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YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.



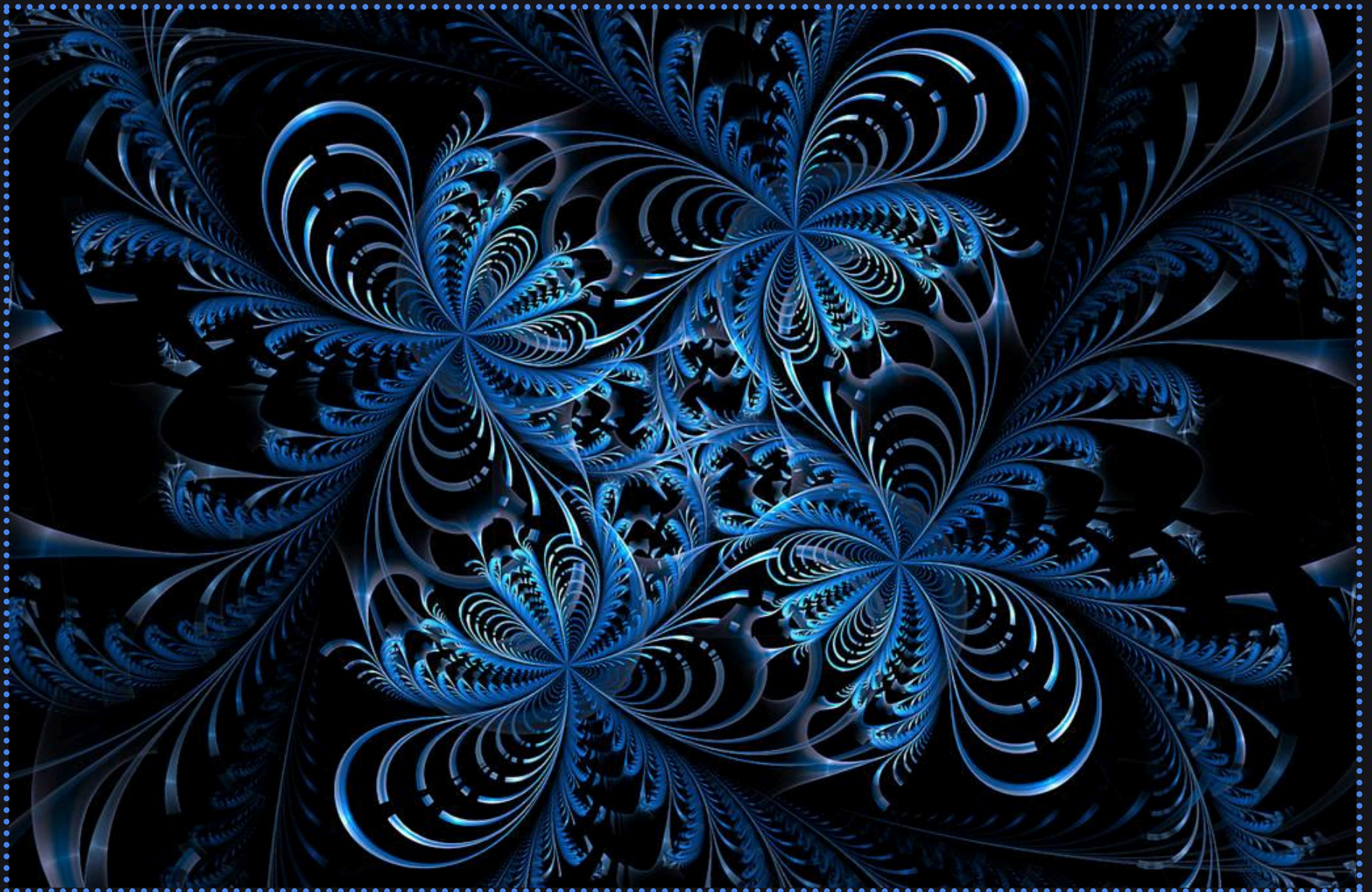
[SYSTEM MESSAGE]: Input credentials.

> Input Level-█

[SYSTEM MESSAGE]: Are you sure that you would like to continue? [Y|N]

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PROPERTY OF THE OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE  
MOBILE TASK FORCES

*“Veritas, Virtus, Fortitudo.”*



Foundation ID

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*“ Can't get rid of the suck.  
Can't ignore the suck.  
You can only embrace it.”*

<b>FULL NAME:</b>	Richard "Ricky" B. Hadel
<b>ALIASES/CALLSIGNS:</b>	Voodoo
<b>DATE OF BIRTH:</b>	(12/10/1992)
<b>NATIONALITY:</b>	American
<b>ETHNICITY:</b>	Caucasian
<b>GENDER:</b>	Male
<b>SECURITY CLEARANCE:</b>	Level 2
<b>PERSONNEL CLASS:</b>	Class C
<b>SCiP.net HANDLE</b>	Rick_Hade@SCiP.net
<b>HOME SITE:</b>	Site-19
<b>PLACE OF RESIDENCE:</b>	Off-Site

