

Devon Heartstring, Birthname Waking Light

Devon Heartstring, also called Waking Light by his closest friends. Light for short	
Species:	Kohanian, Gaueko Race
Gender:	Male
Age:	19
Zodiac Sign:	By Kohanian charts, Autumn Waxing Crescent (Cancer)
Height:	6ft, 0in
Weight:	210
Bra Size:	
Organization:	Order of the Mother's Voice
Occupation:	Monk, New Brother
Rank:	Initiate, also called a Whisperer
Current Placement:	

Devon Heartstring

Devon Heartstring, also called Waking Light is a [Player Character](#) played by [Matthew](#).

Physical Characteristics

Height: 6ft, 0in Mass: 210

Build and Skin Colour: Broad shoulders, thick neck, and an overall sturdy frame ripped with muscles that roll beneath his mottled white fur.

Facial Features and Eye Colour: A head resembling that of a wolf or similar canid, with large, round, yellow eyes.

Hair Colour and Style: His fur is a little long, but is always well maintained and has a reserved style. Well, however reserved you can make a dog's fur look.

Distinguishing Features: Short, thin, black and gray stripes line the tip of his ears, from his brow to his nose, down his forearms, across his chest and waist, and at the tip of his tail.

Psychological Characteristics

Personality: Devon is normally reserved in both his thoughts and his actions, but he can be very sociable around those he knows and trusts. He is proud of his initiation into his monk order and honorably wears the robes and gi that mark him as a Whisperer in the Order of the Mother's Voice. A little vain, he makes sure that his fur is clean and relatively knot-free before leaving his temple. He doesn't do so often,

however, finding comfort when he can sit alone with a book and learn more about the unique powers that his order can teach. When he does get out, it's normally to clear his head by either walking, fishing, practicing his martial arts, or playing his mother's harp, returning to his studies with a peaceful expression on his canine face.

He doesn't like to fight, but his training has given him the confidence to do so without hesitation if it comes to that. He usually finds that buying someone a drink or laughing with them about something is normally enough to get them off your back, though, and prides himself on his ability to slip out of a dangerous situation with not so much as a punch thrown.

Around friends, though, he's a bit more outgoing, prone to make subtle jokes in good fun. He tends to use the philosophies that his order teaches in his own way, finding what he calls a "Fun side road" on the path to enlightenment. "It takes a bit longer to get there," he says, normally with a fanged grin playing along his lips, "but I'll be the only one with interesting stories to tell."

Another philosophy of his is "Every day, either learn something, or have fun. If you don't have either knowledge or a story to tell when the day is over, then your day was wasted."

Likes: Looking for loopholes in his order to have fun with, partying when he is with friends, and studying when he is alone. There is also this one spot right behind his ear that's... that's just great. **Dislikes:** Being forced into a confrontation with no other choice but to fight. Also he hates leafy greens and people who eat chocolate around him. **Goals:** To live, make a story about his life, and pass on his knowledge to his children, who he's not really thinking about having yet.

History

His father was killed during the war, while his mother and younger brother and sister escaped on the passing freighter.

Pre-RP

Devon was very nearly stillborn, and some to this day believe that it was a miracle he survived. Because of this, he was babied for a lot of his life, his parents always fearing that some sort of sickness would suddenly wash over him and take back the life he barely held onto. The sickness never came, and by the time he was in school, he was as healthy as any other Kohanian.

However, being brought up with such a soft hand made him the butt of most of the harder-lived children's jokes and bullying. To avoid being beat up his entire life, he quickly learned the martial ways of his species, taking lessons from both his warrior father and spending extra classes with his instructor. He excelled, and soon the other children weren't picking on him, but all this extra training spent making up for lost time made him a bit of a loner.

This was also something he couldn't accept, and went out to make friends. He was surprised to find that many people admired him for his skills in battle, but after losing a little tournament that the students had set up, he found himself lacking in his fair-weather companions. That was when he saw that strength

could only bring you so much, and the 'alpha male' status that so many sought after was a farce. After all, there was always something stronger than you.

He stopped practicing martial arts for a while, forgoing his father's lessons to listen to his mother play on her harp. It was a simple, elegant instrument that he learned how to use himself, the dull, hard claws that tipped his fingers making great picks for the delicate instrument, allowing him to play several chords at once.

At first, he was a bit shy of knowing how to play such a soft instrument, finding secluded spots in the forest to practice when his mother wasn't home to 'take the fall' for him. He got quite good with it, and found that the forest gave such great acoustics that he learned advanced survival techniques to stay out there for days at a time, away from it all to contemplate and play.

One day, he noticed he was being watched, and his playing suffered for it. He was approached by his artistic eavesdropper, a wolf that nearly mirrored his appearance save for her feminine gender, and she asked him why he played alone. They had a conversation, and he kept her a secret, happy to have an audience to listen to his playing for a while each day. Eventually, he was playing well even with an audience, and even heard rumors about a 'mysterious specter that sounded like a harp' inhabiting the nearby woods. They remarked at how beautiful the music was, and Devon was fairly proud of himself. Of course, nobody would believe him when he said that he was the specter, on the grounds that the woods were known to be haunted by a spirit to begin with. Doing research into the topic, he discovered that this female, who he had never seen before and had been so helpful to him, was actually the guardian spirit of the forest. Instead of bragging about this unbelievable tale, he kept it to himself, known only to him and to his family, who heard his music and knew about his secret outings.

He had just finished his education when the war began, Devon's father was one of the first warriors to fall. He would have joined the military out of rage and vengeance at that very moment, but his mother talked him out of it. She had recently given birth to two more children, but didn't want her son to be lost to her as well. He spent the night in his original home to think it over and woke to the sight of the forest aflame.

