

My Lord Mhurren-

The Word of the Order has been heard! As the radio broadcast continues to call out to the warriors of the Wasteland, we've had more and more of our Brothers heed the call- as well as many Humans and Ghouls.

I've compiled below all the information gathered about our new members for you to look over for yourself. Some, I must say, fit our ideals more than some others... but your word is final, and all will be welcome if they show dedication to the Order.

I've also devised a way of measuring their acuties using a Vig-O-Matic machine that one of our salvage teams recently uncovered from the Searchlight hospital. It should give us a more accurate way of assessing how we can best use the strengths (and accomodate for the weaknesses) of these new members.

Their paths led them here, by call or by rumor, but they are regardless willing to lend a hand and dedicate themselves to the cause! Surely this must be a blessing from above- a sign that the path we walk is just. As the Order grows, I look to our future with hope.

*Go with God-
Alexander, Knight Devout*

Name: Roy

Race: Chosen (Also referred to as 'Super Mutant')

Generation: Master's Army

Age: 158

Height: 11' 9"

Sex: N/A

S: 9

P: 3

E: 5

C: 8

I: 6

A: 5

L: 4

Notable Skills: Melee Weapons, Handguns, Tracking, Leadership, Pre-War Knowledge, Military Training



A former Captain in the Master's army, Roy found himself lost, like many Brothers, after the fall of Unity and the shattering of the Master's military.

He wandered the desert seeking reconciliation after the fall of a cause he believed in until the end, and came out of such a sabbatical with the realization that the Master was wrong in his methods to try and change humanity. He joined the Order seeking atonement and forgiveness, in the form of using his skills to make the wasteland he once fought to conquer a safer place.

Arrived equipped with his own Metal Armor, Scrap Sword, and Volcanic Slug Pistol.

Name: Sasha

Race: Chosen

Generation: Commonwealth

Age: Does not know

Height: 10'11"

Sex: N/A

S:7

P:8

E:5

C:4

I:3

A:6

L:7

Notable Skills: Throwing Weapons, Explosives, Construction



A Brother hailing from the far-away Commonwealth region, belonging to a former group that presumably raided the area. Not very bright, but was successfully convinced of the error of his ways by a wandering trader the group had captured. Developed an obsession with a type of pre-war artifact called a "baseball card" after some time spent with the trader, and after helping her escape, started wandering the wasteland collecting them. Covets one card in particular, one depicting a professional Pitcher to which he shares a name. Joined the Order after a talk with one of our members (and a couple of rare cards, I suspect.)

Arrived equipped with a belt of Frag Grenades. Was supplied Tread Armor.

Name: Flash

Race: Chosen (Cyborg)

Generation: Master's Army

Age: 142

Height: 10'7"

Sex: N/A

S:6

P:7

E:5

C:6

I:8

A:3

L:5

Notable skills: Electronics, Engineering,
Cybernetics, Marksmanship

Previously a quartermaster in the Master's army, Flash is only technically half of a Brother. Lost his left hand and lower torso in a battle sometime during service, but using some of the Unity's cybernetic resources, had robot replacements installed. His limited mobility saw him taken off the battlefield and put in charge of equipment for the army, but his bitterness forced him to desert. He spent his time alone in the wastes continuously looking for ways to make himself stronger, refusing to accept the idea that his fighting days are done. Joined the Order offering assistance and technological expertise in exchange for Fusion Cores to power his legs.

Arrived equipped with his own Laser Rifle. Constructed a fusion sword attachment for his hand using supplied parts.



