

## PERSONAL IDENTIFICATION

<b>NAME:</b>	Dominic \ Dominique Farrier
<b>PROFESSION:</b>	Defector
<b>RANK:</b>	Commoner
<b>NATIONALITY:</b>	Humanist Alliance
<b>UNIT:</b>	H.I.R.A.

## ATTRIBUTES

<b>AGI</b>	<b>APP</b>	<b>BLD</b>	<b>CRE</b>	<b>FIT</b>
0	0	+1	+1	+1
<b>INF</b>	<b>KNO</b>	<b>PER</b>	<b>PSY</b>	<b>WIL</b>
0	+2	0	-1	0

## SECONDARY TRAITS

<b>STR</b>	<b>HEA</b>	<b>STA</b>	<b>UD</b>	<b>AD</b>
+1	0	30	6	5

## PERKS & FLAWS

Machine-Touch: 5
Addiction (Alcohol: 5): -2
Secret (Earther): -2

## PHYSICAL STATUS

<b>INJURY</b>	<b>UD AP</b>	<b>AD AP</b>	<b>SYSTEM SHOCK</b>
<b>FLESH WOUND (15)</b>		-1	
	-1	-2	
		-3	
	-2	-4	
		-5	
<b>DEEP WOUND (30)</b>	-3	-6	
		-7	
	-4	-8	
		-9	
	-5	-10	
<b>INSTANT DEATH (60)</b>	<b>DEATH</b>		

## SKILLS

<b>NAME</b>	<b>LVL</b>	<b>Cp x</b>	<b>+ -</b>
Combat Sense	1	1	-
Defence	1	1	-
Etiquette (Humanist Alliance)	2	2	-
Hand-to-Hand	1	1	+1
Language (Universal French)	2	1	+2
Small Arms	1	2	-
Survival (Desert)	1	1	+2
Technical Sciences (Electronics)	3	3	+2
Technical Sciences (Mechanics)	2	3	+2

## WEAPONS

<b>NAME</b>	<b>ACC</b>	<b>DAM</b>	<b>RANGE</b>	<b>R.O.F.</b>	<b>AMMO</b>

## EQUIPMENT

Tech rig, overalls, Daddy Cool baseball cap, laptop computer, portable CAD mainframe, casual clothes, Encrypted Radio Communicator, hip flask of Bethanite rum, various mechanical and electronic spare parts including innocent-looking control gear for Aristotle and assorted high-tech surveillance and counter-surveillance gear, 2000 dinars	
<b>Genre points:</b>	<b>Emergency dice:</b>
3	0

## Dominic \ Dominique Farrier

Farrier is not a native of the Humanist Alliance. He's not even a native of the Badlands, as he claims. He was born on Earth in 6093 (38 years ago, or 54 Terra Novan cycles), where his interest in engineering earned him a scholarship to study mechanical and electronic engineering. Upon graduation, he was drafted into the Colonial Expeditionary Force. Afforded the opportunity to work with cutting-edge technology, he happily immersed himself in his job, being shipped to Caprice and ultimately assigned to the Terra Nova task-force. Left behind by the retreating CEF fleet upon their defeat by the native forces, he found himself stranded on an alien world with no friends or hope of ever seeing home again. It was then he was approached by Meredyth Galahad with an offer to defect to the Humanist Alliance in exchange for protection and citizenship. Doubting he'd get a better opportunity on Terra Nova, Farrier agreed, and began the slow and steady process of indoctrination. Gradually brought into the Humanist fold, Galahad ensured he was of great help to HIRA in helping them understand captured Earth technology, and suggested he pick up some experience as a HIRA field agent to help him bond with other operatives.

### Profession <

Having lived the life of a defector, teaching his knowledge to his hosts without ever being fully trusted, Farrier is glad to be out in the field for a change. He's had plenty of hands-on experience of some of Earth's best front-line military technology, which is significantly more advanced than Terra Nova's, and with time has become equally comfortable with the equipment of both planets. He's only been on a handful of missions with HIRA so far, all low-key uncomplicated stuff under Galahad's close supervision, where his main task has been working on electronic surveillance devices – hardly taxing, but a nice distraction.

### Attitudes <

Farrier has made a life for himself on Terra Nova, but it's not what he wanted to do with his life and although he realises he's come out far better than most of his abandoned comrades, he isn't content. He's lonely and knows he's mistrusted, and although he respects what the Humanist Alliance is doing with its social structure it's still an alien society and is a constant reminder of how far from home he is. He drinks more than he should to help him forget for a few hours, and in recent times has met Vantis, who has different but similar problems to himself. He helped wean her off drugs but together they use alcohol and their physical relationship as a form of escapism.

### Combat Reactions <

Although he went through basic training with the CEF and indeed has fired a gun in anger several times during the War, the anti-violence programming that goes with becoming a Humanist commoner has left him with a great distaste for violence and its effects. In a combat situation he'll stay calm, take cover and hide, but if directly threatened he'll try to make a break for it, rather than defend himself.

### The Cell <

**Galahad** – He's a total professional who takes obvious relish in his job, and I trust him more than anyone on this planet. Pity he doesn't seem to feel the same about me.

