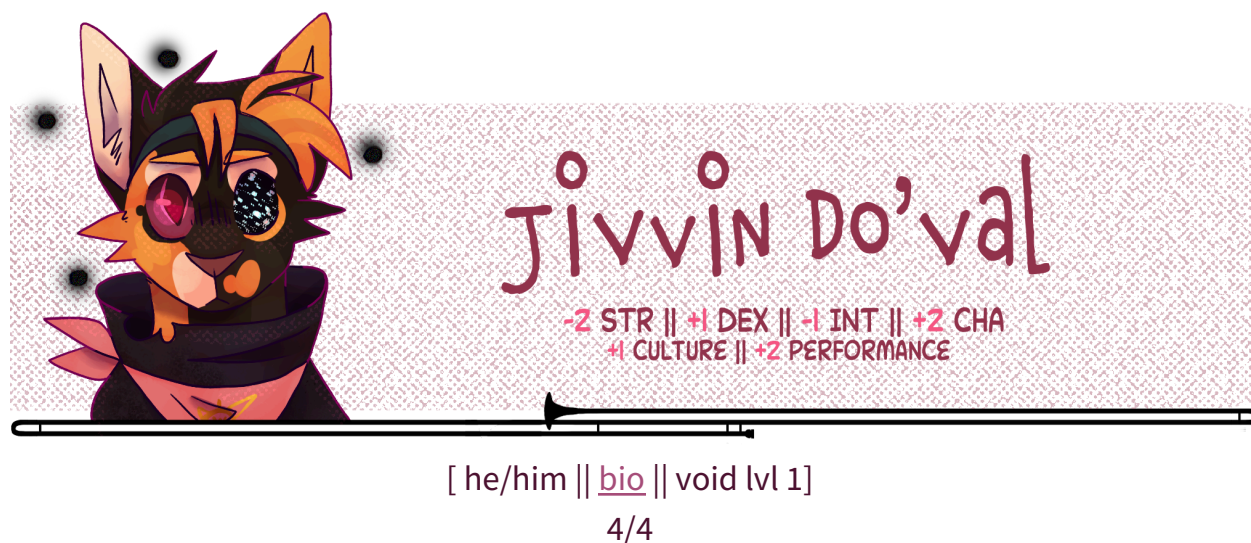
■ STATS AND SKILLS

STR +2 DEX +0 INT +0 CHA -2
+2 Magic / +1 Culture

■ SUMMARY AND ACTION

Finlay listens to the stories of the others' pasts, taking particular interest in Roan's talk of possible magic weapons. Along with Calder's description of Seaworn. Commenting he'd like to visit there someday, and agreeing at enjoying the chance to get to know his fellow Wayseekers better. At last reaching their delivery destination, he encourages the others to do something magical or fancy to give a good impression. Almost accidentally soaking the letter as he tries, but offers it to Bailey with a flourish and official sounding message!

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Jivvin strolled along with the group. Sticking somewhat close to Finlay's side, he cheerfully responded to the conversation as it carried them towards their objective.

“I’ve done a lot of odd jobs around.. I’m originally from- err.. New Star,” He answered Calder. Usually he said he was from Freeheart but- Finally was here and he’d already bequeathed unto him his entire life story and he definitely didn’t want to *lie* to these cats in front of Finlay. He also didn’t want to admit how UN-romantic and noble and adventurous his travels as a “bard” were. **“So I guess that’s pretty far.”**

He let out a very loud and undignified snort of laughter at the arrangement of words “eloquently engraved shovel”, but nodded along as Finlay spoke, as always, invested in what he had to say. Jivvin racked his brain for some sort of subtle, surreptitious way to flirt with him. Something clever, something to do with *shovels*.. but alas nothing came up. Not that he would have had the guts to say anything anyways, even *if* he’d come up with something..

“Pfft..” his smile grew a mixture of amused and guarded, uncertain how to respond to being *read like a book*. **“Of course! Gotta learn to walk and play at the same time! And sometimes run and play when you don’t realize you’re on private property and are loitering.”** Was this based on personal experience? Maybe.

He managed to mostly listen to the conversation about people’s pasts *this time*.

He thought to ask about what Finlay had been *trying* to enchant his sword to do but then suddenly they were at their destination!

