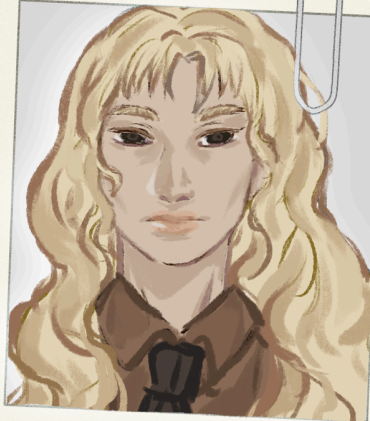


# IDA “FISHEYE” SWEETWATER

The conman's daughter



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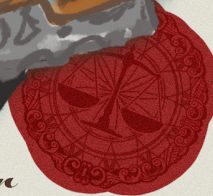
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SIGNED |

*Ida “Fisheye” Sweetwater*



## GENERAL INFO

**Age** :: 23

**Gender** :: Female

**Pronouns** :: she/her

**D.O.B** :: September 2nd (Virgo)

**Height** :: 173 cm / 5'8" ft

**Weight** :: 74 kg / 165 lbs

## PERSONAL INFO

**Personality** ::

- + curious || resilient || resourceful || clever || passionate || brave
- + competitive || uncooperative || impatient || stubborn || dishonest

Those who knew Fisheye growing up all seem to agree that for better or for worse, she is certainly her father's daughter.

Though Fisheye sits much more on the reserved side in terms of mannerisms, she is very much the smart talker. She knows a lot, and she strives to know a lot. This is all seen in how she can talk at length about current and historical events, cars, and controversial topics. Fisheye loves to debate and can come across very matter of fact in the way she says things. Conversations can get heated-- or passionate-- depending on how you choose to see it. She can be known to layer on the questions endlessly if you mention a subject of her interest and she can often also be seen crammed into any corner-- no matter how uncomfortable-- with her book, even with police sirens blaring and Armageddon going on outside the window. Though she wouldn't divulge, she's grown up around a lot of crime. Her dad did try to shield her from a lot of it, but he couldn't shield her from everything. To that, she attributes her thick skin.

Fisheye can talk the talk, but she can also walk the walk. Growing up with a working single father, who always encouraged learning and being self sufficient, she has grown more than adept at handling herself. Be it keeping a roof over her head, haggling over produce at local carts, or hunting down a gig- if she sets her mind to it she can get it done. She is known to cower in the face of very little, and often takes things head on. Fisheye will admit, however, that at times her methods can be rather... unconventional. It's not that she's a regular ol' chronic liar for no good reason, but if the situation calls for it she is willing to lie! Or pick a lock. Or... scale a fence. With that said, she's not

much of a team player. She always likes to do things her way and she's not fond of others meddling in her business. Fisheye can prove hard headed and impatient when it comes to others. She's also acutely aware that her mannerisms betray her economic background.

## Biography ::

When Henry had picked up the phone to a hospital summons, he had envisioned a distant, dead relative or maybe a loyal (friendless) accomplice from some recent job with no one else to put down to call. The last thing he had imagined was a dead wife and a newborn baby girl. Mostly on the account that he had never married. Never even came close to being married nor was he stupid enough to play it fast and loose to knock up some poor girl. Couldn't be bothered with all that trouble now or anytime soon.

The nurse had a complicated expression as she handed him the birth certificate. She was probably battling between feeling sorry for his sudden loss and wondering what kind of man he had to be to miss his own daughter's birth and his wife's death. With a cooled expression he scanned the piece of paper. Sure enough, he knew the girl-- his not wife. Celia. And sure enough there was his name scribbled on the line marked under "Father." She'd gone as far as to give the girl-- the daughter-- his family name. Against his own advice, he went along with the hospital staff for a bit to see the baby girl. He hadn't yet decided what to do about all this. She was in a small crib in the room they brought him to, another nurse tending carefully to her. She was all swaddled, sleeping quietness. Everything about her was as delicate and fragile as a dandelion ready to blow away in the wind. She had the trace shape of her mother's nose somehow, even though it was as small as a button. She shifted slightly, giggling to herself in her slumber. She had her mother's smile too. Somehow. Henry exhaled, shoulders sinking somewhat in tired exasperation.

He excused himself briefly for a quick smoke outside. Henry took several deep drags before finally going to the nearest payphone and calling his sister.

