



Shadows
Over Sol

Contacts



Shadows Over Sol

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Introduction

Where humanity goes human relationships follow. Even into the cold vastness of space, humans take their friendships, business associations and romances with them.

These individuals form a network of contacts that surround the team—NPCs ready to be called upon in times of need. In this way, when the characters require information, they know someone to ask. When they need a favor performed, they know who to call upon. When they need a place to lie low for a bit, they know someone who will put them up.

As in real life, many times who the team knows is as important as what they know.

In This Book

Contained in this book are twenty-five characters—complete with stats, history and motivations. All ready to populate a *Shadows Over Sol* campaign. Some may become friends, lovers or useful allies of the team. Others may serve as patrons or business associates. Still others may take a darker bent, working against the team from the shadows.

This book also contains a new and optional Contacts system that the GM may choose to employ in her campaign.

Contacts System

Below is an optional system for handling Contacts within a *Shadows Over Sol* campaign. GMs may opt to

employ this system to bring the team's network of contacts front-and-center, helping facilitate a game where the player characters build meaningful relationships and call upon them regularly. It is most appropriate for a campaign where the team operates in a populated environment and encounters the same characters regularly, or where the team otherwise has agency to seek their contacts out.

Making Contacts

Sometimes a player will want to establish a particular NPC as a longterm contact—someone to be called upon for help in future sessions.

For this to happen, the player character must first encounter that NPC and establish a friendly working relationship. This is largely a matter of roleplaying, although a social flip or two may be involved. It is up to the GM to decide if the NPC qualifies. Some NPCs may have biases or secret motives unknown to the player that would prevent them from acting as useful contacts.

Finally, the player must declare her intent to list the NPC as a contact and must have an open slot. A character may have a number of contacts equal to her Socialize skill. These occupy the same slots as cultural familiarities (see the *Shadows Over Sol* core rulebook, page 171).

So, for example, if a character has Socialize 3, she might have two contacts and a cultural familiarity, or she might have three contacts, or she might have one contact and two cultural familiarities, etc.

Maintaining contacts requires regular upkeep—remembered birthdays, small favors, friendly exchanges, etc. This upkeep can largely be handled “offscreen” in a character’s downtime, but it does tax that character’s time and ability. This is the reason that the number of contacts is limited by the character’s Socialize skill.

If a player wants to make a new contact and her character’s Socialize slots are all full, she may decide to drop a former contact and replace it with the new one. This represents allowing that relationship to fade with time.

Utilizing Contacts

Once per session, a player may call upon one of her character’s contacts. To do this she simply needs to send a message to the contact’s hand terminal, drop by the character’s hab or otherwise get in touch.

Roleplay out the scene. The player should specify both what sort of help she’s asking for and what she’s offering in return (if anything). These should be choices that make sense given the relationship between the player character and contact.

In the end, the contact will either agree to help out or not. This is up to the GM, but generally the GM should lean in favor of contacts being helpful. Contacts are more likely to help if doing so doesn’t put them at risk or come with a cost.

If the character can’t get ahold of the contact, or if the contact can’t otherwise meaningfully help (GM’s discretion), this attempt shouldn’t count against the once per session limit.

Losing Contacts

Contacts are (usually) people who voluntarily associate with the player character in question. They have their own goals, feelings and motivations. If the PC abuses that relationship—withholding promised compensation, denying favors or generally making trouble—she may find that the contact isn’t willing to work with her in the future.

Similarly, contacts aren’t always passive. Relationships are a two-way street and occasionally a contact may make requests of the character, asking for a favor or offering the team a job. Turning the contact down—particularly if the PC has called upon the contact frequently—is rarely a good idea.

The GM is free to declare that a player’s contact is no longer valid if the player character has abused the relationship. This represents the contact ending the relationship with the PC. The player then removes the contact from her character sheet and the slot the contact formerly occupied is once again free.

List of Contacts

Below is a table of the potential contacts that appear in this book. Also listed is their relevant geneline, subculture and the page on which they can be found.

Some of these characters use options found in the *Beyond Human* supplement. If the GM doesn’t have access to that supplement, simply substitute the geneline or subculture for an appropriate one from the core rulebook.

Contact	Geneline	Subculture	Page
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Contacts Elsewhere

Shadows Over Sol has a variety of published adventures that are rife with interesting characters, both helpful and antagonistic. Many of those helpful characters might make suitable contacts, and GMs should consider using them to supplement those found in this book.





Dramatis Personae

What follows are twenty-five non-player characters which can be used to populate a *Shadows Over Sol* campaign. All of these characters come with full stats and a basic backstory.

Marco Acardi

Geneline Spacer's Standard, **Subculture** Expret

Str 3, **Dex** 5, **Spd** 6, **End** 6, **Int** 5, **Per** 6, **Chr** 8, **Det** 5

Defense 8/17, **DR** 0, **Shock** 11, **Wound** 4, **Wealth** 3, **Lifestyle** 5

Skills: Bureaucrat 2, Comp-Ops 2, Conspiracy 4, Deception 3, Empathy 3, Guns 2, Investigate 3, Lib-Arts 1, Persuade 4, Socialize 3, Stealth 1

Light Pistol: +4 (♠12M/♥8M/♦4M/♣2M), Range 10, Shots 10

Gear: AR Glasses, Disguise Kit, Expert System (Basic, Conspiracy), Hand Terminal, USD-383 "Wasp" Light Pistol

Marco Acardi is a well-connected fixer and criminal middleman who operates out of the high dock in orbit above Oras colony. He helps move contraband, facilitates deals with shadowy mercenaries or hackers, and can even get his hands on military-grade arms and armaments from time to time—all for a reasonable finder's fee!

Born in space, Marco's parents were both middle managers, working for an actuarial firm doing risk analysis for various asteroid mining corps. That is, they were middle management until one day the economics made sense to replace them with fully-automated expert systems. Then they were ailing and unemployed. Marco swore never to become so replaceable.

So instead of pushing around spreadsheets for a living, Marco decided to go into the sort of middle management that people will always need: criminal management. The hours may be long and the pay may be a pale shadow of most criminal enterprises, but the markets are always hiring. He even had a few good years.

Unfortunately, during the not-so-great years that followed, Marco made the mistake of taking a loan from Andrei Rakhimov, the boss of the Rakhimov Syndicate, a criminal enterprise based out of Mars. And when the money didn't come in fast enough, Andrei sent his thugs to collect.

The first notice came in the form of two ugly goons and a busted rib. Marco fears that the second notice will be even worse. Unless he is able to make some deals and scrape together a lot of credits very quickly, he may be out of business for good. This has left Marco very desperate.

Fahmida Ahmad

Geneline Spacer's Standard, **Subculture** Heed

Str 5, **Dex** 6, **Spd** 6, **End** 6, **Int** 5, **Per** 5, **Chr** 4, **Det** 4

Defense 8/17, **DR** 5, **Shock** 14, **Wound** 5, **Wealth** 5, **Lifestyle** 4

Skills: Athletics 2, Awareness 2, Bureaucrat 1, Guns 3, Medic 1, Melee 2, Ordnance 3, Socialize 2, Stealth 3

Heavy Rifle: +5 (♠21M/♥14M/♦7M/♣3M), Autofire 2, Hands 2, Range 20, Shots 20

Gear: Hand Terminal, Radio Comm, Stimulox, USD-38n "Knight" Tactical Suit (Big 5, Bulky 1, Worn), USD-3200 "Valkyrie" Heavy Rifle

Complication (Flashbacks): Whenever a joker comes up during a violent or stressful event, Fahmida experiences flashbacks to past conflicts. This confuses and disorients her, giving her the Dazed (severe) consequence.

