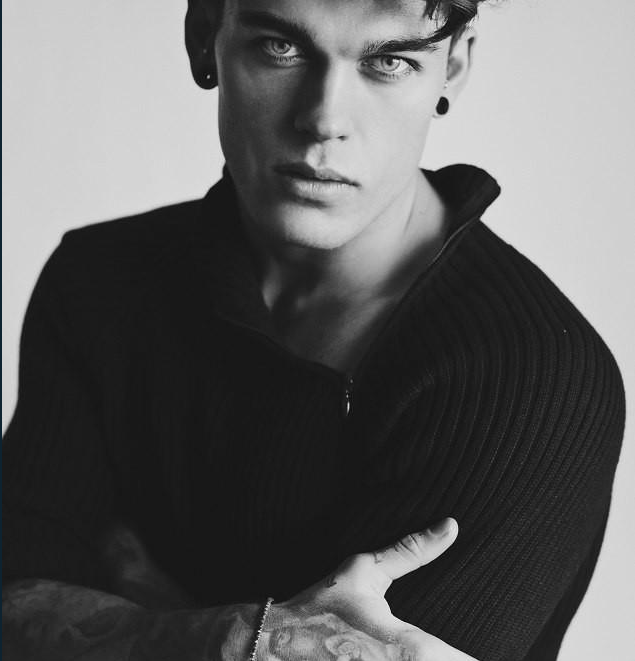




CHARACTER SHEET

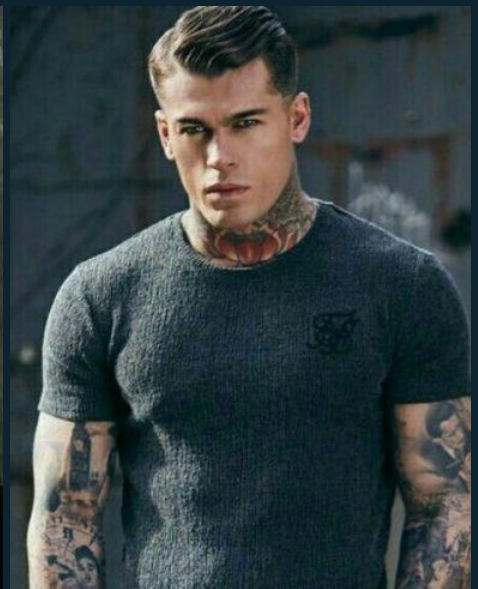
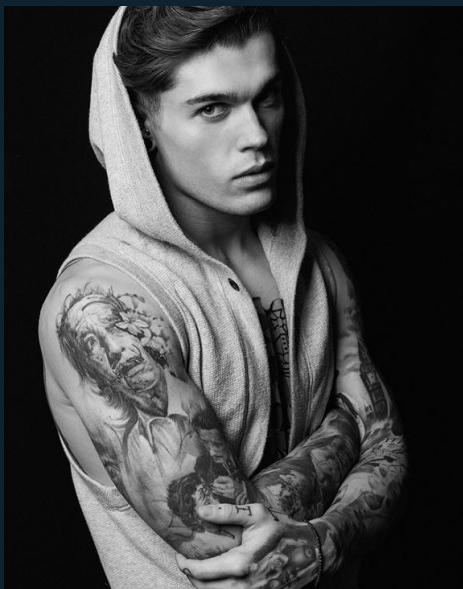
BASIC INFORMATION		IMAGE
NAME	Oliver Hunt	
NICKNAME	Fish	
BIRTH DATE & PLACE	London, England, 1880.	
OCCUPATION	Shady black-marketeer	
ORIENTATION	Hetero	
RELATIONSHIP	None.	
FAMILY/ALLIES	TBD	
		PB NAME (MUST BE A REAL PERSON): Stephen James

STRENGTHS	WEAKNESSES
Strength, knowledge of weapons and the underground, looks, a small dab of charisma, passion.	Hot headed, hedonistic, stubborn, unyielding. Sadomasochist (both ways), competitive.
LIKES	DISLIKES
Fighting, banter, arguing, hunting. Blood dolls.	Werewolves, males, arrogance, cashews,
NATURAL TALENTS	LEARNED SKILLS

Smooth talking (when calm), fighting instincts, resilience.

Weapons handling, business acumen, close combat.

ADDITIONAL IMAGES:



RACE INFORMATION

To apply for a certain race, simply place an X to select beneath the race name, and then type in your answers to the questions. Some sections will be bigger than others, depending on the amount of information that is needed. IF ANY SECTION IS NOT APPLICABLE TO YOUR CHARACTER PLEASE DELETE THAT SECTION: **Right click within table and select DELETE TABLE.**

VAMPIRES:

The Betzalel Family

Clan Mordekai X

Anastasios

Going it alone

Who sired you? Are they here? - Materon. Dead.

What year were you turned into a vampire? - 1920

If you picked a family, how long have you been with that family? How do you get along with the other members? - From creation. Mostly independent, but involved in politics occasionally.

