



Personality _____
 Strengths _____
 Weaknesses _____
 Romantic Interests _____
 Role Within the Group _____
 Short Term Goals _____
 Long Term Goals _____

Gender _____ Height _____ Apparent Age _____ Income 700000
 Age _____ Weight _____ Ethnicity _____ Property 40000
 Eyes _____ Hair _____

POSSESSIONS

CONTACTS / ALLIES

ENEMIES

_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

LANGUAGES

_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

CHARACTER HISTORY

Into each generation a trust fund is formed... Oh, wait, sorry. Wrong text.

My life used to be boring. My future was all mapped out – private school, then college at some Ivy League school or another, and then marry somebody with the right breeding. Meanwhile, I could have anything money could buy and I got to see my parents four times a year. It seemed so hollow and empty.

When I became the Slayer, everything changed. I was out for a late night stroll along the docks when a group of nasty looking boys who might have been on LSD attacked me. Their faces were so distorted that they didn't even look human! Gee, they weren't. A voice chimed out in a thick English accent that I needed to aim for the heart as a man tossed me a wooden stake. From there, he explained to me what the Slayer was. Me.

Now I could make a difference. Lucky for me, my parents barely know I exist, so patrolling isn't a problem. They didn't even mind when I told them that I would take a year off after high school to "find myself." And thanks to Daddy's platinum card, I can make sure we're never short of crossbow bolts, body armor, and rare books.

The biggest problem is the change in my social life. My old friends just don't understand. My boyfriend, Tim, thought I was insane at first and then when I took him out on a patrol he had a nervous breakdown. He's getting along fine now, I think. I guess life among the rich and famous doesn't prepare you for this kind of thing.

So now I'm hanging out with various friends and associates I've run unto during my Slaying times. Most of them don't have a lot of money and I think they resent me a little bit. It's not like it's my fault my allowance is bigger than a doctor's yearly income. They are pretty good people to have around though. I just wish they'd stop calling me "Princess."
