


| | | |
|---|-------------------|-------------------|
|  | Name | Katrina Dawes |
| | Species | Pure-strain Human |
| | Background | Colonial |
| | Archetype | Ex-smuggler |

| Attributes | | | | Skills | |
|---------------------------|-------------|------------------------|-----------|-----------------------|----|
| Agility | d8 | Strength | d6 | Boating (Motorized) | d8 |
| Smarts | d6 | Vigor | d6 | Fighting (Unarmed) | d4 |
| Spirit | d6 | | | Lockpicking | d6 |
| Derived Statistics | | | | Notice | d8 |
| <i>Stat</i> | <i>Base</i> | <i>Mod</i> | <i>AV</i> | Persuasion | d6 |
| Charisma | 0 | | | Repair (Mechanical) | d6 |
| Pace | 8 | d10 Run die | | Shooting (Small Arms) | d6 |
| Parry | 4 | | | Stealth | d6 |
| Toughness | 5 | 2/4 vs bullets | | | |
| Armor | | | | | |
| Head | 5 | Wt Threshold | 30 | | |
| Torso | 7/9 | Total Wt | 8 | | |
| Arms | 5 | Encumbrance Penalty | | | |
| Legs | 5 | | | | |
| Wounds | -1 | -2 | -3 | Incapacitated | |
| Fatigue | -1 | -2 | | Incapacitated | |

| Weapon | Range | ROF | Damage | Shots | Wt | Notes |
|----------------------|----------|-----|--------|-------|----|---------------------------|
| Small-caliber pistol | 12/24/48 | 1 | 2d6 | 35 | 1 | AP 1, Semi-auto, 1 reload |
| Knife | - | - | Str+d4 | - | 1 | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |

| | | |
|-------------------|--------------|--|
| Hindrances | Major | Bad Luck - Some days you can't catch a break. Start with 1 less Benny than normal. |
| | Minor | Bad Eyes - You're nearsighted, and need glasses to see normally. |
| | Minor | Wanted - Your past means you work for the GEO when they say, or do prison time. |

| | |
|--------------|---|
| Edges | Ace (Boating), Alertness, Fleet-footed, McGyver |
| | |
| | |

| | |
|-------------|--|
| Gear | Light vest, knife, small-caliber pistol, lockpicks, electronic lock breaker, watch-style bodycomp, |
| | canteen, ration bars |
| | |

The World of Blue Planet

Blue Planet takes place on the planet Poseidon in the Lambda Serpentis system, about 200 years in the future. It's a hard sci-fi setting that envisions a world based on projected developments in real world technology. Genetic advancements have awakened cetaceans to sentience, created animal/human hybrids, and created a new transhuman elite.

Poseidon was found at the other end of a wormhole discovered at the edge of our solar system. A scientific expedition went to explore and colonize the water world, however shortly thereafter on Earth, the Blight struck. The Blight was caused when a genetically engineered virus mutated, attacked grain and other food plants, and caused a worldwide famine. The recently established UN branch, the General Ecological Organization (GEO) became a world government of sorts as many of the UN members ceased to exist during the long dark age caused by the Blight.

Abandoned, the explorers slowly went native as their technology crumbled and their focus turned to survival. When re-contact was eventually made, after the Blight was eradicated, a culture clash developed between the natives and the new colonists. The natives choose to keep to their life-style, while colonists came, eager to escape the dreary and decaying Earth. A trickle became a flood when Xenoscilite, or Long John, was discovered. This ore made genetic redesign simpler and cheaper, and made immortality a real possibility for those who could afford it. Now the planet is in the throes of rapid expansion caused by the 'gold rush' of Long John, with all the opportunities and dangers that come with it.

The GEO is nominally in charge of Poseidon. Various Incorporates, which rule their nationalized city-states on Earth, also vie for control of Poseidon. Some natives have formed terrorist groups to resist the land hungry expansion. One example is the Sierra Nueva insurrection, a group of islands in open revolt against all non-natives. With a comparative land mass of 3% versus 30% on Earth, these conflicts will determine the planet's fate.

Katrina Dawes

You started honest enough, running cargo from cities out to remote settlements. But it was barely enough money to pay for fuel, repairs, and upkeep, let alone getting better systems or even a better boat altogether. So you started taking side jobs. Run a package here, run a package there. Who cares what was in the package, the job was easy and the price was right. Then a GEO patrol searched your boat one day and found about 20 kilos of pharium hidden in the hold with the regular cargo. That was it for you. They took your boat, your money, everything you worked for - just because you tried to make a little extra money. Self righteous bastards. You served a year, than got out and picked up your boat. All your money was gone - fines and legal fees, they said, so you got back out there, took jobs, and got yourself back into decent shape after a year.

Then the GEO called on you. They needed you to pilot a boat to an island in the Dolphin Reef. You told them where they could go. Then they said they might have to review your case again, and your license, and inspect your boat, and so on. You could see where it was going, and told them so. They told you, "Do this for us, and you're a free woman." You don't believe that at all, but what else can you do? So now you're on a boat with a loudmouth GEO jackboot in charge, a Cat with dead eyes and a big gun, a scared medic, and a couple natives. You're just hoping you survive this.