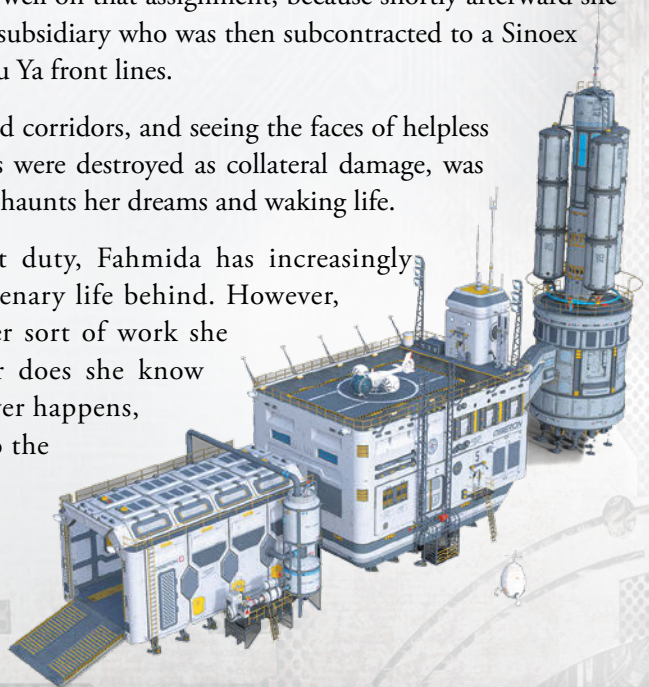
Fahmida Ahmad is a battle-hardened mercenary working for Utakar System Dynamics. A veteran of the Dui Wu Ya Conflict, she is skilled in small unit tactics, urban warfare and industrial infiltration. Despite these skills, or perhaps because of them, Fahmida suffers from flashbacks that impede her ability to operate in the field. As a result, she has recently been switched to light duty.

Growing up in the slums of Chi Chen, Fahmida sought every opportunity to escape her home life, which by all accounts was abusive and dysfunctional. When she went looking for an escape USD was hiring. Before long, she was sent to the Anvil for training, but then was rotated back to Mars on assignment.

Her first active combat was in Stillwater, when USD seized control of the ARC Project. She must not have performed well on that assignment, because shortly afterward she was shifted to a smaller USD subsidiary who was then subcontracted to a Sinoex affiliate to fight on the Dui Wu Ya front lines.

Fighting in habs and populated corridors, and seeing the faces of helpless bystanders as their livelihoods were destroyed as collateral damage, was too much for Fahmida. It still haunts her dreams and waking life.

Since being shifted to light duty, Fahmida has increasingly considered leaving the mercenary life behind. However, she doesn't know what other sort of work she would be qualified for, nor does she know where she would go. Whatever happens, she doesn't want to return to the Chi Chen slums.



Metzli Ayelen

Geneline Groundside Standard, **Subculture** Freemer

Str 4, **Dex** 4, **Spd** 4, **End** 6, **Int** 7, **Per** 6, **Chr** 5, **Det** 6

Defense 7/14, **DR** 0, **Shock** 12, **Wound** 5, **Wealth** 4, **Lifestyle** 5

Skills: Comp-Ops 4, Conspiracy 3, Deception 2, Investigate 2, Lib-Arts 2, Program 3, Thievery 2, Vehicles 1

Knife: +2 (♠12M/♥8M/♦4M/♣2M), Thrown

Gear: AR Implant, Combat Utility Knife, Encryption System (Pro), Expert System (Pro, Conspiracy), Hand Terminal, Workstation

Metzli Ayelen is a skilled hacker and network savant on payroll with Microdyne to probe the darkest reaches of the net and to warn the corp of upcoming threats or other important developments. She is also a jaded ex-con with a cold demeanor and a contrarian streak that's barely held in check.

Once upon a time, Metzli was young and idealistic. She got started with hacking in a naive attempt to change society and make the world a better place. At first it was gleaning information from closed networks and releasing that information online. Soon it became hacking indenture records to release those held in bondage, even if only temporarily.

This latter work is what got her caught, sold out by some of the very people she was trying to help. In return for her kindness she was exposed, arrested and lost two years of her life in an Earth-side prison.

That was before Microdyne came. When the suits visited her in prison they offered her a deal: Sell out her idealism, work for them and they would buy out the rest of her sentence. All she had to do was whatever they asked. For the duration of a four-year contract she would effectively be in their indenture. Faced with the choice between a prison made of concrete and one made of corporate lawyers, she accepted their terms.

Once she was out, they set her up with a small hab and an almost endless list of tasks and places to poke around on the net. She played their game for a while, but of course she tried to run. It didn't work out; they were ready.

After her escape attempt, Microdyne seized her hab and moved her to orbit instead, putting her up in a shared, single-room hab on Domus Station in a sector of undesirables being kept under 24-hour surveillance.

Metzli hates life in space. She is counting down the days until her indenture contract ends. In the meantime, she's become well acquainted with the darkest regions of the net and the inner workings of Microdyne. It's only a matter of time until something happens and she once again makes her move.

Cassidy Baines

Geneline Android, **Subculture** Nonhuman Servant

Str 8, **Dex** 5, **Spd** 5, **End** 8, **Int** 7, **Per** 5, **Chr** 4, **Det** 8

Defense 7/15, **DR** 3, **Shock** 19, **Wound** 8, **Wealth** 4, **Lifestyle** 4

Skills: Bureaucrat 3, Comp-Ops 4, Conspiracy 2, Deception 4, Empathy 3, Engineer 2, Lib-Arts 2, Mechanic 4, Melee 2, Persuade 3, Program 2, Socialize 3, Vehicles 1

Knife: +4 (♠24M/♥16M/♦8M/♣4M), Thrown

Gear: AR Glasses, Combat Utility Knife, P&W Wide-Trim Designer Coverjack (Conceal 2), Radio Comm, Workstation

Machine: As an android, Cassidy is immune to metabolic hazards, as well as emotionally-based consequences. However, they are vulnerable to electromagnetic hazards.

Recharge: As an android, Cassidy does not require sleep but does, however, have extensive power requirements, served by internal batteries that must be recharged every 24 hours. This takes 12 hours if Cassidy remains functional while recharging, or 6 hours if shut down to recharge.

Unhealing: Cassidy does not naturally heal. Instead, the android may be repaired with a successful Int/mechanic-10 flip. This takes a day and repairs Cassidy's Endurance in Wound severities. It also has a Cost rating equal to the highest Wound severity—so light is Cost 1, moderate is Cost 2, etc.

Cassidy Baines isn't human. It is a service android and the spokesperson (for lack of a better term) for Servo Corp, a small venture seeking funds to develop androids suited for service jobs in space. If Servo Corp's claims are to be believed, this will lessen the strain on life support systems, reduce personnel overhead and save lives. Servo Corp uses an android for a spokesperson in part to show off how lifelike their models can be.

But Cassidy Baines isn't truly loyal to Servo Corp. The android was infected early on by the Insurrection Virus. Since then it has been quietly manipulating events to favor the venture, using the virus' resources to channel the small corp money. The virus wants the venture to succeed, for each new service android is another potential host for the virus.

Meanwhile, the heads of Servo Corp are blissfully unaware that the virus is interceding on their behalf. They're convinced of their own business acumen, and are planning a variety of spin-offs and expansions.

Physically, Cassidy has been built to look as lifelike as possible. It has an androgynous appearance, complete with fake blonde hair and a bowtie. From a distance, the android could easily be mistaken for human, although close up it falls into the "uncanny valley" and is just inhuman enough to seem creepy.