Name: Axa-Anne

Race: Chosen

Generation: Gammorin's Army

Age: 172

Height: 12'2"

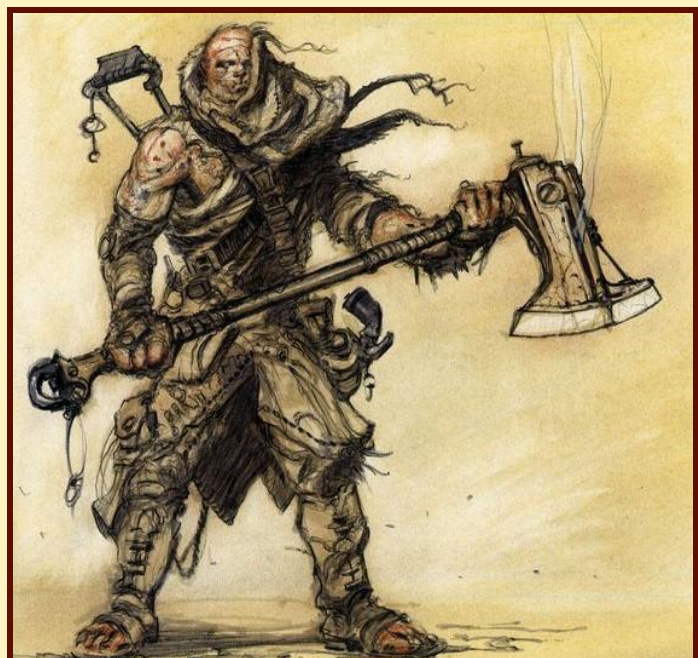
Sex: N/A

S:7

P:4

E:10

C:4



I:5
A:6
L:4

Notable skills: Melee Weapons, Hunting, Trapping, Leatherworking, Guerilla Tactics, Military Training

'Axa-Anne' got her name from the jury-rigged battleaxe she's carried with her since her days serving in the Master's army. Believing in the cause even after the fall of Unity, she followed Gammorin along with many Brothers into the Midwest. When he was killed by one Paladin Latham, she followed the new leader out of respect, or so she claims. Following Lathan's death, she served with the Midwestern chapter of the Brotherhood of Steel for a number of years, before ultimately striking out on her own. She will not speak as to why, save what she called a "no-good change in leedaship." Joined the Order following the radio broadcast, searching for a cause to believe in.

Arrived equipped with her own Hide Armor, Thermic Battleaxe, and Pipe Handcannon.

Name: Macho Mitch

Race: Chosen

Generation: Mariposa

Age: 104

Height: 11' 9"

Sex: N/A

S:8

P:2

E:8

C:7

I:5

A:4

L:6

Notable skills: Heavy Weapons, Construction, Cooking, Metalworking, Moral Support, Singing (He demanded the last two were to be included.)



Previously a human by the name of Mitchell, abducted by the Enclave and used as part of the slave labor force to excavate the Mariposa military base. Turned into a Brother following exposure to FEV, and escaped into the wasteland during the uprising that pushed the Enclave back. Helped communities

build homes and villages during his travels eastward, and tried unsuccessfully on numerous attempts to try and convince other Brothers not to kill humans. Previously lived in Jacobstown until the Order started broadcasting, after which he joined up right away.

Outfitted with a Sledgehammer and Metal Armor.

Name: Hots

Race: Chosen

Generation: Vault 87

Age: Does not know

Height: 13' 6"

Sex: N/A

S:6

P:6

E:8

C:4

I:4

A:4

L:7

Notable skills: Energy Weapons, Firemaking, Cooking, Metalworking



Hots is a Brother from the East Coast- one to come out of Vault 87. While he remembers very little about where he came from or when, his earliest vivid memory was the first time he ate Human meat- and the fact that he found it absolutely revolting. Between this and his tendencies to set things on fire, he was abandoned by his Brothers in the Capital Wasteland, and he wandered westward. Unable to satiate a seemingly voracious appetite that is assumed to be some manner of psychological condition, Hots claims to always be hungry... but, thankfully, refuses to eat humans. Joined the Order after meeting an NCR Ranger out near Lake Mead, who directed him to Searchlight.

Arrived equipped with an Incinerator. Outfitted with Metal Armor.

