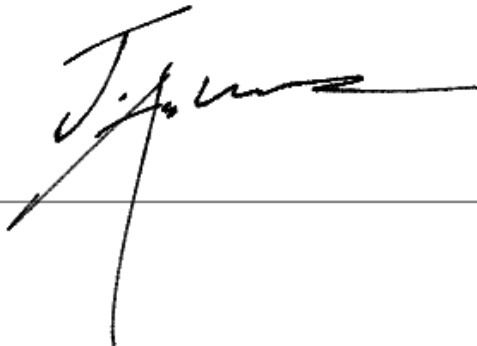


APPLICATION & EMPLOYMENT RECORD

PROFILE	
Name in Full:	JONATHAN ASHLEY STRINDBERG
Date of Birth:	30 OCTOBER, XXXX
Age:	46
Gender & Pronouns:	MALE (HE/HIM)
Height:	196 cm 6'5
Weight:	96 kg 212 lbs

Signature:



PERSONALITY**TRAITS**

POS	NEU	NEG
PLAYFUL	RAMBUNCTIOUS	MEDDLESOME
ARTICULATE	INQUISITIVE	FACETIOUS
SOCIAL	EQUABLE	SECRETIVE
INTROSPECTIVE	CONFIDENT	PRETENTIOUS

LIKES	DISLIKES
COFFEE	TEA
READING	HOUSEWORK
TEACHING	MEETINGS
SUMMER	COLD WEATHER
BIRDS	RATS

NOTES

A man who has always found himself in the clutches of academia, Ashley possesses an intensely inquisitive & introspective nature. Everything is to be questioned, prodded, taken apart, & put together again—even if it isn't quite what it used to be. Unfortunately, this includes people, & his habit of pressing into personal matters can often be seen as meddlesome at best, & downright intrusive at worst.

He is, however, a social being. Generally pleasant & easy-going, always with a ready smile. He enjoys company from all walks of life, & happily considers many people his friend. Years of teaching & debates at the university have taught him the ability to deftly manoeuvre conversations—& provoke them when need be.

Still, Ashley seems reticent when it comes to his own affairs & often deflects any attempts at getting to know him beyond the superficial. But do not be fooled. Beneath the facetious & often dishevelled exterior is an austere mind—stubborn & relentless.

BIOGRAPHY

I.

Once a small town, and now a burgeoning city of opportunity and success—this was the world Jonathan Ashley Strindberg was born into.

Much like New Bailey, Ashley came from humble beginnings. On the cusp of destitution, his immigrant parents worked hard to ensure he had, at the very least, access to the best education they could afford. Both were educators in their hometowns, so though they had left everything else behind, they taught him everything they knew from Literature to History, to Politics and Mathematics. But as Ashley grew older, it was Philosophy that won his heart and mind.

But it was not his only love.

Like many first loves, Penelope Mullins was a classmate. But neither student was very much aware of the other's existence; both had their own circles, their interests separate save for one: debate. At first, only mild curiosity drew Ashley's eye to Penelope. In time, he would learn she was a force to be reckoned with.

Perhaps it comes as no surprise then that Ashley Strindberg was an enthusiastic member of the school's debate club. A charismatic speaker and more astute than he ever let on, it was the perfect place for the young boy to test the limits of his skill and knowledge. Penelope Mullins saw him as a challenge. Ashley knew she was the opponent of his dreams. She left his argument in the dust and found him grinning as they shook hands. A month later, he was at her doorstep, hands sweating around a bouquet of roses.

They were married only a year after graduation and began their new life together in the heart of New Bailey. Both studied at a prestigious university; Penelope undertook Law while Ashley pursued Philosophy. His decision was met with opposition from everyone other than Penelope. His wife would

stand by him, no matter his decision. Her support saw him at the top of his classes and soon enough, as a Professor of Philosophy. Penelope achieved her own dreams, and together, the two felt invincible. They would take the world head-on, side-by-side.

II.

Alas, it was not meant to be.

In time, their differences grew. Subtly at first, but inevitably. Six years of marriage ended in a spectacular debate. One that left Ashley's argument in the dust and found him drinking until three in the morning, his hands shaking around a sweating glass.