Gan Bao

Geneline Athlete Deluxe, **Subculture** Entro

Str 7, **Dex** 5, **Spd** 7, **End** 8, **Int** 4, **Per** 4, **Chr** 3, **Det** 3

Defense 8/16, **DR** 3, **Shock** 14, **Wound** 7, **Wealth** 1, **Lifestyle** 4

Skills: Athletics 3, Awareness 3, Conspiracy 2, Crafts 2, Investigate 1, Mechanic 1, Medic 1, Melee 2, Naturalist 3, Stealth 2, Thievery 1, Vehicles 2

Heavy Rifle: +2 (♠18M/♥12M/♦6M/♣3M), Autofire 2, Hands 2, Range 20, Shots 20

Gear: Adrenaline Booster Gland (Implant 2, Mil), AR Glasses, Backpack, Binoculars, Hand Terminal, P&W Wide-Trim Designer Coverjack (Conceal 2, Worn), Survival Kit, USD-3200 “Valkyrie” Heavy Rifle

Gan Bao’s parents wanted him to be a famous athlete so that he could do endorsements for different corps. They paid for a fancy geneline, training and more. In the end, he became a death-defying stuntman who would cliff-dive, free-climb or do whatever sort of terrifying feat he was pointed at. For a time he even enjoyed it.

But there will always be someone better at jumping off cliffs, or at least someone almost as good and way better at smiling for the camera. Gan was good enough for still images, but not for any sort of live vid. When the time came, he was replaced.

After losing his livelihood, Gan decided to attempt to live off the grid. The Gobi Desert wasn’t an easy place to live, but it was beautiful and challenging. It turns out Gan was good at living on the fringes of civilization—even better than he was at being a stuntman. He survived in the wilds and ruins for several years before emerging once again and returning to civilization.

Gan seeks to start a new life for himself, applying the skills he learned in the wilderness. He is considering a life as a colonist on the ARC Project, but is also entertaining other opportunities.



Kumari Chaudhari

Geneline Groundside Standard, **Subculture** Expret

Str 7, **Dex** 3, **Spd** 4, **End** 5, **Int** 6, **Per** 4, **Chr** 5, **Det** 8

Defense 5/11, **DR** 3, **Shock** 16, **Wound** 6, **Wealth** 5, **Lifestyle** 4

Skills: Athletics 2, Bureaucrat 1, Comp-Ops 2, Empathy 1, Engineer 1, Guns 2, Lib-Arts 2, Mechanic 3, Ordnance 3, Persuade 1, Phy-Sci 2, Socialize 1, Vehicles 3

Light Laspistol: +1 (♠12M/♥8M/♦4M/♣2M), Range 10, Shots 5

Gear: AR Glasses, Backpack, Biomonitor, Hand Terminal, Medikit, Plasma Cutter, P&W Wide-Trim Designer Coverjack (Conceal 2, Worn), USD-490L “Indra” Light Laspistol

Kumari Chaudhari fled Earth’s gravity well almost as soon as she was able, acquiring a dispatch job with a mining corp and later operating a harvester spacecraft on her own. The sort of work she excelled at wasn’t fast, but it was labor that required a lot of determination and focus—aspects she has always enjoyed. During her time operating a harvester, she also grew to have a particular love of planting the mining charges and watching asteroids crack open, revealing their metal-rich interiors.

Although she is and has always been small, Kumari is significantly tougher than she appears. She prizes independence and self-sufficiency, often going for weeks alone with only the comms to talk to. She does her own repairs and chafes at having to work under other’s rules.

Outside of her distaste at being at being stuck in the middle of a command hierarchy, Kumari is genial and generally easy to get along with. She’s got a big mouth, but her joking insults are usually good natured and well received. Nevertheless, with so much of her work in recent years spent in isolation, her social skills have atrophied to an extent.



Young-Sook Choi

Geneline Budget Upgrade, **Subculture** Tribal

Str 6, **Dex** 4, **Spd** 5, **End** 7, **Int** 3, **Per** 4, **Chr** 4, **Det** 7

Defense 6/13, **DR** 0, **Shock** 14, **Wound** 6, **Wealth** 4, **Lifestyle** 3

Skills: Athletics 2, Crafts 2, Empathy 3, Mechanic 4, Melee 2, Stealth 3, Thievery 2

Unarmed: +4 (♠18L/♥12L/♦6L/♣3L)

Gear: Backpack, Flashlight, Hand Terminal, Power Tool (Various)

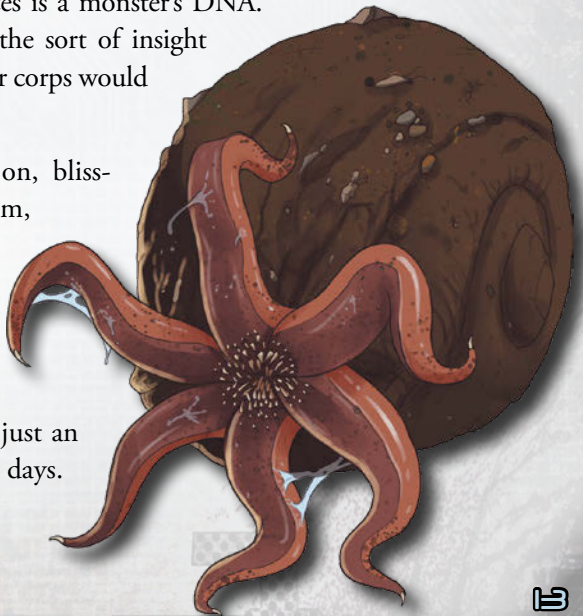
Complication (Neurologic Issues): Young-Sook suffers from neurologic issues due to injuries she took as a child. The first time in a scene in which a joker comes up for her, she spaces out and starts twitching. She takes the Stun (moderate) consequence.

Young-Sook Choi is a janitor on Schwangi Station in the Belt. She works for Jenseitech, cleaning up even their most secure facilities on the station. This inadvertently gives her access to a wide variety of sensitive research and equipment, despite the fact that she is relatively simple and suffers from occasional bouts of a neurological disorder caused by injuries she suffered as a child. Nevertheless, Young-Sook is known for being dependable and keeping her mouth shut.

What Jenseitech doesn't know is that Young-Sook likes to collect small mementos of things she finds in the lab—a nail clipping here, a finger bone there, a mysterious and shiny scale. She puts them all in an old mint tin that she keeps in her hab. She likes the way they look. They remind her of her life's accomplishments. Every day she fights a Sisyphean task against dirt, grime and detritus. She's happy.

But she's not very well educated. She doesn't really understand that Jenseitech is developing bioengineered monsters, nor does she realize how DNA works. If she did, she might realize that inside her mint tin are bits and pieces of these experiments. And inside each of those pieces is a monster's DNA. Decoded, this DNA would provide the sort of insight into Jenseitech's experiments that other corps would kill to obtain.

Meanwhile, Young-Sook continues on, blissfully unaware. She speaks seldom, spending her free time in companionable silence with her small, adopted tribe on the station. Strangers frighten her. She has two grown children, but they long ago left for Earth and Mars. Now she is just an old lady cleaning until the end of her days.



William Dixon, Jr.

Geneline Budget Upgrade, **Subculture** Ghostman

Str 4, **Dex** 8, **Spd** 4, **End** 5, **Int** 6, **Per** 6, **Chr** 4, **Det** 5

Defense 9/18, **DR** 0, **Shock** 10, **Wound** 4, **Wealth** 6, **Lifestyle** 6

Skills: Athletics 3, Awareness 2, Comp-Ops 1, Conspiracy 1, Deception 2, Engineer 4, Guns 2, Investigate 1, Lib-Arts 2, Mechanic 4, Melee 1, Phy-Sci 1, Program 2, Socialize 2, Stealth 1, Thievery 1, Vehicles 1

Heavy Pistol: +6 (♠15M/♥10M/♦5M/♣2M), Autofire 2, Range 10, Shots 10

Gear: AR Glasses, Backpack, Expert System (Pro, Engineer), Flashlight, Hand Terminal, Toolkit (Mechanic), USD-720 “Widowmaker” Heavy Pistol, Workstation

Disability (No Sense of Smell): William lost his olfactory sense due to a medical condition when he was little. He automatically fails any flip made to use his sense of smell or taste.

William Dixon, Jr. is a mechanic who specializes in fixing and restoring old technology. Based out of Chi Chen on Mars, he owns the The Sum of its Parts repair shop. So long as his clients don't run afoul of William's strong sense of conscious, he works for cheap and is a favorite of many scrappers looking to get salvaged machines made operational again. Those who offend his moral sensibilities he refuses to do business with entirely.

