



Cain

Previous:

Nicknames:

Gender:

Pronouns:

None

Male

He/Him

But I refuse to believe I have to be

the same person I was born when I die

Height:

8in

Weight:

8lbs

Starting Age:

Current Age:

3 ½

3 ½

Appearance:

Cain has a dusty chestnut coat and wiry frame with several scars. He bears white and black paws on opposite sides, and a prominent snaggletooth on the left side of his face.

Disabilities:

An accident resulted in the loss of an eye and permanent nerve damage to the right side of his body, affecting his movement and perception on that side.

Health:

Somewhat malnourished

Inventory

- Empty -

Soul Class:

Soul Shade:

Soul Partner:

RED

[TBD]

[TBD]

Soul Mutation(s):

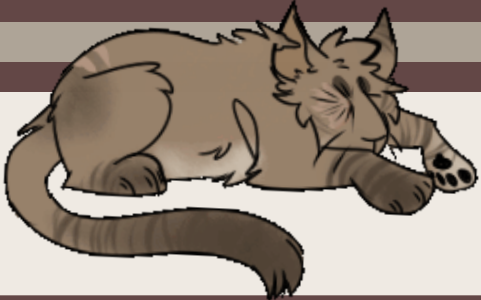
- Larger snaggletooth

- Growth of setules on paws which allow him to stick to and climb most surfaces.

Soul Level:

1

Stats



INT:

STR:

DEX:

CHA:

SPE:

7

2

9

0

9

PLAYLIST

Point to Prove Bug Hunter

Ways to Love Jason Webley

Cocaine and Abel Amigo Devil

Brother's Blood Kevin Devine

Clever/Resourceful/Perceptive

Withdrawn/Stubborn/Sentimental

Cynical/Apprehensive/Cowardly

Cain is a piece of work. He wasn't always this way, of course, but time and grief take their toll. He's not looking to improve or do any self-reflecting any time soon, but maybe, just maybe, there's some hope left for him still.

LIKES:

Alone time / fish Laying in the sun / Cuddling

DISLIKES:

Cold weather / death Long conversations / Dogs

STRENGTHS:

Quick-witted, fast, capable in times of stress

WEAKNESSES:

Overthinker, doubts his ability to make decisions, blind in one eye

Cain was the result of a small litter; two kittens, to be exact, born and raised together in the remnants of a forgotten city. When their father left the picture it was only them and their loving mother, who gave them everything she could despite her own hardships. She looked after the siblings with the few resources available to her and often moved the family from place to place, hopeful that she might provide them a better future.

The boys didn't complain. Cain and his brother were polite enough, respectful to their mother and strangers alike. So long as the family stuck together, happy in their own made bubble, that's what mattered to them. No amount of garbage for meals and leaky shelters would change that. The brothers, of course, had a bond of their own. Inseparable from the very beginning. Brothers who walked together, talked together, fought for each other through thick and thin, looked after the other in times of need.

When the winter came, and their mother passed of infection, they grew ever closer. *Together* was all they had left.

The years were cold. Harrowing. They did their best to survive. They worked through the worst of it and grew from the best, making fun where they could. Though Cain was as anxious an adult as he was a kit, his brother was sure to keep his spirits up, even when the going got rough.

Then came the accident. A hike through the junkyard gone wrong. A simple miss-step of footing. A slip. A fall. And his brother—

Cain doesn't go out after that. He finds a cozy field outside the Resting Grounds, littered with forgotten cars and scrap metal, and he makes it a home.

Winter arrives once again, and they say there's snow. Cain thinks nothing of the call, but a whisper in his ear forces him to act.

Last update: 11/17/22

Writing Sample

(sorry it's y/n skyrim fic. I'll update this with a rp example later lol)

The interior is better fitted as a home; numerous items - tankards, books, spare potions - are shelved within its walls. To the left there's ingredients, rare ingredients, frost salts, fire salts, glow dust and more. Herbs hung from the wall on iron hooks, a single bed resting by the opposite wall. Outside, deathbell grows in heaps, and poking your head further out the backdoor reveals a small alchemist's table and, to your utter delight, an even smaller rabbit and trough.

If only you had time to say hello. Unfortunately, the shack looks far less abandoned than you're comfortable with. It's obvious that the local resident of this place is only out for a day or so, maybe even as early as a few hours, and that meant you had no time to waste. If you weren't able to take this place as your own, you were, at the very least, not going to leave empty-handed. You would decidedly take everything not nailed down.

It isn't much. It's barely anything at all, actually. You feel a minute sense of guilt while filtering ingredients - anything worth a single septim - into your rough backpack. It would all go for chump change, but that was enough to buy you a meal, at least, and damn if you weren't starving. The pathetic handful of loot you manage to swipe doesn't make the trip here any more worth it but at least you haven't run into any danger, yet. You'll return to the alchemist's table and pocket what you can, then

you're out of here.

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