

Captain Rey Geoghan

Delegation: Confederated Northern City–States

Nationality: United Mercantile Federation

You were born in Ashington, near the UMF–Badlands border and grew up expecting that your knack for mathematics would lead to a career in the local solar or wind farm, like a lot of people from your area. But, like a lot of people, your plans were changed by the arrival of the CEF. You joined the Northern Guard as a footsoldier, but your mathematical abilities were quickly recognised and you were moved into a military intelligence analysis section. After the War you served with several different units, and for the past eight cycles have been the regimental intelligence officer for the 113th *Short Fuses*.

So reads the cover story, and it could be further from the truth. Your mathematical abilities did indeed get you serving with an intelligence organisation during the War, but it wasn't in the Northern Guard – it was the notorious Southern Republic Intelligence Directorate. You were actually born in Ashanti in the Southern Republic and your real name is Emile Jerveaux.

It was a love of and strongly-held belief in the concept of freedom that caused you, when word of the Earth invasion reached your university in Newton, to march straight out of your post-graduate research lab and into an SRID Public Interaction Unit office to ask to be signed up. Freedom is the single most important thing there is – there are innumerable instances of people all throughout history sacrificing comfort, their homes, their families, their lives just for freedom. Better to die free than live as a slave, as the saying goes. And now Earth wanted to take your planet's freedom away. So you served proudly in the SRID as an analytical number-cruncher before being sent undercover as an intelligence officer to keep an eye on front-line units considered to have a high chance of defecting to “the winning side”.

The planet-wide unity that followed Terra Novan victory was short-lived. With a history of so-called holy crusades fuelled by religious fanaticism under their belt and with a neo-conservative religious regime on the rise, the next big enemies of freedom were obviously the Confederated Northern City–States. Given their way they'd turn the entire planet into an extension of the Northern Lights Confederacy, where the masses are ruled by the Revisionist Church's iron fist and have to watch everything they say lest they be labelled heretics or blasphemers – and they've got the muscle and the fervour to do it unless somebody can stand in their way. Over the next cycles you studied the North in great depth, and the shadow games between North and South began to escalate. Eventually it became apparent that a war would be inevitable, so the military build-up and espionage activities on both sides accelerated. An opportunity arose to have an SRID agent planted in a Northern Guard Heavy Gear regiment, the 113th *Short Fuses*, and with your experience and knowledge you were the perfect candidate. Eight cycles ago, you went North as Captain Rey Geoghan.

Your talents, a lucky break or two and some help from the SRID succeeded in getting you promoted to regimental intelligence officer by the outbreak of the Interpolar War. All this time you were playing the devout Revisionist – yay for the Gentle Spirit, boo for the Southern heathens – and reporting back to your superiors in Port Oasis. But when the War started up you really got a chance to make a difference. Due to your misinformation, feigned bad analysis, faking of intelligence and of course reports to Port Oasis the entire brigade, but most especially the *Short Fuses* have been taking a pounding. They're fighting back tenaciously but when the enemy knows what they're going to do before they do it, there's only so far they can get on mere grit. You feel occasional pangs of guilt about this because despite your efforts to remain cold and distant, you get on well with some of your comrades in the regiment. But at times like those, you remind yourself of the greater cause you're working toward – the continued freedom of Terra Nova. That's

a big omelette to make, so some eggs are most certainly going to have to be broken.

The *Short Fuses* had been rotated in from the front lines to rest, reinforce and repair when word of these negotiations came in. As the nearest convenient unit the *Fuses* were told to send the required three delegates, and you volunteered in order to undermine the North's chances of drawing this free town into their network of satellite bondsmen.

Also, although it's not easy to admit this to yourself, you welcome the break from sending the members of your regiment to their deaths for no reason. As a true Southern Republican you value honour highly, and there is little honour in sending men and women to die defending an empty outpost from a vastly superior force because of a lie, or a dozen other similar situations you have put people into. At least here you can further your league's ends and help keep the North contained without killing anyone. They say espionage is a dirty game, but you doubt you'll walk out of these proceedings feeling that you've added to the blood on your hands.

About Your Delegation <

- **Senior Ranger Angelozzi:** The regiment's duellist, an honour-above-all type, who requested this assignment instead of an officer. A War of the Alliance veteran who seemingly made some friends in the South and is against this current War. Could be useful, if properly motivated.
- **Chaplain Argo:** This one's a hard-liner, also a War of the Alliance vet but strongly anti-South. Potentially dangerous, but clever manipulation could counteract that or even turn it to your advantage.

About Others You Know <

- **Emir Lavezzo:** Isn't that THE Emir Lavezzo? What the hell is an Emir doing here?

Resources <

You were escorted to the pick-up point by Senior Ranger Angelozzi's squad of Heavy Gears, who are waiting there for further instructions, but they'll probably more readily obey orders from their squad-leader and duellist than from you. If necessary, you could use your SRID status to pull rank on any Southerners (apart maybe from the Emir) but to do so would certainly risk blowing your cover.

Goals <

- Undermine the North's position and try to get the town to ally with the South.
- Ensure your cover isn't blown – your position as regimental intelligence officer is valuable in the extreme and provides plenty of excellent information for the South's intelligence machine, and is certainly not to be risked on a minor proposition like this one.
- Sketchy reports of intercepted communiqués indicate that there will probably be an enemy agent present, and that he or she may be aware you're here. Try to ascertain who it is and what their allegiance is.

Additional Player Info: Agent Jerveaux <

Lying, manipulating, controlling, scheming – despite her good intentions, Jerveaux is the archetype of an SRID agent. As is indicated above she suffers from a slight emotional conflict about what she does, but it has yet to interfere with her work. She'd enjoy getting out of character and being able to chat to another Southerner but that's not very likely, unfortunately – she doesn't even have any SRID identification with her to prove to them she's not who she claims to be. As a Southerner she has reasonably strong feelings about honour, and admires Senior Ranger Angelozzi, who is driven primarily by honour. But of course that won't stop her shafting him if it should suit her ends. Tough life, being a villain with a conscience.