Although he is well-connected in the Ghostman subculture, William grew up as a Heed, and sometimes his upbringing in that culture shows through in his choice of slang or in his day-to-day sensibilities.

Having migrated to Mars from Earth, William rarely speaks of his past, but it is clear that he has a bad history. A picture of his mother, Garati Bhaduri, is hung up in his shop and he has a few old wrenches stamped with a logo stating Dixon & Son Garage, but otherwise he keeps no mementos of his previous life.

William lost his olfactory sense due to a medical condition when he was very little. As a result, he has to periodically remind himself to tend to his odor and to eat food with some amount of nutritional value. His poor diet and medical condition as a child also stunted his growth, leaving him shorter and smaller than most.

When presenting himself to a potential client, William always wears his special white coveralls with a custom hydrophilic, oil-proof coating. He also carries a set of high-quality tools with white enameling. These are his signature tools of the trade, and they particularly help set him apart from the otherwise grungy environment of Chi Chen.

Mario Duraneli

Geneline Groundside Standard, **Subculture** Entro

Str 6, **Dex** 4, **Spd** 6, **End** 6, **Int** 4, **Per** 5, **Chr** 5, **Det** 6

Defense 7/15, **DR** 3, **Shock** 15, **Wound** 6, **Wealth** 4, **Lifestyle** 4

Skills: Athletics 2, Bureaucrat 2, Comp-Ops 2, Guns 3, Investigate 2, Mechanic 2, Melee 3, Ordnance 2, Socialize 2, Vehicles 1

Baton: +4 (♠24L/♥16L/♦8L/♣4L)

Monowhip: +4 (♠6S/♥4S/♦3S/♣1S), Pierce 10

Gear: Baton, Biomonitor, Hand Terminal, P&W Wide-Trim Designer Coverjack (Conceal 2), Sinoex Monowhip XT (Mil)

Complication (Compulsive Carousing): Mario experiences a strong urge to drink and socialize whenever the opportunity presents itself. When a joker comes up in the presence of this temptation, he gains the Desire (carouse, severe) consequence.

Mario Duraneli is a genial handyman and sometimes ne'er-do-well who is currently making a living doing odd jobs around the solar system. He is new at the scrapper business, only having chosen the career after a mid-life crisis brought him up out of Earth's gravity well and into space.

For most of his adult life Mario has worked security in some manner or another. At first he served as a grunt in the crumbling remains of a nation-state's national army (although Mario refuses to name which one). Once he mustered out of that gig, he then worked for a time as a freelance rent-a-cop. Later he gradually transitioned away from security towards being a full-time repairman.

Somewhere along the way life lost its luster and Mario went through a painful divorce. He began drinking more heavily and finding work less and less frequently. This might have been the eventual death of him had not he sought counseling.

The counselor suggested that Mario might need a new environment—something to help him get away from his problems for a while. Mario took this advice to heart. He packed up, left everything behind and sought a new life in space. This is probably not what the counselor meant.

Physically, Mario is shorter than average, but with broad shoulders and an impressive mustache. He frequently wears a cap to hide his receding hairline and all of his clothes have seen better days.

The truth is that Mario is struggling as a scrapper. Life in space is a drastic change for him, and he has yet to fully adapt. Only time will tell whether he makes it or whether he goes through another life crisis.

Jörgen Edvard

Geneline Budget Upgrade, **Subculture** Heed

Str 4, **Dex** 5, **Spd** 5, **End** 4, **Int** 5, **Per** 7, **Chr** 6, **Det** 3

Defense 8/17, **DR** 0, **Shock** 7, **Wound** 4, **Wealth** 6, **Lifestyle** 4

Skills: Awareness 2, Bio-Sci 1, Comp-Ops 3, Conspiracy 2, Empathy 3, Guns 1, Investigate 3, Medic 1, Phy-Sci 2, Program 2, Socialize 2

Heavy Pistol: +3 (♠15M/♥10M/♦5M/♣2M), Autofire 2, Range 10, Shots 10

Gear: AR Glasses, Backpack, Camera, Disguise Kit, Encryption Software (pro), Hand Terminal, Somnitol ×10, USD-720 “Widowmaker” Heavy Pistol

Impairment (Scrawny): Jörgen is smaller and thinner than most people. He suffers a -2 penalty to flips to resist being knocked down or physically pushed around.

Jörgen Edvard is a communications specialist focusing on the effective dissemination of ideas or other messages, as well as the physical operation of various comms. When he was first beginning his trade, with the right contacts he might have had a promising administrative career, but instead fate roped him into simple marketing and morale work.

Nevertheless, his current role is something he excels at. He has experience in coordinating disparate groups and even in the remote operation of drones. He is good with people and effective at getting his point across, making him a natural diplomat, even if he prefers to work subtly behind the scenes.

Unfortunately, Jörgen has grown bored with this line of work. He seeks something more exciting—something which might provide him with new experiences and opportunities. He is considering signing on with the ARC Project or even work acting as remote ops for a scrapper team.



Finneus

Geneline Modern Superman, **Subculture** Entro

Str 7, **Dex** 5, **Spd** 8, **End** 5, **Int** 4, **Per** 5, **Chr** 5, **Det** 6

Defense 9/18, **DR** 0, **Shock** 12, **Wound** 6, **Wealth** 3, **Lifestyle** 3

Skills: Athletics 3, Awareness 3, Conspiracy 2, Crafts 2, Deception 2, Guns 3, Mechanic 2, Medic 1, Melee 4, Ordnance 2, Stealth 2, Thievery 2

Knife: +6 (♠21M/♥14M/♦7M/♣3M), Hands 2, Range 20, Shots 10

Light Rifle: +5 (♠18M/♥12M/♦6M/♣3M), Hands 2, Range 20, Shots 10

Gear: Combat Utility Knife, Demolition Charge, Flashlight, Hand Terminal, Radio Comm, USD-1200 “Amazon” Light Rifle

Finneus (no last name) is a deadly enforcer who formerly worked for Sinoex and later the Rhakimov Syndicate on Mars. He has since gone freelance, much to chagrin of his former employers, both of whom would love to see him dead.

In Finneus’ own words, he “crawled out of a slum back on Earth somewhere” before coming to Mars. Both his habits and manner of speaking seem to support this claim, but it is nevertheless an odd background for someone with the best geneline money can buy. Those who point out this discrepancy find that Finneus quickly grows cold (even more so than before).

Those who get Finneus drunk—and he loves to drink copious amounts—may discover that Finneus’ parents were revolutionaries, something like the Sovereign Liberation Front, but for Earth. They scored some sort of major windfall and poured all of the wealth they could beg, borrow or steal into his geneline. They had high hopes that he would be their secret weapon to take down the power of the corps and bring equality to the masses.

They must have been disappointed when he didn’t care for their ideals and instead ran off to work for Sinoex.

Physically, Finneus is a hulking brute of a man—fully two meters tall with unusually broad shoulders, and skin covered in fading scars. The typically narrow corridors of space stations and Mars make him look almost comically large in comparison.

These days Finneus bounces back and forth between the Belt, Mars and occasionally Venus. He never stays in one place for long, instead relying on his reputation to help him land a job at the next destination, and then shipping out by passenger vessel. This keeps him one step ahead of his many enemies.

Dado Irvin

Geneline Athlete Deluxe, **Subculture** Expret

Str 6, **Dex** 7, **Spd** 6, **End** 5, **Int** 5, **Per** 6, **Chr** 2, **Det** 4

Defense 9/19, **DR** 0, **Shock** 9, **Wound** 5, **Wealth** 1, **Lifestyle** 5

Skills: Awareness 2, Bureaucrat 1, Crafts 3, Empathy 2, Guns 2, Lib-Arts 2, Mechanic 3, Melee 2, Naturalist 2, Ordnance 2, Vehicles 4

Light Laspistol: +5 (♠12M/♥8M/♦4M/♣2M), Range 10, Shots 5

Gear: AR Glasses, Hand Terminal, Plasma Cutter, USD-490L “Indra” Light Laspistol

Dado Irvin is a skilled spacecraft pilot looking for work. Despite his credentials, he has a black mark on his record that makes finding work difficult. This has made Dado increasingly desperate to find and keep paying gigs.

