

*Some info before we begin... While this character may resemble a certain Fallout protagonist in name, he is not intended to resemble Courier 6 in any fashion. This is just an original character of mine, and a.. slightly original story. Hope you enjoy, and thanks for taking the time to read this. All support is seriously appreciated. Now, on with the story!*

This is the story of an ordinary man who had spent his entire life being beaten into the ground. He considered himself to be at the bottom of existence, the lowest of the low, scrounging for scraps in the slums of the Hub to get by. Not even Feral Ghouls were beneath him, however crazy they had gone. Some passerby took pity on him, offering up a few bottlecaps, or if he was lucky, a carton of dirty, irradiated drinking water. He owed debt to one of the biggest merchants in the Hub, the Water Merchants. They essentially ran the town, with the owner boasting a large mansion in the Heights. He had even run afoul of the biggest crime boss this side of the Hoover Dam, Decker. The mafioso operated out of the Maltese Falcon, a shady tavern that held the headquarters for a sadistic, bleary underground of sin beneath its floors. Nothing had been looking up for this man, and when he considered leaving the town, another thought floated into his mind. Everything past the Hub was a desert, with the occasional dwelling dotting the landscape from what little gossip he had heard.

On top of the harsh conditions, raids on caravans packed to bursting with vital goods were increasing in number by the day. The worst part was, no one could figure out who was orchestrating and performing these raids. The attackers left no survivors, and no evidence of an attack other than a pile of ashes and the distinct smell of burning flesh. Even guards from the Hub's police force would wind up dead or never to return, and if they did return, they would be foaming at the mouth, insane and illegitimate.

On the day that this story starts, this uninteresting man was peddling the only wares he had... Recycled gossip. "Stories for Caps" he called his business, and it wasn't very successful. However, a nice fellow would sometimes come along and have a conversation with this man about any number of things. The NCR, rumors regarding Raiders, a tall tale spun about a community of nothing but Mr. Handy's, a few people finally emerging from nearby Vaults, the NCR, and a strange piece of gossip about a Military base near the now nonexistent city of Mariposa. That last piece of info was something that intrigued this lonely man for the first time in a long time, but right as he was about to ask for elaboration on the stranger's part, he heard an unfamiliar voice.

"This is Mister New Vegas, back with the news. An NCR correspondent has reported a record-breaking number of fleeing Legionaries at the decisive Battle of Hoover Dam, citing the clash as a huge victory for the Republic... In other news, the head honcho of the local Tops casino here in New Vegas has been assassinated by an unknown agent. The head's right-hand man who went by Swank came into the studio for an exclusive interview, so you'd better listen real good."

Now, even though this man was stuck in the slums of a small yet well-known trading hub, he knew many things, such as that the radio station he was hearing was a Mojave station, unlike anything in New California. And that could only mean one thing, since the Legion was pushed back East and whoever ruled New Vegas never left his city... Scouts from the New California Republic had come to the Hub. Specifically into the rundown part of town, walking towards this uninteresting and ordinary man. They were dressed in identical black dusters, with padded combat armor and ripped jeans adorning their fronts. A breathing mask with bright-red inserts over the eyes and an accompanying helmet covered the scouts' faces. This man even caught a glimpse of an engraved revolver holstered at the hip of one of these Scouts, making an escape nearly impossible due to their ranged capabilities. The scout who possessed a revolver spoke first, his voice slightly altered by the mask,

“We have specific orders from Chief Ambassador Dennis Crocker to retrieve you for a mission regarding a military base far Northwest of this location, and directly West of this institution of the New California Republic. Should you choose to refuse this assignment, we will simply leave you here to live out your life. Should you choose to accept, we will provide transport to the local institution via Vertibird and explain in more detail your assignment when we arrive back at headquarters.”

