

SABLE MOXIE

[

GENDER

/// Intersex Woman

]

[

AGE

/// 33

]

[

D.O.B.

/// ???

]

[

HEIGHT

/// 6'2"

]

[

WEIGHT

/// 235 lbs.

]

[

BLOOD

/// A-

]

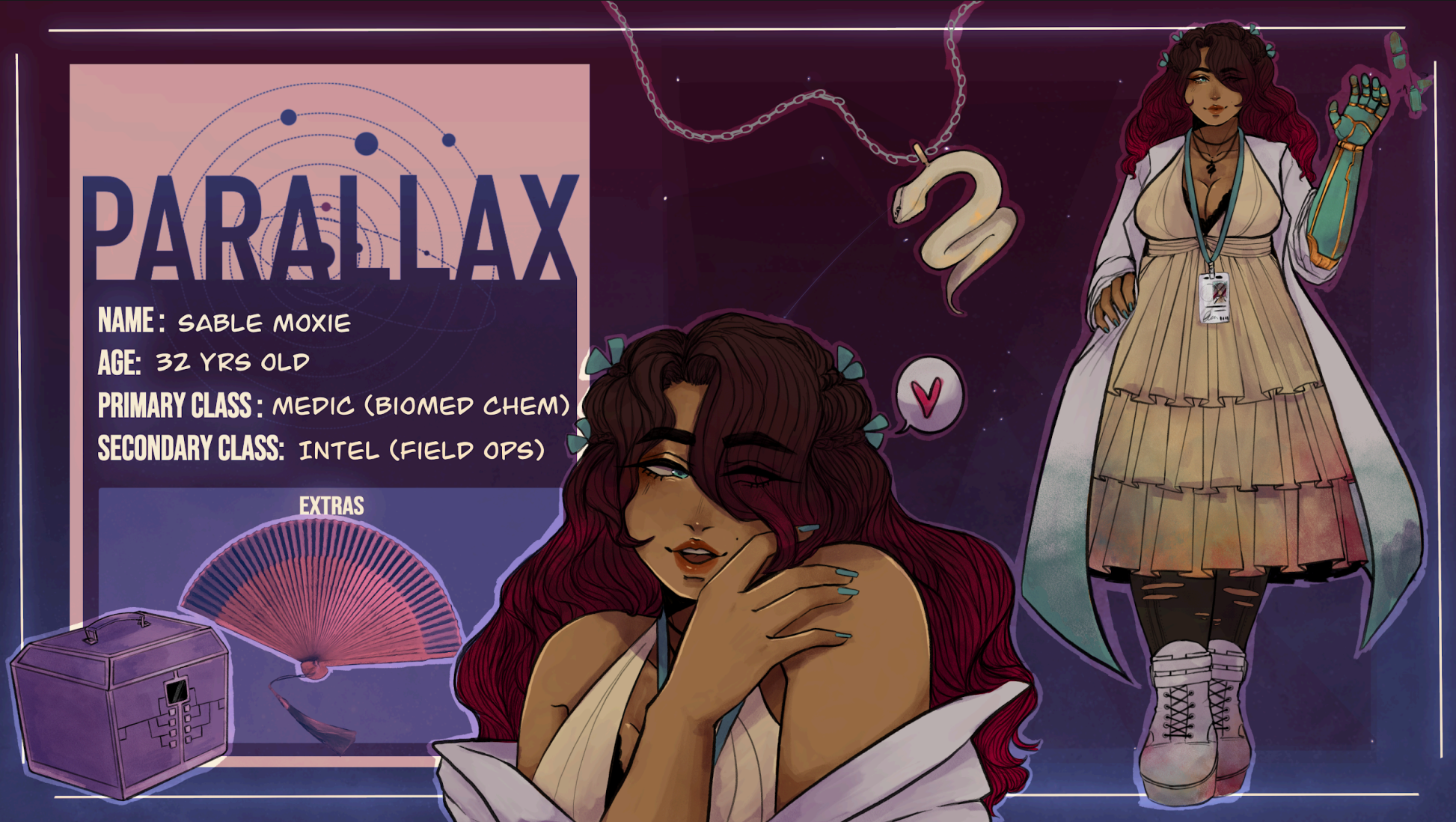
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ORIGIN

/// Mars

]

“DON'T WORRY DEAR, JUST A LITTLE PRICK AND YOU WON'T FEEL A THING”