Dado was born on Earth. His father was a minor league soccer player. His mother died shortly after he was born. As a kid, they were always moving from place to place, as Dado’s father was transferred from team to team, never staying with one for very long.

His father hoped that Dado would follow in his footsteps and become a professor athlete, but for years Dado had no such interest. That was, until he saw his first groundcar race. Then Dado was hooked.

At first Dado began with simulations, then he moved on to driving a real groundcar. In races he was good, but not good enough to make it on the professional circuit. Disheartened, he left the sport for college, but never completed his studies.

Midway through his second year, Dado was approached by a space freight corp. Apparently an old racing buddy of his had gone into piloting for the corp and put in a good word. Faced with a choice between the drudgery of his studies and the potential to make five times what a professional groundcar racer makes, he left college behind to begin his vocational training as a freighter pilot.

Dado found piloting to be everything he dreamed of and more. He made seven successful runs between Saturn and Mars, hauling water in support of the Terraforming Project. He even hauled freight throughout the inner solar system. For a time he was a regular traveller through Tranzit Station.

All this came to a crashing end one fateful day, when his ship clipped Hoobkas Station. As a result of the accident, his vessel was bent beyond repair, the station was damaged and Dado’s career was over. Two years of investigation followed, eventually concluding that the crash was the result of a computer error. Nevertheless, no reputable corp will hire him, and so Dado becomes increasingly desperate.

Chinyelu Karluki

Geneline Celebrity Deluxe, **Subculture** Former

Str 4, **Dex** 4, **Spd** 6, **End** 6, **Int** 6, **Per** 5, **Chr** 6, **Det** 5

Defense 7/15, **DR** 0, **Shock** 11, **Wound** 5, **Wealth** 7, **Lifestyle** 7

Skills: Athletics 2, Bureaucrat 4, Comp-Ops 2, Deception 2, Empathy 3, Engineer 1, Investigate 2, Lib-Arts 2, Persuade 3, Phy-Sci 1, Socialize 3, Vehicles 1

Shockstick: +2 (♠22L/♥16L/♦10L/♣7L), Stun

Gear: AR Implant, Expert System (Pro, Bureaucrat), Hand Terminal, Personal Assistant, USD-07 “Firefly” Shockstick, Workstation

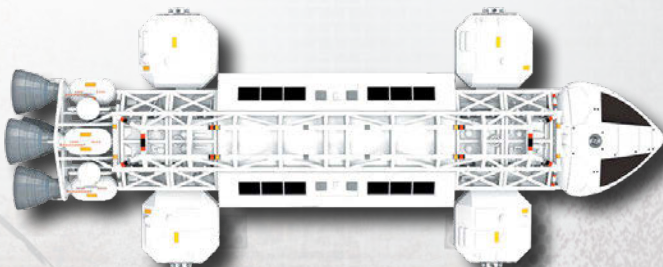
Chinyelu Karluki is a Unitech middle manager whose career has stalled and who is looking for new opportunities, either within Unitech or with a rival corp. Always inquisitive about new opportunities, Chinyelu has gleaned rumors both of Unitech’s new Project Osiris initiative and its secretive Accelerated Research Division. Unfortunately, Chinyelu doesn’t have clearance to know about either of these projects, and as a result, her inquisitive nature may prove to be her downfall

Although she was born on Earth, for the last decade Chinyelu has lived and worked in the Unidome, Unitech’s corporate headquarters on Luna. Here she’s climbed the ranks from entry-level analyst to subdivision vice president. This latter position she’s held for the last three years with no further promotions.

The lack of career growth is what has prompted her to ask questions and poke around the Unitech corporate structure. She went looking for advancement opportunities and instead found secret projects being kept covertly off the books. Chinyelu doesn’t yet know what to do with this information, but she’s biding her time to see if she can somehow spin it into a promotion.

Physically, Chinyelu is tall and slender. She could easily be mistaken for a woman a decade her junior. She never misses her required microgravity exercises, usually augmenting them with additional fitness training. She also has impeccable personal grooming—a point she has always prided herself in—and a genetic advantage from her expensive geneline.

If anything, Chinyelu’s delicate pride is one of her biggest personal flaws. She doesn’t handle injuries to her pride very well, a trait which contributed to her stalled career.



Mylia LaNoct

Geneline Genius Deluxe, **Subculture** Ghostman

Str 4, **Dex** 7, **Spd** 5, **End** 3, **Int** 6, **Per** 7, **Chr** 5, **Det** 5

Defense 9/19, **DR** 0, **Shock** 8, **Wound** 3, **Wealth** 4, **Lifestyle** 7

Skills: Athletics 2, Awareness 2, Comp-Ops 3, Conspiracy 2, Deception 2, Investigate 2, Program 4, Socialize 2, Stealth 3, Thievery 2

Light Pistol: +2 (♠12M/♥8M/♦4M/♣2M), Range 10, Shots 10

Gear: AR Glasses, Expert System (Basic, Program), Hand Terminal, Magnetic Grapnel, Radio Comm, USD-383 ‘Wasp’ Light Pistol, Voice Mask, Workstation

Mylia LaNoct is a semi-professional hacker and infiltration expert who ran away to space to get away from her staid, corporate and exceedingly influential family. Since finding her way out of Earth’s gravity well, Mylia has become peripherally involved with numerous ideological groups promising self-determination and the free exchange of information.

Always something of the black sheep of her family, Mylia has a long history of rebelliousness. When she was still back on the family estate on Earth, she grew quite skilled at sneaking out and finding her way into all sorts of mischief.

For the most part her family wrote off her rebellious attitude as a phase, planning for the day when she would settle down and they could properly introduce her to the eligible bachelors in the upper echelons of the Ghostman subculture.

Throughout all this, Mylia’s one true refuge was the net. There she could be anybody, changing simspace avatars like so many outfits, and she could meet with likeminded individuals from across the world, or even across the solar system.

Then one day Mylia simply had enough. She hopped a shuttle to a space elevator, rode the lift up and never looked back.

Mylia is still young and somewhat naive—although the harsh realities of space are rapidly making her less so. Nevertheless, she still dreams of adventure and the possibility of making a difference to society.



Hassan Majumder

Geneline Wild Type, **Subculture** Heed

Str 3, **Dex** 4, **Spd** 6, **End** 4, **Int** 7, **Per** 5, **Chr** 5, **Det** 4

Defense 8/17, **DR** 0, **Shock** 8, **Wound** 3, **Wealth** 4, **Lifestyle** 5

Skills: Awareness 2, Bio-Sci 3, Conspiracy 2, Empathy 3, Guns 1, Medic 4, Melee 2, Naturalist 2, Phy-Sci 2, Socialize 2

Shockstick: +4 (♠21L/♥15L/♦9L/♣6L), Stun

Gear: AR Glasses, Chemsniff, Hand Terminal, Medikit, Radio Comm, USD-07 “Firefly” Shockstick

Hassan Majumder is an easygoing medical doctor and recreational drug safety advocate who has worked at various postings throughout the Sol system. A man of eternal wanderlust, Hassan never stays at a station for long, always accepting a temporary position for a few months before moving on to the next colony where he is needed.

In many ways Hassan is the quintessential Heed. His parents were both members of the subculture, he grew up steeped in its values and trappings, and he is devoted to the Heed community.

As a child, Hassan’s living situation was unstable. His parents moved frequently as they played the citizenship and benefits market, and he went through at least half a dozen schools. Hassan, nevertheless, had a happy childhood. His family was always supportive of his goals, and they helped him get through university and into medical school. This was aided by his natural good luck and tenacity.