Name: Reddie

Race: Chosen

Generation: Unknown

Age: Does not know

Height: 25' 2"

Sex: N/A

S:10

P:6

E:9

C:3

I:2

A:2

L:8

Notable skills: Smashing

It isn't known exactly where this Brother came from. All we could gather was mostly rumors and hearsay, primarily from NCR soldiers in the area, about a 'Behemoth' that came wandering up out of the Divide one day, and started disrupting trade along the Interstate 15 route. Nicknamed "Reddie" after the resemblance to the skinless Ghouls that make their home in the Divide, or so the rumors went. While the NCR had a bounty listed for him, we've managed to successfully lure him across the highways towards the Airport with deathclaw carcasses- he seems friendly, despite NCR reports, and has shown some (yet a very small amount of) intelligence... enough to at least listen to simple commands. We've helped construct a home pen for him in the fields behind the Tarmac.

Outfitted with a Locomotive Hammer and Corrugated Armor.



Name: Crunchy

Race: Nightkin

Generation: Master's Army

Age: Does not know

Height: 10'3

Sex: N/A

S:7

P:5

E:6

C:6

I:3

A:9

L:4

Notable skills: Stealth, Long Guns, Melee Weapons, Battle Cries, Hair Styling, Military Training

A former Nightkin soldier from the ranks of Unity's special forces. While suffering from the same delusional nature that most Nightkin do after their extensive Stealth-Boy usage and subsequent radiation exposure, Crunchy seems at least mentally stable enough to function and be self-aware... despite believing himself to be a descendant of a barbarian hero from a line of Pre-War comic books. Attempts to convince him otherwise have resulted in violence. Joined the Order vowing to slay monsters, and as far as anyone can tell, not much else.

Arrived equipped with a Bone Kilt and Wing Sword.



Name: Jason Watanabe

Race: Human

Age: 35

Height: 5'11"

Sex: Male

S:7

P:5

E:5

C:6

I:6

A:7

L:4



Notable skills: Medicine, Melee Weapons, Leadership, Sewing, Historical Knowledge

Hailing from the NCR, Jason was brought up on the stories told down through his Yakuza-affiliated lineage about the warriors of the medieval Old World—those who fought for honor to protect the people, whatever the cost. While enamored as a child, he thought he had outgrown the dreams of following in those footsteps... but when he overheard the Order's calling over the radio one day during his time spent as a mercenary in the Mojave, he felt compelled to join the Order's ranks.

Arrived equipped with a Dagger and Nightstalker Gauntlet. Outfitted with a Warhammer and a Steel Dagger.

Name: Hannah Bordeaux

Race: Human

Age: 28

Height: 6'0"

Sex: Female

S:7

P:5

E:8

C:5

I:6

A:5

L:4

Notable skills: Heavy Weapons, Engineering, Guerilla Tactics, Radio Operation, Military Training

A resistance fighter from a refugee settlement deep in Legion territory, drawn westward to Searchlight by the radio broadcasts. While not wanting to leave her home behind for good, she claims to have wanted to join the Order to, quote, "Sharpen my skills a bit, and monsters are the best way to do just that." While loyal to the Order, she intends to return home one day, bringing with her everything she hopes to learn. In the meantime, she considers herself an unofficial emissary of Nemi, for as much as it seems to be a self-appointed title.

Arrived equipped with her own MG-42. Outfitted with a Sidearm and Dynamite.



Name: Enrique Desoto

Race: Ghoul

Age: 135

Height: 5'10"

Sex: Male

S:3

P:4

E:10

C:5

I:7

A:5

L:6

Notable skills: Survival, Long Guns, Geographical Knowledge, Historical Knowledge

A former drifter from the Pre-NCR Baja Territory, Enrique's travels took him eastward through Northern Mexico to The Pass, Texas. Even after exposure to the vicious radioactive dust storms that wreak havoc in the area destroyed his vocal chords and began the ghoulfication process, Enrique continued his work as a wandering Gun-for-Hire for multiple decades, making quite a name for himself in the Lone Star wastes despite being entirely mute. While his unprecedented skills at living off the land came at the price of a lifetime's worth of dedication to his experiences and traditions, most of that came to a halt, when his reputation came back to haunt him in the form of a Brotherhood-affiliated Bounty Hunter.

While he survived the subsequent attempt on his life, the Ghoul decided to leave Texas behind and head homeward... ultimately finding a place in the Order, after taking one look at the NCR and refusing to go any farther west.

