Caelath:

Milno Enedrasi

Age: 17

Male

Appearance: Very long black hair tied in a long braid at the back of his back. Fiery yellow eyes and youthful face, pale skin. Average bodied, although a bit more agile than most, around 5' 10"

Personal information: Milno was a generic person living a generic life, but his uncle was a far more interesting person. Each and every time his uncle paid visits to young Milno, the former would be amused by the incredible stories told by the old wolf. As the boy grew, the old man taught him some basic weapons handling and minor survival skills, but Milno was still a common idiot in every other aspect. The teenager was very surprised when a patrol invaded his humble house and took him to justice. It seems his uncle was a wanted criminal for comitting some very nasty crimes, and he was indicted as the old man's partner in crime! Oh shi-

Interested in not dying, if possible. He wants his boring life back! Unless the new one proves exciting, that is.

Reason assigned to HMRC: Being friends with the wrong people.

Strength: 5	Dexterity: 15	Endurance: 5	Charisma: 3	Intelligence: 7	Willpower: 15
(+1/3)	(+1)	(+1/3)	(0)	(+1/3)	(+1)

Speech: 0 (-1)	Intuition: 1 (0)	Conventional Weapons: 9 (+1)	Exotic Weapons: 1 (0)
Handiwork: 1 (0)	Medical: 1 (0)	Unconventional Weapons: 9 (+1)	Auxiliary Tech: 1 (0)

Profession: Grunt (Nothing)

(+1 to handiwork related to suits.)

(Bonus: +1 to rolls when modifying or repairing weapons)

(learn secrets of weapons by examining them and passing an intelligence roll)

Milno

MkIII suit(+1 str, end, dex for dodging)Armored on chest,back, pelvis and head. On rocketpods. Extra fuel pods, also armored)

Grav-shells for gauss rifle. 2/3

chem-off paint

Fitted Avatar Cloak

Shrink wrapped thing of pills.

Gauss powered rocket rifle prototype.(20/75) Assume that it has a minus at melee range bonuses at +2 for short, +1 medium and 0, -1, -2 for the other ranges or so.

MK II suit.

Metal club

Gauss rifle (10/10)

10 token

SeriousConcentrate: Jim/Subject 19-3 Age: [Classified] but estimated to be Male

between 20 and 40

Appearance: A male usually hidden in the shadows of a very bulky olive drab longcoat. Under it are black pants and matching shirt, with a brown load bearing vest over the shirt. His hands are covered in brown gloves, his feet in brown boots. His head is obscured by a gas mask with mirrored lenses. Now a synthflesh body with 4 arms.

Personal information: [Classified] (But totally present, and was revealed during a date between Feyri and Jim. If only somebody could find it/link it....)

Reason assigned to HMRC: Prototype; No longer needed for research.

Strength: 3	Dexterity: 5	Endurance: 3	Charisma: 8	Intelligence: 5	Willpower: 20
(0)	(+1/3)	(0)	(-2/3)	(+1/3)	(+1.3)

Speech: 0 (-2)	Intuition: 6 (+2/3)	Conventional Weapons: 2 (0)	Exotic Weapons: 8 (+1.6)
Handiwork: 0 (-1)	Medical: 1 (0)	Unconventional Weapons: 2 (0)	Auxiliary Tech: 1 (0)

Profession: Transhuman (+1 to exotic weapons. -1 to speech and charisma)

Clever

Matter manipulator Amp

Microwave Psychokinetic Amplifier
Full synth body, 4 arms.
Decompensator(1/3 chance to make a 6 or higher a 5)exo

3 token

Locker: 90 lb metal

X2

Unnamed reiterpallasch (almost 2 feet too long. Need 8 dex or -1 dex. If 8 dex, +1 str for stab)

cutlass
Longsword
Dagger
Mace
Two-Handed Sword
Spear
Knuckledusters

Nikitian: Maurice Sanctor Age: 34 Male

Appearance: Curly short dirty blonde hair, warm and kind hazel eyes, light skin. Average build, 5' 9".