This man was dumbfounded. Yesterday he was groaning in pain, slumped against a brick wall and trying not to throw up liquid radiation. And today, he was being approached by two high-ranking members of the New California Republic. This could be his chance for escape, a second wind that could lead to a new life... But also to a swift exit from the Wasteland. Judging by their strict, concealed dialogue, the Rangers seemed to be asking him to take on a dangerous job, maybe even a rigged operation... But this man had no other choice. Standing up and dusting off his ragged, disgusting clothing, he nodded his head and spoke with as much of a commanding air as he could muster, “I accept this assignment. Please take me to these headquarters so I may learn more about the current task.” His face reddened slightly as he finished, but he remained standing, waiting for a response from the Rangers. A few minutes passed in which the Rangers scribbled something into a notepad, then they performed identical about-faces and held up their right hands as a signal for this man to follow. And he obeyed, hardly believing his luck. With enough effort, and careful planning so as to not wind up dead, this man could find a place to call his own in the NCR, free from the shackles of the Hub, free from debt and sin, free from his old self.

The trek to the Vertibird was short as it was stationed directly outside of the Hub. This man had only heard tales of the magnificent flying machines, with a drunk sometimes stumbling along his path and screaming about birds with propellers attached to their wings, excreting large metal men and horrors too devilish to speak of. However, no story could truly justify the Vertibird's beauty. It indeed had two propellers attached to the end of its “wings” that were at a slight angle to ease takeoff. A large rudder was placed behind the main cabin, supposedly to permit turning during flight. And the decoration, or lack of it, was stunning. Chipped yellow and green paint formed faint, broken patterns from a bygone time along the length of the machine, with large weathered letters spelling out a manufacturer, “VB-01: Property of the US

~~Army~~". The words "US Army" had been scratched out long ago and replaced with the letters "NCR" in crude white paint. Contrary to the outside however, the inside of the Vertibird was rather bare. A single bench was bolted down to serve as a backseat, with most of the front seats blasted away. Even the leather in the seats had worn down and ripped in many places, with crude stitching holding back yellowed stuffing in places where the seats had fallen apart. The main control stick had been worn down to bare metal, as well as the main control board, of which only the lights and ignition were actually functional. The Rangers took their seats in the front, leaving the bench open to this ordinary man.

Takeoff was.. rough, to put it lightly. The ignition switch seemed to be failing, as it took several throws of the lever before the Pre-War atomic engine sputtered to life, and then died. This process continued until finally, after around five minutes of pressing buttons, pulling levers and throwing switches... The propellers began to spin, the engine roared to life under the bench, making the bolts nearly shake out of place, and the Vertibird slowly but surely rose into the air, away from the dusty, arid ground and into what seemed like a new world. They nearly touched the clouds on their journey, passing straight through a Radstorm and over the beginnings of a mountain range. A gigantic empty basin that must have been a lake before the war passed under them in a matter of a few minutes, and this ordinary, uninteresting man lost count of how many towns and settlements they flew over, now reduced to nothing more than tiny dots.

However, as soon as the exhilarating trip had begun, they were touching down on a Helipad right in the heart of the local NCR chapter. The Rangers left the front cabin and shook hands with another member of the faction who was dressed in elaborate military garb. The three exchanged a few words before beckoning this man to the central HQ. The explanation of his mission was short and to the point, although the Ambassador did put great emphasis on this man's destination, the Mariposa Military Base. According to Crocker, it was a highly dangerous and experimental facility used to house an unknown substance, though it fell into disrepair after it was looted and the entrance subsequently caved in. The Ambassador also gave this man the choice of a few code names, being Anaconda, Courier, Rabbit, Whisper, and Wanderer. This gave the man some thinking to do, and finally he settled on Courier. So, with his mission explained and preparations complete, the Courier and Rangers climbed back into the Vertibird and headed for the Military Base.

The trip to Mariposa was much shorter than the previous one, although it did permit scouting of the area. The Courier noticed many smaller details of the Wasteland now that he had been given a new purpose. Caravans driving Brahmin carts and stopping every few minutes to check for enemies, a lone Mr. Handy guarding a wrecked Vertibird, and what looked like a flying saucer embedded into the earth. They touched down after a half-hour of flying and noticed that the entrance to the Military Base was indeed caved in, not even plastic explosives would break through the rubble. But, the Rangers did manage to find a minecart that had been derailed, so they loaded it with dynamite, pushed it as hard as they could with a nearby metal pipe, and miraculously the rubble was blasted away to reveal the entrance.

