

## **Allies Extended**

*Oh great, these guys. I'm not going to say anything, but I helped a few of them fill out their papers. Yes, I'm doing the same for you, but I'm hoping you have standards.*

### **Magdalene, 21, Eyes of the Third, Time H.E.A.D [♀]**

Magdalene as she is called is a pretty diminutive figure in the building full of maniacs, warriors, raider and other dirt touched folk. Despite having only been here for three years, she is warmly welcomed by many in the crowds of Tamit where you meet her.

- + Magdalene is a woman with incredible personal power. She is able to reverse her own 'timeline' outside of the homeland, reversing time for all Travellers in the timeline with her
- +/- Said powers can shift any battle in her allies favor to the point of triviality, but the 'trace back' effect can be considered at the best of times confusing, with the potential to leave Travellers in bizarre locals
- Won't use her abilities in Timelines with large numbers of Travellers for worry of buggery
- Lacks social graces from a neurodevelopmental issue, lacks the capacity for fear but enhanced guilt
- + Despite the lack of social graces, she's a potent ally who will do anything for her friends
- +/- Keeps track of everything, obsessively photographing and documenting her surroundings
- /+ Still coping with her past, spent four years rewinding one week trying to save a friend, and rather lost now that she's free from that duty

*"You're never going to get it all right. So don't bother worrying about the little things."*

### **Aquilzahad 'Quill', 241, True Traveller, One Who Bars Fangs Towards Heaven**

Aqilzahad sits in the food court of the building with a book in hand, though it seems he's getting more pleasure out of the continued attempts by the new recruits to use the vending machines. They still have no idea what they're doing.

- + Well versed in mechanics, jury-rigging and a good psionic, but he's at his best mixing these skills
- + Also a capable hunter thanks to his bestial enhancements, be this for combat or survival
- /+ Shy at the best of times, though can pull some coercion out of his ass when needed
- 'Needed' situations are likely dire at the best of times, fatal at the worst
- +/- Vulpine enhancements restrict his diet to meat, however he always carries jerky, makes it in bulk or on the fly and is very willing to share
- +/- A mostly solo wanderer who if he isn't needed will vanish to distant realities for months on end
- +/- Awkward around Palastomius even by his standards, avoids talking about it
- + If you can drag him out of seclusion he'll be a steadfast comrade, but he really likes seclusion

*"Aren't these servoskulls just the cutest little heresies you've ever seen?"*

### **'Rev' Revenant, 46, True Traveller, Avenging Cyborg**

Revenant is a small solid man with a very large pile of guns he's busying himself with. Cleaning and calibrating them as he waits for some forms. He's had a polarizing effect on the crowds with his Screecher music.

- + Despite his stature he's something like a living blitzkrieg in combat
- Doesn't comprehend the meaning of the words 'friendly fire' if someone gets in his way
- +/- Was installed with a powerful and highly experimental De-Warp kidney, causing magic to misfire and fail in his vicinity, great for mage combat if your allies aren't using magic
- +/- Has a serious disdain for subterfuge, became semi notorious for abandoning an architect and rampaging his way across Nationalist Madrid
- +/- Isn't interested in discussing the past, or why he is the way he is
- Massive hate boner for authority figures, may cause a civil incident at some point
- A 100% Operator with no regard for personal enjoyment, only stops when he hits the wall

*"SEND YOUR BOYS! SEND THEM ALL! IT WONT DO YOU ANY GOOD!"*

**Joshua 'The Tawny Stag' Archibald, 182, True Travellers, Ideal Gent [X]**

Joshua sits between a rather venomous looking Niseti and a thickly bearded Rabbi. The Three of them have broken out the good cigars and the Bourbon, and are currently embroiled in a conversation about the benefits of Arson.

- + A man with an almost obscene number of connections and alliances, helps maintain a webway of Traders and high profile Travellers and will happily introduce you to his contacts
- +/- A very busy man, will rarely be able to accompany you off world but will frequently host events you may attend
- +/- Said events are generally full of alcohol and smoke of various effects
- + Reliable if nothing else, will do anything for a good bottle of Cognac
- Smells like a burning brewery, often with a smoke cloud to follow
- +/- Prone to using Victorian Classifications and Mannerisms, not in a necessarily negative fashion but certainly a dated one

*"I wouldn't worry about him overmuch, he has a muscovite disposition. Bleeding to death is a non-option."*

**Lucretio Menapastori, 291, Independent, Thrill Seeking Politician**

Lucretio isn't exactly hard to miss, even in this crowd. He's as flashy as a Toucan with the scent of a hog. No one knows why he's here. He just shows up in Tamit on occasion.

- + Well established speaker and rabble rouser, Lucretio has mastered the art of getting people on his side, regardless of origins, affiliations or societal standing.
- +/- Not always clear with his goals and intentions, vaguely confused at the best of times
- Always going to stand out like a beleaguered minority at a race war rally
- Even on Ae, the land of drunkards, sapient war machines, horrors and histories fashionably repugnant
- + This oddly gets a pass off the homeland for reasons experimental is still trying to comprehend
- + Outstanding luck when exploring distant lands, and dealing with the alien or the otherworldly
- +/- Constantly attempting to 'civilize' young Travellers despite his savage exterior

*"You have no sense of adventure, amico!"*

**Tuk 194, Independent, Ernest Prophet**

Tuk sits cross legged just outside the building, his eyes blazing with a knowing blue flame. He smiles as you pass him with a simple, knowing nod.

- + Tuk is a simple man, who despite his primitive nature has managed to coolly open his mind up to the fullness of reality, a sub-Augur second only to Alexis, and one of the few other potential heirs to the position of Head Augur
- + Less effected by his reality wrenching sight, and able to put it to better use, his sight unburdened by his physicality as he puts it
- Does not do technology
- One of the people who beats people to death with clubs
- + He's really good at the beating thing, solid physically and able to surpass his tech disadvantage
- +/- Language from him is stunted and oft primitive, however he's always eager to work with his 'tribe brothers and sisters' when he's needed

*"I am grateful for joining this great and confusing tribe. Grateful for Alex. Grateful for you, friend."*

### **'Crips' J.R., 152, Taker's Church Director [Independent], Sneaky Shit**

As you wander through the somewhat confounding halls of the Administration center, you come across a series of lockers. You check a smaller one. Inside is J.R. He screeches at you to close the door.

- + Among the sneakiest of motherfuckers on Ae, rarely seen
- To the point where it becomes problematic actively finding him, Administration on occasion needs to assemble small crews dedicated to locating him
- + Has become the head of the Takers with his talents and has large sway with the group
- +/- Takers are useful to have around, but things tend to go 'missing'
- +/- Loves larceny, often bringing things back with him in sacks after his absences
- Your own stuff may be at risk on occasion, booby trapping is advised
- +/- If traps fail asking nicely is essentially the only thing that works
- Hates centipedes to an irrational degree going out of his way to kill them with absurd methods
- Deathly terrified to the point of non-functionality of house centipedes, refusing to be in the same room as them

*"Myslíte si, že má vel'a paňazi na neho?"*

### **Archibald 'Tex' MacNeil, 82, Eyes of the Third, 'Free' Investigator [9]**

Tex as he is best known works as an investigator. He is currently dealing with a number of sympathetic liaisons and commercialists as he looks into the Duwall matter. He notes your interest and flags you over.

- + Tex is one of the stronger investigators in the homeland, with a dog like sense of smell and an interest in the truth
- + Upgrades to body and brain make him a surprisingly dangerous man, both a quickshot with the gun and dirty up close fighting
- Forcibly conscripted into the Eyes of the Third for reasons beyond him
- /+ At times he's had a sixth sense, though it usually only kicks in midway through a fight after someone's been shot, better late than never I guess
- + Enjoyable to hang around with, and a good drinking partner if you can get him into it
- Outright nasty hangovers
- +/- Currently investigating the Duwall issue, and things are only going to get stranger for you two from here on out

*"Trust me kid, at this point the rum is going to be the lightest thing we're drinking tonight."*

### **Ekram Carvalho, 294, Mechanical, Engineer of the End**

You notice Ekram sitting next to his mountainous suit of armour, viciously eating calamari with more anger than satisfaction. It's not long before he notices you, and embarrassed waves at you. His suit mimicking the greeting.

- + Intelligent and resourceful. Proudly holds the mantle of the last sapient from his native timeline, having spent his pre-Traveller years waging a war across the void against aberanthine titans, finally managed to kill the last of the bastards with aide from the Void Hunters and eldrich support
- + Wear a massive set of armour and carries custom industrial style weapons he salvaged from ancient junkyards, hits like an orbital strike
- +/- Very keen on following the prime directive of the Travellers against the 'beasts in the cracks' and will stand against any abomination, refusing to run
- /+ Years alone in the void have left him terrified of silence, always has loud music running
- +/- Is aware of how others may not like this and lets other's choose the music when they're around
- Despite his strong face he's still dealing with all sorts of scars on the inside, awkward at best and does not sleep well, not a morning person to say the least

*"What do we have to worry about? I do not see a single Braenwyng in this rabble?"*

### **Ashikaga no Yuri, 102, True Traveller, Clan Lady** [♀]

Yuri arrives with her 'clan' in to, and you can barely avoid the mass of bodies. Somewhere, you hear someone wretch out a sob. Likely an overworked liaison who will need to deal with the clan.

- + Yuri is the leader of a large clan, composed of all manner of renegades from professional peasants, aimless spirits and wandering adventurers.
- + A natural leader and public speaker, who has good experience with uniting disparate Travellers.
- + The Ashikaga clan is always recruiting, despite only being around for a few decades the clan has almost two thousand members and can pull its weight when needed
- + Friends of Yuri are regarded as family to the clan, even if it is a big dysfunctional family
- +/- On occasion the clan may squat at your place, Yuri will pay for any damages
- Yuri is a notorious lady killer, watch out for yourself or friends
- Quick to anger, and will act rashly if offended or slighted in the least

*"Come on you lead-footed bastards! Kyushu is twenty clicks out and I want to get there by sundown!"*

### **Evelyn Bunt, 28, Medical, She Who Relishes Life**

Evelyn is with a crew from Medical trying to get supplies through customs, which has unfortunately turned into a shouting match between a lead liaison and one of the Medical members. Evelyn is sharing popcorn with two of the liaisons.

- + An up and coming medic, Evelyn is a young fresh face who has only been with the Travellers two years, but has already earned a place in the Medical Departments emergency response unit
- + Outstanding when you need someone put back together, even on the fly
- +/- Not a fighter by any means and relies on diplomacy, though she has a practiced hand with a few throwing knives
- Still green and entirely inexperienced with Traveller transport methods, prefers foot locomotion and will avoid 'jumping' as much as she can help it
- + Good to just hang around with, something which many take for granted

*"We could go out and get something. Or we could just stay in and have that Miso soup you got."*

### **'Jaana', 27, True Travellers, Suomi Mute** [♂]

Jaana as she is called by her fellows sits patiently waiting for the lines to diminish. Life is chaos here. She doesn't really mind though.

- + Patient with good memory for instructions, and one of the few good listeners
- Does not speak nor does she write, she does respond to requests however
- +/- She always just seems to be in the background watching, not in any malicious way, but a curious one
- + Adept at traversing cold and distant locals and an expert in feral world survival
- + Carries around a small pocket dimension, containing three miles of wintery Finnish countryside, centered around a small sauna
- +/- Basically lives in the pocket dimension at this point
- + Smells like pine and cleanliness, which is almost impossible to fine

[...]

### **Kuro Neinta '???' True Travellers, Yarihei's 'Cat'**

Kuro as she's been named by her fellow Travellers floats above the chaos, she enjoys watching it all. Apparently it's relaxing to her.

- + A Remnant of a dead world, Kuro is a hardened sapient crust of a world-killing event, she spent the decade's following wandering the planet until she was recruited.
- /+ After a team of Void Hunters spent months attempting to murder her fruitlessly, even bringing in a number of shoggoths and trying to throw her into the sun
- + Seemingly indestructible, can survive otherworldly temperatures and the void itself, what little that does harm is regenerated in an instant
- Catlike lethargy from her innate durability, not much needs to be done fast
- /+ Capable of serious manipulation when she can be bothered to, be warned it is quiet messy
- A number of Void Hunters still want her head on a spike somehow, Eldritch entities are also panicked by her and will go out of their way to avoid her
- /+ Yarihei took the girl in after recruitment and two minor incidents, out of all the Travellers Kuro is closest to the Fox God, going as far as to take her last name, be warned as she is quiet protective of her, and vice versa
- /+ Headpats?

*"Oh? What are you gonna do about it? Kill me?"*

### **Cathal Ó Dubhghaill, 481, Ethereal, Eiruna Corpse [X]**

Cathal's head actively rolls around the floor attempting to get a kick out of the unprepared. Someone needs to get the fledglings ready for life on Ae. He does take an undignified amount of pleasure in it though.

- + Potent necromancer and illusionist, can disguise his rotten hide on his own and is even capable of disguising his unique musk
- + Optimistic to a fault and good to have around when things get rough
- +/- Can reseed himself back together, easily losing limbs, be advised the process can be nauseating
- +/- Perhaps a bit too fond of terror tactics, proudly holds the record of seventeen confirmed kills by fatal heart attack.
- +/- Big fan of Halloween, and all its variants, be warned his spook game is on point
- Blessed iron burns his skin, and he is terrified of gold
- Smells like the corpse he is most of the time barring infiltration, and for the love of god never look in his fridge, he's big on the good "human" meat

*"Don't lose your heads friends."*

### **Erwin Rommel, 461, Fighters, Uncompromising Martial**

At 5'6 and rather mild looking, Erwin does not stand out. This doesn't bother him in the least however, as he's just here to apply for a few upgrades from Mechanical to his armoured division.

- + Well respected for his leadership of one of the larger armoured fighting cliques, specializing in tanks, mechs and hovercraft
- +/- Something of a neutral party as he detests the Fighter's 'undignified' ranking systems and has refused the offer to take faction leadership
- +/- Almost never in direct combat preferring to monitor things from a center-point and issue orders
- + Three centuries of experience directing large scale warfare on the obscenely complex Traveller level
- Has had some violent disagreements with the Militant department and refuses to work with their members
- +/- Outside of his official positions and off-world business prefers to spend his time at home in his apartment reading through a book collection he's been working on for a few decades
- + [Angry German Charisma] if his translators give out.

*"In a man to man fight, the winner is he who's prepared for when his shields give and when his magazine runs empty."*

### **'Fuego Rojo' 145, Home Guard, Loose Cannon**

As you were about to commit the heinous act of jaywalking, a police hovercar engulfed in flashing red and blue flames stops in front of you. The man riding the vehicle crashes through the windshield, points at you and asks you to mind the safety of others. The background explodes, allowing 'Mad' Cardog to escape, pursued by several members of the Home Guard. Not much else changes as a small Mokresia man pops in with a firehose and begins dealing with the flames.

- + A former vigilante pyromaniac with a passion for justice and a flaming skull for a head
- +/- Knows Traveller code and Judiciary teachings quite well, following it to the letter but able to exploit loopholes
- + Quasi-pyromancer, skilled gunslinger and absurdist at close range
- + Lucky and surprisingly intelligent, capable of pulling off crazy plans he concocts, despite how little sense they make
- Reckless and never learns from his mistakes
- +/- Occasionally poses, monologues, causes explosions to happen and an obnoxiously catchy theme song plays whenever he's around, no one has been able to explain the mystery music
- Non-existent attention span, easily distracted and forgets what he's doing
- Often fades in and out of your life at random

*"FIGHT FOR JUSTICE!"*

### **Noah, 372, Hearth Keepers, Professional Fuck-Nugget [X]**

Noah sits alone drinking what smells to be rubbing alcohol. Noah doesn't give a shit. Not a singular shit.

- + Well known dispenser of all sorts of additives and otherwise frowned upon goods, if it fucks you up he's likely tangled with and it and has stocks in it
- + Discounts his goods if you're on his good side
- Not much help outside of this, tends to focus on only on what his faction needs of him and his indulgences
- Suffered from a nasty encounter with an unknown monster, has been drowning himself in vice since
- /+ Has in the past attempted a less hedonistic lifestyle and would like to live free of his addictions, such a purge would be long, unpleasant to say the least, and would not deal with the original issues
- + If he manages to kick the worst of his habits he'll have a great deal more time on his hands, which will likely be divided between his allies, his faction, and his antique spoon collection
- It still probably won't make him any less dingy

*"Tsk, It's five somewhere out there. Kumis?"*

### **William Ramus, 96, True Travellers, Sturdy Highwayman**

William is here selling fake watches. They're good watches, god as any commercial can requisition for you. At half the cost. It keeps him busy on the low days.

- + William has been robbing, lying and cheating with the Travellers for almost six decades
- + Expert in hit and run tactics, looting and is a proven raider
- That said he prefers to avoid fighting, hitting opponents when they're sleeping or otherwise incapacitated
- + Can supply you with tools and weapons, which while they might not be quality are certainly cheap
- + Up for just about any jobs that 'fits his skillset' if you're interested
- Expects a cut for his services in anything reminiscent of work
- +/- May in time become less reactionary, given regular socialization and good cause, but that is a long way off

*"837 Credits, three energy cells and a sweet Winchester Carbine. As promised."*

### **Cody 'Manx' Mann, 66, Independent, Tumultuous Walker** [♀]

Cody is waiting in line for a customs agent, in hand is what appears to be a green Chihuahua with large and venomous looking fangs. The dog thing rattles out a hiss as Cody waves.

- + An explorer to his bones, if there is something you want to see he'll take you there personally
- + Adaptable to an absurd degree, capable of heading into any environment at a moment's notice
- Most people he travels with are not as adaptable, tends to overestimate his allies capabilities
- + Despite only being here a few decades Cody has already proven himself in the Exploration circles, and if you're interested in joining he'd be happy to show you the ropes, and to how to deal with the truly alien
- /+ Brings back a lot of weird shit and souvenirs
- /+ Weapons and equipment are tuned with unstable elements, and good in alien locals
- Incapable of feeling fear, in a mentally unsound fashion
- Voice radiates post Imperial Australia, like soundwaves mad of Vegemite

*"Be 'appy mate, it's not every day ya' sacrificed to some bloody tribal gods!"*

### **Ijiatwa Damaha, 56, Archivists, Felanid Retriever** [♂]

Ijiatwa is sitting with a number of other Archivist retrievers. They seem to be discussing a recent job and seem quiet pissed over something admin did with the loot. Regardless, the Felanid notices you in the crowd.

- + A newly established seeker, Ijiatwa has had extensive upgrades from Bio, making her stronger and faster, though her best upgrades were made to her senses
- + Experienced member of one of the more successful Archivist retrieval crews, would be happy to have you along, the work is brief and generally dangerous but always pays regardless of success
- Upgrades have been a little bit too successful, easily blinded and deafened
- /+ Only travels to advanced tech settings, terrible at hiding on primitive worlds
- + Lives on an FTL Cruiser she bought and upgraded, a decent place to stay as far as homes go
- Still looking for a niche for her life, and will often spend her off time alone, dragging her out will be difficult to say the least
- /+ But it might pay off

*"XX-Grade Syncer, some bullshit we need for bargaining with the damn capitalists. Let's go get the damn thing."*

### **Spark, 105, True Traveller, Hardlight Tech-head** [♀] [♂]

Spark is standing alone with a small glowing drone floating around her head. She plays with the small metallic disk, frowning as it jumps and weaves. She doesn't notice you until you're a few steps away.

- + A capable Hard Light who can use her form in all manner of ways, shaping herself to act as a lock pick, a hacking VIM, a drill, and many other tools.
- + Experienced in the production of tools and weapons of all tech levels
- + A walking dictionary, thesaurus and encyclopedia in over 2600 languages
- /+ One of the three documented Travellers with multiple personalities, changes form depending on who is in 'charge' and some personalities like you more than others
- Her pet drone is prone to malfunctioning, refuses to let anyone examine it
- Not particularly skilled in combat, focused entirely around her technical abilities
- If she takes enough physical damage her physical form will collapse, and you'll need to carry around her projector for a few weeks

*"C-921 vibes off of this one. Ruing one capacitor and I could render the whole thing defunct."*



### **Glishlik, 17, Eyes of the Third, Mutual Acquaintance**

Glishlik has managed to find a corner, refusing to sit on one of the many chairs laid out across the center. She was only brought in a few days ago, but has since set up a small tent in her corner and refused to leave. True to her reactionary heritage.

