





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

Gender _____	Height _____	Apparent Age _____	Income <u>300000</u>
Age _____	Weight _____	Ethnicity _____	Property <u>10000</u>
Eyes _____	Hair _____		

**LANGUAGES**

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**CHARACTER HISTORY**

During junior high, a whole new world opened itself up to Morrissa as she found herself drawn to the paranormal and especially witchcraft. It seemed almost natural to her as she drank in all the information she could. She found that the basics came to her quickly, levitation, minor healing of cuts and things like that. Even some glamour to make her hair change color. The more intense spells she could accomplish only after months of practice and the proper herbs. She kept this from her mother though, fearing that her mother would brand her as evil.

She spent most of high school trying to find other witches and learn more. During one study session with a found witch, Morrissa heard of a town named Sunnydale where the strangest paranormal things happened.

Curious, Morrissa threw herself into her studies and applied to UC Sunnydale for her college years. Financial needs were nothing at all. Her mother's continuing fortune kept her with a hefty back account that was replenished monthly. As long as she kept in contact with her.

She was accepted and shipped out right after high school.

Dorm life was simple and she had somehow acquired a room of her own without a roommate. This was actually really helpful when she wanted to practice her magic.

She had joined the local Wicca group of the college only to be disappointed by bake sales and nothing more than talk of how Wiccans were done wrong. There was no talk of developing powers or doing spells. In fact she had been frowned upon when she brought that up. From then on she just kept quiet and listened to the blabber.

Venturing out into Sunnydale, she happened upon a place she felt very comfortable. The Magic Box. She found everything she needed there. Books, herbs, orbs and more! The owner, Mr. Giles, was a nice man who suggested books to her that she hadn't read and helped her find what she was looking for. His associate, Anya, was another story. No matter what Morrissa did to try and impress her, it seemed that woman just didn't want anything to do with her. After a while, Morrissa tried her hardest to avoid Anya and just work with Mr. Giles, although sometimes she still had to face the unpleasant woman.

Morrissa was confused as to why people mostly kept indoors as the sun went down. She had been warned by a fellow student that there was just too much violence. Not believing it could be that bad, she ventured out one night, making her way to the Bronze alone.

She had been to the Bronze before. It seemed the place to be. She was sure to make friends there and she liked the music, but for the most part, she sat alone with a drink and just watched the bands.

After the Bronze that night, she had taken an ally back to get to the dorms when she felt someone grab her from behind. She screamed, extremely frightened and turned to see that she was grabbed by a vampire! It snarled and lunged for her neck but hissed and backed up when it saw the cross pendent she wore on her neck. It fled, holding its hand as if it had been burned. Morrissa got home as quickly as she could and vowed never to venture out on her own again at night.

She turned to books on vampires to find other ways of protecting herself until she could learn some spells that might help.

Morrissa now resides at Stevenson Hall where she spends her time trying to learn spells that can combat vampires and help in other ways as well.