If you picked a family, which two skills are you picking? - Increased strength, ability to transform into familiar. (Bat)

If you're choosing no family, could you be persuaded into one? How? -

What is your goal as a vampire in this SL? - To create blood dolls, reek general havoc, and to further business contracts and shady dealings.

THE MEATY BITS

In the next section, we learn a whole lot about you - very important information, to see if you'll be a good fit with the rest of our writers and the story we're creating. Don't worry, we won't delve too deeply into your darkest secrets. Just a little probing. But you'll like it. Please fill out every section to be approved. Thanks!

CHARACTER BIOGRAPHY:

Appearance:

Oliver is around 5'10. Not the tallest, he makes up for it with his broad frame. Big hands, long legs, and imposing shoulders add to his presence as if everything is always within reach for a man like him. He carries himself with confident tension, looking as if he could explode.

His smile is rare at first, the stern expression he wears perfect with his black clothes. Under the clothes, enchanted ink covers most of his body except his face. Short dark hair and light blue eyes contrast with alabaster skin. A broad jaw is always willing to rumble about the smallest of things.

There's a piercing analysis to his eyes as if detached from everything. He accessorizes dramatically.

Personality:

To most of the world, Oliver comes off as abrasive because of the stern demeanor he carries himself with. His tattoos and intensity do him no favors in this regard.

To those who know him a little, he's quick to argue, quick to banter, and doesn't like being told he's wrong or that there's anyone in the world who's above him. If someone doesn't satisfy his needs, or if they offer nothing of value to him, he cuts them from his life immediately. However, he does have needs to fulfill; his brand of animalistic vampirism enhances his desire, his appetite for blood, and his need to possess. Depending on the mood, he may exhibit animalistic traits.

Because of the thick veneer of detachment, one may never assume that he was capable of caring. The rare few who break through that wall, find that his intensity only increases. Easily irritated, hot-headed, and a control freak, Oliver still has his positive benefits. He's a passionate lover, empathetic (though one may never guess it), and perceptive enough about people to manipulate them.

It takes too much for him to express his feelings or to put things into words. He's not the most talkative until he is.

Background:

The streets of London were not kind to the poor in 1900. Poor children roamed the streets, wild and hungry, pickpocketing, fighting, and doing everything young vandals may do. This was when Oliver was born; from a crucible of a "working class" mother and corrupt guardsman dad who was a bit too concerned with drink, he and his brother George were left to fend for themselves.

At first, Oliver tried to keep George from the streets; making sure that he supplemented whatever paltry food his family could

scrounge up with his fruits. Like a moth to a flame, however, George followed Ollie and relentlessly pestered his brother until he was made to accept him. The two boys joined a gang- the Backwater Boys, where they earned quite some respect and worked their way up. This included constant fighting, burglary, pickpocketing, and whatever panhandling the two could get away with. Oliver was the bruiser while George was the more charismatic one.

The two faired well and eventually worked up to ruling the gang, completely detached from their family and any sense of law. Those days were wild and Oliver was always with one woman or another, as insatiable then as he would ever be.

Unfortunately, the cost and consequences of their life wouldn't take long to manifest. A local gang called the Affrem Brigade ambushed the boys in the street. Before Ollie beat the three of them back, George was left on the ground, bleeding out.

Oliver was mad, crying over his brother, waiting for him to die. A shape appeared from the blackness, with a deep, regal I. It inquired of Oliver what life was worth. Oliver screamed.

The man said that if Oliver would come with him and abandon his brother, his brother could live. Not considering the full ramifications of his actions, Oliver agreed. Right before his eyes, the man fed his brother blood, and shortly after, Oliver felt the wind whipping through his hair as the man carried him through the night, moving as fast as any train at the time.

For a year, he transitioned, to which his Sire schooled him. During this time Oliver had an affair with a woman who was murdered upon his Sire finding out. His Sire told him he was weak and fled into the night afterward leaving Oliver alone in a world he had no idea about. Oliver was even more lost than before- as when he went to London his brother was nowhere to be found. He was solitary, restlessly roving for a few years before meeting the vampire court of London, to which he made his home. Naturally, gangsters and other criminals had some ties with the literal underworld to which he established himself a gang. One toxic romance after another happened so frequently that he gave up on anything but pleasure itself, indulging in his hedonism while disregarding the still-feeling parts of his humanity.

From then on, he dwelled in the shadowy parts of London, establishing a black marketeering network and making connections with all kinds of shady individuals. His hunt for his sire was never-ending- as was his search for the one who would satisfy him. As time slipped away, he was involved in whatever counter culture there was at the time, using his worldly connections to travel the world. Involved first in the punk, and then the goth movement, he adopted some of the things traditionally considered vampire.

To date, he has lived purposelessly, outside of his hedonism, ever-increasing market, and living for the sake of living.

WRITING SAMPLE:

It was time. And Walter hated waiting.

Walter waited for this for ten years. No longer alone against an army of darkness. No longer facing the terrors and the bumps in the night without an ally. He hoped only that waiting this long wasn't a mistake. Neither his parents nor her parents wanted this life for her. They wanted to allow her to live a life as a normal human. After everyone died, Walter didn't come to find her because he didn't want to take away from her what he'd never had.