It was now nothing more than a rusted hulk of a doorframe, with the door blasted back and against the wall. At this point, the Rangers stepped back from the base, standing resolute and unmoving. The Courier looked back at them with a quizzical expression, with the pair's only response being, "We have been ordered to let you explore alone. What you find is yours to keep." So, with one last look at the Rangers, the Courier walked into the base that welcomed him with its pitch-black halls and faint green glow. He heard the distant groaning of rusted metal and what sounded like grunting, though he chose to ignore the noises. The base seemed mostly untouched except for the occasional puddle of strange fluids and an odd skeleton that looked like it belonged to a dog.

Eventually, the Courier noticed that the grunts and groans were becoming louder, as if the rumors were true, that a monster really did dwell in the depths of this installation... But this was not the time to dwell on the groaning of rusting metal. This Courier had been given few weapons other than a flare gun in case of emergencies and one fragmentation grenade, and surmised that there had to be some sort of firepower within the depths of this maze-like base. So the search began, though it was quite difficult as the only light was an occasional puddle of strange green liquid. Nevertheless, after an hour of searching and nearly giving up, the Courier came across an unlocked, rusty trunk that held quite the strange device. It was a bulky piece of green machinery that had a long, three-pronged barrel attached to it. A faded black label on the underside of the device read:

PC-03-2077 Plasmacaster, Property of the Mariposa Military Force, constructed through a joint effort with RobCo Industries and the US Army. Accepts MicroFusion Cells as ammunition.

Intrigued, the Courier went to pick up the Plasmacaster and was surprised by its hefty weight. Although it was quite compact, the energy-based weapon required two hands to properly utilize. Nevertheless the Courier trekked onwards and downwards, managing to restore Auxiliary power with a bit of rewiring and quite a lot of luck so he could use the freight elevators. Again he met no resistance, as if someone had come to this location and destroyed whatever threat it previously contained. Contemplating this fact for quite a while, the Courier almost didn't notice a large light source up ahead. It was comprised entirely of bright-green light, the source of which seemed to be liquid in nature as it cast strange shadows along the walls.

Undeterred, and with his curiosity mounting, The Courier stepped into a maze of hallways that led to this light source. He turned left, right, right, left again... Starting to lose his sense of direction, he kept the Plasmacaster close to him in case of a possible ambush, though he still met no danger and no threats. Becoming even more wary and slightly stressed, the Courier breathed a sigh of relief when the sickly green light came back into view. He ran towards the light, hoping to find treasure, maybe even something more. One last left turn into another hallway... The source was closer than ever, its light dancing across the walls. Now the Courier could see that the source of this glow was definitely some sort of liquid as he got closer and closer. Eventually he came to a room, hesitating and contemplating what could be in front of him. Would it be gigantic roaches, maybe zombies, possibly robots...? Shaking his head and

pushing the thought out of his mind, the Courier stepped into the room that contained the source of the glow, pressing even closer to his Plasmacaster and hoping that he would leave the Military Base alive.

At first, the room seemed ordinary except for two piles of green goo on either side of it, creeping up the walls and bubbling ominously. And then... he noticed it. A hulking mass of what used to be a human, only.. bigger, stronger, its skin tinged green. Its muscles were bulging and had ripped its small miner's outfit, and the hard hat it had worn as a regular human looked almost comical sitting atop the creature's head. Although its back was turned to the Courier, it looked as if this was the monster rumored by squatters and wanderers alike. Green skin, a deep, grunting voice, a massive frame with bulging muscles.. This was a Super Mutant.

