

**Name:** Tracy Ball

**Age:** 26

**Gender:** Female

**Species:** Human

**Occupation:** Mass Murderer (presumed dead), TwentyTwo Five Operative in Sometown and member of a taskforce known as “The Slips”

**Personality:** Tracy is a deeply, deeply disturbed woman with an almost perpetual gloomy cheer to her, looking at the world in a tired and gleefully restrained and nihilistic fashion. Usually speaking in deadpan or a kind of spent, lilting sing-song tone of voice, she truly lets herself loose when prowling out on the night and feeding her urge to *maim, hurt, rend apart...*

This simple fact of her being is the foundational crux of her worldview; that violence, cruelty, and reveling in such acts (or generally emotionally intense, often devastating) are the most sincere and legitimate forms of expression that human beings can experience. The exacts of this philosophy are far from anything set in-stone, and she'll often simplify or make it overly complex, depending on who she's interacting with, and on what context would most personally favour *her*. Because all-in-all, Tracy's very simple, in a horrible way.

She's a toxic, rotting heap of a human being, who likes to fuck with people. To break people.

Tracy likes hurting people.

And she *loves* to keep anyone else off balance.

**Bio:** Nothing is known about Tracy prior to her infamous killings, and as far as she's concerned, that's just perfect. She likes to perpetuate an aura of mystique to her, and doesn't even bother fabricating a backstory, simply just refusing to speak about her lie. Not out of anger, she just seems to not care. To her, there's nothing important about her except for *those days...* when she did her work.

Tracy was a mass murderer, spying on families for weeks at a time (consistent M.O of targets that were traditional nuclear families in layout, having particular interest in families that had tensions in their relationships), learning the ins and outs of there routines, and then breaking in and violently killing them with an almost unparalleled aggression that brought to more than one mind the brutality inflicted by famous murderers like Jack the Ripper.

Known as little else except by the title of the “Sometown Slasher” (despite the fact she preferred *bludgeoning* for killing and similarly crippling strikes), she lived a notoriously comfortable life for a killer. She was approaching a household name, not quite in the books yet, but a threat all the same. She was spoken of in contexts pleading people to stay home while police hunted her down.

But the law never caught her. Never officially. Instead, something else happened. Tracy came afoul of other, more insignificant, monsters. It was a simple night on the streets, Tracy prowling the poorer end of town—not to kill, but simply to admire the night scenery. Do some idle thinking, enjoy the cool air.

She never even saw the baseball bat that hit in the back of the head, seriously cracking her skull and leaving her sprawled out on the ground. She was kicked a few more times for her trouble, her attacker seeming to not realize or care for what they have done. She was beaten, fading in and out of consciousness while she saw flickering shades at the edge of her eyes, and all that happened was some varmint poked and prodded through her coat and stole what little money she had.

It was something so monumentally pathetic that she couldn't find herself to feel anything in its irony. She was going to die, and that would be it...

And then she wouldn't. Didn't.

She found herself blinking under the light of a sterile white ceiling, held down in a simple hospital bed.

Her first reaction had been a sneer, thinking the officers had finally found her somehow, that she'd be seeing herself in court. She wondered how many years could be put on her. Life? Could she weasel herself into a few decades, potentially seeing herself exit the prison as a wizened crone when there was nobody left to hate her...?

But these thoughts, like the idea she would die, weren't true. She was quick to notice a girl in [pink](#) by her bedside, an empty look in their eyes and a smile on her face. And behind her, another her, this one monochrome and shifting... Tracy had left her world altogether, and found herself in a new one with new tools at her disposal. New ways to tear everything apart. All she had to do was listen to someone this time around, someone telling her to just hurt others, and show kindness to some. She could do that. She could do that just fine...

She'd also get a ([lover](#))??? somewhere down the lines, but that's a whole other story.

**Physical Description:** Tracy stands at 5'8 and weighs in at a concerning 113 pounds, and is lankly built as such. Pale skinned, her most defining characteristics would be her oddly tinted green eyes barely seen behind her moonshade glasses, her ritualistically shaved eyebrows (a trio of pale yellow dots), and, of course, the dark tattoo that takes up the upper portion of his face—its significance is unknown, but it apparently is of serious importance to her.

