

Randall Quinn Cera Backstory

Species: Demon

Description: Wings, non-retractable fangs. Eyes turn black when using his powers. Has a wingspan of 20ft / 6m, and his wings are feathered

Sex: ♂

Age: 172, immortal but could be killed if mortally wounded

Height: 6ft 0in

Weight: Healthy weight, although with a more athletic build than average and stronger

Siblings: 1 brother, Roman Cera, 10 years younger

Supernatural abilities: Teleportation up to 15 feet; disappears and reappears in a cloud of black smoke. Excellent vision in the dark. Heals quite quickly (although not as quickly as some). Water-and-food independent, but not eating or drinking inhibits his powers, makes him lose weight and leaves him weak, and feels unpleasant. Enhanced power of suggestion; more effective on mortals and the weak-willed and less so on other immortals with similar abilities. Randall is very uncomfortable with using this power.

Misc: His blood is black and highly toxic to mortals and other immortals.

Worldbuilding Details

The Curse

The Curse was a viral incantation cast by a network of black witch covens, 130 years prior to Randall's birth. Every individual affected transformed into a monster.

When the Curse was first unleashed, martial law was declared across the United States. However, the military were no less vulnerable than anybody else to the effects of the Curse, so this proved ineffective. Instead, a less formal, and far more localised militia developed.

The chaos prompted by the Curse led to the development of many separate communities as opposed to the relatively integrated whole that the US had been used to, and each of these developed their own, unique set of cultural rules. For example, the El Paso community believed that the stronger an individual was, the more they were expected to pull their weight to support the rest of the community. Those who didn't were considered lazy, idiotic, or even a threat to the well-being of the rest of the community. As a result of this, artists, poets, musicians and the like became rare in the El Paso community, while the military community boomed.

Prior to the Curse monsters didn't exist, so the sudden existence of so many monsters caused mass-panic. The black witches planned to use this situation to conquer and rule as the world's leading power.

The population, frightened and fragmented though they were, did not take to being under the command of the witches as well as the witches wanted. Many lost their minds and simply could not be controlled. Others maintained their intelligence and simply declined to submit to the command of others and sought instead to explore their new identities with full autonomy. Others struggled to adapt to their changes. Many Cursed committed suicide, unable to accept the transition.

The white witches decided at this point to step in and salvage the situation. They managed the Curse's effects to the best of their ability. Their magic was less potent than that of the black witches and they were unable to completely undo the damage, but they succeeded in assisting the new monsters in coalescing into a range of new species - species that were less predatory and destructive.

Demons

There is no hard and fast culture for demons, although religious bias prior to the curse may have affected the way some demons see themselves even to the current year. Think of the species more in the way we in reality think of races: not all white people see themselves in the same way, not all black people identify as displaced Africans, and not all Hispanic people speak Spanish. The species in *Mortals and Monsters* are the product of spontaneous magical mutation, not gradual evolution in isolated environments, so they don't have a shared culture, just a shared experience, i.e., "Yeah, every demon has experienced the frustration of having to brush around those stupid fangs every morning," "TFW you roll out of bed and step on a wing," and "OMG so you know how, when you're first learning to fly... "

Demons are not automatically cruel or evil, and are instead quite a mixed bunch. Culturally, the more altruistic demons consider themselves to be protectors. They are stronger and more capable than mortals, so some demons consider it their moral responsibility to lend those skills to the service of protecting those who need it.

Demons in Randall's world do not come from Hell. As far as the demons or anyone else knows, there is no such place.

If demons lose limbs they cannot regrow them. Demons also only reproduce every 10 years, and age at the same rate as humans, at least up to a certain point - they stop physically showing the progression of age at some point between 30 and 45, although some rare cases have known to stop ageing earlier or later.

Vampires

Among the monsters created by the Curse were vampires. These could not tolerate sunlight and had to drink blood for food, so out of a perceived necessity on their part, some took to using other species, including mortals, to get everything they needed to

survive. As they coalesced into cartels and gangs, they took to enslaving weaker species to do their bidding and to act as food sources.

In bigger, more advanced cities, there is less necessity to form gangs. Vampires instead are more likely to operate as clans, familial groups that stick together, run businesses, etc. The slave trade in these more advanced cities is often frowned upon, but consensual "pets" are permitted to be kept, and there isn't much else law enforcement can do to regulate this yet. They don't exactly have a federal system to back them, after all; this is still pretty much the wild west.

