

Character Sheet

Jasmin Girardot

Hippie, French Chef, Cultist



Photo by Ben Koorengel

Name	Nationality	Hair Color
Jasmin Louis Girardot	French	Gray
Age	Height	Eye Color
65	6'5"	Blue
Gender	Weight	
Male	240 lbs	

Summary

A gifted chef who spent his youth searching for answers to life's greatest questions, Jasmin Girardot found his peace as a loyal cultist of the Eldritch Gods.

Backstory

Born in a wealthy Parisian family, Jasmin was always destined for *haute cuisine*. And yet, despite his love of food, he yearned for something *more*. Answers to the big spiritual questions in life. So, in his mid-twenties, he packed two sets of clothes, his chef's knife, and a pouch of cocaine. And then he vanished.

His travels took him all over the world, through hippie communes, yoga retreats, Tibetan monasteries... and yet his philosophical hungers were never truly sated. Until, in a dark and secluded forest during the new moon, he came upon an ancient cult of the Eldritch Gods. Terrified and awed by such beauty and horror, Jasmin had found his answers at last. There and then, in a moment of overwhelming emotion, he pledged his life to the cult.

Nowadays, Jasmin runs a high-profile restaurant near the cult hideout. His body worn down by decades of sleepless nights, he cooks by day and worships by night, occasionally crashing a party or two for old times' sake. He doesn't exactly *like* sacrificing innocent people each new moon. And sometimes, an echo of the old yearnings come back, beckoning his aging legs onto the road once more. But he always resists such impure thoughts. He will remain loyal to the cult to the end, because they've given him everything an old, beef wellington-loving hippie could wish for: a nice restaurant, a community... and, most of all, *purpose*.

Goals

- Living in peace
- Protecting the Cult

Fears

- Being exposed as a cultist
- Losing his faith

Skills

- Cooking
- Giving orders

Hobbies

- Karaoke
- Mushrooms

Secret Desires

- Traveling again
- Meeting the Eldritch Gods in person

Physical Description

Gifted with an imposing stature, Jasmin towers over most people. His body has aged prematurely, his hair and beard are unkempt most of the time, and his veins have visibly been damaged by decades of drug use.

Clothing

Jasmin only ever wears two sets of clothes: his chef's apron and an old, worn sweater (seemingly salvaged from his youth in the eighties). Except when he wears his white cultist's robes, of course... But not many people have seen him in *those*.

Dialogue Samples (Kitchen)

"Salt! **pause** I SAID SALT, *MERDE*, WHERE THE FUC... oh, right here."

"And now for one final touch... **spit noise** Aaah, *parfait*."

"Aaah, now that, my friend, *THAT* is a good fucking sauce!"

Dialogue Samples (Cult Ceremonies)

"It is quite beautiful, isn't it? The emptiness, the infinity..."

"I can never quite forget them, you know? The screams."

"**Deep inhale** The beauty, the horror... It is like... poetry, in a way."

Voice Description

Deep and gravelly, with a very distinguishable French accent. Having spent most of his life shouting in a kitchen or at parties, Jasmin tends to speak very loudly, even in quiet environments.

Distinguishable Features

- A broken molar
- A vaguely Buddhist-looking tattoo on his left forearm
- An immense tattoo covering his entire back, depicting a forest of strange and twisted trees under a dark, moonless sky
- Multiple faded scars across his body