He jumped out of bed, rushed into the burning brush against his mother's wishes, and found the spot where he played. He saw, lying there in the place where he used to play, the weakened, dying form of the spirit, who had just enough strength to materialize as a feral puppy. He knew it was her, and he carried her out of the woods before it turned to ashes. The spirit, sick with the loss of its guardianship, grew even closer to death, so Devon sought out a way to heal it.

This is where he met the Order of the Mother's Voice. This temple was dedicated to communing with the spirits dwelling within Kohana, and, with their help, he was able to revitalize the once-powerful guardian by taking a patch of unburnt soil from the once lush forest and giving her that one piece to protect. She could not regain her strength unless her forest was completely restored, but that would take hundreds of years, and until then, she is considered healthy, but mostly powerless. A sprite, if nothing else, compared to the nymph she once was.

Because of his desire to help her, and his apparent innate ability to speak with the spirits, Devon decided to join the Order. During his initiation ritual, he was given the name "Grae'll ", which would be known only to himself, the spirits he summons, and the order. It was a name he was to guard with his life, for without this name that the Mother spirit of Kohana gave him, he could not summon her children to his aid, and it is the surest way to determine who the other order members are, for if they spoke it in behest,

he was honor bound to help them.

The spirit, in thanks for his saving her life, bound herself to him and his family, and, until her forest could be restored, she travels with him in the small patch of dirt that he wears in a tiny bag around his neck. She helps him in his studies, which is good, because he needs the extra help he can get. He works diligently, but is swayed very easily with the promise of fun. He would never violate a code of his order... not on purpose, anyway, but he does feel that he has some catching up to do on all the things he missed back during his education. It makes his instructors shake their heads, but when it boils down, he is a good person with a good heart. He walks a thin line, but he seeks knowledge and experience, leaving the promise of power by following every rule to a 'T' seeming like a worthless prize where he could have the wellspring of life to tap into.

Skills

Fighting

He is an expert, though not a master, with martial arts, using a style that wears the opponent out by taking punches where they don't hurt and dropping the foe to the point where they just don't want to fight the grinning, smug wolf anymore. He is also proficient in using the black obsidian machete inherited by his father, as well as the mandatory weapons training provided by the Kohanian educational system. Aint it great?

Rogue

He's had to talk his way out of pretty hairy situations, but he always knows the right words to say, and has hardly ever had to raise his fist to make his point. This is a skill that he uses sparingly, and only in legal ways. However, he is adept with sleight of hand, capable of doing something that is against the laws of Kohanians if only to appease the laws of Kohana itself.

Survival

While most Kohanians learn how to survive in the wild naturally, he took it a step further, practically living there for most of his young life. Combined with his natural affinity for the wilderness spirits, he could live out his days in that place.

Summoning

As a Whisperer, Devon is able to summon minor earth spirits to do his bidding. By channeling the power of a nearby forest, river, pond, or other source of nature, he is able to call forth their strength to communicate with. This often allows him to get fish from the streams and meat from the woods, the spirits aiding in his hunt by giving him great insight. In a bind, he can also call forth his bonded spirit,

and, while its powers are weak, it can create minor acts of magic, such as releasing a bright flash of light or pulling a lightweight object closer to him.

Entertainment

By reading stories and listening to others, he has picked up various methods of breathing life into a social situation.

He can also play a Kohanian harp like he was born to do it. While it's not something that most Kohana males would brag about, he's found that his soft skill helps win him brownie points with the females, though he sees the way most live for the act of mating as a bit selfish and a little silly.

Knowledge

He feels at home buried in a book or listening to a tale spoken by a master of his order or an ancient spirit he calls to converse with. He is overeager to learn new things, and his curiosity is insatiable once something catches his interests. A dog that won't let go, so to speak.

He is also quick to jump on any knowledge 'borrowed' from the offworlders, curious about their culture, weaponry, and everything about them. He seeks to visit them one day to add another chapter to the story of his life, but until then he wants to prepare himself, and have fun on Neo Kohana for all it's worth.

Medical and Science

Studying with the monks, and nature itself, has given him the ability to create a salve practically from twigs and leaves, and he sees magic and science as one in the same, seeking scientific ways to explain his 'gift' to those who do not understand it.

Inventory

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Clothing

Simple pants made of tanned deerhide A brown leather vest lined with a few pockets to hide the palm-sized objects he manages to 'accidentally take possession of.

Uniforms

Order of the Mother's Voice deep-green gi Order of the Mother's Voice robes for ritual use === Weather Gear === An oiled cloak of waterproof feathers, complete with hood

Workout Clothing and Undergarments

A few sets of loose breechcloth

Accessories

A bag of Kohanian soil, home to the spirit bound to him A belt with pouches used for storing medicinal and mystical ingredients

Personal Hygiene

A bone fur brush

Miscellaneous

An obsidian hatchet given to him by his father A bow and a quiver of eagle-feather arrows for hunting His mother's harp A pouch for money, though it normally carries very little

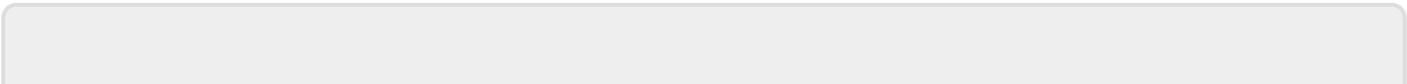
Finances

Devon Heartstring is currently an Initiate, also called a Whisperer in the Order of the Mother's Voice.

OOO Discussion

Grae'll is a name known only to him and the monks of his particular order. The creatures he summons are also aware of his name, but they are forbidden to speak it.

Character Data	
Character Name	Devon Heartstring
Character Status	Inactive Player Character
Approval Thread URL	stararmy.com/...



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