

"Want me on your team? So does everybody else."

DOSSIER_



Name Hattie del Toro

Gender Female [she/her]

Age Twenty-three

Place of Origin R-001 [Earth, Mexico]

Height 5'2"

Weight 143 lbs

Blood Type O-

Appearance: Although lacking in height, Hattie stands tall in a metaphorical sense. She's a walking contradiction, with a sweet-looking face and hard, bulked up body from years of labor and training. Hattie's most notable feature is her metal prosthetic arm, beginning just under her right deltoid. Another signature of hers are two bubble braids sprouting from her head.

Medical Notes

- Prosthetic right arm
- Various fading scars and bruises

Psychological Notes

- History of violence and aggression
- Dependency on older brother

SKILLS_

Primary Class Scout

Secondary Class N/A

BIG MUSCLE

NEUTRAL

+3 to rolls when using strength

HIGH CONSTITUTION

NEUTRAL

+3 bonus HP (passive, i.e. 30 HP now becomes 33 HP)

SMASHER

PRIMARY

+1 to all attacks using melee weapons; causes target to be stunned

THICK-SKINNED

PRIMARY

+5 on defensive rolls against attacks; consequence if hit, an additional -2 HP to injury

LAST STAND

PRIMARY

+5 when in critical health. Results in bleeding out/shock after 3 posts.

WEAPONRY

- Gauntlets
- Leg Armor
- Tool Kit
- Club
- Hair ties

SPECIAL SKILLS

- Highly skilled fighter, specializing in close combat
- Minor prosthetic repairs

“Yeah I talk big but I can back it up.”

PERSONALITY_

+ Proactive / Reliable / Social
= Tense / Workaholic / Messy
- Showboat / Volatile / Jealous

Coming from a family who believed that she could overpower most or conquer any challenge given to her, and that she's capable of bouncing back from anything, Hattie overexerts herself because of the pressure that she puts on herself of living up to her old name. Hattie is your average gym rat and workaholic; addicted to training her body but doesn't know when to stop- especially not when she has someone's attention or praise. She holds onto all of that stress and bottles up her emotions, making her moody and prone to snapping at people or losing her cool at little things. Much like her mind, Hattie's workspace is cluttered and she has a tendency of being disorganized on missions. Yet somehow, through hardships and her own chaos, Hattie had always been able to pull through and carry out her orders and missions successfully. She's a team player and is eager to talk to others and fill in whatever role is needed. Never known to be shy or stand around either, she won't hesitate to be the first to take action. It certainly helps that she relishes the opportunity to show off.

As a child she grew up in the shadow of her older siblings' achievements and carried that bitter jealousy into adulthood. Only now, she projects those feelings onto anybody whom she feels is her competition...which unfortunately is many. While this does motivate her to do her best, it can get in the way of making deeper connections with friends and acquaintances.

Likes / Dislikes

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| + Social events | - Getting snuck up on |
| + Straightforward directions | - Rainy weather |
| + Brushing her hair | - Overfamiliarity |

TRIVIA

- Given the nickname **Overkill** in her settlement due to her tendency to use excessive violence and go overboard when fighting.
- Dislikes older brother's overprotective nature but doesn't know how to distance herself either. Also understands that they are all they have left of their family, so she tolerates it for now.
- Has a secret want to wear traditionally feminine and cute clothes, however she's too embarrassed to try. Styling her hair is as far as she will go.
- Super heavy sleeper! Snores too

HISTORY_

FULL HISTORY HERE

TW: violence, gore

Born into the small settlement Toro as the youngest of three children to the leader in Strength. Didn't have much bond with her older siblings because of comparison and her jealousy. Was especially resentful towards her sister who was known to be sensitive and dainty, and leaned into being her opposite; Tough and violent. At the age of sixteen, she joined Toro's soldiers and shortly after was put on a team to hunt down a G-Canid-541 with her brother Balthazar leading them. The Guard viciously attacked her and resulted in her losing her right arm and her position as a soldier. She felt defeated and useless while she watched as the rest of Toro's army got picked off by more Guards within the coming year. Finally, the settlement was ambushed by Martian soldiers and only seven managed to survive. They wandered the desert for six months before a rescue team brought them back to Salus. Now, Hattie works as a scout for Salus.

RP Info_

MAXX
21+ | he/him | PST

Discord: sorrymaxx #8452

Twitter: sorrymaxx

RP Style Preferences:

Semi-lit, script, hcs, group rps

Comfort Meme: [XXX](#)