- + Despite her recent arrival in the homeland, Glish has already made a number of acquaintances around Tamit and is quite familiar with the area
- + Skilled in hand to claw combat and a professional in dirty tricks
- + Disarming psychic aura that innately draws attention off of her and makes her seem less of a threat
- /+ In fairness she isn't much of a threat, does not do anything besides hand-to-hand and sabotage
- + Good with city environments, information gathering and skulking
- /+ Doesn't have a place to live, will eventually just sort of wander around setting up shop wherever she feels with little regard for planning
- + An expert in Nisetetic cuisine
- Nisetetic cuisine is cold, sludgy, cannibalistic and on occasion still alive

*"I'm of the wait and see mindset. As in you check while I wait and see what happens."*

### **Ancheng Ming, 34, Commercialists, Expert Face [3]**

Ming is currently working out a deal between a number of liaisons and the local commercialists over some unset dues. She seems to be the only one not shouting, though she looks like she really wants to.

- + Understands entertaining crowds and talks her way around most problems, has proven to be very capable fronting diplomatic operations
- + Surprisingly competent with equipment and good at bargaining
- + Can try to prevent you from acting like a social retard like many other Travellers towards off-worlders
- Blind and boosted sense of hearing only does so much, not in a position for having her sight restored
- /+ Despite the blindness is quite the looker, drawing attention away from you and your companions, however has had to have suitors beaten off in the past
- +/- Photographic memory and serious control issues gives her a hard time letting go
- /+ Useless in a fight, but knows how to get the fuck out of the way

*"Just stroke the big guys ego, get his balls in your hands. If he tries to get away without giving you your dues? Squeeze."*

### **Shufen Kuang, 19, Fighters, Wushu Warrior**

Shufen is staring at a snack machine, apparently attempting to will it to drop its contents. She's about ready to punch it when she sees you and asks for assistance. Much to the relief of several other primitive fledglings.

- + A fierce martial warrior who's been trained in violence she was in diapers, Shufen is an adept in Wushu with a honed body capable of standing up against larger and more technologically advanced opponents
- Thick headed to say the least and will often be at the receiving end of unwinnable fight
- + Refuses to stay down and learns from her mistakes quickly
- +/- Prefers a particular technique that rips her opponents hearts out, extremely lethal and visible
- Hopelessly bad with higher levels of tech, needing help with anything more complicated than a padlock
- Also terrible with money, more often than not broke forcing her to live off the land
- +/- Believes it to be her 'destiny' that she will defeat Gadraki and rise to leadership, currently trying (and failing) to put together a war band, help would be appreciated

*"Cháng cháng wō de quántóu xiāo rén!"*



### **Archibald of Nablus, 76, Fighters, Gunpowder Knight**

Loud shouting can be heard from this man, who continuously rants about the greatness of firearms. Much to the disdain of the melee fanatics opposing him.

- + An extremely loud combatant, he flies into combat firing bullets everywhere, his entire strategy focused around making himself a massive target
- + Enables his allies to progress unhindered while soaking up enemy fire and attention like a sponge
- Shows great disdain for feminine concepts such as 'subtlety' and 'indoor voices'
- + Somehow has ammo for all guns, regardless of caliber or era
- Either unwilling or incapable of removing his armour, not helping the volume issue
- +/- Eager to launch himself into the fight, even those he didn't start or wasn't even involved in
- +/- One man fighter clique with a mid-tier position, expect lesser cliques to show up on occasion to fight him for his position

*"Why bother sneaking?! Let us shoot our way through the Saracens!"*

### **Spatium, ???, Home Guard, Kiln-Fired Psychotron**

You see the hulking mass of armour known as Spatium helping a number of Hearth Keepers finish constructing a pavilion, some are happy to have him along, others I quite worried by the hulking AI.

- + An AI who has decided to inhabit a suit of modified Traveller grade Tartaros Armour. Spatium is close to invulnerable in a fight, even if destroyed he can be ported to a new set of armour.
- +/- In combat fond of raging bull tactics, decimates opponents with highly mobile melee strikes, though is extremely dangerous to allies as well due to his sheer bulk.
- + Extremely willing to put his body on the line to protect and help others
- +/- Holds his friends to their best, expecting the most out of them
- +/- Has worked under Reotri and her vanguard, still values justice and in quiet times will return to work for the Legis
- +/- Insists you take care of yourself and will treat you almost like a younger sibling
- Was originally a social interaction AI, and still attempts to involve himself in the romantic lives of others

*"I'm detecting elevated levels of interest in you for that human female. Suggesting the following [100] pickup lines now~"*

### **Sidney Scott, 87, Ethereal, Amicable Psionic** [♀] [♂]

You find Sidney waiting for clearance of her newest looted toys, tossing and turning uncomfortably on her makeshift bed of luggage. With a smile she simply levitates herself off the luggage and rests comfortably in the air.

- + Thoughtful though unmoved by just about any event, when Sidney acts she acts with resolve
- In peace and downtime she is uncommonly lazy even by the normally slothful standards, requires motivation to leave the comforts of Ae and her rather spacious home
- + Telekinetically wields the 'Twelve Apostles' – a dozen obsidian daggers she spins at sound tearing speeds, and what these daggers fail against her Telekinesis can crumple with a thought
- Over use of Telekinesis can cause (but is not limited to) nose bleeding, nausea, comas violent limb implosions, facial bleeding, organ failure and mild coughing, you may need to drag her body back to Ae
- +/- Specialized medical chip can deal with most situations, but is not a pleasant sight
- +/- Rather reluctant to fight and will often avoid going all out unless it's necessary
- Still carries a reputation from an incident that ended two fledglings, and doesn't like talking about it

*"We could check out the Omeija Onsen again. If you want to?"*

### **Ollerus, 200, Void Hunters, Hulkish Huntsman [3]**

Ollerus is groggily eating his lunch from a bag so massive it fills the entire chair beside him. As you approach, he offers you a loaf of fresh bread and a drumstick the size of a small child.

- + Created in a trans-humanist program focused on bringing about the future master race by force
- + Well nuanced in both Traditional and Traveller military tactics, and a surprisingly adept tutor
- /+ Eight feet of muscle and fat that dual wields a pair of massive shields, once he gets going there is very little that is going to stop him
- His metabolism and energy requirements are absurd, expect him to empty your fridge when he visits
- + Good cook if you're interested in large quantities of fresh food
- + Wears a set of custom power armour like most people wear regular cloths
- +/- Hasn't had a fun time, dealt with serious aberrations right after recruitment and has since developed a sense for such children related monstrosities, which helps him hunt the beasts
- Not a heavy sleeper

*"You think you're looking at the damn thing, and then it actually opens its eyes. All of them. That follows. Doesn't matter if you got its entrails staining you. Doesn't matter if you stomp out every eye."*

### **Hamid al-Sicili, 71, Fighters, Jihadi Journeyman**

Hamid is sitting just outside of the building with Marcus beside him, both drinking from a shared bottle. Together they're chattering about the next 'holy war' they are going to join up with. It sounds like a cross between the 23<sup>rd</sup> Crusade and the Parisian Jihad.

- + Hamid is from that odd time in Sicilian history where Sunni, Shia, Orthodox and Catholic simultaneously fought beside and against each other, Hamid carrying an oddly nonchalant view of heretics and heathens.
- + Has been fighting a non-stop 'Jihad' since age eleven, even as a Traveller he continues his eternal campaign, constantly seeking out new fights, and will sign on for any fight you offer him
- Prefers not to fight in minor conflicts, doesn't use stealth, and suits himself to his enemy's tech, often prying weapons from the hands of fallen enemies
- /+ Somehow still a staunch Sunni following all nine pillars of faith
- Inseparable from Marcus and has been with him for almost three decades fighting together, takes any insult to Marcus personally
- +/- Despite his zealous following of his faith he functions best fighting beside 'Kafir' allies and takes a distinct pleasure fighting those of his own faith.

*"أَكْبِرُ اللَّهَ الْإِلَهَ لِي"*

### **Marcus O'Glambarago, 45, Fighters, IRA Everyman**

Marcus sits outside with Hamid, and he is the one who notices you. There is a mania in his eyes as he calls you over.

- + After a brief jaunt with the IRA and a briefer jaunt with the Monarchy's hand up his ass, Marcus was recruited at fifteen and has since served as an explosives expert earning many distinctions beside Hamid
- +/- Good at making due with what he has, but refuses to ever play fair and doesn't front like Hamid
- + One of the best trap makers and backline men you could ask for, able to supply serious operations and cover his tracks in the process
- His thick Cork accent will seep through no matter what translation software you use
- /+ Good catholic boy, doesn't work on Sundays, still goes home for church and covers Hamid during prayers
- Any insult directed at Hamid will be taken by him personally, has been with him since he was recruited
- /+ Usually just follows Hamid around, has no real initiative on his own

*"Didn't think he'd actually do it, guess those brass balls of his keep me around."*

### **Kha'bj'te N'ritja, 500, Independent, Sonic Warrior** [♀] [♂] [✘]

Sitting on one of the many benches beside a heaping pile of equipment and a pumping boombox is Kha'bj'te. The music he's playing is a strange mix of tribal beats and futuristic synth.

- + A Yautja who has rejected most of his people's traditions, despite this remains a capable hunter and warrior, mixing many unorthodox combat styles with the firm traditional stance
- + Mechanically sound, building his own equipment and adding speakers to his attire
- /+ Lives for music, either making it, listening to it or playing it in the background, even has specialized battle music he personally mixes depending on his opponents
- /+ One of the broken Yautja who lacks the capacity for explosive rage, despite this he's pretty comfortable with his lot in life, though he doesn't take well to his former blood kin
- /+ Conscientious over who he fights
- Has some serious bad blood with Yautja traditionalists
- +/- Party animal and a xenophiliac, in spite of his face he's extremely successful

*"Want to listen to my mixtape? Gavarian vibes are sweet."*

### **ЮГА-9-5, 230[ish], Militant, Slaying Synth**

ЮГА-9-5 sits alone. He waves awkwardly at you.

- + A human nervous system fitted into a metal body, this is where ЮГА-9-5 or ЮГАЕ came to be
- + Purely designed as killing machine and has long since become an expert in the art
- + Mechanical augmented his existing upgrades with new interfacing, telekinetics, and even some stealth upgrades though he is still getting used to them
- Only possesses the most basic social skills, and is still incredibly disjointed in social issues
- Having your dismembered nervous system put into a metal skeleton is fairly traumatizing, spending two centuries on the warpath, half of which was spent renegade and in a state of disrepair didn't help matters
- +/- Unsure of his current existence and the notion of morality, it could go any way for him
- +/- Interested in investigating his past as his recruiter only provided minimal information, you don't have to go with him but it would help in the long run and prevent a short term explosion

*"It is odd being surrounded by not-hostiles. I do not like it."*

### **Heliodor, 294, Judiciary, Hardlight Hitman**

The hard light entity known as Heliodor sits at a central table in the food court watching the riff-raff pass with a cup of steaming coffee and a notepad. He drinks the scalding beverage unbothered by the heat.

- + A C-grade complexity Hardlight who sacrifices durability for speed and stealth, Heliodor is well practiced in his craft
- +/- Well aware of his fragility and knows when to pull back, always plans accordingly for such tactical pullbacks laying out routes for movement and traps along the way
- /+ It's advisable to remember where he puts down his traps as they are non-discriminant
- + Almost three centuries of recon, assassination and subterfuge experience
- Considered something of a stickler for the rules, something he wasn't exactly known for when he was recruited and had to learn the hard way
- +/- Reotri still has him collared and will call on him for certain jobs, though his 'tenure' will soon be over. Afterwards he'll likely go work with the Time Guard unless the situation changes

*"I know you all hate cave-in tactics but these tunnels are just too enjoyable to pass up. Just watch your footing, I don't want to end up digging my way out."*

**Jula Andes, 281, Collector, Void Buccaneer** [♀] [♂]

Jula is standing in one of the lines for a liaison, hot and miserable as she taps a foot impatiently. A number of permits for her ship need to be renewed, but the thought of putting it off is becoming increasingly tempting.

- + A well-seasoned pirate in the void, Jula knows how to raid a ship and anyone who would stop her, with a reputation for her extremely unorthodox fighting
- + Captain of the stealth frigate 'Kestral' which specializes in recon and raiding, her crew is hardened though a number of open positions are available if you're interested
- +/- While she is always willing to lend a hand, if there's booty to be had she'll want a cut, with an almost unhealthy obsession with swords
- Returns to Ae on a monthly basis for medical reasons and business
- +/- Keeps a pet Vermillion Jaw-leach that loves her to bits, but attempts to chew on everyone else
- +/- Has a level of infamy with other Traveller 'captains' and simply spending time with her will have that rub off on you
- +/- Adventurous at heart and always eager to get herself into trouble, but may find herself over her head in the future

*"Diplo's for talkies, our jobs done. So let's hit the universe aye?"*

**'Anna', 311, Commercialists, Pro Gambler** [♂]

You see Anna attempting to pack up her kiosk, after lending her a hand and putting away the monster she thanks you, handing you a rather odd business card before leaving you with a wink.

- + One in a long line of merchants, could haggle the skin off a snake and sell it back for a tidy profit
- + Operates a 'legitimate' business selling weapons and armour both imported and made by her hands, while not cheap by any means she provides solid armaments
- +/- Possesses an almost demented desire for certain 'things' and will acquire them by whatever means necessary
- Still looking for a place to set up a permanent shop, has been wandering across the plains of oblivion looking for a good spot
- Not a fighter and keeps out of it, preferring to enter the scene after the fighting is done
- + Can always come out on top, be it for a gamble or for profit
- +/- Become a friend or more to her and she'll invite you to her family reunions back on her home world, be warned that all of her sisters share variations of the name 'Anna'

*"Careful love, prices aren't the only thing I can cut in half."*

**CV-01 'Hatsune Miku', 391, Archivists, AI D.I.V.A** [♀] [♂]

Currently embroiled in an argument with a collector over the price of a set of Wookiee tribal tracks. The two eventually close a deal and part ways. On the way out she takes notice of you.

- + An android from a lifeless (more importantly silent) future, Miku aims to archive as much music as she can for study, preservation and Traveller enjoyment
- + Uses sound based weaponry with her own body as a platform, causing effects from simply pacifying opponents to total internal organ failure
- +/- Has a beautiful voice and great singing ability, so much so that she's gained renown on Ae to the point where she is no longer to go incognito
- Tends to attract mostly unwelcome attention with her looks and voice
- As it turns out leaving a socially based AI in solitude for a few decades is a bad idea, Miku has some serious separation issues
- /+ Interested in putting together a band with a number of other musically inclined Travellers, if that goes anywhere expect to be dragged along for the ride

*"Well these are tracks from the timelines where Beethoven never lost his hearing! Just- listen for a bit? You can really hear the difference!"*

### **Khora, 407, Eyes of the Third, Shanad Shayman [3]**

You see Khora plodding slowly on his way, muttering to himself as he goes. He glances at you as you approach. He nods, "You'll do," he whispers.

- + An experience mystic and walker of the unseen roads, Khora is also adept in communicating and binding ethereal entities
- + Also experienced in pyromancy and cryomancy, mixing old fashioned magics with Department made enhancements
- +/- Spends a great deal of his time conversing with the spirit world, often has trouble distinguishing realities
- Frail in his old age, it wouldn't take more than a solid hit to end him
- /+ Skilled in old tribal Mokresian medicines, these are surprisingly potent though many won't feel good going down
- /+ Staunch Tribalist in dress and function, expect him to have many grandpa moments with tech

*"The ripples of the unseen waves are strong here. Wait a moment. I will cast out a line and see if anyone is willing to answer."*

### **Klonimir Jelinek, 47, Administration, Post-Slavic Barber**

You see Klonimir working his way through the matted head of another fledgling. He sets up shop here, shearing away the worst atrocities stuck to the newcomers, and he doesn't really take no for an answer.

- + A former soldier who once recruited used his newfound freedom to take up barbering, he is skilled in both cutting hair and throats
- + An expert in city operations, good at navigating man made terrain and perhaps even more skilled in navigating and blending in amidst foreign crowds
- Deaf, relies on body language to determine intent
- Alcoholic who does not do requests after a certain hour, best left alone at that point
- /+ Rarely leaves Ae for personal reasons and doesn't like being questioned about it
- + His capabilities as a barber should not be understated, he can shear off Yautja 'dreads' and even cut through the steel woolen mess that is Niseti hair with ease
- Has thrice attempted to shave Papa Swamp, avoid confrontation at all costs

*"Sir, your hair looks like a dead rat, if not a full cut then let me shape and clean that mess."*

### **Poroth 'The Moth', 1400[?], Architect, Mothman [x]**

A tattered corpse of a man tending to an elephantine moth in the shade of the building, he glances in your direction, before returning to brushing the giant's generous fluff. The monster chitters in appreciation.

- + An aged lich so old he's forgotten most of his life, his body is now home to all sorts of wildlife
- + Spends almost all of his time riding around Ae on his Kombira moth, the moth itself is nicknamed 'snuggles' and is fond of anyone willing to give him a rub
- +/- Wildlife with moths in particular enjoy his presence, he never has trouble with the local fauna
- Has no need to eat or drink, coupled with an extremely solitary mindset he knows almost no one despite being a Traveller for several centuries
- +/- Lives alone in an elaborate set of tunnels he's been working on for a few decades, he'd love to show you the place if you can deal with the teeming insect life
- God these fucking moths
- Help they're everywhere get them out

*"Too damn bright out."*

### **Gilgamae, 361, Fighters, Noble Legend** [♀] [♂] [✘]

Gilgamae fans herself as she grabs a drink from a vending machines, she was considering heading out, but the moment she catches your eye an almost evil grin takes her. You feel uneasy.

- + A former heiress from the cradle of civilization, Gilgamae has taken to tech with a mad vigor, believing it to be the platform for divine works
- + Master of armed combat, thanks to some dimensional bagging tricks has an actual armory on her person at all time
- Arrogant in the worst fashion, constantly putting herself seemingly in unwinnable situations, though she always comes out on top, for now at least
- Always willing to step on toes, and an odd engrossment with posing before and after combat has made her foes within the ranks
- Actually awful in unarmed combat, reliant on her mobile armory
- /+ Casual nudist, has gone to great lengths to sculpt her physical form
- +/- Looking for a long-term partner and someone to take record of her achievements

*“Look at the worms cower! Finish them and then we will find foes more worthy of our attention.”*

### **Raziel Hythloday, 777, Independent, Occult Expert**

Raziel sits reading from a small black book, waiting for a contact. As you approach he smiles, oddly expectant for someone greeting a stranger. Then again this land is full of oddities.

- + What could be the closest thing to a professional in the darker aspects of reality, Tea with daemons, dialogues with Yith, diplomacy with Cenobittes, if someone needs to negotiate with mind-breaking horrors, Raziel is always near the top of the list
- + Also a token warlock, more than capable of defending himself
- +/- His service in dealing with the children of the Great elders has left him with a very solid mental state, but also with a jaded view of the infinite planes
- +/- Numerous spats over the nature of the Old Ones with other Travellers has left him rather isolated, supporters call him a revolutionary thinking while detractors (most notably many seniors in Experimental) call him ignorant
- Has an exceptionally terrible relationship with members of the second generation
- /+ Following him will take you to planes horrific and elderitch in nature, be warned his dealings with the children of the Old Ones are not for the weak hearted

*“We live in a placid sea of ignorance amid the blackness of infinity. But we are Travellers and we are meant to journey far.”*

### **‘Charles’, 53, True Travellers, The Commander** [♀]

One of many amidst a crowd of uniformed individuals, they are currently discussing attack plans for an imminent battle on Ae. Leaning in you note the plans are titled ‘Poker Night.’

- + In spite of his youth Charles is a proven commander both at the front and at the planning table
- + Always willing to lend a hand, be this in planning out an escapade or simply picking up groceries for sick friends
- +/- Strict sense of justice, pliability, strictness and tea protocols, which he refuses to budge on, not particularly sure why though he’ll try his best to explain
- Violently nasty temper, if he ever gets into his fouler modes it’s better to just sit and wait out
- +/- Collects little ships in bottles, has about three thousand in a pocket dimension
- No one can know about the ships
- +/- Has planned out several dates around the year dedicated to drinking and reminiscing about mistakes of his and the mistakes of others.

*“Yesterday it was nations, continents and the world over. Today it is other worlds, galaxies and timelines. So then what of tomorrow?”*

### **Freddie Mercury 112, Independent, Singer of Songs** [♀] [♂]

Looking his regular fantastic self, Freddie is just out and about seeing what the recruiters have brought in. From the grin on his face it seems he's liking what he sees.