When the dust settled, Ashley knew there was no returning to what once was. Still, they tried. Weeks of quiet co-existence proved what Ashley so vehemently denied. Despite everything, the divorce was amicable enough. Lonely days followed, and even lonelier nights-but their friendship came before all else, and it had survived the aftermath.

Teaching, then, became the sole focus of Ashley's life. He threw himself into work and let himself fall into a pretentious dishevelment. Did anything in life truly matter? It was the heart of his philosophy. Cynicism marred his outlook-but rather than become angry, Ashley became insouciant. He surrounded himself with good drinks and better company while he committed to nothing but his books.

III.

A gunshot changed everything.

The assault made headlines. Not so much for the death of a young woman the papers did not name, nor the next bullet that ricocheted from a nervous gun and glanced against his spine-but for the fact that the two youths responsible suffered minimal repercussions. Their fathers were rich and powerful; members of the upper echelons of New Bailey. Even the most blatant lies were met with faux sympathy, as the case went on. The family of the young woman was forced into silence, and Ashley was extended a bribe. When the bribe did not work, it was replaced with a threat.

Even Penelope could not help him. Ashley could see the tired frustration in her eyes. The corruption within the court was like a deep rot. Impossible to cut out.

But it awoke something in Ashley, piercing through the pain-induced gloom over his senses. He struggled through his physical therapy, his left knee burning with each step. But with every inch gained, a spark of clarity came.

Justice would not be denied.

IV.

News of the Rookie Law Program came in the form of a pamphlet from Penelope, who handed the slip of paper over steaming mugs of coffee. She came by that morning, bearing breakfast in a paper bag as he ground the beans. The air was cold; cruel to Ashley's injury, putting him in a dour mood. When she told him about the program, he almost laughed in her face. Who was this Irina Smolmes? No credentials necessary-only enthusiasm? If only that solved the world's problems. Most importantly, didn't it all sound like some sort of scam? The laughter was stifled, however, when Penelope placed a hand on his. In her gaze, he understood this: she believed in it. Or at least, wanted to.

Ashley took the pamphlet and reread the words. *New Bailey Legal Hall. Rookie Law Program.* Penelope's career was too long established; she would continue doing things her way. Ashley was aware his lectures on the philosophy of justice had limited influence. The endless essays he published were hailed but not heeded. Accolades upon accolades, to no avail. With this-could he do more?

The paper creased in his hand. He had a call to make.



“...thus, in turn, civilised life is not only defined by the demonstration of respect for your fellow man’s beliefs and values, and what they hold dear. It is imperative that it be also achieved through the *willingness* to express that decent respect. For it to succeed, society must possess an appreciation for human life and hold it in genuine esteem. If, then, we are to conclude that society is the cornerstone of progress, and the basis of civilization is to uphold and preserve the importance of human life, it is difficult to ignore the irony of the violent injustice which governs New Bailey.

A city that hails itself as a shining beacon in this new age of industrial and intellectual advancement, while simultaneously turning a blind eye to its own corruption, is no triumph of civilization. Rather, it is a moral failing and it must be addressed *hic et nunc*.”

J. ASHLEY STRINDBERG

Extract from *New Bailey: The Illusion of Justice*

Reprinted with permission for the office of Irina Smolmes

EXTRA

- Ashley owns three pigeons: Karl, René and Marcus.
- Plays the piano (he's average).
- Used to be very athletic, but now has difficulty with many sports. He enjoys swimming when he can.
- Has a permanent limp in his left leg but only uses a cane during cold or rainy days.
- Favourite authors: Kafka, Wilde, Dante
- He has published a series of essays on the injustices plaguing New Bailey over the past decade and a half. The excerpt above is from his most notable work.
- Enjoys bitter or sour food & drinks.
- Still holds classes at the university when he's not actively working on a case.
- Has dimples; he is so annoying about them.

CONTACT

- **Name:** Eli
- **Pronouns:** He/They
- **About:** My entire personality is DBD. If you play, hit me up!
- **Timezone:** AEST (GMT+10)
- **RP Preferences:** Lit, art, casual, HCs, etc. Preferably over discord. Feel free to discuss triggers, comfort levels or whatever else you see fit! Ping/DM me any time.
- **Discord:** godheads#2245

[playlist](#)[voice](#)[aesthetic](#)