

	Name	Andrea Leonov
	Species	Hybrid (Cat)
	Background	Colonial
	Archetype	Mercenary

Attributes				Skills	
Agility	d10	Strength	d6	Climbing	d6
Smarts	d6	Vigor	d6	Fighting (Unarmed)	d6
Spirit	d6			Knowledge (Demolitions)	d6
Derived Statistics				Notice	d6
<i>Stat</i>	<i>Base</i>	<i>Mod</i>	<i>AV</i>	Shooting (Small Arms)	d10
Charisma	0	-2	-2	Stealth	d8
Pace	4	d4 Run die			
Parry	5				
Toughness	5	2/4 vs bullets			
Armor					
Head	5	Wt Threshold	30		
Torso	7/9	Total Wt	18		
Arms	5	Encumbrance Penalty			
Legs	5				
Wounds	-1	-2	-3	Incapacitated	
Fatigue	-1	-2		Incapacitated	

Weapon	Range	ROF	Damage	Shots	Wt	Notes
Claws	-	-	Str+d4	-	-	
Small-caliber pistol	12/24/48	1	2d6	35	1	AP 1, Semi-auto, 1 reload
Sniper rifle	40/80/160	1	2d8+1	30	6	AP 3, Snapfire, silencer, 1 reload

Hindrances	Major	Lame - An old leg wound didn't heal right, but good snipers don't have to run.
	Minor	Outsider - You are treated as less than human by everyone except other hybrids. -2 Charisma.
	Minor	Quirk (Slurred Speech) - Your short fangs impair your ability to speak clearly.

Edges	Amplified Hearing (+2 Notice rolls using hearing), Low-light vision (No penalty in Dim or Dark conditions), Quickness, Assassin,

Gear	Light vest, knife, small-caliber pistol, sniper rifle with silencer, demolition kit, 0.5 kg Binex explosive,
	watch-style bodycomp, canteen, ration bars

The World of Blue Planet

Blue Planet takes place on the planet Poseidon in the Lambda Serpentis system, about 200 years in the future. It's a hard sci-fi setting that envisions a world based on projected developments in real world technology. Genetic advancements have awakened cetaceans to sentience, created animal/human hybrids, and created a new transhuman elite.

Poseidon was found at the other end of a wormhole discovered at the edge of our solar system. A scientific expedition went to explore and colonize the water world, however shortly thereafter on Earth, the Blight struck. The Blight was caused when a genetically engineered virus mutated, attacked grain and other food plants, and caused a worldwide famine. The recently established UN branch, the General Ecological Organization (GEO) became a world government of sorts as many of the UN members ceased to exist during the long dark age caused by the Blight.

Abandoned, the explorers slowly went native as their technology crumbled and their focus turned to survival. When re-contact was eventually made, after the Blight was eradicated, a culture clash developed between the natives and the new colonists. The natives choose to keep to their life-style, while colonists came, eager to escape the dreary and decaying Earth. A trickle became a flood when Xenoscilite, or Long John, was discovered. This ore made genetic redesign simpler and cheaper, and made immortality a real possibility for those who could afford it. Now the planet is in the throes of rapid expansion caused by the 'gold rush' of Long John, with all the opportunities and dangers that come with it.

The GEO is nominally in charge of Poseidon. Various Incorporates, which rule their nationalized city-states on Earth, also vie for control of Poseidon. Some natives have formed terrorist groups to resist the land hungry expansion. One example is the Sierra Nueva insurrection, a group of islands in open revolt against all non-natives. With a comparative land mass of 3% versus 30% on Earth, these conflicts will determine the planet's fate.

Andrea Leonov

Furball, kitty cat, hairball, freak - you've heard all of them. It's not your fault you were born a Cat. A Cat is a human/cat hybrid developed before the Blight to be a soldier. Too bad no one asked them *if* they wanted to be soldiers. Hybrids of all kinds ended up being dumped on reservations in Africa to fend for themselves. At least it was better than living with regular humans who treated you like an animal. Then came the Blight and the formation of the GEO, and suddenly Hybrids had a purpose. Most Hybrids joined the GEO and even today most Hybrids do at least a term of service. You did several tours in the GEO before you decided to join a private military company aka mercenary company. The pay is better, though the jobs are more dangerous and you usually don't have backup. That's OK, because you're a sniper and you don't need anyone else.

Except for a leg wound that never healed right, thanks to a grenade and bad field medic, you've had a pretty good run for a mercenary. Recently the GEO called you in, citing some obscure small-print. They're paying you to be part of a rescue team, to free people being used as modern gladiators or something like that. You don't care as long as you get paid, and if you get to hone your craft in the process, all the better. You don't have a lot of confidence in the team though. The GEO Peacekeeper in charge seems to think he knows everything, the medic hates guns, the boat pilot is a criminal, and the native patrolman is so cheerful it's sickening. The quiet native guide is probably the only other competent one here besides yourself.