



THE KILLER NETWORK



BASIC

<i>name...</i>	Arthur Miles Earnshaw
<i>alias...</i>	Art, Artie
<i>age + dob...</i>	33 April 7th
<i>gender...</i>	Cis Male
<i>pronouns...</i>	He/Him
<i>orientation...</i>	Heterosexual
<i>languages...</i>	English, Polish
<i>status...</i>	Widowed; Single
<i>group...</i>	Authority

APPEARANCE

<i>body type...</i>	Ectomorph
<i>height...</i>	6'1"
<i>weight...</i>	187 lbs
<i>hair color...</i>	Dark brown
<i>eye color...</i>	Dark brown
<i>tattoos...</i>	Crudely drawn bunny above his left knee
<i>piercings...</i>	None
<i>scars...</i>	A lengthy forearm scar running up the outermost side
<i>faceclaim...</i>	Matthew McNulty

MENTAL / PHYSICAL HEALTH

<i>mental health status</i>	fair/poor
Earnshaw's stability is tenuously strung between avoiding his grief and struggling to move on. He works too hard, drinks too much, and never sleeps long enough; exasperating his already depressive symptoms while trying to maintain a facade of strength. Yet healing is never linear.	
<i>physical health status</i>	good
Considering the Detective's diet is composed of whatever he can grab on the go, consistent drinking, breaktime cigarettes, and the rare well-balanced meal - Arthur is a regular to his twenty-four-hour gym with a history of fitness from time in the CID.	

PERSONALITY

TRAITS		
<i>Persistent</i>	<i>Quick-witted</i>	<i>Charismatic</i>
<i>Crude</i>	<i>Temperamental</i>	<i>Cynical</i>
LIKES		
<i>Crisp mornings</i>	<i>Analysing evidence</i>	<i>Boxing & Wrestling</i>
<i>Snowstorms</i>	<i>Awful Movies</i>	<i>Dogs; his own</i>
DISLIKES		
<i>Disobliging suspects</i>	<i>Licorice</i>	<i>Undeserved authority</i>
<i>Cold cases</i>	<i>Morgue disinfectant</i>	<i>Reptiles</i>



BIOGRAPHY

Arthur Miles Earnshaw

MBTI

ISTP-T

ALIGNMENT

Lawful Good



(TW: Death of a minor, death of a spouse, etc.)

A council-estate brat, born and bred in East London. Arthur gladly calls himself the poster child of the welfare state, born to a disadvantaged teenage mother and kicked aside by family, they struggled with social housing, unemployment and insufficient education; something his mother always felt she should remedy. As she balanced her work to attend night school, fond recollections of playing in empty hallways and lecturers' offices are tinged with the rose glasses of nostalgic youth - he was taken everywhere she went. Always sleeping under a mountain of coats at pubs, festivals, house parties, wherever she had the little extra left over to reclaim some of her lost years.

It wasn't necessarily a bad childhood, albeit fraught with a frequently overwhelmed parent who could be snappy or impatient, sometimes regretful she'd carried him to full term, other times debating surrendering him for adoption with the belief she was inadequate - a child raising a child. When she received her certificate to become a carer, the hours doubled. Arthur, independent enough to send himself to school and reheat whatever she'd left for him - developed the habit of getting into trouble, brazen as anything. Whoever he sat next to, he could start a conversation; coerce a joke; right up till they placed him next to the most recent addition to their class. A little Polish girl named Magdalena, who spoke not a lick of English. As far as teachers go, they thought it was solved. But Arthur prided himself on being difficult, and Magdalena wouldn't even *look* at him, so the efficient next step was taking out a Polish to English dictionary from the library and butchering the language until she felt the need to correct him.

It kick-started a friendship which lasted years; Maggy had the dry wit and he had the schemes - benefitting from his conversational extent of Polish the more they used it to avoid being overheard. Their exploits were compiled of exploring abandoned construction sites which ought to have killed them, staying out until the street lights flickered on, and jumping the Underground barriers to catch trains into Kensington - and subsequently visiting museums to purposefully mislead tourists. Their time hopping rail lines was all in effort to avoid home. Where Maggy's parents were too suffocating, his was reinventing herself bringing men around in a bid to explore relationships she'd sacrificed. He could count on two hands the amount of men who tried to father him. And rarely did they ever make a genuine impact on his behaviour.

There were incidents. His mother tried to hide the worst of it, though she always put her son before any relationship - but one came back. A nasty piece of work who planned to make good on an old threat. Arthur tried to put himself between them, already an active lad with height on his side, getting slashed from hand to elbow and fracturing his eye socket. It was blind luck he managed to wrestle the knife from him, luckier still the police arrived in good time to apply first aid and avoid Arthur haemorrhaging out. His stint in hospital marked itself with a particular conversation while the officers were taking statements to press charges - a constable, fresh faced on the job, divulging his work and studies while maintaining a talkative distraction.

Few people can say they've had a eureka moment about the career they want. Fewer so after being the victim to violent crime.

As he knuckled down his studies, Maggy and he started what could only be called an ill-advised relationship in the aftermath, a confusion of relief and panic that devolved into romance. They fell apart quickly, as first loves like to wither. Parting for university, their goodbye died with a whimper. Getting as far from home as he could, Arthur studied at the Manchester Metropolitan University. He'd gain a bachelor's degree in Criminology and Sociology, where his third year was marked by a foreign student. Edith. An American spending her final year studying Biochemistry abroad; she was sensible, had a head full of curls and dark eyes, and seemed the kind of woman who even looking at her, you knew she was destined for greater things. He made her laugh. She stayed.

