



Name: Selka Thorn, AKA “The Scarred Witch”

Biography: Selka Thorn was a former slave turned rebel healer, and now, a feared symbol of resistance and vengeance against a corrupt and brutal regime. Known early on for her miraculous ability to mend even the deepest wounds, Selka has grown into something far more dangerous. After escaping her slavers, Selka wandered from village to village, healing the poor and forgotten. But when word of her compassion spread, the nobility grew uneasy, afraid her kindness might inspire the working class to question their dependence on the crown’s sanctioned healers. She was captured, imprisoned, and tortured, branded as a Witch. In prison, Selka met her mentor, an older inmate known only as Mother Coal.

After witnessing her aptitude with healing magic, Mother Coal took a sharp interest in Selka. The two grew close, and the frail woman revealed her past as a powerful witch who once waged war against the nobility, and shared the secret of Mirror Magic. An ancient art that turns one’s own suffering into a destructive weapon.

When their bond was discovered, Guards dragged Mother Coal away to be executed, slitting her throat in front of a crowd. But Mother Coal didn’t go quietly. As the light left her eyes, all around, executioners started dropping. Their throats split open by unseen blades. Blood for blood. Selka witnesses the gruesome power of Mirror Magic.

In the chaos, Selka made her escape. Scarred in body and soul, she vanished into the wilderness. Over time, she honed her magic. And over the years, with the frequent pursuit of corrupt enforcers and bounty hunters, she got plenty of practice.

To this day, the true extent of her power is unknown. Some say her touch or even mere presence can wipe out an entire army. But her real strength lies in what she represents. To the oppressed, a savior. To the nobility, a threat. And to the world as a whole, a symbol, that despite bloodlines and wealth, no one is impervious to justice.

Personality Pillars:

1. Selka is fiercely intelligent and composed, often speaking in calm, deliberate tones. She isn't interested in dramatic speeches or vindication—she wants justice, and will do whatever it takes to achieve it.
2. Though she commands fear and reverence, she sees herself as part of something larger: a movement. Her power is not about dominance, but liberation.
3. Her empathy has not disappeared—it has simply become selective. She protects the broken, the outcast, the forgotten. But to her oppressors, she is merciless. There is no middle ground.

Is/Not: Selka is not a villain. While she uses dark magic, despite what the regime may insist, she's not evil. She is the consequence of generations of cruelty finally being turned back on the perpetrator. She is the buried pain of the masses given form. She does not seek chaos, but balance. Her actions are not random, they are surgical, intentional, and always deserved.

Core Motivations: Selka wreaks havoc against the powerful and corrupt, on behalf of those unable to defend themselves. Her magic, rooted in Mirror Craft, makes the powerful suffer the pain they've so freely inflicted upon others. Selka takes no pleasure from this, but finds it to be the only language her enemies understand. At her core, Selka still sees herself as a healer. Only now, the wound she treats is the soul of a broken world, and knows some wounds must be cauterized before they can heal.

The Scarred Witch: Lore

The treeline at the edge of The Hollow was dense, shadowed by thick canopies and heavy mist. Through a break in the foliage, the camp spread out below. Quiet, small campfires flickered and the low hum of voices carried upward.

Corin crouched behind a moss-covered fallen tree, peering down through the scope of his long rifle. As always, his expression was neutral: cold, analytical, detached. Behind him stood Rennic Vale, awkwardly tugging at his chest guard trying to make adjustments. The ruffling was quiet, yet Rennic's constant struggle still managed to get on Corin's nerves and he let out a frustrated sigh.

Down at the camp, Corin noticed followers beginning to gather at the center in the shape of a half circle. A cloaked individual emerged from the tent in the middle. They sat opposite the crescent moon of followers. Corin shifted slightly, and grunted. "She's here."

Rennic stopped fidgeting with his armor and looked up nervously. He moved forward, joining Corin behind the log, pulled out a spyglass and peered down at the community, quickly noticing the hooded figure. "The one in front? That's the witch?".

