

<b>Name</b>	Randor The Twisted
<b>Physical Description</b>	An evil wizard with a long, twisted beard and blood-red gemstones adorning his ears. He wears a flowing black robe decorated with bloody gems and a drained phylactery lifelessly dangles at his throat.
<b>One-Word Personality</b>	Depressed
<b>Tone of Voice</b>	Grandiose plotter of evil schemes, now lacking in self confidence
<b>Favorite Phrases</b>	"You must have chaos within you to give birth to a dancing star."
<b>Want</b>	To destroy all of humanity for the wrongs it has committed
<b>Need</b>	A hug
<b>Greatest Fear</b>	That he will be alone when he dies
<b>Biggest Secret</b>	He actually thinks woodland creatures are adorable and wants a menagerie full of fluffy animals he can cuddle
<b>Hobbies</b>	Enchantments, Psychology, Philosophy, History, Long-Distance Sprinting, Animal Husbandry
<b>Bio</b>	Randor was once known as the great scourge of Dragon Maw Mountains, his dark sorceries plagued all the lands within its sight, his armies of dread beasts feared for the innumerable deaths they had caused. That was before Stanley. Now Randor is a shell of his former self, his heart and his mind wrecked by a glimpse of that for which he has always secretly longed. Once a bitter man convinced of his life's ambition to cleanse the planet of its human scourge, now Randor is stuck questioning if perhaps he's gotten something wrong. Maybe not all of humanity is worthy of death, but how is one supposed to know who is and who is not?

<b>Name</b>	N/A
<b>Physical Description</b>	A nondescript wall in the back corner of a dungeon, musty and old and made of stones which have been stacked in this way since time immemorial. A glowing cerulean orb has been stuck to the wall by some unknown means, pulsing slowly and gently over time.
<b>One-Word Personality</b>	Flamboyant
<b>Tone of Voice</b>	A florid poet in all the worst ways, incapable of speaking in any way that isn't the purplest of prose
<b>Favorite Phrases</b>	"I am a seagull, Looking for a nest, In the arms of love."
<b>Want</b>	To write a great poem
<b>Need</b>	Arms
<b>Greatest Fear</b>	That their life is meaningless
<b>Biggest Secret</b>	It is hiding a body behind itself
<b>Hobbies</b>	Poetry, Philosophy, Self-reflection
<b>Bio</b>	A humble wall in the back corner of a dungeon is not the place one expects to go in the name of poetry, and yet by some cruel chance of fate it is indeed where the Orb of Poetic Thought has taken up its new home. The legendary orb said to be the muse of many of history's greatest has now been accidentally plugged into a light socket tucked behind a crate of dried fish. Now these lifeless stones must contemplate the nature of their being as if they too had the ragged heart of a human. Unsuspecting passersby may think they are hearing an echo of a distant poet whispering to themselves in solitude, but those who listen closely will find a new great talent, cursed without arms to record its genius.

<b>Name</b>	Zer0 Cr4sh
<b>Physical Description</b>	Chubby edgelord with a feminine physique obscured by draping black leather. A green visor doubles as sunglasses, and their ear is eternally streaming a wire from its interior, trailing down to their deck which hangs at their hip in a custom tailored case.
<b>One-Word Personality</b>	Frantic
<b>Tone of Voice</b>	Panicked grad school student desperate to prove their intellect
<b>Favorite Phrases</b>	"The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win."
<b>Want</b>	To defend their thesis and get their PhD
<b>Need</b>	To learn that it's ok to be mediocre
<b>Greatest Fear</b>	That they'll never make a lasting impact in life
<b>Biggest Secret</b>	They love reading trashy romance novels
<b>Hobbies</b>	Reading, Hacking, Building Computers, Rock Climbing, Parkour
<b>Bio</b>	<p>Their parents have never understood, but neither has anyone else. This is the curse of true brilliance, that none may approach them atop their great mountain of intellect, that none may know the suffering to be found there. The darkness is the only thing which embraces them, the only thing which truly understands, and so they wear the black. They will show the world true greatness, they will lead humanity into a grand and glorious future, but first they must prove themselves. These lesser minds cannot comprehend their greatness, and so must be shown some trivial piece of paper with some institution's name written on it. A piece of paper which is surprisingly difficult to achieve, even after years of repeated efforts. The small minds have rejected them twice so far, and will use any excuse to do so again, keeping from them the required PhD to give weight to their philosophical brilliance.</p>

<b>Name</b>	Myrnia Broadbuckle
<b>Physical Description</b>	The walking embodiment of the color brown. Everything they wear is natural leather, hand made of materials found in the wilds. Small knives fill far too many pockets and a smell of dirt drifts gently in the wind as they pass
<b>One-Word Personality</b>	Careful
<b>Tone of Voice</b>	Quiet, contemplative, and small bursts of extreme intensity
<b>Favorite Phrases</b>	"Land really is the best art"
<b>Want</b>	To learn more about human culture
<b>Need</b>	To learn more about human culture and find a place within it
<b>Greatest Fear</b>	Being devoured alive by ants boring through their bellybutton
<b>Biggest Secret</b>	Their parents owned a tech company
<b>Hobbies</b>	Animal Husbandry, Herbalism
<b>Bio</b>	The world is their home, the planes and its shrubbery tell secrets in a language more fluent for them than any trivial human speech could possibly be. Plants and animals are the custodians of god, the holders of all the world's knowledge, and should be respected as such. This is how they have always lived, but are humans not also animals? After years of isolation, they have grown lonely in the wilds, and decided to get to know their own species a little better. They became enamored with nature as a child, rebelling against their parents' wishes, but have always remembered the warm embrace of another human's care. These long years have been fruitful, but it would be unhealthy to continue to shun one's own species. Lone wolves do not survive long in the forest.