

Eto

You are dressed in simple clothes, worn, blood-stained and dirty, but with a fine, golden robe over them. The contrast hurts the eyes, but the cold is worse, so you keep it on. Your skin is tan and in the back of your right hand a **dark red crystal** has been implanted, seemingly with force. A monstrous network of black blood vessels spreads from it. Your hand and your body are constantly shaking, perhaps from the awful power you can feel in the stone. Your strong, yet worn body and advancing age aggravate the symptoms. **With the stone you can intuitively manipulate darkness, blood and flesh. Do violence on the shape and basic functions of bodies.** Including your own.

You are shaken and **scared** . You feel an intuitive need to reach out to the others, give them strength, but you have none. You are helplessly burdened with **grief** . There is a weight on your heart and you have no idea why, but it is impossible to shake off.

Yet in brief moments of calm, you feel this is not who you used to be. There's a calm, measured and intelligent personality hidden underneath.

The Others

There's a sense of safety about **Shai**. You have a feeling that you know him well, a feeling one has with **old friends**. You wish you knew what your affiliation was.

Dura seems intimidating, with her rending sword and hulking armor. But she also seems brave and strong. You are drawn towards her, feel that you want to **get to know her**.

There's something about **Alri** that makes your stomach turn – something off, wrong. **You have a hard time looking at her at all**. Is it fear, an instinct that warns you against her? Or is she the trigger of the grief?