Personal information: A retired military pilot and surgeon, Maurice was beginning to enjoy the slow pace of life of a country doctor when a pro-bioresearch (which was mostly prohibited on the planet, to a far greater extent than in other regions of UWM) riot took place, and he found several wounded people at his place. He couldn't deny medical aid to the wounded, and for that sole reason he was later charged with treason and conducting illegal biological research, for the people he saved turned out to be the rebels. In the end, dr. Sanctor was sentenced to serving in the HMR Corps. Kind and gentle person, Maurice prefers to avoid conflicts when possible, but takes his gloves off in presence of a threat to his patients. Calm under pressure.

Reason assigned to HMRC: Aiding the Enemy, Treason, Illegal Biological Research (saving the life of a pro-bioresearch rebel, really)

Strength: 5 Dexterity: (+1/3)	Endurance: 5 (+1/3)	Charisma: 5 (+1/3)	Intelligence: 5 (+1/3)	Willpower: 5 (+1/3)	
-------------------------------	---------------------	--------------------	------------------------	---------------------	--

Speech: 0 (-1)	Intuition: 0 (-1)	Conventional Weapons: 0 (-2)	Exotic Weapons: 0 (-1)
Handiwork: 0 (-1)	Medical: 1 (+1)	Unconventional Weapons: 9 (+1)	Auxiliary Tech: 1 (+1)

Profession: Fleshtech (+1 to med and aux. -1 to con weapons)

-----

"scalpel" knife

emergency kit 1/3 5 token

The Glaive (?)

small gold triangle vertical line (bag of people)

Knight Otu: Gorat "Chin" Ivanos Age: 32 Male

Appearance: 5'11", 170 pounds in a rather unmuscular frame, shoulder-long brown hair, short goatee, brown eyes, a rather long chin that earned him his nickname.

Personal information: Gorat is a man from an industrial world who officially used to work in programming labor robots. Unofficially, his boss also used him as a sort of hit man, through blackmail. He is a casual smoker. Now as part of the corps he puts forth a rather calm demeanor, on the basis that he is already dead, and is just waiting for the reaper to collect him. That calm demeanor is fake.

Reason assigned to HMRC: Gorat would claim that the reasons are smoking in public and being able to read. His files say that the reasons are being able to read delicate documents on his local magistrate, exploding a smoke grenade in public, and that hit man business.

Strength: 3	Dexterity: 3	Endurance: 3	Charisma: 4	Intelligence: 4	Willpower: 8
"	1			· ·	•

	(0)	(0)	(0)	(0)	(0)	(+1/3)
Ī						

Speech: 0 (-1)	Intuition: 1 (0)	Conventional Weapons: 1 (0)	Exotic Weapons: 5 (+1/3)
Handiwork: 0 (-2)	Medical: 0 (-1)	Unconventional Weapons: 0 (-1)	Auxiliary Tech: 1 (+1)

Profession: Grunt (+1 Aux, -1 Handiwork)

-----

## Microwave Amp

little black ball with button. says "The flesh is weak, what do you desire" and gives a pill in response to wish Flask with a "soul" that when opened will invade opener. Ghosts of formed HMRC members.

Pancaek: Pancaek Nilys Age: 19 Male

Appearance: A rather normal looking guy who walks with a slight slouch. Nothing about him really stands out. He has messy hair and a slight stubble on his chin. He's a bit shy, but always up for a good conversation, just don't start about hobo's.

Reason assigned to HMRC: Really, Pancaek has no idea why he's here. It isn't like he did anything wrong. He was just walking home after he posted a package containing some illegally downloaded movies to his best friend Miyamoto De Bergerac. Two blocks from his house, when he rounded the corner, he heard a raspy voice say: "spare some change for a war vet, sir?". Next thing he knows, his trusty pocket knife was lost forever in the mess that was once a hobo and he's being dragged away by the police.

Strength: 5	Dexterity: 3	Endurance: 3	Charisma: 0	Intelligence: 3	Willpower: 16
(+1/3)	(0)	(0)	(-2)	(0)	(+1)

Speech: 0 (-2)	Intuition: 1 (0)	Conventional Weapons: 1 (0)	Exotic Weapons: 9 (+2)
Handiwork: 0 (-1)	Medical: 0 (-1)	Unconventional Weapons: 0 (-1)	Auxiliary Tech: 0 (-1)

Profession: Transhuman: +1 to exotic weapons, -1 to speech and charisma

\_\_\_\_\_

Pancaek

7 token

Mass manipulator amp Thermite thrower. (4/10) MK II extra canister of thermite 2 cigars spoons booze