Arrived equipped with his own Lever-Action Shotgun, No.3 Revolver, and Sleipnir.



Father Lee Coleson

Race: Human
Age: 31
Height: 5' 9"
Sex: Male

S:4
P:8
E:5
C:7
I:6
A:5
L:5

Notable skills: Religious Knowledge, Long Guns,
Psychological Study, Medicine

Father Coleson heard about the Order from one of the members of his previous flock. Formerly in charge of a small church located in a village somewhere in Montana, he was forced to leave his home behind after a raider attack ravaged the village and left most of his flock dead or captured. He spent his days ruminating about the fate of both himself and his former friends, pondering whether it was just the nature of circumstance or a test from the Lord. As fate would once again have it, however, word came to him of the Order during his travels through Utah, and he made his way here following the radio broadcasts.

Arrived equipped with his own Hunting Rifle, Vestments, and Crucifix.

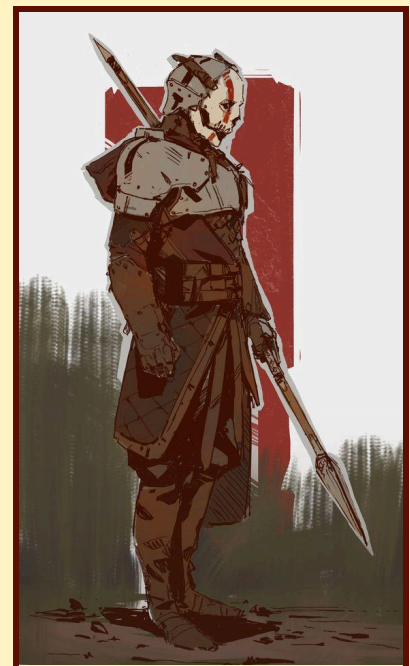


Name: Kesh

Race: Human
Age: 50
Height: 6' 4"
Sex: Male

S:7
P:6
E:6
C:3
I:5
A:9
L:4

Notable skills: Tribal Knowledge, Religious
Knowledge, Legion Intelligence, Radio Operation,



Survival, Hunting, Trapping, Guerilla Warfare, Military Training

Formerly a Legion Frumentarius by the name of Equus Venaticus, Kesh is a member of the Red Mask tribe- a group of hunters and trackers that made their home along the border of northern Arizona, deep in the mountains. Equus was sent on a mission to infiltrate the tribe and weaken them from the inside, in order to allow for an easier assimilation into the Legion as a whole... but the more time he spent with them, the more he found himself growing attached to their ideologies and traditions. Already a man who doubted the legitimacy of Caesar's rule and the validity of the Bull's beliefs, Equus ultimately decided to leave the Legion behind, cut the branding out of his skin, and properly join the Red Masks under a new adopted name.

As the Legion expanded, the Tribe ended up migrating northward towards Oregon, but Kesh decided to stay behind. Having put himself on a personal mission to help bring down the Legion, he found his place and ability to do so in the Order's call.

Arrived equipped with his own spear and Red Mask Iconoclast Armor.

Name: Piotr Chenyev

Race: Human

Age: 46

Height: 5'11"

Sex: Male

S:5

P:8

E:6

C:6

I:7

A:4

L:4

Notable skills: Medicine, Surgery, Leadership, Cooking, Historical Knowledge, Trade

A wayfaring traveling doctor, previously hailing from the far-away stronghold of Vault 49. Having left home out of a desire to explore and use his skills for a little more than merely patching up guards or fixing the occasional broken bone, Piotr left the Vault when he felt he was ready, yearning to explore and to learn. His travels took him southward, through Zion valley and Legion territory, where he started to develop a terrible illness.



Vault life had not prepared himself well for wasteland diseases, which meant even the most mundane of colds could have proven itself deadly... if not for the man's own medical knowledge and hardy immune system, he would have not survived. With the help of a tribe in the area known as the Sorrows, Piotr recovered swiftly, thankful to be alive, but feeling as if he owed a debt to the world he feared he was taking for granted. After staying with the Sorrows for a few months, he continued his way south, eventually happening upon Searchlight and deciding to offer his skills to the Order.

