



Clearance Level 4
"Masoonie Jackson"
Document of the Ethics Committee

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Masoonie Jackson

There is supposed to be a picture here but it'll be added depending on how the application goes.

- Department: Ethics Committee
- Position: Ethics Committee Assistant
- Clearance Level: 4
- Assigned Site: Site-65
- FPIN: FPIN-065-7991
- Time Employed: 4 years
- First Name: Masoonie
- Surname: Jackson
- Height: 5'10
- Weight: 85 kg
- Build: Cut
- Eye Colour: Brown
- Hair Colour: Brown
- Skin Complexion: White
- Gender: Male
- DoB: 09/07/██████
- Age: 26
- Nationality: English/Russian
- Citizenship: United Kingdom
- Ethnicity: British
- Marital Status: Single
- Children: N/A
- Religious Affiliation: Orthodox Christianity
- Blood Type: AB-
- Dominant Hand: Right
- IQ: 115

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INCIDENT REPORT 214A74

During the time of Masoonie Jackson as a Royal Military Police Sergeant. This Incident report is before he was registered with the foundation.

One night, his platoon was ordered to lead a convoy through a narrow valley that was notorious for ambushes. As the lead truck driver, Masoonie kept an eye on the cliffs. It felt too quiet. His gut told him that danger was waiting. Seconds later the calm was shattered. It was an explosion in the second vehicle, a fireball that consumed steel and flesh.

Chaos erupted. Gunfire poured down from the ridges, and Masoonie rallied his men, barking orders into the smoke. He had dragged two men from the fiery wreckage, pulling them out of sight. But as he fled to assist a third, a second explosion hit. This time, it was his world that burned.

Some of the blast was absorbed by Masoonie's armor, but the fireball consumed him. Heat, choking smoke and a desperate desire to survive were all he remembered. His squad yanked him out, howling his name as medics worked to keep him alive.

When he finally woke up weeks later, the mirror was unforgiving. This was the face he looked at many times and now it was all burnt away, the image of the man who had done this thing was beyond recognition. The physical pain was acute, but the mental burden was worse. He didn't know if his soldiers would still be able to look at him with respect — or pity.