

Qyreia Arronen, #14369

Name: Lezli Errander

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Age: 20

Locale: *Les Lekku et Vous*

Physical Description:

Lezli stands just barely 1.6 meters tall, weighing in at 50 kilos. Her skin tone is generally pale, though her face, arms, and collar area are rife with freckles that lend her an interesting sort of beauty. Her loosely braided, mid-back length natural red hair also helps. She has heterochromatic eyes — green in the right, blue in the left — that, while pretty, are not particularly good at seeing anything beyond arm's reach (the blue eye has particularly bad vision). Thus, Lezli wears round-frame glasses in her day-to-day life. Her clothing tends to consist of comfortable flannel shirts, a tank top undershirt, and long “city” shorts. At work, she often tops off the ensemble with a homemade set of knitted blue lekku.

Backstory:

Lezli's family immigrated to Selen on a whim, citing their desire to get away from the tumultuous politics and wars that seemed to plague the more populous New Republic and Imperial realms. Though young at the time, Lezli was not fond of the move, as she'd always had a wandering curiosity for the “alien” cultures and races that frequented those parts of space. Selenians, being largely just blond humans, did not impress her. As she grew older, her curiosity in xenocultural studies became more and more a focal point in her schooling.

Thus, when *Les Lekku et Vous* opened — she had already been fond of the dingy fashion sector — she applied largely out of curiosity. She was quickly enamored with the concept behind the store as much as the... ahem, owner. At work, Lezli does everything from stocking, to inventory, to running the register and selling the merchandise. Despite her studies in Estle City's university, she is rather content with her current situation.

Personality:

Despite the initial appearance that she's a demure librarian, Lezli is outgoing and smart. She rarely swears, finding more joy in coming up with obscure and xenocultural insults for those that annoy her. Additionally, she is a feminist that sees most men as putting on a show, and thus doesn't take any Sithspit from them in any form; this likewise bleeds into how she acts around women who act like they're “above” her station. Romantically, she is a bicurious lesbian (likes girls; wonders about guys), and has plenty of dalliances at university while saving a special place in her... heart... for a certain Twilek.

Name: Baast Indrel

Race: Human/Selenian

Sex: Male

Age: 22

Locale: *Les Lekku et Vous*

Physical Description:

At 1.68 meters tall, Baast isn't particularly tall or strike an impressive figure. While lean, his 65 kilos of body mass has the musculature of one who only gets his exercise through lifting boxes all day. He has short, messy, dark hair that borders between brown and black, which hangs just beyond his brow. He occasionally wears slim glasses over his hazel eyes, but only for reading; if he doesn't forget to take them off, they're usually resting on top of his head or in his shirt pocket. While not a goatee, he does have a patch of hair on his chin that is often left poorly or totally unshaven, leaving an odd bit of solitary scruff on an otherwise immaculate face. The rest of his body — chest, arms, and legs — are all exceptionally hairy, making his naturally tan skin look even darker. Fortunately, his body hair is rather fine in texture; a blessing for those who don't like their hair hooking into their clothes. His attire tends to lean toward the professional, though outside of work, he tries to wear his pajamas as often as possible save for when he is out in public.

Backstory:

Baast's history is rather simple and mundane. His Selenian mother married a human man, and nine-ish months after their second Life Day together, he was born. Surrounded by grandiose architecture iconic in Estle and even notable in some smaller Selenian settlements, Baast took a fondness for archaeology and anthropology, which he studies at Estle City's university. He stumbled across working at *Les Lekku et Vous* during a heated argument with a girl named Lezli, who happened to be in a history course with him. By the time he realized that he was in the shop, the owner was taken by how he could ruffle the redhead's feathers, and was offered a job — one that was, to his dismay, subordinate to Lezli.

Personality:

As someone who has spent most of his waking hours either studying ancient civilizations or playing hologames, Baast can easily come off as an arrogant “smartypants”. Often though, he is right, because he is *just* as smart as said pants might imply. He is not lacking in people skills, and recognizes when to be polite and when to be more “normal” in his approaches. As such, despite his subordinate position to Lezli in the store, he constantly argues with her over school subjects, where *he* is the senior member. Romantically, Baast is heterosexual, though he's often too buried in his studies to maintain (or start) a stable relationship.

Name: Hobojiim (aka Hobo Jim)

Race: Human (and Ewok/Wookiee? Dude is hairy as frack)

Sex: Male

Age: 65 (est.)

Locale: *Threader's Place*

Physical Description:

Hobojiim, as the aliens say it, is the definition of a “scruffy looking nerfherder.” It is difficult to make out his 1.75 meters of height, since he is usually sitting down in the mire that is the street. His hair is dark gray with strands of white, long and greasy, tumbling down just past his shoulders and over his eyes in gentle, if messy waves. Said eyes are, purportedly, a dark ocean blue, and nice to look at, if you can see it past his hair and thick mustache and beard, the latter of which has grown down to his belly. Without going into detail over just *how* filthy he is

from lack of bathing, he wears practical patchwork clothing, making it impossible to tell where he came from as much as how many hidden pockets he might have.

Backstory:

Little is truly known about Hobojiim. Due to the odds-and-ends nature of his clothes — which contain elements of everything from business suits to military garb — no one can say what walk of life might have led him to his homeless state. Locals have only been able to point out that he was a regular in the area back when *Threader's* was still a soup kitchen. After the kitchen closed down and reopened as a clothing store, he remained. As he has never caused anyone any trouble, most just treat him like a foul-smelling mascot or amiable local legend.

Personality:

Jim keeps largely to himself on his little patch of curb outside *Threader's Place*. He is thankful when alms are offered, returning any kind gesture with a gruff but amiable “thank you.” He occasionally hums to himself, though the tunes are never the same and are made up on the spot. While generally unobtrusive in the extreme, he has made it a point that no one — not even Threader himself — will evict him from his spot in the streets, and though it has never come to full blown violence, his persistence has aggravated at least a few people.