

[playlist](#) / [toyhouse](#)

it's just the size, it's just the same

IDENTITY

name Marroc Marsh

nicknames Merry, Murray, Marsh, Marshy

He/Him Tom **sex**
pronouns

age Six and twenty years

dob 12th day of Epiphi

Marroc the Merry, Marroc Lightfoot, Bard of the Bogs, The Bastard of Karvarkis **aliases**
Bard **status**

the centerpiece, the class, the fame, the rules

OUTWARD

A short yet well built tom with dark brown and black hair and fur. He's nearly always smiling and his pale complexion is spattered with millions of freckles.

height 5'5" ft (165 cm)

build Stout and muscular Marroc marsh has a wide chest and sturdy limbs from his time as a smith apprentice. He stays in shape, traveling and helping people with whatever he can when his musical prowess is not needed and a helping hand is preferred.

Dark and long furred Marroc's northern heritage is prominent in his fluffy warm pelt. **fur**
None **scars/injuries**

scent The smell of sun-baked cobblestone and dust from the road, along with the scent of freshly picked dandelions.

voice claim Cody Fry

the conscious mind will always change

COMBAT

<u>Attribute</u>	<u>Base</u>	<u>Status</u>	<u>Weapon</u>
Might	3		
Speed	3		
Endurance	3	+1	
Knowledge	3		
Sanity	7		

INWARD

Always smiling, always singing, Marroc Marsh is here to lift your spirits and extend a helping hand.

alignment Neutral Good
mbti ENFP-A
enneagram 7w6; Social Variant
star sign Phirtis

energetic / friendly / helpful
easygoing / empathetic / excitable
emotional / gullible / self-doubting

positive traits
neutral traits
negative traits

♊ ☀ | ☾ ☾ | ♀ ↑ | ♎ ♀

Marroc Marsh is a friendly and outgoing cat. He is always smiling and looking to entertain. If you happen to meet him out on the road you are more likely to befriend him than anything else, mostly because Marroc considers practically anyone he meets a friend. He's always moving or dancing or singing a little song to himself and loves to share joy with others.

Though even with his nomadic Bard lifestyle when put into any group of people Marroc tends to default to the role of follower. Seeing himself as more of a support character than somebody who should be put in charge, which is partially why he himself is actually glad he was born a bastard. Being a lord would be way too much pressure; and this way he can simply share music with all of Mazura and make so many more friends!

Marroc picks up skills easily, he can play a total of three instruments and has a full and beautiful singing voice. And though he decided to become a bard and travel the world he was doing well as a smith's apprentice back in his home town before gaining some attention from some nobles from his father's court. And though he is quite talented in most things he doesn't think of himself as brilliant or talented really. He wouldn't have ever even considered being a bard before others told him he should try it. He just thought of music as something he liked to do.

In fact Marroc doesn't have the highest opinion of himself. He tries to be his best and to be kind and giving as that's what makes others happy and in turn makes him happy. But when it comes to his opinions and views on things he'd prefer someone else take the lead, believing his own opinion to be less important than most others. He is also easily flustered when given compliments as he doesn't truly think of himself as astonishing. He's just another person in this big ol' world and will laugh and brush it off as if what he does is nothing really.

He feels deeply and is incredibly empathetic toward others, making him a good shoulder to cry on and supportive friend, but also makes him more prone to episodes of depression should something get to him through his constant state of distracting himself from the bad and only looking on the bright side. Once Marroc goes into a slump it's hard to yank him back out. It doesn't help that he doesn't always share these feelings as he doesn't want to be a burden on anyone else. But it isn't hard to tell if he's really not in a good place because there may as well be his own personal rain cloud over him, his usually upbeat and outgoing demeanor overshadowed by melancholy.

