

Introduction:

Quill Waver is a male unicorn with a white coat, with a golden two-tone mane and tail. His Cutie Mark is a golden writing quill.

Birth and childhood:

Quill Waver was born an only child in Ponyville and grew up with a caring mother and a loving father. His childhood was one of earned privilege, and he quickly learned moral values and discipline. Although he wasn't deeply interested in making friends, the ones he had he held dear to him.

Cutie Mark Acquisition:

One day on his way home from school, Quill Waver decided to venture off into Ponyville's backstreets, just to see what was back there. As he rounded a corner, he was stopped in his tracks by three older earth ponies, whom he recognized from his class. In each of their hooves was a balloon that appeared to be filled with glue. One of them barked, "Hey, kid, come over here!" Quill was scared and slowly backed away from the group, and as he did, the leader yelled, "Get him!" Quill ran, dodged, and shifted his way through the alleys, but try as he might, his pursuers were gaining on him. Eventually, he came to town square, and the others stopped chasing him. They wouldn't risk trying to pick on a colt in plain view; they weren't that idiotic. They slowly crept back into the shadows as Quill gasped for air.

He sat down on a chair and looked up at the sky. As he looked up, a piece of parchment that was caught in the wind hit him in the face. As Quill was trying to figure out where it could have come from, a mare said, "Oh! Sorry about that!" Quill looked up and noticed that the mare was the owner of the artists' supply shop, and that she was directing two strong-looking stallions who were moving crates of supplies. Quill walked over and asked, "Is this yours?" as he levitated the paper towards her. She looked down and said, "Yes, but... Well, I can not take it back."

"Why is that?" Quill asked. The mare looked towards the ground, then back to the paper. "It's damaged product. I can't sell it anymore." At that moment, another box failed, and a bottle of ink as well as two quills spilled from the bottom. The unknown owner turned around to the workers behind her and half-shouted, "Every shipment, I lose a whole crate's worth of merchandise because you can not seal it correctly!" One of them retaliated, "Well, *excuse me*. I just move and lift these things. I don't seal them."

"Well, tell them that whoever does needs to be re-trained!" the owner barked. She then turned back to pick up the ink and quill, only to notice that they were also somewhat tarnished from touching the dirt. She noticed that Quill was still standing there, albeit with a small look of dread on his face. She winked at him, and held out the items she had collected. Quill reached for his small saddlebag to pay for the items, but she stuck out her hoof and insisted they were free. He went back to the bench and sat down. Quill thought, *It was nice of her to do that, but what am I going to do with a bottle of ink, a quill, and a piece of paper?* He opened the bottle of ink, dipped the quill in it and slowly began to write:

"Today was rather interesting..."

He groaned, "Now what?" He sat there and pondered what to write next. The idea came to him like a flash of lightning. *Of course, I could write about whatever I want to, but why not write about today!* He sat there and wrote away. He stayed there for almost an hour, until his parents came looking for him. "Quill? Where are you?", they cried out. They spotted him sitting on a bench with three large rolls of parchment, two empty bottles of ink, and four broken quills. They were initially furious with him, but as they drew closer, they couldn't help but be proud of their son.

His father asked, "Son, what're you doing?"

Quill looked up, and at the sight of his parents, he was eager to show them what he was doing. "Look at this! Who would have thought I could write so much?" His father laughed heartily as he said, "Seems like somepony's found his calling." Both his mom and dad were grinning ear to ear as they pointed at Quill's flank. He looked down and noticed that where there was once white, there was a golden writing quill. Quill was struck speechless. He had found his talent.

Personality:

Quill has always had a kind and loving nature, even amongst those who show contempt for him. He's rather silent by nature, but once he starts a conversation, it's difficult to stop him. He usually just keeps to himself, often immersing himself in his work. He's a somewhat humble pony, but can be rather naive at times. He is a little short-tempered and narrow-minded, especially about matters that he deems unimportant.

Formality and Mannerisms:

Quill speaks in a proper tone when addressing an audience, as well as when he wishes to put emphasis on something. He is well-mannered due to his childhood, and commonly addresses his superiors with formality and discipline. Due to his benevolent nature and formality, he is often branded a charmer, but he avoids using his "unintentional skill" to manipulating ponies.

Writing:

Asterian is a naturally gifted writer, and is currently working as assistant manager at Ponyville's Artists' Supply Shoppe. His works have yet to achieve him fame or fortune, but in the eyes of his colleagues, he is definitely distinguished. He knows he has much to learn, and as such dedicates most of his free time to studying writing techniques and developing his own writing style.