

<:: ALERT: **JUDGE** DESIGNATION OR HIGH COMMAND STATUS REQUIRED ::>
<:: LOCAL DISK (E:) > CCA.DOSSIERS >96506> SYSKEY=**TRUE** > OPEN ::>
<:: PLEASE WAIT, ACCESSING... ::>

VITA DIABOLI // STICK-699

Also known as: The Irishman

CITY 24

TAGLINE: C24:i4.STICK-699
DATE OF ENLISTMENT: 12/22/2020
DATE OF LAST PROMOTION: 10/10/2021
STATUS: [**ACTIVE**]
RANK STATUS: [i3]
C.I.D DIGITS: #96506
AWARDS: 5 FULL CYCLE OF SERVICE STRIPES
CERTIFICATIONS:
- BASIC
- UNREST PROCEDURES
- MOBILE HARDPOINTS
- MOBILITY MANEUVERS
BLACKMARKS: N/A
MEMREP: N/A

<:: *THEME* ::>

MORE IS LESS

<:: *BIOMETRIC DATA* ::>



SEX: MALE
HAIR: RED, CURLY
EYE COLOR: GREEN
ETHNICITY: IRISH, CAUCASIAN
HEIGHT: 5'5, **WEIGHT:** 150 LBS

PRE-ASCENSION NATIONALITY: IRISH

Collected Biometric Print - Right Thumb

SPOKEN LANGUAGES: ENGLISH
D.O.B: 9/21/1999 - 22 YEARS (5 AT TIME OF ASCENSION)
P.O.B: WEXFORD, IRELAND, REPUBLIC OF
DISABILITIES: N/A
KNOWN FAMILY:
ANNIE O'NEILL - MOTHER
ARIMA O'NEILL - SISTER

<:: *NOTES* ::>

PERSONAL JOURNAL :

August 8th, 2021

Six months on outland duty can fuck you up. A week in the cities can do worse. I don't remember Dublin bein' this bad. Maybe shit's hit the fan since I was in Terminal 33, hard ta believe it'd happen to fast, though. The people here, they're, odd. Everyone's always busy, barely any time ta just, sit down. I guess when yer' in a place like this that's just how it gets. Haven' had time ta meet many people, barely had time to unpack what little shite they let me bring. Ah well. Tomorrow'll be a new day.

August 9th, 2021.

Jeezus H Christ. Today fuckin' sucked. Decided ta have a heart, help some fuckin' Marcum out with her apartment troubles. Next thing me an' my squad know, some fuckin' anti-citizen's throwin' fireballs at our feet. I must've used up all my luck in the outlands. 6 months without so much as a knife wound, and my second day here, I end up getting flame-broiled. Hurt like hell. (No shite). Least I got ta meet a nice doctor, though. Old as dirt, an' clocked me as Irish, too. I thought this mask hid my accent better.

August 18th, 2021.

Last week er so's been pretty uneventful, they've kept me on light duty while i deal with my burns. Gotta keep this journal updated, though. 'Ve heard you'll go crazy if ya don't.

August 20th, 2021.

Socio-status's been lowered, thankfully. That doesn' mean anythings' gotten any better, I think it may have just been a shower fer the higher-ups. A few hours into my shift, some batshit psycho called in that he murdered two people. I think one of 'em was his wife. Investigated it with 451. Weird gal.

(Oddly enough, the entire month of September is missing.)

October 2nd. 2021.

Weird shit. It wasn' too interestin' the first half of the day. But after we did a ration-cycle, met a kid unit, 133, in jail, terrified as shite. Beggin' not for anyone to leave 'im. Sad. After that, PT'd with 161 and, 403, the eejits. They're fun, though. Coupla morons, but good company. 240 talked to me about gettin' promoted, so I'll have to go see 155 soon. I'm actually kinda excited!

October 3rd, 2021.

Reassigned! Reassigned?! Are ya feckin kidding me?! What the fuck! I thought I was gonna get feckin' promoted! What the fuck! What do I know about bein' a fuckin' doctor?!

October 8th, 2021.

A dream. That's all it was, right? I should've written it down sooner. The little details are gone, but I can still make out the picture. Somethin', powerful. Omnipotent? Old. I felt other people there. It was like I was dreaming with them. Beside them. People I'd never met. I can't tell ya who they were. But I'll know them when I see them. If I see them again.

A war. What's fighting another war?
Together.

October 9th, 2021.
Fives. 055. The fucker who stuck me in the med division. All this talk of 'potential'? Actin' like yer' my savior for dressing me down in front of everybody? Fuck you. I know I've got potential. But I am no STICK.

October 10th, 2021.
Everythin's fuckin' sore.. Some new recruit, Brazillian, 784, bitch-slapped me in a PCS. 240 called us both in t'settle our differences, hand-ta-hand. Long story short, he threw me off a ledge. I had 'im, fer a minute, though. It wouldn't sting so much if so many people didn't see it.

In better news, I finally got i3. Thanks, 240.

<:: RELATIONSHIP INFORMATION ::>

Ask to be added in this section!

[Crush, Family, Friendly, Acquaintance, Confused, Neutral, Dislikes, Hates, Target]

[X] Dead
[R] Relocated
[?] Missing
(o) Old tagline

-- MORE, MORE, MORE! --

Sarah O'Neill (Family)
I miss ya, ma.

Annie O'Neill (Family)
Hope yer' doin' well, Annie.

Union-161 (Friendly)
A greek officer I had the pleasure of meetin'. Makes the patrollin' not so feckin' borin'.

Patrol-403 (Friendly)
161's friend. Not as goofy, but still fun to hang with.

Jury-240 (Friendly)
A unit who's been tryn'a get me my i3 for a while. One of the kinder command units aroun'. At least, more human than the rest of 'em. He does think m'accent's funny, though.

Victor-451 (Acquaintance)

An odd one. Cocky, straightforward, and definitely ambitious. Almost gives off that 'con-artist air'. Ain't too bad of a company, all things considered.

Victor-320 (Acquaintance)

Strong as a fuckin' ox! Lifted a whole medical crate by'erself. Sweet lass. Don' wanna get on her bad side.

Union-133 (Acquaintance)

Some poor kid caught in somethin' he shouldn'ta gotten caught up in. In jail, now. Says they'll make 'im kill his sister, or kill him instead. I didn' know what ta tell 'im...

Yellow-784 (Dislikes)

Knocks the shite outta me in public, then throws me off a ledge in in front'a 240. I'm gonna get him back, I swear on it.

Hero-055 (Dislikes)

Thought she was gonna fuckin' promote me! Instead, she put me in with the fuckin' medics! What do I know about bein' a medic?! Then, she has the audacity to dress me down, act like my savior, like I need to be under her wing. Go to hell, I don't need you.

301 (Dislikes)

Apparently killed some random woman fer sittin wrong. Dunno 'im, but I should remember that tagline...