

Name:

Gaston Gaines.

Age:

25 years old.

Pronouns:

He/Him

Physical description:

A mountain goat 1.8 OU's in height. Mountain goat because goat is the acronym for "greatest of all time". He wants to be the greatest laugheasy joker!

Physicality:

Anthropomorphic to match the style of game. Other characters and developers will see a mountain goat. A merger of styles.

More muscular sides and hips.

Thicker torso than normal.

Thick thighs.

Larger facial structure in the cheeks, long face including short goatee.

Long ears, quite furry.

As real life mountain goats go, Gaston is a less furry.

Smaller horns to not be intimidating to inn customers. His larger body size is not counter to that.

Clothing:

Dressing the part is what Gaston believes gains him attention.

Option 1: A cream pin coat jacket and pants, and a black bow tie. This pin coat top comes together in a V-neck at the top. Each side has a pocket a few inches from the bottoms.

Option 2: a white bow only. Cleanly presented. A wedding ring, embedded with an orange diamond, around the right hoof. Joker grin. French mustache (not handlebar). Not sure how to make an anthropomorphic mountain goat not appear naked when Bruiser, for example, doesn't show nude parts.

Option 3: Dark gray buttoned suit and slacks, white shirt, no tie. Each side has a pocket a few inches from the bottoms.

Accessory: A top hat like Major LeStache's, but it has a political joke against him etched on the front: "Stache against the Major!"

Gaston can hide a backup note card of jokes in a hidden pocket, behind the chest pocket of his suits.

Summary:

A lover of knee-slapping jokes, Gaston Gaines hones his comedic chops at the Laugheasy Inn in Talent Town, against well-acquainted audience members but for one fresh face: Otto.

Backstory:

Gaston Gaines first became a joker in high school. His math teacher described him as the only student to make jokes out of the Pre-calculus problems everyone else hated. Making classmates laugh made text score averages go up by eight percent!

He is ambiverted. He valued his creative time in high school to come up with as many kinds of jokes as possible to test on his classmates. He found he was good at puns, squeezing more mileage out of short sentences. Even if they were cheesy, he never quit scribbling down the best pun-filled lines he

could think of. Many went into a joke journal his parents bought him, in order to draft new ideas during those early years. Fellow classmates answered so many of them that Gaston became the butt of jokes. In a good way, no less.

“Oh, just wait for Gaston to make a joke up for that,” or “Don’t tell Gaston! He will joke about it so much dinner will laugh with him,” classmates said next to him in classes.

At first, Gaston enjoyed the extra attention. He bounced ideas off classmates in Math and English Literature. He eased up after too many comedic lunch times made his friends choke on soda and spaghetti. Nevertheless, he kept on formulating new joke ideas.

Puns were his first skill. During his first job - a restaurant server - he was noticed by his supervisor and co-workers. He let slip a joke sometimes while serving customers. Gaston was surprised when they returned with their own humor. A female mountain lion co-worker he befriended once laughed so hard she let a cup of coffee get chill! Gaston grew to liking her and she accepted a first date a month later.

But life was more than joking for Gaston. He thought on a Saturday off work, *Can I have a comedy career?* The million dollar question. Could he make a living from it? Rent was fine from serving meals; he was single, rooming with three others in Talent Town. He had to start somewhere, like any other artist. Get noticed at a venue of some kind!

His girlfriend suggested the one of the most well-known inns. Perform in the evening, on a weekend day, twice a month – something. Gaston considered. But after serving meals and chocolate shakes after two years, he wanted to earn more. Plus, a year and a half into dating he had a wedding to save for. Gaston worked landscaping at a high end landscaping company in Vaudeville. After his first week, he took his fiancée’s suggestion.

This inn had one of the most popular small stages around. “Serious competition here. Unfortunately, we have no available time slots any time soon.” the manager had told Gaston. The effort this would take, the timing... it was all about seizing the opportunity. One day, he discovered the inn’s laugheasy – its secret entrance. He introduced himself to the owner, then was given a time slot to test himself on its patrons. The owner gladly agreed. But he didn’t really count on much, despite a good first impression.

For a five weeks Gaston fired off puns, jokes, dad jokes – not everything he had, but more than enough to get plenty of laughs. Some joke subjects fell splat on the floor, such as one about lasagna. During lunch with his fiancée once a week after chewing edges of hedges, Gaston reported on all of it. She encouraged him, critiqued his jokes, even told him what to probably avoid. He became admittedly frustrated; he really thought some of the cornier jokes would be a hit among older Vaudevillians. Like dad jokes. He went with her advice - a smart move.

Gaston Gaines remains vigilant, looking for his moment to break onto the wider world stage. At this time, the one part of his life working is looking for him and his soon-to-be wife’s first house to settle in after their day of flowers, goat nibbles, and ale.

Dialogue Barks

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| Greeting customers: | “Ooo, more customers. I can give ‘em the (topic) joke!” |
| | “I bet you came here for more than a drink. How ‘bout this: (joke).” |
| | “Before you drink, listen to this one! (Joke)” |
| | “Puns make any evening drinking more fun.” |
| Joke: | “What is a mountain goat’s favorite drink at the bar? Herb Ale.” |
| | “I have fifty two jokes growing for you, but I have to eat them off the ground first.” |
| To a challenging bout opponent: | “I can climb the stage ranks faster, even with those ‘funky’ moves.” |