APPEARANCE

- Romani/Armenian descent.
- Warm caramel complexion, no visible tanlines
- Full-figured build, wide hips, love handles, et all
- Tall stature, yet somehow average for Salus
- Long, wavy magenta hair, black roots, given quite a bit of brushing and conditioning, when possible.
- Mint Green, half-lidded, almond-shaped eyes
- Very well-manicured nails, usually kept a little longer and painted
- Left arm has been replaced with augmentation from the elbow down, gold inlays and plating colored to match eyes
- Beauty mark on left cheek, above the mouth
- Rarely, if ever seen without wearing ribbons in her hair and a body stocking underneath clothing.
- Always seen wearing her pale gold snake necklace

MEDICAL FILE

MEDICAL NOTES

- Excellent physical conditioning, clearly built from years of military service.
- Bears scarring across her body from unknown number of battles, bullet and blade wounds apparent
- Heavy stimulant/psychoactive user, not immediately apparent but very clear after extended sessions
- Alcoholic, far less successful at masking this
- Arm amputated at the elbow and replaced with augmentation, clearly a clean surgery
- Bears other surgery scars, purposes claimed to be unknown

PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE

- Combat veteran clearly suffering from PTSD, seems to suppress emotional responses but reports failing to with some frequency
- Torture victim, extremely touch-averse as a result
- Extremely avoidant about questions of events before meeting her family, even in private sessions, offers little information about life beyond mentioned in attached session
- Sleeping disorder, known to scream in her sleep, likely tied to PTSD
- Addictive personality, likely as result of forced drug use in military

- Some joint damage from years of forced steroid usage

- Amnesiac, claims to be a victim of unknown medical experiments that took her memories prior to ~25 ys. old
- Relatively new parent struggling to be a caregiver following transition from military service
- Frequently on alert, have to let her sit in my usual seat so she can focus on sessions with the door in sight.
- Some hypersexual tendencies, origins entirely unclear based on reported history.
- Has committed, under duress, serious acts of violence.
- Otherwise, a very pleasant, warm-hearted, considerate person, shockingly so, given her history.

PERSONALITY

↑ Warm	Alert =	Temperamental ↓
↑ Caregiver	Defiant =	Secretive ↓
↑ Considerate	Listless =	Manipulative ↓

Warm, gentle, motherly, at the surface Sable appears to be the perfect doctor, sent from on high. That warmth belies a great seriousness and weight that Sable carries on her shoulders. Though she avoids questions with redirection and half answers, great trauma exists just behind her bright, inviting eyes. Sable is extremely secretive about her past, only really mentioning that she was a deserter of the Martian Military after finding out there was life on Earth, claiming quite a bit of lapsed memory and the rest to be too difficult to even utter. In spite of the darkness bubbling below the surface, Sable is a vivacious woman who seems to throw herself into indulging in life's pleasures, as if she'd only learned of them just years ago. Sable has a tendency to be very anxious and on-edge, frequently seen looking over her shoulders and keeping an eye on entryways when indoors, Sable is never seen with her back to a door or window, if she can avoid it. Incidentally, Sable **hates** being surprised, if someone tries to scare her there's a strong chance they are getting hit, which turns into a guarantee if someone touches her from behind, or without asking. Around her family, Sable is a little more obvious about her struggles, though she tries to keep herself regulated in front of the children, she's much more prone to showing the damage her service inflicted upon her. Sable is extremely meticulous and detail-oriented, keeping a mental rolodex of how all of her friends and family take their tea, steaks, what their allergies are, anyone that enters her life more than once seeming to get their own spot in her head. One quirk of note is her tendency to be extremely particular about the medications she prescribes, making it extremely clear what a lethal dose would be and how to alleviate potential poisoning, even when that seems completely unnecessary.

COMBAT

EQUIPMENT & WEAPONRY			
	[PRIMARY	Medic]
Heavily-Modified Augmented Arm (Incl. Dart gun, Med Synthesizer, and Surgical Tools)	[SECONDARY	Intel]
	[WEAPON	Dart Gun]
Bamboo Fan			
High-Tech Lockbox, contents undisclosed			

Infiltration training, CQC training, Live-fire training
Surgical Training, Degree in Internal Medicine, Conditioned to be Fearless

HARMAcist	Means to an End
+3 advantage to deceive or convince others	

BACKSTORY

CW: Drugs, War Crimes, Torture, Conditioning, Forced Drug Use, Death, Chronic Illness, Addiction, Sick Children