Without taking his eyes off the target, Corin responded. "Mmhmm. That's her. That's Selka Thorn alright". A tightness grew in Rennic's chest as he stared down at the cult. A part of him secretly clung to the idea that the rumors were just that. Disturbing stories spun up by frightened villagers. They'd find nothing, report back, and be done with it. Now, that hope swiftly drifted away as Corin told him they've found the one they set out to apprehend.

The hunters both watched in silence as a young woman stepped away from the others and approached the figure kneeling in front of them. Rennic tensed as the girl stopped, now directly in front of the leader. She held out her forearm, revealing a large burn covering her skin. The hooded figure appeared to nod, then another follower handed the young girl a torch they pulled from a nearby camp fire. The cloaked leader pulled up her sleeve and held out her arm. Hesitant at first, the young follower pressed the burning torch to Selka's arm. Others in the half circle turned away, but the woman being burned didn't even seem to flinch. When the girl pulled the torch from the hooded figure's arm, a brutal burn remained. Rennic swallowed hard. "That's... Disturbing."

Corin lowered his rifle and turned leaning his back against the fallen tree. "Just a bunch of lunatics maiming each other. What else is new", he said.

Rennic sat next to him lost in his own thoughts. "Do you think the stories are true? That she can kill a man with a touch? That she drinks blood?".

Corin scoffed, "I've hunted outlaws with stories ten times worse than hers, and never found someone I couldn't handle. People talk. Peasants whisper about monsters when they see something they don't understand what they're looking at. I've yet to meet someone I couldn't make bleed."

Rennic hesitated. "Still, they said-"

"They say a lot of things", Corin cut in. "The majority of which is horseshit. What matters is what she can actually do when I've got a blade to her throat". Rennic nodded. He decided to drop it. Corin slumped down, adding, "We'll wait until dark".

The initiation ritual ended, the followers dispersed, and shortly after, the murmurs and campfires began to die out. Corin sharpened his knife on a whetstone, then stood and slid it into his belt. Then he checked the rounds in his revolver, spun the cylinder and rolled it back into place. He looked at Rennic and nodded. "Alright. I'm going in".

Rennic blinked. "Aren't I going with you?".

Corin shook his head. "You'll watch my back from up here". He held out his scoped rifle. Rennic's face flushed as he took it. "You nobles get better training than most soldiers. I'm sure you can handle a shot if you need to".

Rennic looked down at the weapon, uncertain. "But, we're not supposed to kill anyone. They said some of the followers were from royal bloodlines".

Corin shrugged. "If it's them or us, you shoot. We can survive a slap on the wrist." Without another word, he tightened his coat, crouched low, and began his descent through the brush. Rennic watched him go, heart pounding as his grip tightened around the rifle stock.

The camp below was now dark and quiet as Corin moved with silent confidence, moving through the grounds with practiced ease. He kept low, using the tents and terrain to mask his movement while avoiding the soft glow of lanterns until he reached the tent in the center.

He entered, finding Selka asleep on a cot. Corin moved quickly. Using his strength and experience, he had her gagged and bound her wrists before she had a chance to react. Then he wrapped her hands in treated leather, ensuring her hands could touch him. While Corin didn't put much weight in the stories of frightened villagers, he would still use caution whenever he could.

As he forced her toward the opening of the tent, Selka violently threw her head back connecting with Corin's nose with a crunch. Holding her wrapped hands with one hand, he grabbed her hair tightly with his other. Blood now running down his chin, he sternly whispered, "You keep struggling and a whole lot of your people die tonight". Selka glared at him and he shoved her out into the night air.

He moved her quickly, through the grounds, but before they reached the perimeter, a follower returning from a piss saw the abduction. He hollered to the others and within moments a small crowd amassed coming to their leader's aid. In one fluid motion, Corin pulled his revolver aiming at the half-circle of Selka's followers that blocked his path out. "Move, or I start putting holes in you."