Arrived equipped with his own Cossack Dagger and People's SMG. Outfitted with medical supplies and a sidearm.

Name: Ceejay "C10" Jones

Race: Human

Age: 26

Height: 5' 6"

Sex: Male (Identifies as Female)

S:4

P:6

E:7

C:7

I:5

A:8

L:3

Notable skills: Athletics, Intelligence, Geographical Knowledge, Connections

A former Courier for the Mojave Express, who moved on to what she believed to be bigger and better things. Developing a number of connections to the crime families and less-than-legitimate businesses over the course of the time spent on the job, "Courier 10" tried to take after the certain reputation Mojave Runners tended to garner, particularly after the legend of Courier 6. Ultimately she found herself on the run from the Van Graffs after one job gone awry, and she joined the ranks of the Order seeking a means of escaping her pursuers. After a few Brothers drove the pursuing thugs away, she remained, offering her services as a courier and scout.

Arrived equipped with a Respirator and Handgun. Outfitted with a radio.



Name: Olivia Miller

Race: Human

Age: 32

Height: 6'3"

Sex: Female

S:4

P:9

E:5

C:5

I:7

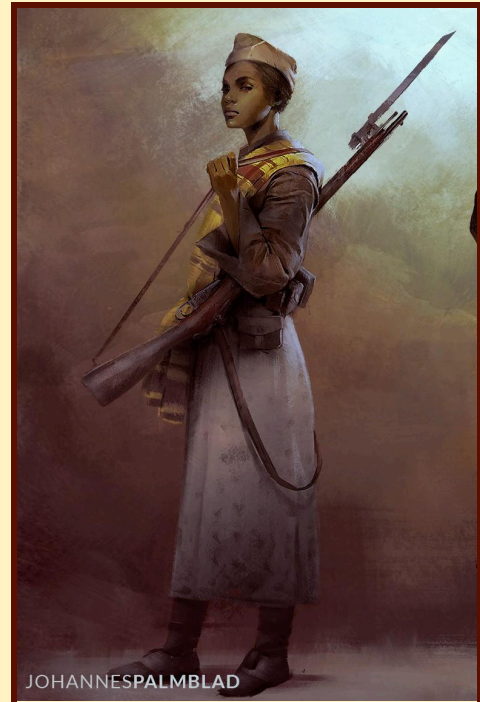
A:7

L:3

Notable skills: Long Guns, Tracking, Geographical Knowledge, Mounted Combat, Military Training

A former Lieutenant in the NCR Raiders, seeking a newer purpose after growing distant from the NCR's ideologies. Following the Infamous Hangings and the unit's transference to the Northern Frontier, Olivia ultimately became fed up with the NCR's command structure and went AWOL, after she and her squad were ordered to fire on a caravan that was "suspected" of smuggling guns over the border into Oregon. She happened upon the settlement of Grantsville after a few weeks of relatively aimless travel, and ended up accompanying a supply caravan down to Searchlight after hearing of the Order's existence.

Arrived equipped with her own Mauser Rifle, Mantle Armor, and Hayburner.



Name: Athena Carson

Race: Human

Age: 61

Height: 5'10"

Sex: Female

S:7

P:5

E:8

C:6

I:5

A:5

L:4



Notable skills: Close-Quarters Combat, Reconnaissance, Radio Operation, Leadership, Special Operations Training, Close-Range Firearms

A former operative from the Circle of Steel's branch of operations in the Midwest. Carson and a number of other members of the Circle defected from and disavowed the organization, after uncovering scattered intelligence that linked possible Circle involvement to the organized murder of a high-ranking Paladin in one of the chapters farther East. Aware of the information she had and how it could get both her and those she loved killed, Carson faked her own death during a skirmish with Dusters in western Oklahoma, and thought she could be able to put her days as a soldier behind for good... but the soldier in her soul never really left her, and as she aged, so did her glaring restlessness and yearning to do right by her fallen Brothers and Sisters. She joined the Order seeking to do just a little more good before age claims her, and to fight the Good Fight until her final days.