- + Freddie is a singer, songwriter, pianist and record producer who has managed to rise to a notable position in the budding Traveller media scene
- + Prior to taking a position at the head of this scene he spent a few decades post recruitment to see what the realities had to offer, while he not exactly cultured he can almost always show you something you might enjoy
- +/- A great amount of his time is taken up by the expansions of original Traveller music production
- +/- Fairly lonesome all things considered, doesn't have anything more than a wide variety of acquaintances he's working with on the media scene
- Has finished with his travels and wants nothing more than to put himself into his current work, he isn't leaving Ae for anything short of an emergency
- Lover, not a fighter, and if someone does make him fight- well running is advisable
- + Possibly the best damn singer in the ranks, has learned a lot since he got here, and he's only going to get better

*"Well baby, I'm not dead, and I sure hope I'm not mad. Let's see what's waiting out there."*

### **[Misc. Nickname] Gabriel, 670, Archivist, Title Collector** [♀]

Sitting seemingly alone with a bottle of expensive looking liquor at his feet, a glass of the stuff in one hand and a lit cigarette in the other. He flashes what can only be described as a blisteringly white grin in your direction when he sees you.

- + While nowhere near as charismatic as he things he is, he's pretty damn good at talking his way around and is great at charming the unsuspecting
- + Though not into the whole battle shindig as he goes to great lengths to avoid fights, he's skilled with his own custom set of dual sets of pistols, SMG's, knives and maces
- +/- Due to balance issues and sentimentality he'll only ever use his own custom weapons
- +/- A hopeless romantic and noted pervert, he's easily distracted and manipulated by beautiful and promiscuous women, to the point of being left without pants on many occasions
- Long running feud with Mike Compound, it's inadvisable to let them get within twenty meters of each other, or else things will get excessively violent and needlessly sexy
- Murdered three members of the Yakuza in 1980's Japan in a hair fight, doesn't take shit about the hair
- + Despite his vices and gargantuan ego, he remains a long running member of the Church of our Lady, Destroyer of Despair, the members of the congregation like family to him

*"Kid, you and I are going places! Strange and sexy, sexy places!"*

### **Ya'll He'bron 401, Independent, Monastic Knight**

Ya'll He'bron is at the moment waiting in line for the yearly survey. He is very tired of this place. The noise, the lines, the people. He yearns to return to the wilderness of Ae.

- + A vigorous nemesis who has tapped the vastness of the ethereal planes, Ya'll might not strike an imposing figure, but his will, unnatural awareness and skills with the blade are nothing to shrug off
- +/- Lives a rather simple lifestyle, Ya'll wanders Ae, across forests, shores, plains and deserts alone
- + Capable of teaching the ways of balance, between the null and humanity, which while it may not be externally focused, can help a man weather age
- +/- Wears the clothes he makes, uses handmade equipment, and has a disdain for higher technology
- +/- Refuses to use anything besides the blade in combat, and this will likely be the death of him one day
- /+ Fiercely devoted to his notion of balance in all things, likely to feud with those lacking balance, and those given to either passion or removal of the self

*"In all things there must be inner and outer. Even in cooking. Oh, I love a fine breeding."*



### **Ольга of Kiev, 108, Militant, Commanding Presence [3]**

Olga is waiting outside of the building for someone to arrive, though it seems as if that meeting won't be happening today. As she gets up to leave she notices you, for better or worse.

- + Olga is a former princess, notable for the brutality with which she defended her and her son's position, burning several cities and wiping away the tribal vestiges of the Kievan principality before recruitment
- + After faking her death and leaving her son in a very strong position she joined the ranks, and has since proven to be very capable and quiet willing to dirty her hands
- +/- A very vengeful woman, slights against her are returned two-fold, and god help you if someone attempts to murder someone she likes
- /+ Old fashioned to say the least, preferring physical implants and a pickaxe she's grown rather fond of
- Has a serious hatred of the upstart Russians and Tribals, still coming to grips with them
- +/- Has a presence to a fault, nothing is going to make her back down even when she's hopelessly outmatched, never giving a foot of ground

*"I spent my past life in places and situations I had no choice in. Now I am gifted a new life. I am uncertain of what I shall do. So I shall wait. Then when my purpose becomes clear? I strike at it."*

### **Abuna Ewostatewos, 124, True Traveller, Seeker of God[s]**

Sitting legs crossed beside a rather brutish entity made of golden shining light, Abuna nods at your passing, and you find yourself returning the gesture.

- + An aged Tigray psion who specializes in an esoteric form of divination, which gives him wide access to the passing and flows of time
- + Has learned much among the Travellers, and has an intimate understanding of the unseen realms
- +/- His mental abilities have voracious offensive capabilities, and he is quite willing to use them in the presence of cruel and insidious behavior
- +/- On occasion assumes long meditative trances, that can last from hours to weeks, which at the very least grant him a serious understanding of the spiritual landscape
- Can lose hours simply talking to the local spirits and gods on the roads
- + Rarely are any of these entities hostile
- Technologically illiterate, he's taking courses but it took him months to overcome his fear of elevators
- + A very good cook, with all sorts of dishes he learned back in Abyssinia, serves some mean rolls and beans

*"Gods of decay may be bitter and reactionary, but give me a few minutes with him. He may know something that might be of use."*

### **Alan Blueson, 32, Technical, Dull Technopath [9]**

While trying to calm down an enraged Yautja he insulted with the assistance of a nearby Mokresian, Alan somehow manages to insult the Mokresian as well. You find yourself being used as cover for the escaping fledgling.

- + Hardware, stealth equipment and implants have made him a very useful man to have for scouting and infiltration, with his skills only improving from here on out
- + Alan is also able to directly link with computers, AI and synths thanks to some specialized implants
- +/- Goes out of his way to avoid speaking out loud, communicating through uplinks and preferring to talk to AI in general
- Unaware and comes off as incredibly insulting despite attempts not to, makes a bad situation worse
- + Doesn't actually mean anything he says, he's just incredibly bad with organics, slowly improving
- Will probably get injured by being near ethereal crap, completely inexperienced
- + Compensates by pushing himself to the limits in terms of software and stealth capacity
- /+ Tends to disappear for weeks at a time sometimes running jobs for members of his AI network, though on occasion will bring back things for you and others

*"TT-193 says we oughta go left man."*

### **'Abyss', 1032, Void Hunter, Long Dead [♂]**

The entity now called 'Abyss' is currently standing in line waiting for a moment with the monstrous entities liaison. As you pass she flashes a smile to wide and sharp to belong to a human being.

- + An unvarnished monster serving with the Void Hunters on the far and precarious outings, Abyss is well familiar with Yuta Bracer combat, and her own dreadful bodily weapons
- + For an undying entity she is actually friendly with her countrymen and easy to approach, happy to be had and to help the Travellers
- +/- When in combat she is prone to 'consuming' large chunks of opponents, while this usually shortens the fight it is obscenely loud and tends to paint the local vicinity in viscera
- Spent almost five centuries stuck in a collapsed mine-shaft and another two centuries being picked at by Soviet scientists, doesn't remember much of it and is not interested in going over it
- No sense of taste or smell, not to be trusted anywhere near a kitchen
- +/- Abyss oft has her head in the clouds, but her perspective, if you're willing to approach it is rather beautiful

*"The night might always be coming, but with it is the dawn. Don't worry too much about it, things will always get better."*

### **Peregrine, 1429, Independent, Lone Wanderer**

Peregrine or 'Pari' as he is called by many around Tamit is sort of floating around. As you approach the stranger it turns, and despite the oddness of its features it's obvious that 'he' is beaming.

- + An older entity that has a long history of aimless wandering, he has hundreds of stories to share
- + While it isn't known what Peregrine exactly is, he needs no sleep, no food or rest and has proven to be more than capable at defending himself
- +/- Some centuries in the ranks have let him form many relationships, some antagonistic with others far less so, but no one really knows him as he always moves on
- +/- Communicating with him is odd, less akin to regular speech and closer to poetry and music
- Not much is known about his past, as he was recruited by Duwall who has remained adamantly silent, though rumor has it he came from a distant sandy plane
- +/- Something of a symbol for the issues faced by many Travellers, 'Pari' is scatterbrained at the best of times, always wandering, rarely stopping, and harboring some serious might he rarely uses. We have all the world in our hands, however what do we do with it? Time flies, and Peregrine wanders ever forward

*"Oh boy, you are in for a ride now."*

### **Amelia Earhart, 105, True Traveller, Skyward Soul [♂]**

You see a rather spun woman laughing with a number of other Yanks and exchange a passing glance. She's windswept and sunburnt but she might be the happiest person in the building.

- + Amelia was recruited after getting yanked out of her own timeline and spending a few years gliding around the prehistoric landscape, Amelia is an experience pilot who can fly just about anything, and is not bad with a revolver either
- + Recent years with the Travellers have given her a care free disposition and close ties to the local yank community
- /+ Doesn't care much for local conflicts, and can't be asked to get involved in Off-world ones
- Prefers to be flying, be it in her glider, one of her planes or her FTL ship, always less effective on her feet
- Spaced out, spending days or even weeks flying around lifeless worlds, for reasons she can't explain
- + Maybe she'll find what she's looking for, and from that point on you won't be able to find a better pilot

*"Yeah, I can fly her. But she's gonna make a right buzz about it."*

**Nessa Arrim, 18, Medical, Manic Youth** [6]

You see Nessa drinking what looks like grape juice from a plastic water bottle. The small girl seems entirely out of place from where she sits between a hulking Oni and a gibbering tusked fish man, leaving you even wearier of her.

- + A youth who has been training hard under Medical tuition using both tech and her woken ethereal talents to mend bodies and minds
- + Hilariously rugged for a girl of her size, physically capable and can take a great deal of abuse, somewhat masochistic
- +/- Requires constant blood transfusions due to latent issues that medical hasn't been able to clean up yet, prefers to imbibe because of the 'flavor' allegedly
- +/- No concept of personal space, and tends to invade others at a moment's notice
- Not offensively inclined by any stretch of the imagination, focuses on clean-up rather than initiation
- /+ Still attempting to put together a social network and to actually figure out what she'll do once she finishes her tuition, without purpose she'll just get more erratic

*"Don't bother with that, there is not much more to it."*

**Amias, 243, True Traveller, Rising Tide**

Amias is at the moment attempting to get a gargantuan sword through customs, and is being met with a combination of laughter and groaning. You can hear someone sobbing.

- + A fevered man attempting to become the 'Greatest Warrior' amongst the tanks, if it harms, he's either used it or is in the process of learning how to use it
- +/- Has only two centuries under his belt but already has many impressive exploits and a reputation as the 'iron-hearted & iron-fisted fool'
- No indoor voice due to serious hearing loss, afraid of medical's otolaryngologists
- Doesn't care about who he fights, and will likely end up at the receiving end of large fighter warbands, beasts and otherworldly horrors
- /+ Has yet to be recorded giving a damn about this, he'll skip his way down the path to self-destruction
- + Travelling with him will ensure you plenty of battles, and plenty of stories to tell

*"AS IF I GIVE TWO SHITS OFF A HOG! WE HAVE THE BASTARD!"*

**Jon Jafari, 67, Technical, Echman Extraordinary**

Jon is sitting with an old withered Niseti bitching at him and a metallic bird gnawing at his ear. The look in his eye's illustrate he's screaming on the inside.

- + Despite being here for over three decades, Jon hasn't left the homeworld once since recruitment, but at least has a familiarity with Ae's landscapes and settlements
- + Has a small horde of mechanical attack parrots, operating under an advanced attack program called J.A.Q. which is a tad too devious for the liking of most
- +/- Jon has no intention of 'heading out into the shit' anytime soon, intends to stay on Ae as long as he possibly can
- +/- Kind of nervous man, but given some time to warm up he's good company, though he is a bit odd
- Jon is literally just a man with a horde of attack parrots
- + Good for motivation, can lighten even the grimmest moods

*"If we can't be the best then we sure as hell can be the worst."*

**'Honkey' Quinn, 227, True Travellers, Clown Menace [6]**

Attempting to dispose of a plastic bottle you open a wastebin, only to find a clown inside. The clown honks. You slowly close the wastebin and continue on your way.

- + Honkey has been running around the various realities causing immense pain and mischief, surprisingly good in a fight but rarely in an expected fashion
- +/- Seemingly unending supply of bananas on hand at any time
- + Puns for every occasion, once in a while these might even be funny
- +/- Opinions of her are polarized at best, best be prepared for the worst of the people she's crossed
- No one is safe from her pranks
- Can't reliably be made inconspicuous, attempting to can backfire to an absurd degree
- /+ The clown abides, regardless of your opinions on the matter

*[Clown shoe noises.]*

**Ching Shih, 98, Independent, Mistress of the Fleet [9] [6]**

Despite only being a little over five feet and being surrounded by multiple taller and more dangerous individual, Ching radiates an aura of authority. It would seem she has a hefty number of followers here.

- + A High Mistress of a gargantuan pirate fleet in another life, Ching remains true to her roots and has put together a fleet of FTL ships, and has continued her career in piracy beside other Travellers
- + Mistress of one of the largest independent cohorts and has considered consolidating this position into a single political establishment
- + No slouch with her power saber and bolter
- Long running bad relationship with a certain Black Corsair, recent incidents have led to immense property damage
- Running a full fleet that makes weekly raids against all manner of targets leaves her with very little spare time
- +/- If you join one of her crews she'll work your ass raw, however you'll get paid very well and have your take of the loot, while staying off her fleet will limit your time with her, but allow you a closer relationship

*"Hit the Space Sink! Launch Torpedoes! You're earning your pay tonight men!"*

**Un-Karh, 93, Eyes of the Third, Porcine Sub-Augur [9] [6]**

The Bovine Traveller sits with a number of other 'warped' Travellers, focusing a glowing eye on you as you approach. He snorts.

- + Un-Karh was born of a meeting between a mortal human woman and an abomination, granting him an inherent familiarity with the children and their forefathers, which has proven useful in dealing with them and purging them
- + Very capable in ethereal practice, with his real strength lying in occultism and alien magics
- + Physically and mentally solid to a hilarious degree, which serves him well in his proclivity for dealing with the unknown
- +/- Lacks civilized graces in his ignorance for social norms and brutish personality, only recently has he developed a sense of personal hygiene
- His outward looks and menacing ethereal aura isolate him, and serve as a reminder of his origins
- + Despite his coarse nature he really appreciates people who don't treat him like shit, and is always willing to stick his pale muscly neck out for them
- Please god don't offer him Pork or Calamari, it was never funny

*"Calm yourselves off-men. This is a symbol-icon of Zah'sus'vol. She-bitch does much curse-shouting, but not much harm-biting. Coward-bitch."*

### **Vernon Driver, 132, Archivists, Friend of Monsters**

The completely mundane appearance of Vernon is only half the reason you notice him. The other half is the fact he is currently engaged in deep conversation with some of the arguably strangest entities in the room.

- + Vernon's history as a human test subject for a morally bankrupt corporation has left him with great empathy for the various 'abominations' scattered across the realities.
- + Proven hostage negotiator, who has talked down numerous situations with soft words and quick thinking, especially in situations dealing with the those twisted and ethereal
- +/- Travelling with him will allow you to meet bizarre creatures and give you chances to acquire strange artifacts from his faction
- +/- Always attempts to defuse situations diplomatically, and is fairly successful at it
- +/- His house has basically become a zoo, has a dozen pets of xenos and elderitch origin
- +/- They may or may not like you
- /+ Only has a stun pistol and some gas grenades, and relies on his allies if a fight breaks out
- Is only an old human man, and he might die that way

*"Closeness to the evil of men has granted me a greater understanding of the humanity of monsters."*

### **Jahuiwus Ra, 451, Archivists, God King** [♀] [✖]

Jahuiwus or 'Wuz' as he is called by his friends is currently engaged in a verbal war against a woman in a bright green kimono and a man in a pith helmet. Though the conflict began over the interpretation of some hieroglyphs, it has long since fallen into mudslinging.

- + Has served three centuries with the Archivists and is a well-informed historian
- + Speaks many languages by tongue and learned many written languages, well connected with the Archivists and the True Travellers
- + Hoards information and can help craft out future plans and avoid pitfalls
- /+ While he can pull his weight in a battle, he prefers to stay out of feuds he deems 'beneath him'
- Tends to vanish for large spans of time into the depths of the Archivists Ring, and it is not easy to find him even when you really need him
- Still considers himself to be royalty despite losing his two kingdoms, can be grating to say the least
- /+ Only reliable method of communication with him is mail, always responds to a letter
- /+ Focusses on the truth first and foremost, putting it in front of his Faction and allies

*"Remember friends! All it took to build the pyramids was mathematics, will, and thousands of unskilled expendable laborers!"*

### **Neir Limp, 1039, True Traveller, Success by any Means**

Neir stands as an imposing statue, just under ten feet she is amongst the tallest in the room. She watches the rest pass with feigned interest. You approach the giant with great caution.

- + Centuries of fighting and directing both inside and out of the Travellers has left her with immense tactical knowledge, to say nothing of her own combat capabilities and well-tuned armaments
- + Seemingly infinite patience, she's someone who outright rejected stupid concepts like 'dying'
- + One of the foremost experts in combining military hardware with the ethereal, Nier has pioneered a wide array of nasty technology, including the unpleasant Ether-drones that are a perfect model of the hybrid tech
- /+ Currently has her virginity on offer for whoever can successfully 'hack' the ether drones, none have been successful so far
- Almost a complete lack of empathy from her history, her racial background has valued the despotic and rewarded brutality with reproduction rights
- Covert racist if you listen carefully to her words on the Niseti lower castes and the Mokresia

*"War is unavoidable, inevitable. Postponing it only grants the advantage to others."*

### **Savig, 32, True Traveller, Heroic Low-caste**

Savig is sitting outside reveling in the sunlight. It is nice to enjoy sunshine that can't be used for the purposes of torture and execution.

- + An up and coming highwayman who has recently proven himself in the flames of conflict and is looking to assemble a warband to raise hell
- + Lives in the moment and is always open to new experiences and locals, great adaptability in any environment with a plus five degrees Celsius temperatures
- In locals below that temperature he'll basically curl up and die as his blood literally begins clogging in his veins
- + Well aware of his weaknesses and plans accordingly for them
- +/- Spends his free time gambling, and while he's usually fine on occasion you may need to bail him out
- Not good at dealing with High Castes despite his attempts he still holds a serious grudge against them
- + One of the few Nisetics willing and capable of explaining his race to xenos, warts and all

*"That is what we are! Big damn heroes!"*

### **The Yaotl, 821, Fighters, Homicide Expert**

Peaking at one of the more bloated lines, at the start of the mess is the creature called Yaotl dealing with a particularly frustrated liaison. The liaison continuously demands the spirit monster slow down, frustrating the beast further. Someone is cursing in Ojibwe.

- + A discerning monster, tank plating and bullets mean little to him and his panoply of warfare
- + An expert in the ethereal world, it's spirits and violent wanting elements though it is notably difficult to comprehend to those who have never been a part of the unseen worlds
- Eats various 'parts' of fallen opponents, which is an old and important habit for him
- Easily agitated and with a very deep running anger, be warned he'll react to the most minor slights
- /+ His respect is only earned through sacred conflict, if it is earned he will follow you anywhere
- /+ Physical appearance tends to inspire terror and madness in weak willed foes, and even other Travellers will have a difficult time getting used to the Aztec war god
- /+ Surprising culinary aptitude, can make some fantastic food, though incredibly spicy and oft using human body parts as ingredients

*"I've never eaten a human whole. Too much bone, too much sinew."*

### **Durga Shah, 301, Judiciary, Steeleed legis**

Durga is currently dealing with an ex-member of the Alpha Legion who sounds like he would rather be anywhere but here, refusing to even look the diminutive woman in the eyes. Once she finishes chewing out the power armour clad titan she turns to you, and her hard expression softens a little.

- + A full member of the judiciary trained in the art of manhunting by Yautja, Durga despite barely reaching feet is the one you call when you need something
- + In another life she was a five star general, noted for abhuman planning skills and organization, winning battle long before anyone took to the field
- /+ Answers to no one, not Administration or the council, only taking counsel with her fellow full members of the Judiciary
- +/- Her glare can turn cavalry
- +/- Upholds the few laws the Travellers have to the word, zealously hunting out corruption and renegades while dealing harshly with those who deal with the foul elements
- Don't touch the uniform
- /+ An almost maternal presence, knocks you when you fuck up, but will always push you to succeed

*"I care not how many he has felled under our banner, he broke our covenant in his desire to bring mortal harm without solicitation to one of our own. And insulted you my friend. The former will be dealt with by the Augur's touch. The latter I will personally take from his hide."*

### **John Noble, 339, Void Hunters, Flesh Fable**

A sullen and heavily tattooed man who exchanges a few brief words with Sam and Oghuz as they exit the building. He watches the duo exit, and watches as the crowd of onlookers disperse before he turns out to follow the second gens. You follow him.