For example, Nate (see the later stages of this profile) is basically a "pet" that is allowed an unusual amount of privilege due to his being the Lumair clan leader's favorite. His traumatic history as a slave was brought to a sort-of end after the Lumair purchased him from his original captors, then soon after changed their own ways to become even more civilized. Abuse still happens in the clans, but it is far less blatant and therefore easier to keep hidden.

Blood is also sold on store shelves in canned, bottled, or bagged form in some cities, and it is not unusual for mortals and other "drinkable" species desperate for a few dollars to sell a few donated pints of their blood to the local beverage companies. Preserved blood doesn't taste as great though, which is why pets and the slave trade are still so popular.

This survival pressure on the vampires led them (the ones that overtook Juarez, at least) to become particularly brutal and very skilled at the various arts of gang warfare.

Gifted Mortals

Gifted Mortals were one of the species created as a result of the white witches' efforts. They were mortals with indigo-blue blood and one superpower per individual, transmitted from mother to child. This power could be anything, including but not limited to super-strength, teleportation, precognition, and hyper-coordination (which means impeccable hand-eye coordination beyond that which an average mortal would have).

Gifted Mortal blood is a drug for vampires and gives them a high. It is non-addictive, but very enjoyable and can have a mind-warming effect on them. As a result many Gifted either became slaves to vampires, negotiated to act as consensual blood donors, went into hiding, or went on the run. A few cities (including El Paso) offered safe havens for Gifted, but such places were few and far between.

El Paso and Juarez

Thanks to the efforts of the white witches, the severity of the world's situation lessened to the point that small communities began to form. In many settlements, pre-Curse

technology was restored, laws were created and upheld, and the weaker members of society were protected as much as was realistically possible. El Paso and Evergreen were among the communities that achieved this kind of equilibrium, and El Paso in particular became a mixed community of mortals and monsters.

As these communities settled, the black and white covens quietly struggled for dominance, their efforts an understated and constant battle of information warfare, politics, and subtle manoeuvres and countermeasures.

By the time Randall was born, this war of the witches was still in effect and the monsters and their descendants had found something approaching equilibrium, whether civilised or barbaric. Some served covens, some lived an anarchic lifestyle, and some became criminals.

The neighbouring city, Juarez, initially looked as if it would follow a similar path to El Paso, and the two supported each other during their efforts to rebuild. They helped one another defend against roaming monsters, organised raiders, and other challenges. Throughout this, they shared their limited resources for mutual benefit. The politics between them could be fragile at times, but they inevitably found ways to remain allies.

However, a few years after the Curse, a vampire-run cartel took over Juarez. Soon the peace the two cities had enjoyed together disintegrated. Communication fell apart, threats were made, and people from El Paso who visited Juarez were never heard from again. This prompted many of Juarez's citizens who visited El Paso to feel afraid to return home.

Juarez had become a hostile place for mortals and other weak citizens. The cartel began to attempt to exploit El Paso for resources. However, El Paso had long been a military town, so they fought back.

These were the circumstances into which Randall was born.

Randall is an original character who appears in the *Mortals & Monsters RPG*. He grew up in a dog-eat-dog culture, became a child soldier, and came to regret his more extreme actions in his teens and early adulthood. He has a talent for self-reinvention but regrets the parts of his past that he cannot fix.

Trust & Confidence

(newborn)

Randall was born in the remains of El Paso, and grew up in the spacious and open environment of the Franklin Mountains. He was the first demon in his family to be conceived by demon parents into this particular community.

Both of his parents were present during his infancy, and although the world outside of his parents' home was undeniably dangerous, his mother provided a stable and loving place for him to begin his life. He developed a wonderful relationship with her and felt safe and secure.

Freedom & Self-Determination

(toddlerhood)

This sense of security carried over into Randall's toddlerhood. The world beyond his parents' door was very active in terms of having a community of monsters, and he started noticing their presence. Some of the denizens of the Cera family's town were more powerful than a demon, others weaker, and as Randall looked to his parents for clues as to how to interpret this, he quickly learned that they took it in stride, so as a result, so did he.

He began to learn about the world with a relaxed attitude, confident that he and his parents were powerful enough for him to be safe, and that meant that however bad his life got when he got older, he was almost invariably in the strong position of believing in his own capabilities and preparedness to deal with a situation.

