

Ylva

*Screaming in the dark, I howl when we're apart
Drag my teeth across your chest to taste your beating heart
My fingers claw your skin, try to tear my way in
You are the moon that breaks the night for which I have to howl*
- Howl, Florence & the Machine

Moodboard

[skinwalker](#)



Gender - Female

Race - Lupine Skinwalker

Age - 23

Sexuality - Bisexual

Role - Hunter/Scavenger

—— the self ——

Ylva is a complex individual, intelligent and cunning, protective, extremely spiritual, courageous and dignified, and extraordinarily intuitive. As a predator, she has been able to tap into a higher awareness that is not entirely ruled by the amygdala, the fear and anger center that controls many nonhuman creatures in their ever-continuing mission for survival. Intelligent, quick-witted, and decisive, there is nothing submissive or shy about her unless she means to be purposefully. Rather, she is bold and strong-willed, fearless, and unafraid of what others might think of her.

ALIGNMENT: True Neutral

LIKES: the soft earth beneath her bare feet • bathing in pools of clear water beneath starlight • singing beneath the full moon on clear nights • raw meat, as bloody and juicy as it can get • hunting, stalking, and running, exercising her muscles and her mind • napping on warm sunny days, resting on the soft grasses in the meadow

DISLIKES: consuming vegetation—especially dandelion greens • thunderstorms, the spark of lightning and resounding thunder that roars overhead • large bodies of water (the unknown depths make

her uneasy) • alpha males who take too much stock in their status • the cold, goosebumps aligning along her shoulders and spine

PERSONALITY TRAITS: resourceful • dominant • possessive • quick-witted • alert • athletic • curious • dynamic • intuitive • spiritual • passionate • blunt • assertive • strong-willed • superstitious

———— the body ————

HEIGHT: 5'1"

HAIR COLOR / STYLE: Ylva's hair is dark gray, nearly black, like the color of storm clouds, long to hang down to her hips; strands of black streaked with varying shades of lighter gray stripe her hair, which falls into natural waves. However, it's often a somewhat tangled mess if she hasn't taken the time to run her thin fingers through; still, the wild look suits her perfectly, her thick hair left to hang around her shoulders and fall over her chest. She enjoys playing with her hair, and is especially fond of braids, her fingers quick and skilled for a creature who, for the majority of her life, has walked on four paws.

EYES: Both irises are bright yellow like a pair of twin harvest moons, quick and intelligent.

SKIN TONE: Her complexion is strikingly white, but despite the muddy, dirty nature of her forest home, she takes great pride in her secondary form and spends much time being sure she is clean. For that, her skin is pure and clear, snowy-white with a hint of healthy color like wild roses.

PHYSIQUE: Hers is a lithe and elegant yet strong form, light muscles swelling along her arms, with a firm abdomen—overall, athletic.

APPARENT AGE: 23

VOICE: Higher-pitched, yet dominant

SCARS / MARKINGS //

Ylva has several scars along her body, often from rough-housing, occasionally from fighting; pink, shiny and raised, they scatter her form in varying lengths and thicknesses.

LUPINE FORM: Her true form is much different from the slender, pale form she has learned to take for herself. Instead, it is that of a somewhat small wolf, her coat shaggy and dark. Like her human hair color, her coat is a gray so dark it resembles black, streaked through with white-gray. Although her long, sharp claws and fanged moonstone teeth may seem intimidating enough that any hunter would be proud to have her as a trophy, looking closely, one can catch the human-like intelligence in her gilded eyes. Though she isn't the largest, she is quick, quiet, and surprisingly strong, one of the most prominent young females in her pack—and black with yellow moon eyes, she is the most stunning in the forest as well.

—— ability and tools ——

ABILITIES //

In the deep regions of the forest, legend says that humans and wolves are closely related. Predators at the top of the forest hierarchy, the wolves, who had great prosperity, numbers, and spirituality, could devote time to their higher intelligence. Unlike the rabbits, birds, squirrels, and various other creatures of the forest, wolves were not concerned with being hunted. Instead, they made strides in religion and magic, their most prominent and powerful ability that of skinwalking. And thus, the first humans transformed from wolves into men. *Ylva possesses this ability.*

ATTIRE //

Ylva prefers to wear as little clothing as possible, entirely at ease with her body as a creature of the wild—covering up is merely a formality to her, her long hair tending to conveniently cover up most of what others would consider indecent. Still, she stole a brown skirt and dirty white cotton shirt from a clothesline to indulge her human curiosities about dressing, and keeps these hidden in an old rotted log near her territory.

—— the story ——

Ylva's birth was just odd enough to mark her as a unique and strange individual: she was born on the night of a full blue moon, the only living pup among four stillborn. She wasn't particularly different *looking*; her yellow moon eyes and dark pelt were common enough. But, an aura of power had surrounded her since the day of her birth, an aura which her packmates were keenly aware of. Often they avoided her for the strong sense of spirituality emanating from her eyes, and so she spent much of her time alone, even though she belonged to a tightly-knit pack. Though, tightly knit as it was, she was cast out somewhat for her oddity.

And so, Ylva spent her days stalking humans, not for the intention of attacking them, but simply for the sake of watching them. She was always fascinated by them, their movements, their language, their expressions, their beauty. There was a part of her that felt as though it should have been molded into such a form, or that it was trapped inside of her and wanting to escape, although she hardly knew how to let it out. It was an urge and desire that was almost painful, forcing her to feel even more isolated. But to the wolves, who had forgotten their skinwalking abilities, observing or fraternizing with humans was taboo. Just as humans were fearful and wary of wolves, the same was true for wolves towards humans. Interaction was rare, and moreover, it was forbidden. While humans had evolved in their arrogance to hunt for sport, wolves hunted only for necessity or when there was a threat, and found the senseless killing of others a heinous crime that defies Nature. To the wolves, there was little, if anything, redeemable about a human: ugly and hairless as they appear on the outside, they were even uglier within, proud, arrogant, and greedy, entirely disrespectful of life and ignorant to the ways from which they came.

Though Ylva, in her time watching them, began to see them differently. Being a magical, spiritual creature who sought knowledge and was quick to take advantage of change like many wolves, she sought to expose her human form. Not many had the ability; it is exceedingly rare now, but for her, possible. Her

spirituality had always been unusually strong, particularly on nights when the moon was visible or full. During the day, she was trapped in whatever form she had taken, but can change freely when night falls and the moon rises, a freedom that reaches to her very soul. While it had only served to separate her from her family and her pack even further, she was not willing to give up her human form for anything, secretly finding it more beautiful and natural than the form she was born in.