- + Tired and True Menace at close range, he has traversed the biblical planes and has been credited with numerous high profile kills, including 37 generals of hell, 3 of Hygroa's ilk and a single instance of Lucifer
- +/- While he can relay a massive amount of information for combat, his demeanor is almost always melancholic, and if you seem 'weak' he will not expect you to survive
- + Most in his element when shit has hit the fan, switching from murky and gloomy to outright Jubilant
- +/- Oddly paternal relationship with Fleana, keeping an eye on her with the intent of letting her enjoy some innocence of youth, a bit of a father wolf complex
- Involved in a recent incident on a backwater hubworld that left three Travellers permanently slain, and was only released recently at the testimony of Judiciary Reotri, things are still murky and likely to stay that way until the full story gets released
- Absolutely awful relationship with the second generation, barring an exception
- Talks to himself with an unsettling mania when he thinks he is alone

*"Post tenebras spero lucem."*

### **Andhera Bachcha, 17, Biological, Little Monster** ♀ [3] [JK]

Andhera is sitting on top of a revoltingly putrid amalgamate. When she notices you staring she winks in what you can only assume to be an attempt at seductiveness. A part of you cringes, just a little bit.

- + A neophyte in the Biological department regarded as something of an idiot savant in terms of forced evolutionary principals, select upgrades and flywing advancement principal
- +/- Her ungodly large ego tends to prevent her from using her gifts effectively, and the older members of Biological often use her for busywork
- +/- Personal upgrades to her body have made her extremely durable, however the upgrades were highly experimental and may yet have unintended side effects
- + Has a number of shoggoths, aberrants and other beasts for the right situation, they adore her
- Attempting to engage in sexual promiscuity and failing magnificently, beware her heavy handed attempts at seduction
- Little respect for those she thinks lack intellect, going into open condescension and manipulation, however this more often than not backfires
- Might as well eat garbage considering her culinary tastes

*"Calm down, it will only sting for the first few hours. If there was any real danger from this sort of procedure they'd require you give your consent."*

### **Conrad Flüstern, 27, Collector, Smuggler & Trader** ♀ [3]

Conrad is here alone, a relatively fresh face without blessings, technology, strategic ability, combat prowess, ethereal will or otherwise. He still seems very comfortable in the Traveller Leathers.

- + Captains an FTL ship with decent stealth capabilities and a couple of BFG's, he travels extensively with it from hubworld to hubworld rarely staying in any one place for more than a moth
- +/- Lives the life of a travelling trader, and on occasion pirate
- + Very adaptable and always able to make port even in the most alien of locations, making allies and friends easily both in and out of the ranks
- Complete lack of understanding for magic, he just assumes its stupid tech no one is willing to explain to him
- /+ In his own words he is a lover, not a fighter, he's good at talking his way out, running his way out, or drinking his way out, but if a fight breaks he's likely to be the first one to go down
- Bad at long-term business decisions and may need his tab payed for
- +/- Good on the fly but a poor planner, more often than not escaping by the skin of his teeth from bad situations, occasionally gets his bollocks singed in the process

*"Everyone, Traveller or otherwise needs or wants something. All I do is provide them what they wish for a healthy profit."*



### **Jack Durnath, 59, True Traveller, Burnt Tank**

Jack is currently talking with a number of skittish new recruits, listening to the stories of their pasts with stoic interest.

- + A scorched bulwark of flesh and metal, Jack serves as a defensive landmark and a solid striker, though his offensive abilities pale beside his defensive capacity
- + Functions even better under stress than most, using fairly new hardware experimental is demoing on him to receive and survive ungodly amounts of punishment
- +/- Tends to avoid conflicts when he isn't needed, spending his time wandering across the multiverse aimlessly, enjoying the sights
- Something of a guilty conscious, as well as a history of violence have left him skittish, but alive
- /+ Member of the 'fifth wall' gang, and is interested in you for some reason
- /+ At this point he lives an almost monkish lifestyle, not a usual presence
- + If he is really needed you won't even need to call him, he'll pop in and raise hell

*"Fuckin- do not sneak up on me like that! Could have blown your head off."*

### **Woolie 'The Deceiver' Madden, 65, Collector, Incredible Cheat**

Woolie, or 'Papa Swamp' as he is called by the many AI he has recruited into the ranks stands alone, looking for potential recruits to his business conglomerate.

- + Woolie is a relatively green Traveller, but already sits at the head of a Japanese style conglomerate, composed of individuals interested in mutual profit
- /+ Woolie himself is little more than an unmodded human male, carrying only a pistol on his person in terms of weaponry
- + Despite this Woolie may be one of the most dangerous members of the Collectors. How? Cheating. Woolie has a supernatural ability to understand how he can use his Traveller gifted bullshit to achieve his goals
- +/- Doesn't need to do this much these days and is fairly lethargic
- Smells of something vaguely organic and decomposing, little can change this
- + Woolie brought in almost two hundred bodied AI recruits and is well regarded by many AI on Ae
- + If you're looking for someone to just hang around with on Ae, Woolie is always available in the underside of Glendale at his (cleanish) apartment to game with

*"I'm not saying I was bribed into joining you guys. All I'm saying is you have some sweet jetpacks."*

### **Rose, 26, Independent, (Totally not a) Script Kiddie [3]**

You see Rose grumbling as she sits at one of the ubiquitous benches the building has to accommodate the Travellers waiting on the liaisons. You wave, though she does not return the gesture. A while later you find an odd contact...

- + A 'skilled' hacker, though her skill is usually just her unrelenting will to not be stopped by online defenses, even if it means smacking her face against a keyboard
- + Bull headed stubbornness has its advantages, and given enough time she can work her way through anything
- /+ Almost no social life and few friends, will not communicate unless called or dealt with online
- Does not deal well with energetic and upbeat people, for self-evident reasons
- Useless in a fight, not even remotely healthy, could do with some jogging
- Has been living on noodle cups for two years now, smells and tastes like noodle cup
- /+ Glaswegian, hates being reminded of this and tries her hardest to suppress her thick accent

*"What Glaswegian Crack-head wrote this!? You don't pay me enough for this! Wait- I'm not even getting FUCKING PAID!"*

### **Andrew ‘Old Hickory’ Jackson, 228, Militant, Brick Shithouse**

You can feel the harsh gaze of Jackson burning into you. Standing with a number of other strange individuals with stranger accents, his glare is potent.

- + The 7<sup>th</sup> President of the United States, skilled lawyer and general who can rally even the most wretched group of misfits into an offensive force
- + Called ‘Old Hickory’ for a reason, survived obscene injuries even before he joined the ranks and has since received many would be killing blows
- + Has ‘upgraded’ himself with some heavy handed psionics to act as a trump card
- +/- Ruthless to his enemies, and those who stand in the way of a clean victory
- +/- Will not stand for slander, and will push for duels on what he considers to be ‘grievous slights’
- +/- Expects you to act as his second in his duels but will at least return the favor
- His single minded focus will lead him to great personal harm, and overuse of his trump will leave him either comatose or worse
- Has a severe disdain for the administration and will often act to deliberately slight them
- Despises the British over traumatic experiences in his use, while he is slowly getting over this he still probably won’t work well with them
- Or with Native Americans for that matter, though for other reasons

*“The yellow bastard offended me! I demand a duel!”*

### **Brother ‘Fysch’, 307, Mechanical, Zealous Tech-Priest [♀] [✖]**

The Mechanical Monk called Fysch in by his countrymen sits grumbling with his dorm-mate. In his cold metal hands is an oddly primitive looking laptop he’s fiddling with.

- + A member of an ancient technical order from a dark era of technology, he was trained from youth in hard construction of equipment and the spiritual upkeep of technologies
- Said order also beat him into genocidal hatred for AI and Xenos, a disdain that has not been entirely eroded, though now at least falls short of murderous
- +/- Badly put together and undergoing an extensive refitting at the hands of his roommate
- + Not all that bad a person, just a crotchety introvert who is still slowly coming to terms with Ae
- +/- Though an inherent pessimist, years of heart and soul breaking have taken their toll
- +/- Taken to collecting ‘spiritual relics’ which range from significant technologies to scrap
- The pile of relics around his apartment are going to need to be purged at some point
- +/- Badly closeted pervert whose sexual interests were flogged into the darkness of his subconscious, its best to announce yourself before entering his apartment or you may see things that are regrettable

*“Omnissiah save me from this Soulless Sentience and these heretical idiots. If we are the best the infinite realities can bring forth, then we are already damned to the void.”*

### **UIU MRK.2.37 ‘Tifa’, 494, Mechanical, Artificial Intelligence Supremacist [♂] [✖]**

The sleek military automaton called Tifa by her countrymen sits lounging beside her dorm-mate. One of her arms is wrapped around Fysch’s shoulder, and her glowering red gaze focused down on the priest’s laptop.

- +/- A former AI servant that played a key role in the extinction of mankind and the subsequent fall of the AI world that follows, Tifa firmly believes the weak should be weeded out for the sake of superior beings
- + While AI fit the majority of ‘superior beings’ the capacities of the Travellers has warmed her to biologicals
- /+ Still refers to biologicals as meat and gets an substantial spike of chemical rush when ‘toying’ with ‘biological functions’
- /+ Takes pictures and has quite a substantial collection at this point published on hardcover
- + Actually composed of a few hundred tiny drones that can drop physical form, forming a tidal wave of metal and spikes, can use just about any weapon and knows just about every way to kill biologicals
- + Can use her spare time for favors as she only needs thirty minutes per twenty four hours, scorns other AI who require or subscribe to larger down periods.
- +/- Odd fetishization of lingerie which she isn’t particularly proud of, collects it en-mass along with the pictures.

*“Like mewling things before unknowable danger. Leave this to the capable if you would, flesh?”*

### **Elwin King, 103, True Travellers, Stand Bearing Pompadour** [👤]

Elwin is humming to himself with his eyes closed. Whatever rhythm he's into, it's making him hold up an entire liaison line.

- + A Free Agent in the True Travellers, he is the stand master of *[Mystery Train]* which allows him to alter generate gravity, making him sought after for void-borne operations, a busy man.
- +/- A card carrying member of the Regal Congregation, works well with other music lovers.
- +/- Very social, showing up at major social interactions on Ae regardless of whether or not he was invited.
- Not actually that motivated, if he isn't contracted or if he isn't interested, he will do a half ass job of it.
- +/- Has a long running rivalry with a sapient hive mind of vipers into grunge rock and a band of African Ne0-Metalheads, being seen in public with him will make enemies of these musical groups and the loyalty of the Congregation
- +/- Fond of Milkshakes and Chicken strips.
- All he has in his fridge are the components for milkshakes and chicken strips, poor diet.

*"Rhythm is something you either have or don't have, but when you have it, you have it all over."*

### **Robert E. O. Speedwagon, 124, Independent, Stand Bearing Turnaround**

Speedwagon is attempting to mediate a dispute between a number of Bohemian Hussites and an old Archivist Troll over a relic. Before the situation can turn violent the relic vanishes. The grumbling Hussites disperse, the Archivist curses and follows, and once alone Speedwagon pulls out the artifact and whistles quietly.

- +/- A man who can best be described as having 'no idea what the hell is going on' most of the time.
- + In spite of this, Speedwagon has adapted well since recruitment from one of the stranger timelines, carrying tools for every occasion, magic and tech. Even has a stand.
- +/- Said stand *[ROLL WITH THE CHANGES]* is best described as uncooperative, no one really knows what it does, and Speedwagon won't reveal it unless in an emergency situation.
- +/- Lives like a bit of an animal in a public building with a rather thuggish Nisetic community. The place smells and occasionally squirms, but it reminds him if home.
- When frightened refers to himself in the third person.
- +/- Narrates on habit, has narrated the past sixty years with the Travellers and archives it.
- Still insists on carrying a razor Frisbee hat. Might lose a finger at some point.
- +/- At some point the timeline he was recruited in will be dragged into a multi-reality conflict involving a vampire that can wipe things from the timeline with a touch.

*"You look like you're wondering who I am, so I'll introduce myself. I am the interfering Speedwagon!"*

### **'Rocky', ???, Independent, ROCK-ROCK-ROCK**

The roving hill of stone now called 'Rocky' acts like a wall, shifting slightly every now and again. Clutched in its stoney paws is what appears to be an antique jukebox.

- + A once flesh and bone person who was at one point possessed by affliction and became one with his gargantuan collection of pet rocks, 'Rocky' as he is now called is a literal heap of stone.
- + Able to swell in size consuming nearby rocks to add to his mass.
- The larger he gets, the slower and dumber he gets, quadrupling his size will leave him almost incapable of following orders.
- He wasn't overtly smart in the first place, doesn't speak and can barely communicate in crude drawings.
- Too large for normal transport, needs to be sent across reality like cargo.
- +/- Spends his time just wandering around Ae collecting things.
- +/- Fond of a jukebox he found somewhere, has since carried the jukebox around as it blares classic rock. Refuses to be parted from it.

*["That'll Be The Day" plays]*

### **Red, 44, Archivists, The Champion**

The man called Red is dealing with customs, who are currently attempting to log all the beasts he's caught and trained. The number has entered the triple digits and other members of the line are looking mutinous. A few are sleeping.

- + A master in the art of capturing and training wild animals of completely alien sizes and dispositions.
- + Said animals are fully loyal to him after a short amount of training, and capable of being used for advanced combat strategies.
- + Does not lose. Rejects the notion of defeat outright.
- +/- Takes animal fight leagues as a challenge. Enters competitions, and if he finds them cruel feeds the offenders to his larger monsters.
- +/- Almost all of his time is taken up by training and animal care.
- +/- May offer you animals to take care of, said beasts may range from sparrow chicks to freaking hydras.
- Has no friends besides you, a lonesome introvert who doesn't really talk unless necessary.

*"It's never enough you know. I'm always going to need one more caught."*

### **Dietlinde Hai, 516, Home Guard, Mountain of Muscle [3]**

The behemoth Pandorae lays in the middle of the floor. The line for 'Aquatic Special Needs Services' hasn't moved in two hours, and she hasn't moved since. A number of Mokresia Home Guard and a pair of Human True Travelling Turags have taken to sitting on her scaled back like a bench.

- + One of the largest Pandorae in the ranks, Hai is thirteen feet long, five feet tall and 1400 lbs.
- + Further armored in serious plate and Kevlar making capable of taking artillery strikes and maintaining full momentum.
- Said full momentum isn't actually that impressive, outside of trouble she's fairly slow and plodding.
- Not the smartest woman in the room. Tends to just forget everything that isn't vital.
- + Can usually carry the full team and equipment with minimal effort, and does so willingly.
- +/- Spends most of her time either sleeping or rampaging around high-tech worlds, might get off on said rampages.
- +/- What's the matter big boy?

*"Human men taste the best! Especially when sautéed in honey and garlic!"*

### **Dr. Spark M.D, 355, Independent, Manic Madman**

The good doctor is sitting waiting in the lobby for the lines to clear up. His massive riding tiger 'Hobbes' is chewing on his plated foot. He takes the toothing stoically as he quietly plays with a game boy advance.

- +/- A hyper-eccentric for whom experience is the only currency, collects PHDs by the dozen.
- + Inventive in a horrifically creative faction, often being conscripted by the departments for experimental weaponry, with his strongest works being Olesian bio-weapons and weaponized grandchild.
- + loves handling horrible mutants and is willing to work with just about anything brought to him.
- +/- Works on the principle that there is no such thing as a failure, any project can succeed its goals, be shelved for future use or turn out 'horribly right' in his eyes.
- Is not a real doctor and has never been formally educated prior to recruitment, his literacy is under fire
- Limited array of weaponry which he isn't particularly skilled with, relies on his creations.
- /+ Ethereal and the Blades of the Third have been attempting to nab him for the better part of two years now, may get your house swatted at some point.
- +/- Not liable to sit and stay in any one place for long, believes in the name of the order.

*"No time for questions, get on the tiger and let's go!"*

### **Masque, 98, Independent, Solitary Hitman**

Masque is getting his photo taken. He doesn't take his mask off, as at this point it might as well be his face.

- + A highly proficient murderer with several decades of experience in his field, Masque as he is now officially known is a well-respected individual in the covert operations community.
- + Highly skilled in silent takedowns, utilizing garrotes, knives and specialty manufactured guns, valuing speed, silence and proficiency above all else.
- + If you prefer quiet Masque is good to hang around with, not needing to say much.
- Mainly because his vocal cords were ripped out, can only communicate with his 'face' on as it registers facial muscle movements and transfers it to speech.
- Cold to non-Travellers and people he doesn't personally know, not liable to make any friends.
- The kind of man who won't tolerate mistakes, be they from others or himself.
- +/- Given time he will eventually warm up to you, and you'll be able to learn his full story, while it isn't the cheeriest tale in the ranks, it'll explain his operating style and help him relax a bit.

*"Garotte or Cudgel? Choices, choices..."*

### **Felicia, 170, Home Guard, Tiger Woman** [♀] [♂]

The robust figure of Felicia is easily visible from afar. Muscular with a mane of blue hair, she all but hides the two liaisons filling out her papers.

- + A woman who can shift her disposition from human to a selective mixing to a full on tiger, age and an understanding of the self has made Felicia a very flexible opponent.
- + Expert in dealing with ethereal and supernatural, able to fight and tear into the otherworldly unknown.
- +/- Adamantly sticks to hands and feet in fighting and transport. While this might be limiting at times, surprise tiger claws remain very effective.
- +/- Maintains a large 'collection' of Travellers with similar afflictions and dispositions. This 'cat crew' can be very useful to have around, or they can lie around all day and eat your food.
- When the situation isn't pressing she tends to forget what form she takes, forgetting clothes in more human forms and jumping you in full tiger form
- No matter what form she takes Felicia sheds constantly, avoid letting her use your shower.
- + Something of a social kitten, has taken to following around conversation, even if she doesn't participate.

*"You three go on ahead. I'll **chew** these boys out."*

### **Dante, 218, Independent, Proudly from the 'Devil May Cry' series** [♀]

Dante sits waiting for the customs line to move. He's gotten out a lawn chair and has ordered several pizzas. The smell draws you in, and with a smug grin he offers you a slice.

- + A spectacle of a fighter, Dante has over two hundred years of fighting demons and otherworldly horrors under his belt, and has only become more capable with the Traveller jumping abilities.
- + Drips charisma like a regular person drips sweat, Dante is cool in just about any situation.
- + Surprisingly intelligent and a competent investigator, Dante is well regarded by the augur and many direct members of the council of nine.
- Has had a long and terrible history in terms of romantic relationships, and has at this point all but given up on romance after the fourth time he got shot in the head.
- Absolutely awful with his money, for him the concept of saving is absolutely alien as he often blows his funds on fancy equipment and food, his attempts at gambling are equally terrible.
- + Still hell-bent on exterminating malevolent supernatural forces and is all too happy to accept assistance from Travellers of demonic and eldritch origin.

*"Why? If you found out that all the bullshit you went through existed somewhere in movie form why not? I mean look at this. They've made body pillows with me on them, statues, movies, videogames, everything that they could plaster my face on they did. So I want it. Even if I have to deal with Margo sending me those 'yoai' books, I still want all this. Because it is amazing."*

### **'B.B' Bulleta, 20, Fighters, Dakka Convention's Shortest Member** [♂]

B.B is standing with Titanstompa as the two of them wait on an ammunition requisition. The contrast is hilarious.

- + Has mastered the art of impersonating an innocent human girl as well as firearm combat.
- + Expert in countering supernatural forces, one of the members of the fighters that scorns the ranking system and turns her focus outwards to do her job as a hunter.
- +/- Has so many guns and ordinance she reeks of powder, this tends to be the only flaw of her façade, but at least she always has spare weapons.
- +/- Spends all her time with fungals, AI and Nisetics offworld, keeps herself busy so you won't see her much.
- +/- Lives for the rush of violence, though others find her almost psychotic focus boring it's more than enough for her.
- Expect your own appearance to impact your travels with her offworld, it might not look so good for some people to be hanging around with a little blonde girl.
- + Though for her that's part of the plan.
- Smokes her way through a pack of cigarettes a day.

*"It's not weird to make sure you're growth is intentionally stunted, no one ever expects a little girl to whip out an automatic rifle."*

### **Sir Knight Titanstompa, 109, Independent, 'The DedKilly'**

Titanstompa is standing with B.B as the two of them wait on an ammunition requisition. The contrast is hilarious.