The Cera family were emotionally close with one another, and Randall took a lot of comfort from that. He made his share of mistakes as any toddler would, but his parents were good at protecting him from the impact of his poorer decisions, or at least teaching him how to make the best of the outcome.

Ambition

(young childhood)

Randall's world was quite small. His home town was rustic in its aesthetics, being in the mountains as it was, and he only left it when he started attending school. However, there was no provision for school for children younger than six or seven, so at this time of Randall's life - while he was four to six years of age - he was simply taught at home by his family. He learned how to read, count, do basic math, and other age-appropriate fare.

He was also taught the basics of how to glide and fly at age five or six. He absolutely loved the sense of freedom this gave him!

The environment in which Randall lived may have been relatively safe for him, but this was not the case for everybody. A cartel of vampires based in the neighbouring town of Juarez raided Randall's town periodically to buy, sell, and traffic humans for food or as slaves. The local demons (as well as multiple other species) took the responsibility of fighting the cartel, but the vampires proved difficult to fend off for any length of time.

This in itself had an impact on Randall. As a little boy who already felt very autonomous and engaged with his close-knit community, he felt a sense of personal responsibility for the well-being of the other species in his town. He watched his parents, and the other soldiers of various powerful species, as they fought these ongoing battles. Randall saw some brutal things during this time, and the impact of these scenes remained with him. Despite the fact that he was very young and was not expected to fight yet, he felt responsible for the atrocities that he saw. To his very young, eager, and active mind, he believed that he could help with this fight. The fact that this community was all he had ever known also impacted his desire to protect it, as he saw that it was clearly under threat, and he wanted to keep the community as it was. It was his home; it was dear to him.

He also felt as if, as a demon - a powerful creature in the hierarchy of power among the various species of El Paso - he did not have a right to seek comfort for what he had witnessed. He learned young that it was his role to project strength and to keep his fears and sorrow buried deep within himself. While his parents did not encourage this in any punitive way (i.e., by yelling at him to keep it to himself), they did so by example. He saw that they did not share their sorrows with one another and projected only strength, courage, or discretion.

It was too early for him to join the military, of course, but this was his first ambition. He also learned that his grandparents had also been in the military (albeit the more structured military that existed prior to the Curse), so it seemed natural to him that he would eventually join in. The militaristic culture of El Paso (in addition to the lack of encouragement for El Pasoans to seek other career paths) certainly prompted his decision.

Productivity

(older childhood)

When Randall was 9 years old his mother fell pregnant again. His first, instinctive response to this was excitement - he loved the idea of becoming a big brother. He fantasised about having somebody to play with, to teach what he had learned, and to go on adventures with.

His new brother was born, and was named Roman.

As far as the militaristic side of El Paso's culture went, Randall continued to feel a sense of personal responsibility for the state of his town and the safety of its population. By the time Randall had turned 10 or 11, it was accepted that he would join the El Paso Airbourne Militia.

Child to Adult Transition

(adolescence)

Randall went to school, but it was clear to him and everybody else that the true core of his life was destined to be in the militia.

As Roman grew older, it became clear that he looked up to Randall. Randall rather enjoyed this and made a point of being supportive of his younger brother. They often played together too, and Randall taught him how to fly, navigate outdoors, how to fight, and how to use a gun.

Although their father was a part of the family, he could not take the time to be a very present father to his two sons due to his work as a soldier. Playing his part in mitigating the tensions between El Paso and Juarez kept him busy and away from home for much of the time. With this situation being what it was, the family quietly accepted that it would be Randall's role to play a part in raising Roman. The same was true in many of the families Randall knew in El Paso so Randall did not consider this unusual, or an undue imposition.

For Randall, his in-groups were his family and other strong species in the community. He was satisfied with this during his earlier years, however as time went by he came to realise that this could be an isolating situation. The weaker species generally put the stronger ones on a pedestal, kept their distance, and showed their utmost respect. While this was well-intentioned, at times Randall could feel very alone.

At the age of 15 he went on to join El Paso's military and was taught basic first aid, field medicine, survival tactics, how to use knives and guns, how to protect others, and how to kill. He was expected to fight for his friends if they were ever in danger, even die for them if necessary.