[See epilogue at end of biography for prequel: Henry & Celia]

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Emma hurriedly and angrily gathered the pile of linens into her basket, pointedly turning away from where her brother stood. He was just as agitated. "Honestly, Henry-" she yelled. "Do you even know what you're asking me!? Do you know how much time a newborn baby needs? I hardly have

enough time to keep up with my own-" Emma furrowed her brow, lowering her voice when she remembered the three little ones just around the corner of the house, playing in the cramped little strip of concrete they called a backyard. The heat didn't leave her voice as she continued however, "It is not my problem you knocked up some poor girl."

Henry wrung his own hands, glancing irately to the floor then back to her. That was a lie, but it was a better story that he was just stupid than the truth that he was insane for choosing to take in an infant that wasn't even his. For a girl he'd never even loved. At least... not in that way. "I'm not saying it'll be forever- just until she's-... of an age where it's easier for me to take her around," he hissed.

Emma threw up her arms in the air, dropping the basket in the process. It clattered the few feet to the ground. "That's still YEARS you're asking of me!" she bit back. Emma scrambled to her feet, grabbing the handles of the basket and heaving it into the house with her. Henry followed shortly behind her quick footwork, through the dim hall and into the dim kitchen. The only light coming in was from the small window over the sink. It was pried open halfway to let in the outside air, which must have been some effort given the scratched up and chipped paint around the edges. It still smelled strongly of dust and mold in the disgustingly compact combined living room-kitchen. You couldn't even tell where one began and the other ended. How did they even weave around this furniture?

"Will you stop a moment and listen to me-!?" Henry yelled. "I wasn't planning to ask that of you and offer nothing!" He finally slowed to a stop at one edge of the counter and got solemn, brows furrowing and lip a tight line. "I know you've been struggling since James died. Christ-" He gestured upward to the scatter of cracks in the ceiling. "This roof is about to go down any day. You can hardly afford to keep the lights on- and lord knows what's next." Emma whirled around as if she was about to explode again, but she didn't have the chance as he advanced two more steps and continued. "Come live with me- take care of the girl- just until she's grown enough. You won't have to pay for housing.... and you can use that time to save up to live somewhere.... actually decent in a couple of years," Henry proposed, calmer now. He was ever the salesman.

That seemed to take the fight out of her somewhat. Emma deflated, as the trickle of screaming and laughter from her kids drifted in through the window to fill the space.

~ ~ ~

"She doesn't look much like you, does she..?" the older lady across the street commented. Henry maintained his smile, giving the little girl's hand a small squeeze. Ida squirmed slightly, trying to duck into the side of her dad's leg with a frown, deeply uncomfortable with the scrutiny of her features. She'd heard this many times before. Her light blonde hair looked nothing like her dad's dark brown. Her nose wasn't his. Not her jaw. Not her ears. Not her brows. Not her smile.

"No," he admits, all friendly still. "She very much takes after her mother."

If the elder lady noticed Ida's discomfort, she didn't pay it much mind. She kept eyeing her intently. "Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, smiling wide as if happy with her solution. "She does have your dark eyes though. Hers are a bit darker... like the eyes of a fish! But you can still tell it's from you."

It wasn't, but he never let her believe otherwise. He had never intended to let her know, but he definitely had no inclination after Ida began to smile wide. She craned her head to look up to her dad's brown eyes, and he smiled back down warmly.

~ ~ ~

Fisheye had just turned eleven a couple of weeks ago. It was just her and her dad now. Had been for almost two years, though Aunt Emma and the cousins were really only a train ride away. Every then and now she was still sent over for a weekend or so if Dad figured he'd be off on business for the next couple of days. For the most part though, it was her and Dad. She was content with that.

Today, she was at work with Dad. She was sitting crossed legged on the floor, doodling mindlessly in the little notepad her dad had long ago given to her to fill her time. Henry seemed to note her near nodding off in her boredom. He took a moment from his work to crouch down next to her with a faint laugh. "About to pass out there, sweetheart?" Fisheye sat up straighter and stretched but she huffed. "How about we play our game?" he continued.