- + Self-Trained Expert in Melee, Midrange and long distance combat, he truly shines behind big guns that can obliterate an opponent from miles away.
- + Also an expert in Void-Borne combat, both in long range and boarding engagements.
- /+ Not a real knight, but believes himself to be after taking a massive blow to the head in the midst of a clan feud before he was recruited.
- /+ Prefers to dream big, with his end goal being to go up against divine and other less noble godly entities, nothing in the world makes him happier.
- +/- Orkishly brave to the point of being stupid, happily driving up into the jaws of doom to get a shot of at its 'dangly' bits.'
- Tends to forget other people can't grow back chunks of themselves or don't have replacement parts on hold in the event of a serious maiming.
- Highly flammable, has some serious powder in his skin.

*"IS' 'TEH MOS' HONORABLES UF TAKTICS! ART-ILLERY!"*

### **Chuyi Nushigoma, 34, Independent, Insane & Indestructible** [♀] [♂] [✖]

The currently armless Chuyi is sitting somewhat helplessly in the most central seat she could find. She seems to be humming the Star Spangled Banner. Medical can take their time.

- +/- Was dropped off in Tamit a few weeks prior, it's unknown who recruited Chuyi but the liaisons conform her recruitment was legitimate.
- +/- Tends to come and go at the drop of a hat, for unknown though likely unpleasant reasons.
- + Shows up when she's needed however, regardless of what you think of the situation.
- + Has a rare understanding of the absolute asymmetrical warfare only Travellers are capable of. Uses heaps of monomolecular wiring and time distortion in a fight, to extremely bloody effect.
- Doesn't believe in collateral damage, keep your friends close when a tussle starts.
- /+ Tantamount unkillable, being rendered to a bloody pulp will only slow her down, regardless of the damage she suffers she always comes back at the expense of her mental state.
- Insane doesn't even fully describe it, possibly suffering multiple personality disorder, Chuyi goes from too trusting to paranoid, friendly to sadistically hostile in a flash, tends not to remember things within a few hours.
- +/- Able to hold onto some things and always working towards a goal, even if she doesn't remember why.

*"They always get a nasty shock when they realize they can't touch you. No matter how hard they try. To be an indomitable bullet ant."*



### **Albus Sirena Resdali, 492, Administration, Friendly Manipulator [6]**

You find yourself following the scent of cinnamon believing it would lead you to food. Instead, you find a pale woman who smells strongly of the spice. She smiles at you and offers to buy you something to eat.

- + A well experienced diplomat and propagandist, Albus has participated in and led countless missions in many hubworlds to pacify, inspire, make peace or spread terror through usually nonviolent means.
- + Extremely experienced at planning the long run and engineering events to the point where her plans are practical prophecies.
- +/- Knows how to manipulate others, be they offworlders or even other Travellers to get what she wants.
- +/- The only form of killing she can do is killing social lives and reputations though she can cause suicides or even mass suicides if required.
- +/- Strict personal codes and a weary conscious tread her actions to the point of slowing her actions, many in the administration are aware of her skills and often lock her out for fear of manipulation.
- +/- She's more than willing to teach you some of her skills as long as you agree to regularly play board games with her, has few personal friends.
- Puts excessive amounts of Melange, which she is severely addicted to, to the point where the dependency is total and beginning to warp her physical form.
- /+ For someone who can see so far ahead, worry and paranoia about her chosen path are starting to take greater tolls on her.

*"My friend, I don't believe that starting a relationship that may last several centuries with lies and deceit is a brilliant idea."*

### **Longinus, 69, Independent, Accursed Crucifier**

Longinus and a number of other ragged souls have finally made their way through customs, the groups disperses, leaving Longinus alone. Ravaged and still injured, but smiling as he admires the severed head of a jackal god.

- + A man accursed by a god, Longinus suffers from an affliction similar to Vampirism, though for the most part this has rendered him very hard to kill.
- + Despite being from the Roman era, Longinus has adapted extremely quickly to advanced weapons and armour, and has a substantial stockpile prepared for himself and others.
- +/- Obsessed with wiping out self-proclaimed deities, while you don't need to help him, he'll return any assistance tenfold.
- Likely to end up so horribly maimed at times he won't even be able to move, will require being dragged back to Medical to stitch him back together.
- +/- Fond of 'Trophies' from his ventures, and not particularly good at preserving them. He's self-taught.
- Outside of his chosen hobby of god-killing he's actually fairly boring. Spends most of his time sleeping or sharpening his weapons.

*"Wretched servants of that desert demon are little different from the grandchildren. All monsters with little regard for the lives of humans."*



**Adaira Andarsan, 232, Commercialist, Mod-Junky Street Vendor** [♀] [♂]

A ramshackle booth has been set up outside by Adaira, who is currently peddling gene and body mods to the easily impressionable recruits. From the sound of it someone is being haggled into an extra set of testicles.

- + More frog than human at this point, enabling full water movement. Also possesses a nasty set of claws and secretes a naturally toxic slime.
- +/- Always changing just a little bit, usually nothing major like coloration.
- Toxic slime gushes out of her orifices and skin if seriously startled.
- +/- Takes every opportunity to hawk her wares, and not a particularly adept saleswoman.
- +/- All of her serious equipment including her clothes and weapons are made of spliced frogs and are very much alive. They range widely in disposition towards you.
- + Rides around on a giant frog named 'Cletus' that likes you, Cletus can eat a Yautja in one bite.
- +/- Rarely leaves the homeworld as she is prohibited from selling Gene-mods off world. Has only been offworld twice since recruitment but familiar with Ae in a way that few Travellers are.

*"Sure, sure you've got to buy new gloves and pay now. But having two extra fingers per hand can be really useful in the long run. You just need to sign in and I can do the process in minutes."*

**Ulysses S. Grant, 118, Fighters, Hard-headed Electant**

Ulysses is drinking alone. He seems to be signing a number of forms for an artificial liver. He grunts as he notices the bottle has run dry and he almost runs you down as he storms his way towards a trash bin.

- + A version of the 18th President of the United States that achieved apotheosis and has become a patron like-entity that derives energy from violence.
- +/- Determined to the point of self-harm, if he strikes out a course he will walk it until it's passed.
- +/- Has adapted relatively well to total irregular warfare and undergone awakening protocols to become a potent Psyker. Though continues forward with a total bluntness in life and operations.
- +/- Mostly silent, tends to keep to himself when he isn't needed.
- /+ A general mystery, won't talk much about his past.
- Naïve and straightforward, holding onto as much of that past he came from, at grievous expense towards himself. Self-aware enough of this and he tries to put himself in the direct face of danger.
- +/- Spends his off time farming and raising horses on his ranch in the wilds, is always grateful for assistance.

*"What do you mean they named a bar after me here? Are there any more Hiram Ulysses Grants running around?"*

**Hrolf Vägavandrare, 52, True Travellers, Varangian Guard** [♀]

The bulk of Hrolf risks taking up more than one chair, though most of the mass is mail and cloth. He seems to be talking with a number of Archivists over raiding some tombs.

- + A Veteran of the foreign-born Byzantine Guard, Hrolf has only served with the Traveller for a little over a decade now, and has been eager to prove himself in these past few years.
- + Has been involved in serious offworld raids and frequently assists the Home Guard and the Hearth Keepers on Ae.
- + Incredibly Utilitarian, willing to cook, clean, setup camp and overwatch offworld operations.
- + In fact he's willing to cook for people he knows on Ae, drops off free meals on whenever he's around.
- His cooking is hearty to say the least, could possibly kill Mokresia if ingested too quickly.
- Doesn't actually live anywhere, has been almost completely mobile making him extremely difficult to track down.
- +/- Planning something big with members of the Home Guard, Fighters and the Hearth Keepers, only thing he lets on is he really doesn't like the Hrafnasuertir eager to displace the Traveller name.

*"I fought in a regal guard of miscreants, moon worshipers and noble bloods, that hasn't changed."*

### **Alan King Taylor, 62, Archivist, The Professor**

Alan is currently negotiating a contract with a handful of Collectors to open an evolving flesh safe. When the sum is agreed upon he pulls a CVD from his tweed jacket opens the safe in a moment.

- + Skilled educator and researcher, was a well-respected university biology professor before recruitment.
- +/- Willing to dispense information about almost any topic but only if you're actually committed to learning the subject matter.
- +/- Launches into lectures on the drop of a hat.
- +/- Given up on biological functions like eating and sleeping at some expense to his health.
- Degenerates into a Cro-Magnon when he doesn't get his energy drinks needed to maintain that sleepless state.
- +/- Goes back to his origin timeline every native Sunday for church services and is still operating under the façade he's simply retired from work in that timeline, if you're able to maintain a façade of normality you can join him if you wish.
- +/- Not exactly a fighting man by any stretch of the imagination, but understands the formula of combat and can at least stay out of the way.
- + One of the handful of people who understand how to use a CVD.
- +/- Hides a Dispenser in his beard.

*"For the last time, CVD's are only dangerous if you don't set the outer oscillating frequency. Though they are extremely dangerous if you don't."*

### **Cordyceps, 7, Void Hunters, Avenging Growth**

Cordyceps is currently being examined by a member of BIO examining her body. They've yet to determine what exactly 'she' is but the best guess is some sort of ethereally gifted fungus. She's eager to be done with the paperwork.

- + A fusion of physical corpse and ethereal fungus, Cordyceps exists with parts of herself between the planes, allowing her to see and feel things more physically based individuals would miss.
- + Extremely sturdy, her body is now almost spongy capable of being pierced and struck too little effect.
- +/- Still has unfinished business in her native timeline, with assistance it would take a few months to resolve the issues and finish business for her 'flesh.'
- +/- Once that much is done she'll be lost for a time, dead flesh given mind and thought beyond what it ever considered possible tends to lack direction.
- + Given some direction and a reason to persist, Cordyceps can be a useful asset.
- +/- Needs almost nothing besides an atmosphere to survive, though the 'down periods' she goes through of just standing around are more than a little unnerving.
- Advanced technical concepts tend to fly completely over her head.

*"Lingering regret, false anger, hate. Tangy too. We're close."*

### **Primus, 8999993, Independent, The Lonely God Mind**

What you incorrectly identify as an indoor cloud is the entity named Primus. No one seems to notice him, he's been here for a while, and soon enough he'll move on again.

- + An entity born in the cracking birth of a stellar gas cloud, Primus is an ancient observer that was one of the first void-borne recruits and can recall much about his lifetime.
- +/- Though his memory is not stellar, often flushed his memory in past ages when things became dull.
- Often stuck in thoughts and tends to be unresponsive for days to weeks in such stints.
- Occupies a plane where the past present and future simultaneously persist, the switching of tenses is overwhelmingly confusing at the best of times.
- +/- On Ae hasn't done much else but floated around and talked, produces a very pleasant pinkish light that and is good to talk with if you're willing to listen.
- +/- Non-violent but can't be harmed unless he wishes it, a great distraction when needed.

*"Human. It was a while since I saw humans. An age."*

### **John Dee, 1931, Ethereal, The Queen's Alchemist** [X]

Partially blocking off a busy hallway in the Admin wing, you see a regal, bearded man demonstrating something on a portable whiteboard, animatedly discussing advanced magical theory with a crackling blue humanoid figure. During a lull in the conversation he spots you and waves you in with a smile, always happy to see a new face.

- + An original technomage, a master of magic and science just as they were becoming distinguishable in Elizabethan England. Practiced conjurer and diviner, and the eponymous Alchemist.
- + Very cunning and charismatic when he needs to be, once cleared his own name in three consecutive trials after being accused of treason against the then incumbent Queen, despite legitimately having hexed her so that she would lose the throne and he could rise to power as a Court Magician to her successor.
- +/- Old enough to remember the pre-Traveller state of affairs in many timelines with alter-reality interference, one of the few of those such individuals to be recruited.
- +/- Can often be found in the Ethereal Tower teaching budding technomages and summoners, and lectures are open to any and all – as long as they brave the famously chaotic grounds of the Tower
- +/- Creator of a unique method of astral projection that functions in a similar fashion to children of the third, willing to show anyone how to do it but tends to 'backfire' in the faces of the unready.
- Though Duwall forced him to deal with the worst of his alter-reality nemesis' Dee is still something of an infamous legend best shot on sight, tends not to leave Ae much and has been in something of a rut these past two centuries.
- + Taking the whole Duwall thing a little too well, may be putting off a panic attack.

*"Well I've already done everything I've needed to. Made peace with the infernal masses of hell, defeated my evil counterparts in several alternate timelines, and sent my kids off to college. I don't know how many years I have left, but I'm going to get real weird with it."*

### **Yuu Nekota, 14, True Travellers, Cat Boy** [Q]

A boy you incorrectly assume at first is a girl is lounging about on the ground. Occasionally he receives a much appreciated ear scratching from passersby.

- + A young Miqo'te rescued from a (likely short) life of slavery in his native timeline, Yuu is eternally grateful to the people of Ae for his recruitment.
- +/- Aware he is a noodly fourteen year old boy who's been living off of bread and vegetables, makes up for it by cleaning his friends' houses and running errands for them.
- +/- Trying to learn how to fight but honestly needs help, if he shot a large revolver it would probably mangle his entire arm, ethereal is probably his only option.
- + Surprisingly good errand boy and cook, willing to handle mundane aspects of others if they need it.
- +/- Has a pet Shoggoth that follows him around, only a pygmy strain but yippy and very protective.
- If anyone really wanted to hurt him they'd be able to.
- +/- Hugs everyone, some people around here could really use friendly physical affection, others less so.

*"Um, what are we going to do on the bed?"*

### **'The Doom Slayer', 387, Independent, Pure Rage**

The still unnamed marine best known by his bloody epitaph pops into reality covered in what looks to be the shredded remains of several Gug's. He silently signals for a hearth keeper to hose him down outside.

- + A completely silent killing machine 'DS' as he is most commonly called was found by several Travellers likewise working their way through the depths of hell with sword in hand, he joined in with a gusto.
- /+ Doesn't say much, it might be he's mute, or his suit's comm. is broken and he just doesn't care to fix it, regardless a good listener.
- + One of the few Travellers you can trust with absolute certainty when it comes to fighting on hostile unknown planes.
- In fact if he's not with you he's off doing just that. Hasn't stopped doing in recordable history.
- /+ Takes the word 'suicidal' as a challenge.
- /+ Collects action figures and dolls, goes to great lengths to keep people from finding out.
- + Might be slowly devolving into a spiritual entity of wrath, or he might already changed in full.
- Needs to be hosed down or he starts smelling.

*[Glares in enmity]*

### **Cannaglo-Hoti, 125, Home Guard, Augmented Xeno Slug**

The Electric Blue skinned Slug creature called Cannaglo-Hoti is currently looking for work off-world. When he notices your interest he briefly stares at the floor. He gurgles for a moment before approaching you.

- + A member of species whose true name can only be understood via mental pulses, though are collectively referred to as 'synthsics.' Cannaglo-Hoti is the only member of his kind serving with the Travellers.
- + Distinct biological composition makes him very difficult to harm with anything short of heat or electrical based weaponry, interior nervous system is a liquid while his 'epidermis' is incredibly mobile.
- + Overcomes his lack of natural limbs with mechanical augmentation, fairly knowledgeable about such things.
- +/- In his natives timeline he served as a ground force lieutenant, only three Travellers ventured in and all reported it to be a 'clusterfuck of a situation,' suffice to say he doesn't like talking about.
- +/- Treats everyone 'as they deserve.' This ranges from absolute kindness to simply capping people in their standing joints at inconvenient times.
- Constantly dazed and confused as he still hasn't adapted to home world, the high speed pace of life on Ae leaves him fairly frazzled, often aghast at concepts familiar to solid life.
- +/- Might leak on the floor at times.

*"What is going on? Oh ancestors what is that thing? Why am I here? Oh by the ancestral pools what is wrong with you bipeds?!"*

### **Mfub'Dglvix-Nqaw'Gub, 10285, Eyes of the Third, Sailor of the Void**

While scanning the food court for any stand that has recognizable foods on the menus, your eyes come to rest upon a figure that doesn't quite seem to fit into the chair he's sitting in. Yet at the same time, looks quite comfortable drinking from a straw attached to a to-go cup that he holds with his tentacles.

- + A Hulking semi-translucent entity, described as octopus-headed, bat-winged, clawed and fishlike. Tends to warp and shift like the Great Dreamer he once served so long before. Offworlders suffer looking at him.
- /+ His true name requires a hyper advanced sense of smell to understand, his second name takes two minutes to pronounce, goes by his third name or just 'gub.'
- + Far removed from his former position as 'scribe' before the Great Sleeper, a fervent follower of the cause.
- +/- Cannibalizes the mental faculties of humans, horrifying to watch but keeps it to hostiles.
- Language is something constantly shifting in his native 'tongue' if you could call it that, at best comes off in confusing riddles, at worst degenerates into painful growling.
- +/- Has been patiently working on processes to help 'secondlings' understand the transcendental nature of the cosmos as he does. Certain strong willed augurs have undergone this process and come out 'closer' to him. Others have been reduced to catatonic states. Anyone is free to attempt the process, but while the risks are understood the rewards are much less so. Still he offers the process freely.

*"Look into thyself. Do you not see that which is angular, and isosceles? Be it truly obtuse or equilateral, thine heart is circumspective, and the threads of time and distance ring true while it shines dully."*

### **'Tio' Tionishia, 92, Home Guard, Wall of the Guard [9] [3]**

In the center of a group of chattering Nisetics and Yautja is Tio. Despite the immense stature of the gathering the Ogre woman is easily the largest there.

- + Resting at seven and a half feet tall, weighing just over two metric tonnes, Tio is a literal walking wall.
- + Can pick up and hurl Vending machines like volleyballs, while tantamount being impossible to harm with anything short of an air-to-ground missile strike.
- +/- Creates a calming aura around herself subconsciously, making even non-euclidians relax when she's around. While it makes others typically more pliable it also makes them laconic.
- Tends to forget she's a literal giant and could seriously injure someone if she fell on them.
- /+ Defensively focused, won't leave Ae barring special circumstances or serious emergencies.
- +/- Other members of the Home Guard consider her a valued member and will go out of their way to assist her, and she feels the need to return the favor.
- Not precisely the sharpest spear on the rack, forgetful at the best of times.
- + Something of a fashionista in her spare time, though these days it isn't her first priority.

*"Shoth-ue, I brought snacks!"*

### **Natasha Volkov, 38, Home Guard, Siberian-Tiger Mother** [♀] [♂]

Natasha hastily fills out a form against a bare wall. Her daughter's second grade graduation is coming up, and she doesn't want to cut it close with the forms for passing off Traveller 'Equipment' to non-Travellers. The Aforementioned 'equipment' is a gift stuffed white tiger, sitting beside a massive rifle.

- + Former Spetsnaz sniper and operator who knows her spacing well enough to chew apart a fire team in seconds, Great Record with the Home Guard Rapid Response Squadron.
- + Great cook off the clock, mostly making things from her home country, borscht, pierogis, piping hot tea straight out of her Samovar, generous to say the least even with her Vodka stocks.
- +/- Has a young daughter offworld, Katyusha. Natasha visits her often and if you're close enough she might even introduce you as one of her 'strange' aunts and uncles.
- +/- Thinks everyone should have a chance at happiness with another, even if she has to set things up.
- +/- Regardless of your opinion on the matter.
- A serious member of the first response team, at random is forced to drop anything short of a life or death situation in terms of her own plans.
- +/- Was recruited at the Aldmeri Gate Affair when a tear in reality was opened up in her native timeline's Ural mountains, costing her a husband and nearly her life. The gate was eventually closed and the Coleopterans were driven back while Natasha was recruited. Has been for the most part romantically distant since that day.

*"I've made peace with who I am, and I've made this place my home. I hope we can keep Ae safe. Maybe make it somewhere a few others might call it home as well, yes?"*

### **Enkidu, 810, Independent, God-Shaped Clay** [♂]

A lean Nordic shield maiden is resting her head on Enkidu's chiseled abdominals, he doesn't seem to mind.

- + The clay-wrought legend himself, Enkidu remains to be a child of the wilds and rivers, equal to if not greater than the legends spoken of him at the dawn of human civilization.
- + Though he was once tamed, his centuries with the Travellers have feralled him, leaving him an unparalleled survivor and tracker in Ae's wilderness.
- +/- His strength and willpower are otherworldly, though he fails in battles of deftness.
- +/- Master of all animals, can communicate with most beasts for information, but helpfulness varies.
- /+ Something of a legend for his 'endurance' and 'potency.' Expect him to be pursued by certain individuals interested in such.
- Distant even at the best of times, it's difficult to tell what he wants.
- /+ A companion of Ishtar, though more commonly considered her guardian. Most of his time in the urban landscape of Ae is devoted to her benefit.