At first he was enthusiastic enough to take on all of these lessons, responsibilities, and roles eagerly. After all, they played nicely into his sense of autonomy. He impressed his superiors and came to lead his own squad at the age of twenty. However, the more involved he became with the militia's duties, the more extreme and traumatic things he saw. He absorbed the trauma as best he could, just as he had seen his parents do, denying his need for support or care and trying to keep his motivation strong. As far as he was concerned, he had a family tradition to uphold.

As time went by Randall began to feel more and more as if he didn't like who he was becoming as a soldier. As a long-standing member of the team fighting the vampire cartel, he was becoming precisely the kind of person who fought such cartels, and that wasn't what he wanted to be. He continued to value the autonomy and the warm sense of accomplishment that came with taking responsibility, all of which he had learned as a small child, but being in the military required him to do things that left a bitter taste in his mouth. He often could not give second chances, offer leadership or guidance to his enemies, or laugh off their threats. The vampires represented a genuine danger, and in order for him to be able to deal with that threat he had to become just as ruthless as them.

Nevertheless, he continued to feel responsible for his part in the community, so he ignored these feelings for as long as he could, ignoring more and more of the atrocities that occurred on both sides, one by one. Whenever Randall looked at his past actions as a soldier, he saw that he had already done things that his young and impressionable self would be ashamed of.

Randall dated during this time, and was considered attractive and likeable. However, his emotional literacy was so poor as a result of his tendency to neglect his own emotions, that any partner who stayed with him for longer than a few months noticed and left. In addition to being emotionally closed off he could be blunt and overly 'forward', and some may have called him tactless and insensitive. He had a healthy number of sexual encounters but these generally happened as part of short relationships.

Closeness in Relationships

(young adulthood)

Fighting the cartel continued to lead to traumatic experiences for Randall. Given the pressure to support his squad, he refused to take time away from his duties even when he felt he needed it, to the point that he began to lose his ability to tell when he needed a break. This meant that, to protect himself emotionally, he had to become emotionally withdrawn. This in turn meant that he became less emotionally available to the people around him, including his family. He also became irritable and depressed, and this distanced him from other people all the more.

That isn't to say that he withdrew deliberately. It was a reflexive reaction, and one that he found difficult to overcome partly because he was still very young, living in a culture that did not encourage too much self-awareness (as this could prompt people to not want to fight any more).

One very early morning, one particular event breached even the impressively high emotional dam Randall had built for himself. He and a fellow soldier went on a recon mission in between the two cities, and found an open burial pit. While they were investigating it, one of the vampires' proxies arrived with several carcasses, including that of a child. Both soldiers recognized the child, and both lost their composure.

They caught and tortured the proxy for as much information as he would give about the pit, its purpose, whether there were any others, and any other information they could get. When they had finished they threw the proxy in, buried the child, and returned home, shaken by everything they had seen and done that day.

Randall and his companion had come to realize during this torture session that the proxy had been as respectful as it was possible to be to the child given the circumstances, and the other people for whom that burial pit had been their graves. Aside from this, Randall's interrogation of the proxy made it plain to him that the proxy

had never known any different from a life in which he was expected to obey the vampires wishes, and hadn't even considered the possibility that he might rebel against them. To him, the carcasses had been nothing but shells to be disposed of, and he had busied himself obeying the vampires' wishes to get rid of them.

For Randall's part, however isolated and grim his life had been, this day with the proxy made him realise that the proxy's life was far worse than anything he himself had experienced. This prompted Randall to feel horribly guilty that he had held the proxy as accountable as he would have held himself, and this in turn spelled the beginning of the end of Randall's military career. He came to the realization that on this day, he had behaved in as monstrous a way as the monsters he fought on a daily basis. Worse than this, he could not see himself realistically abstaining from this type of behaviour going forward.

He confessed what had happened to his commanding officer, and although he was not blamed for the way he had chosen to behave, he was sent for mandatory counselling. His counsellor lacked full university-level training (indeed, fully-trained counsellors were in short supply given the state of the world), and ultimately lacked the ability to help Randall heal and find a way to cope with his ongoing duties. Randall wanted to use his counselling to develop self-control and objective morals, but his counsellor was unable to work with him on the underlying reasons for his lack of either of these to the degree that he couldn't achieve his therapeutic objectives.

This led to Randall's decision, at the age of 22, to finally leave the military, his family and community, and El Paso itself, so that he could escape the environment that had taught him to behave in this way.

Beyond El Paso he found a travelling carnival. This looked to Randall like exactly the kind of cultural change he needed, so he applied to work there and got the job.