The Courier considered running, weighing his chances of survival. On one hand, if he ran, he would escape with his life but not receive a reward. On the other hand, if he fought this monster, his chances of survival were slim, although if he did emerge victorious the reward would be well worth it... This man's previous choices and memories flooded through his mind, consuming him like a tidal wave.. This was the turning point of his existence, he could turn his life around, accumulate wealth, actually own a house. Sure, most of the missions he would go on would have a factor of danger to them, but wasn't that true of the entire Wasteland? Coming to a decision, the Courier stepped forward, flipping a switch on his Plasmacaster and watching as it whirred to life, the tip of the pronged barrel shining with a green light. He braced himself for the imminent battle... and pulled the trigger. The first shot missed the mutant by a hair, but the beast was still alerted. It spun around, crying out in rage and speaking one word in broken English,

"M-M-MELCHIOR!" The beast roared yet again, and two creatures slowly began to rise from the green puddles on either side of the mutant. They were abnormally large for their size, taking shape rapidly and imperfectly. However, the Courier distinctly saw two Mole Rats take shape and charge him. He dispatched the rats immediately, checking his ammo supply to see that he could take whatever this Melchior beast had in store for him. The mutant rose its arms up as if to pull something from the depths of the goo, and out rose two Glowing Ones, their bodies soaking up some of the irradiated liquid which appeared to give them strength. They also rushed the Courier, who stabbed one with the prongs of his weapon and swung it around to disarm the other. Both ghouls fell to the ground, stumbling slightly as they tried to get up. This man saw his chance, pressing the trigger with exceptional speed and force as the Plasmacaster worked wonders.

After dispatching his second round of minions, Melchior began to grumble and scream nervously, cutting himself off and roaring yet again to summon the next batch, which just so happened to contain two Deathclaws. They screeched their terrible battle cries in unison, claws glinting in the sickly light. The Courier faltered, readying his Plasmacaster just in time and firing a shot point-blank into one of the Deathclaw's mouths. It tore a hole through the creature, making it collapse with a rumble that made the rusty beams behind him groan. Undeterred, the second Deathclaw seemed to not notice the fall of his brother as he closed in, his jaw unhinging

to reveal two rows of mismatched, razor-sharp teeth. The monster bore down upon the Courier, easily blocking a shot from the Plasmacaster with a quick swipe and readying its claws. Two more shots were effortlessly blocked by the Deathclaw, its breathing enveloping the Courier like a humid, disgusting cloud. He readied his weapon for what looked like the last time in his life, closing his eyes and hoping against hope that this shot would hit, that it would bring down this menace...

He opened his eyes, and pulled the trigger, only to notice that everything around him had slowed to a crawl. The Deathclaw was still rushing him, his Plasma Round had still been fired. However, everything about the situation had been slowed down. The Courier tried firing another round, and found that he could do so repeatedly... until a slow beeping began to fill his senses. The magazine was empty. He was out of time, and out of ammo. So, in a last-ditch effort, he thrust the Plasmacaster forwards and straight between the eyes of the now-staggered Deathclaw. A mix of green, irradiated liquid and crimson blood poured forth from the puncture, a claw from the Plasmacaster breaking off in the process.

At this point, The Courier was beginning to feel the weight of the Plasmacaster dragging him down. The time-slowing effect was disappearing, reality was returning to normal... And all at once, the force of the attacks made upon the Deathclaw blasted it back into Melchior, who's sudden scream was cut short as it's minion's claws sank directly into the monster's chest. His mouth open in one final, silent roar, Melchior died where he stood, the light fading from his eyes as the Deathclaw minion fell to the floor. The green pools soaked into the ground, the mutated bodies stayed where they lay, their greenish glow fading. The Courier, drenched in irradiated guts, tried his best to clean himself off, exiting the Military Base and nearly collapsing into the Vertibird. He was exhausted, felt just as sick as the day before he was picked up by the NCR, but all of the struggle was going to pay off. He was going to finally receive a new hand of cards, a second chance at life in the NCR. And sure, the restrictions might be tight and the leaders stubborn, but it was better than telling an occasional story, barely making it through each day, and seeing neither hide nor hair of an escape. He was just a Courier...

An uninteresting, ordinary Courier.