*"A real friend? A real friend whose back you would guard, and receive the same in turn? Those are priceless. Never forget that."*

### **Ishtar, 7920, Hearth Keepers, Estranged Goddess [9] [3]**

Your gaze initially glazes past Ishtar, a fair seemingly average woman with flowers growing in her long hair. She pulls what a bone pipe with questionable contents, and the divine flame springing from her hand draws your eye.

- +/- The Faded form of an ancient goddess, Ishtar was once the Mesopotamia goddess of sex, war, love and power. Though that was a distant day and Ishtar has not will to retrieve that ancient glory.
- + However even faded she still has the power to turn a titan to ash with a touch and to summon mighty lions from the earth.
- Probably won't, hasn't left Ae in a century, mostly spends her time in her apartment smoking.
- + One of the few willing to recall the ancient days of the Travellers, embellishing the ballads of the Denial, the Five Hands, Igra's Plea, the First Clock-Maker and the Final Ballad of Gilgamesh.
- +/- Travellers following creeds of flesh or simply the occupation leave offerings, you can help yourself.
- +/- Doesn't believe in cloths, aside from the furs Enkidu makes her wear outside.
- + Could if the need was great enough be restored to full strength, though what form of entity and aspects she would take would depend entirely on the situation.

*"It's funny to look at all the things you thought were vital in the past and realize they're inconsequential."*

### **Zatria, 56, Hearth Keepers, Matriarch Moth [3]**

The soft furred Zatria is currently keeping an eye on things, supervising the cleaning drones, assisting the local Administration staff and making sure things run smoothly. At least as smoothly as Tamit can be.

- + A local 'director' within the Hearth Keepers, Zatria works directly with the support AI and the infrastructural network that supports Tamit, and by extension the rest of the homeworld.
- + Warm and welcoming to just about everyone, gregarious in even the worst of situations.
- +/- Those who bad mouth her tend to end up in Medical with poisoning symptoms, never kills but is perfectly happy with causing organ failure with a smile.
- +/- Naturally produces pheromones that causes sluggishness in humans and mokresia.
- Keeps tabs on people to an unhealthy degree, banned from entering Augur territory.
- +/- Botanist in her off hours, has named every single one of her plants.
- /+ Old believer in the 'Alpha Female' philosophy and naturally despises 'rival mates.'

*"Hush now sweet children. Mother is here."*

### **Ripley Mark.8, 100, Independent, Inhuman Hunter**

Ripley is chewing on what looks to be iron rod. She is chewing through it at a worrying rate.

- + A genetic experiment that was initially laughed out the door of Bio until Codifiers verified her, Ripley shouldn't exist, however against all odds does.
- + What could best be described as a Xenos-Hybrid, Ripley has acidic blood, enhanced strength and dexterity and enhanced senses, teamed up with a few decades of martial arts training.
- Ripley also has an almost complete lack of empathy, a rampant cruelty and a hefty amount of bloodlust.
- +/- Spends most of her spare time working and stalking unsavory corporates, tends to do so alone.
- +/- Call's 'partner.' While the two seemingly have an antagonistic relationship at times Call is one of the few things keeping Ripley on Ae. Protective of her when she thinks she needs to be.
- +/- Has some really off-putting tastes more in line with Nisetic insect diets than a human diet.
- +/- Will drop anything if she gets word of a bug hunt, but they are eventful to say the least, and most Yautja will drop anything to join on with her.
- +/- Even now a Cat person. Owns a Hairless Sphinx called named Amanda that tends to knead on you.

*"What? He was going to scream. It isn't my fault his neck was made of paper."*

### **Annalee Call, 124, Hearth Keepers, Ripley's Handler**

Call stands beside Ripley, a head shorter. As you watch Ripley pokes her, Call rolls her eyes and pulls another rod out of her jacket and places it in Ripley's mouth. Call grumbles as Ripley hisses her appreciation.

- + A second generation Auton who has undergone serious upgrades, Annalee Call is more compassionate than most humans, and remains just about the only person who can control Mark.8.
- + Initially an independent, Call was granted an honorary position in the Hearth Keepers for dealing with Trouble subjects.
- + Has backed up her conscious on three drives and has two backup bodies, knows how to instant auto-sync to prevent conscious lost and can help other AI setup backup systems.
- Has absolutely no desire to go anywhere, Call's done enough and is willing to wait 'until needed.'
- +/- Does so to avoid moral compromise, won't sit by and let Greater evils pass.
- +/- While she wasn't exactly built with combat in mind, she does have a boomstick hidden in her thigh. Great at unpleasant surprises.

*"Ripley for the last time stop doing THAT! These are my good STAINABLE clothes!"*

### **Pat, 31, Administration, Sighted Liaison [9]**

Pat is currently sorting out forms for the Administration. Beside him is a cloaked figure and a woman with over two dozen eyes dotting her brow. The three seem to be colluding over a hypothetical covenant.

- +/- A Humble man, Pat is from a completely mundane post-industrialized earth.
- + Smells nice?
- Doesn't know shit about the ethereal and only tech savy enough to keep his own laptop running.
- + Brought on by Fulcanelli and a few of the stranger Third Blades, no one bothers him much.
- Memory wiped by Fulcanelli, doesn't remember anything before the Travellers.
- + Knows a surprising many people that come through Tamit, can usually fess up a name for a situation.
- +/- Constantly complains of the 'refractive view' and the 'interfering paths' bothering him with his work. Considering putting together a group of people with likeminded visions into a club though hasn't had any time of his to commit to this 'Fifth Wall.'

*"Someone needs to sign all these papers. Might as well be me."*

### **Anuli Ihejirika, 34, Fighter, Dahomey Amazon**

Anuli takes up two seats. One for her, one for her weapons, a collection of rifles, repeaters and knives. She stares coldly at the ground, sharpening one of her knives with precision.

- + A Dahomey Amazon where the kingdoms of East Africa avoided subjugation by the European powers, Anuli was trained from youth in tactics of intimidation and murder.
- +/- No retreat in battle, unless ordered by a superior, it is better to perish than flee.
- + Carries an immense amount of supplies, able to make food and drink last as well.
- Brusque and Standoffish at the best of times, at her worst Anuli is mute and hateful.
- +/- Crafted her own weapons and munitions, though refuses to use anything besides low tech rifles, pistols, a plethora of blades and her own latent Psyker abilities.
- Frigid to say the least, adheres to numerous internal codes and tribal practices.
- +/- Works as a respondent with the Green Tiger Fighter Clique, glad to be called down from the sky to drink the blood of whatever it is that beckoned her in the first place.

*"Conquest or Death. There is no mid-ground."*



**Lilly Izanami, 125, Experimental, MAD Genius** [♀] [♂] [✂]

Lilly sits beside a glaring member of the home guard. Despite being bound up in a tight straight jacket she's managed to somehow get a yogurt from a vending machine, open it and is currently eating it with a spoon gripped in her toes. When she notices you looking she winks.

- + An extremely creative Inventor, Lilly specializes in Weapons of Mass Destruction, having laid out the framework for dozens of world crackers and icost-cleaners.
- Also incredibly sensitive to the influence of children, putting her into psychotic episodes. Has since been forced to wear a strait jacket, have a mouth jack installed and needs to be monitored at all times.
- + Not so much in danger to others as she is to herself in such issues because of the spasms.
- About as mentally unwell as a woman can be, suffers intense manic depressive episodes.
- + Works on equipment on a smaller scale, willing to upgrade just about anything to keep herself busy.
- +/- If you're willing to enter the position of her 'caretaker,' you'll get access to the Micro dimension the Home Guard use to carry her around in. Just a warning, she may become rather attached to such a keeper.
- +/- Fairly functional with just her feet, can do some interesting things with her toes.
- +/- Working on something gargantuan with Expy, according to her a storm is coming.

*"No, no. These are some of the lower caliber weapons. The Archivists would confiscate any of the big things if I brought them to Ae."*

**Itiliaf, 798, True Traveller, Trustworthy Individual** [♂]

Hovering a foot off the ground, the short spirit floats his way through the crowds. As you watch him, you realize there are multiple versions of him. He snickers when he notices your confusion until a Home Guard Niseti hits the 'real' him with a broom. This is the fifth time this week.

- + A Trickster and Illusionist from birth, Itiliaf works in falsehoods and half-truths to worm his way into places he should never reach in the first place, with a particular fondness for parties.
- + The kind of person who doesn't need to lay a hand on a person to ruin their lives.
- +/- At his best he's fun to be around, at his worst he becomes unnervingly creepy for most living things.
- No longer allowed on the Department Island because of his mischievous nature.
- It is almost impossible to tell if anything of him is genuine, or if it is all just a grand web of lies.
- +/- Tends to flirt around with the boys, though it's difficult to tell if he would be genuine or if he's just a big flirt.

*"Keep on the lookout for anything you can't see. Never know what you might miss~"*

**Vidya Sunrise, 35, True Traveller, Orbital Platform** [♂]

You hear a woman curse and turn to see a small drone with a front mounted monitor, displaying a woman's face contorted in frustration. When she notices you're watching she asks politely if you can pick up a form for her, as the drone's grabbers are stubby at best.

- + An orbital weapons platform, Vidya is equipped with solid state lasers, kinetic energy penetrators, anti-matter cardometrics and targeting systems accurate enough to singe a fly's wings off from L1.
- + Small enough to enjoy the benefits of Absolute Mobility, can put herself anywhere with an atmosphere.
- Not much use against underground targets or non-stellar locals
- +/- Doubles as a small Void-borne vessel, though it is cramped and rather awkward to be inside of her.
- No way for her to interact with issues on the ground besides a small drone with understandable limitations, needs help more than she cares to.
- /+ Wastes an unbelievable amount on the webways doodling and engaging in memetic bullshittery, though can be coerced into gathering information.
- +/- Has developed something of a Libido in kind to nymphomania, develops affections for most male allies, even inorganic ones and ones without genitals, not that she has any.

*"I've often considered connecting my weapons to the pleasure simulators in my CPU. But every time I investigated that the Home Guard AI's told me to stop. Spoilsports."*

### **'The Piano Man' Bill, 9320[Ish], Independent, Music Man**

You hear him before you see him, a faint drifting melody, evoking a Nostalgia without origin. Outside on the street you find a man on the street playing a full sized Piano. Smiling with a cigarette in mouth is Bill. He tries to find time to play around here whenever a fresh wave of recruits rolls in.

- + A Virtuoso, plays guitar, fiddle, sitar, shamisen while the piano is his true Muse. All of his instruments are slightly out of tune, but only enough to add character.
- + Listens more than he talks, and talks only when it is needed.
- Vanishes whenever a violent altercation begins.
- /+ Seemingly always smoking and always seems to have a glass of rye on the rocks.
- +/- Wistful, unafraid of showing emotion or crying.
- +/- Doesn't allow people to hide from themselves, at first slowly, but inevitably his presence forces self-reflection.
- + Plays just about everywhere on Ae, and even does gigs offworld, knowing him can get you into such affairs with generous benefits.
- /+ No one knows really what he is, as Bill is just a nickname given to him by the Travellers. Everyone knows him, no one knows him. You will probably be the closet he's ever been to a person.

*"Everyone's got something, or someone. Now c'mon, let's share a drink. You know what it's called."*

### **'Amice,' ???, True Traveller, Water Dragon [♂]**

Amice is here to requisition vials of holy water to purify her body. But at the moment she seems more focused on finding a date for one of her lonelier acquaintances amongst the clerks.

- + An innate Hydromancer, Amice is extremely dangerous with even the smallest amounts of water.
- + Technically an elemental, it's impossible to say how old Amice truly is as her personality only manifested post recruitment.
- +/- Insatiably friendly though to the point that leaves others uneasy, not skilled in social norms.
- +/- Still in the process of learning to operate technology, not particularly skilled but eager to learn.
- Clumsy to an extreme degree, might start manifesting a second set of legs in her worst moments.
- +/- Exploratory soul, she always wants to see new things.
- +/- Due to someone botching a 'birds and the bees' talk with her Amice actively attempts to 'partner up her friends' and tends to be an active voyeur.

*"It's a shame they can't hear me underwater, but they probably wouldn't've listened anyways."*

### **Click-Clack, 157840, Collector, Witness to Age**

While walking about you hear an odd squelching/slithering noise behind you. Wheeling about you find yourself face to face with a giant vaguely conical creature. Speechless for a moment as you stare into its warm red eyes. It extends a claw, which you correctly assume is for a handshake.

- + A Yithian born in their cretaceous incarnation, he actually has managed to translate his native clicking language barring his impossible to replicate birth name. Goes by Click-Clack among the Travellers.
- + An ancient explorer and Historian, experienced hundreds of thousands of years in his native timeline though only a few hundred in others. An eidetic memory and extensive notes render him a walking encyclopedia, to say nothing of the encyclopedias he's actually written.
- Dedicated to his studies, having done decade long stints of writing in his new home of Glendale, while avoiding pasts he himself has visited.
- Doesn't give a damn about politics and 'mute' affairs of the like, refuses to consider involvement.
- + Oddly well suited to 'shorter spans' of relaxation with shorter breathered Travellers. Friendly, and fond of getting drugged out of his prodets to talk about the 'humorous' bits of history.
- It's impossible to his aura from non-Travellers, a history of time-projecting will do that to a mollusk.
- +/- Older than entire geological formations. Has a scale of things that few can even grasp at.
- +/- While he did bring up some serious Yithian hardware with him when he was recruited, some of which is still being reverse engineered by Mech, he usually jumps out when a fight starts, apparently his height is largely superfluous, and a fondness of Catfish and Twinkies has left him blubbery.

*"Perspective is the only thing that is worth half a damn in the breathing realities. You know how you accumulate perspective? Study the passing of Time."*

### **'Jack', 103, Independent, Aged Samurai** [♀]

Sitting with his back against the wall, impassive as the wall behind him is the one called Jack, his ageless face affixed upon something you likely could never see. Perhaps it is your gaze, or the dream fading but his thoughts return to the physical, shooting you a hard glance.

- + An unaging Samurai of immense skill, Jack wields a sword of righteousness, but rarely uses unless it is needed, as he prefers through habit to pick up the weapons of fallen opponents.
- + Once a warrior and a king, Jack devoted much of his life to defeating a shape-shifting horror that enslaved his home planet, upon realizing the horror of an infinite reality joined to continue striking down evils others could not.
- /+ Spends most of his time offworld obliterating whatever evils he comes across.
- /+ Prefers walking and small vehicles travel to jumping, patient to say the least.
- + Great at scrounging off the land, actually making full meals out of scavenged goods.
- Still not fond of working with others, lost a great many friends, and was fooled one too many times for his liking, particularly untrusting of mages and human women.

*"They call me... Jack."*

### **The Bullet, ???, Archivist, "Standard Issue"**

To the side of the waiting area someone has heaped together a massive arsenal of guns, around which are several eccentric firearm savvy individuals. Perhaps the most bizarre of which is a (relatively) large bullet with stubby arms and legs. The taunting of the other individuals by the pile seem to be riling the little guy up, which wouldn't be intimidating if it wasn't brandishing some serious firepower.

- + Carries an entire armory on its back, equipped for any situation and only needs munitions.
- + Innate knowledge of fire arms, and carries single use amulets that vaporize airborne projectiles.
- + He's a cutie.
- +/- Worships guns, his entire life revolves around holy powder, casing and barrel.
- Considers Melee weapons a taboo, can't use them and resents those who do.
- + Would be happy in a box, prefers enclosed spaces.
- On an absurd quest to 'kill a person who stole a gun relic with the power to kill the past' as he puts it. It is unknown if he will ever find that person, and if he does the bullet is obliged to kill him. If he ever succeeds, expect things to get strange for the little guy.

*"When this is all over, don't follow me. My old home isn't exactly kindly towards visitors."*

### **The A'k Brothers, 35/35/35, Fighters, Lizard Squad** [♀]

Pushing your way out of the building and onto the streets of Tamit, the first thing you notice are three giant lizard creatures wearing muddy combat slacks kicking the shit out of each other. Before you can get out of the way one of the trio One-Handed Biel Throw's another in your direction.

- + Clutch mates, have been hunting and fighting together since the day they were born, their team cohesion is at a level that cannot be trained to.
- + Naturally durably physiology reinforced with combat training and liberal Bio handiwork.
- +/- Share EVERYTHING.
- +/- Rude, crude dudes. They live in the abandoned sewer under Tamit, blast western metal and get regularly sloshed. Smoke, curse and track in trash everywhere. Don't believe in personal space.
- +/- Surprisingly soft at the core, will drop anything to help out friends with anything and despise actions of abuse. Hold friends to a similar standard.
- Bicker frequently when they aren't needed, often wrestling each other in open confrontation.
- Simply label themselves 1, 2 and 3, never had names and would otherwise be easy to mix up.

*"I apologize for my brothers. They're a bunch of fucking dipshits."*

**Richard Hetz, 37, Fighter, Lufttrauser** [♀]

A man a little over five feet, unaugmented and surrounded by other titans of the Fighting Cohorts, Richard does not cut a particularly intimidating figure. At least until you notice the stacks of anti-matter requisition forms in his hands, and the undiminished bravado in his step.

- + An ace of aces from a victorious Third Reich's Luftwaffe, fought on the Russian, African and American fronts helping the Reich dominate the world.
- + Joined the inevitable counter movement and spearheaded the old Luftwaffe's destruction.
- + Rides a customized INS ship, which has been retrofitted for a single person. Loaded down with a metric fuck-load of munitions, armour and a completely reworked engine system. Specialized in lone-wolfing it and decimating whatever it is that needs to be wiped.
- Considers the modern Fighter practice that values instant CQC garbage and abstains from it in favor of seeking out aerial conflict.
- Occasionally vanishes to beat on random world war aerial battles contenders.
- + Surprisingly awkward out of the cock-pit, slightly twitchy but alright as long as you don't make any loud noises or bring up dogfighting.
- +/- Never had a girlfriend, has been in the cock-pit since he was sixteen.

*"Swords and plasma aren't going to cut it here. I think you should all just sit back and find a place to watch the fireworks."*

**Howard P.L, 117, Void Hunter, Transient Scribe of the Order** [♀]

Sitting on a bench beside a small skittering imp creature with four arms and no apparent head you see a man writing in a small brown book. As you close in and peer at his writings, you not nonsensical symbols that seemingly shudder and spasm across the pages. The man closes the book abruptly, extending a hand and introducing himself. When you shake his hand you feel something writhing beneath the skin.

- + A writing precursor in his native timeline who outlined many malignant incidents and cosmological horrors, has only since expanded his understanding of the Second and its progeny.
- + Has overcome his fears of knowledge, now wielding understanding as a sword though more often as a pen. Has dedicated his life to cataloging the unknowable and advising the Void Hunters and the Blades of the Third.
- Worrying to be around, the old secrets are actively warping him, and his willingness to stride into the maw of the unmentionable has contrasted him before the zealots and gate-keepers.
- +/- Has been keeping extensive records of his own wretched form, Howard might be willing to divulge such writings to the bold or the charismatic.
- Occasionally his old fashioned 'opinions' pop up, try as he might to suppress them. In many ways he feels more comfortable alone or with the children than other humans. Surprisingly squeamish about some things.

*"I have seen the dark universe yawning, where the black planets roll without aim; Where they roll in their horror unheeded, without knowledge or luster or name."*

### **Charlotte 'Goose', 24, True Traveller, Sand-Blasted Drifter** [♀] [♂]

Goose sits with several other new recruits, fiddling with the bracer on her arm and occasionally throwing suspicious glances at the vending machines. She catches your eye for a second and turns quickly back to her prodding.

- + Spent her formative years amidst the post-apocalyptic deserts populated by slavers, tribals, rapists and others of a similar breed. Has adapted surprisingly well to the Ae lifestyle.
- + Best in a fight when she's able to get close enough to breath down her Ire's neck. Adopted well to the Traveller Claws and a heavily modified stake driver.
- + Knows engines like nothing else, anything that runs on a combustion engine is putty in her hands.
- +/- Driving skills are eccentric to say the least, but when you need a physical presence and you have a strong stomach then she'll take you where you need to go.
- Doesn't know how to swim and extremely uneasy around large bodies of water.
- Won't use any technology that she can't take apart and put together.
- Kind of deaf, no indoor voice from years on the inside of deafening cages.
- Paranoid, willing to work with others but believes she can only ever rely on herself. It will take a while for her to open up to anyone.