That definitely caught her attention. Fisheye perked up, studying him. "Devil's Advocate...?" she replied, folding her arms over her chest. "You know it," he replied with a grin. Dad reached into his pocket, and produced a coin between two fingers. "A dime. If you can give me three points for, and three points against." Fisheye squinted at him, arms pressing harder in their fold. She was trying to feign disinterest, but her dark eyes flickering back to the shiny coin gave her away. "What about...?"

Henry mulled it for a moment. "Alcohol," he finally settled after a moment. Fisheye's expression scrunched up in contemplation and she quickly nodded. She began to think long and hard back to all the chatter she had heard about the threat of prohibition in passing from adults. That kind of talk was fairly heated these days and not hard to come by. As she busied herself with recalling and scribbling down in a new page of her notepad, Henry went back to picking locks and forging numbers. At the end of the day, back home, she went through her list with him after dinner. He chimed in here and there to get her thinking harder, but as always he praised her in the end and rewarded her her dime. Fisheye went to bed happy, thinking of all the treats she could buy herself.

~ ~ ~

As she got older, the topics he'd choose to have her argue became more complicated but she'd also become more passionate and hardheaded. She found she liked to argue, and she was good at it too. Fisheye and her dad could debate- really debate in length- for hours now, and she pulled her sources from whatever secondhand book she could scrap up (or occasionally steal). The elders around her often commented on her quick wit and sharp mouth, both in impressed and annoyed tones. At around fourteen, she began to fall into the rhythm of his business- if you could call it one.

Forging signatures and balancing false numbers became easy for her. Picking locks was surprisingly the harder point, but even that came with time. She always had to learn slyly from his accomplices though. Dad, himself, refused to ever teach her anything or let her try, which frustrated Fisheye to no end. Each time he caught her getting involved, the day would end in a long, drawn out argument. Dad always told her to focus on her studies. She didn't feel like she fit neat enough into anywhere else though. Aside from her dad, she didn't view much as permanent. Not their house, her dad's accomplices, or her things. Fisheye had long come to understand the instability of the trade and accepted it as it was. It reflected the uncertainty of life pretty well actually. Sometimes things happened unexpectedly and they had to be quick on their feet. Sometimes they had to avoid their house for a couple weeks or hop from motel to motel.

Things always sorted themselves out eventually. And it wasn't without reward. Fisheye actually liked the thrill.

~ ~ ~



"She's just a young, naive girl. She doesn't know anything about any of it." Henry argued. Fisheye was nineteen now. The look he gave her was quietly pleading. Pleading for her to not say anything. To not be stupid and to not be a hero.

Her expression was contorted. She opened her mouth as if to say something but bit her lip suddenly when her dad chanted again. "*Please*. You can't honestly believe she could be involved in any of this." Fisheye deflated. The cop was easily convinced enough. Dad always knew how to use even the most underhanded cards to his advantage. He was then dragged out, ripped from her clinging arms as she screamed and sobbed.

Later, she reflected that it was the right move. As torn as she felt to leave him alone, she'd be no good to him behind bars. She was lucky too, that the cops had caught up to him before some pissed off fat cats got to him first. They wouldn't have hesitated to put a bullet between his head. She brainstormed madly for weeks. Trying to draw out whatever information she could from the station that held him, looking through all the legal books in the library, trying to scramble up every spare coin she had saved or hidden. They wouldn't let her see him. The legal battle stretched on forever and was thankless at every turn.

It was no surprise no lawyer worth anything would take her case with what measly change she had, but she was desperate. Desperate enough that when she heard word of a recruiting rookie law program, she thought to herself... why *couldn't* she do that? Who better?

~ ~ ~

**TLDR //** A young woman passes away shortly after giving birth, having purposefully put the wrong man down as the father. The man chooses to take the baby girl in as his own anyways, due to their unspoken history. Enter Ida Sweetwater, nicknamed Fisheye for her dark irises. The man, Henry, convinces his widowed sister and her three children to move in to live with him on the condition that his sister helps raise the new baby girl during her earliest years. Due to her struggle with money since her husband's passing, she agrees. Fisheye gets older, and her aunt and cousins move back out on their own. Fisheye is often brought along on some jobs with her dad. He is a con man that commits small-time theft, embezzlement, and tax evasion. To keep her entertained, her father often plays a game with her they call "Devil's Advocate" where he poses a topic and she is to provide arguments both for and against the topic, to which she is awarded some change to buy whatever she wishes. Once she hits her teens, she keeps trying to get involved in his trade but her dad adamantly pushes back against this, telling her to focus on her studies. His crimes finally catch up to him. Her dad

denies any of her involvement and ends up in jail. Fisheye seeks out all possible solutions to get him out, but all options fall flat. All she has left to do is sign up for the Rookie Law Program herself in hopes one day she'll get him out.

