

Backstory:

Infir Cithreth grew up in a small wooden shack tucked away under a dock in the city of *****. Wooden shack is an overstatement, but as far as little Infir knew it was as proper a house as any other. He hadn't learned it was the wrecked hull of a ship that was lodged between two supports until he robbed his first house. He never cared growing up, the waves lulled him to sleep at night, and the cushiony moss was the closest he ever got to having a proper bed.

Infir and his father had a tight knit bond, and as Infir grew older and older he understood his father's struggle. His father tried his hardest being a good father, he couldn't buy him new clothes or toys, but he always had a story to tell, and some kind of food on the table (again an overstatement). He always listened intently and stared wide eyed as he heard all of these fabulous tales from his father's glory days, shooting down ships and collecting the bounties on the heads of the pirate scum that owned it. He stared with his teeth clenched and eyes watery as his dad told him of his mother and each and every one of her beautiful traits. As Infir got older and midway through his teens his father even reluctantly told him in gruesome detail of how he killed the damned bounty hunter that took his beloved, and despite the thick layers of wrinkles and unkempt hair Infir saw the tears in his eyes.

Infir slowly learned more about the world as he grew, which formed a quickly swelling swirl of awe and resentment. He wanted so bad to be wealthy and strong, like all of the sailors he had met moving in and out of the measly port town.

At around 15, he was finally able to land a job as a "busboy", although it was more akin to mug collecting. Calling it collecting gives the impression it was a lot easier than it was, Infir learned to never question the ability of a drunk sailor to lose a mug, as they ended up anywhere and everywhere. He would always chuckle to himself, as he climbed a lamppost reaching for that one filthy mug, that had been collecting dust and attracting flies, from the night before. Infir used all the money he scraped together to help his father take a break, whether it was getting food on the table or replacing that threadbare blankets they used for years. Any money not spent was saved, and even though it was always a little at a time. After months and months Infir was finally able to afford what he craved for years, a dagger. He had been fascinated with blades since he was a child, although his father refused to ever let him near one, fearing he would follow in his footsteps.

The plain iron dirk Infir had brought would be worth little to nothing to the average citizen, but to him it became a prized possession that he cherished, although hid from his father. Infir loved to swing it around in alleyways on his way back from work everyday. He would pretend he was a bounty hunter or a highway man, and have a blast viciously threatening the wall of some shop. It became a sorta ritual for him, he performed it like a seasoned actor standing upon his stage of trash, dead rats, and moss.

On one faithful day whilst swinging his dagger on his way home. He noticed something peculiar,

Planning:

- . Grew up poor as shit
- . Grew up with few close friends, but was extremely friendly and most townsfolk knew who he was.
- . Infir's father was a bounty hunter in his hay day
- . Some guy whose brother was killed, came after the father. Killed Infir's mother in the process
- . Father got revenge, but lost his arm in the process. Found it very hard to work between that and depression, so Infir grew up poor, and never had many luxuries
- . Infir was working as a busboy since around 15, but it was akin to collecting mugs that had been left all over town. (Ties into his acrobatic ability (climbing buildings and lamps posts and shit))
- . Had an obsession with getting his own sword, father would never allow it, didn't want Infir ending up like him.
- . Eventually purchased a dagger with the little extra money he didn't spend on food or other necessities.
- . Accidentally mugged someone. (He had out the dagger and started sprinting towards someone to get their attention, they dropped their backpack and ran)
- . He realized this was extremely lucrative.
- . Continued to mug travelers or anyone who won't stay in town for long. Justified it to himself as out of necessity.
- . Father soon became suspicious but never made accusations.
- . Moved up to big boy crimes like burglary, and and killing (tried to only take on bounties, but soon would kill if he had any ounce of justification for it (bullies, sexual harassers, etc...))
- . One night his father was roaming the streets, and witnessed a cloaked figure kill a man, later found the same cloak stowed away in Infir's trunk.
- . Immediately disowned Infir, knowing of his deeds.
- . Infir still loved his father, so he makes an effort to always insure his father is getting cared for in some way (Sending money, getting old friends of the town to do wellness checks, etc...)
- . Now he is wandering from town to town, getting money through honest work, and not so honest work.
- . He performs crimes (mainly thievery and killing) because he has a love and passion for it, but refuses to believe he is morally unjust. Constantly convinces himself he does it because he needs the money or he is performing the correct moral action.
- . Will almost never kill a completely innocent person, but will kill people who definitely don't deserve it. (Example: A man constantly hits on a woman and makes her uncomfortable. She complains about it. Infir would instead of talking it out with him, murder him.)