



KIT VOSSEL

REYNARD the FOX

PRONOUNS

She/Her

AGE

30

HEIGHT

5'4

OCCUPATION

Radio Journalist

“So, anyway, Fabletown, to whoever-the-fuck’s still listening to radio - I’ve been Kit Vossel with the news from ChannelLore, annnnd... Heh. I s’pose I will be tomorrow as well. Alright, ‘til later- love ya’.”

OFFPRINT

ORIGIN

STRENGTH

10

DEXTERITY

12

INTELLIGENCE

13

HEALTH

12

[LINK to GURPS SHEET](#)

PERSONALITY

ENTP-A DEBATER - 8w7 CHALLENGER

CLEVER	EASY-GOING	CAREFREE	BOLD
SARCASTIC	SHAMELESS	INSIGHTFUL	FLIRTY
JEALOUS	SKETCHY	ARGUMENTATIVE	SUSPICIOUS

With a wide grin crooked from use, Kit exudes an **easy-going, sleazebag** energy that's either immediately **charming** or **off-putting** - depending on who you ask. A glib fast-talker, Kit can spin a conversation for hours without revealing anything of substance armed with self-deprecating quips and sharp barbs. Rooted in a deeply **sarcastic** sense of humour, her playfully teasing demeanour can turn into sharp lashing out when insecurity or tension sets in.

Kit's approach is overly-familiar, tossing nicknames and jabs into the mix from the get-go. She'll **freely flirt** around with or without real romantic intention, just because it's an easy way to get that **Social Validation**. If it falls flat, that's fine - Kit **enjoys annoying** others just as much. **Especially authority figures**.

Always living in the now, Kit has a **laid-back affect** and is easily adaptable. Not always nonchalant, though; when Kit sets her sight on a goal she's as tenacious as a dog with a bone. She's **curious** to the point of **suspicion** - if she can't figure out an answer or someone's keeping a secret, she assumes the worst. Dubious of other people's intentions, Kit can seem a little greedy; she doesn't do anything she sees as wasting her time unless she'll **get something in return** for it.

Trying to get genuinely close to her is a challenge, as she alternates between playful banter and **evasive humour**. Kit is capable of **sudden bursts** of empathetic displays, offering wisdom that reveals a deeper insight into other people's emotions than she lets on. However, these moments pass just as suddenly as Kit abruptly retreats to a safe distance when genuine connection come too close for comfort.

HISTORY

TL;DR (The length of the backstory got away from me a bit fdgdfjhgdj sorry)

Tumultuous relationship with family, leaves Fabletown after highschool to go find herself globetrotting for six years, moves back to Fabletown for college, becomes a radio reporter, muck-rake, ???, profit.

CHILDHOOD

Kit found scandal from day one.

Born Caitlín Agnesse, the third child of a young couple without a drop of fox-blood between them, her copper-furred limbs immediately sparked whispers of infidelity. Months of bitter accusations and denial led to her father packing his bags and leaving.

Alone amidst judgement and gossip, the young mother retreated back to the homestead owned by Caitlin's grandmother, the stern matriarch of the Agnesse family. The estate housed generations of extended kin, overshadowing Caitlin's browbeaten mother in her formative years. Despite modest means, the Agnesse family were pillars of their community. Devoted Canonists, they styled themselves as self-sacrificing, hardworking folk. After all, they boasted a lineage traced back to the earliest heroes of Aesop; to the sheep and mice and chickens that scurried and hurried and toiled.

Yet in that large home, Caitlin felt like an outsider, branded by her heritage and her mother's supposed 'wrongdoing'. And yet, she'd never elaborate on the story. A curious kid, Caitlin would often pester her mother about her real dad, yet was always shut down - eventually giving up on asking.

It was always her fault, it seemed, for whatever her older siblings or cousins got into. They'd identified her as a convenient scapegoat as blame - deserved or not - easily clung to her. Whenever an incident occurred, they'd blame the *"fox running amok in her blood"* - and any defence was dismissed by someone chiding her *"untrustworthy silver tongue"*. From their Canon-guided narrative her family only ever saw the fox she'd been 'written' to be; a sharp-toothed stain on a well-mannered herd.

With a growing chip on her shoulder Caitlin was prone to acting out, both at home and school. Amidst constant hen-pecking and snide remarks, Caitlin sought refuge in books and solitude. She learned to entertain herself not from shyness, but to escape. As a child Caitlin was, in a word, uncomfortable. She was a loner, not by choice or shyness but by ways of painfully evident awkwardness - weird and ill-socialised.