~ ~ ~

#### Epilogue: Henry & Celia

Henry doesn't recognize her right away because of her near white-blond hair or because of her squarish jaw. He recognizes her because of her quick wit, replies firing back with an easy calmness and the way her eyes move fast against his posture and expression. She always has to try to break someone down the moment she meets them or she won't be satisfied. She'd been that way too when they were kids in the slums, from the front of her house- because it was an insult to call it a yard- five houses down. Even though she hardly ever spoke a word to him.

"...Small world." she hums. Henry smiles and gives a nod of acknowledgement. "Small world," he agrees.

Henry had heard chatter growing up that she was really smart. That she could pick up something like *that*. That she never forgot anything anyone ever told her. In those sad little broken down neighbourhoods, people always loved to bet on which little snotty kid they thought was most likely to get out and make something of themselves. Of his age group, that had been her.

Henry noted with some smug self satisfaction that she was here with him at the same laundromat front. She was the hand off girl pretending to work the front counter, and he was the young man picking up the deliveries. See? No one was better than anyone.

~ ~ ~

She was better than him. She was better than the whole damn lot. The realization had built up over the course of several months when they would just happen upon each other, doing adjacent jobs for different people but it had finally hit him like a truck as he stitched up her upper arm. Henry had watched it all unfold. A boy, maybe two or three years her junior, had fumbled and dropped the expensive liquor. He could have taken a little abuse, but she'd jumped to take the blame and had taken the remainder of the broken bottle to the arm.



Celia winced as he finished up the stitching. "See? This is why I say you're too soft for this kind of work... why don't you just get out now. I know you could find something..." Henry mumbled. He'd said this before, and like every other time before she was instantly indignant. She'd jerked her patched up arm away- winced again- but maintained her scowl. "You're certainly one to talk!" she spouted, rising angrily to a stand.

Henry sighed as he set the needle and thread down, fingers going to his forehead to massage circles there. He couldn't help the anger that crept into his voice. "You and I-- how could you even compare us...!? You're brighter than anyone here- you're literally a genius! You could be doing anything- and you're wasting it all here."

Celia's expression got harder. "What about you!? You could... sell glasses to the blind- I've never seen you not able to talk yourself out of or into anything! You could make something of yourself just as easily as me- you COULD be anything you set your mind to-" she was gesturing wildly with her arms. He caught her wrist.

"Stop," his expression fell and softened. "... You'll open up your stitches."

~ ~ ~

The next time he saw her, he hadn't had the chance to speak to her at all, but Henry's heart grew heavy as he watched her crowded into a booth with some of the worst characters one could involve themselves with in their scene. The group-- all six of them she'd involved herself with-- were like quicksand. The harder you tried to pull out, the further down you sank. Celia gave a weak smile as they hollered and howled around her, but her eyes were like a deer in headlights. Just by chance, she caught his eye from where he stood against the wall, across the bar. She looked desperate for a moment, like a quiet cry for help, then looked away just as fast, ashamed.

"Earth to Henry. Did I lose you there buddy?" He wrenched his eyes away and back to his partner. They were meant to rendezvous here with a couple guys before heading out to the next job. It seemed the small group had all gathered near without his notice. Henry coughed into his fist. "No, no- I guess I could use some air though," he replied.

"Well, it's time for us to head out anyways. Let's go." His partner clapped him on the shoulder and turned towards the exit. Henry paused to give her one last lingering glance, before following suit.

~ ~ ~

It'd been a couple more months. Henry had caught her randomly in the street and was rattling on with his pleasantries about how she'd been and what was she up to and what area did she live in now. "I'm pregnant," she interrupted abruptly, looking faraway like her eyes were focused on something way beyond his shoulder.

Henry gaped- it was the only few times she'd ever seen him lose his usual composure and she couldn't even enjoy it- Henry was silent for a while. He tried a smile, not sure how he was supposed to receive the news. Her expression and general composure provided very little into whether he should be congratulating her or comforting her. Tentatively he continued, "So... who's the father...?"