- Sable was a medical student who was drafted into a military experiment that left her an amnesiac combat medic. Her entire squadron was wiped of their memories, kept on a steady stream of drugs and pointed at the political enemies of the Martian government.
- Sable was told she was given her augmented arm for suggesting to starve some miners on Earth longer than necessary to break a strike. Sable's team was made aware of Earth settlements existing outside of the mining biomes, and sent to massacre a settlement known as Wellspring.
- The squadron destroyed Wellspring and claimed its eponymous reservoir of fresh water for Mars, but Sable broke ranks and fought alongside the settlement during the evacuation.
- She was wounded and carried to another settlement known as Amnesty, where she was taken in by and eventually seen as the second mother of the Moxie family, survivors of the massacre. Much of this aided by Sable working as her now child Fizz's primary care physician.
- Sable became a doctor fully, taking control of the Amnesty infirmary and shaping it up into a proper clinic. Amnesty grew along with it, and flourishes as an oasis in one of the more barren parts of the world.
- Sable's squad were continuing their campaign of violence and resource theft, and destroyed Amnesty as Sable and the Moxies fled. They eventually made way for Salus and have been living there for a little under a year.

[\[♪ Zombie \(Acoustic\) - The Cranberries ♪\]](#)

SESSION RECORDING: Sable Moxie

"Can we start from what you remember as the beginning, Sable? As much as you can offer, please."

"I was from... Kraemerdorf, I think, back on Mars. I say I think because there's no way of me actually knowing that, or much else about myself. I know I was a medical student, I know my name was Sable, I know my parents were in the military, and I know they pushed me to join, but beyond that?

There's not much.

Their names? Their faces? Vague blurs to me. My first, clearest memories were when I was 24 or 25, I was about to graduate from medical school at a very prestigious military hospital, and I must have been grabbed by someone who heard me talking too loudly about wanting to serve the minimum tour of duty. I can't say exactly why it happened, or what even happened to me, but I woke up in a bed in the Trident, my schooling hospital. I tried to recall anything, but beyond being a medical graduate and medic in the military, I was mostly coming up blank. I was drugged out of my mind, and was pretty much all the way through my time in the service. They taught me how to make our stim packs so

Allows a fail roll to be counted as a minimum success. Usable up to three times per event.

I could keep everyone malleable and focused; it was dangerous knowledge to give me, I'm sure that was the point, looking back."

"Do you recall everything you were given?"

"A cocktail of stimulants and pain-killers for battle, semi-regular cycles of steroids to keep us in peak condition, emergency shots of a synthetic adrenaline capable of pushing a person to their limits; hallucinogens, light doses for keeping us agreeable, malleable, half-to-full doses mostly to give something distracting to us when we weren't fighting, also part of... the other things we'll be touching on shortly. When they wanted us calm between missions, they'd drop some tranquilizers and depressants. Not only do I recall them, were I given the correct ingredients, I could synthesize them."

"That must be difficult to carry, what's your usage like these days?"

"Better than it was..."

"That's not a very high bar to clear, based on what you're telling me."

"I've sought out therapy for several reasons. Could I get back to the big picture?"

"By all means, please."

"The Trident was a *special* little place, because it was a very 'innovative' facility, I was apparently drafted into some sort of experimental unit; We were wiped of our memories, shot up with drugs, sliced with all manner of augs, battered with propaganda, constant training, and drilling. They told us they wanted us to be the model for future soldiers. What better serviceperson than one that only knows fighting, after all? We were carefully monitored and managed, deviant behavior of any kind ended up in beatings, drilling, reeducation, and more wiping; I don't even know everything about my service history, because I must have been 'bad' a few too many times. Before they sent us off to do their dirty work, command gave us these white gold snake pendants, our unofficial insignia."

"I noticed that, you still wear it now?"

"It's mostly a reminder of who I was, who I'm running from, I suppose. I'm not worried that the wrong person would identify it because we didn't officially exist, only so many people would understand its meaning."

"I understand, go on."

"Something I do remember was the first time I was ever deployed on Earth, we were sent down to provide the muscle needed to break a mining strike in one of the biomes. I didn't do too much fighting, being the medic, but I know I have blood on my hands all the same. I just remember the faces of those poor people, getting gaunt and pale as we deprived them of food till they broke down and got back to work. We made them wait a few days after that to actually give them any food, just to make sure they never got too hopeful about future defiance. I was commended for suggesting the idea, they told me. I suppose I have that to thank for this *fine* piece of Martian engineering attached to my humerus."

DATA

NAME: SABLE MOXIE

AGE: 33

TRAITS:

1: HARMACIST

2: Means to an End

STATS

HP: 30



CHARISMA



INTELLIGENCE



"Do you believe that you did it?"

