

## **Senior Ranger Angelozzi Abel \ Edel**

**Delegation: Confederated Northern City-States**

**Nationality: Western Frontier Protectorate**

To become a full citizen of the Western Frontier Protectorate, you have to do military service, and that suited you just fine. All through your youth you were itching to get into the Western Frontier Protectorate Army – you spent your days playing with toy Gears, shooting your friends and cousins with sticks, playing military computer simulation games, reading technical manuals. Furthermore, as a member of the Angelozzi clan you came from a great military tradition – most of your adult relations had served longer than necessary, your mother and several aunts and uncles were still in the WFPA, your grandparents had distinguished themselves as commandos (which was how they met – your father still gets a tear in his eye when he tells that story of romance, blood and glory). You couldn't wait to get going.

And then when you were only seventeen cycles of age the CEF came. A common enemy that didn't care about borders, they wanted all of Terra Nova for themselves. So if that's what they wanted, you decided, that's what they'd get. In a controversial move in your family, instead of joining the WFPA, when you lied about your age it was to the multinational Northern Guard, and you were accepted, run through basic training and sent to learn to be a Heavy Gear pilot. Before long you were out on the front lines, fighting side-by-side with units from the Southern MILICIA, and as was always expected of you you were brave and capable and willing to go above and beyond the call of duty to protect your planet. In the closing days of the War you were involved in the terrible and climactic Battle of Baja, a dirty, bloody siege by allied Terra Novan forces of the CEF landing site at Baja they were using to bring in reinforcements. Here your regiment's duellist fell to a lucky shot from a strafing CEF aircraft, and after the tradition of your regiment, the 113th *Short Fuses* she named you her successor. This was agreed by your comrades and officers, as you were seen as one of the bravest and most honourable of the regiment's number. And so it became your task to uphold the *Fuses'* honour both on and off the battlefield.

Honour, you have learned, is everything. It is what separates us from the beasts. It's also what separates us from the Earthers. Uat-growing monstrosities to do their dirty work for them is hardly honourable, for starters. They don't have duellists and prefer to settle conflicts with pointless bloodshed. They see no problem with using sneaky tricks, back-stabbing and lying to further their ends. And honour is what separates us from the politicians. It is they who started this stupid war that's currently taking the lives of so many good men and women on both sides, and it's greed that motivates them, not the good of any nation or ideal. You have much more in common with the Southerners you face across the battlefields now than with those who call for this war.

The Southerners were honourable allies. The War of the Alliance was a hellish time, but the sense of camaraderie you felt then was like nothing you've experienced before or since – strangers from all over the planet, with their different languages and accents and habits and senses of humour, all united and ready to die for each other. A Mekong Peacekeeper saved your life once, and you saved that of a Humanist Protector serving in the MILICIA. And now you have to do your duty by killing these same people who helped you keep your planet free. It angers you that you're forced into this position and it angers you that there's no honour in how this situation arose.

Your regiment recently cycled in from the front lines for repairs, reinforcements and rest (it's been getting hit pretty hard and has been in the wrong place at the wrong time more than once), and when word of these negotiations came up you volunteered to go in place of one of your overworked commanding officers – the chance to get face-to-face with some Southerners to see if you're really correct in your estimations, or if

times have changed too much, was too good to pass up. It's not without its price though – there's also a delegation from Port Arthur, and that means Earthers, whom you hate, and possibly even GREs, which aren't even people – soulless, artificial killing machines. Your duty here is to secure the loyalties of this town for the North, and as ever you'll do your duty to the best of your abilities, but what you most want is an end to this ridiculous war and a return to the days of all the cultures of Terra Nova coming together as friends. Perhaps there are others who feel the same way...

## About Your Delegation <

- **Chaplain Argo:** The chaplain is also a War of the Alliance veteran, but seems to have had greatly different experiences from your own and the pair of you have clashed over your views regarding the current conflict on a number of occasions.
- **Captain Geoghan:** The regimental intelligence officer, outranks you but you're leading this particular expedition. Seems like an alright sort, bit of a stuffed shirt of course, but given the pounding the regiment is taking you really wonder about the Captain's abilities as an intelligence officer.

## Resources <

You were escorted to the pick-up point by the rest of your squad, four Heavy Gears. They'll instantly obey any command you give them, but the rest of the regiment is completely unprepared for action of any kind at the moment.

## Goals <

- Win the negotiations and get this town allied to the North. Nobody said you had to like your job, just to do it, and it's better than having to shoot Southerners like you've been doing.
- There are those who feel, as you do, that this war is a senseless sacrifice of good people on the altar of the power-brokers' greed and ambition, nothing more. Although these opinions can be seen as treasonous to a greater or lesser degree, if you can form contacts with similar feelings it could become a powerful force to influence those in charge to end this pointless bloodshed.
- Undermine the efforts of the Earthers, but without stooping to their level – honour is still, of course, paramount.

## Additional Player Info: Senior Ranger Angelozzi <

A soldier through and through, Angelozzi identifies well with other people of courage and honour. Although now forced to fight the South to defend his country and home, he bears them no malice – they're just soldiers doing what they're told, like him. He reserves his hatred for Earthers – make no mistake, they're up to something. Unable to take Terra Nova by force, now Port Arthur is forging economic treaties and trying to build an empire from within his world. As a devout Revisionist, he believes GREs to be soulless abominations, and believes that those who built them are even worse.