TEEN YEARS

By high school, Kit - her now adopted nickname - had reached a realisation. Nothing she did would ever impress her family, so why bother trying?

Kit embraced her rebellious streak, finding kinship with fellow misfits. With new confidence came a penchant for trouble, and Kit did more than her fair share of dumb stunts and hijinks; like ditching school for days on glamoured 'field trips' into the human world. Despite having a sharp mind and thirst for knowledge, she remained an underachiever.

When her grandmother passed midway through senior year, Kit saw an opportunity. On the night of the funeral, Kit snuck into the dusty attic to 'sort through' her late grandmother's things. There, she looked for forgotten valuables to pawn, cash for concert tickets and 'recreational medicinals'. Armed with a lockpicking trick learnt from a dodgy friend, Kit cracked open her grandmother's old chest. Inside, she found trinkets old enough to be antiques, a jewellery box, even stylish dresses for her own wardrobe. At the bottom, sentimental keepsakes; journals, photos of old friends, boxes of baby teeth (ew), and parcels of letters.

Kit couldn't resist diving into her find right there, reading for hours by flashlight.

Flirtatious letters, dated well into her grandparent's marriage, from a 'Bernard Vossel'. Those caught her eye. Then, a photo made her fur stand on end - she'd seen him earlier that day, aged but recognisable, amidst mourners. A fox-tailed man in an ill-fitting suit.

Curiosity sparked. With a name, Kit easily found his address and visited the run-down town house where he lived alone. It was clear why. Clad in a bathrobe and reeking of whisky, 'Bernie' was no longer the charmer from her grandmother's letters. Still, he talked, and an hour-long conversation confirmed her suspicion; her mother had never strayed. It was her grandmother who'd had the affair, passing down the fox heritage that by chance manifested in Kit. And now, she finally knew what she was an offprint of: Reynard Fox.

Eager to clear her mother's name, Kit confronted her family and was met with resistance. *"Respecting legacy matters more than some age-old affair! Why slander a dead woman?"* Even her mother only wearily accepted the revelation, prioritising keeping peace.

The backlash was the final straw for Kit. She left for good, defiantly changing her surname and moved in with Bernie until graduation. It was no heartwarming family reunion, as Bernie cared more about being able to charge rent for the spare bedroom than reconnecting. That suited Kit just fine.

BYE FABLETOWN

Restless by nature, Kit left Fabletown after graduation with just a backpack, a stock of glamour, and no plan.

The following years were a whirlwind, taking Kit from bustling cities to remote corners. She embraced every experience, the more unconventional the better. Kit connected with people; in communes, festivals, couchsurfing, a week-long psychoactive ritual, and hiking.

Turns out everyone, everywhere, liked stories. People asked questions, opened up; a history passed along and a connection was made. Inspired, Kit started documenting her travels on a blog - barely popular, and certainly not profitable. She stayed afloat doing odd jobs—bartending, guiding tours, a brief stint as a taxi driver. Once, she nearly bluffed her way into teaching surfing until they realised she could barely swim, let alone ride a wave.

HI FABLETOWN

Still, the tether of glamour regularly brought her back to Fabletown over the years. Ironically, the more she roamed the more her curiosity led back to Fables. Kit was fascinated by the odd link between human imagination and Fables, and by the power of storytelling. As she documents her own experiences, she finds a knack for uncovering and sharing stories.

Newfound purpose prompted Kit to pursue higher education, so at age 24 she enrolled in Everlore College to study Communications (**Kyle pointed out this rhymed and rapped it like LMM and now I'm haunted**). After early years of poor academic performance, college was a pleasant surprise as Kit truly immersed herself into the program.

Delving deeper into journalism, Kit found a particular affinity for radio at an internship. As a medium she found it more dynamic and personal, it's expressive nature letting her personality carry into her reports.

PRESENT DAY

Driven not by altruism but by an entitled thirst for revelations, Kit dove headfirst into investigative journalism.

Freshly graduated, Kit landed a job reporting at a local station, ChannelLORE FM, delivering daily news with blatant personal commentary. Today, Kit also hosts her own segment: 'Open Book'. There she presents her own investigative reports, ongoing scandals, or (on slow days) local scuttlebutt.

Over the years, Kit's earned herself a reputation as a thorn in the side of many in town. Owing to her rebellious past, Kit has a fair number of contacts inside the seedier underbelly of Fabletown, assisted further by her general tendency to prioritise a story over ethical considerations. Eavesdropping, petty B&E, a dash of coercion - other such things.