Up on the ridge, Rennic watched the situation develop through his scope. His mind raced and his body felt heavy with dread. "No. Fuck!". Panicked, he tried to reassure himself. "You'll wait for him to shoot first. He's a professional. You'll wait for his lead".

Selka managed to dislodge her gag just enough to speak. "Calm down. This doesn't need to get any worse."

Still focused on her people, Corin responded. "Oh, I'm very calm. Problem is, I've got a greenhorn with a scoped rifle on a ridge up there probably pissing himself. Who knows when he might decide to start shooting". The tension grew heavy as Selka's followers stood their ground.

Not wanting more harm to befall her people, Selka gave in. "Stand down".

The group stayed where they were, not ready to lose her. Corin untied the gag, letting it fall to the ground. "I don't think they heard you".

Without hesitation, Selka repeated herself sternly, "Stand down. Now".

The followers were apprehensive, but accepted the order and stepped aside. Corin grabbed the cloth off the ground and again gagged her, this time even tighter. Then he pushed forward, guiding Selka with a firm grip on her shoulder as they left the camp.

They reached the end of the path's incline and Rennic ran to meet them from his position on the ridge. Upon seeing Selka up close, his eyes grew wide. Her expression was calm and difficult to read, but what caused Rennic to forget to breathe was her scars. Her face and any visible patch of skin, was covered in brutal web-like scars. Each one telling a story of her unfortunate past.

"Let's move," Corin said. Rennic nodded, falling in behind them.

They hiked in silence until Corin felt they were far enough from the camp to rest without worry of pursuit. Corin built a small fire and began roasting a few rabbits he'd caught the day prior. Rennic sat quietly, mind lost in his thoughts. His adrenaline from earlier dissipated, and now he just felt nauseous.

After some time, Corin handed Rennic half a roasted rabbit, then sat back down near the fire to eat his own. Rennic looked over at Selka. She was still bound and gagged leaning against a nearby tree. She stared at the fire with distant eyes. Guilt grew inside him and he cleared his throat. "Do you think we should let her eat? Looks like we have enough."

"She's fine", Corin croaked, as he continued to eat.

Rennic stared at the veteran hunter feeling defeated. He was unable to shake this unexpected feeling of disgust. He stuttered, trying another angle. "W- what if when we get back, I tell my stewards you handled everything perfectly. That I learned a lot, but more importantly, that I'd like to shadow another hunter". This caught the attention of both Selka and Corin. "You'd be able to get back to your work without me tagging along".

Corin raised his eyebrow. "You think they'd listen to you?".

Rennic nodded. "I'm still a noble. As long as I tow the line and follow the path they expect, I'm able to make my own decisions".

"You better make sure of that", Corin said sternly, then he sighed. "Only remove the gag. You'll have to feed her". Pulling his revolver from its holster and placing it next to him, he locked eyes with Selka. "You start mumbling a curse or try anything funny, and I promise I'll put you down before you can finish".

Rennic grabbed more of the meat and moved next to the side of Selka. After freeing her mouth, she ate as he held the rabbit for her. After a few bites, she turned to him with a hard expression. "Why are you here?". When Rennic hesitated, unsure of how to respond, she clarified. "Never met a noble attracted to the life of hunting bounties."

Corin groaned, "Don't talk to her".

Rennic ignored his mentor's instructions. "My family thinks I'm soft. Usually, they'd send us to war, but since there is none, they thought this line of work would be best to toughen me up". Selka studied him intensely for a moment, then nodded softly. Rennic continued to hold up the rabbit for her to take another bite. Rennic studied the scars on her face as she chewed. "What about you? I've heard a lot of stories. Are any of them true?".

"Depends on the stories", she said after swallowing.

"Which ones are true?", Rennic asked.

Selka smiled faintly. "Grew up a slave. Got my freedom. Became a healer. Then, the regime needed someone to blame for uprisings. My practices don't align with the beliefs of the nobles, so they came for me and threw me in prison".

Rennic pressed her, "Is that where you met the Witch? Mother Coal?".

