

MILITARY ORDER OPERATOR

ATTRIBUTES										
AGI	AWA	BRW	COO	INT	PER	WIL				
10	9	12	8	8	12	9				
SKILLS										
SKILL		EXP	FOC	TN	SKILL		EXP	FOC	TN	
Acrobatics		2	2	12	Education		1	1	9	
Analysis		1	1	10	Lifestyle		1	1	13	
Athletics		1	1	13	Observation		1	-	10	
Ballistics		2	1	10	Persuade		1	1	13	
Close Combat		3	2	13	Resistance		1	-	13	
Command		5	-	17	Tech		1	-	9	
Discipline		2	-	11						
INCIDENTAL DAMAGE										
Firewall		13	Resolve		8	Vigour		8		
BONUS DAMAGE										
Infowar		-	Psywar		3	Melee		3	Ranged	1
SOAK										
BTS	HEAD	TORSO	L.ARM	R.ARM	L.LEG	R.LEG				
-	2	3	2	2	2	2				
Athletics: Rigorous Training; Close Combat: Martial Artist Command: Professional, Font of Courage; Persuade: Charismatic, Socialite Genuinely Pious, Someone's Dirty Little Secret, Trouble in Paradiso English, Spanish, German Sword: Melee, 1+6[CD] damage, Unbalanced, Non-Hackable, Parry 2, Vicious 1 Panzerfaust: L, 2+7[CD] damage, Burst 1, 2H, Munition, Piercing 2, Spread 1, Unsubtle, Vicious 2 Pistol: R/C, 1+5[CD] damage, Burst 1, 1H, Vicious 1 Medium Combat Armour, Armoured Clothing, High-Quality Clothing, Geist Upgrade (+2 to Education), 2 Standard Pistol Reloads EARNINGS3 ASSETS13 INFINITY POINTS							3			
							13			

You don't know how people manage, living without a code. You were like that once, lost and floundering. Caring only for yourself. An empty, hollow existence. One that you're glad to have left behind with the other remnants of your former life for you are a member of the Military Orders.

Your purpose is not selfish, nor shortsightedly jingoistic, but divine. Holy. You guide and protect pilgrims along the great Circular routes that connect the Human Sphere.

Functionally, this means that you protect not only travelers to the holy sites of your faith, but everyone else aboard the great ships by extension.

Some — not that you would name any names — wear the trappings of faith like a flashy garment, putting on airs to impress others. You, however, are as genuine in your faith as you are reluctant to speak about your life before the Order. For the most part, the Human Sphere has forgotten all about who you used to be.

But not everyone.



YU JINGESE TAG PILOT

ATTRIBUTES							
AGI	AWA	BRW	COO	INT	PER	WIL	
10	12	8	11	12	7	9	
SKILLS							
SKILL	EXP	FOC	TN	SKILL	EXP	FOC	TN
Acrobatics	1	-	11	Pilot	4	1	15
Ballistics	2	2	13	Resistance	1	-	9
Close Combat	1	-	11	Spacecraft	2	1	13
Discipline	2	1	11	Stealth	1	-	11
Education	1	1	13	Survival	1	-	13
Extraterrestrial	2	2	14	Tech	3	2	15
Hacking	1	1	13	Thievery	1	-	13
INCIDENTAL DAMAGE							
Firewall	9	Resolve		11	Vigour		13
BONUS DAMAGE							
Infowar	3	Psywar	-	Melee	-	Ranged	3
SOAK							
BTS	HEAD	TORSO	L.ARM	R.ARM	L.LEG	R.LEG	
-	2	3	2	2	2	2	
Talents	Ballistics: Marksman, Clear Shot					Earnings	2
	Pilot: Ace, Born to the Wheel, Push the Envelope (2)					Assets	7
Traits	Tech: Natural Engineer					Infinity Points	
	Bitter, Plenty of Rivals, Caught Between the Party and the Emperor						
Languages	Yujingu, Spanish, English, Japanese						
Weapons	Boarding Shotgun: C, 1+8[CD] damage, Burst 1, 2H, Knockdown, Medium, MULTI Normal Shells Mode (Primary): Area (Close), Spread 1						
	AP Slugs Mode (Secondary): Piercing 3						
Gear	Pistol: R/C, 1+7[CD] damage, Burst 1, 1H, Vicious 1						
	Medium Combat Armour, Vac Suit, Location Beacon, Oxygen Loads (8), Armoured Clothing, 2 Standard Pistol Reloads, 4 Standard Shell Reloads, 1 AP Shell Reload, Inlaid Palm Circuitry, Surge (2)						

TAG pilots have a reputation for larger-than-life personalities, and you've done little to dispel that notion. From the jungles of Paradiso, to the countless off-the-books missions that officially never took place, you get the job done. As a soldier, your skills have never been in question. Your loyalties, however, are a different story. The StateEmpire is ruled by two forces, the ever-present Party and the Emperor. In theory, they guide Yu Jing in perfect harmony. In practice, there's a constant tug-of-war for control.

When you were coming up the ranks, loyalty was simple. You get orders, you follow those orders, end of story. But as you began to make a name for yourself, important people began to take notice, giving you... let's say "extra objectives" on your missions.

Some of them were the agents of high-ranking Party members. Others acted on instructions passed down from the Son of Heaven himself. Rarely did they agree. In faithfully serving both, you've lost friends, made enemies, and gained a cynical view of concepts like honour and loyalty. But the day is fast approaching when you'll be forced to choose between the Party and the Emperor.

When that day comes, not even you can say what will happen.