Joining the National Detective Programme, a fast-track for much-needed Detectives to undergo rigorous two years study, aged twenty three he was employed by the Manchester Police. Subsequently, to further impress the much-needed success of his career, their plans to have a family came to fruition quicker than expected. The birth of a son, Theodore, named after his maternal grandfather, gave Arthur ambition to avoid his own childhood instability. Edith put her PhD on hold while they adjusted to the new dynamic, tying the knot at a registry office ceremony, clearing up financial loose ends and cementing their relationship to the gall of her parents - they visited once upon the birth of their grandson and decidedly wouldn't do so again.

Working for the Criminal Investigation Department, as a full Detective Constable straight out of training, Arthur was designated to a central specialised unit dealing with homicide. The cases often crossed into other units, though what most unsettled him was the domestic scenes. Men stabbed to death in their beds, women bludgeoned to an inch of their lives, children found face down in the bath where it was easiest. Homicide wasn't for the weak-livered, but neither did it do any good to see the aftermath of human malignance. Meanwhile supporting victims, closely cooperating with forensic psychologists to build a profile concerning the killer and whether or not they ought to perpetuate another; listening closely to the science of the pathologists and going through every tiny scrap of evidence that might suggest the true nature of the culprit. In comparison to Conan Doyle and Agatha Christie - *it was hard bloody work and less Nile cruises.*

Still, he and Edith were smitten. And outside of his heavy workload, Arthur always had time for Teddy. There wasn't a day which passed where there wasn't some astonishing discovery in that little boy's eyes - seeing everything for the first time. Besides the tantrums and mess, they even deliberated having another.

Aged three years, Teddy wandered off while his mother's back was turned during their shop outing. They thought he would be found within the hour, until one hour turned into two, and two turned into days. And days to Arthur meant their son was already dead where statistics were concerned. He turned up after six months The boy's remains interred to a shallow grave in Worsley Woods, until the foxes dug him up. Found by a cyclist, the incident hit headlines - especially after they'd announced him missing months prior. The culprit was a friend of theirs. One who had *grieved* with them. Who had gone *looking* with them. All the while their son was right there. *Right there*. Two streets over.

It marked the beginning of the end to their marriage. Edith's parents were in attendance at the funeral, from birth to death of a boy they never met, inviting Edith and Arthur to live with them. Salvaging what remained of their relationship, they emigrated to the States indefinitely. The offer allowed them to escape themselves for a short time - Earnshaw acquiring permanent residency through his wife and supported for a citizenship, kick-starting the process. Applying in Washington to a Police academy, he re-trained from the bottom rungs on a twenty-one week course, grasping the lawful differences he graduated with flying colours. It was easier the second time around, overqualified and underpaid from his already established home advantage and degree-level education. Edith finally began to study for her PhD again, purchasing a mid-size home together that felt as if it should've fit not merely a couple but a child. Just like that, it was as if Teddy had never existed. Edith refused to have his picture up, refused to speak of it - and Arthur resented her for letting him vanish.

They were miserable, two people waiting to die while throwing themselves into deep career drives. His mistake was looking elsewhere, seeking warmth he recalled from when they first met - and stumbled into the arms of his sister in law no less, one thing leading to another. Training, he called it. Weekends away from home. Edith knew better, she'd planned to bring up the divorce papers burning a hole in her desk. As soon as his citizenship was through. As soon as they were stable enough to begin untangling assets.

His citizenship was served aged thirty-one. Edith put it off. They celebrated, like themselves again, like coming home after a long journey and collapsing into a familiar chair. It didn't last long.

One of those unfaithful weekends, finally awarded placement as a Detective trainee in the wake of his full papers, the security alarms for their home tripped - Arthur's phone was notified, buzzing until he turned it off. Edith tried to call, the security company attempted, and by the morning in the company of his infidelity - they were at last reached by a hysteric mother in law. Break and enter gone wrong, they said. Edith had been found with two bullets to the head. Her voicemails were raspy, shaken, the last words she ever left for him a sobbed reel of *where are you*.

The drinking was to cope. The affair abruptly ended. Arthur moved as soon as legalities were tied up and his promotion to Detective finalised, though Edith remained a cold case. And not one he could face opening up. Transferring instead to a larger precinct, leaving the tatters of a family he was no longer tied to - the last pieces of the past.

Seattle, new city. New faces. A year since he was widowed and out from the shadow of the place she died - all that running away might just catch up to him someday. But homicide doesn't wait for mourning, as he chose to omit any sort of leave of absence, nor the shell of a man struggling to keep his head above water.

<i>Up To No Good</i>	<i>Absinthe</i>	<i>No More Heroes</i>	<i>A Drink to Death</i>	<i>I Love You Like An Alcoholic</i>
<i>by ; The Hoosiers</i>	<i>by ; I DON'T KNOW HOW BUT THEY FOUND ME</i>	<i>by ; The Stranglers</i>	<i>by ; That Handsome Devil</i>	<i>by ; The Taxpayers</i>