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<b>TITLE:</b>	Senior Operator
<b>DIRECT REPORT:</b>	O4-2 "Zone"
<b>TASK FORCE:</b>	Lambda-5 "White Rabbits"
<b>SQUAD:</b>	N/A
<b>SERVICE:</b>	2 Years
<b>EDUCATION:</b>	Basic High School Diploma
<b>EXPERIENCE:</b>	United States Marine Corps - Marine Raider Regiment

REGISTERED TASK FORCE EQUIPMENT	
ITEM NAME	DATE ISSUED
Banishment Grenades	(3/15/2024)
Active Camouflage	(3/15/2024)
Displacement Weapons	(2/02/2025)

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VISUAL INFORMATION

HEIGHT:	5'9 (175.26 cm)
WEIGHT:	189.4 lbs (85.91 kgs)
BUILD:	Mesomorphic
EYE COLOR:	Brown
HAIR COLOR:	Black
SKIN TONE:	Slightly Darker Pale Ivory

APPEARANCE DESCRIPTION

A fairly athletic man, Ricky has multiple large scars covering his entire left arm to the upper torso, and a few scars along the left side of his face via shrapnel-related injuries.

He has normal brown eyes, short black messy hair, and a slightly tanned pale ivory skin tone.

MISCELLANEOUS VISUAL INFORMATION

MAJOR SCARS:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Large scars covering the left arm and the upper left side of the torso</li> <li>- Small scars along the left side of the face</li> </ul>
TATTOOS/MARKINGS:	N/A
EYEWEAR:	N/A
PIERCINGS:	N/A
PROSTHETICS:	N/A
EXTRA:	N/A

CLOTHING DESCRIPTION

Work Outfit: Lambda-5 Standard Uniform, Combat Pants, and Shoes OR Grey and Black Flannel Shirt

Off-Duty: Floral Shirt of any color variation, Jeans or Cargo Shorts, and Sneakers or Green Crocs

IMAGE(S)



(bro hauling ass frfr)

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BASIC MEDICAL INFORMATION

SEX:	Male
HEIGHT:	5'9 (175.26 cm)
WEIGHT:	189.4 lbs (85.91 kgs)
BLOOD TYPE:	O+
MEDICATIONS:	N/A
ALLERGIES:	N/A
MEDICAL CONDITIONS:	N/A



Medical records may be viewed by Health & Safety Personnel of any rank.

PERSONALITY TRAITS

MBTI:	ISTP
VIRTUES:	Thrives Under Pressure Creative Rather Relaxed
VICES:	Major Workaholic Private And Reserved Stubbornness
FEARS:	Fear of Heights (Acrophobia) Fear of Failure (Atychiphobia)

PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE

Usually a quiet and reserved soul, only being energetic with close friends, he would usually be in a quiet area reading a book, alone in an armory, tweaking with whatever he had on him, or sitting in his home working or taking a nap. Once you get to know him, though, he could be considered a relaxed person to be around, cracking jokes or partaking in witty banter, etc.

When working, he can type out files and after-action reports for hours on end. Dangerously large amounts of hours. Even if he has drained any and all energy from typing away, or general off-duty working, he'd still insist on continuing—an example of his stubbornness.

His creativity truly shines when under pressure, whether from gunfire or in life-threatening situations. Somehow, when faced with an immensely stressful dilemma, he gets really ingenious about ways to solve the aforementioned stressful dilemma with incredible ease, making him a somewhat valuable member of whatever fireteam he's on.

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#### ADOLESCENCE

Ricky B. Hadel was born in Tucson, Arizona, on December 10th, 1992. Being raised alongside all 3 of his siblings, he was born into a family built on competition and favorites. His father owned one of the biggest casinos in Tucson, while his mother was his father's assistant. While growing up, he, being the ever quiet soul, decided to take up the responsibilities that his sibling left while trying to suck-up to their parents who frankly couldn't give a crap about them. Attending a rather prestigious high school, he was the most average in terms of grades, compared to his siblings, but the most creative in terms of problem-solving. After a few very long years of being a caretaker for his siblings, he finally completed his high school diploma and decided to join the US Military, mainly due to watching Black Hawk Down too many times, but also letting any one of his siblings inherit whatever business his parents were doing, but not before receiving a small fortune from his parents as a small thank you for being the actual responsible one in his family.

#### PRE-FOUNDATION ADULTHOOD

After graduating, he approached a recruiter and eventually joined the United States Marine Corps. Being a somewhat athletic man, going through basic training was a breeze. After spending some time inside the USMC, he was able to qualify for the MARSOC Assessment and Selection process, and soon, after completing his ITC course, he was able to become a Critical Skills Operator. Specifically, being part of the Marine Raider Regiment. He would participate in multiple operations in Afghanistan, one notable example being Operation Freedom's Sentinel.

