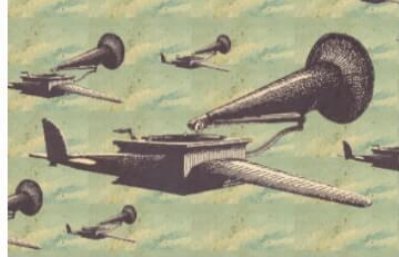


Coinhead, *the Dreamseeking Marksman* (he/him)



Roles

Marksman | Besieger

Alignment

Bonded

Characteristics

Resourceful, humble, but occasionally naïve: Coinhead is a master of practical knowledge, solving real-world physical obstacles in his way. He is not so well-versed with theoretical problem-solving, and tends to have inconsistent levels of trust, leaving him vulnerable in certain situations.

Not used to social situations: Being isolated for a large part of his life, he is not used to social interactions, and cannot easily read social cues.

He is a hybrid, an outcast: Conceived by a Cubehead and a Spherehead, Coinhead is alienated in the Wonderhaven Realms from the get-go. His uncle had him imprisoned as a child; had he been discovered by another person, he would become a Nameless Wanderer, factionless people that live on the edge of society.

Accompanied by Willow: Willow is Coinhead's companion lantern. Folks from the Wonderhaven Realms are accompanied permanently by their personal floating lanterns. Lanterns are their own independent being, but have access to memories and feelings from the person they correspond to.

Visual References

Coinhead's most prominent visual references are the In *The Aeroplane Over The Sea* album (Neutral Milk Hotel), and Nathan Spoor's suggestivist work.

Coinhead's style resembles a soldier varies between World War I and World War II. This disparity is due to Coinhead picking up clothes and gear along the way towards the Bright Lantern.

His head is coin-shaped, but flat. He's armed with a long rifle, with a bayonet at the end of the barrel. He is always accompanied by Willow, a floating lantern with a candle inside.



Introduction

Coinhead is a child of two of the many warring factions in Wonderhaven. His parents met during the first migratory interval of the year, and kept meeting by chance in the following relocation periods. After a long time, they fell in love, and secretly ran away, deserting their factions to be together. They spent some time with a group of Nameless Wanderers, where Coinhead was conceived.

Although the Wanderers helped so much with everything they needed for their wellbeing, the child became ill a few years later, and required immediate medical attention that the outcasts couldn't provide. His parents decided to return to his father's faction, where they hoped the kid's uncle – a Lieutenant in the Cubehead army – would be able to help.

However, Coinhead's uncle had other ideas, and had them arrested at sight, unknowingly condemning them to their eventual demise. When he learnt of his superiors' plans to execute them, he tried his best to avoid it. But alas, his best was not enough. The most he could manage was to keep Coinhead imprisoned rather than executed or sent into the world, fated to become a Nameless Wanderer.

But Coinhead isn't one to stay put. After reading a notebook he found lying amongst the bones of the previous inmates to stay in his cell, he learnt of a mythical lantern that grants one true wish to those who reach it. He escaped from prison and found shelter in a nearby forest, where for months he sharpened his skills and prepared for the journey ahead. Now, he's ready to face the challenges in his way: the armies and the monsters and the weather conditions he can't even imagine. Now is the time for him to see what this world is all about.

Featured Story

Imprisoned from his childhood to his mid-teens, the offspring of a secret love between a Cubehead and a Spherehead has been through hell and worse. He managed to evade his parents' fate – public execution – because his uncle used his position in the upper military class to help the youngster, simultaneously sparing him from life as a Nameless Wanderer.

One day, amongst the skeletal remains of those who suffered something similar to his eventual fate, Coinhead found a small notebook on the only dry corner of his cell. Littered with often unintelligible ramblings, the occasional readable story reared its head, written by trembling hands in the certainly freezing nights beneath the sole steel grate above, where the only air that dared step inside brought the lifeless cold winds with it.

Amidst these, poems, myths, and personal stories blended together in a harmonious (if not intermittent) creative flow. Unknowingly, this long-gone stranger had brought a clear painting to Coinhead's mind. Like countless others, another loving and thoughtful person lost to the repercussions of an eternal war that belongs to no one, but everyone fights.