"Entirely, I had no reference for a life before, no guiding morals aside from those impressed upon me by military propaganda. As far as I was concerned, I was doing what was right and just whenever I did these cruel, dehumanizing, murderous things. Somewhere in the delirium of the cocktail flowing through my veins, I knew what we were doing was wrong, but what could I do? I was swimming upstream trying to have any conscious thoughts aside from the orders barked into my ear, and it took me a long time to even start shaking off my programming. We'd end up going to several other mining biomes, doing similar things, or worse."

"Worse, how?"

"I think I felt I was hitting a real low after I was ordered to act as a violent mining group's doctor, just so I could poison the resistance leader by overdosing his heart meds. Things started to break down fast for me after that, I was distressed, but command kept me focused, kept me under their thumb as long as they could."

"That must have been crushing for you."

"I wish it had hit me harder."

"That wasn't the straw that broke the camel's back?"

"Unfortunately, no. I think their big mistake was thinking they could tell us the truth about Earth; if I can point to my first real breaking point, there's nothing else that shocked me more before then."

"Understandable, why do you think you were allowed to know?"

"They wanted to see if we could mobilize beyond just the biomes, be a globally deployable strike team for Mars. My first and last mission carrying all that knowledge had command sending us to a place up north: Wellspring, once home to a community thriving around one of the largest clean water sources on the planet. By the time we were finished with it, Wellspring would just be a graveyard and survivors scattered into the winds; its clean cerulean waters were drained, leaving nothing but a husk. There was no intention for peace at any point in the mission, we knew we were going in to decimate a community. I hid my anxiety, but I was dreading this mission."

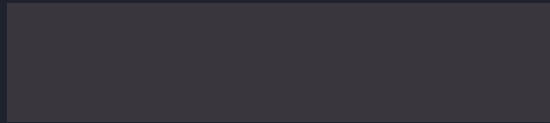
"What finally did it? Do you remember?"

"Maybe I was getting too used to my stims, maybe the person I used to be just started bleeding through because I had gone longer without a wipe than I think I ever had at that point, but when it came time for us to pull the trigger, I broke ranks and tried to provide aid and an extra firearm to Wellspring."

"It must have taken a lot to do that. Even having broken out of your programming, rebelling is a scary prospect."

"It was all for nothing, unfortunately."

"You and your family are here with us, that's something wonderful."



"I wish Brianna's husband were here instead, he was a good man."

"What happened to him?"

"Died in the massacre, my fault, could have saved him, but I botched a surgery that would have saved him."

"These sorts of things happen in ba-"

"It was my fault, Cameron."

"...What else happened in Wellspring?"

"I was hit with shrapnel from a grenade and left fighting to keep myself alive. I was dragged out of the settlement as my squad ripped it apart like locusts in a field of grain. I'm not sure how long I was out, but I woke up in a bed, patched up, with Brianna Moxie watching over me. Brianna explained that she and her children, Candice, Fizzit, Poppy, and Bubble, brought me there through the badlands to a settlement called Amnesty. I immediately took over the rest of my recovery, and as I got out of the infirmary, Brianna asked me to stay with them, maybe learn what it's like to be a civilian again, see if that helped me remember who I was, or at least helped me clear my conscience by being Amnesty's new doctor."

"So naturally you took it, since you're here now."

"I did."

"But after what happened with Brianna's husband, how did that make you feel?"

"After what happened with Elijah, I was struggling with feeling like I deserved much of anything, especially less so after I got to meet Fizz."

"I thought you said you and Fizz have a very loving relationship?"

"Of course, we certainly do now. But, when I first met Fizz, they had just acquired chronic heart and kidney illnesses as a result of a chemical weapon I developed."

"That must weigh on you quite a bit. You're here now, working to become better, and you've saved lives since leaving the military."

"I made the weapon."

"Did you fire it?"

"There wouldn't have been a weapon to fire without me."

"That's ridiculous, it's the Martian Military, they'd find another weapon, another scientist."

"But can I ever really just let it all go? I'm not blameless."

"You're here now, helping improve your child's quality of life. You didn't fire off the weapon that hurt them."

"Yeah. Right."

"They helped save your life, I cannot imagine a stronger bond between Mother and Child, even if you adopted them."

"It's more like they adopted me."

"I like that, they chose you, in spite of all these things, that I'm sure you've shared with them."

"They're aware of just about everything, the kids don't all know the details of my time in the military, but they know I did some bad things. Can and I were very bumpy for a long while, she very fairly and accurately blamed me for her father's death. They and I had a lot of time getting to know each other after I got through to them; she usually took Fizz to sessions with me before I moved in with them, because she didn't trust me."

"How about now, though?"

"We say 'I love you' every night as we turn in, she and I do each other's nails, she's my daughter."

"That's wonderful, it must be very gratifying."

