

Name: F.C Sinatra (F.C standing for Frankie-Calissa)

Age: 23

Gender: Female

Species: Human

Occupation: Daughter to the owner of a wealthy industrialized businessman

Physical Description: Standing at 5'7 and weighing a modest 140 pounds, F.C is a caucasian woman of... *eccentric* appearance. To start from the top to bottom, her hair (an egyptian blue in colour, due to various dyes. Naturally it's black) is poofy and curled, most notably with a bang on the right side of her head that curls down to almost cover her right eye entirely.

Speaking of her eyes, which are a lilac in coloration, they are always found behind peculiar gold-rimmed glasses, with strange lenses. The one over her right eye is a dark black, while the left is clear and translucent. She doesn't explain *why*, it just is. After that, her upper wardrobe, which consists of a form fitting jacket with laced arms (her name '*Sinatra*' enlaid in cursive across the right arm in white stitching) and a corset like abdomen. After that, a simpler open front skirt over trousers, and then boots. She also has a few articles of jewelry on her, most notably a golden beaded necklace she bought from Egypt, which has a few cork like baubles and spheres that are removable from it.

Personality: F.C is a woman with a sly, outspoken attitude that often borders on outright arrogant and dismissive of those she doesn't care for, even if ultimately in possession of a decently good heart. She's a woman who doesn't stand being told what she can or cannot do without her own say in the matter, and difficult to stay in one place for too long. She's also a notorious flirt, although mostly for the thrill of it as opposed to a certain need for validation or a partner. Something that seems to be a running theme with much of her life, doing what she wants to truly feel *free*.

Bio: To make an *incredibly* long story short, F.C is the daughter of a wealthy businessman in the U.K known as J.R Sinatra. His business? What isn't? If it's not a copyrighted material, his factories produce it. Which may sound like nothing, but when one considers the demand for the simple things, the knives, the pots, the pans, the miscellaneous pieces of metal for spare parts—well, the pounds start coming in, and in no short number as well. Add in some deals with the government, and J.R was a man very well off.

Off enough that his daughter could live a life of unburdensome frivols' and luxuries, go to the best schools, the usual. But she wasn't detached from the profits that had made her what she was. F.C was a common face in the factories, having more than her fair share of time to side with the workers, even learning some unorthodox skills from them (none the least being who could hold the most liquor, buuut)...

Eventually however, she noticed a strange recurring issue in these factories. The *gears*. Using some skills and techniques learned from Italian counterparts, her father's factories had made a

conjunction of machinery that efficient was prone to accidents—spinning too fast, wrong, pieces sometimes even *ricocheting off*. It was suspicious, and all too common. And so, F.C began to experiment, reading up on some sciences and maths to better understand the motion that guided this machinery... Something that lead her to the Golden Rotation.

Something clicked, and more than a few experiments later and some run ins with less than savoury criminal elements and workers who were less than keen with this girl, F.C awoke to her Stand and the preliminary stages of how The Spin functioned.

And she was also a grown woman, free to explore the world to her whims. And so, growing somewhat bored of her surroundings and its posh environment, she moved to America with a fair share of loans, to chase her dreams. She knew America had been impoverished by the GD and was still in a mingling sense of recovery, but it was a land of opportunity, no? A land of adventure...

And it was in no short time at all that another journey was offered to her.

Equipment: A M1911 Pistol (which she is decently proficient with handling), 3 knives (two for hunting, one for cutlery), a tray of biscuits, a canteen of water, a collection of miscellaneous pulp novels of science fiction and adventure from contemporaries of the time, the necklace.

Strength: 2 (She's got a good arm for cranking at gears and the like, but otherwise unremarkable...)

Agility: 4 (... But she does make up for that a good nimble hand and sporty attitude that can let her run with a wild abandon!)

Endurance: 2 (She's gotten into scuffles, but none that ever really got far enough to her liking—which is to say, others often stepped in to stop her from getting knocked down hard enough. Which is *the point*, she'd have argued, but alas,)

Spin: 3 (F.C has a good grasp on how Spin works, in a practical sense. She spent more than a fair time trying to understand how such a force could come to work with the specifics of rotation, and with her Stand, her knowledge has only grown.)

