



What Remains of Paradise



! THE BODY !

Name: Sirocco

Name meaning: A powerful desert wind off the coast of an ocean

Previous names/Nicknames: None

Gender: Cis Male

Pronouns: He/Him

Starting Age: 6 months

Current Age: 6 months

Height: 28 “ at the shoulder

Appearance: A tall, lanky hound with a white and red pelt that is seemingly always well groomed. He has golden eyes and a long, whiplike tail with a gentle curve. There’s still obvious puppy qualities to his overall build; his paws too big, his height unfamiliar, his ears oversized, his eyes full of a youthful twinkle not yet tarnished by the world.

Accessories: A silken shawl from his mother and an elaborate collar passed down through his bloodline, both colored navy with gold accents.

Health: Fit as a fiddle!

Disabilities: None, unless you count blind optimism

Notable mutations: None (so far)

! THE SOUL !

Soul Class: Blue

Soul Level: 3

Soul Shade: X

Soul Partner(s): X

STATS:

Strength: 1/10

Dexterity: 5/10

Intelligence: 5/10

Charisma: 9/10

Speed: 7/10

Strengths:

- **Perfect Puppy Eyes** - Sirocco is genuine in all of what he does for the most part, and god, his little eye twinkles and smiles and laughs are charming. He's survived mainly off his personality and knows exactly what to say most of the time to disarm anyone who might give him a hard time. It's always with his usual sincerity of course, he doesn't have the mind or experience to scheme.
 - You're gonna say no to that face?
- **Desert Wind** - Even if he isn't as acquainted with his body as he wishes he was, Sirocco has taken naturally to his breed's affinity for speed, racing across the irradiated landscape with natural grace and paws that finally feel in the right place when they hit the ground.
 - He's a runner, he's a track star.
- **Relentless Optimism** - There is a bright side and silver lining to every terrible thing in Sirocco's life, no matter how traumatic or lonely. Call it youthful ignorance or resilience, it's going to be okay someday for all of them. He'll make it so! Despair shall not darken his doorstep.
 - Knock him down, he gets back up again. And again and again and again.

Weaknesses:

- **Glass Jaw** - Sirocco is a skinny, fragile thing, not able to take more than a light amount of damage before he's in a bad way. Pain is a terrible teacher and he's not eager to spend time with it, his tolerance low and desire to fight in general even lower.
 - The boy isn't made for combat in the slightest.
- **Wide-Eyed Idealist** - Sirocco is young, inexperienced, and carries so much love and optimism in his heart for a ruthless world. He thinks the best of everyone, even when he shouldn't, wanting to give them the benefit of the doubt and not conceptualizing that some people are just brutal, cruel, and not worthy of his rose-tinted view.
 - His heart is too big, it's gonna get him hurt.
- **Please Don't Leave Me** - Sirocco is very clingy to those he grows close to, having no family left in his life and yearning for any possible support. It doesn't matter if whoever he latches onto is a bad person or using him, they love him so they wouldn't do that!
 - One day he will need to walk alone on unsteady paws.

! THE MIND !

Personality:

- + Sincere
- + Kind
- + Gallant
- + Charming
- = Curious
- = High-Spirited
- = Impressionable
- = Emotional
- Naïve
- Distractible
- Neurotic
- Dependent

History:

His birth was hard, like most other things in the Wasteland. It was a miracle that all the pups survived the process, let alone through the night. Sirocco was the firstborn, a title he held with pride as it meant he was to protect all his siblings should the worst happen. Solano came next, then Cierzo, then Vendavel, then Tramontane, and finally Ponente. His mother's little winds, their names blessings from a tradition and culture that was on life support. Mama followed the Old Ways, sang with her howls to the long dead kings from days before the Wasteland, and Sirocco joined her with his own off-key singing in her hymns. Every story she told of their origins, of how they hunted prey for royalty, how they were noble dogs akin to knights, it lit a fire in his heart and made him yearn for a life beyond just barely scraping by. The caravans they traveled with were kind, helping Mama take care of her pups, but she was so tired, so worn down.

The caravan buckled down around their oasis when the next dust storm came, wind whipping across the badlands and carrying irradiated dust into the air. Mama wandered out into it, gently nosing each of her children awake to say goodbye and to look after each other, and then she was gone. She told Sirocco she was going to find Paradise. Which...means she didn't die, even if the Caravan said she was dead. No one ever found her body. He had to believe she made it. He had to. They all did. His siblings held onto that hope, though some were less convinced than others.

The Caravan kept moving, the pups learned to hunt, and word came down from the mountains of snowfall. Strange things, they said, a portent of things to come, and Sirocco couldn't stand not knowing what might lay beyond the horizon at the tops of those peaks. He grabbed his mother's scarf and set off with enough supplies to make it to the mountains, calling out for his siblings to follow him to adventure. They were stronger together, and he couldn't protect them while he followed the pull of the snow.

So far he hasn't seen any of them on the mountain, but he's sure at least one of them will meet him there!

Right?

Exclusions: None, go absolutely nuts.

Writing sample:

"It's too fancy to pass off as anything me or the rest of my clan would make," Crow said, watching Indigo slump over in the soft grass with a small chuckle. "Too much risk. But I like hanging onto them, y'know? Physical memories of our sessions. Each one has a story with it." Fondness shone through her voice like a sunbeam, warming her chest against the growing bite of the chilly dusk air. She was never the nanny type, tides no, but older kids? Helping them find their footing was always a lovely thing.

Leaning in, she fixed Indigo's stance.

"Like how this one will remind me of knocking you flat on your ass, Princess," she teased, puffing out her chest to show off the crooked brooch that shone in the dying sunlight. "Think fast."

Crow rolled a 10, that's a critical hit probably! +5 more! Goodbye child.

Kid gloves were only on in the sense that Crow wasn't using her claws or aiming for joints and tendons with hard strikes. The school of hard knocks had been attended by her, her siblings, her father, and likely his family long before now. A sprawling sea of alumni of physical violence, honed over long hours and countless frustrations.

But she did keep speaking as she took up a stance and swayed, moving from side to side. "You're small, Indie, smaller than me at least, 'n that means I can kinda push you around however I want." Claws gripped the dirt as she rushed in and grabbed Indigo by the scruff. Momentum flung her into the air, wind rushing past the both of them as Crow leapt to swat her back down to the ground.