All in all though Marroc is usually playful, upbeat and thoughtful with a pension for making new friends.

strengths

Music and song writing -

Friendliness -

Willingness to help others -

Ability to go with the flow -

Energy -

weaknesses

Keeps most opinions to himself -

Tends to avoid or ignore things that bother him -

Once he's in a slump he stays in a slump -

likes

- Singing/music
- Dancing
- Making friends
- His home town
- Warm meals
- Feather beds
- Kids
- Animals
- Children's games like jump rope or 1 and 20 Questions.

dislikes

- Stormy days/lightning
- Serious topics
- Dwelling on sad things
- Friends infighting
- Fighting in general
- Being in charge of anybody but himself

to integrate the cuts and stains, sweet, new

KINFOLK

parents

father Marius Minvith

mother Hanna

siblings n/a

Karlin **uncles**

Jenine **aunts**

Rosie, Briar **cousins**

spouse n/a

children n/a

you want the obvious, it's here, it's yours

BACKGROUND

- ❖ Marroc Marsh was born in a village called Mudbreach in Wyrn-mire. His mother lived with her brother and sister-in-law and their young son Briar. Marroc didn't think anything of his father in his early years. It didn't matter much to him who they were or where or why. His family was his mother, aunt, uncle, and cousins. As his little cousin Rosie was born two years after he was and the three of them grew up nearly as siblings.
- ❖ Marroc only learned he was a bastard around the time he was eight years old. A small group of men, clad in armor and furs from The Veldt had made their way to Mudbreach. It turned out they had been in search of someone. In search of his mother. And when they arrived Hanna tried to shoo them away. Saying she wanted no trouble from them. That their lord owed her nothing and there was no need for him to send for her. Ever curious and friendly Marroc slipped out of the house to creep and see what it was all about. From within the group stepped a tall man. Well built with long dark fur and piercing blue eyes he looked down at the fierce and petite Hanna and spoke mildly. The man looked... like Marroc. Or to be more precise, Marroc looked like him, all but the smattering of freckles that he'd inherited from his mother. Marroc Marsh was the spitting image of a young Marius Minvith, a minor lord from the north. Upon sight of the kit both parents fell silent. No words needed to be exchanged. This was Marius' son.
- ❖ After this, Marius Minvith would make sure that Hanna and her son were always provided for. He made sure they had adequate lodgings and that they never went hungry. Though Hanna had made it clear that she would not let him take Marroc from the only family he'd ever known. So Marius left the two in Mudbreach to return to his home and duties in The Veldt. But that would not be the last they heard from him.
- ❖ Marroc now grew knowing who his father was. Some lord from the north. But he was not unhappy. In fact he felt incredibly lucky in the life he had! He was happy in his village with his family and friends. He never pressured his mother for answers. It wasn't his business why she'd decided to keep his heritage secret. And he assumed she'd only wanted to protect him.
- ❖ Around the age of nine Marroc began assisting his uncle in the local smithy. Running errands and pumping the bellows, which helped him to grow sturdy and able even though he didn't quite seem blessed with his father's height.
- ❖ Around Marroc's eleventh kitday, Marius sent an offer to Hanna, that if she would send Marroc north one season of the year, he would have him tutored to read and write. And though she was reluctant to send him, Marroc was the one she knew would have to decide if that was what he wanted. Marroc, ever hungry for new adventures, was thrilled by this prospect! How many commoners got to leave home to read and write?! Not many he presumed. So he left his family to go adventuring. Marroc loved being on the road! It was new and exciting, every day different from the last. And though he loved his home and family, he realized that every day being the same was... boring. Though he'd soon realize that studying every day was *also* quite boring. But he enjoyed the new experiences nonetheless.