*"Wind in your hair, dust in your eyes, a full tank of Guzzolene and all the scrap you could ask for- What else could a girl ask for?"*

### **Nostri Najasn, 545, Militant, Logistics Head** [♀] [♂]

Even waiting in line, Nostri keeps herself busy looking over data on commercialist production and the factions requisition requests. Her Servo-skull bobbing in the air beside her, shrouded by pipe smoke. She grumbles a curse under her breath on Maverii's joints.

- + Affably one of the greatest logistical minds in Militant and liable to take over Militant if anything ever happens to Caesar, Nostri keeps things running at peak efficiency.
- + Well connected to both the Administration and the Commercialists and can speed things up in your dealings with both factions, particularly for requisitions.
- + While she usually prefers to operate from HQ "as someone of her caste should" she isn't above some "Frontline tactical situation assessment" and is by no means incapable.
- +/- Believes in removing "offending elements" from the work equation. Doesn't tolerate failure, rebelliousness or slothfulness.
- +/- Doesn't connect to others on an interpersonal sense, centuries of running the numbers has taught her to ignore flesh and blood in favor of numbers. Callous by most definitions.
- Seems to be perpetually smoking something in the pipe, ranging from semi-toxics to something actually pleasant, making her presence hard to tolerate for those with sensitive lungs.

*"Attrition is nonexistent for our forces, however it is always a very effective tactic against our opponents. Let them bleed themselves for us."*

### **Folkama, 2192, Independent, Battle-scarred Salamander**

Standing at almost three meters high, his ceramite plate armour brining him to two meters across, Folkama would be absolutely terrifying if his helmet wasn't off revealing a happy-go-lucky grin on his heavily scarred face.

- + A veteran of the Great Crusade, the Horus Heresy and a few centuries operating as a renegade, Folkama is an expert in strong arm tactics and various pyrotechnic forms of warfare.
- + Surprisingly open to working beside various xenos and 'heretics' in an oddly cheerful fashion.
- +/- Comparable to a puppy, every day is a new dawn for him full of adventure and excitement.
- Not all there in the head, forgetful at the best of times. Might have taken one too many hits to the head.
- +/- Gets his holy incense everywhere. Doesn't smell that bad but he keeps doing it.
- + A forgemaster who has in his time with the Travellers reworked his own versions of the Corvus and Terminator armour for the Travellers, would be willing to set you up with your own custom armour.
- +/- Reliant upon Uis and his other friends, doesn't handle being alone well, often suffering panic attacks.

*"Into the fires of battle, unto the Anvil of War!"*

### **Uis, 2196, Independent, Long-dusted Alphan** [♀]

Just as gargantuan as Folkama, Uis has elected to instead squat beside his companion, in his hand is a hilariously small can of soda, a straw allowing him to drink his beverage while keeping his dread inspiring helmet on.

- + A veteran of the Great Crusade, the Horus Heresy and a few centuries operating as a renegade, Uis is an expert in absolute mobility combat, terror tactics and guerrilla warfare.
- + Surprisingly nimble for a nine foot tall ball of muscle, unlike Folkama he actually wears normal clothes.
- Still incapable of trusting xenos and the more vibrant Travellers, though he tries his best.
- /+ Deliberately obfuscates even the most simple of his activities out of habit. It is difficult to tell what exactly his motivations are, barring his concern for his battle brother.
- + Runs lessons for the Education directory on how to get the most out of absolute mobility and hyper irregular warfare, would be willing to privately tutor you.
- +/- Surprisingly able to relax, while it seems all he owns outside of his equipment is a reinforced couch in Folkama's forge, he'll let you sleep on it, or him if your small enough.

*"Oh shut up Folkama."*

### **Dierdre Duana, 867, True Travellers, Blind Witch** [♀] [♂] [JK]

Sitting at a small stand in the food court is a small woman with a scarred face, a blue blindfold covering her eyes. Approaching she offers you a steaming cup of tea, the smell oddly failure and appealing. Picking up the cup a goat's eye rises to the surface, staring up at you.

- + Extremely well written in the less savory aspects of the ethereal planes, Deirdre's years as a Hedge Witch have made her comfortable with things that stew the minds of robust Offworlders.
- + Though she is an old woman, she is extremely capable in conflicts preferring to get up close. The results are grotesque, often resulting in poisonings, disintegrations or flayings.
- Her unwholesome nature has been with her from birth, marked by the complete lack of eyes. While her etheric sense make up most of the difference, there are still some things she struggles.
- +/- Surprisingly capable cook with a great sense of taste, don't ask for the ingredient list though.
- +/- Has stories that can give even hardened Travellers nightmares, measures the success of such stories in their capability to unnerve.
- +/- Lives in a cabin in the Northern fringes, as the only time she can tolerate the mood of Urban environments if she gets something out of it. Willing to share tea with you, cook for you and show you the secrets of the malevolent ethereal planes.
- +/- A lecherous old harlot for whom no individual is off limits. The only serious cosmetic issues she's suffered from aging is her whitened hair. Everything else is payed to unpleasant contracts.

*"Teh, these malcontents wouldn't how to cook tongue if I cut their own out and fed it to them."*

### **Miss Pauling, 31, Home Guard, 'Home Cleaner'** [♀] [♂]

Miss Pauling is not here to get paperwork done, she's here doing other people's paperwork. She's currently trawling through a pile of half-finished reports with two local androids to attempt to figure out next year's schedule.

- + Miss Pauling is a professional cleaner. That is, she erases the existence of Traveller's where their presence is supposed to remain secret. No witness is safe, no fact concrete enough to avoid disappearing.
- + She also helps with the bureaucratic/organizational side of the operation. The backlog is staggering.
- Completely dedicated to her job. She has one off day a year and it usually ends up being taken up by emergency matters. Doesn't have any friends to speak of despite being here several years.
- +/- Stressed out to a serious degree and could use a serious break. If you could help deal with her Ae's 224<sup>th</sup> to get her extra time, or even just helping her with work would open her up pretty quickly.
- + Diligent to a fault. Will do just about anything for you if you need it.
- Short of cutting off her work schedule.
- Actually licensed to kill you if you really fuck it up by written script from the Judiciary.
- + Probably not though.
- /+ Her idea of a nice day off is skating and looking through gun catalogs.

*"You know, I've actually got a license to kill. Just- food for thought."*



### **Lazare Roth, 257, Hearth Keepers, Old Keeper**

You see Lazare on the other side of the street, a long elaborate pipe puffing out purple smoke as he uses a long paint roller to mark out curling runes on the side of a local residence. When he finishes the designs the runes fade from view, and he begins walking over to the food court.

- + An old Runist who has persisted only upon his herbal and runic pursuits, will inscribe your equipment for free.
- + Large collection of herbal remedies for just about any issue.
- +/- Spends most of his time wandering Ae fortifying the buildings and foundations of Ae.
- /+ Always smoking tobacco, inscription dust or opium, will begrudgingly share.
- Never travels offworld, he's too busy doing his own things.
- +/- Couldn't tell you what the hell is happening half the time, out of a combination of age and his usual smoke induced haze, completely apolitical.
- +/- Will sometimes sleep at your residence, though he only seems to smoke and doesn't take up much space.

*"I might not have built these walls, but I've made them strong. Strong enough hopefully."*

### **Dabria 'Eustache', 48, Architect, Anarcho-Artisian [♀] [♂]**

Dabria approaches you to make conversation while waiting on work for a munition subscription renewal. Apparently her subscriptions had been revoked over a 'misunderstanding' with the Administration. She insists that any plans to 'alter' their tower in Aehold were purely hypothetical.

- + Inducted from an unusually young age, Dabria was raised with a familiarity to Traveller Technology and an advanced understanding of magic.
- + Perfectly capable of construction work, but truly shines when it comes to razing to the foundations.
- +/- Still holds her Mentor in high regard despite extensive disagreements. Going as far as to carry his name, and working against any of his opponents on the side.
- +/- Great at making first impressions, bad at maintaining those impressions.
- Prone to moment's of obsession, particularly where art or her personal specialties are involved.
- +/- Her 'projects' tend to either shine or flop magnificently, doesn't believe in trivialities like 'balance' and 'caution' or other such silly things.

*"Darling, half the fun of making something new is tearing out the rot from what came before."*

### **Kaizmer Kastorvik, 91, Administration, Whites Vanguard [♂]**

Standing with several other Monarchists and Partisans waiting for the last raid members to pass through customs. Despite this he has already pulled out the absinthe and begun the victory celebrations.

- + One of the last 'White' Tsarists left over from the Russian civil war in his Timeline, Kaizmer was only recruited after being driven from the streets of Novgorad inch by inch.
- +/- Believes staunchly in a by the book approach to things, though he uses Absolute Mobility he does so in the most simple of fashions preferring to rely on sheer staunchness.
- +/- Never really got help for certain conditions the Great War and the Russian Civil War left him with, it's advisable not to surprise him or wake him up.
- + Expert in Moustache grooming and can impart upon you ancient Cossack grooming techniques.
- +/- Has on multiple occasions petitioned for Igra and Duwall to take the position of Kniaz and Tsar respectively, believes everyone could use some damn stability on Ae.
- +/- So deep in the closet you can ask him to grab your coat.

*"This organization has no room for rambunctious upstarts. Not after what I have seen."*



### **The Watchmaker, 291, Collectors, Twitchy Keeper**

He stands in perhaps the centermost point of the room, a dozen watches on his arm, face obscured by an old fashioned soviet gasmask. As you watch all the watches abruptly stop working, chuckling he turns towards you and waves.

- +/- A person of unknown origins, 'TW' as he is most commonly referred to has been a diligent member of the Collectors for almost 250 years now.
- + Can make really neat watches, freely gives them away as he has a literal pile of them now.
- Better not to listen to him when he thinks he's alone, more than a little disturbed.
- +/- Doesn't leave Glendale, but does provide timebombs freely on request.
- Refuses to use a translator
- + Oddly enough he doesn't need one, any situation he finds himself in he is able to communicate.
- +/- A big 'follower' of Fulcanelli's discourse as problematic and existentialist as it is. To him everything that is and will be, is. Nothing left out to chance. Nothing out of place. Like clockwork.

*"Nothing ever matters in the end. People will understand that soon enough."*

### **Marcus, 642, Hearth Keepers, Old Super Mutant [9]**

Sitting beside a small mutant boy who's just been recruited, Marcus is explaining the lay of the land. Listening to the great green giant he sounds incredibly reassuring.

- + An original induced mutant, Marcus can carry an auto rifle around like a normal human carries a pistol, not that he needs it as his fists are often more than enough to settle issues.
- + Prefers to resolve things without violence, he's done that dance too many times.
- +/- Doesn't leave Ae much these days, preferring to laze around the wastes.
- Sometimes it's impossible to get him out, it's hard to give a damn when nothing much changes, not for long, not when it's dealing men.
- + Not a better man you could find when you're dealing with the mutated and disregarded.
- +/- After immense amounts of jury-rigging from medical the 'juices are flowing again' whatever that means.

*"Long story. Want it short or the whole thing?"*

### **Almaxialia, 99, Commercialist, Man Hunter**

You lightly bump into Amaxialia, turning to face the Mokresia to discover her face a mask of snarling anger. The anger fades to shame as she composes herself, taking a step to walk away. Pausing she turns back and awkwardly attempts to strike up a conversation.

- + An expert Man-Hunter with potent prescient abilities to track down targets. Can bring down anything between dainty pixies to snarling yautja, dead or alive.
- + Works as a proficient 'collector' and a 'remover' for VIPs. Be it for individuals others can't find, informants with valuable information or troublesome individuals that need to be removed.
- /+ Introverted and sullen. Rarely strikes up conversations, even long haul journeys are almost always spent in silence around her.
- Incredibly short fuse when dealing with things she feels are 'disruptive.' This can range from people pushing her to loudly engaging in conversation around her, to just loud chewing.
- +/- Spends hours on end meditating to maintain control of her extremely anti-social behavior. Effectiveness varies wildly but things have been on the upswing recently.
- +/- Works completely alone. Will never need help, but will exist in a strange distance to you.

*"No. I don't want to talk about it. Ask again and I will jam this stun stick into the smallest orifice your species has."*

**Simo Häyhä, 98, True Traveller, White Death** [♀]

Simo has been here for two days waiting for the lines to empty out. He's now waiting in the lobby, eating breakfast and reading over the local newspaper. Though the majority of the paper has been ignored in favor of the comics section and a rotating crossword.

- + A farmer turned soldier, Häyhä excels in fighting in sub-zero environs. He is particularly adept at sniper and counter-sniper work.
- Häyhä's face is terribly scarred from one of his earliest combat encounters, making it difficult for him to eat and speak. Refuses to have it fixed because it helps him 'hold on' to that before.
- + Relaxed and open outside of the battlefield, always willing to take his close companions out once the mission is over.
- /+ Six Hours of training daily is one hell of a drug.
- /+ Takes no credit for his actions and is quite content to fade off into the background, waiting for the time when he'll be needed again.
- +/- Still uses a Finnish M/28-30 when doing his work, reliable and low-key, but lacking the strength of later models. Also carries a custom Mrk.10 Revolver and a Circassian Shashka.
- + Holds his duty before all other things, and is satisfied as long as he did his best.

*"Almost eighty years of practice, that's how you get good at something."*

**'Ghoullie' Sullivan, 260, Commercialist, Undead Auteur** [♀]

While staring out into the barely controlled chaos of the Tamit Administrative building, a hand wraps around your shoulder. Turning you see a pair of milky blue eyes and a million dollar smile.

- + Writer, director, actor, producer, editor, so on and so forth. Ghoullie is a one man film industry who's tried his hand in just about every genre. He's made everything from horror-comedy to historical epics.
- + Has a keen eye for talent and a keener eye for profit. He runs a tight ship in his small studio and makes surprising bank off of it. Had a hand in opening many of the theaters on Ae.
- +/- An artist and a perfectionist at heart, he takes an obsessive control over his movie, 127 tries for one shot is nothing when you have an unlimited amount of time.
- A rotting zombie from a timeline where the blight extinguished mankind. Stinks to high heaven and has his fridge locked for good reason. Has never tried smell-o-vision.
- +/- Parties Hollywood style. Expect to wake up with an Andrewsarchus in the bathroom and a nosebleed.
- /+ Packs heat (who doesn't on Ae) but tends to stay out of combat, doesn't leave Ae much either.
- +/- Probably can't make you a star, but if he thinks he can he'll give it his best.

*"Listen dame, exploring the stars is small time, how about I make you one instead?"*

**Jin'Gar, 135, Hearth Keepers, Juice Proprietor** [♂]

Just outside you discover a small hut like kiosk set up on the sidewalk, complete with a full fire pit and a tanning bed. Inside the jury rigged structure sits a woman with thick curling tattoos and braided hair. She taps at a board which jumps to life, revealing a pricing menu.

- + A Hearth Keeper potions & remedy maker. Her faction puts her up to travel around Ae and the Hubworlds to build up good relations and keep Jin'Gar busy.
- /+ Certain members of the medical department despise the notion of 'poultice remedies' though many do not. Jin keeps her head down by just labelling it juice and avoiding department folk altogether.
- + Surprisingly adept at dealing with all sorts of maladies from viper bites to gangrene to botulism.
- +/- You need to come to her, more specifically to her kiosk.
- +/- Lives for her work, will only under dire circumstances leave her Kiosk, though you can convince her to change her location cycle fairly easily.
- + No more a content individual you could find, Jin is happy to be, and to be useful.
- Her native language barely registers on the translator, making her speech sound broken to most.
- Don't bad mouth Ginger, don't do it it's just not worth it.

*"Got cold? Simpa' fix. Gin'gar, Hon'ea an' a loada' lem juice. Dring inna' hot water an' da colds no mo."*

### **'Big Dick' Bazuso, 221, Fighter, Self-Absorbed Knight [2]**

You see the walking mountain of muscle, fat and metal that is Bazuso attempting to woo several ladies with tales of his triumphs and tribulations. Though he hasn't succeeded in any regard he continues to walk with his head held high. High enough he accidentally stumbles into you.

- + Ridiculously mighty for an un-augmented human with little training, was once known for killing 30 men at once, as well as a brown bear with his bare hands before he joined on.
- Since he joined on he has gotten himself stuck with a tobacco problem, constantly reeks of the smoke.
- +/- Harboring previously untapped psyker abilities, Bazuso has only recently unlocked this potent well. Though potent his relative inexperience will likely leave him with in precarious situations.
- A womanizer to his very loins, Bazuso has slept with countless women of many species. It's unknown how many illegitimate children he has sired.
- +/- A gloryhog in all aspects of the word, Bazuso enjoys being the first one to wade into battle.
- +/- Was essentially murdered before recruitment by a Rookie mercenary, this is just about the only point of shame for him. As is the 'inevitable' reunion, which not even those fragments of glory may save him from.

*"Hey Kid! Do you really want to fight me!? You've got some balls, but you're gonna regret it when I chop your head off with my axe!"*

### **Steve Irwin, 57, Collector, Crocodile Hunter**

Lying shirtless sunbathing outside, Steve is currently shirtless, flexing his muscled scaled form underneath the vigor-stealing sun. Today is a good day to be endothermic.

- + Recruited after a near fatal tussle with a stingray, Steve is a skilled veterinarian and conservationist with a natural way with most wild creatures.
- + Opted for a restructuring with Crocodile genetics after he left his old life behind, now naturally amphibious with tough skin and a nasty bite.
- It's been a rough time for him, with the fullness of reality leaving him dazed, has had a nasty row of bad luck and the row doesn't seem to be lifting anytime soon.
- Getting stabbed multiple times will get to a man, occasionally suffers panic attacks and fits.
- +/- Has made it his job to protect animals and their natural environments across the realities, be they Teran or alien.
- +/- In private uses his funds to support various alternate versions of his wife and kid(s) who were left without him for whatever reason.

*"Yeah, I'm a thrill seeker, but crikey, education's the most important thing."*

### **Hura Natai, 26, Administrator, Gifted Cataloger [3]**

Hura is currently getting off a twelve hour shift. A local liaison who mans both the material requisitions line and the declarations work for customs. While her life has been rarely boring, it tends to be extremely exhausting.

- + One of the local liaisons who works in Tamit, Hura has been here since she was twelve doing her bit.
- + Knows Tamit like the back of her hand and extremely well regarded for her diligence.
- +/- The 'fill-in' girl in the local office as she tends to end up being the first one on call in the event a position needs filling. No doubt it will land her a promotion at some point but it's fucking exhausting.
- Conscious objector, she isn't interested in killing or being killed any time soon.
- Understandably can't do much for you besides fill you your paperwork.
- + Really enjoys talking to you.
- +/- You're probably the first person she's had a relationship with since she got here fifteen years ago, a combination of social awkwardness and a hard baked diligence has left her alone barring occasional dinners with Miss Maverii.

*"You think we're a professional organization? No, no we're not. I'm not surprised when I find a weapons requisition filled out with crayons. Fucking mongoloids around every corner."*

### **Miyamoto Musashi, 883, Fighter, Legend of the Distant East**

Miyamoto has spent the better part of six hours waiting for a series of forms on property claiming, a task which he has since forgotten and taken to sparring with several of the more audacious recruits. As you watch a young Bantu man steps up to the challenge, only to be knocked on his back with a series of sharp strikes.

- + A skilled fighter and master bladesman. Miyamoto has the art of swordsmanship down to a science, and is skilled in tactics and style analysis. Few can match him in skill and none have ever claimed to have defeated him in a duel.
- + Around 40% of his body is now augmented material, granting him inhuman strength and dexterity.
- + Humble and respectful. Treats everyone as an equal and is willing to lend an ear too just about anyone.
- +/- Honorable though he may be, he is willing to use time, stupidity and environments to his advantage.
- +/- Technically a cohort of his own, Musashi is often challenged by other members of the Fighters for his high position on the roster, and spends much time dealing with such upstarts.
- Some might challenge you just because you travel in his company.
- His path is unusually fraught with danger and conflict, expect frequent moments of battle and violence in your travels.
- +/- Considering retiring from the Fighters to open another school. Won't take such a notion seriously though until his 'most worth comrade' returns.

*"Know the unknowable. Know its claws."*

### **Tristana, 65, Fighter, Yordle Gunner** [9] [3]

Tristana is regaling an obviously disinterested friend with a tale of explosions and heroism. Going as far as to mimic gunshots and 'bad guy' voices as she goes on. When she notices your voyeuristic tendencies she calls you over to listen as she is just about getting to the 'good part.'

