

❑ SOLDIER

BACKGROUND (FAIR)

You fought three tours in the Bats War ('74 to '77) for the Huxlon Republic Army as a special attachment to Bonethorne's Outlaw Army. The two most advanced militaries in the world fighting for a failed Orc Ascension. Four years of blood, mud, and dust for a doomed King. On the plus side, you have been **physically conditioned** [] to fight in a war, and have **general combat training** [] (**firearms** and **hand-to-hand**) and **squad level tactics** [] .

Special Resources: An HRA R3 Rider rifle with license (4+, 30 rounds), HRA P9 pistol (3, 15 rounds), combat vest with webbing (3), sturdy vehicle, combat knife (2) and a box of ammunition

SPECIALTIES (GOOD)

❑ **221st Medic Corp.** You are a **combat medic** and are able to apply **emergency trauma care** [] (gunshot wounds, broken bones, etc) in the middle of a firefight. You also have **knowledge on common ailments** [] and can administer **general medicine** [] from your time helping civilian refugees.

Extra Resources: Medical crash kit, and a box of drugs.

❑ **80th Engineering Corp.** You spent the war tasked with **maintaining and repairing ground vehicles** [] employed by the modern militaries. You spent a *lot* of that time **jury-rigging** [] systems since supply lines were always *down*. You also had a hand in dozens of **general construction** [] projects, repairing or rebuilding civilian and military infrastructures.

Extra Resources: Well stocked tool kit, and shared workshop space.

❑ **32nd Fire Support Group.** You are trained to use **special weapons** [] like **heavy machine guns**, **rocket-propelled grenades**, **anti-tank guns**, and **anti-air missile systems**. You also know how to maintain these very sophisticated systems, so you know a few essentials about **basic** [] **electronics** and **explosives** [] .

Extra Resources: HR SR6 support weapon (4, 100 round magazine), another *big* box of ammunition.

❑ **5th Recon Division.** You were a **scout** during the war, so while you were not in a lot of *direct* combat, you spent a *lot* of time in danger. You excel in **observation** [] , and **evading detection** [] . You also spent a *lot* of time away from supply lines, so you know a thing or two about **surviving** [] in harsh conditions with little supplies.

Extra Resources: Portable camp bag, portable tent, and emergency supplies (10 people, 1 month).

❑ FIXER

BACKGROUND (FAIR)

You spent six years working various corporate jobs and you know *first* hand that *ten* minutes on the phone can do more damage than a *thousand* Burning Swords. Your time moving from an alphabet soup of corporate acronyms and titles has given you a *lot* of **backroom insight** [] into major **political** and **corporate** arenas, but more importantly **you know how to sell your side of the story** [] : to allies, enemies, and anyone willing to listen.

Special Resources: Corporate contact, 5,000 guilder (wrapped in plastic), compact vehicle, small bag of drugs, J&R Toma revolver (3, 6 rounds), 100 bullets.

SPECIALTIES (GOOD)

❑ **Accounting Department.** You know how to **move guilders** [] . *Vast* amounts of guilders in both **legitimate** and **illegitimate** ways. It's not always *fast*, but in emergencies you know how to **skim** [] some *fast* gilder.

Extra Resources: 10,000 guilder (wrapped in plastic), 100,000 guilder in a secure account.

❑ **Negotiations Group.** You know how to **manipulate** [] people into taking a deal, bad or good, and while your detractors might call you a *liar*, your best weapon is just **brutal honesty**. (Though you are a **world-class liar**.) Of course, you don't end up in this job without being on the *receiving* end, but you know how to **spot deceptions** [] that are pointing *your* way.

Extra Resources: Strong local contact, and a loose network of contacts.

❑ **Investigations Division.** You know how to **find secrets** [] . Sometimes it's very *active*, **interviewing** people, **searching** through *garbage* or *unlocked spaces*, or just following paper trails through **deep research**. Most of the time, it's just patient **observation** [] . It also helps that you are wildly **well informed** [] , devouring every corporate digest, diplomatic memo, and *tabloid* in **dozens of languages** [] .

Extra Resources: Remote access to a corporate library (magical). Appears as a book with an infinite index.

❑ **White Room Technician.** You are among an elite, and terrifying, group of corporate mages. Your craft is generally despised by other magic users, and even your own corporate masters keep a *very* close eye on your activities. Of course, that might be your *own* paranoia, shaped by years of performing invasive **evocations for psychic interrogations** [] and **evocations of memory manipulation** [] . The side-effects of this craft are generally bad for the target (and sometimes *yourself*): **nosebleeds**, **headaches**, **blackouts**, **brain damage**, and *coma*. While no one has ever *died* from these spells, you definitely know that *death* is sometimes the *better* option.

Extra Resources: Two diamond rings from a dead couple, a shriveled thumb, and a bullet pulled from a corpse.

TRUCKER

BACKGROUND (FAIR)

Westin's Trucker's Almanac says that there are 46 million miles of paved highway in the continent, and one trucker for every ten of those miles. You and your kin keep the beating heart of gilded capitalism alive, and you've made enough over the years to buy your own truck and be independent. While you know how to [drive](#) and [navigate](#), you've also made some lasting [local connections](#) as you motor through those vast open roads.

