

Name: Uma Draksparrow

Age: 31

Gender: Female

Height: 6'4 / 193cm

Weight: 73 kg / 162lbs

Species: Gallian

Appearance:

- Choppy, dirty blonde hair that comes down to the ends of her ears
- Light, seafoam green skin colour
- As per standard for those of her race, her olive eyes have the occasional speck of ether in them.
- Though fit, she lacks muscle definition.

Uma wears the standard caster's uniform; this is a grey-blue button-up tunic that thins at the waist before widening into a cone, extending slightly below the knees. The sleeves can be rolled up and pinned. Underneath her tunic she wears a black tank and baggy pants that taper mid-shin. Along with this she also wears the standard caster's cape, a half-cape that hangs around the chest and ends at the elbows. This uniform is hydrophobic to accommodate certain circumstances which may arise on the battlefield.

Personality: On the surface, Uma comes off as eccentric and strange. She's quick to latch onto anything that'll pique her interest, and even quicker to disregard anything that doesn't. When she does latch onto something, she will chase it to the ends of the world with a deep-seated passion. Uma is prone to rebellion and is carefree, though she deeply resents this aspect of herself and would likely wish for a different personality had she not met Chifu. When required to take the life of a sentient being, she will hesitate.

Years of being jailed has changed her disposition on therapists. Should her opponent attempt to diagnose her, or psychoanalyse her, she will respond with toxicity. Repeated offenses will result in murderous intent.

Eleven years ago, Uma became what came to be known to the general public as "The Peppermint Striker," referring to her skin tone and to the small disputes she would kill over.

Wish: to marry Chifu.

Combat prowess:

Uma is not a fighter, nor an assassin; she is a murderer. Though she has had formal training as a frontline caster, she has little knowledge in the art of subduing an opponent non-lethally. Witness accounts have described her as "deadly, lightning-quick with a thirst for justice." The police report, however, states that she "resisted apathetically, demonstrating little skill during our encounter," suggesting that without motive or passion, Uma cares very little for most fights.

Tangible ether:

As per her race, Uma has a near-precise ability to manipulate ether. This ability has been deteriorated over time as a result of her punishment; since a Gallian's hair acts as a 'conductor' for ether, her hair has been shaved as a result of her incarceration. Ether can be used to form flat discs, known as "wards." The strength of these wards—and most offensive abilities—rely on the technique and ethereal strength of the caster, the latter of which Uma will have very little of. Prior to her arrest, Uma's favourite execution method was strangulation—more specifically, she would block the windpipes of a victim with one such ward and suffocate them. This technique requires very little ether and largely relies on the technique of the caster.

During the tournament, Uma will likely resort to projectiles and midrange combat. These projectiles lack firepower, though that isn't to say that they will not cause significant damage upon impact. Depending on the type of projectile she uses, they will either explode, burn, or disorientate.

Abstract ether:

Uma's ethereal senses are not as keen as she would like them to be anymore, but this doesn't necessarily mean that she's completely open to any sort of mental attack. Her defense is, at best, basic; she can pinpoint when she's being manipulated, but can't do much about it if her heart's not set on deflecting it.

Backstory:

As most teenagers do, Uma has always fantasised about killing. Not for sport, not for pleasure, but for justice. Justice for the girl who'd hidden her books at school, of which she'd found jammed into the trash chute during recess. Justice for the teacher who'd blamed Uma for it. Justice for the way that her people were treated, despite Therius' growing status as "a cultural melting pot to unite the Fifth Consortium under." Her first kill involved that very same girl, and Uma had choked her behind the gym during a confrontation.

"We Gallians are not of the same blood as the average Therian," her mother had told her in her broken dialect. As Uma watched the girl slump to the asphalt, she decided that she would have to agree. They could not catch her. They would find the girl's body, and they would know that she died of asphyxiation, but not much else. A Therian's ether was traceable, but a Gallian's was nigh undetectable to the untrained mind, and there was not a single forensic technician alive who knew how to track her down. She was culturally invisible. She was unstoppable.

Over the years, Uma learned to savour these kills like a wrapped sweet. On the day that she graduated from the IRCI, she'd killed someone after learning that they had insulted her heritage behind her back. The day after, she followed a car to its home and killed its owner in the driveway for cutting her off. She became more grandiose with every execution. Shortly after she

received her moniker, “The Peppermint Striker,” she was subsequently subdued and incarcerated, though not before taking the lives of five more Therians.

Uma is no longer the bloodthirsty killer that she was all of those years ago; through extensive CBT she has learned to control her rage, and she has been granted an early parole since due to circumstances regarding another Gallian killer at large.

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Uma has been in this room more times than she can count. She knows all of the rooms off by heart now—when she runs her fingers across the edge of the table, she finds that same depression that she knows and hates. There’s a wad of plastic gum on the underside of her seat. This is interrogation room number six, hall A. She doesn’t have fond memories of this room. In fact, she would much rather prefer interrogation room number eight, hall B. There’s a crack in the plaster—likely from an angry inmate—in that one, and its presence has never failed to make Uma smile.

The interrogator is a gruff, Draconian man. This is pretty usual. It’s always a gruff Draconian that wants her dead. He coughs, and from there he slides forward a brown folder. The loose leaves of paper inside it indicates to Uma that this is someone’s dossier.

“What’s this all supposed to be?” she asks. She keeps her hands on her knees, because that is how her therapist has taught her to act.

The Draconian leans back in his seat and nods towards the folder. “There’s another one of you.”

It takes a moment for Uma to register what he means by that. “So? You think I know them?”

“Not quite—”

“Then this interrogation is over.”

“I’m not done here.”

Good, because Uma actually doesn’t want to get out of her seat to leave, she wants this guy to get to the point. Draconians are verbal dancers in the sense that they talk forever in circles and never seem to know how to just spit it out. She’s all for Gallian empowerment in the form of more serial killers, for that matter.

“I’ve read your case files, Draksparrow,” the man begins. “I’ve seen your motives. We’ve researched your case at school far too many times to remember. You’re quite a staple in the curriculum.”

“Is this the part where I tune out?”

“...Fine. You’re a Gallian and a killer. Do you know how many of you there are on Therius?”

“Two, apparently.”

“You’re the only one of your kind, Uma. There’s no one else like you out there.”

“Until now.” She folds her arms. “And you want me to help catch him.”

“How about it?”

“No. My therapist advises against any activity that would result in my relapse.”

The interrogator strokes his bottom lip with his pointer finger. “You know, you’re quite rational for a serial killer.”

Uma doesn’t respond to that. The interrogator slides over the dossier to Uma, gives it a few pats like it’s a dog. Then he starts talking again. “Do you have any dreams for the future, Uma?”

“What kind of question is that?”

“What do you intend to do once you leave the Aureorean County Jail?”

She shrugs. “Kill myself, I guess.”

The interrogator sucks in a breath through his teeth. “I’m sure that’s not what you’ve really got planned.”

“You’re right. It’s not.”

He gets up from the table. He doesn’t take the folder with him. “I’ll tell you what, Draksparrow. I’ll be back in a week’s time, and I’ll ask the same question. And if you decide to help with the investigation—”

Uma doesn’t bother looking at the interrogator as he laughs and leaves the door ajar on his way out. She already knows what he has to offer, because it’s the one thing everyone assumes that every convict wants.

“You’ll grant me an early parole,” she whispers to herself. Yeah, right. As if she wants that.

