




Grimshaw Grey



BY CYSHA WE LOVE CYSHA

Voiceclaim:

 [Blue Diamond Scenes - Steven Universe](#)

Theme:

[Grimshaw Battle Theme](#)



(Dividers made by Sammie Strnad)

Basic Information

Alias: Grim (A shortening of her name), Grimace (A nickname given by Ardor)

Age: 26

Race: Human

Alignment: Neutral Good

Gender: Female

Sexual Orientation: Heterosexual

Occupation: Hunter Aspirant, Orderly Home shopkeep,



Physical Description:

Height: 5 foot 3 inches

Weight: 110 lb

Complexion: Pale caucasian

Eye Colour: Silver-y grey

Hairstyle: Feathery sideswept bangs, long singular braid

Hair Colour: Raven black

Distinguishing Features: Her wide eyes

Clothing: A black hooded mantle atop a juliet sleeved short dress, paired with black pants and knee-high leather boots.

Current Home: New Falkvard

Current Location: New Falkvard



Personality:

Long Term Goals: Join the Hunters Guild (Done), Gain recognition from a God, keep her friends safe

Short Term Goals: Learn how to fight properly, keep making connections, build her confidence

Affiliation: Hunter's Guild, House Qorvinayas(?)

Character Strengths: Reliable, kind, protective, fast-learner, determined

Character Weaknesses: Nervous socially, forgetful, people-pleaser



Character History:

Grimshaw was born to human parents on the outskirts of a farming hamlet, her mother a local seamstress while her father helped work the fields. Both had been described to her as kind, gentle people.. But she'd never know them herself, as not long after her birth a plague struck the world and fell upon her humble home. Her father was infected while out at work, disappearing out of the blue much to her mothers worry before returning weeks later.. As a zombie, leading to her mothers own infection. While her mother still held her senses, she evacuated her baby daughter to a local church of Aderoth before going back into isolation. Sadly, this would be the last time Grimshaw would know her mothers embrace, as despite the quarantine and swift response- both mother and father would perish to their affliction, leaving the child in the care of that small church.

The little one grew as one might expect with the church's guidance, dutiful to her elders and soft natured- yet she had an unshakeable timidity about her, preferring her own company and natures to that of other people. Picking up valuable skills in the meantime, mending her own clothing, preparing basic meals, she took to these lessons like a fish to water. Despite what would be considered the norm for one in her situation, she didn't grow devoted to kindly Aderoth whos church had shielded her from the cold, instead Grimshaw found herself taken with Perities, God of Wildlife and the Hunt, spending outdoor time constructing what she considered 'offerings' for such a God. Though these turned out to be primarily piles of whatever berries she could find atop a circle of twigs. Due to their location, she remained sheltered from the harshities of the reigning wars but the countryside wouldn't be able to shield her from the devastation that took place when she was thirteen years old.

All children love snow, don't they? Playing, creating snowmen... But what if that winter lasted for an entire year? That was the disaster plaguing the world at this time, unabating ice and cold. The Kingdom had prepared for such, but not all places could be reached, and with the location of the church- Supplies were strung thin. Grimshaw was still determined to go outside despite the cold, where she found what she would consider a blessing. A strange man coming out of the local woods, and when seeing the wide eyed child, offered her some fresh meat. A gift like that in such harsh times brought a smile to her face, as did the strangers offering to show her how to catch her own

meat. They gave no name- simply calling themselves a hunter, but Grimshaw did not forget a single moment of their lessons, learning basic snares and being gifted a small simple dagger.

Food remained sparse over the year, but Grimshaw would bring anything she managed to catch from the edge of the woods back to the church to share among those staying there. Winter finally passed into a new spring a year later, and yet Grimshaw still did not stop practicing, able to make small snares near enough blindfolded as she took to selling her catches to local towns and bringing the coins back to fund the church and any locals who found themselves in need of the charity. On her twentieth birthday, seven years after that life-changing winter, the head priest of the temple approached Grimshaw with a gift and a purpose, "Child, you have lived here long enough. The wilds call to you, little hunter, and so I come bearing a gift."

Grimshaw accepted the gift, opening the box to reveal a pair of new leather boots, well suited for travel and supplies for a journey as the elder laughed, "Be free, little hunter, though do ensure you come to visit, afterall, we will always be your home."

Tears dotted her vision, but the young woman happily embraced the priest, before packing her belongings. Setting out towards the capital of the kingdom in hopes to expand her horizons and pursue the advancements of her skills.

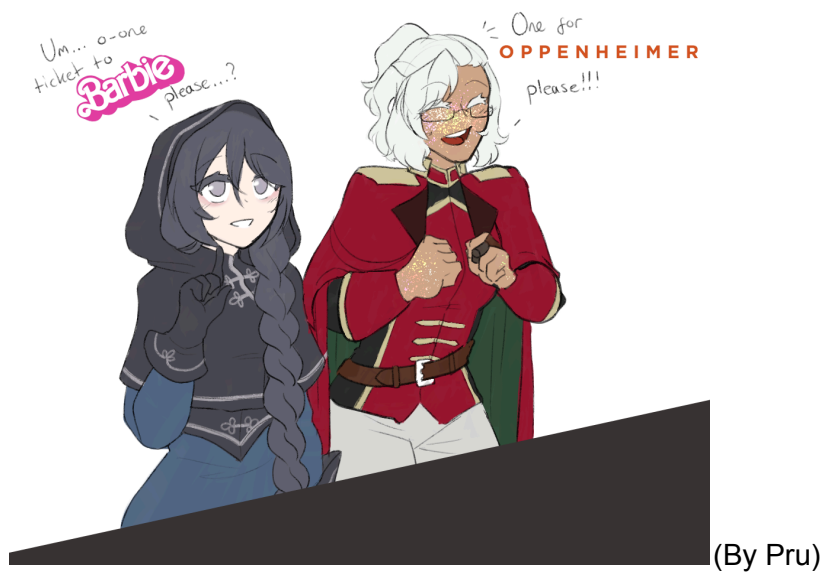
Other Information:

Her pet cat, Bartholomeow:



Minecraft Name: Luna_Eclipse123

All Artwork:





(by Ale)

