General Information

Character's Full Name: Molly McIntyre Deare
Age: Died at 25,
Deathday: September 2nd
Nickname(s): Molly Dire
Gender: Female
Sexual Orientation: considers herself straight, but currently reevaluating things
Occupation: Former county terror, currently unemployed

Powers or Species Traits/Abilities:

Species: Ghost
Powers or Species Traits/Abilities:

Specter: Molly is the lingering ghost of someone long dead, the embodiment of their resentment and the shock of their untimely end. She is a nexus of otherworldly energies, given form and thought by tragedy. She is not bound by many mortal laws, capable of a selective adherence to gravity and tangibility. She can float, fly, fall, or walk at will, and can pass through solid objects at will.

Possession: As a wavelength of spiritual energy on the material plane, Molly is able to exert a degree of supernatural influence over objects around her. She is able to control the airflow in her immediate vicinity, a classic ghost party trick being to blow out all of the candles in a room at once or drop the temperature to a rather spooky chill, but she can also lift and move things based on how much of her power she wishes to exert to control them. Molly can also inhabit an object, residing entirely within its physical being and exerting her complete control over it. Potentially, she could inhabit a person and potentially exert her control over their body, but she cannot do this without express RP consent beforehand.

Shapeshifting: Molly's powers have grown and her grasp on her past identity has faded. This combination has granted Molly considerable control over her body, able to reshape it at will and with considerable ease. She is able to melt herself into a liquid or dissolve herself into a gas, to gain or lose any number of limbs she could want of any kind, to harden her body to the density and durability of metal or make it as soft and warm as living flesh or whip it into a roaring emerald hellfire. Her only limitation is her sense of self, as her forms often must include her Jack O'Lantern in some way or form, and she cannot change the true nature or inky-black color of her ectoplasmic body.

Weaknesses, Aversions, Susceptibilities:

Waxing and Waning: Molly's powers wax and wane with the flow of time, with the extent of her abilities and her ability to prolong and sustain their use limited or bolstered by these conditions. She is normally more potent at night than she is during the day, and more powerful on moonless nights than during a full moon. The day before a full moon is her weakest time during the month, where a moonless night is her strongest. However, she is more powerful during the autumn months than the spring, with her abilities unaffected during the spring and winter. What's more, her powers are bolstered incredibly on October the 31st, but greatly diminished on all other holy days, including staff holidays AND Canada day.

Iconography: Objects and places of belief provide a degree of protection against Molly Dire, forcing her to exert herself considerably more to breach consecrated areas or interact with items deemed holy and sanctified. Hypothetically, a container could be blessed in such a way and used to contain her if she could be forced into it.

Exorcism and rituals: Molly is a form of spiritual energy on the material plane, and it is quite possible for this energy to be manipulated by those who'd know how. Her energy could be forcefully dispersed through an Exorcism, or entangled and controlled through magical or spiritual rituals. Despite being wholly visible, manifested, and able to interact with people, asking a question to a ouija board will force her to play with the dang thing rather than answer it herself, and those who consort with spirits could affect her most directly through their practices and incantations.

Limited supply: That spiritual energy that Molly's composed of is far from limitless. While she is constantly drawing it into the living world with her mere presence, she expends it like fuel to exist in a physical form, to call upon her ghostly abilities, and to create more of herself through her shapeshifting. The more Molly uses these abilities, the more she does her ghosty stuff, the quicker she burns through these reserves. If she were to overexert herself and use up too much of her ectoplasm, she'd weaken herself to the point of not being able to physically manifest, becoming an ephemeral, intangible shade until she can recover.

Place of rest: Ghosts gotta sleep, my dude. Molly must have a place or object absolutely steeped in her spiritual essence where she can reside and regain her ectoplasmic energies. Without such a place to focus herself, she is likely to become trapped as a formless whisper for a long time, possibly forever, but she is potentially vulnerable to exorcism, magical destruction or banishment while residing in such an object. Currently, the main places of rest for Molly are the site of her death and her inhumed remains, both back in Kernbuttum County, Ireland, and she is desperately seeking to make a spot for herself in Lore…

Appearance and Personality:

Appearance:

Molly's most prominent feature is her Jack O'Lantern, which normally serves as her head. The ripe, orange pumpkin is normally, roughly 20 inches in diameter, with triangular eyes, a square for a nose and a fanged crescent-moon grin carved into the front. A circular hole has been carved into the top, normally plugged by the stem, and a faint orange-yellow light flickers inside, like a small fire. The expression on the Jack O'Lantern changes to reflect her mood, but only seems to do so whenever it's not being observed… Molly will often bring her hands in front of her face quickly to facilitate this change.

Molly's body seems to flow from the bottom of her pumpkin head, and consists of a cold, black substance that bends and shapes itself to her will. She is always clothed in a patchwork mess of old, tattered cloth and something between a cloak, dress, or poncho of coarse burlap. This form is normally humanoid and somewhat feminine, but she can alter its shape, texture, size and consistency at will.