"It still takes effort, but what worthwhile endeavor doesn't?"

"How long were you all in Amnesty?"

"Two years. Two beautiful years of being a healer and sharing my talents with everyone, instead of keeping myself and my comrades patched and drugged up. Amnesty was where I started to heal, as sore a reminder of my past as treating the victims of my own squad's violence was, I found peace in giving them all a new lease on life. Amnesty was a humble community, but it grew to thrive just like Wellspring once had, and I know I played no small part in that. The Moxies and I ended up staying together a few months after I left the hospital, and I became very close with them all, of course."

"But... We both know Amnesty is gone now, can you tell me what you remember? You'd certainly know better."

"I had begun to think I may be able to live out the rest of my life in quiet, gratifying obscurity, but that all came crashing down. As it turned out, my squad never stopped hunting the survivors of Wellspring, command surely assumed they'd lead to other resources we- *Mars* could leech off of... That eventually led them to Amnesty, we were among a handful of survivors of the massacre, I'd always kept a few go bags ready in case the military ever caught up with me again. We walked for months through mountains, plains, and desert, but eventually we made it to Salus, we'd heard there were a few Anti-Martian ops run out of here and assumed it a safe place to finally settle down. I really hope it stays that way."

"I think it has a better chance of that with you here, Sable."

"I think I'm slowly beginning to accept that, I'm not all the way there yet."

"But you're here now, that's a long way already."

TRIVIA

- └ Remembers how people take tea
- └ Strong cook, known to overseason
- └ Encyclopedic knowledge of LD⁵⁰s of common medications and poisons

EXTRA

LIKES

- └ Austen and Hemmingway
- └ Candy Cap Mushroom Tea
- └ Strong cocktails, stronger stims
- └ Cooking for family and friends

DISLIKES

- └ Authoritativeness
- └ Being touched without permission
- └ Loud, Percussive Music

HANDLER

ERISAPPARENC

V

SHE/THEY

RP STYLE PREFERENCES

Prose, Lit, Small Group

TRIGGERS

Child Abuse, Sexual Assault, Grooming, Sick/Dead Pets, Spiders. Spiders are manageable as long as we're avoiding visuals!

FUN FACTS

Uuuhhh, I'm a big Pro Wrestling fan!
Love to headcanon, don't be afraid to reach out!

RP SAMPLE

ACCOMMODATING WELCOME [EHSAN]

"Doctor Steinbrand? Terribly, sorry I've dipped into several off-" *Sable shuffles into the office, heralded from just outside by a series of stomps from her dusty white ankle boots. Sable cuts herself off as she and Ehsan begin talking at the same time, her face naturally shifting to a gentle, welcoming smile, minty green eyes half-lidded, the picture of bliss and warmth. As the air pressure shifts from the door opening and closing, Sable's ruffly cream yellow sundress settles on her caramel skin. "Oh- Well since you're offering..." Sable reaches into a canvas messenger bag, and produces five bound stacks of papers stuffed to the brim with notes upon notes, all very neatly kept and tightly secured.*

"I was hoping to actually drop off my co-parent and my children's medical records, if that's not too much trouble..." *Sable holds up the meticulous collections of notes, causing her magenta-dyed hair to billow a bit and fly in her face, she brushes a few wefts of hair behind her ear and continues. "One of the children has robust care requirements, I expect to be at least partially involved in their care, given my experience. And, actually-" Sable reaches into her satchel with her free arm, painted to match her soft green eyes and inlaid with gold, producing a sixth stack of notes, noticeably thinner than the rest. "I should probably drop off my own honestly, I'm trying to enroll into some sort of psychiatric care for the first time, I don't suppose anyone around here has any availability?" Her husky, dulcet voice gave a charming melody behind Sable's rather demanding appeal as a concerned mother.*

Sable's expression goes blank for a moment as her full, feathery eyelashes flutter rapidly a few times, giggling, eyes closed and a very well-manicured hand covering her pursed lips, trying to stifle her amusement of Ehsan asking for her name. "Yes, of course, my name would certainly be helpful, wouldn't it? Dr. Sable Moxie, I'm new to the settlement and absolutely delighted to be able to help around here. I'm an experienced internist, a capable surgeon, and no slouch in biomedical chemistry, if I do say so myself." Sable stuffs the notes back into her bag and proffers a handshake, holding out her non-augmented hand.

"Oh, I actually just sai-" *She cuts herself off again, blush blooming in her cheeks, eyes closing once more as she stifles a laugh, Sable returns her focus to Ehsan. "It's a pleasure, Ehsan, please call me Sable. I look forward to working with you."*