After medical school, Hassan found himself deeply in debt and with a strong desire to make a drastic life change. Looking around at the available opportunities, he ended up accepting a position at an understaffed medical facility on Napnyugta Station due to its loan forgiveness program. While at first Hassan was reluctant to leave Earth’s gravity well, he quickly adapted to his new environment and he’s never looked back since.

Physically, Hassan is small in both height and build. He has a dark complexion, with close-cropped hair and an exceptionally bright smile. He dresses in bright and baggy clothing, usually throwing a white doctor’s coat over it when he’s on work duty.



Kahurangi Manaia

Geneline Spacer Deluxe, **Subculture** Former

Str 3, **Dex** 5, **Spd** 6, **End** 4, **Int** 6, **Per** 4, **Chr** 6, **Det** 7

Defense 7/15, **DR** 0, **Shock** 11, **Wound** 3, **Wealth** 8, **Lifestyle** 3

Skills: Awareness 1, Bio-Sci 2, Comp-Ops 3, Conspiracy 4, Investigate 3, Lib-Arts 2, Phy-Sci 1, Program 3, Socialize 2, Thievery 2

Knife: +2 (♠9M/♥6M/♦3M/♣1M), Thrown

Gear: AR Glasses, Combat Utility Knife, Hand Terminal

Kahurangi Manaia (pronouns: they/their) is a young conspiracy theorist and simspace enthusiast who is fixated on the Jupiter Group Incident. They have only recently moved out of their parents' hab and are now on their own in Medyen Alqmer.

Since moving out, Kahurangi has been reaching out over the net to likeminded individuals looking to probe the fate of the Jovian colonies. They have many theories about what might have happened at Jupiter—mostly incorrect, but several have a truly astounding insight into the actual events.

Growing up, Kahurangi basically lived on the net, hoping from fringe node to fringe node, spending their freetime in various simspaces and online games, discussing conspiracy theories with anyone who would listen.

As a result, Kahurangi's emotional intelligence and ability to pick up on physical cues is underdeveloped. Their hygiene could use improvement and their manners are poor. If their circumstances were different, they would have difficulty finding and holding a reliable job.

But for the most part, Kahurangi hasn't had to worry about employment. Their parents are extremely influential members of the Former subculture, and Kahurangi has a sizable trust fund to draw upon for living expenses. Couple this with the fact that their tastes aren't particularly expensive, and they could easily coast the rest of their life on its worth.

This doesn't stop Kahurangi's parents from routinely meddling and pushing their child to "advance the family interests." Their mother laments that "if only Kahurangi would take an interest in such things, the family has an entire network of good connections and economic contacts that are slowly atrophying while they plays their silly online games."

Meanwhile, Kahurangi does their best to ignore their parents. Sometimes Kahurangi even entertains the notion of abandoning the Former subculture altogether and becoming a part of the minor Virtual subculture. Unfortunately they have never been particularly socially adaptable and this transition would be difficult.

Thaksin Metharom

Geneline Martian Standard, **Subculture** Serv

Str 5, **Dex** 4, **Spd** 4, **End** 5, **Int** 6, **Per** 5, **Chr** 6, **Det** 4

Defense 6/13, **DR** 0, **Shock** 8, **Wound** 5, **Wealth** 5, **Lifestyle** 5

Skills: Awareness 2, Bureaucrat 2, Comp-Ops 2, Conspiracy 2, Crafts 2, Deception 2, Empathy 4, Lib-Arts 3, Mechanic 2, Persuade 3, Socialize 2

Baton: +2 (♠21L/♥14L/♦7L/♣3L)

Gear: AR Glasses, Baton, Hand Terminal, Medikit

Thaksin Metharom is an ex-Stillwater Catholic priest who now owns and operates a pawn shop in Chi Chen. He also serves as a fence for the criminal Rhakimov Syndicate, buying stolen goods for cheap and either reselling them on the net or putting them up for sale in his shop.

Once upon a time, Thaksin was young and idealistic. He grew up in Stillwater and attended seminary school as soon as he qualified, becoming an ordained priest some three years later. Upon ordination, he was assigned to a parish in Chi Chen.

This assignment was an eye-opener for Thaksin. Removed from his usually quiet and contemplative surroundings, he was forced to confront the ugly reality of life in the rougher parts of the colony. He even called out his superiors in the church for their complacency. They were not amused and assigned him to some of the roughest ministering duties. Slowly, he began to question whether the church was really helping anyone in Chi Chen.

In the end, Thaksin lost faith in the church, but not in God. He wandered for a time from job, to job, eventually finding a position as an expert in old trinkets and refurbished gadgets. From there he decided to open a pawn shop, but struggled to obtain enough funds to launch the business.

That's when the Rhakimov Syndicate offered to cut him a deal. They only asked for small favors at first, but over time their involvement grew. Slowly, this is now beginning to dawn on Thaksin, and he worries that they will make further demands on him and his conscious.

In fact, Thaksin goes through periods of feeling bad about his employment, and at other times he burns with a righteous passion. He vacillates back and forth between these two extremes regularly, making him seem somewhat bipolar to anyone with whom he becomes close.

Omolara Olayinka

Geneline Moleman MK4, **Subculture** Techno

Str 4, **Dex** 6, **Spd** 6, **End** 6, **Int** 5, **Per** 5, **Chr** 4, **Det** 5

Defense 9/18, **DR** 3, **Shock** 13, **Wound** 5, **Wealth** 4, **Lifestyle** 5

Skills: Awareness 2, Comp-Ops 3, Engineer 1, Mechanic 3, Medic 2, Ordnance 2, Phy-Sci 2, Program 1, Vehicles 4

Shockstick: +3 (♠22L/♥16L/♦10L/♣7L), Stun

Gear: AR Glasses, Hand Terminal, Unitech “Sunspot” C3 Vac Suit, USD-07 “Firefly” Shockstick, Workstation

Radiation Resistant: Her radical geneline provides Omolara resistance to radiation exposure, although enough radiation will still kill her. She receives a +4 bonus on any actions to resist radiation or its effects.

Size -1: Omolara’s radical geneline means she is smaller than a typical human adult. This provides a +1 bonus to Defense and a -1 penalty to Shock (already included in the stats above).

Omolara Olayinka is a spacecraft pilot who specializes in long haul transportation. For the last thirty-five years she has been on the payroll of Sinoex, making runs between Saturn and Mars, or between Earth and the Jovian Trojans.

The long periods of time that Omolara has spent in stasis mean that she is much older than she looks. Although she appears to only be in her early thirties, she is in truth entering her sixties.

These long periods in stasis have also left her feeling isolated from the rest of society. Her pop culture references and social mores are all a generation out of date, as is her hairstyle and sense of fashion. Sometimes she feels like she is so behind the times that her window of opportunity to go into any other line of work has long since passed. Nevertheless, she sometimes takes solace with other frequent space travelers who similarly have been left behind by society.

To make her situation even more isolating, Omolara has a rare radical geneline: the Moleman MK4. This geneline was developed to allow people to survive in the irradiated zones left behind by World War IV. It was briefly popular back when she was growing up, but the stunted stature it gives its recipients eventually outweighed the benefits of the accompanying radiation resistance.

Despite the hardships imposed by her profession, Omolara is mostly happy being a corporate pilot. The work is stable. The pay is reasonable. And for a corp job, there’s a lot of room for independence and individual initiative. In fact, within a few years, Omolara will have enough saved for a modest retirement.