Arrived equipped with her own MP5 and Fallen Recon Armor. Recon Armor was outfitted with additional plating.

Name: Liu Tao-Huang

Race: Ghoul

Age: 237

Height: 5'7"

Sex: Male

S:6

P:4

E:8

C:4

I:6

A:4

L:8

Notable expertise: Hunting, Tracking, Geographical Knowledge, Linguistics, Code Breaking, Military Training, Aviation



A Chinese strategic bomber pilot, long, long ago during the Great War. Following the dropping of the bombs and the great Atomic Fire that consumed the Earth, many pilots found themselves immediately cut off from their command, once the American missiles had reached the Chinese mainland. Low on fuel and already damaged by Russian interceptors, Liu and his crew were forced to make an emergency crash-landing in the Canadian wilderness. He was the only survivor of the combined force of the crash and the already deadly waves of

radiation that had begun to sweep their way across the landscape. Liu survived out in the wilderness of the North for closer to a century and a half, forced only to relocate southward by the emergence of a detachment of the Enclave that began to show increased activity in the region. Despite speaking little English, he made a modest living selling pelts and animal meat as he made his way southwest towards the coast, following rumors of a beached Chinese submarine. Ultimately he would come into contact with the Shi in San Francisco, where he was taught English in exchange for his service. He was not fond of the Shi's beliefs, but he remained as long as he needed to, before ultimately fleeing the Shi's influence once he felt he was ready. Making his way eastward across the border into the Mojave, Liu met one of our Brothers on a patrol near Nipton, and felt compelled to join the cause for reasons he has not stated.

Arrived equipped with a Special Operations Manual and a Crossbow. Outfitted with additional bolts and a Personal Defense Weapon.

Name: 'Tusker'

Race: Human

Age: 24

Height: 5'10"

Sex: Male

S:3

P:6

E:6

C:7

I:4

A:8

L:6

Notable skills: Farming, Reconnaissance, Medicine, Long Guns, Chems, Trade, Raider Tactics



A former farmer-turned-raider from the southeastern territories, closer to northern Florida. A man with a simple tale- joined a gang of Raiders when he was young to keep his family from being killed, and never really liked the sort of activities the gang got up to. After earning a nickname in relation to his customized helmet that spurned from him being the only raider that side of the Louisiana River with some semblance of mercy, Tusker eventually attempted to sneak away from his gang, with as many chems and Punga Fruits as he could carry, and make a break across the river into Texas territory. After selling off what he stole and making a significant amount of money, he accompanied a caravan through The Pass into Legion territory, where he promptly lost all of said money trying to sneak

across the Colorado River. He joined the Order wanting to do a better job of helping others, or so he claims.

Arrived equipped with his own Carbine and Hunting knife. Outfitted with Ballistic Sash armor.

Name: Dr. Orson Saito

Race: Human

Age: 71

Height: 6'1"

Sex: Male

S:6

P:6

E:4

C:5

I:9

A:4

L:6

Notable expertise: Electronics, Robotics, Engineering, Vehicle Operation, Theoretical Physics, Military Training, Intelligence, Historical Knowledge, Armorworking

A fallen patriot from "An organization of those dedicated to reviving the United States," formerly in service with the Enclave at Navarro shortly before the base's destruction. Never one to exactly agree with his superiors despite having a position in Research & Development, Orson saw the destruction of the Enclave's operations in the region as ultimately inevitable, and made preparations accordingly. He went AWOL and abandoned his position at the laboratory shortly before the first wave of Brotherhood and NCR attacks, leaving all of his regrets behind in the soon-to-be pile of rubble and broken aspirations. After going into hiding and disguising himself as a technician working for the Granite Defense Company, Dr. Saito considered his days of fighting for "mad causes and the dreams of petty children" just about over... until hired mercenaries for the GDC started disappearing, which sparked the man's eventual suspicions- he wanted to look into these disappearances himself, but knew age was beginning to catch up with him despite everything. Shortly before leaving his position at the GDC and moving off to investigate rumors of our Order that had drifted into New Reno, he hired someone to look into the disappearances on his behalf- an arrangement struck, despite neither of them actually having met in person.