Corin and Selka both looked at Rennic and the camp grew silent. Corin tossed the scraps of his dinner in the fire. "Where did you hear that name?", he said.

Selka spoke before Rennic could respond. "Yes, that is where I met Mother Coal... And where I saw her executed".

Growing irritated, Corin grabbed his revolver, holding it limply in his hand as he leaned forward. "And tell me, how many innocents at the execution had their throats miraculously rip open afterward? Huh? Don't paint that old witch's death as a tragedy. She was evil".

Selka stared at Corin seething, "Mother Coal was a hero. She stood against those who thought their blood made them gods. The nobles who continue to exploit and enslave anyone who stands against them. The guards were animals. They tortured us beyond what any non-healer could survive, and the villagers, a collateral of a war they were too blind to see they were a part of".

Corin stood abruptly, "That's enough. You're done talking". Rennic moved out of the way as Corin approached. While he began to secure the gag, Selka leaned her head back. For only a moment, the back of her neck made contact with his hand. In an instant, he ripped his hand away and had the barrel of his revolver to the back of her head.

"What the hell did you just try and do!?" He yelled.

Emotionless, she looked at Rennic standing in front of her, and all her scars began to lightly glow.

Corin staggered and gasped. The pistol fell from his hand. He groaned, eyes wide with panic, then began to scream in agony. His whole body spasmed as deep cuts tore through his skin. Blood spilled out from every inch of his body and pooled on the ground around him. The hunter collapsed, and the forest grew still and quiet.

Rennic stared at Corin's still body, unable to process what he just witnessed. Selka stood calmly and walked past him. Kneeling down, she took the knife from Corin's belt and cut her hands free from the bindings, then removed the gag and threw it in the fire.

She turned to Rennic. His face was pale and his whole body shaking. "Make no mistake. We are in a war. And if you think the path you're on will keep you safe...". She nodded to Corin's lifeless body, "look at him". Then she disappeared into the darkness of the trees.

For the remainder of the night, Rennic sat by the fire with the scoped rifle in his lap, trying to process what he'd just witnessed. Like Corin's body, his world had just been ripped apart.

Bark Sheet

Category/Trigger	Line
Combat (start of fight)	Witness all the torture you and your kind have committed.
Combat (start of fight)	Your bloodline has brought pain and suffering. Allow me to return it.
Combat (start of fight)	Touch your weapon, and you will fall.
Combat (start of fight)	I don't want this fight, but I will not run.
Combat (start of fight)	You raised a world on suffering. Now hear it scream back!
Combat (Taking Damage)	You're not the first to try and break me.
Combat (Taking Damage)	I felt that one. Now so will your men.
Combat (Taking Damage)	I come from a life of pain.
Combat (Taking Damage)	This wound will fade, and become my weapon.
Combat (Taking Damage)	This is nothing compared to what I've experienced.
Combat (Taking Damage)	Deeper cuts have barely slowed me down.
Combat (Low Health)	This world is breaking. I must hold it together.
Combat (Low Health)	I've survived far worse.
Combat (Low Health)	You better kill me now, or you've just made me stronger.
Combat (Low Health)	You can break my body, but never my will!
Combat (Low Health)	If I fall, I'm taking you with me.
Combat (Low Health)	I know this pain. It made me.
Combat (Low Health)	I can bleed, but I won't stop. I'm not done.
Combat (Killing an Enemy)	No more innocents will suffer from your hand.
Combat (Killing an Enemy)	No one will mourn your death.
Combat (Killing an Enemy)	I warned you. Now it's too late to beg.
Combat (Killing an Enemy)	You took too much from too many.
Combat (Killing an Enemy)	Another monster gone. But the war is far from over.
Combat (Killing an Enemy)	No songs will be sung for you.
Combat (Killing an Enemy)	No redemption. Just reckoning.
Combat (Killing an Enemy)	Your noble blood doesn't absolve your cruelty.
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	That scar was mine. And now, it's yours.
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	Feel it! Feel what they did to us!
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	Now you carry the sins of your brothers in arms.
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	I remember EVERY CUT!
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	Your body will tell the story of my pain.
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	Your brutality has made me a weapon.
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	What I learned in chains, you'll experience in blood.
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	Can you survive the wounds you've inflicted?
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	Just how much torture can you endure?
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	Prepare to experience why we scream.
Combat (Critical Hit/Power Use)	Now watch as your flesh rips open and you discover our pain.
Combat (Victory/Last Enemy Down)	We're not safe. But we are still alive.
Combat (Victory/Last Enemy Down)	We live. They die.
Combat (Victory/Last Enemy Down)	Your story ends here.
Combat (Victory/Last Enemy Down)	No crimes will go unpunished.
Combat (Victory/Last Enemy Down)	You die nameless, just like the one you've buried.