- + A 'Yordle' special commando, Tristana knows how to deal with Ethereal and Powder fights, preferring to fight with Explosives mixed with Absolute Mobility. An Adept of the style.
- +/- Chiper is a light word for her sunny disposition, with even opponents having a difficult time despising the cheerful girl. No longer allowed in Void Hunter meetings though.
- Reckless and refuses to back down from a challenge, to the point where she's lost fingers and even hands from a late jump.
- A head full of thoughts on her shoulders, Tristana has a hard time keeping focused outside of battle and maintenance.
- +/- Generous application of explosives first, tactics second. Unless she has orders otherwise Tristana does her own thing. While that is great for sabotage and crowd control there are some friendly fire issues.
- /+ Frequently pesters her friends and allies to go out and do things, life is too short when there's all manner of adventures waiting just outside the door!

*"I bravely volunteer to charge in recklessly!"*

### **Nicolas Cage, 112, True Traveller, Bizarre Actor** [ж]

What you initially mistake as an extremely brightly lit area is in fact light being bounced like a mirror off a bizarre looking man. Several more somber looking Travellers are bitterly complaining about this and one has gone as far as to pull out an umbrella to deal with the glaring light.

- + An eccentric who learned the ancient breathing technique of *[The Ripple~]* Nick can burn away undead entities and vampires with but a touch of his hands or special weapons.
- + A spectacle fighter and entertainer, every bout he finds himself involved in is bombarded with poses, thinly veiled homosexual overtones and absurd plays.
- His *[Ripple~]* technique is reliant upon his breathing and can be disrupted by smoke and choking.
- +/- Never really stays around in one place for too long, offworlders forget him almost immediately.
- +/- Was cursed with an interesting life, working with him will lead you down roads you didn't even know existed, but they'll be fabulous.
- +/- Not really affected by creeping madness' that persist across the planes, might already be mad.

*"Everything we do impacts someone's life, so you go big or go home!"*

### **Yuri Khalmantinai, 291, True Traveller, Ataman of the Vivali Host** [♀]

There seems to be more of a buildup than usual at the customs lines as it seems an entire Host of True Traveller Cossacks has arrived and are demanding to be processed at once, led by an incredibly short man in golden armour. Several Nisetics in response have pulled out their weapons and only the presence of a few lone Hearth Keepers seems to be preventing the race war.

- + Perhaps the most stereotypical True Traveller you will ever meet, Yuri is fond of friends, fond of travel and fond of strong drink. Nothing keeps him tied down for long, and the Vivali host is always moving.
- + He is the Ataman of the Host, leader and director. By joining the host you swear to serve your brothers, and him.
- /+ Service is payed to the host and repaid, any who join are free to leave at any time, but the journey keeps many bound to the banner.
- The Vivali Host and Yuri are inseparable at this point, Yuri will likely lead the host until his death, like his predecessors.
- +/- His veneer of overconfidence hides the fact he has no idea what the fuck he's doing.
- /+ Actually doesn't know how to interact with women, has been leading the Host since he was sixteen.

*"Hail Santiago, fatherless lickskin and craven of the highest regard!"*

### **Alessandro Di Cagliostro, 556, Ethereal, Notorious Alchemist** [♀] [♂] [✳]

You notice an oddly out of place girl, far younger than anything you'd think you see on Ae amidst the crowds. Catching her eye, the seeming child's sharp eyes belie a true more experienced nature.

- + An alchemist who learned the secrets of alchemy and transmutation. Cagliostro has mastered the art of creating Homunculi to transfer her soul into.
- /+ Originally a man, her new form is an attempt to "make the strongest, cutest alchemist in all of reality!" The Home Guard have her flagged as a degenerate.
- + Able to find points of weakness in most opponents, both physically and emotionally. Wields the tongue much like a whip.
- While Cagliostro's form can be reformed upon destruction, it takes time and a lot of energy.
- +/- Unbearably smug to enemies and allies, while her confidence is there, many people utterly despise her.
- +/- A Con (wo)man and forger, will use her abilities to get what she wants, either to the benefit or the detriment of her seeming allies.
- /+ More tied in with Fulcanelli than she dares to admit, and as much as Cagliostro tries to pull away from the past like his old body, it always comes back to haunt him.

*"Realties cutest is Cagliostro!"*

### **Abel, 61029, Fighter, Chained Defiler**

A man wearing only sweatpants and an elaborate series of tattoos crisscrossing his face, arms, chest and exposed feet sits atop a resting Stegosaurus outside. It's unknown why he's here, but he's popped out a sun tanning board and doesn't seem all that responsive at the moment.

- + The original biblical brother, with all the theological contrivances attached to him (though he tells a very different story of what happened.) Abel walked with human civilization from birth to extinction.
- Stabbed three people who pestered him about his past, doesn't like talking about it.
- + Other than that he's surprisingly chill, Abel is calmed by the presence of a multiverse without a demiurge ruling over it, the void calms him significantly.
- +/- Gets along well with Aliens and self-made men, while clerical figures make him anxious.
- + Enjoying the fact there are droids that serve him lemonade, could stay here for a few more decades of relaxation.
- +/- Don't pester him too much and Abel will follow you into hell, for better or for worse. Fidelity was the sin that landed him here all those years ago.

*"What?"*

### **Great Battleship 'Helga' Bismarck, 104, Void Hunter, Retrofitted Titan [6]**

Making your way out of the more populated streets of Tamit you finally get an unrestricted view of the landscape, great planes rolling out in many directions, a sandy steppe marked by massive rock formations and relics of lost lands, including giant stone sphinxes, xenos megaliths and titanic space and ocean ships lying amidst the dunes. Your cardiovascular system jolts when you notice one of them moving in your direction ever so slowly.

- + 251 by 31 Meters of German Battleship, Helga is a remnant of the Second World War granted sapience, aerial and void-borne capabilities.
- + Helga is a serious heavy hitter brought in when serious amounts of firepower and a gargantuan target is needed. All of her main guns function both in atmospheric and void based conditions.
- +/- Her massive size forces her to rely on a custom transportation set-up that has a six-minute cooldown.
- +/- Has enough inside of her for over two thousand Travellers, though for the most part it's just her.
- +/- Has spent the past decade looking for a boyfriend. Has unfortunately (or not) not been successful, in spite of her attempts to outfit a 'box room' for such a hypothetical partner's pleasure.
- Spends her days sailing across the skies and seas of Ae, can be difficult to find sometimes unless it's on an emergency line.

*"I have approximately 15655680000 nerve-endings scattered across my interior, I feel everything going on inside of me. Trust me, I know what you're doing in there, kleiner junge."*

### **Two/Six/One, 820, Commercial, Vending Machine**

At the end of the Commercial approved and stocked vending machines in the food court is an odd black faced one. Its seamless front has a small note attached to the front, with a Japanese Yen note tacked on. "First try for yuppies only. It knows who you are."

- + A seemingly sealed Vending machine that Fulcanelli initially tricked the boys down in experimental into bringing back before he revealed his intentions, Two-Six-One is sapient apparently and possesses extrasensory abilities. It knows who is using it and their motivations.
- + Can vend literally anything a vending machine can in the infinite planes. Including a very small Fey recruit who doesn't know how he got in there.
- +/- Actual mechanisms of the Machine are unknown.
- Only accepts Japanese Currency, Commercial needs a constant import of the bills so people can use it.
- Just a vending machine
- +/- It's very difficult to communicate with it, as the only way to do so is by way of packaging or general ideas behind what it vends. Favors you and others while being uncooperative with some.

*"Fuck-us! 10,000% of your daily intake of sodium!"*

### **Ironhide, ???, Militant, Robot Undisguised**

The gargantuan self-restructuring sapience called Ironhide is savagely bickering with a small greying blonde man with a ramshackle firearm. In spite of the metallic creature's absurd size and built in firepower, the older human is not backing down, much to Ironhide's fury.

- + A bizarre AI like entity from a race of synthetics with FTL capabilities, and bizarre transformative abilities, Iron hide himself can transform into a four-wheel drive pickup truck.
- + Also carries heavy autocannons and enough ammunition to cut out a mountain range railroad.
- Openly despises trivialities like 'subtlety' and 'enemy manpower.'
- Avoids using Absolute Mobility to do anything but move from reality to reality, the process makes him queasy apparently.
- + Though he may seem abrasive Ironhide firmly believes in the Traveller cause, and that every fleshling here has somehow earned the right to be his battle brothers.
- Even if some of them leave him baffled and confused.

*"It's always easier to get what you want when you have a fully automated cannon fleshlings."*



### **Teril Bonde, 738, True Traveller, Silvered Carolean** [♀] [♂]

The Northern War veteran known as Teril Bonde is currently feuding over an alleged insult from a massive construct of metal and apparent weaponry. In spite of his seeming disadvantage Teril is refusing to back down remaining to be ferociously open for a confrontation.

- + A soldier serving under the Swedish King Gustavus Adolphus in a different day, Teril was brought in when the Timewars were still blazing, and brought a modicum of discipline to Duwall and Igra.
- + A Drilled man through and through, Teril has the firm belief that any battle can be run down to the numbers, with even the most nightmarish of entities falling to a well-practiced plan.
- /+ Almost always right, though few even among the Travellers live up to his solar standards.
- Despises Militant and the Fighters for their lack of cohesion, though he begrudgingly respects Caesar.
- /+ A morose old veteran, though he finds much comfort in the arms of Ae's population of morose old veterans. To him it is a fitting Valhalla.
- +/- Was promised a death in battle to join his King one day, won't let himself go until the day he finds a worthy fight to finish his duty.

*"Mechanized beasts, horrors of Hell, even otherworldly entities fall short before professional discipline."*

### **Georgios, 109, Independent, Dragon Slayer**

Currently waiting on customs to clear a manticore, there seems to be a kerfuffle over the exact classification of the head, which may or may not just be a particularly inbred chimera.

- + Defender of Christians and the Meek, slayer of beasts men fear to struggle against, Georgios was spared the executioner's axe by time displacement, and has since devoted himself to being a lion among the Travellers.
- + A capable Hunter against even non-Euclidian groups, Georgios takes no qualms with his quarry.
- +/- Will not work with the wicked, the cowardly or the unrighteous.
- /+ An independent through and through, Georgios is a patron of Traveller churches and monasteries, and uses his abilities to spread the creed off-world.
- Had a serious hatred in his heart for the treacherous and the hypocritical, and considers striking down such sorts a lesser sin than violence.
- +/- Has a bizarre interpretation of his theological duties, one that has been shifted by the hidden dance of the first, second and third. While his Christian duties compel him, he is loyal to the Order through and through.
- Though not it's members.

*"Someone needs to look out for those masses when our conflicts come to their doorsteps."*

### **Rkthag-H'tyo, 48, True Traveller, Non-Euclidian Priest**

The most hooded figure amidst Un-Karh's band of mingled Travellers, Rkthag-H'tyo's face is mostly hidden, but a genuine if slightly unsettling smile can be seen from the shadows.

- + A child of the stars granted to a human womb, H'tyo lived a truly miserable life until his recruitment, when he found his calling in life as a defender of Ae's many temples, churches and mosques.
- + Even started up work on his own church, it's a humble building that is still being worked on by a few drones that the Home Guard lent him. But damned if he isn't proud of it.
- +/- Spends his time 'doing his part' off Ae. Raising money, assisting the poor, the sick and the downtrodden. Odd as it may seem to see him play with children or hold a food drive.
- /+ His beliefs are strange to say the least, what he found solace in while his father's fathers screamed in his ears. Yet there is an odd comfort to that darkness, a welcoming quiet.
- Would die in a heartbeat for any friend of his, lives to serve others and his god.
- /+ Directly wired to his entire void-borne lineage, while the Void-Hunters have tapped this, he does suffer grievously under their screams and requires much assistance from his friends in the worst moments of their calling.

*"The silence sings to us, listen for but a moment."*



### **Albert Chodkiewicz, 66, Independent, Winged Hussar**

Currently two hearth keepers are berating the still mounted Hussar over his horse which has just left a heaping pile of dung on the floor. Albert doesn't much care as a small android comes out of the back with a broom.

- + A Hussar who served at the liberation of Vienna and the push back against the Turks all the way to the Bosphorus, Albert is a cavalry man in an age where such a thing shouldn't possibly exist.
- + His augmented horse is more metal than beast, a half tonne of meat and metal. 'Helga' as she calls her is actually quiet sweet when her blinders come off and is fond of apples.
- +/- Rarely actually dismounts, crippled below the waist though an impromptu exoskeleton lets him walk around during those off moments.
- Doesn't know anything more than war and devastation, something of a self-admitted coward when it comes to the notion of stability.
- +/- Massive fan boner for the regalia the Winged Hussar's of Poland would gain. Collects everything he can.
- + At the end of the day a mounted Hussar in the right place can turn the tide of any battle.

*"Cowards never expect a charge!"*

### **'Promethyan,' ???, Fighter, An Idea Given Form**

Standing outside on the tarmac is the living flame dubbed 'Promethyan' though most simply call 'him' Promi. His natural anatomy makes writing out a written census very difficult, and the liaisons are currently looking for some large wooden sheets for him to singe his answers into.

- + An entity that, for all intents and purposes shouldn't exist, the Promethyan is as he puts it 'An Idea Given Form' though he himself barely knows the meaning behind those words.
- +/- Not even he knows where he came from, he just sort of was. Much to the confusion of his screeners, and his eventual recruiter.
- + Composed purely of flame, not ethereal matter, though he does exhibit some properties of it. Doesn't burn with his body being only warm to touch and an immense pyro kinetic entity.
- /+ Polite, with a firm handshake and good posture, but not much reason to talk to others.
- /+ Prefers to spend his days wandering, to see as much as he can, and give flame to lifeless worlds.
- + That much is enough for them, to pass on the spark. Valued to have another watcher along with him.

*"I am new. I apologize."*

### **Fig, 3219, Void Hunter, Polypoid Grandmother [3]**

What you initially mistake for an alien potted plant actually turns out to be a potent psionic Polyp. She doesn't mind though, she's currently captivated by the motion of the liaison offices.

- + An ancient polypoid carrying her mothers and foremother's dreams, the simple Fig is actually a deep well of knowledge and psionic power.
- + Surprisingly girlish and gossipy, Fig is an active team member who is surprisingly well adjusted to human time frames.
- /+ Blind and deaf, relies on psionic powers well enough but would really appreciate someone to feed her chicken nuggets once a week.
- Be careful what you ask of her, her information can be damaging if thrown on too fast.
- + If she needs to she can crush a charging rhino like a person crushes a fly. Though it will exhaust her.
- /+ Momma needs some fertilizer.

*"Ui! Ui! Laii-Laii!"*

### **'Dave,' 6, Independent, Allegedly Perfect Lifeform [X]**

The Gigeresque horror known as 'Dave' locally is currently skittering his way around the food court looking for scraps of meat and food. Occasionally snapping things up from the plates of distracted diners.

- + Born a 'drone' to an amalgamation of horrors that over-ran an entire human colony, Dave was a mutant of his kind and was skirted offworld before the planet his kind had infested was subject to Exterminatus.
- + His unique genetic mutations leave him operating at almost human levels of intellect (though he struggles particularly with math.)
- /+ Was 'neutered' to prevent him from transforming into a 'queen' amongst his kind, though at some point considers 'moulting' a viable option if the situation ever became desperate enough.
- + His natural body is ideal for assassinations and many Administration and Void-Hunters consider him a first call for certain jobs.
- Hyper acidic blood will ruin floors or your skin if he ever gets shot near you.
- +/- Massive augmentations have fixed many of the deficiencies that the drones of his breed suffer. Though he needs constant and frequent tune ups on Ae.
- +/- Yautja make him extremely uncomfortable, saying nothing of those outside the Order.

*[Exasperated Hissing]*

### **Oliver Seymour of Somerset, 76, Independent, Shattering Step**

You see a man exiting the back offices of the liaison offices beside a number of griping liaisons, his smile is gleaming, his clothing immaculate. The Sigil of the Inheritor and the Hammer and Sickle gleaming on his breast.

- + A fervent communist and believer that the status quo of Ae must be shifted out of the control of the council, Oliver is a potent individual who has survived much in his early years.
- + A surprising supporter of the Inheritors to boot, to Oliver the ideological is the core.
- +/- Oliver sees the disappearance of Duwall as an implicit sign of weakness of the current system the Traveller's stand over, and will seek to capitalize on it.
- Despises the blind autocratic way of things many worlds stand over, and that the Traveller's allow it.
- +/- A bit too friendly with many new recruits.
- /+ At some point he is going to disappear, and you can either join him, or go against him forevermore at that point. Oliver is the kind to hold a grudge.

*"Some sins should not be tolerated."*

### **Barrow, 9793, True Travellers, Weary Wanderer**

The cloaked figure of Barrow has been called in to attempt to identify the phylogeny of a recruit that seems to be a heaping mass of skeletons. He is currently poking the bone pile with a stick.

- + An ancient pre-Traveller who arguably belongs to the first generation (a debate he has paid no mind to) Barrow is one of the most ancient and still human Travellers.
- + A Necromancer of no small capability, Barrow was the mind behind many of Ae's guarding seals and defenses, defenses that, thankfully have never been tripped.
- +/- Jaded and weary from his long years, half expects to outlive the Travellers.
- Doesn't see much point in doing anything else than binding the seals and doubling down on his works.
- +/- Considers his story long and boring, though he has a personal memoir somewhere if you bother him enough.
- +/- Though he's been around for centuries among the Travellers really doesn't know how to feel about them, all he knows is those individuals have treated him with an absurd assistance, and he repays every single debt he has in full.

*"Perhaps what matters is what you deem matters, which is good you can still deem such things to matter."*

### **Gypsum, 3, Void Hunter, Living Lightshow** [♀] [♂]

Sitting on an unusually muddy Yautja's lap drinking motor fuel from a carton is Gypsum. Technically the youngest non-AI within the Travellers at the moment, the experience has thoroughly captivated her.

- + An 'all-natural' hardlight, Gypsum is one of the few of her kind, and perhaps the only one in recent memory to achieve sapience.
- +/- Despite being only three solar years old, Gypsum is fairly mature and empathic in all respects, and arguably more rational than ninety percent of her countrymen.
- + Wants to 'experience' everything she can, she's copied sense humans don't even possess.
- Can only manifest a meter tall body, her 'core' in minute.
- +/- Somehow manifesting claws and teeth is surprisingly effective, if only against flesh targets.
- +/- At the end of the day just wants to experience, and wants to do it with someone else. There's so much out there, and it might pass Gypsum all by if she sits for too long.

*"I guess I'm just happy to be alive?"*

### **Krombopulos Michael, 362, Commercial, Cheerful Assassin**

Out of the corner of your eye you notice an odd insectoid on his way out of the building in a rush. As he passes you a Holo-Graph business card drops out of his pocket. "Krombopulos Michael. KILLER."

- + A pay-for-play murderer without any ethics or code, he'll kill anyone for the right price. Except Travellers. He'd be out of the sweetest gig he's ever gotten if he did that!
- +/- Picks up equipment on the fly. Generally doesn't use the same tech more than once.
- Work keeps him very busy, lots of Travellers need people out of the way.
- +/- Works alone unless it's for a big job.
- + A surprisingly simple, doesn't need a lot other than his work to keep him happy.
- +/- Easy to follow on social media, gives out business cards all over the place.

*"Oh boy, here I go killing again!"*

### **Grigori Rasputin, 1139, True Travellers, Second-Gen Mystic**

Sitting beside a demonic monstrosity bickering loudly with it is Grigori. A man wrapped in robes with sullen oppressive eyes, in many ways he is more menacing goat legged snake eyed creature to his right. Though the effect of both is somewhat lost when you realize they're arguing over who will be paying for diner as Grigori is something of a glutton for cheesesticks.

- + A real knee-biter Grigori clung to life after the Denial when the battle ship he was on was crushed like a tin-can, lopping him in half. Ironically that was the second time such a lopping occurred and he was easily fixed up after the fact.
- + A frost and battle scarred man, Grigori has long been in communication with the spiritual, able to both heal incurable ailments and curse enemies with hallucinations and misfortunes.
- Reeks of wine, old cheese and stale bread, doesn't bath on a monthly basis.
- + At least keeps good hair and beard product around.
- +/- Distressingly aware of the state of things in the leadership, played a good amount of realpolitik back in the day.
- Intends to sit the next round of kinsman bloodshed inevitable and he won't intervene this time.

*"Bah, I've seen this before! Six times as a matter of fact!"*

- ♀ Female Romancable
- ♂ Male Romancable
- ✖ Filthy Degenerate

I hereby decree all chosen builds canon, and may be taken as allies in the cyoa. Allah save me.  
Oh who am I kidding Allah ain't doing shit for me.

Traveller Build Companions **V.1.5** "At least I have my Porn" Edition [156 Builds]