





Personality	<u>Fun and light</u>						
Strengths	<u>Good listener</u>						
Weaknesses	<u>A little naive</u>						
Romantic Interests	<u>None</u>						
Role Within the Group	<u></u>						
Short Term Goals	<u>Tour the US!</u>						
Long Term Goals	<u>Stay alive</u>						
Gender	<u>Female</u>	Height	<u>Red</u>	Apparent Age	<u>16</u>	Income	<u></u>
Age	<u>16</u>	Weight	<u>5'4"</u>	Ethnicity	<u>Caucasian</u>	Property	<u></u>
Eyes	<u>Green</u>	Hair	<u>117</u>				

### CHARACTER HISTORY

I'm a slayer. I guess you figured that one out already. But it's not as bad as it seems. Okay, I know I'm going to have the short life span and all that but I'm fighting for the good of the world. I used to be normal though.

I was born in Seattle, Washington and I was hooked to the grunge rock era. I began singing when I was eight and it went from there. I always knew there was something different about me. In school I excelled in PE and sports. I even made the archery team when I was thirteen.

On my fifteenth birthday, I got a bigger surprise than a car. I met my first vampire. It attacked me when I was walking home from a movie with a friend. It was scary, but somehow I knew what to do and ended up kicking the vamp onto a broken crate and a piece of wood went through his heart. This is also when I met my watcher, Garret. (Oh yeah, and on a side note there's irony. His name means: "to watch.")

Okay, so I found out I was a Slayer in training. It wasn't guaranteed I was even going to be a Slayer at all. I could get skipped and live a long happy normal life.

Right.

Garret told me about the Slayer that basically couldn't die, Buffy. I was extremely curious about this. Buffy had died twice? What's with that? She had lived on a Hellmouth and has a gang or something. Humph. I thought this Slayer gig was a solo trip.

I informed Garret that if there was a Hellmouth, that's where I needed to be. He didn't like that idea, of course, but I convinced the band I was playing in that this club called the Bronze would be the killer place to showcase. Uh, no pun intended.

You might be asking about my parents by this time. They died when I was four. My Aunt raised me until my sister turned eighteen and got guardianship. She's my bass player. She also has no clue what I am. I take this secret identity thing pretty heavy.

So we came to Sunnydale. At first I thought all the talk about this big Hellmouth was just that, talk. But a look at the death toll and amount of neck injuries at the hospital confirmed I was in the right place. So I got comfy.

I was seventeen when I woke up in my bedroom and felt something different. It was no big surprise that Garret called me. It was four in the morning but he had just received word.

I was activated.

And boy let me tell you! I love it! Vamps don't seem that scary at all anymore. Of course, the super human strength is a big bonus. So in the evening I take in a quick set with my band and then head out to patrol. No one but my watcher knew my identity.

One night, Garret and I were coming back from a patrol when we were stopped by something that wasn't a vampire. He was able to identify them as some sort of hell hounds. And they looked pretty pissed. It was quite the battle and in the end I had won. Dead dogs. But I wasn't quite fast enough. Garret was dead.

So now I'm a watcher-less Slayer. But it's not all that bad. I've been checking out more things but keeping to the shadows. A Slayer must keep her secret. And I plan on doing just that.

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