Special Resources: A sturdy and reliable truck, and a private garage space paid up until the end of the year, Rider .32 revolver (2, 6 rounds), 100 bullets, and a multitool knife.

SPECIALTIES (GOOD)

The Smuggler. There are almost *four billion* beings on the continent, and they *all* have *vices* and *needs*. You have made [hiding contraband](#) an *art*, and you have gotten good at [evading](#) checkpoints, even with a 50,000 pound vehicle. And when you arrive, you've also gotten good at [hustling](#) and selling for the *best* possible price.

Extra Resources: Two bricks of Cocaine, hidden storage in the truck, various drop locations.

The Fighter. No one messes with you *or* your truck because of what happened two years ago: you *destroyed* a gang of bikers in a [brawl](#) using your **hands** and anything you could find that could **smash** or **stab**. While your reputation, and scars, are [intimidating](#), you can back it up with your [strength](#), and your [stoic grit](#).

Extra Resources: 20 painkillers (misc), ballistic leather jacket (Strength 2).

The Troubleshooter. Your old elven boss was one of the original *Mecharcanists*, and they taught you how to perform all of the repairs on your truck, so you've become an expert on [truck mechanics](#) and [truck electronics](#). They also taught you [evocations to diagnose mechanical issues](#), and [rituals to shape materials](#) (you usually use to patch holes, or make shims). They didn't teach you much about alchemy, so you're still stuck with buying *raw* materials. They also only taught you the *elemental* versions of the spells, so while the side-effects are *minimal*, it takes you *a lot* longer than a *professional* Mecharcanist.

Extra Resources: Fully stocked repair station at the garage, spare parts and repair kit on the truck.

The Thief. You *already* paid your dues to society in a Huxlon Republic prison. *Five* years for a *bad* robbery: you were the [safe cracker](#) and [lockpick](#), but you cut your teeth by [pick-pocketing](#), so you *know* how to be [careful and quiet](#). After your release, Huxlon Rehab set you up with this job and you've been clean for the last *five* years. *So* clean in fact that your old boss was *happy* to sell you his independent license.

Extra Resources: Lockpick set, old safe cracking tools, various drop locations.

MERCENARY

BACKGROUND (FAIR)

You fought five tours in the Bats War ('72 to '77) for Bonethorne's Outlaw Army. The most sophisticated military raised in a thousand years, fighting for a Lord who would be executed as a show of force by the next Lord, and make Bonethorne Port an absolute joke in this part of the world. On the plus side, you have a world-class education in war and plenty of places willing to hire ex-Bonethorne vets. You are [physically conditioned](#) to fight, and have a foundation in [warfighting](#) (firearms and [hand-to-hand](#) training) and [small unit tactics](#).

Special Resources: A M22 Eugene rifle with license (5, 30 rounds), M9 Blackheart pistol (3+, 15 rounds), combat vest with webbing (3), sturdy vehicle, combat knife (2), and a box of ammunition.

SPECIALTIES (GOOD)

3rd Outlaw Special Action Division. Your division fought all of the *unseen* battles. Your speciality was ending battles before they showed up on the evening news, and your squad used careful [observation](#), [guerilla warfare](#) (ambushes, traps, hit-and-run, etc), and [advanced close combat techniques](#) (firearms and [hand-to-hand](#)) to achieve your goals with terrifying efficiency.

Extra Resources: Night vision goggles, M9 silencer with license, hardened half-blade (2+), 12 flash bangs.

Burning Swords, 2nd Company. Your elven commander, Captain Agil, always said that "magic was never intended for killing, but it did a damn good job of it anyway". Your craft is based on [evoking elemental earth](#) magic, which is very useful for "peacekeeping" operations like the Bat's War. You've used your craft to build homes for civilians, erect defenses for bases, and on some occasions, *incapacitate* and sometimes *destroy* armored assets. **Slow and easy is what you prefer**, because you've *botched fast* and *hard*, and you still have the *scars* from the *granite* that grew out of your skin. You also have the infamous Burning Sword grounding in [tactical evocation and arcana](#).

Extra Resources: 12 solid pieces of raw iron ore.

OCI Psychic Recon Program. You were on "permanent loan" from the Office of Central Intelligence, whisked away from your comfortable job of [evoking remote viewing](#) against enemies of the state. That was what you did on the battlefield, but there was *a lot* more shooting. Your *other* job was [evoking preconscious telepathy](#) to scan the **surface thoughts** of prisoners. Not nearly as accurate as White Room mind readers, but way better than torture or bribery, and at worse you'd get a **migraine** from any blowback.

Extra Resources: 6 raw diamonds, and two eyes suspended in ether.

22nd Recon Division. While most of your division was dedicated to scout operations, your fireteam was flagged for "special operations". Like the rest of your kin in SOC OPS, you are trained in [evading detection](#), but your training included [long-distance marksmanship](#), and enemy [observation](#).

Extra Resources: M22-S Eugene rifle with license (5, 10 rounds), precision scope, ghillie suit, and a box of M22-S ammunition.