Randall was happy with the duties he was given there: basic labour, and helping with the building, repair, erecting and packing away of the booths, rides, and stages. Later he tried his hand as a performer - as a stunt-fighter, to be exact - and took to it very well. He was able to draw on the sense of pride and confidence that he had had as a small child, and used this to behave theatrically in front of his audience during performances.

During his time there he met a woman, a Gifted Mortal, named Segula Ben Hurin. Segula's gift was known as having a "dead-eye": she was an extremely talented marksman and could throw, shoot, dodge, and catch anything flawlessly. They first bonded as co-workers. Their bond deepened and they married when Randall was 25.

When Randall was 34 they had a son together, whom they named Yotam. He was unplanned, but the couple embraced him and threw themselves into parenthood without overly worrying about the risks.

Yotam looked up to his father, and Randall rather enjoyed this aspect of his relationship

with his son. For Randall, this new relationship represented a fresh start, although as he was not a particularly introspective person, he did not consciously notice this. This time, with a little one looking to him for leadership and guidance, Randall felt a determination to be a more benevolent guide. He would show Yotam the ways of a world that was not overly militaristic. He would be emotionally available in a way his own father never had been, and he would encourage Yotam to do things that were fun, adventurous, and enjoyable. He would give Yotam the room to make choices about his life and would not push him into a stressful and damaging career.

Yotam hoped that he would grow up to look like his father. He was impressed with Randall's wings and fangs and hoped that he would one day develop them himself.

Passing on Responsibilities

(older adulthood)

As Randall approached the age of 40 the ageing of his body slowed and eventually stopped. From then on, however old he got he never looked older than his mid-thirties. In addition to this, his mind retained good elasticity. While mortals (and even some other monsters) would find that their minds began to slow from this life stage onward, Randall continued to think and feel like a young adult: as if he had something new to give, something to prove, and that he was youthful and relevant.

Yotam, just like his father, worked at the carnival. He didn't take to performance like his parents did so instead worked primarily as a booth attendant. He also ran various fairground games, sold food, helped with construction, repair, and deconstruction, and performed any other similar tasks that needed a reliable hand.

However, he was not as happy at the carnival as his father was, and as he grew up he slowly came to realise that he would never grow his father's wings and fangs. He became jealous of his father's abilities. Indeed, not only was he unlike Randall, he was also weaker than most of the rest of the carnival's workforce.

As the years went by, Yotam became tired of the lifestyle imposed by the carnival: the constant travel, the casual use of drugs and alcohol, the chaotically tight-knit family vibes, and the sense of always being (or preparing to be) on display. He found it oppressive. He watched as his mother grew old and frail until she was barely able to care for herself. His father, on the other hand, remained strong and youthful in appearance.

Eventually, to Yotam's heartbreak, his mother died. Randall felt ambivalent about this. On the one hand he felt relieved that Segulah could rest in peace, as he had felt pained watching her degenerate from a proud woman to one who struggled with the most basic activities. On the other, he had never stopped loving her so having to see the end of the relationship come was traumatic. For a while he had no idea what to say or do and he took years to come to terms with the loss.

Over the years he had learned how to be more emotionally literate, so when he finally had this bereavement to cope with he found himself able to grieve, and to accept the support of the other carnies.

Unlike his father, Yotam had grown up with a sense of "I never get what I want". Firstly he had not grown his father's physical attributes; secondly, he remained a support worker for the carnival and seldom if ever experienced the glamour of being in the limelight. He remained a part of the carnival's community until middle age, never striking out on his own and finding his own fortune or founding a family. His mother's death finally prompted him to leave this environment at the age of 43, as he finally felt that there was nothing left to keep him tied to the carnival.

He told Randall that he never wanted to see him again, and left. He went in search of a more traditional, simpler lifestyle, and the chance to distance himself from his father enough that he could decide on who, and what, he wanted to become with the time he had left of his life.

Randall had lost a lot in this short space of time: his lover and his child.

Randall wanted his son to remain with him, not least because his family had become very dear to him and he didn't want to lose it, but he recognised that Yotam needed to find his own way in the world, away from his father. Randall accepted Yotam's wish despite the additional grief this caused him, and continued to work at the carnival.

Several decades after Yotam left, the carnival's owner, Old Man Naga, retired. He sold the carnival to a set of new owners who changed multiple aspects of the carnival that had worked fine for many years, including its travel routes.