She began to cry to his horror. He ushered her into a quieter corner and held her in his arms for a very long time.

~ ~ ~

She was getting bigger. The pregnancy was really beginning to show now. She had a million things to do, a million things she hadn't got to yet, but she couldn't stop thinking about it. Celia continued to dry glasses as Henry idly sipped on his beer down the length of the bar. The bar was nearly ready to be closed down and he had promised her a ride home.

"...Do you...ever think you'll have kids?" Once the words were out of her mouth, she realized abruptly she had no idea what Henry wanted out of the future. She'd see him in passing now and then with a girl on his arm, thinking not much of it. None of them ever lasted. Even him with a girl on his arm was a very rare occasion to see. The buddies he'd bring into the bar would sometimes giggle and hint at him being a bit of a player, but it never seemed quite right to her. He just seemed almost... disinterested.

Henry nearly choked on his beer at the question. He wiped his mouth with his hand and gave a dazed smile. "Where is that coming from..?"

Celia shrugged mildly. "I guess I just realized I didn't know your stance on it." She peeked back over to him.

Henry laughed loud, taking another swig of his beer. "Heelll noooo." he drawled, shaking his head with that bemused grin still there. "And why not?" she countered, brow arching in question. He smiled into the glass, giving her a look that was quietly assessing. "So they can grow up poor, stupid, and miserable like me..?"

~ ~ ~

Celia was bored.

"Let's... play a game." she settled on. Henry snorted from where he was up on the ladder, changing dead lightbulbs. Her ankles now felt too swollen to do it herself. She finally had to relinquish some of her independence. Maybe it helped that she had missed him.

"How about... we pick a topic, anddd I give three points for it and you give three points against."

Henry laughed this time. "Isn't that just arguing?" he replied with some amusement.

Celia rolled her eyes, craning her head over to peek at him. "But we have so much fun arguing." she replied, grinning. He laughed again. And they "argued" for hours.

~ ~ ~

She was going to get away. She had finally resolved to get away. Take a train as far as it would take her and make something of herself. She'd already been saving up and hiding money for months, skimping here and there on necessities to make the amount mean something.

She hadn't told Henry yet. She hadn't really figured out how to say goodbye, but she promised herself to tell him once the baby was born.

Once the baby was born, she'd tell him.

~ ~ ~

## Likes & Dislikes ::

+ books/newspapers

- + black coffee
- + cars
- + tuna sandwiches
- + clovers
- + sunrises
- + swing music
- dogs
- peaches
- springtime (allergies)
- little kids
- spicy food
- new moons
- earwigs

## Extras ::

### Relations:

- Henry Sweetwater - Father - Incarcerated:
  - Despite his flaws, he was and is Fisheye's entire world.
- Celia Williams - Mother - Deceased:
  - She died shortly after childbirth. Fisheye doesn't miss her- after all what was there to miss?- as much as she sometimes used to miss the idea of a mother. Dad always let her have all her mother's things and he'd answer most questions. Fisheye never felt like she couldn't ask or talk about her, though Dad seemed to sometimes feel far away when she did.
- Emma Walker - Paternal Aunt - Alive:
  - Something like a mother. Almost. Fisheye doesn't quite miss living with her or her kids, but she does miss the hot meals sometimes. She wasn't a monster at all, just not the most affectionate. She also never really treated Fisheye as her own. More like some kid she was paid to watch. Fisheye supposed that's accurate, however.
- James Walker - Paternal Uncle-in-law - Deceased:
  - Aunt Emma's late husband. He passed away before Fisheye was born. She heard he'd died in army service.
- Francine, Lily, Anderson - Cousins - Alive:
  - Sometimes playmates. Sometimes bullies. As kids you grow up with can be. Fisheye supposes they're the closest thing to family she has now. She keeps up with them every now and then.

### Trivia

- Her childhood nickname, "Fisheye", comes from the fact that she has very dark irises that make her look wide-eyed like a fish.
- Tried to get her ears pierced once but it didn't stay. She figures for the best, since she doesn't think any kind of jewelry looks right on her.
- Usually likes to have her hair tied up in some way and out of her face. It's usually in a braid.

### MUN INFO

Lee / helosk#3395

they/them, 21+, grad student

UTC-06:00 timezone

Preferred RP formats:

- HCs, Semi-lit, Lit
- RP Server, Discord DMs