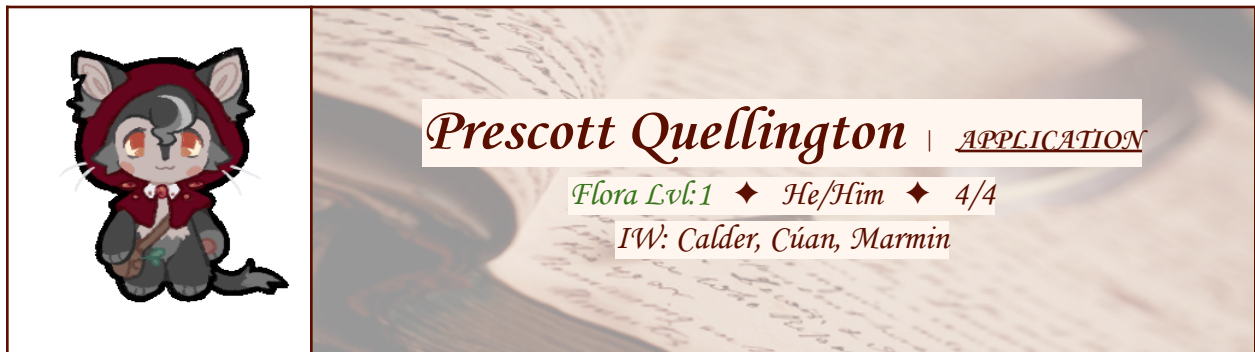
Do something fancy- magic-y?? Uh.. uhhhhhhhh..

Dark rotating marbles of darkness and despair weren’t exactly *flashy*.. Floundering for anything to do on time, Jivvin found himself emphatically making jazz hands towards Finlay’s dripping paw.

SUMMARY: Jivvin answers a couple questions but mostly listens to his companions’ conversation.

ACTION: JAZZ. HANDS.





In regards to any weaponry, magic or New Star City related talk...Prescott allowed his focus on those topics to drift. Mind you, he kept an ear out simply out of cordiality...yet...he had nothing to contribute to this sort of conversation. He did somewhat...falter, a bit, when Roan mentioned her parents were crafters...weapon crafters. That struck way too close to home for comfort, yes siree! Hopefully she didn't have any knowledge of his parent's company. If *any* cat here held an ounce of association with them, even just the bare minimum of intel, he would...well...he would have a mind to steer clear of them. So far, at least, he hadn't been recognized as a Quellington...but he could never be too guarded. Though, now existing within the world beyond, he'd come to realize that...the inner circle of the affluent within New Star was...rather small in comparison, that most catfolk outside of that niche...hardly cared for those within. And that...was a relief like none other, in all honesty.

He wouldn't call himself a city lover by any means, however, Calder's explanation of Seaworn did pique the lykoi's interest. He'd never been to any sort of tropical destination before...in comparison to the frigid, somewhat bleak temperament up north he supposed it would provide quite the breath of fresh air. And, well...he certainly had a taste for seafood, hearing the calico talk it up perked up his mood a bit. *"I may just have to take you up on that tour offer, Calder..."* He flashed the other tom a polite smile, *"Unfortunately, I hadn't had the pleasure of venturing down south yet...so being shown the ropes by a local would be much appreciated!"*

"What about you prescott, what do ye be up to?"

Cúan's question had the lykoi positively frazzled, so certain had he been that he would remain under the radar, as it were, in regards to questions of his livelihood. Afterall it...it wasn't as though he were very interesting - absolutely paling in comparison to the rest of these cats. Still, he attempted to quickly regain composure, a slight clearing of the throat to further

procrastinate the inevitable answer he'd have to give. Well, of *course* he had no mind to tell the truth...sure, sure...his accent and mannerisms may have given away the fact he hailed from wealth, but...no greater detail than that would ever willingly be divulged.

"Oh...ahaha...y'know..." He trailed off, blatantly avoiding eye contact as the gears in his mind churned overtime. *"I...ah...perhaps you might say I am a bit...aimless...or, well...was until I joined the Wayseekers...I umm...my aspiration is to see the world...and...well...to hopefully help make it a better place though...I suppose that is the reason many of us are here, hmm?"* He hoped that would suffice, as vague as it was.

Any attempt at suaveness instantly evaporated upon the compliment from Marmin.