Her natural (and perhaps unfounded) assumption that the authorities are likely incompetent, bureaucratic or corrupt drives her to take initiative, so on multiple occasions Kit has gotten word of something less-than-legal occurring and rather than notify authorities chose to personally investigate the story alone. This type of muckraking has so far ended with little more than a slap on the wrist - a fine, a few nights stay in a cell - as she's stayed close enough to the right side of the law to get away with it. One wonders how long that luck will hold.

In the same sense, Kit's proclivity for sticking her nose where it doesn't belong has earned her ire from the powers that be. Particularly her ongoing 'feud' with the FFA's Errata, especially worsened as of late as Kit's attention has turned to the Grimm phenomenon.

A relationship that was immediately on the wrong foot, unsurprisingly given that they both embodied aspects the other would immediately dislike - government bureau and fox. Regardless, they instantly rubbed each other the wrong way. Any initial thought of working together was quickly discarded as Kit's petty pride won out, instead making entertainment in trying to find new ways of getting under Errata's skin.

Her persistent confrontation of FFA employees and weaselling statements out of the naïve has made her no friends in their ranks. On one occasion after securing an interview in the Ferry Building with a newly promoted and perhaps slightly naïve caseworker Kit was found wandering quite far from the bathroom she'd asked to stop in. Since these incidents, FFA media training has become mandatory.

Unfortunately, nothing can stop Kit from conducting her own investigations and reporting on them. That it could jeopardise an FFA ongoing investigation doesn't seem to bother her much - though, despite her nonchalant attitude Kit doesn't actually want to cause harm. Just... trouble.

Besides, anything that rubs Errata the wrong way must lead to a good story, no?

RELATIONSHIPS

1

BERNARD VOSSEL

"That rotting old fox! These days he's more gum than teeth and more wrinkles than sense. Ass- keeps bumming my cigs. Ahh, s'pose I oughtta visit him soon."

'Bernie', an old man let Kit stay with him for a few months many years ago. Presently, Kit helps supports his retirement home costs and visits him infrequently.

2	MISS SILK	“Gotta say, Miss Silk’s a real doll. And that’s me talking, so, heh- you know, I’m not nice at the drop of a hat. But she’s not even mad when I forget rent’s due! Cute nailwork, too.” The landlord of the slightly rundown flat that Kit rents. While Kit can always make rent, her sense of time is all messed up from her coming and goings at all hours so she frequently misses a due date. So far, Miss Silk has been very generous.
3	ERRATA	“Hah! Yeah, that dragon’s a real piece of work...” Something about Errata really sets Kit on edge. Perhaps it’s their dislike for Kit’s origin, or perhaps it’s how dangerously close to self-reflection thinking about that sets Kit. Either way, she’s committed to returning the ‘favour’, always making a point to pester her at events.



“Small talk? Hah, yeah, sure- I know about a hundred ways to make someone more interesting, and favourite colour is bottom of th’list. But hey, let’s start there- purple.”

TRIVIA

LIKES	DISLIKES
Arts: Kit is fond of the arts in general, but has a soft spot for reading and writing poetry. Very shy about it.	Authority: Be it government, church, canon, etc., Kit is still in her ‘rebel without a cause’ phase.
Substances: Ye Fairytale Weede Variety	Humidity: Immensely uncomfortable with her fur - makes it fluff up and curl.
Spicy Food: Food that is way too spicy for her. Past the threshold of enjoyment to masochistic ‘spice challenge’ bullshit.	Certain Noises: Despite having human-looking ears, they’re still very

sensitive. Sudden loud noises or repetitive ones she can't place quickly [drive her crazy](#).

- I. Has a tattoo glamour that she recharges rather than a trinket. It felt safer while travelling to always have it on her - also, she loves tattoos and is constantly getting more, so any excuse works. The glamour is of a leaping fox on her side.
- II. Owns multiple wigs, both for disguises and fashion.
- III. On that topic, an absolute second-hand fiend. Kit's apartment is a bit of a mess, particularly her bedroom, and it has to do with an absolutely over-the-top amount of clothing and fabric stuffed into and onto every surface that can handle it. It's a wonder she doesn't have moths.
- IV. More of a hippie than might be expected. Both her and her apartment smell strongly of incense, and she's a little more invested in tarot and horoscopes than can truly be written off as 'for laughs'. Has an 'ironic' crystal charging station next to a dead succulent on her windowsill.

RP INFORMATION

NAME	Kasper
PRONOUNS	He/They
TIMEZONE	CEST (GMT+1)

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