

Shai

You are a middle-aged man, adorned with jewellery and precious stones and what was once **beautiful clothes**:

Intrigrate shawls of azure and purple silk, now worn, muddy and with a few stains of blood.

Your left arm is an unholy combination of mechanics and a monstrous claw. Neatly carved copper, jade and gears, melted into with corrupt meat. Still, the arm feels **stronger** and more natural than your right. For vanity's sake, you try to hide it, but the others have probably noticed it already.

You have small bottles and mechanical gadgets hidden all around in secret pockets. Bottles of **lightning, gas, mechanical spiders** and much else. Maybe they can be used for self-defense?

You are friendly, occasionally charming in your demeanour and sometimes speak in quick sentences, but a tremor in your voice reveals that you are not used to having to fight for your life. It is exacerbated by feelings of **remorse** and **regret**. Which at the same time frustrates you and makes you careless and **impulsive**. You can not wait. You have to move forward,

whatever awaits. You must have answers.

The Others

Alri seems to reinforce your **guilt**. You can barely look her in the eye. What grave sin have you committed that makes you feel this way? You would ask her for forgiveness if you knew what you had done.

You are instinctively drawn to **Dura**. There's something here. A **bond** of a kind, you certainly knew each other. You want to help her on the journey, but she is stronger than you could hope to be.

Eto seems sympathetic enough. He feels familiar, but you **keep some distance** from him. As with Alri, you feel an instinctive uneasiness. Is it guilt you feel when you look at him? No, not just that.