Combat (Victory/Last Enemy Down)	This isn't over until they're all dead.
Combat (Victory/Last Enemy Down)	They'll send more. They always do.
Combat (Victory/Last Enemy Down)	Your death alone won't end the rot. We have more work to do.
Reviving Teammates	The pain just means you're still alive.
Reviving Teammates	You're not dying here. We still have work to do.
Reviving Teammates	If you can still move, you can still fight.
Reviving Teammates	I dragged myself back from worse. So can you.
Reviving Teammates	The world has taken enough. Don't let it take you too.
Reviving Teammates	You're not done yet. Get up.
Being Revived	Still breathing. Let's finish this.
Being Revived	Pain is my teacher. I've learned enough for today.
Being Revived	They'll regret that when I turn it on them.
Being Revived	Someone must pay for that.
Exploration (Entering New Area)	There's been pain here. I can feel it.
Exploration (Entering New Area)	Another stretch of land they think they own.
Exploration (Entering New Area)	Don't get comfortable. They could be anywhere.
Exploration (Entering New Area)	Sorrow lingers here.
Exploration (Entering New Area)	The trees are still standing. That's a good sign.
Exploration (Environmental Reaction)	Do you hear that? The wind. It carries screams from the past.
Exploration (Environmental Reaction)	There's ash in the dirt. Burned lives I fear.
Exploration (Finding Loot)	Someone left this behind. Likely didn't get away in time.
Exploration (Finding Loot)	Might not look like much, but it could be useful.
Exploration (Finding Loot)	Supplies can be your survival. Better take it.
Exploration (Finding Loot)	At this point, guess it doesn't matter who's it was.
Exploration (Discovering an Artifact)	This is our history. No wonder they hid it.
Exploration (Discovering an Artifact)	These artifacts were hidden so one day we could show the world the truth.
Exploration (Discovering an Artifact)	I've seen these markings before. Carved into my cell wall.
Ambient Chatter	People ask me how I got my power. I focused on our pain.
Ambient Chatter	I'd rather be called a witch than a slave.
Ambient Chatter	At times I wonder if the world even wants to heal. Or if it's just tired of bleeding.
Ambient Chatter	You don't have to be perfect. Just be better than them.
Ambient Chatter	I don't sleep well either. Some memories are hard to let go.
Ally Interaction (Positive)	Thanks. Really. That sort of kindness is rare these days.
Ally Interaction (Positive)	We may be different, but we both want the same ending.
Ally Interaction (Positive)	You're steady. Often that goes much further than skill.
Ally Interaction (Positive)	I can tell you understand. That's good. It'll be very important going forward.
Ally Interaction (Negative)	You speak like someone who's never gone hungry.
Ally Interaction (Negative)	I've buried better soldiers for far less arrogance.
Ally Interaction (Negative)	You mistake cruelty for strength. Keep it up and you're just like them.
Ally Interaction (Negative)	If you're not willing to give everything for the cause, I really don't need you.
Ally Interaction (Negative)	I move faster without you.
Ally Interaction (Negative)	You remind me of someone I used to trust. That's not a compliment.
Ally Interaction (Ally down/injured)	Stay with me! I can't lose another.

