

Soldier Arkhangel

Delegation: Port Arthur

Nationality: GREL (Jan class)

Bred in a cloning vat on the gateway world of Caprice, purpose-built to be the ultimate military officer, and then shipped to this desert world to fight for the New Earth Commonwealth, you never actually got to see Earth, the planet to whom you were told you owed your allegiance. Told by the inferior humans who created your kind, to do their dirty work for them. And when their incompetence caused the invasion to fail, they ensured it was you and your disposable brethren who got left behind. So you moved with your unit to the town of Port Arthur, where those NEC soldiers abandoned on Terra Nova were making the most of the situation and setting themselves up with new lives, free of loyalties to the Earth regime.

But still you were at best a second-class citizen. The regular humans, despite the ample evidence of their own inferiority, were in charge here too. That's why after all this time you still haven't been promoted. They tell you it's because of the hypno-training that is an integral part of who you are, that you're psychologically incapable of taking command at a higher level than you were designed for. But you know, you can feel it in every fibre of your being, that they're wrong. You could command a regiment better than any normal human. You could run Port Arthur better than that weakling fool, Colonel Charles Arthur. Given the opportunity, in fact, you would do a fine job of controlling a country, or a world. And opportunities like these are not given freely – they are taken.

There are many other GREs who think like you – that GREs are a superior race and it's time to stop knuckling under and being the homo sapiens' garbage boys. The most prolific of these is the self-styled Colonel Proust, who is gathering an army of his own somewhere in the wilderness and is preparing to make his move. He's recruiting disgruntled GREs out of Port Arthur and the movement is gathering steam despite the efforts of the puny throwbacks in command to stamp it out. You've been working for Colonel Proust within Port Arthur, and when he makes his move you'll be rewarded with a high-ranking position within the New Human Republic's command structure. Ironically, it is with promises exactly like these that you've found you can get normal humans to work with and even for your cause – promise them money or power and their puny minds just go wild with desire.

You were assigned to this boring diplomatic mission as an assistant (an assistant! You, a Jan-class GRE!) to the regular human officer Major Krakauer, but it occurs to you that perhaps you can turn this dead-end assignment to your advantage. There are always those who lust after money and power, especially in a place and time like this.

The time of the New Human Republic is coming. A new social order is at hand. And you're going to do everything in your power to help bring it about.

- **Major Krakauer:** A typical feeble-minded inferior human PAK officer, a tank commander from the time of the invasion. Toes the line but with your superior reasoning and insight you can see discontentment with the Port Arthur regime. Obviously has no idea what you're capable of.
- **Corporal Fleischer:** A worthless human grunt, assigned as a bodyguard. Barely worth the effort of swatting like an insignificant insect, except that as a native Terra Novan this worthless grunt could prove to be a useful ally with which to contact others sympathetic to the New Human Republic cause.

Resources <

Major Krakauer and yourself were escorted to the pick-up point by a platoon of hoversuits and two squads of GREL infantry in APCs, who are waiting for you. As second-in-command on this mission they are yours to command if Krakauer is unable to do so, and furthermore many of the GRELs are sympathetic to your cause and you might be able to convince them to obey your orders over those of Krakauer, if necessary, although because this'll be done over a military comm broadcast it'll totally blow your cover. More immediately, you have great strength and innate combat ability.

Goals <

- Arrange things as favourably as possible for the New Human Republic. This probably means having Port Arthur win the negotiations with yourself in a strong liaison role, but if you've got a better idea, go for it.
- Try to get ahead. Major Krakauer is in a perfect position to recommend you for promotion, but you'll need to prove that you're capable (or find some other way of convincing).
- Gather recruits for Colonel Proust's cause. You're the only GREL here so it won't be easy...

Additional Player Info: Soldier Arkhangel <

Born as adults, built for their task and hypno-programmed as soldiers, not as people, GRELs are a pretty alien bunch. In the most literal sense, they are born to kill, and stuck here with no war to fight they're having a hard time coping, since they find it very difficult to learn new skills. Arkhangel doesn't think of himself as sociopathic, but it's what he is – when Jans get going they like to plot, scheme and explain their ingenious plans to their prisoners before leaving them to a slow-moving and complicated fate, so have fun with it. The old style of humans are obsolete, GRELs should be in charge (especially the Jans, it's what they're designed for after all) and the reason you're kept down is because they fear you, because they know you're superior in every way.

For the record (Arkhangel knows this), GRELs are sterile and nobody knows how long they live. Almost all Jan-class GRELs are male, and in case it doesn't say it elsewhere, the Jans are built to be officers (Mordreds are the heavy infantry and are male, Morganas are the commandos and are female, Isaacs are the technicians and are male, Minervas are the pilots and are female, etc.).

Also, you're at least seven feet tall, built like a brick factory, and have purplish skin.