In life, Molly was pale lass with bright blue eyes and a button nose. Her great, fluffy mess of red-brown hair and prominent buck teeth gave her an almost squirrely quality, and she was tall and thin for her age.

Personality:

Molly is amicable but awkward, friendly but somewhat closed off. She's not socialized outside of terrorizing, haunting and attacking people for decades. Trying to put that in the past has been a bit of a struggle for her, it's been all she's known for so long. Adjusting to her new outlook, her new unlife, is difficult.

After spending so long, possibly over a century, consumed by the grudge of her death, the rage and hatred that left her spirit chained to the mortal world, Molly Dire has been left with a sensation of emptiness now that it is gone. She's moved past anger, past grief, but she hasn't passed on. Now she tries to find positives, curious about new things and new people, though she still finds some joy in scaring others.

History:

Shed a tear
For Molly Deare
No longer here
Died full of fear

Face the ire
Of Molly Dire
Consigned to fire
But rose from her pyre

Molly Deare was a milkmaid living on an estate in Kernsbuttum County, Ireland. Her family was well off but not extravagant or rich, her father being a disowned English noble and her mother from a long and respectable family. Her English blood and timid but facilitating nature made her a target of pranks and bullying from the townsfolk of Kernsbuttum, as did her relative plainness compared to her siblings. However, she took her abuse in stride, as she was the type to avoid confrontation and turn the other cheek.

One particular dark and unseasonably warm autumn night, however, Molly was invited to participate in a seasonal festival. She put on her best dress and went to the County dance, where she was treated with kindness and respect that she had never expected. Molly was able to take part in carving Jack O'Lanterns, bobbing for apples, and pulling some tricks of her own on the townsfolk in good fun. However, she found herself the victim of a rather cruel trick, all the crueler as her guard was lowered by earlier acts of kindness. She found herself with a Jack O'lantern stuck on her head, and a basin of ice cold water dumped on her. In a fit of indignation and rage, she shouted a curse on the people who had abused her this night, of all nights.

Now, her mother's side of the family was a respectable family of Irish descent, but far back in that line, in the dark and mysterious past, were those who courted unworldly powers, who conducted ancient and terrifying rituals on moonless nights. Pagans, witches, druids, all beings of natural and unnatural might and magic. On that autumn night, that hallowed eve before the start of winter, Molly shouted so raw and wrathful a curse that the wind picked up and snuffed every candle in every lantern in all of Kernsbuttum County, all but the ones in the old barn she had been pranked in… In fact, the wind shook that barn and threw the lanterns onto the straw floor. The townsfolk who had played their trick ran out the door of the barn, but the wind slammed the door shut before Molly could escape. No one turned to try and save her as the winds battered that barn down onto her and fanned the smoldering straw and creaking wood into a great bonfire that could be seen three counties over.

Molly Deare perished in that fire, burned up in an instant. However, that curse she uttered remained, carried by the wind and whipped all through the air, from one corner of Kernsbuttum to the other. Under all that smoldering rubble there was one thing left as well; a single, unbroken Jack O'Lantern. Some terrible power from that distant past had heard Molly's curse and recognized the blood of her forebears in her veins. It had acted, and now Molly was the curse. Molly Deare was dead, but now the county had Molly Dire.

For generations, the old roads to and from the town were haunted by a frightful apparition, a Jack O'Lantern cackling and flying through the trees, an ash-black woman with a pumpkin head and a frightful wailing voice. People would go missing at night, only for grizzly remains to be found days later on the roads outside the main town. Priests were called in to exorcize the poltergeist of Kernsbuttum County, but would leave with their faith shaken.

But, over time, the hauntings grew less and less frequent, the sightings rarer and rarer, and the danger of encountering the spirit diminished. Soon, people might only spot the dread Molly Dire by an unsettling clearing in the old woods or by an old, unkempt plot in the county graveyard. In truth, Molly reached the end of her anger, her curse on the county of Kernsbuttum feeling hollow after so long. She'd lost count of the years, and her rage gave way, not to despair, but to emptiness. What was there for her? Why hold onto a hatred whose origin she couldn't remember? She went to her grave, not even able to remember the curse she had uttered so long ago, thinking she may lie beneath the cold ground until heaven or hell took her, until she stopped thinking. Instead, she dove into the dirt under her tombstone, but couldn't find her coffin. The dirt went on and on and on, seeming to descend forever. She plunged until there was only momentum, no sense of direction or destination… Suddenly, she emerged from the ground, blinded by a sudden light. She was in a coffee shop in broad daylight, the various residents looking on in surprise and confusion.

She wasn't sure how, but she had emerged into Lore.

Reputation:

Molly's reputation within Lore is quite lacking, as she's a rather new arrival, but people with knowledge of various folk legends, ghost stories, and paranormal incidents might be familiar with the headless horseman style horror stories of Molly Dire, the mad maiden of Kernsbuttum County.