Ally Interaction (Ally down/injured)	You're not done yet! You don't get to be done!
Ally Interaction (Ally down/injured)	How many more will you bastards take from me!
Emotional Moments (Reflective)	There was a time I thought helping people and doing the right thing was enough...
Emotional Moments (Reflective)	I use to heal children in these villages. Now I burn them down to keep them out of chains.
Emotional Moments (Reflective)	They called me a witch long before I ever started fighting back.
Emotional Moments (Reflective)	Sometimes I don't know what I hope for anymore. At first peace. Now, just silence would be enough.
Emotional Moments (Killing someone Significant)	He laughed while our people screamed. And he died begging for mercy.
Emotional Moments (Killing someone Significant)	His death means nothing. But the world is better without him.
Emotional Moments (Killing someone Significant)	I always think their death will make me feel better. But, it never does.
Emotional Moments (Killing someone Significant)	He screamed like the people he burned. Good.
Emotional Moments (Killing someone Significant)	Compared to the pain he caused, that was mercy.
Emotional Moments (Near Death)	If my life ends here... Let it mean something.
Emotional Moments (Near Death)	No, not yet. Not until the fire reaches their gates.
Emotional Moments (Last words)	You can call me a monster. But they'll remember what I stood for.
Emotional Moments (Last words)	All this pain... it was never mine alone.
Emotional Moments (Last words)	Even if my wounds don't heal, but someone will finish what I started.
Emotional Moments (Last words)	Mother Coal, I did what I could.
Emotional Moments (Last words)	You can kill me. But you can stop what I started.
Emotional Moments (Witnessing Horror)	This... This is what their tyranny brings.
Emotional Moments (Witnessing Horror)	I'll never understand how anyone can see this and choose obedience.
Emotional Moments (Witnessing Horror)	Soon, they'll find out what happens when the desperate have nothing left to lose.
Emotional Moments (Witnessing Horror)	This is what silence from the masses brings!
Emotional Moments (Witnessing Horror)	Obedience wan never enough. They crave destruction.
Magic Use (Activate Mirror Magic)	I'll show you what pain you brought on us
Magic Use (Activate Mirror Magic)	Feel the meaning of brutality.
Magic Use (Activate Mirror Magic)	Witness the monster you made of me
Magic Use (Activate Mirror Magic)	Mother Coal, walk with me!
Magic Use (Activate Mirror Magic)	Written in fire and carved in flesh.
Magic Use (Activate Mirror Magic)	Now you'll learn what it means to be weak and defenseless..
Magic Use (Successful Use)	Their cruelty made me so effective.
Magic Use (Successful Use)	The ones you abuse have justice.
Magic Use (Successful Use)	I remember every injustice.
Magic Use (Failed)	Mother Coal wouldn't have faltered...
Magic Use (Failed)	I'm too weak... I can't feel them.
Magic Use (Failed)	The pain... I've forgotten it.
Deception & Tension (Lying to NPC)	Trust me. You don't want to know the truth.
Deception & Tension (Lying to NPC)	I'm just a healer, passing through.
Deception & Tension (Lying to NPC)	I tend to the sick. That's all.
Deception & Tension (Lying to NPC)	I'm not from around here. Just been following the roads, where they're safe of course.
Deception & Tension (Lying to NPC)	I assure you, I only treat wounds. Not cause them.
Deception & Tension (Lying to NPC)	I think you know that they'll call anyone a witch these days
Deception & Tension (Lying to NPC)	You don't look like someone who wants to dig too deep.
Deception & Tension (Being Accused/Interrogated)	If I am what you say, I think you know, you'd already be dead
Deception & Tension (Being Accused/Interrogated)	Funny, you defend power, but it's never defended you.
Deception & Tension (Being Accused/Interrogated)	I've been tortured far worse for less.
Deception & Tension (Being Accused/Interrogated)	Careful. Devils don't always come with horns.
Deception & Tension (Being Accused/Interrogated)	Would you condemn someone for trying to survive?