

Please Turn Off "Print Layout" to view this page

Tredecim Thirteen

[Ex-Legionnaire]



TW: General Fallout New Vegas Angst.
Including canon slavery, gore, lots of
emotional pain. Just... Caesar's Legion.

GENERAL

MBPT	MORAL ALIGNMENT	TEMPERAMENT	ZODIAC
ISTJ	Chaotic Good	Melancholic	Virgo
ORIGIN	OCCUPATION	FACECLAIM	AGE
Grand Canyon	Muscle For Hire	Richard Armitage	36
THREAT LVL	<div><div></div><div></div><div></div><div></div></div>		

SKILL

STAMINA

FULL NAME: Tredecim Thirteen

NICKNAME(S): /

GENDER: male

SEXUALITY: bi

PRONOUNS: he/him

PLACE OF BIRTH: Grand Canyon

CURRENT LOCATION: wandering New Vegas

BIRTHDAY: September 1

ETHNICITY: Caucasian

RACE: Human

S.P.E.C.I.A.L.

Strength	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	10/10
Perception	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█			08/10
Endurance	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█			08/10
Charisma	█	█									02/10
Intelligence	█	█	█	█	█						05/10
Agility	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█			08/10
Luck	█										01/10

[Perks]

APPEARANCE



Hair: raven black, only one or two inches long, shorter in the neck

Eyes: dark blue

Features: a roman nose and a strong jawline. Usually growing stubble or when he had no chance to shave for a while a beard.

Height: 6'1

Other: the roman number XIII tattooed on the back of his neck, scars around his neck, more scars on his back. Various bullet scars on his torso and legs.

Outfit



Outfit: linen shirt or T-Shirts he finds, sturdy trousers, light leather armor, a scarf he can pull over the lower part of his face and a sturdy leather duster.

Accessories: belts, bags, and buckles for his weapons around his hips and thighs. Backpack.

Weapons: rifle, baseball bat on his back. Explosives and a knife on his belts.

PERSONALITY



Guilt and nightmares keep him awake at night. The crimes he did before he thought for himself when he had just been a weapon haunting him. He suffers and feels like he deserves it. And in his loneliness, he might appear cold and dangerous, but he simply doesn't know how else to be around people.

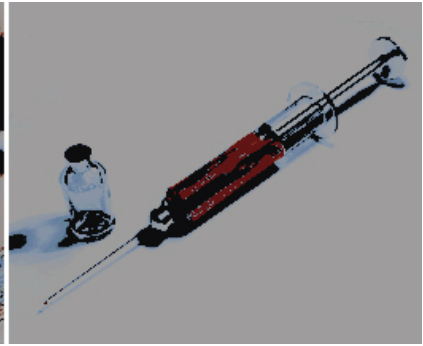
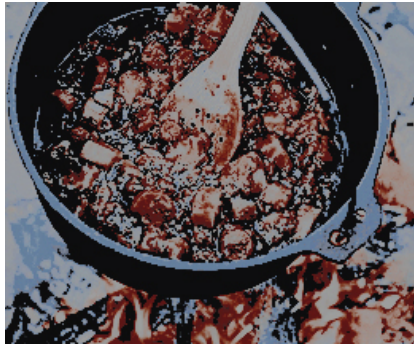
Anger pumps through his veins like his self-hate. He is good at killing, at fighting, at looking intimidating. Horrible at saying what he truly needed, what he craved. A good man that had lived the life of a monster for a very long time.



He is easily misunderstood but those who don't know him well. And he doesn't allow many to know him well. Always standing tall, ready to fight, a dark aura around him. His silence so sharp many see it as a threat. He tries to do good. But people interpret it wrong. Wherever he goes, fights end up breaking out. He doesn't accept any kind of bullshit, but his reactions might be too extreme.

FAVES & FEARS

CONSUMABLES



Food: Stew Drink: Whiskey Chems: Calmex

WEAPONS



Guns & his Rifle; Knives & Blunt Weapons; Explosives

FEARS



To never pay off his sins, to never repent. For the Legion to win, to be captured again.

HISTORY



- He was born in a small tribe in the Grand Canyon. A rather peaceful one compared to many others. Defending themselves when they needed to and that swift and skilled but beyond that they rather farmers than raiders.
- He can not remember his parents' names, voices or faces. All he remembers was the pain to see them slaughtered. All he remembered were his own screams deafening his ears until his throat was raw. He remembered the smell of blood and fire and remembered the strong hands that grabbed him, placed the collar around his neck and took him away.
- Tredecim, Thirteen... one of 13 children that were captured and enslaved. He didn't get a real name, just a number. No one thought he'd survive the training. Too soft, too weak, crying too much... but somehow he survived. The beatings, reeducation, he erased his emotions, his memories. He focused only on staying alive, and so even when some of the other children died, he survived.
- The collar was removed from his neck and instead he was called a soldier. He picked up skills fast and followed every order without question. A weapon more than a person.
- One day he ended up in a tent with a healer. A slave that held an unkindled fire in her eyes, but even then could not ignore the pain of those she hated. And as he healed she'd talk to him, when he didn't find words. And she touched him in a way that confused him but awoke far away memories of laughter and smiles and being held in loving arms. Before he knew he was in love. Love was a dangerous thing, suddenly his loyalty was shared. Cesar was not the only one in his mind and heart anymore. And slowly he questioned what he was doing. What they were doing. She did not deserve to be enslaved.. no one did. He realized he hadn't been free since the day his tribe had lost. They might have taken

off his collar but chained him to the very core.
Regret drowned him, made him foolish. Foolish enough to try escaping, to ask a friend he thought he could trust to remove her collar.
Instead of it being removed they executed her. Made an example of the woman that dared to shake the loyalty of Caesar's soldiers.
His heart broke into a million pieces and for some time he was re-educated again. And he played the role. Welcomed the pain, followed by swearing to have remembered his place.

- A good soldier again, a good weapon... just that when he was at the next mission he killed all of his companions, took the loot they had collected to put it on while leaving the legion's armor with the corpses.
- He still doesn't think he deserves a name, so he changed only the language. From Tredecim to Thirteen. Muscle for Hire, bounty hunter, bodyguard.. and attempting to do as much good as possible. Which often involved killing any and all legionaries he met.

VERSES

Modern Crime

- The boy had once a real name. He can't remember that one. Not when it'd involve thinking about the smashed in faces he could not connect to living expressions anymore.
- Picked up by the same crime organization that killed his parents he was one of 13 children to be taken into their ranks. The youngest, the skinniest, the one with the unlucky number... he was one of the few surviving and coming out on top of the training and schooling of the following years. He became an assassin, a personal guard and gained many names. Many identities.
- Mostly called Tredecim by his bosses and those in the crime organization.
- He follows orders and seems fiercely loyal. But deep down he wants nothing more than to break away from the life covered in blood.