

FREAK FEST



PROFILE

name	Artemis Fincher Passero	height	5'7"
also known as	Finch	birthplace	Chicago, Illinois
age	31	nationality	American
pronouns	he/they	occupation	priest

beliefs 📖 believer

Being a man of faith, and one particularly and fervently interested in the mechanisms of human faith, Finch is by nature a man who upholds belief even in seemingly ridiculous or abhorrent as a virtue innate to all human life. Cryptids, conspiracies and mysteries of the likes are no exception, and he is hoping to understand why and how people have come about to believe in such matters otherwise considered unconventional by the larger public.

class 📖 stoner

base health | 20

ability | STROKE OF GENIUS

Stoners are unable to roll nat 1s when they are buffing their party, instead when they roll a 1 they experience a stroke of genius. What this stroke of genius is will depend on the situation at hand, and rarely will it be fairly acknowledged by their teammates.

stats |

Strength [0]
Dexterity [+2]
Intelligence [+3]
Social [+1]

combat skills 📖

rank | 0 [Unarmed | Level 0 | —]

personality 📖

easy-going / generous / adaptive / optimistic
callous / self-destructive / paranoid / hypocritical

Finch carries himself with an air-walk ease and seeming lack of care, quite uncharacteristic for a man of a faith's institution. Admittedly not the most popular priest in the eyes of most devoted parishioners for his reluctance to preach and his inclination to study and venture into realms of questionable affect, there is a surprising openness and adaptive mindset to Finch and his core values. Growing up in a household with a history of turbulent values and directions of faiths, he naturally learned to take in differences of

himself and others at a stride and to always give someone and their something a benefit of a doubt.

There is little sense of time, be it past, present, or future in Finch's senses as they all blend together into one muddled timeline in his mind. He often fails to keep up to made promises and his own records, often making contradictory statements and actions as he often acts upon and relies on the situations in his tangible present moment rather than as a continuum. Often times he tends to bring about his own failures and downfalls as a direct result of his own actions because of this.

With a que-sera-sera approach to life, Finch's great strength comes in his unwavering calm and his utmost trust in the outcome over the process. Although comforting to some, at times Finch's unnerving calm that borders on uncaring levels can also come across as something rather off putting, especially if they're looking for something more of a heart-to-heart in connection.

Although Finch appears to have a boundless capacity for placing his own faith in others, he struggles to ultimately connect with and trust individuals (with the sole exception of of course, the true and holy Lord above). While Finch may have his qualms with the institution of his own faith, he is by no means a lesser devoted than any of the most fervent believers of the higher power. In a way, Finch clings onto his faith and his last remaining and unwavering belief in God as his final touch of connection to others.

biography

cw. mentions/implications of emotional/physical abuse, substance use

Artemis Fincher Passero, better known as Finch, was born on the edge of Chicago to two runaway parents. Despite Finch's ultimate outcome as an adult, the family initially was not a particularly religious one. The family lived a relatively content life together in the initial years despite the hardships, Finch's father and mother both working odd jobs to keep the family going.

However, after Finch's father found out about the mother's involvement in a cult and discovering her financial devotions to its worship, the parents separated. Finch would be taken in by his father, with his mother leaving the two of them in anguish that would continue to cast its heavy shadow over Finch's moral conscience for years to come, especially being so close to his mother as a child. With little grounds left to stand on on their own, Finch's father attempted to reconcile his family to help raise his son and to get his family out of the financial rut. While the paternal family welcomed the father and son back, they weren't willing to fully accept someone who once turned their back on their faith and family.

As soon as Finch and his father moved back into the paternal household, Finch was sent to a Catholic boarding school under the family's advice of making sure this boy did not stray from the "righteous path" as his mother did. Being a rather reclusive and meek child, Finch struggled to fit into a regimented boarding school where faith was preached with an iron fist. Many teachers made the quiet child out to be a hopeless cause as he was prone to resisting the forced changes, although a few remained generous to the boy and slowly taught him of divine love for humanity and for individual lives - even him.

After graduating from Catholic school, Finch would enroll in university, a time where he spent time truly on his own - away from family, away from religion. During this time, the unfamiliar buzzing taste of freedom took Finch to some unexpected and at times dangerous directions; from intimacy to drugs to the occult, although none of them truly stuck around for him in a meaningful and dedicated way. By the time Finch had been approached with any genuine care and affection, he turned his back on them and returned to the familiar and immortal love offered by religion, afraid of the ephemerality and temperamental half-truths of human desires and affection that could only be fulfilled by sins and more sins.

Make me righteous, good and deserving, he would pray, until the prayer became his literal path.

