**Personal**

**Name:** Scooter Drake

**Age:** 19

**Date of Birth:** 1999

**Hometown:** Melbourne

**Main Goal:** To be a self made archaeologist

**Desires:** Grab a few treasures on my way

**Secrets:** My brother

**Traits**

**Positive:** Charismatic, never stressed, go with the flow

**Negative:** Never think things through

**Ethnicity:** Caucasian

**Hair Colour:** Brown

**Eye Colour:** Brown

**Body Type:** Slim

**Outfit:** Blak jeans, black long sleeve shirt, jumper but Melanie keeps taking it

**Piecing/Tattoos:** None

**Birthmarks/Scars:** Birthmark on my lower left back

**Knowledge**

**Known Languages:** English, Italian, French, Danish, Dutch

**Temptations:** To keep most treasures I steal

**Perception:** Optimist

**Learning Type:** Kinaesthetic

**Spiritual**

**Religion:** None

**Superstitions:** Rumours and tales about thieves and luck

**Likes and Dislikes**

**Likes:** For things to work out well (which they normally do)

**Dislikes:** See others hurt for my mistakes

**Hobbies:** To live a carefree lifestyle

**Relations**

**Immediate Family:** Mother and father (both deceased), secret brother

**Friends:** Melanie

**Significant Other:** None

**Other Information**

* I had a brother who I also grew up with, he was the older, more annoying one, but we got along great. My Dad was pretty distant and Mum took care of us. I found out at age 12 my Dad was a secret agent, and I started learning with my brother alongside me.
* On a mission, my brother got caught. I tried to save him, but he told me to run. Nothing worked, and never saw him again, never told anyone of his existence.
* I eventually came across a girl named Melanie in the agency. A girl who is uptight, overthinks and has a life a head of her, so we didn’t exactly get along at first, with her correcting me all the time. When we crossed paths again, she decided to help me for some unknown reason. We started working as partners, to the point where I am now worried about her. Great.