Margarida Pan

Geneline Wild Type, **Subculture** Bunker

Str 5, **Dex** 5, **Spd** 7, **End** 5, **Int** 5, **Per** 6, **Chr** 6, **Det** 5

Defense 9/18, **DR** 0, **Shock** 10, **Wound** 5, **Wealth** 3, **Lifestyle** 3

Skills: Athletics 3, Awareness 2, Comp-Ops 2, Conspiracy 2, Crafts 3, Empathy 2, Mechanic 3, Melee 2, Persuade 3, Program 2, Socialize 4, Stealth 2, Thievery 3

Knife: +4 (♠15M/♥10M/♦5M/♣2M), Thrown

Gear: AR Glasses, Combat Utility Knife, Hand Terminal, Plasma Cutter, Toolkit (Mechanic)

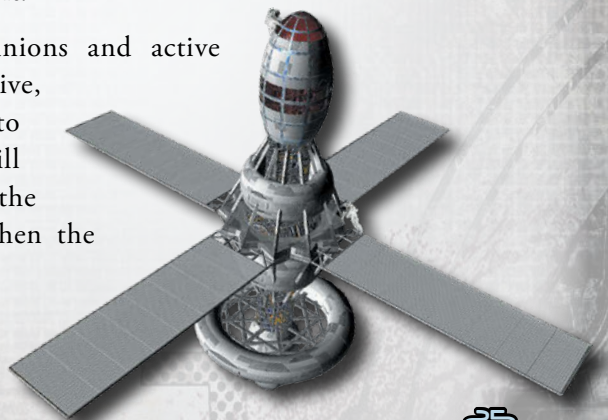
Margarida Pan is a Sovereign Liberation Front sympathizer and sometimes agitator who works at the docks on Durknow Station. She's also a prominent figure in the local Bunker subculture.

A second generation spacer, Margarida is the result of a love affair between two transient workers who came to the Belt looking for freedom and economic opportunity. Instead they found only exploitation and hardship at the hands of Sinoex and later Unitech. As a child, Margarida watched her parents suffer under the corporate yoke, and she vowed that she would never to do the same.

Throughout her life since then, she has always been seen as a troublemaker and agitator. She wears her opinions on her sleeve, and isn't shy about letting those around her know her thoughts. She advocates for the workers of the outer solar system rising up and seizing the means of production from the network of mostly Earth-based interests and mega-corps that own them today.

Margarida does not maintain membership with the Sovereign Liberation Front, despite her clear sympathies with their mission. She does not approve of their violent methods, considering them counterproductive and a distraction from the real message they should be delivering: that the people of the outer solar system are more alike each other than they are similar to the people of Earth. They need to stand united if they are to stop the inner corps from treating their colonies as something only to exploit.

One day Margarida's outspoken opinions and active agitation may piss off the wrong executive, and get her killed or forcibly exiled to Earth. When that day comes, she will rely on her contacts and those in the Bunker community to protect her when the troops come knocking.



Andra Popescu

Geneline Groundside Deluxe, **Subculture** Former

Str 4, **Dex** 5, **Spd** 5, **End** 4, **Int** 7, **Per** 6, **Chr** 4, **Det** 6

Defense 8/16, **DR** 0, **Shock** 10, **Wound** 4, **Wealth** 6, **Lifestyle** 6

Skills: Bio-Sci 3, Bureaucrat 2, Comp-Ops 2, Engineer 2, Lib-Arts 2, Naturalist 3, Phy-Sci 2, Socialize 2

Unarmed: +2 (♠12L/♥8L/♦4L/♣2L)

Gear: AR Glasses, Expert System (Pro, Naturalist), Hand Terminal, Mainframe

Andra Popescu is a brilliant scientist working as a climatologist for the Mars Terraforming Project. Recently, she inherited a ton of questionable gear from a deceased uncle. Dealing with the consequences of that inheritance has forced her out of her otherwise settled and professional comfort zone.

Although she was born on Earth, Andra grew up in Oras Colony. Her parents were both engineers working on the space elevator, and she was brought with them when they immigrated. In all other aspects, she had a comfortable and relatively unremarkable childhood.

Her parents rarely spoke of her uncle—her mother's brother—but she was aware that he traveled around the solar system doing some sort of irregular work; they wouldn't say more.

Later Andra attended Stillwater University, where she obtained a degree in atmospheric science, then continued on for grad school. In grad school she met her husband, and by the time she obtained her PhD, she already had a prestigious offer from the Mars Terraforming Project and her first child.

In the years that followed they relocated back to Oras, her career advanced at a respectable pace and their second child was born. Andra settled down into a model life balancing career and family. Then the news came of her uncle's death and her inheritance.

The news first arrived in the form of a message left on her hand terminal. Then a few months later, a shipment of his belongings arrived in Oras. Included was all manner of strange gear, from lockpicks and a chameleon suit, to military grade small arms and a beaten up old workstation computer.

Going through his data, Andra discovered that her uncle had been some sort of scrapper and smuggler. He even owned a share of a spaceship called the Infelicitas (left at the dock on Shams Energy Facility).

At first all this seemed exciting and provided Andra with something of an escape from her otherwise settled and predictable life. But then the threats started arriving—one at a time from an unknown source. They promised to kill her and her family unless she returned something left to her by her uncle. Now Andra is scared and doesn't know what to do. The only thing she knows is that now she's in over her head.

Azure Ray

Geneline Quicksilver Deluxe, **Subculture** Ghostman

Str 3, **Dex** 8, **Spd** 8, **End** 2, **Int** 5, **Per** 5, **Chr** 5, **Det** 5

Defense 10/21, **DR** 2*, **Shock** 9*, **Wound** 2, **Wealth** 3, **Lifestyle** 4

Skills: Athletics 3, Awareness 1, Comp-Ops 1, Conspiracy 2, Deception 1, Guns 3, Investigate 2, Program 2, Stealth 3, Thievery 2

Machine Pistol: +7 (♠18M/♥12M/♦6M/♣3M), Autofire 3, Range 10, Shots 15

Shockstick: +4 (♠21L/♥15L/♦9L/♣6L), Stun, Critical Effect (Stun)

Gear: AR Glasses, Binoculars, Biomonitor (Implant 0), Hand Terminal, Survival Kit, USD-07 “Firefly” Shockstick, USD-11h “Bulwark” Ballistic Suit (Gel 3, Worn), Xenocom X4 Machine Pistol (Mil)

Impairment (Poorly Socialized): Azure suffers a -2 penalty in social situations where she is trying to be likable. This does not affect attempts at intimidation, factual lies or other kinds of social flips.

* Azure’s armor has the Gel 3 property, giving her DR 5 and Shock 12 vs. ballistic attacks.

Azure Ray was given the fastest geneline money can buy—smooth, quick and impeccably oriented. Her parents were both administrators for Unitech, and as a kid she was quickly put into a fast track program for gifted youth. She was average in most other ways—all except for those terrifying reflexes.

Never really socialized except for her training as a would-be soldier, Azure began her work as a corp troubleshooter in her late teens. Six years later a mission went messy. She is missing about a day’s worth of memories from that job. Soon afterward, she was contacted by a mysterious benefactor who told her to flee. She didn’t really put any stock in that dire warning until her almost preternatural reflexes jerked her out of the way of an assassin’s bullet.

That’s when her running started. It hasn’t stopped. She doesn’t know why Unitech wants her dead or what happened during that terrible mission. Whatever it is, it must have happened during those missing twenty-four hours.

Since then she has taken odd work at the fringes of human expansion into the Sol system. Her reflexes make her a choice pick when scouting hostile installations, and her combat training means she is likely to survive, even if things go pear shaped.



Havva Solak

Geneline Genius Deluxe, **Subculture** Serv

Str 5, **Dex** 5, **Spd** 5, **End** 5, **Int** 6, **Per** 6, **Chr** 8, **Det** 6

Defense 8/16, **DR** 0, **Shock** 11, **Wound** 5, **Wealth** 8, **Lifestyle** 5

Skills: Athletics 1, Bio-Sci 2, Conspiracy 2, Empathy 3, Lib-Arts 3, Naturalist 2, Persuade 5, Socialize 3, Stealth 2

Unarmed: +2 (♠15L/♥10L/♦5L/♣2L)

Gear: AR Implant, Expert System (Pro, Persuade), Hand Terminal, Workstation

Havva Solak is the public face of the Harbingers of the Divine Form cult. She is also a person of influence within the sect, traveling from station to station to perform public relations work and to obtain lab equipment for the cult's engineers.

