

General Info

Name: Maxine
Nickname: Maxi, Max
Gender: Female
Age: 41
Species: Human
Location: The Commonwealth
Faction: None, solitary Mercenary
Song: Carrion Comfort by Aeseaes

Personality

Temperament: Used to be rather cheerful, but now has a rather jaded and dull reaction to things. Tends to bark orders at people and disregard their emotions.

Moral/ethical beliefs: Will do anything for caps, and has no moral limits that she won't cross for a hit of Jet.

Hobbies: Bartering with chem dealers, taking jobs, hunting down pristine cigarette packs.

Habits: Uses Jet both recreationally and as an aid in fights, must disassemble and clean her rifle every time she's done with a job.

Quirks/eccentricities: Is always chewing on something— gum, pens, leather.

Likes: Being alone, salisbury steaks, Jet, bubblegum.

Dislikes: Babysitting, melee-only fights, the way Blamco mac and cheese tastes.

Gear

Always has:

- .50 Caliber Full-Stock Scoped Hunting Rifle.
- .50 Caliber Bullets.
- Jet
- ~500 Caps, give or take.
- A teddy bear.
- Water (purified or dirty).

Sometimes has:

- Bubblegum.
- Nuka Cola.

Appearance

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 180lbs

Hair: Auburn

Skin: Olive-toned

Eyes: Dull Green

Distinguishing marks: Has heavy eyebags.

Clothing: Army fatigues and leather armor with sturdy military boots.

Fears: Getting killed on the job, not having Jet, failing to fulfill a contract.

Strengths: Sniping, bartering.

Weaknesses: Jet addiction.

Short term goals: Make enough caps to get her next hit in.

Long term goals: Getting a safer place to live, maybe even kick the Jet habit if she can.

Hopes and desires: To see her dead husband again. To wake up back in her vault and not topside, where everything that has ever gone wrong in her life has happened.

Occupation: Mercenary for hire.

Skills: Swindling caravaners, wheedling discounts on chems, getting headshots, squeezing out just one more puff from a Jet canister, making people uncomfortable with long stretches of eye contact.

Events and History

Birth to Present

- Born in Vault 81, Maxine had a good start in life.
- Got her education (as good as propaganda-infested learning can be) and fell in love with a boy in the vault.
- They got married at some point and, dumb and naive, left the ensured safety of the vault due to power issues and the endless work driving them a bit batty.
- Shortly thereafter, her husband was killed by a creature and she hasn't been the same since.
- Took up small jobs in settlements, earning caps to buy supplies to keep herself safe.
- Learned how to shoot a handgun, then a rifle.
- Started traveling as a hired hand and protecting settlements for easy caps.
- Tried Jet for the first time and was instantly hooked.
- Slowly became more and more jaded. Lost a lot of her kind disposition.
- Properly addicted to Jet and stopped seeing the bigger picture.

Background details

- Once had a cat named Felix.
- Would sell her soul to eat a non-irradiated salisbury steak.

Writing Sample

Maxine had never wanted for anything. The rooms of the vault were always clean, the food always fresh; she'd had a formal education and a safe place to grow up, without worrying about monsters of the human variety or otherwise. Overall, an average life for someone in the vault, so she'd been told. She'd started to make something of herself in the community. Maxine's husband was the kid that lived exactly three doors down, who used to pull on her pigtails and call her a hawk; they lived in their modest unit and she had been happy. There was... a sense of superiority, coming from those living in the vault. As if, just because their ancestors had the fortune to live here, that made them better than the surface dwellers.

“People on the surface don't get to fall in love,” her mother would say, in the way that her lips would turn downwards, like they could do nothing to stop themselves from falling. “They have to make due with what they have.”

And Maxine had never wanted to know what that meant. Even so, Maxine and her husband wanted to see what it was really like out there in the great, vast Wastes-- they just wanted to take a peek, to see the wreckage of a world they never got to know. To see if it really was better in the vault, or if this brave new world had things to offer them that they couldn't get in the clinical safety of a Vault-Tec building. After the third day, with her husband dead at her feet, Maxine could say with certainty that the Wastes were worse.

There's a certain way that dirt clings to you, out in the Wasteland. Like tar, clinging to every pore and sticking to every inch of skin, soaking in and taking up residence like a wine stain. No amount of home-made soap or the old, irradiated to hell and back kind could scrub it

out, could lessen the sickly-tack of it from skin, hair, clothes; it was a part of anyone who lived out in the Wastes. You could tell someone was off if they didn't have that vaguely yellow-brown sheen of sweat on their skin, a bit of it greasing their hair, staining and shining clothes and leather. A lot of things were like that in the Wastelands. Hundreds of years worth of war-torn damage tarnishing what were once great American cities, bombed and forgotten like a child's toy, until it wasn't even recognizable to anyone who may have known it. Not that she ever had, not beyond old photographs printed in black-and-white in severely outdated textbooks.

But Maxine- she'd been told she was pretty in the way old posters had a haggard edge to them, like something pristine turned real, soft in places surface-dwellers just weren't anymore. Although she's not exactly sure how true it is these days-- Maxine feels strung out and tired, bones protesting at every twist and turn. The wasteland had a habit of chewing people up and spitting them out until they no longer were recognizable as their old selves, and she was no different-- once a Vault dweller who didn't know the right end from the wrong one on a gun, Maxine has become hardened in her self-enforced exile.

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