**Preceptor Thalia** – This one's scary, bit afraid of him. Hope he doesn't know my history.

**Corivas** – Enthusiastic but green. Seems to be moving in on Vantis – not if I have any say in the matter.

**Vantis** – A kindred spirit. Maybe it's love, maybe not, but it certainly helps us both.

## The History of the Future

**Terra Nova** – a harsh but inhabitable world in the Heilos system. After Earth abandoned its colonies, the turbulent period known as Reconstruction on Terra Nova led to the formation of city-states allied into leagues – four in the south, and three in the north, separated by the inhospitable equatorial **Badlands**. In the south, the imperialistic **Southern Republic** conquered its neighbours and formed the **Allied Southern Territories**. In response, the north allied into the **Confederated Northern City-States**. Inter-polar tensions arose, and wars broke out. A huge military build-up was about to explode into yet another war when the Colonial Expeditionary Force arrived from Earth to reclaim its colonies. North and south allied against this common enemy and after a long and bloody conflict which turned in the Terra Novans' favour after the intervention of arms-manufacturing Badlands city-state **Peace River** the CEF was forced to retreat in the remnants of its space fleet. Those CEF soldiers who couldn't fit on the retreating vessels were left on Terra Nova, and formed the Badlands city-state of **Port Arthur**. Sixteen Terra Novan cycles later, and north-south tensions are on the rise once again. Meanwhile, the AST is torn by internal problems in the shadows.

## The Humanist Alliance

A utopia built on the principles of rational science and the common good, the Humanist Alliance has stood almost unchanged for 350 cycles. The vision of its enlightened founder Yuri Gropius still guides it today. Dark shadows lurk within this bright land, however. Social harmony depends on all citizens doing their part and powerful state institutions maintain unity. Personal freedom is fleeting; seemingly innocent quirks can easily be labelled deviant and result in reeducation. Hypnosis, drugs and other mind-control techniques routinely regulate the population. The situation is made far worse by the Alliance's domination by the Southern Republic. This insular society is ready to crack.

## Notable Groups

**Humanist Insight and Regulatory Authority (HIRA):** The Humanist Alliance's secret service, working in the shadows both inside and outside the Alliance. You guys are one of HIRA's cells.

**Northern Guard Intelligence Service, NorLight Intelligence, Southern MILICIA Special Intervention Unit, Allied Southern Intelligence, Southern Republic Intelligence Directorate, Paxton Security:** Rival intelligence services from around the globe.

**Department of Health and Morality (DHM):** The Humanist Alliance's social services, controlling aspects of everyday life such as education, diet, censorship, medicine, and of course deviancy reeducation.

**Port Arthur:** The city of abandoned Earth soldiers gone native is growing in power in the Badlands but is widely mistrusted. Their only ally, and a secret one at that, is the Humanist Alliance.

**Westphalia:** A casino town, in the Badlands but a protectorate of the AST's. Garrisoned by the Southern MILICIA (the AST's multinational army) but in reality run by organised crime groups.

## For Your Eyes Only

You have been assigned Aristotle the webbled cat, for his ability to follow orders by radio-control and to sneak into areas without arousing suspicion. Your cover is as the team's mechanic.



# **Dominic Farrier**

**The Tech**

**(and Aristotle)**





# **Dominique Farrier**

**The Tech**

**(and Aristotle)**



# Aristotle

Born in a lab in Thebes in TN 1928, Aristotle is a product of centuries of secret genetic engineering. Intelligent enough to be capable of being trained like a dog, as soon as he was fully grown he was fitted with webbling technology, enabling him to be remote-controlled and to transmit back everything he sees and hears. Furthermore, his hearing was enhanced and he was installed with infrared vision. He's now on loan to a HIRA cell on a low-risk mission for field testing, and if he performs well perhaps eventually his kin and descendants will be utilised on a greater basis by HIRA.

## Profession <

Aristotle is pretty fond of his modifications, because they're a big help when he's hunting. He likes doing his job too, because it makes him feel good due to the implants that release hormones in his brain. His job usually consists of sneaking about or just being catty, but it does mean he's not allowed chase off after targets of opportunity or go looking for cuddles. It's a tough life, being a secret agent.

## Attitudes <

He's a pretty content cat when all is said and done. He gets fed well, hangs around with interesting people who stroke him when he wants them to, and gets to spend lots of time sprawled in the sunshine. The only thing that really annoys him is hoppers and grassrunners. Pesky little scooting bouncing things. A few good whacks and a shaking in his mouth is what they need. They'll get theirs. But of course, he is a highly-trained secret agent and so outclasses them by a long way, so it's okay to toy with them for a while...

## Combat Reactions <

Aristotle has a reasonable grasp of the concept that angry people pointing guns at him is to be avoided, and that it signifies time to make tracks. When it gets up close and personal he can hiss and spit and wave his razor-sharp metal claws about with the best of them, and woe betide the enemy who tries to pick him up. He's confident enough to go toe-to-toe with a foe bigger than himself until it becomes clear that was a bad idea, and small foes can expect to be mercilessly taunted and played with until they cease to amuse.

## The Cell <

**Galahad** - Mrrrrrow.

**Preceptor Thalia** - Prrrrrrr.

**Corivas** - Mrrrk.

**Farrier** - Mrrrr? Mrow?

**Uantis** - Rrrrow! Fffff!

AGI:	+3	WIL:	0	Skill	Cpx	Lvl	+ \ -
BLD:	-6	STR:	-2	Athletics	4	2	+3
FIT:	+2	HEA:	+3	Combat Sense	1	3	+4
INS:	+3	STA:	10	Defence	1	2	+3
PER:	+4	UD:	1*	Hand-to-Hand	1	1	+2
				Notice	1	2	+4
				Stealth	1	2	+3

**Special Abilities:** Bite (x2 damage), Reinforced Claws (x3 damage), Webbling and Sensors (in stats)