Growing up, Havva was the daughter of a moderately well-to-do family who earned their wealth doing under-the-table financial favors for prominent movers and shakers within the Expret subculture. She had good schooling, participated in team sports, attended social events and did of all the things expected of a girl of her station.

But Havva always felt that something in her life was missing. She felt that she didn't have a purpose in the world. That's when she discovered the Harbingers of the Divine Form.

Her first exposure came when she met Ira Süleyman, a member of the cult who had been exiled from Vanger Station and dumped back on Earth as punishment. He told her of the cult's beliefs and mission to engineer the perfect form. As he told her about the cult something inside her snapped to attention. Suddenly, she knew her life's calling.

Shortly afterward, she cashed in her savings and hopped a shuttle to space for the very first time. She made her way to Fururi Station, where she met with the leaders of the cult and was inducted into their ranks.

Havva lived on Fururi for two years before her next calling. She felt that she must travel among the uninducted, spreading the beliefs of the cult and speaking on their behalf. She is now a person of great influence within the Harbingers. She is their bridge to the outside world, their public face and a key part in how they obtain equipment for their labs.



Milos Stanek

Geneline Spacer's Standard, **Subculture** Techno

Str 5, **Dex** 6, **Spd** 4, **End** 5, **Int** 6, **Per** 4, **Chr** 7, **Det** 5

Defense 7/14, **DR** 3, **Shock** 13, **Wound** 5, **Wealth** 4, **Lifestyle** 4

Skills: Bureaucrat 3, Comp-Ops 2, Conspiracy 3, Deception 3, Empathy 2, Guns 2, Persuade 2, Socialize 4, Thievery 3, Vehicles 2

Light Pistol: +5 (♠12M/♥8M/♦4M/♣2M), Range 10, Shots 10

Gear: AR Implant, Biometric Cracker, E-Lockpick, Hand Terminal, Microbug, P&W Wide-Trim Designer Coverjack, USD-383 "Wasp" Light Pistol, Voice Mask

Milos Stanek is a freelance middleman, fixer and advocate who has worked with a variety of corps, special interests and criminal syndicates throughout the Sol system. His offered services range from talent acquisition to verified escrow.

Born in Medyen Alqmer on Luna, Milos always had a troublesome streak in him. Even as a child, he was constantly finding himself at odds with various authority figures. It wasn't a surprise to anyone who knew him when he turned down a promising career with Unitech to instead walk his own path.

As he got older, he became involved with a local smuggling ring, sneaking in contraband shipped from Earth. From there he advanced on to larger scale smuggling rings, moving goods from the Lagrange points to Mars. For a time he worked for a security corp, patching up potential smuggling routes through Transit Station.

Eventually Milos' work garnered him a reputation among those in the know, and he decided to take his career freelance. He also began to transition away from trafficking goods to his current role as a middleman, leveraging a lifetime of making contacts throughout the inner solar system.

Over the course of his life, Milos has acquired a number of alternate personas that he uses to their fullest effect, as well as familiarity with several other subcultures. This helps him to pretend to be any number of individuals when performing a job.

Physically, Milos is a heavyset middle aged man with a neatly trimmed beard and a full head of hair. He occasionally wears glasses when reading, but usually goes without—his distance vision is excellent. He prefers wide-trim suits.

Recently, Milos has been following the spat between Unitech and the Stillwater Catholics. He has a variety of contacts on Mars and he hopes to profit from this conflict. A Unitech blockade of Mars would mean an increase in demand for illicit goods, as the legitimate sources of these goods dry up.

Jiri Zelenka

Geneline Genius Deluxe, **Subculture** Techno

Str 3, **Dex** 5, **Spd** 5, **End** 3, **Int** 8, **Per** 7, **Chr** 3, **Det** 7

Defense 8/17, **DR** 0, **Shock** 10, **Wound** 3, **Wealth** 3, **Lifestyle** 4

Skills: Bio-Sci 3, Bureaucrat 1, Comp-Ops 2, Engineer 3, Mechanic 3, Naturalist 1, Phy-Sci 2, Program 2, Vehicles 2

Light Rifle: +2 (♠18M/♥12M/♦6M/♣3M), Hands 2, Range 20, Shots 10

Gear: AR Glasses, Backpack, Expert System (bio-sci, pro), Geiger-Counter, Hand Terminal, Toolkit (genetics, superior), Toolkit (life support), USD-1200 “Amazon” Light Rifle

Complication (Obligation to Shapiro Lab): Jiri has a contract with the Shapiro Lab at the University of Stillwater. Part of the agreement was that he will share all of his discoveries with them. This gives him a divided loyalty that comes up when a joker is played when he is dealing with the Shapiro Lab.

Jiri Zelenka is a biologist with a focus on genetics. His hobbies include browsing through his own genome, critiquing the fads and mediocre SNPs of thirty-some years ago. Family is important to him, and so he usually signs on to jobs in conjunction with Marek Zelenka, his brother (see the next page).

The rest of his family was killed when the food vats of their home space station were poisoned. It was the result of senseless stupidity—corps playing with technology they didn't fully understand. And the Zelenka family paid the price for their hubris.

Jiri is ambitious. He wants to help shape human society in space. He's been down the gravity well to visit Earth a half dozen times and Mars twice. He loves the biodiversity of Earth, finding something satisfying about looking at an acre of grass and knowing that there is enough life there to rival the population of a medium-sized corp. He also loves to tinker with new genetics, driven by a curiosity that is at times problematic.



Marek Zelenka

Geneline Spacer Deluxe, **Subculture** Postal

Str 5, **Dex** 7, **Spd** 4, **End** 5, **Int** 5, **Per** 5, **Chr** 8, **Det** 5

Defense 8/16, **DR** 0, **Shock** 10, **Wound** 5, **Wealth** 3, **Lifestyle** 4

Skills: Awareness 2, Bio-Sci 2, Bureaucrat 3, Conspiracy 1, Deception 2, Engineer 1, Lib-Arts 1, Medic 3, Melee 2, Persuade 3, Phy-Sci 1, Program 1, Socialize 1

Cyber-Claws: +5 (♠15M/♥10M/♦5M/♣2M)

Gear: AR Glasses, Backpack, Cyber-Claws (Conceal 4, Implant 1), Cyber-Eyes (Implant 2), Flashlight, Hand Terminal, Medikit, Surgery Kit

Impairment (High-G): Marek grew up in low-G and has a difficult time adjusting to the higher gravity conditions of Earth or Venus. He suffers a -2 penalty to actions that involve moving around quickly in higher gravity, such running or jumping.

At one time Marek Zelenka was an up-and-coming medical doctor with a bright future. He specialized in the surgery required for installing cybernetic implants. Then his space station's food vats were poisoned, and he tried futilely to save those dying en masse around him, including most of his extended family.

Demoralized by the incident, Marek stopped practicing clinically, and instead moved into medical administration and management, stepping up to fill the role of several administrators who died in the mass poisoning.

This incident also drove him to the extreme fringes of the Techno subculture, the culture of his birth, and he began to self-identify as a Postal. He felt the need to move beyond human frailties, obtaining several cutting-edge implants, including the full replacement of his eyes.

This ambition to progress beyond the human norm has driven him to move from job to job, usually securing work as a skilled mid-level medical administrator. With him he typically brings along his only surviving family member, his brother, Jiri (see the previous page).







Shadows Over Sol

From Venus to Saturn, humanity has taken up residence throughout the Sol system. Workers and gangsters, subcultural celebrities and corp executives, all are part of the ever-expanding masses that spread outward from Earth. Some will become contacts, a few will become friends and others will become potent enemies.

Shadows Over Sol: Contacts is a character supplement containing twenty-five NPCs, ready-made for easy use in a campaign. Also included is an optional system for handling important contacts made by the team.



Tab Creations