Her left forearm is riddled with a few wounds to suggest syringe use, which has been suspected by more than one person to mean a drug habit, but in all actuality these are just lingering traces from her treatment by TwentyTwo Five.

Tracy's appearance also changes when under the effects of her own Keys. When in a calm state, her appearance seems much "calmer"; normal, almost. Her features softened or more full and coloured, her hair is lessy messy, eyes more focused, and more notably, the black stain like tattoo that dominates her face completely disappears.

Similarly to this, however, is what happens when Tracy's key reaches its Violent side. Immediately she'll look like a much cruder and inhuman caricature of herself, almost comparable to a bloodlusted Vampire; her skin will become tight against her body and her teeth almost seeming like fangs, veins will become notably pronounced, and her eyes become glazed

over and bloodshot, devoid of an iris or even pupil entirely, usually hidden behind her gleaming shades. Her tattoo will also reappear, but will take on an appearance akin to crudely applied warpaint smeared across her face, dominating it.

Something as an aside of interest, it should also be noted that Tracy's flesh and musculature (although not her skin) is a vivid oily off-black in colouration. Aside from any open wounds she may gather, this is most notable with her dark tongue, lips, and flesh under nails, or other areas of more bare skin. This is unrelated to her tattoo, but notable all the same, and does vanish or pale to a more traditional red-pink when she's in a "calm" state of her key.



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(Art by [Jack McGee](#))



(Art by Yuri)

**Equipment:** Slung-over Backpack atypically containing a lead or iron pipe/wrench, binoculars, rope, and a roll of duct-tape. Usually carries on her person a sharpened kitchen knife.

STATS				
<b>Strength: 3</b>  Despite her lanky build, Tracy belies a vicious strength that's made all the worse with her choice in weapons. But if forced to only hands, Tracy has the raw strength to, with effort, dislocate an arm, and strike with a shocking force.  One that grows record holding with a Key (4).	<b>Agility: 3</b>  Tracy was never one for being a person who chased her prey down. She liked her circumstances in <i>her</i> control. But still, even an ambush predator must be able to chase down prey, and Tracy is no exception to this rule.  And like that rule says, she can become much faster, if the ignition is turned (4).	<b>Endurance: 2</b>  Tracy is pretty much just the average person, with a constitution just as similar. The only real outlier is not immediately dying from being smacked in the head with a baseball bat, but really, one can survive it.  Not enjoy it, as Tracy certainly didn't, but still.	<b>Pretty Hate Machine: 4</b>  Tracy is a skilled killer. Is she clean? No. Is she efficient? In the fact that she's generally unparalleled in walking away with someone dead behind her, yes. Generally just a brutal and vicious attack, with a good knowledge on how to break and hurt.	<b>Can't you see what's right in front of you?: 3</b>  Tracy spent most of her adult life stalking and planning. Although she has to as extent forfeited any interest in doing the former, her predatory knack for paying attention and staying out of sight remains.

**Stand Name:** 「Mister Self-Destruct」

**Stand Type:** Punch Ghost

**Stand Appearance:** A decrepit and semi-decaying and rusted shell around a gutted semi-biomechanical carcass too feral to die, 「Mister Self-Destruct」 looks, in so many words, “patchwork”, and atypically manifests in a incomplete state, only coming into further solid/full form when in a ‘grating’ form (OOC: This is more a flavor element than an actual mechanical detail; like how a Stand *generally* doesn’t manifest the full legs or anything below the hipline in a fight).

Its head is the most notable element, a angular, sneering bear trap jawed contraption of a helmet that fully encompasses and hides the top side of its head and face, 「Mister Self-Destruct」 ‘true’ head is seemingly that of some predatory, animalistic figure, its eyes wild

and glowing a pestilent green, and a dripping maw of some slime filled with various teeth or sharp pieces of glass, metal, or miscellaneous materials. The body itself for the most part looks like a lanky and loosely anatomically modeled visage of the human body, comprised of dark, oily pseudo-musculature or sharp, brass pistons and mechanical ball-joints, with dark metallic shelling across the pectorals, lower forearms, and calf/feet (impromptu metallic boots).