Finch became a priest by profession after completing the education and training at the age of 29, becoming assigned to a parish in a small town near the Illinois-Indiana border. However, slowly as he began the work of being the conscious voice of the divine words, he began to feel the discomforting weight of his own job. Suddenly his faith no longer belonged to him and himself only, but now had to bear the weight of being a guide to the fellow followers. The tension between him and his parishioners slowly realizing the newly appointed priest's reluctance for community involvement and reclusive nature were beginning to seep, although not overtly so. Slow sermons and reluctant conversations only irritated them further, and every virtue and credential Finch had left of himself was belief and belief alone.

He had overheard the name of Freak Fest from some passing conversations of the youths at his church and the news outlets. The news of a gathering of those with passion for otherwise unconventional and even "immoral" beliefs intrigued him. He wished to understand what of the most unbelievable made these people believe, so fervently, in such beliefs. While keeping the details under the wraps, Finch took a leave from his job and decided to head out all the way to Vermont in order to take a look at the matters himself - the escape would simply just be an added treat to this expedition.

etc. 

- Maltese on father's side, with a mother of Persian-Greek heritage. He grew up with a mix of these cultures, though with a closer tie to the maternal cultures during his childhood.
- He used to know how to speak Greek and some Persian as a child, but eventually fell out of practice and use as the family separated. He can recognize familiar words and sentences, but cannot speak either of the languages as comprehensively as he once used to.
- Began smoking and has had experiences with cannabis and hallucinogenic drugs during college. Currently his smoking is the only ongoing habit.
- Used to work part-time at a local deli in Chicago when he was a student to pay for his tuition. Is a skilled sandwich maker and meat carver as a result.
- Does not have a driver's license, but has had a few instances of experiences behind the wheels out of necessity.
- His childhood nickname was Artie, short for his first name Artemis. Finch is a name that came about and stuck around since his school boy days, and it is the name by which most people know him by as of now. Parents apparently took inspiration for these names from a book of poetry, although which book was never discussed with Finch himself. They never had the time for it.

rp preferences

timezone | Japan Standard Time (GMT +9)

RP style | I generally tend to prefer headcanons as my timezone and work schedule might not make for an easy and immediate back-to-back conversation, open to most formats, so please feel free to discuss your preferences or any new options you want to try out!

RP comfort | Good with most interactions and topics, although I would appreciate a prior heads-up if you're discussing anything nsfw. Open to any possible relations both past and present for my character, but would appreciate a prior heads-up on your hopes and plans as well since I may not always understand your intentions correctly.

MINDSCAPE

cw. depictions of abuse, bodily harm/horror, self-harm and gore

i. the doll house 🖐️

There was a house built between the walls, beneath the roofs and above the feet, in a world smudged in the colours of sulking clouds. This is where God has created his promised garden.

His scissors are as big as a mouth of a wolf, needle as cold as fire and threads as holy as his very essence. God took you, in the shape of a man, and molded you into an angel.

Your back was too small and bent;
so he sewed your wings onto your arms.

Your gaze was too glaring and poisoned;
so he sewed your lids together into a peace.

Your voice was too distorted and confused;
so he sewed your tongue together to only sing.

Your veins were too sickly and blue;
so he poured the most beautiful and burning colours of red into you.

When all was said and done, he would smile, to you and you alone.

And you would never be able to forget it.

ii. the bird 🖐️

Icarus would envy your wings of flesh and blood. Small, so fragile, yet these wings are the very praying hands with which you have prayed your devotion to. In every fiber and marrow of your hollow bones, there is sure existence of life coursing throughout. A prick on your chest reveals the bead of bright red, the most beautiful colour. It is the same colour as the sun painted above your head.

Life is the gift you were given.

Your God is kind, and he knows in every which way your body will break. The seams of your body were, after all, put in place by his very own hands. In a day yet to come, your body will come undone, revealing the chalky white of your bones and your red brilliance clotting into black through and through until all your pigments are reduced to ashen monochrome, like the rest of the world as it welcomes you at last into its embrace.

Death is the promise you are reassured of.

iii. the garden 🖐

To you, atop the shoulders of your god on this speckle of a paradise on an infinite is the entire world. You know every name, chatter and the colours the garden would sing even as your eyes remain in perpetual night with stars stitched into the backs of your eye lids. The garden coils its body around you like an ouroboros built out of mouthfuls of devotion.

When the garden strokes its gentle yet prickly leaves and branches against your delicate feathers, you feel your own warmth running down, slowly dripping down and into the grounds into unfathomable depths of the holy grounds.

When the thorns pick and pull your threads apart, the God hands you his scissors, needles and threads.

When your wings become undone,
your eyes torn open,
voice croaking
and your blood gushing into an ooze,

he trusts you

that you will pull your pieces together
to pull the torn threads out
to lull the croak to a hum
to sleep yourself back to the dark
to bleed your filth dry

to be you
crafted by his very hands, as you were
YOU
again, and again, and again.

Because you know and he knows, that a paradise is never lost until the last of its angels open their eyes and fly.