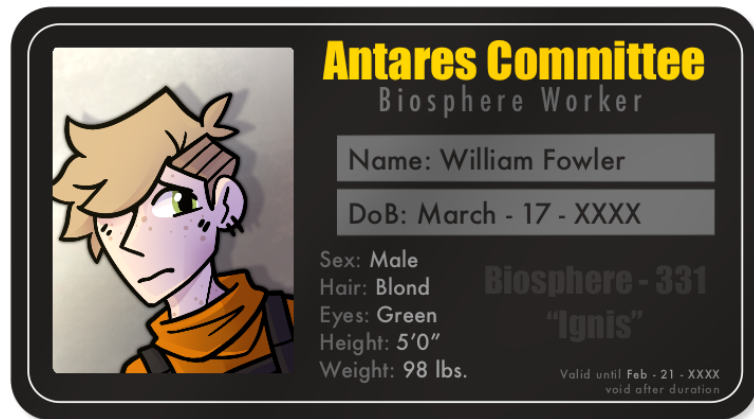


“Jackal”

ID

Name: “Jackal” [REDACTED]
Age: 30
Gender: Male (He/Him)
Orientation: Disaster Gay
Place of Origin: Mars, Valhalla



CAPABILITIES/ SKILLS

Primary Class: Scout (+1 to STR rolls)

Secondary Class: —

Stats:

Strength	5
Intelligence	0
Speed	5
Charisma	-2
Perception	2

Traits:

- **Beast Mode:** a +3 to ATK when Biting or Scratching in battle. Results in RAGE if used more than twice. Roll a 1d2, 1 results in fatigue.

→ Quick Draw: this character can always attack first. If attacked by an enemy first, they are immune to the attack for that turn.

Equipment & Weaponry:

- Heavy-Duty Hunting Knife
- Hunting Rifle
- Flask (Water)
- Flask (Alcohol)
- Rope
- An Old Beat Up Lighter
- Desert Camo Patterned Tarp
- Portable Cooking Set

Additional special training or skills:

- Geology
- Wilderness Survival
- Hunting
- Cooking
- Baking
- Intimidation

PHYSICAL PROFILE

Height: 5'0"

Weight: 98 lbs.

Blood type: A-positive

Appearance: "An exceptionally short and petite man with half-shaved blond hair and green eyes. He has a notable scar over the bridge of his nose and light freckles."

Medical Notes:

- Extensive Scarring
- Signs of Long-Term Malnourishment
- Reduced Mobility In Left Leg
- Bullet Shard Embedded In Left Knee
- Scarring on the upper torso from a botched surgery to remove ID chip

Psychological Notes:

- ADHD
- Significant Trust Issues
- Symptoms Of Long-Term Isolation
- Antisocial Behavior
- *Tried To Bite The Assigned Therapist*

PERSONALITY PROFILE

"Fuck this shit, I'm going back to dying in the desert."

Likes:

- Animals (especially dogs)
- Cooking and baking
- Dirt, mud, and sand
- Nature
- Cool rocks
- Knives
- Protecting people
- Feeling useful
- Fighting/brawling

Dislikes:

- Liars
- Arrogance
- Martians
- Crowded spaces
- Being told what to do
- Figures of authority
- Himself
- Small talk

Personality Description:

Jackal is, at first glance, a prickly asshole who hates humanity with a burning passion. Admittedly, this is true— but he's also incredibly loyal to those few people who can earn his trust, and underneath all the layers of grime, Jackal has a heart of gold. He's been beaten down by life, and is quick to assume the worst, but if he sees someone in a tight spot, he'll give them a hand, even if afterwards he'll deny he had anything to do with it.

Jackal tends to be impulsive and quick to anger, with little understanding of his own emotions or how to deal with them. He covers everything up with anger as a way of protecting himself, pushing people away before they can get close and inevitably hurt him. This isn't the healthiest approach, but it's worked for him so far, and he's too stubborn to change it. On the rare occasion someone manages to break the shell though, they'll see a man who, in truth, hates himself more than he hates anyone else.