"I-ah-umm...!" his articulation game was strong today, *"cl-clever!? Oh, why...umm...thanks! Ahh...my...my cloak? T-thank you...err...again! I...uh...I really like your hat! I-it's so...big and prominent! It really...ah...helps you stand out in a crowd...p-plus...it must be nice with all the sunlight blaring down and whatnot..."* His hairless cheeks were a tomato red...gosh, he butchered that interaction up something fierce, hadn't he? Still, as far as friendly cats went...Marmin was one of the ripest fruits of that bunch. Positively beaming with optimism and energy, he figured the farmer would pay no heed to his embarrassing stuttering...or, well, that was the hope in any case.

"It may be a quick walk to the 'flower' but I'm glad I got to know you all a bit better."

Calder's honest and kind words had the lykoi's eyes widen, ever so slightly. Sure, he, himself, hadn't really shared much...but...he was still included in that sentiment, was he not? Ah...he honestly couldn't agree more - each of these cats, as different as they were, all had aspects that made them so equally and wholly interesting to Prescott. Learning about them...it made him feel closer to his fellow Wayseekers in some undefinable sense. Although a part of him, whirling in the depths of his gut, felt him unworthy to be on such even footing, as it were, he genuinely felt...jovial in this moment. He should really put himself out there more often, after all...there were many other Wayseekers he had yet to even say a singular word to! As menial as this task felt...it was worth it solely for this reason.

"I...I feel the same way...!" A purr rumbled through his words without his realization. *"We, ah...never know who we might end up on an expedition with...so...it's not at all a bad thing to acquaint ourselves with one other...erm...there are...truly a lot of remarkable cats within our guild...aren't there?"*

Eventually, Captain Finlay led them to their destination. Prescott quickly flustered when the ruddy tom told them all to do "something fancy, magicky or cool," those were all three things Prescott hadn't a prowess for! As their boisterous leader rapped his paw against the door, introducing himself when Bailey stepped out with a flourish of watery magic in one paw and the letter in the other, Prescott found himself bursting out, *"I hope you enjoy your letter!! Have a swend day!!!"* Swend? SWEND? Oh brisquits! He accidentally combined 'swell' and 'grand' together in a singular word! His embarrassment was so tangible it erupted in the form of petals spraying in the air like confetti.

Ah...well...

Hopefully that didn't affect her overall opinion on the guild.

Yeesh...

At least Jivvin saved the day with his jazz hands. Paws. Jazz paws? Whatever they were, they certainly grabbed everyone's attention.

Crisis averted!



STATS and SKILLS

STR -3 DEX +2 INT +0 CHA +1
+2 Nature / +2 Perception / +2 History / +1 Animal Taming / +1 Survival



SUMMARY and ACTION



[Action: N/A]



She/Her ☐ Lv 1 ☐ 4/4 ☐ [APPLICATION](#)

“If that’s not Bailey, I’ll eat my hat,” Roan says as they all lay eyes on the slender brown-and-white cat in a flower costume. She feels a brief swell of pride that her initial guess was right—and, come on, that’s kind of cute. **“I bet when they’re together, they say things like ‘We go together like bees and flowers.’”**

Finlay hands her the letter with some noble words and a dramatic flourish, scattering water droplets across the dirt. That must be his magic, she surmises. Jivvin does his little jazz paws, and suddenly she feels like eyes are on her, but she doesn’t know *why*—

Ah, yes. They’d been deputized to put on a show. But what could she do? Disintegrate the letter in her paws? That wouldn’t be very romantic. Unless...

Roan reaches into the earthen path beneath them and then rises, clutching something in her paws that she sprinkles across the envelope, golden and glinting in the sunlight.

“Gold dust,” she says, smiling warmly at Bailey. **“Pulled from the earth itself! Just, uh...don’t inhale it.”**

Bailey’s eyes are starry, as though reflecting the gold flecks scattered over the letter—or perhaps those are reflecting the light from her eyes. As they bid each other farewell, Roan hardly waits until Bailey is out of earshot before speaking.

“I think we’ve done a good thing, team. Look how happy she is! Wouldn’t we all be so lucky to have something like that.” She meets each of her guildmates’ eyes in turn, then gives a last glance back at Bailey, still gazing at the sealed envelope with a smile as wide as the Sweetfire. When Roan says her last words, she says them just to the air.

“Maybe someday...”

STR -1 DEX +1 INT +2 CHA -2
+1 Animal Taming, Magic, Nature, Stealth || +2 Perception

■ SUMMARY

Roan helps hand the letter to Bailey with a magical flourish and a quiet prayer for the future

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