The legend of the Bright Lantern was mentioned numerous times throughout the notebook. Soon enough, a detailed entry described the Tranquil Gardens, the tail-end of the Wonderhaven Realms, believed to be an idyllic landscape, where a perfect life is said to be found. Guarding its entryway, the Bright Lantern sits atop a pedestal judging those who try to enter, with the power to refuse.

For their valour in reaching the Tranquil Gardens despite the ever-varying hostile environment and the layers of security in place, those turned away are granted one wish. A true wish.

One that comes not from thoughts, but from deeply rooted desires.

Like... to end the Wonderhaven conflict?

With lack of just about anything else to do, these thoughts gradually dominated Coinhead's following days in the unrelentingly mind-numbing prison cell. Sitting idly by while the world goes around and life stays the same. These walls; these bars; whatever stars could be seen that night from the minute space between the iron rods that make up the godforsaken grate. Twenty-four horizontal, twenty-two vertical. A disparity that aggravated the feeling of unease. Something had to be done.

A guard passes to the left.
A couple of hours pass, and another to the right.

The next day, the other way around.

For all their intricate planning and logistical knowledge, this Cubehead prison had quite predictable patrolling. Coinhead learned the paths, the shifts, the way each of them sneezed and what lunch they packed. Often, he was approached by fellow cellmates through the empty hallways at night. And every time, he refused to answer or even acknowledge their requests. Indeed, there were many wrongfully imprisoned by the Wonderhaven way of thinking, but in the dark underground amalgam of unfamiliar faces, they were indistinguishable from the petty criminals and atrocious condemned outlaws they shared walls with. Having learnt the hard way not to trust people, Coinhead's apprehension kept him safe from the potential harms of unknown partnerships.

The day came where the plan was set in motion. While one of the guards had lunch, the other walked around the corridor, harassing the prisoners. Coinhead provoked him, prompting him to open the cell door and show him what he was made of. Effectively taunted and enraged, the guard furiously opened the cell door, only to be surprised by a sly movement passing above his head and a hand on his belt.

A kick to the back of his knee, a push from behind, and the door locked shut. Above his cell door, a small, locked chamber held his lantern, devoid of any power by glowing arcane leather bounds.

The guard inside the cell yelled for his colleague's assistance. As the second guard's burly figure turned the corner, he saw Coinhead holding a set of keys. Hasting to free his lantern, Coinhead fumbled the keychain, dropping it to the floor, along with his tactical advantage. Flooding the ground with breadcrumbs as he ran, the guard tackled Coinhead, tightly pinning him with an old, battered rifle to the throat.

Light began to fade.

The cacophony of riled up inmates and the clanking of steel cell doors dissolved into the background.

Colours began to blend into an indiscernible blob as his vision blurred.

././

A new...

Feeling?

A dreadful sense of impending demise overcame this adolescent innocent soul. He struggled, and struggled...

But his body gave in.

The invitation to shut off had started to extend to his mind, when--

A chunk of concrete burst out of a wall, binding the guard to the iron bars on the other side. The guard inside the cell was thrown backwards, slamming against the wall behind him, horrified at the skeletons of the previous inhabitants.

Without hesitation, Coinhead grabbed the keys from the floor beside him and sprung up to his feet, stretching to unlock the small door to the compartment, and promptly releasing his lantern of its confinement. Darkness filled its insides, but Coinhead intrinsically knew that in time it would flourish to become the illuminating vessel it was born to be.

He took a beat to gather his thoughts, and, as he grabbed the old rifle from the floor to carry out the rest of his plan, he looked around to see if he could find whatever saved him. Among the flurry of activity in every single cell around him, out of the corner of his eye, he saw an old person sitting down, calm as ever, looking at him. It was the inmate in the cell in front of his, the one who never approached him with promises of help or revenge, words of friendship or caution.

No further explanation was necessary. Coinhead realised that before him sat his saviour, serenely drawing on the floor with a small piece of coal. He gave the elder a nod, and received one back. As he went to set this person free, he stopped himself. No exchange of words took place, but he somehow got the feeling that it was not needed. Filled with a strong determination to proceed with his plan, he set everything else aside and bolted through the corridor, with his lantern faintly hovering over his shoulder and the rifle strapped to his back.

