



*The only tactic that I'm sure of that can keep my chest at peace
Is to constantly perform, provide the warmth, provide the feast
I start planting like a madman, laying lights in the wrong places
People are not worth the other ones you share your space with* - A New Mission, Josh Whitehouse

Burke: *'fortress'* | *He/Him* | *Cis Male*

Former Names: **None**

Nicknames: **None**

Stats:

STR: 7

DEX: 2

INT: 7

CHA: 8

SPD: 3 (+1 Feline Bonus)

Starting Age: *7y 3m*

Current Age: *7y 3m*

Last Bio Update: *11/15/2022*

Soul Class: — — —

Soul Level: 0

Soul Shade: — — —

Soul Partner(s): — — —

Appearance:

Burke is a sturdy-built brown tabby with black striping that fades to brown as it reaches his mid-back. He has a fluffy mane that's kept somewhat tied back in a messy ponytail.

Accessories:

N/A

- *Height: 15"*
- *Weight: 14 lbs*

Health:

After a lifetime around soot and dust, he's prone to bouts of breathlessness and fits of coughs.

Disabilities:

He favors his left-front leg when he walks. The longer he walks, the worse it gets.

Cataracts

Notable Mutations:

None

STRENGTHS

➤ **The Engineer**

Burke has an affinity for fiddling with human machinery. He seems to understand how some of their more primitive machines work.

➤ **Natural Leader**

Despite his abrasive personality, Burke is a natural born leader. His conviction is contagious.

➤ **With Hope**

Burke firmly believes that his children have not forgotten him and that they will be reunited. Even in hopeless situations, he can carry on.

WEAKNESSES

➤ **Blobs and Colored Pearls**

It started slowly but now, Burke has very poor vision. While worse at night, even during the daytime he finds himself squinting more often than not.

➤ **Weak Lungs**

Lacking stamina, he seems to get winded after even short bursts of high-activity.


➤ **Don't Let Me Burn**

After an explosion destroyed his dream and nearly wiped out his colony, fire turned into a strong phobia for the tom.


Personality:


Positive:	Neutral:	Negative:
➤ <i>Selfless</i>	➤ <i>Determined</i>	➤ <i>Overbearing</i>
➤ <i>Reliable</i>	➤ <i>Quiet</i>	➤ <i>Impulsive</i>
➤ <i>Courageous</i>	➤ <i>Serious</i>	➤ <i>Jaded</i>

Family:

 **Leilani | Mother | Cis Female [NPC - Presumed Alive]**
"I hope you're still alright. I'm sorry I'm not there to take care of you."

 **Malik | Father | Cis Male [NPC - Deceased]**
"I'm glad you didn't live to see the mess I made."

 **Caspian | Son | Cis Male [NPC - Presumed Alive]**
"The way you looked at me.. I'll never forget the hate in your eyes."

 **Ryland | Son | Trans Male [NPC - Presumed Alive]**
"You looked up to me and I let you down. I hope you've forgotten me."

 **Mae | Daughter | Cis Female [NPC - Deceased]**
"You were the light in our world. I know it was my fault."

Friends:

 **Name | Relationship**

"Thoughts.."

Enemies:

 **Name | Relationship**

"Thoughts.."

Love Life:

 **Cassia | Former Partner | Cis Female [NPC - Presumed Alive]**

"God, darling I know you'll never forgive me but I love you, I love our kits. Hope you're safe."

History:

[CW: Injury, death, child death]

Kithood:

"My kithoods a blur, honestly. Wasn't bad though, just busy. Dad, well-Malik, he was a real force. Leader that he was, it always seemed that he was the cog keeping the whole colony running. Food, clean water, safe shelter, you name it and he was behind it. Stern, real stern, but meant well I figured. Mom and him, they were close as you could expect for how busy he was. Dad took good care of us and came home at night."

Was never much a 'family-man' but he was there for us. I respected him more than I loved him, I think. I looked up to him.

Right, the colony. We lived in a small cluster of old human buildings, you know those old stories? Well, place was called a 'quarry' as word was passed down. Big human digging operation of.. Oh, who knows how long ago. Long track nearby with a good number of train cars in it. Bout...ah, shoot-probably 4 dozen of us all together. Nothing special about us, really, lived among the buildings and in the trains various cars. We hunted and scavenged in small groups, bringing back what we could find. It was hard though, even as a young thing I could tell. Seemed the scavenging groups came back with less and less, traveling farther and farther, Worse it got, the worse it was on Mom and Dad. Still didn't expect it when Dad got caught in a collapse. Happened, from time to time, I mean the old structures would give out, rot. We had taken to reinforcin' the main living areas as best we could but the smaller out-buildings weren't touched. I still don't know how he got himself caught in there.. Never got the chance to ask him."

Young Adulthood (8 months to 2 years)

"No siblings so leadership fell to me. Wasn't ideal, course, I was still real young. My mom was really supportive, though, seemed the whole colony believed in me, more or less. I had a real fascination for the old human stuff, the machines especially. Spent most of my free time tinkering with them and.. Well, trying to be the man my Dad was. Always fell short, though. Got tougher and tougher to find enough for all of us, we had to explore even farther and that was always dangerous with all sorts of mean cats and beasts out there.

