**Character Bio**

**Family :** Ashel Rhoads (Sharknado)

**Age**: 35

**Eye Color**: Ocean Blue

**Hair Color**: Sandy Blonde

**Distinguishing Marks**: Three parallel scars on both sides of his neck

**Race**: Wereshark, Bull

**Gender**: Male

**Dominant Hand:** Left

**Height:** 6’2

**Weigh**t: 250

**Appearance:**

**Bio**: Musical prodigy from age 5. Accepted to NYU School for Artistry at 15. By 18 disenfranchised with classical schooling and hit the road. He took is buddy and fellow stoner Smash with him. Together they started a band called the Rolling Stoned. That fell apart after money ran out. At 20 the reformed a band and called it Huns and Hoses. They scored a warm-up gig for a big band after a sickness. This big band picked them up the following year after. A year after that record moguls took notice. They were good looking and talented. Years of money, drugs, and women fed their ego’s. Despite a shift in the industry they were still a well known but arrogant band; money covers all sin. Those moguls ten years ago were getting tired of the antics. The destruction of hotel rooms had become tiresome to the label. Expenses started to outweigh their earning potential. Yet they were locked into five more years of a ten year contract. They still felt on top of the world and untouchable. New years eve three years ago the band was in the middle of their contract and invited to a yacht party off the X island. Around 1am Ashel was five sheets to the wind and telling the moguls how he is the reason they are successful, that they wouldn’t be nothing without him, he should get a raise and rights to all his songs… and on and on. Going around the aft side he decided to take a leak in full view of anyone. Well people moved away and as he was about to finish, black soulless eyes flashed in the moonlight. White teeth gleemed in streaks from the shadows toward Ashel. Seconds later only a splash reached out to unhearing ears. The next morning Ashel woke up on the beach feeling different. Holding his hands to his neck, he knew something was different. Moments later his buddy Smash found him. Immediately they went on hiatus. The newly formed wereshark was in no condition to be in public. A month on the island to get their bearings made a good impression on them. However they needed answers and travelled the world in search of mystics and sages. In the end, he realized his condition and started to adjust. Their contract now voided and essentially their careers at an end at the age of 35, they’ve made their way back to the island which they found to be a place of solace and good karma back when this all started.

**Powers:** Bloodscent, increased regeneration, darkvision, and increased strength

**Skills:** Song and Instruments. Sailing. Swimming. Navigation. Unregistered Sushi expert (learned from all 5 star hotels he’s stayed in)

**At Start of CH:** Rock Star can't just seem to get away. After three years of travelling to mystics and sages he wants to take it easy at the old age of 35; put some roots down as it were. He's gotten into mediation and finds that song is beautiful as well as powerful. Looking for a simpler life he and his buddy Smash have opened a sushi shop/poetry house/small band play place called "Rawk and Roll Sushi Slam". His buddy Smash is just as good with his hands in a mixing bowl as he is with the guitar. So they run the small place together hoping for happiness and a bit of song and poetry along the way. Impromptu rock sessions or jam sessions or a Poetry Slam often interrupts the rolling of rice on seaweed, but nobody minds. They have a lot of health to recover from long trips on the road and all that comes with fame and the vibe of the shop offers what they need to be healthy. They have more money than they could use so taking it easy and enjoying simpler things is right where they want to be. They are finding that their wisdom and philosophy derived from their travels kind of turned them from rock n roll gods to musical sages and they like it. Longing for home after the loneliness of the road, the island is proving to be something worth fighting for.