ARIADNAN THUG

ATTRIBUTES

AGI	AWA	BRW	COO	INT	PER	WIL
12	12	13	9	6	7	10

SKILLS

SKILL	EXP	FOC	TN	SKILL	EXP	FOC	TN
Animal Handling	1	1	7	Pilot	1	1	10
Ballistics	2	1	11	Resistance	5	-	18
Close Combat	3	2	15	Stealth	2	1	14
Discipline	1	-	11	Survival	3	2	15
Education	1	-	7	Tech	1	1	7
Medicine	1	0	7	Thievery	1	1	13
Observation	2	-	14				

INCIDENTAL DAMAGE

Firewall	16	Resolve	11	Vigour	6
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BONUS DAMAGE

Infowar	-	Psywar	-	Melee	3	Ranged	3
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SOAK

BTS	HEAD	TORSO	L.ARM	R.ARM	L.LEG	R.LEG
-	2	3	2	2	2	2

Resistance: Sturdy
Stealth: Scout
Survival: Self-Sufficient, Tracker
Thievery: Thief, Bypass Security (2)

Talents: Survivor, Dog-Bowl Player Contact, Draft Dodger, Ariadnan Grit

Language: English, Russian, Spanish

Weapons: Heavy Pistol: R/C, 2+7[CD] damage, Burst 1, Unbalanced, Unforgiving 1, Vicious 1
Teseum Chopper: Melee, 1+8[CD] damage, Unbalanced, Piercing 4, Vicious 2

Gear: Medium Combat Armour, Survival Kit, Survival Rations (x3), Nav Suite, 5 Standard Reloads, Climbing Plus, Garrotte, Stims (x3)

EARNINGS 3

ASSETS 13

INFINITY POINTS

NOMAD MAD SCIENTIST

ATTRIBUTES

AGI	AWA	BRW	COO	INT	PER	WIL
9	12	8	8	15	6	10

SKILLS

SKILL	EXP	FOC	TN	SKILL	EXP	FOC	TN
Analysis	1	1	13	Medicine	2	1	17
Ballistics	1	1	9	Observation	1	1	13
Discipline	1	1	11	Pilot	1	1	9
Education	3	2	18	Psychology	1	-	16
Extraterrestrial	1	-	13	Science	3	2	18
Hacking	3	2	18	Stealth	1	-	10
Lifestyle	1	-	7	Tech	2	2	17

INCIDENTAL DAMAGE

Firewall	8	Resolve	11	Vigour	16
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BONUS DAMAGE

Infowar	4	Psywar	-	Melee	-	Ranged	3
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SOAK

BTS	HEAD	TORSO	L.ARM	R.ARM	L.LEG	R.LEG
-	-	1	1	1	1	1

Hacking: Hacker, Tricks of the Trade, Paranoid
Science: Scientist, Scientific Intuition (2), Sorellian Genius

Talents: Black Market Connections, Absent-Minded Eccentric, Black Hat

Language: Russian, German, English, Spanish, Japanese

Flash Pulse: M, 1+8 damage, Burst 1, 2H, Blinding, removes Marked
Modhand: Melee, 1+4[CD] damage, 1H, Concealed 2, E/M, Stun, Subtle 1, Vicious 2

Gear: Armoured Clothing, Analytical Kit (with 5 Reagents), Sensor Suite, Hacking Device Plus, Zondbot

EARNINGS 3

ASSETS 11

INFINITY POINTS

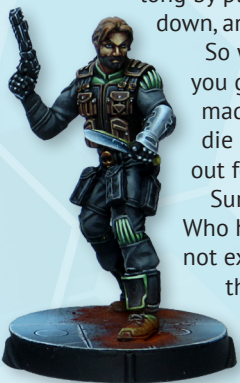
"If you're asked to fight a war that's over nothing, it's best to join the side that's gon-na win."

Your grandma was fond of that phrase, attributed to some old-world philosopher, though she could never keep the names straight. Antipodes tore her throat out, but they left your mom alive. The Bratva shot your father in front of you over some debts, but they gave you a Coca-Cola and some cigarettes. You haven't lived this

long by playing hero – you know when to keep your head down, and can spot an unwinnable fight from a mile off.

So when they tried to ship you off to die on Paradiso, you gave those stuffed shirts a one-finger salute and made yourself scarce. Let some galactic claim-jumper die on those red gorillas' swords. You're looking out for you.

Sure, you've done some things you're not proud of. Who hasn't? You take pride in your work, even if it's not exactly clean. Your degree of comfortability with the trade makes people nervous. The way you see it, violence is violence, no matter how you dress it up. Anybody who thinks otherwise is lying to themselves.



Genius is wasted on the masses.

From your flighty comrades on Bakunin to the hypocrites in O-12, everyone appreciates the fruits of Praxis's scientific labours. But oh, the pearl-clutching outrage that occurs when they catch just the faintest glimpse of how their beloved progress comes into being. They are like weak-minded fools who love to eat steak, but faint at the sight of a butcher's shop.

You, however, harbour no such weakness. Never one to shield your eyes from the truth of a thing, you've seen things—done things—that would break lesser men. Some whisper that they broke you, too. Such are the petty inconveniences that have pestered great minds across history.

You know what a project needs. More importantly, you know how to get it, and you're not afraid to get your hands dirty, figuratively or literally. Whether it's making the right connection or putting on your proverbial "black hat" and doing it yourself, you've no patience for fools who stand in the way of progress.

Unfortunately, there are a lot of those in the Human Sphere.