Jackal loves a good fight, or any type of challenge really, but has a tendency to bite off more than he can chew. Instead of getting the message that perhaps he should stop challenging people larger and better armed than himself though, he instead decided he needs to get even stronger. His method for doing so? Starting even more fights. Whether his bullheaded stubbornness and desire to compete is endearing or just plain stupid is up to the observer.

Interesting Facts:

- Shows he likes people by leaving them little gifts like rocks or dead lizards.
- Befriended a pack of feral dogs while living in the desert, they are very chill for a pack of feral dogs, mostly to balance out Jackal's unhinged feral behavior.
- Bites people. A lot.
- Extreme trust issues.
- Has eaten sand before.
- When stressed out, goes and lays in the dirt to decompose.
- Extremely protective.
- Likes taking care of people, but wildly out of practice.
- Has soft fluffy hair, despite not really paying any attention to it.
- Tends to attract wild animals, like some sort of extremely pissy Disney princess.
- Always on the defensive, always tense.

HISTORY

TL;DR

Jackal was born in the Valhalla sector of L-004 to a pair of highly successful individuals who didn't much want to waste time raising a child in the first place. As a child, he was mostly used as a prop to show how much of a "family man" his politician father was, but over the years Jackal grew increasingly rebellious. In college, he was accused of a theft he didn't commit, staining his family's pristine reputation. His parents sent him off to become a biome worker so he would be out of sight, and for the next few years he worked in B-331, or Ignis as it was more commonly known, extracting resources.

Jackal, during his time as a biome worker, came to realize that things were not exactly as he'd always been told, and after seeing some things he wasn't meant to see, decided to try to rally the other biome workers against their superiors. It obviously didn't work, but he was saved from an unhappy fate when, by sheer coincidence, a bandit gang raided the Biosphere. He escaped with them and eventually agreed to join their band of misfits. Things were going great until a member of the gang he was close with betrayed them and left Jackal for dead. Jackal

opted to enter a self imposed exile rather than deal with his feelings about this in a healthy way, during which he befriended a pack of wild dogs.

Ultimately, Jackal ended up outside Salus by pure happenstance, collapsing after going too long without food or water, but he opted to stay once he heard rumors of a man suspiciously similar to one of the gang members who abandoned them and started the whole betrayal ball rolling.

Extended History: [Link](#)

HANDLER

Discord ID: Chillystar #4494

Relevant social media ID:

ChillyStarr on DA - <https://www.deviantart.com/chillystarr>

Preferred Name: Chilly

Pronouns: Any

RP Style Preferences: Medium Paragraph, Short Paragraph or Tupper. (dyslexia makes it harder to keep up with super long blocks of text)

Fun facts:

- I own three cats, all of whom I love dearly.
- I once got silver in a regional writing competition for a horror short story I wrote. It's an accomplishment that I'm proud of to this day.
- I focus best when listening to music or some other background noise.

ROLE PLAY SAMPLE:

Prompt: Starstruck [Nova]

Roll: 18 (16 + 2 from Tooth And Claw)

Jackal was not terribly impressed by the neon lights and too-loud noise of the strange bike woman's bazooka—but the hulking hunk of metal and wires hot on her tail looked like a fun challenge. A feral grin lit up his face as the G-Sabre turned to face him. The stupid thing wouldn't know what hit it—or wait no, it would know what hit it. Whatever, he knew what he meant!

Jackal didn't bother to pull out a weapon, what would be the point in that? Instead, he leapt on the beast like some sort of horrible little spider monkey and started tearing at the wiring—with his teeth, when necessary. No hunk of scrap metal was gonna outdo Jackal!

He spit out the Guard's foul tasting blue-coolant that pooled in his mouth, then returned to ripping and tearing at the G-Sabre's metal carapace to get at the wired guts inside.