This upset most of the carnies' workforce, and Randall did his best to take leadership of the situation. However despite his attempts to facilitate peace he eventually ran out of options. He felt caught between the rest of the workforce and the carnival's (and his) new leaders. He lost his temper with them, unsure of how else to convince them to change (after all, as a soldier he had never had to learn such skills. A soldier obeyed his commander or moved on, and never tried to negotiate with him), and left.

He settled to a new, stationary life in a town called Evergreen with some difficulty, but eventually successfully settled and began work at a gentlemen's club. In the current day he is unaware that the club is run by a vampire cartel. Under most circumstances Randall would be interested enough in the workings of any enterprise in which he was involved to look into who was running it, but he senses that he may be happier not knowing so is remaining wilfully ignorant, at least for now.

He is reluctant to bond with the other employees but finds it hard to resist, as he very much enjoyed being part of the intensely familial culture of the carnival and the club seems to offer an opportunity to have the same kind of bond again. One of his reasons

for being reluctant to bond with them is that he has considered looking for Roman. He has also thought of returning to El Paso, although he is less keen on that idea as returning to it would mean re-entering a deeply unpleasant situation (the militia vs. the cartel) that he cannot fix.

There are several things that Randall doesn't want to know: the details of Yotam's death and how his parents and brother are doing being chief among them. Instead, he tries to avoid thinking about these things and keeps himself occupied doing other things. Meanwhile, he prevents himself from thinking these things by finding ways to fail to think: by becoming confused or being chronically indecisive about the above, or by working until he is too exhausted to think straight.

Randall deeply dislikes the feeling of being powerless, and as he grew up he became aware of how little he could do about most of the worst situations in the world. Confusion or distraction is how he goes about keeping his powerless outside of his conscious awareness.

The club is owned by an angel named Nathaniel Lucian, who lost one wing by amputation a little over a year prior to the current day. Randall and he get along well and have a relationship that is both romantic and sexual, although sometimes Randall finds his relationship with him confusing. This, once again, is ultimately because Nate has links with an elusive and not-necessarily-benevolent boss behind the curtain. Randall goes into a place of confusion so that he doesn't see this. Having an emotional and sensory relationship with Nate helps him to 'not think' about the puzzle that is Nate's deal with the club.

Nate also has emotional trauma in his past, and if Randall were asked about this, he would say that he does not ask Nate what happened in order to be kind to Nate and avoid forcing him to re-live the trauma by explaining it to Randall. This also allows Randall to 'not think' about the situation Nate is in.

One day recent to the current day, Nate came to Randall's home completely drunk. Randall saw that Nate had a broken nose and invited him inside to talk. Nate revealed some fragments of information about the situation to Randall: his history and current situation with the vampire clan, and how he lost his missing wing.

After Nate had sobered up Randall got more direct and questioned Nate for the full details. Nate told him, but spun his description to sound less extreme than it is: that although the vampire cartel owns him, they treat him better than many pets get treated.

Randall is undeniably uncomfortable with the situation, but also understands from his own experience in dealing with vampires that Nate is still in recovery from something much worse than what he's dealing with right now, and that only through helping him heal and providing a better baseline of care is Nate going to finally see his current situation for what it is.

End of Life

(old age)

As an immortal, Randall's death is not of immediate concern to him. Demons do not die of old age and are immune from disease, so he recognises that the only way he can die is through extreme violence. He is not afraid of this and sees it as a distant inevitability.

He also grew up in an atheistic culture so has no particular beliefs about life after death. To him, death is simply the conclusion of life. He doesn't fear the end of his life, neither from the perspective of receiving eternal punishment for deeds done during life or from that of oblivion.

Randall's life may have hit a stalemate but he does not feel that he has reached the end of his story. He is certain that he has more adventures to experience before the end of his life. In the meantime however, he makes sense of this (while simultaneously avoiding becoming too aware of the loose ends of his life that he would ambivalently like to revisit) by convincing himself that he will be there for Nate for as long as he can.

Despite his near-invulnerability to death he has no particular wish to court his fate by risking death for anyone. However, he hopes that when he does eventually die that it will be while doing something worthwhile, so that he can be helpful to others.

Credits

Based on theory by:

Erikson, E., (1951) 'Childhood and Society', W.W. Norton & Company, Inc. chapter 7.

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~Hayley, The Character Consultancy