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|  | Name | Marcus Smith |
| | Species | Aquaform (Squid) |
| | Background | Native |
| | Archetype | Underwater Guide |

| Attributes | | | | Skills | |
|---------------------------|-------------|-----------------|-----------|--------------------------|-----|
| Agility | d8 | Strength | d6 | Boating (Sailing) | d8 |
| Smarts | d8 | Vigor | d6 | Fighting (Armed) | d6 |
| Spirit | d6 | | | Notice | d8 |
| Derived Statistics | | | | Shooting (Primitive) | d6 |
| <i>Stat</i> | <i>Base</i> | <i>Mod</i> | <i>AV</i> | Shooting (Heavy Weapons) | d6 |
| Charisma | -1 | -2 to colonials | | Survival | d6 |
| Pace | 6 | | | Swimming (Pace 7) | d10 |
| Parry | 5 | | | Taunt | d6 |
| Toughness | 5 | | | | |
| Armor | | | | | |
| Head | 5 | Wt Threshold | 30 | | |
| Torso | 5 | Total Wt | 3 | | |
| Arms | 5 | Encumbrance | | | |
| Legs | 5 | Penalty | | | |
| Wounds | -1 | -2 | -3 | Incapacitated | |
| Fatigue | -1 | -2 | | Incapacitated | |

| Weapon | Range | ROF | Damage | Shots | Wt | Notes |
|-----------------------|------------|-----|----------|-------|----|-----------------------------------|
| Speargun | 3/6/12 | 1 | 2d6 | 1 | 2 | 1 action to reload, 6 spears |
| Diamond knife | - | - | Str+d4+1 | - | 1 | AP 2 |
| Mini-torpedo Launcher | 50/100/200 | 1 | 4d6 | 4 | 4 | AP 6, MBT, Only usable underwater |
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| Hindrances | Major | Curious – You just have to know, no matter what it is. |
| | Minor | Outsider – Colonials don't always understand or trust you, -2 Cha when dealing with them. |
| | Minor | Habit - Foul Mouth. You can't say more than six f***** words without dropping a bomb. |

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| Edges | Squid (Gills, Dive up to 500m down) |
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| Gear | Diamond knife, speargun, mini-torpedo launcher, 4 high explosive mini-torps, watch-style bodycomp |
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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.

Marcus Smith

You love the extended family that is your home village, but you wanted to see the rest of the world, so you left them. You quickly realized that colonials need help when out in the wilds - they'd swim straight into a pack of blood hunters given an opportunity - so you offered your services as a guide. You worked independent for a while, but got disillusioned by the experiences. So many colonials treated you like a servant or a brainless savage that you no longer wanted to be a guide. It was around this time you picked up your habit of using foul language.

One day you were approached by a man who said he needed you. He ran a salvage company and was only interested in hiring native guides because they were the only ones that really knew Poseidon. He treated you fairly, paid you what colonials made, and made you realize that not all colonials are bad people. Your role on the team is to identify natural threats and guide the team around them, or help deal with them. Since some creatures on Poseidon are hostile and quite large, you've been trained to use a mini-torpedo launcher. The high explosive mini-torpedoes are useful against blood hunter packs, mojos, and even lesser whites - if you aim for the right spot. You get along with most of the team, although you find Lister overbearing, and are amused by Muniz' aborigine rants.