It'd always been a temptation to return to Alice; tell her of her lineage and sweep her away so he wouldn't have to feel so alone.

He didn't do too badly by himself, however. On his own, he had faced a coven of witches practicing black magic and a pack of werewolves growing too bold in the commons who treated humans like they were cattle. His powers allowed him to survive, but he couldn't face these dangers by himself forever. The longer he tried, the greater the risk became of being overwhelmed by the darkness.

The Network buzzed with growing sightings of demons. And rumors of a change in the world. Creatures of all kinds made themselves known. More than ever before, abductions and murder tied to the creatures of the dark rose. The most paranoid members of the Order believed there was a war coming in which they would make an organized effort against humanity. Walter never knew if he believed that, because why would they do that after hundreds of years of maintaining the status quo?

The Order, fast and efficient, hunted the rare few who broke the peace. Those who risked exposing humans to the world of the supernatural and magic. An order with a long and tenuous history with roots in the catholic church. Long since disavowed by the church and society, the order slumbered with only a few members left around the world. But the hunters now were much more powerful than the hunters of old.

Rain never bothered him much as he always enjoyed the soft pitter pater, the smell, and ambiance brought. Too bad he wore a trench coat, which made the rain run right off his coat and into the street. The smell and feeling of cleanliness that came after playing in the rain reminded of her when they used to play in the rain. The days of their youth and innocence, nigh inseparable. She was his first crush; his first friend. His only. The life of a hunter was solitary. He had his father, but he died to by a random, nobody demon the year before. It disturbed him that knowledgeable and skilled hunters died from a single blow from a low-level demon. The misfortune left Walter alone with all his training and all his knowledge to work London with only the occasional aid from traveling hunters.

The light from the streetlamp illuminated his set jaw; his piercing blue eyes, his hawk nose and the clean stubble he kept religiously. Would the rain wash off the smell of Tom Ford Nord? If he was lucky, memories of him meant as much to her as they did him and she would recognize the smell of his father’s cologne he used to steal. A pair of cargo pants and combat boots accompanied his simple outfit. Tonight, the only weapon he brought was his revolver and a few different pre-made rolls of ammo. One for Garlic-infused bullets; One for silver; And one blessed with holy water. He didn’t expect resistance at her house this night, but he felt naked without it. The best friend he ever had outside of her.

Walter was not a man nervous or prone to rumination; but tonight, his hands shook with nervous excitement, fear of rejection, and general unease. What if she turned him down? Called him a monster? Refused to believe him and laugh him off as delusional before putting in a call to the asylum? All of his life, he doubted his own sanity himself.

He should’ve called first. Should have written letters. Why did the distance between the two grow so much? At the very least, give her a sign of the shit he was about to put her through. But he didn’t. Showing up at her house in the middle of the night was the best way to ensure that they didn’t get interrupted. He didn’t want an enemy intercepting his call and tracking her before she was powerful. He’d never forgive himself.

Her house was so much like his own manor; A symbol of his family’s history closely linked to hers. He had a creeping suspicion this was where he was meant to be.

Walter worked up the courage to approach. To see her again and try his best at getting her to come with him. Would she accept her destiny? He approached the front door, murmured a few words, and the lock clicked open. Simple as. A very useful spell; He always hoped magic practitioners never learned that spell. He advanced through the living room while gazing around. All of it felt so familiar; As if it was yesterday when he’d been here. An instant flood of warmth and nostalgia filled him and propelled him onward.

He didn’t disguise his footsteps. Slow and agonizing. He wanted her to know he was coming, so it didn’t surprise her as much. Didn’t want her to have a heart attack. On the journey to her bedroom, he empathized, worrying about bout how scared she must be. His cheeks flushed in a darker shade of red; Redder than ever.

She called out. The fear in her voice and the familiarity caused his heart to race. Another pang of guilt came. With a simple snap of the fingers and a few words; The lamp in her room went out and her phone died. All the energy from both apparatuses floated to rest above her head; Shimmering and blue. The energy leaving caused a loud crackle and a bright flash of light. In the confusion, Walter opened the door and rushed at her. He grabbed her wrist, then wrenched the hammer from her hand as gently as possible.

He took a few step backs. His stubble and cut jaw shimmered in the ethereal blue light. Did she recognize him from the past? His perfect blues rested on her; Ominous and luminescence in how it reflects the light. He smiled to reveal his perfect whites."Well, hello. Alice. It's me, Walter!" Casual, calm, and collected. Only then did he take in her dark curls, her dark eyes, and how she grew as the years went by. An instant flood of memories and emotions filled him, which caused the smile to widen. “You look better than I imagined you would. How are you these days?” There was something off here; he spoke as if this was normal.

THE WRITER:
<i>Hi. What would you like us to call you?. - Grave</i>
<i>Pronouns, we’ve got ‘em. We’d like to respect yours. What are they? - He</i>
<i>How long have you been writing? Where did you get your start? - Forever. Warband</i>
<i>What is your favorite genre to write? - Gritty realism.</i>