- ❖ Marroc came to know his father as a quiet and serious man. Marius Minvith wasn't overly keen on imposing himself on Marroc. But did insist the two of them share supper most evenings. It wasn't unpleasant. Marroc was too outgoing and friendly to be phased and mostly Marius just wanted to know what his son was like. The two of them weren't close, but there was no tension between them. An easy distance. Marius just wanted to protect what little of his bloodline was left. Even though his son was a bastard, he had an obligation to provide for him, family was a principle held dear to the north, no matter the blood. And so he was glad Hanna had agreed to send him.
- ❖ This arrangement stood even after Marroc's time with Marius ended. He promised that if Marroc returned the next year he would teach him whatever he could in an attempt to give him every advantage in this world. And so each year Marroc would spend part of the spring at his father's keep and would return home for summer and winter. One year, when he was about fifteen, Marroc had picked up playing the lyre during his studies. And as his father had important guests over Marroc offered to play for them, just as a small way to thank his father for everything he'd done. Marius agreed, albeit reluctantly. He was not married and having a bastard was not particularly noble of him. But he was proud of his son and allowed him to perform.
- ❖ This performance would launch Marroc into an entirely new world. As afterward he would be asked by one of the more prominent lords to perform at a dinner they were holding in only a fortnight. Marroc, surprised and delighted, agreed to perform. And this began his small yet exciting tour of The Veldt as an amateur bard, an incredibly rare occurrence for noble northcats.
- ❖ Though his tour was short, only three true castles in his season's stay with his father, Marroc couldn't forget how exciting it was. An adventure with every house he visited! This is what first planted his desire to better his musical skills and perhaps become a well traveled bard.
- ❖ Upon his return home he told his family all about his newfound passion for music. He'd always liked singing, but this was different! He could use music to travel! And to entertain others and bring smiles to all sorts of people! He wanted to do that! At first his mother and uncle were unsure about it and insisted he go back to being an apprentice smith. And though he wanted to convince them he would be a good bard, he agreed to return to his apprenticeship. They were relieved for a time, convinced after the initial excitement that he'd settle back into a normal life. But as days dragged into weeks and into a season they realized he wasn't as enthused about things as he used to be. He joked less while doing his day to day chores and the pep in his step was fading in the monotony of it all.
- ❖ Again the season to travel north came and Marroc's normal energy returned. He spent another season song-spinning in The Veldt, even visiting the capital city of Shisa! It was one of the happiest years of his life. And again as he returned home he wanted to tell his family how much fun he'd had... but was worried they'd only dissuade him from his dreams again, so even as he returned home that same dark cloud began to loom over him and he kept his excitement to himself. Knowing they wouldn't want to hear about it. This only worries his mother. Her son had never been so down, having *never* kept anything from her before. And as he went on with his apprenticeship without his usual smile and energy, she knew she could not keep him here forever. Not if it would only make him so miserable. So she made him a deal. If he would continue to help his uncle in the smithy until his eighteenth kitday, then she would do everything she could to help him become a bard in his adult years. She just didn't want him traveling alone while still a child.

That meant in the veldt too. Marroc was so overjoyed. Assuring his mother that Marius never sent him anywhere without an escort and that of course he would help Karlin with anything he needed.

- ❖ And so at the age of eighteen Marroc Marsh began his wondrous adventure of becoming a traveling bard. At first it was a lot of finding places near home to perform as he wasn't well known south of the disappearing wield. But with his outgoing personality and obvious knack for music he was soon able to go out on his own. He promised his family he would return and visit as often as he could. And he's kept that promise every time his travels bring him back to wrym-mire. His father also likes to keep tabs on him. Sending him letters and offering suggestions of keeps to go to where he would be welcome.
- ❖ During his early travels Marroc stumbled upon another young traveler, a hedge knight named Kareyth, Marroc found a kindred flame in the knight and the two of them formed a fast friendship. And though they had parted ways many a year ago they often cross paths and are always overjoyed to see one another. Always picking right up where they'd left off when they parted last.

take what you want, no less, no more

THOUGHTS

Hanna Mother / Commonfolk

I love you mother! Thank you again for letting me follow my dreams! I'll be home as soon as I can, I promise.

Uncle / Blacksmith **Karlin**

Thank you for always looking out for my mother and I.

Marius Minvith Father / Lord Father

Thank you for all of the opportunities you've given me. I know you didn't have to do any of those things for me, but I'm forever thankful that you have.

Friend / Landed Knight **Kareyth Castellora**

I'm glad you and I are such fast friends! It's always such a pleasure to see you!

leave it here at your front door, just keep it all to you

ROMANCE

Marroc is something of a romantic-- but doesn't go out of his way to seek romance because he doesn't like to ruin friendships.

sexual orientation Bisexual

Fun, somebody who can keep up with him for the most part. ~~May or may not have a thing for trouble makers much to his dismay.~~ **looks for in a partner**
.. **interested in**

'cause who wants the truth? oh, there is no truth

TRIVIA

fun facts

- ❖ Carries a lute, lyre, and pan flute. Can play each quite well but prefers to sing.
- ❖ Kinda a romantic.
- ❖ His fur is incredibly soft.
- ❖ Looks soft but could probably do alright in a fight if he wasn't such a pacifist.
- ❖ Stronk from being a blacksmith's apprentice

Mountain standard **time zone**
Discord **roleplay methods**

yes, you hold the key, but yours just won't fit me