#### RECRUITMENT TO PRESENT

Somewhere back in Afghanistan, he and his squadron would unknowingly enter a pocket dimension while on patrol. While being stuck in that pocket dimension for around 3 days, before finally being rescued by Lambda-5 operators sent to retrieve them. As they exited the pocket dimension, they soon came into contact with multiple Taliban insurgents, injuring a White Rabbit. He and the Marine Raiders he was with were able to fend off the aforementioned insurgents while aiding the injured L-5 operator. After that incident, Ricky was sooner or later recruited by the foundation for his actions, soon receiving the necessary training and knowledge to become a proper L-5 Operator. After participating in multiple operations involving reality benders, he was finally able to be promoted to Senior Operator.

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**Addendum**

**ADDENDUM §1 – NOTES**

N/A

**ADDENDUM §2 – RELATIONS**

Jeremy Hadal – Father  
Leslie Hadal – Mother  
Victor Hadal – Youngest Brother  
Amelia Hadal – Oldest Sister  
Jordan Hadal – Youngest Sister

**ADDENDUM §3 – LOADOUT**

**Colt M4A1 (5.56x45mm)**

- Night Fighter M-LOK 13.5"
- BCM Gunfighter Vertical Grip MOD3
- Aimpoint CompM5 w/ UNITY Micro Mount
- UNITY Tactical FAST FTC 30mm Magnifier Mount
- SilencerCo Omega 36M w/ DIY Suppressor Wrap
- MAWL – C1+ Laser
- Streamlight ProTac Rail Mount 2

**2011 Staccato P Limited (9x19mm)**

- Dead Air Wolfman Suppressor
- Surefire X300U Pistol Light
- Holosun 508T Optic

**DISPLACEMENT WEAPONS**

- Combat Knife (Entry)
- Thompson Center Arms Contender (Exit)

**RANDOM STUFF**

- 3x M84 Stun Grenade
- 4x M67 Fragmentation Grenade
- 2x Banishment Grenades
- 1x IFAK
- 1x Active Camouflage Suit

Plate Carriers, Chest Rigs, and general gear may vary in different scenarios.

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ADDENDUM §4 – ANOMALOUS ABILITIES

N/A

ADDENDUM §5 – ACTIVITY EXCERPT

RP Excerpt for funny rank skip

- “Overlord Actual, this is Voodoo. We passed checkpoint Hector. We’ve got eyes on the compound, we’ll be moving in shortly, over?”
- ..... “Copy that. Voodoo, you are cleared to move in. Be advised, you have multiple hostile reality benders in the A.O. SRAs will activate once you enter the premises. Good luck, over.”

Ricky nodded to the information he was given as the transmission came to an end. He reached into his pack and pulled out his displacement weapons. He’d stab the air, a bit of the blade disappearing before he started cutting down, the quite literal fabric of reality cutting apart like butter. Once he made a human-sized cut in the fabric of reality, he would take out his Contender. He’d aim for a moment before firing, watching the bullet fly before making contact with a nearby wall. The air around it broke, almost like glass, as the exit was made.

“We’re good to move in. Let’s boogie.” He said as he entered the portal, immediately coming out of the other side. As soon as the last man exited the portal, he’d switch on his radio once more.”

- “Overlord Actual, we’re in the compound premises. You’re cleared to activate the SRAs, Over.”

As he looked around, the two portals he made immediately closed behind him. He’d peek around a corner, seeing a small house nearby. A few silhouettes moving around inside. He’d ready his rifle and started walking toward it. As he finally walked towards the front door, he and his teammates stacked up beside the door, and he waited behind one of his teammates as he took out a flashbang from his pack. He’d show it to the pointman, waiting for him to open the door a little bit. As the door creaked open, Ricky leaned to the side, throwing the flashbang inside. A muffled voice from inside would come out.

“Hu-- OH FUC--”

**BANG**

As the flashbang went off, the fireteam entered the building, training their weapons at the small group of cultists.

“HANDS, HANDS, SHOW ME YOUR HANDS!!”

One of the men in there raised his hand at the operators, seemingly attempting to use whatever reality-bending powers he had. He waited for anything to happen.... Nothing. He’d look at his hand in confusion before getting tackled to the ground by one of the operators. The rest of the cultists kinda just stared for a few moments before immediately raising their hands in surrender.

After a few minutes involving zip ties, Ricky would walk down the stairs towards the basement. As he switched on the flashlight on his primary, he’d see what he thought was some sort of summoning circle on the wall. Whatever they were trying to summon, the SRA probably forced it to cease whatever it was doing. He’d soon walk outside of the compound, watching the approaching research team come in by a small convoy of black vans. As he watched on, he

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thought to himself.

“It's gonna be a very long day...”