

# Finney Cypress

Player character - action-adventure game setting

**Age:** 19 winters old | **Racial ID, sex ID, gender ID:** Human, cisgender female

**Key Visual:** A fresh wound across one of her cheeks where a bullet skimmed and singed it. The wound gradually scars.

**Role:** A young member of the Watchers.

**Archetype and loose inspiration characters:** Explorer. Chloe Price (Life is Strange: Before the Storm); Shadowheart (Baldur's Gate 3); Sadie Adler (RDR2)

**Keywords:** Brimming; self-conscious; bold; anxious; headstrong; hardened; lonely; feeling

**Motivation / Desire:** It was always there: the tangle, the tug-of-war, between the roar inside and the suffocating nothingness outside. For as long as Finney's felt oversized - too loud; too feeling - she's yearned to leave her small, frozen outpost village behind. Which is forever. She wants to outrun the need to always fold herself into shapes and stuff herself down to be smaller; less. Her immediate desire, though, is to venture into the vast, unknown Haglands to chase down her father's killer. To find them, and make it their fault, not hers - to wash her own mind clean of the guilt soaking it like blood and ink.

**Bio summary and background:** Finney's beloved dad Serell was the only one who ever got close to 'getting' Finney. So she chose to become a Watcher, like him. A trained riflewoman who'd spend her softest days high up on the lonely decks scattered across the Icetide. Ready; always watching. Squinting for dots on the frozen plains that might be Hags - their sworn enemies. They couldn't be allowed to steal Arborrun's precious silvershale; it was everything. It helped that she'd killed her first Hag with her dad's rifle when she was just 15. She had the eye.

Finney's just taken up her gun as a Watcher, though she spends more time gazing at the far horizon, yearning for what lies beyond it, than seeking the silhouette of Hags.

**Story pitch:** One night up on the decks, Finney made a mistake. Maybe it was the flask of grain spirit she and her dad Serell passed between them; maybe it was the suffocating silence of the day. She talked too much, too loud, and ignored the far-away others' warnings. A shot ripped the night air and dropped her dad where he stood. Before she knew what she was doing, she'd torn her dad's rifle and rations from his body and torn off into the night towards the strange and forbidden Haglands to find the killer...

**Dialogue sample:** "It wasn't me. *It wasn't me.* It was a Hag. *Fucking Hags.* I will find it and kill it for what it did. Dad..."

**Voice quality:** Young, trying to sound older; bolder. She's direct but not abrasive; there's some warmth in her voice. Her speech patterns oscillate between loud and energetic (when she's letting the full force of her thoughts and feelings flow), and quiet though sharp (when she starts feeling self-conscious and wants to rein herself in).

## Finney barks

### General actions

<b>Moving</b>	<b>Sneaking</b> <i>(In low voice / whisper)</i>	<b>Opening a container / finding an item</b>	<b>Injured / needs healing</b>
"You're out there."	"Frost <i>and</i> squelch. How?"	"Hags and their trinkets."	"Blood. <i>Shit.</i> "
"I'm gaining on you."	"Eurgh... bloody bog."	"Something for the road."	"Where's the silvertinc when you need it?"
"I've got your scent."	"Watchers wait. Right, Dad?"	"They don't need it."	"Shit. Is it deep?"
"I can't stop. I can't."	"At least the decks were dry."	"Better in my pocket than theirs."	"Argh. The daylight's getting out."
"I can't go back."	"Find me now, Hags."	"They took more than junk from me."	"Not now. Not here."

### Combat – early game (allegiance to the Icetiders): reckless, angry, prejudiced

<b>Taking cover</b>	<b>Landing a shot/hit</b>	<b>Getting hit</b>	<b>Near-miss</b>
"I'm a Watcher; I won't miss!"	"Sink. And stay there."	"My head's up here, Hag."	[Laughs] "Not your thing, guns, huh?"
"You can't even hold that thing straight!"	"A shot a day keeps the Hags at bay."	"Which Watcher did you kill for that gun?"	"Maybe I <i>should</i> shut up."
"Bad news for you, I've got nothing to lose."	"Bagged a Hag... ha."	"No. <i>No.</i> "	"Gods, I <i>am</i> loud."
"Wait. Watch."	"One less."	"You got lucky, Hag."	"That was... close."
"Your swamp gods won't save you!"	"Ha!"	"Bog fucker."	*Whistles*

### Combat – late game (if allegiance has shifted to the Hags, against the Icetiders)

<b>Taking cover</b>	<b>Landing a shot/hit</b>	<b>Getting hit</b>	<b>Near-miss</b>
"Not again. Never."	"I'll do it again if I have to!"	"You traitorous... fucks."	"You know me! You knew Dad!"
"I know you. I know your ways!"	"15! I was just 15!"	"I know you!"	"You're a shit Watcher."
"You can't catch me out, Tider!"	"Why are you forcing this?"	"Argh, stop!"	"[NPC name], come on! Please!"
"Wait, Finney. Wait."	"You made me this!"	"No—not now."	"I was too much for you then; I'm too much for you now!"
"Least you won't see this, Dad."	"You can't keep doing this! You can't keep lying!"	"Not you."	"That was your chance."