I hadn't even hit two years of age when I started to notice something wasn't right with my eyes. Had a harder time seeing at night, things started to look real blurry. I didn't tell no one, not at first. I had an idea, a good one, I thought. The train was meant to roll down the track, I could figure that one out. If I could get it moving again, the colony could travel, could find food. I started working at it, tinkering, messing around. I knew I'd find a way."

Adulthood (3-6.5 years old)

"I thought I had it, with a few friends helping me, I thought we'd figured it out. Cleaned all the rust out, found the mechanism that was stopping it and got it free. I wasn't expecting it to roll a few feet on its own! With a horrible squealing creak,

wrenched my leg real good and tore part of my ear clean off. Leg's never been the same, either. Embarrassing, so embarrassing. Cassia, good friend of mine at the time, had to drag my tail back home. Got me patched up real good and set my ass on healing duty for a few weeks. Boy, I was a fool. Got all starry-eyed, you know how it is. Pretty gal doting on me, bringing me food, checking up on me. She liked me, I liked her. She was real worried all the time but it felt nice to have someone worrying over me. Usually felt like I did all the fretting.

Cassia didn't always agree with me, though. She thought I should abandon the train car idea and move the colony permanently, leave the train behind. I couldn't agree with that, figured it'd be the same trouble everywhere. Permanent transportation was the solution, I just had to figure out how to get it and keep it moving. Lot of cats agreed with Cassia, though, doubted me. Good few of them left, lot of them stayed. My eyes were getting worse, I don't blame them for leaving. It was obvious something was wrong with me. When Cassia told me she was pregnant, I doubled down. Worked harder, worked longer. I wanted our kits to see the colony thrive.

Three kits. Caspian, Ryland and Mae. All three of them trouble. I loved them, I still do. As they got older, I taught them, had them help me. Mae, smart as she was, naturally took to it. Really had it in her blood to figure things out. Maybe I pushed them too hard, was too mean. I didn't think so but Cassia seemed to. We were so close to getting it working. Got it safely detached, sorted out how it burned fuel. Something was missing though. Something we didn't understand, I don't know. I should have known, should have made them stay away.

We thought we were ready, thought I knew what I was doing. Damn thing it.. it exploded. It happened so quick. Lever didn't move, damn thing- I jumped down to get Ryland to help me turn a stuck handle and, soon as I did- **BOOM**. I was knocked tail-over-head, ears ringing. By the time I got my bearings and turned around- Fuck. I don't want to think about it, I don't want to- I know. I know it's part of my story. Mae was gone, my little girl just gone. She got the worst of it. Caspian was... he was messed up, hurt, burnt real bad but alive. I pulled him out, Ryland got Mae. Cassia's scream when she came running over, I- I knew our lives were over. The good bits, anyway. Everything from then on was the epilogue of a tragedy. I'm sorry, I need to- hold on. Give me a minute."

Ah, right. Cassia left. Caspian wanted- well, I don't blame him. He hated me, wanted nothing to do with me. Ryland.. Ryland was always my boy, you know? From the day he was born. He forgave me but he belonged with his mama. He knew that.

They left, all of them. Meanwhile, rest of the colony had meetings without me. Figuring recourse for the mess I'd made. 'Wasn't fit to lead,' that was fair enough. 'Danger to the colony,' that one hurt. They ran me out. Not all of them agreed, of course. My mother, bless her heart, tried to come with me. Still looking out for me, after all. I told her to stay, told her I loved her and left."

Present (6.5 years old+)

"What have I been doing? Traveling, I guess. At first, anyway, just putting miles on my paws. Didn't seem so bad, without a destination in mind. Easier to find food when you're feeding just yourself. It's getting worse, though, my eyes. I'm getting worried. I want to see my kits again, really see them before it's too late. They're.. Shoot, probably nearly two years old now. Been about 9 months since they left. I've been looking for them, even word of them, asking around. Been hearing about.. Something strange, something of legend. Snow. I've got no other direction, figure there's a chance Cassia and the kits- my kids, traveled there too."

Exclusions: None!

Timezone:

EST

Writing Sample:

G'Wain was restless, shifting his weight from paw to paw as their group gathered. The sounds of screaming could be heard close by and flames set the clouds above afire in a flickering glow. More had arrived than just their small group from Ljosa-Ekk, even the Archmage had shown up with a group from Ljosa proper, a few more familiar faces joining the volunteers. As a red pelt came into view, though, the guard's jaw fell open and he felt his shoulders tense with disbelief and fear. Una? After what had happened in Ljosa-Ekk,

her joining of the volunteers here was reckless. She wasn't a fighter. She was only a mage in the sense that she could cast errant flames to indiscriminately burn land and warg. She was hardly more than a pup. Angry words sat on his tongue as Nekelloth spoke, though he found he couldn't focus on what she said.

The first warg that joined his side was one he'd only seen in passing, never having spoken to more than pleasantries. He didn't return the nod, single eyed gaze focused on his daughter as she, too, joined his side. He made no effort to lower his hackles as he turned to meet her approach with an atypically even-toned statement, "**You should go with the Arch Mage.**" There was no changing that she was here now, but he'd rather she be with the warg most likely to prevent her from getting herself scorched or butchered again.

He wasn't sure he could keep either of them alive if he was trying to keep **both** of them alive. While he understood why she'd come, he really wished she'd stayed in Ljosa, serving tea.

-From a group roleplay in Hvala