Its most notable anatomical features herein are an exposed and seemingly carved out abdominal cavity, where loose ribs can be seen along with a metallic supported spinal column, and the 'wrist pockets' of **「Mister Self-Destruct」**, wherein it can retract its sharp, doll-like yet scissor blade tipped hands inwards into a suction-based orifice, atypically to clamp this pouch down or around an object (knives, pipes, unaware combatants arms) for often combative means (whether that's to brandish an impromptu weapon at the Stand's discretion, or to grab and inconvenience an enemy for Tracy to rush in for a fatal blow). It's not accomplished at this, but it tries.

### **Stand Ability:**

#### *Calm Before The Storm*

**「Mister Self-Destruct」** is capable of producing **「Keys」** from its hands (never visibly seen—it simply curls and uncurls its hand, and a Key will be lying in its palm), which can be freely inserted into any given object—including the Stand itself. These keys can achieve one of two elements; the first, in a neutral state, is an all-purpose skeleton key, the efficiency of which is limited to simple physical and electronic locks.

What's more notable beyond Tracy able to slide in and out of a building however is the key's function if it is inserted into a physical object, with the key capable of entering into any physical object without resistance and regardless of durability, simply protruding from the object until cranked.

Once sufficiently cranked, the key will start turning counter/clockwise until it reaches its original position (the amount of time to crank it does not equate to the amount of time it will tick down, coming down to a scale of 1:2; 1 second of cranking equates to 2 ticking). For that period of time, the object will become 'calm'. Engines will stop working or be at minimal levels, a speaker's volume will decrease, people will become docile or slackened versions of themselves, etc.

But once the key finishes cranking, this inverts.

For an equal amount of time as the wind down, the key will turn in the opposite direction as before, for the same amount of time. During this period, referred to as 'ringing' or 'grating', the keyed object will behave more violently. It will rattle at an intense frequency and create a buzzing frequency of harsh noise, the texture of the material it's inserted to becoming cracked or coarse to the touch, and behave inversely to the earlier calm state (music is now louder, the engine is going harder and making a vehicle move faster, etc). Living organisms will enter an aggressive berserking state, and receive substantial boosts in strength and speed. If this is used on a Stand-User or their Stand, both will fall under its effect.

A key, once inserted, cannot be removed until that timer is complete. Their timers can be manually cranked to prolong a given effect, but cannot "speed along" the process or skip to the



end—these manual cranks will affect the timer on the other end. Once a key has finally finished its entire sequence, it will be destroyed.

There is no limit to the number of keys that 「**Mister Self-Destruct**」 can have active at once, although it is limited to not being able to create another key until the currently produced one is inserted into an object.

MISTER SELF DESTRUCT Stats				
<b>Destructive Power:</b> SC  Tied to ability, default strength is C. When 'calm', E. When 'ringing', A.	<b>Speed:</b> SC  Tied to ability, default speed is C. When 'calm', E. When 'ringing', A.	<b>Durability:</b> B  「 <b>Mister Self-Destruct</b> 」 is a powerful Stand that can no-sell all but the most grievous of attacks.	<b>Range:</b> D  「 <b>Mister Self-Destruct</b> 」 can only manifest 5 metres away from Tracy. Keys remain active even when out of range.	<b>Precision:</b> E  The Stand is generally rather clumsy and brutal and almost incapable of any finer finesse outside of stabbing something or general punching.

**Stand Oddities:** It is unclear if 「**Mister Self-Destruct**」 possesses a unique intellect or sense of self or if is a more atypical reflection of the Users own psyche, with uncertainty being raised due to seemingly private moments of reflection between Tracy and her Stand, or it manifesting around its user (usually in a rabid, aggressively poised manner) even when unconscious. If Tracy has any deeper insights into the matter, she doesn't discuss it, or seemingly care.

**Fighting Style:** Like any good predator, Tracy prefers to work from a position of caution to deliver an ideal killing blow, and like any good hunter, she seeks to manipulate and stack the odds of a battle in her favour.

Scoping out where possible, retreating and sliding in under a stealthy approach to get close to her target, making herself as inconspicuous as possible, and then going for direct, brutal killing blows, making herself a bloodthirsty dervish that will attack an opponent before they know she's there — or make them weaker in turn, and work them off to her own whims. She's a paradox - meticulous, keen, calm and quiet — until a violent, screaming explosion that will rip everything apart. To and fro, back and forth, *tick, tick, tick, **tock***. She picks her battles carefully amidst this carnage, and if it's to be brought long out, it will ideally to be to take advantage and exhaust an opponent until there's nothing left.