It should be noted that Dr. Saito's previous affiliations have made his interactions with many of our members rather tense. While his intentions seem earnest, especially now with his aims to join the Order, many find an Enclave scientist difficult to trust- rightfully so, I should think.

Arrived equipped with his own 12.7mm SMG and Fallen Researcher armor.

Name: "Sir Johnathan Doe"

Race: Ghoul

Age: 266

Height: 6'2"

Sex: Male

S:6

P:4

E:10

C:6

I:5

A:3

L:6

Notable skills: Melee Weapons, Historical Knowledge, Chivalry, Religious Knowledge, Military Training(?), Metalworking, Armorworking, Blacksmithing

A legendary wayfaring Ghoul from the great plains of the midwest- often referred to as "the nameless Knight," Sir Doe is old enough to remember his time as a soldier in the United States military and many events that happened before/during the war, despite him seemingly not able to remember much else about his personal self- including his own name. Alongside his voiced agreements and praises in regards to the Order's goals, Sir Doe believes himself to be a Knight of Old America, dedicated to the ideals he claims the nation forgot about, having since lost its way. He speaks fondly of a pair of forgotten wars from the nation's history, and uses them as examples of a time when Old America truly valued freedom and good intentions. He arrived at the gates of Searchlight within three hours of the first radio broadcast.

Arrived equipped with his own Claymore, Shortsword, and Patriotic Knight armor. The armor and weapons have been outfitted with necessary repairs (and polish.)



Name: Leland Hadrada

Race: Human

Age: 41

Height: 5'11" (Unarmored)

Sex: Male

S:8

P:5

E:6

C:7

I:4

A:4

L:6

Notable skills: Hunting, Melee Weapons, Tribal Knowledge, Folklore, Power Armor Training, Explosives, Military Training

An orphan from eastern Oregon with burning ambitions. Abandoned at a very young age by a mother who found herself unable to take care of him, Leland was thought lost to the wilderness, and presumed dead by just about everyone. It would have likely been true, had the boy not been found near-frozen and dying by what is *presumed* to be another group of tribals. Any attempt to get him to elaborate any further merely gets the same answer every time we've asked- "I was raised by Bears," he says. This is confusing and improbable, considering Bears do not know how to use Power Armor, let alone train others with it. Regardless of what actually happened, he left wherever home was when he felt he was ready to explore, wandering the country for many years and making a name for himself as a mercenary, until ultimately happening upon Searchlight's call by accident. He said he felt more than compelled to join an organization of what he called "like-minded individuals."

Arrived equipped with his own suit of Ursus Dominae Power Armor and Battleaxe.



Name: Andrea "Grandma Gunny" Welles

Race: Human

Age: 65

Height: 5'8" (Unarmored)

Sex: Female

S:8

P:6

E:4

C:5

I:7

A:6

L:4

Notable skills: Military Training, Power Armor training, Assault Tactics, Aviation, Electronics, Historical Knowledge

A remnant of the Enclave's dark, shattered influence over the United States. Formerly a Sergeant in command of a fireteam of Powered Shocktroopers, Gunny was on the frontlines of the Enclave's campaigns to take the wasteland for themselves. She was brought up being taught that this was the way things must be, believing in some twisted way that she and her squadmates were saving the world from the "evil mutants" in a war-torn wasteland. As she grew older, however, she wized herself up to the terrible, terrible truth- the Enclave were the villains in America's new dark chapter, and the realization broke her in many aspects. She fought her way out of Navarro and disappeared into the desert, leaving only a smashed transponder in her wake. The Order's radio broadcasts were what drove her out of hiding, or so she says- she claims to want to seek redemption in the eyes of God, and to do so the only way she knows how- fighting her way out of hell, in preparation for what she assumes will be her fate in the next life.

Arrived equipped with her own suit of Advanced Power Armor, Rocketpack, and Rocket Sledgehammer.