Mechanic: 3 (Is she the God of machines, the know it all who can fix everything without issue in and of it and her self? No. Does she know her way around the gears and pistons and generally anything of a clear mechanical nature and moving parts? *Oh absolutely*)

Stand Name: 「Duran Duran」 (Stand courtesy of [Zatroopa](#), Stand design by me)

Stand Type: Mid-Long Range Utility

Stand Appearance: A humanoid Stand, 「Duran Duran」 almost looks like F.C simply translated into the aesthetics of a Stand (to give an exact visual reference, think Spice Girl/Stone Free), albeit with some notable aesthetic differences. For one, it doesn't have hair, instead wearing a top hat, with a veil almost like a mosquito net surrounding its head from the rim, along with a scarf forming as a crude cape. The back, lower forearms, and femur portions of the Stands anatomy are also devoid of skin, exposing mechanical gears, pistons, and miscellaneous

machinery within, which the Stand seems almost subconscious about. The Stand also has a permanent rictus grin, and its glasses are a more solid black for both lenses, and are animate enough to allow some modicum of expression. The 'Sinatra' is also present on this Stand, although it says '*Calypso*'.

And, most notably, the Stand has pronounced ball joints, mostly on its hands. These, along with the cupped shape of the hands themselves, can allow the Stand to rotate its hands in such a way as to conduct Spin energy.

Power: C (Stronger than most people by a notable magnitude, 「Duran Duran」 largely makes use of the power of its Spin for situations that demand a stronger 'push'. It can also make an object strike at such a force through application of its Stand.)

Speed: B (This is the speed of the Stand, and the fastest in which an action can be forced to repeat at.)

Range: B (「Duran Duran」 can move 40 metres away from its User)

Durability: C (Were 「Duran Duran」 a person, they'd be a brute of a fighter in terms of being able to mettle out damage, and survive some of the harshest of conventional attacks... by a normal, human standard. In a battle of Stands, although nothing to sneeze at and able to take a fair share of hits, it's their swift feet that will carry them to victory there.)

Precision: C (「Duran Duran」 can essentially replicate any performed physical action a physical object undergoes, within reason. It doesn't outright warp physics ["I jumped, so I'll now doublejump"], but it can make limbs move in ways it wouldn't be expected to.)

Stand Ability: 「Duran Duran」 is the nature of the User's Spin, which involves a **very** specific manner in which physical rotation is achieved. When an object being used as a conduit for their Spin (including the Stand itself, which most notably does so with its rotating limbs) hits an object in motion, it will apparently 'forget' to move for a period of time no longer than two seconds, and then 'remember' and repeat the earlier action at the same speed and force (or more as falls in line with the stats of the Spin, although this requires 「Duran Duran」 to make direct contact on the target). To provide a simple, visual example of this ability in work, a person is running, and takes a sharp right to avoid a pursuer. 「Duran Duran」 hits them, they stumble, and suddenly take a right again. Or a man fires a gun, 「Duran Duran」 punches their arm aside, it spasms, and they fire their gun again.

「Duran Duran」's ability has a natural cooldown between activations, concurrent to the "pauses" or "forgets" an object has when affected.

Vehicle Name: Avalanche

Vehicle Type: Triumph *Speed Twin*

Vehicle Appearance: [It's exactly what it is.](#) And it's coloured blue!

Horsepower: 1 (The Bike itself is merely a bike. One made of more than a fair share of pounds of metal, for certain, and certainly going to hurt if it hits something at a high enough speed, but at the end of the day, it has no true offensive power in and of itself.)

Handling: 3 (Thanks to some tinkering from F.C on the steering, *Avalanche* can turn, if not on a dime, impressively well, to often showboating extremes. All but the sharpest and tightest of corners are ones she can reliably take.)

Speed: 3 (If on an empty road without any issues at all, *Avalanche* would be able to make it towards 90mph at its top speed, albeit at that point handling will become a much more risky play. Although unlikely to hit those extremes in most circumstances, it goes without saying that its parallel twin, four stroked engine will make it a force to be reckoned.)

V-Durability: 2 (Although made of sturdier stuff than a beast of burden and with some pieces of reinforcement courtesy of F.C, the bike is delicate underneath the covering, and although it can take a hit or two, a machine can't last long if something important breaks.)

Fighting/Racing Style: Working off of confusion and awe, F.C fights by disorienting her targets with her 「Duran Duran」 and subsequent Spin, and striking out with a general reckless, forwards abandon, or enhancing any get-away tactics to attack from afar or just generally race better.