The swiftness with which he acted turned into a considerable head start, and by the time the alarms blared through the otherwise silent night, he was long gone into the deep woods. Flocks of boomerangs, frisbees, and birds spread out as they flew away, startled by the sudden blast of such a brain-piercing sound. Coinhead expertly dodged and weaved through at full speed, just barely seeing where he was going.

He tumbled on a fallen tree log that sprawled across the narrow passageway of the unbeaten path. He fell to his knees onto a puddle of mud. Looking up, he saw a small lake with an airplane-shaped piece of land at its centre. Exhausted and depleted of any power of will or morale, he walked along the side of the lake, dragging his feet through the surprisingly clean beige sand, feeling it for the first time.

His brief contact with happiness was interrupted by a noise from the shadows.

A branch breaks.

A low growl emerges as the sound of all other life preventively dimmed down.

A pale... yodel, from the distance?

Snapping him back, a movement from a nearby bush prompted Coinhead to grab the rifle from his back. However, his inexperienced hands grabbed the handle sideways, and the trigger went off. His first flight avoided his first swim, as his slender figure was propelled into the air by the rifle's blast, clearing the water between him and the small island in the dead middle of the lake in a parabolic motion. Landing violently on top of the island, he smashed through a wooden cover that hid a compact shelter inside. From a small window, he observed as three wolfs came out of the bushes and stood ashore, failing to grasp the swiftly accidental elusiveness of the certain, exposed prey.

Trembling from every limb and with a quivering lip, he hugged his unlit lantern. "W--Willow", he mumbled. He closed his eyes and held on close. Minutes went by and the hunters long gone, but his embrace prevailed. Surrounded by the unknown dead of night, he tried to rest. As he fell asleep, Willow's candle faintly lit up. Over the next few hours, its flame would grow, as well as its heat.

Now warm and comfortable, Coinhead would sleep for long, waking up only two days after. He woke up to a banquet of mushrooms and berries, that Willow had gathered while he slept.

After that, days,

weeks,

months went by.

Coinhead and Willow made the island their home, as the lantern taught him how to survive in such a fruitful environment. They engineered a vine system to allow the youngling to skilfully navigate above the lake to bring dry supplies into the shelter. Coinhead grew more and more used to hunting with his rifle. Although his control over the weapon's power never really improved, he learned to leverage his slim build to make the most of his flawless aim.

In the evenings, Willow provided a dim light, so as to not alert anyone around, but to allow Coinhead to read and write. He bled all of his thoughts and emotions, stories and beliefs, onto the occasional loose empty pages of the notebook he had.

And still, he kept coming back to that one chronicle.

Is the Bright Lantern real? Are its powers all they're made out to be in this story, with such a mythical bearing easily woven into languages and memories that seem so true and real?

He knew that laying in thought at night wasn't going to help. He wasn't going to find the precious answer he craved by staying in this place. He gathered his supplies and fastened his boots.

For the second time in his life, he had to get up and go grab it.

Reach for it.

Fall for it, if need be.

Morning came, and on they went.

Abilities

- **Trait**
Coinhead basic attacks kick him back a bit. The distance he is pushed reduces based on his Attack Speed stat.
- **Q**
Coinhead and Willow (his lantern) respectively fire a powerful shot and light beam in a straight line. Coinhead's shot hits minions and Bonds, while Willow's light beam only hits turrets.
- **W**
Coinhead crouches and selects a target, charging up an attack. As he charges, the range increases as well as the damage. If the target leaves range or becomes unseen, the charge is stopped, and the ability ends.
- **E**
At first cast, a direction for the recast is defined. On recast, Coinhead shoots the ground beneath him, dealing area damage and propelling himself a short distance through the air towards the indicated position.
- **R**
Willow, Coinhead's lantern, fires a powerful beam of light in a straight line.

Related

- [*The Wonderhaven Realms*](#)
- [*Coinhead and the Bright Lantern*](#)
- [*Chiara, The Yodelling Gondolier*](#)