

# PATH: OUTLAW

You've never stopped running, because if that past manages to catch up with you... Well, it's kind of pointless to talk about. You are either going to make it to tomorrow, or you won't, and eventually it will all fly apart. Growing Old was never the plan, so enjoy what time you have, and keep moving.

## TRAITS

- Fast (S♠).** *You never slow down.*
- Daring (H♥).** *Apologize for your impulses later.*
- Instinct (D♦).** *You don't know, you just do.*
- Wild (C♣).** *You will never go down without a fight.*

**Base Resources:** Your Pistol (+1; uses:□□□; reload); your Knife (+1); kevlar suit (+1H♥/+2C♣); an Indulgence (rest; draw 2; uses:□□).

## BACKGROUNDS + ABILITIES

**THE KILLER.** Life was *a lot* easier when your only job was *killing*, and you definitely miss the days when you were just a pampered *weapon*.

- [ ] **Killing.** *Combat (Precision).* *Killing fast and clean.*
- [ ] **Stalker.** *Tracking, following, and finally ambushing your target.*
- [ ] **Smooth.** *You know how to get yourself in and out of bad situations.*

**Extra Resources:** A named pistol (1★; uses:□□□; reload), a named Knife (1★); something *dark* with a heavy *kick* (+1; uses:□□).

**THE MUSCLE.** You kept the boys *in line*, and dealt with any *physical* obstacles that stood in the way. Obstacles that sometimes *breathed* and *had families*.

- [ ] **Fight.** *Combat (Brutal).* *From the school of "a good defense is shattering your opponent's face".*
  - [ ] **Brickhouse.** *The body and mind needed to endure a beating, with the strength to return the favor.*
- Ritual:* on special occasions you use magic to prepare your mind and body for a fight.

[ ] **The Look.** *"Fuck completely off", without saying a word.*

**Extra Resources:** Something *deadly* and *nasty* in melee (3★); strong painkillers (+2/+3H♥; uses:□□).

**THE FACE.** You were the *distraction*, and while you were *unforgettable*, *no one* seemed to be able to recognize you in a line-up.

- [ ] **Allure.** *Influence and control through charm and seduction.*
- [ ] **Polymath.** *You know a lot about a lot, and you stay on the cutting edge.*
- [ ] **Read the Room.** *The soft skills of understanding a target's motives.* *Psychic.* *Sometimes with magic.*

**Extra Resources:** A small but effective wardrobe (+1H♥); something *fun* to improve the mood (+1D♦/+2H♥; 2★; uses:□□); jeweled accessories and perfumes (+1; uses:□□).

**THE DRIVER.** When everything else falls apart, you are the one left bailing everyone out. Though, *occasionally*, things actually go as planned.

- [ ] **Evasion.** *Escaping, hiding, and keeping the crew out of danger.*
- [ ] **Danger.** *You know how to spot it before it spots you.* *Psychic:* *if you push, you can find out specifics about the danger, or spot it ahead of time.*
- [ ] **One Step Ahead.** *It's either a good plan or pure luck, but you always seem to have exactly what you need when you get trapped in a corner.*

**Extra Resources:** Twitchy contacts that *owe* you (+3; uses:□□); a horde of *maps* (+1); ECCM and ECM kits (+1); a very fast vehicle that fits *easily* onboard and (tightly) seats *four* extra humans.

## HUMAN

**Common system-wide.** You never feel out of place anywhere in the system, even *Procyon*. You see humans and orcs everywhere you go and (almost) everyone speaks *Common*, so asking for directions is never a problem.

**Social Dominance.** **Every major market in the system bases their services and products around human needs and human tastes**, and the *human*-origin language of *Common* is spoken, though not always perfectly, in nearly every corner of the system.

## ORC

**Common system-wide.** You never feel out of place anywhere in the system, even *Procyon*. You see orcs and humans everywhere you go and (almost) everyone speaks the *Common* tongue, so asking for directions is never a problem.

**Ordhauen Grit.** Your ancestors thrived in the harsh extremes of the Eastern Expanse of *Homeworld*, which give you **higher environmental tolerances** than most (besides *goblins* and *golems*).

**Common Services.** **Humans have nearly the same anatomy as orcs**, so there is never any problem with using all of the human-oriented services everywhere, including *medical* services.

## DWARF

**Common on Homeworld and Procyon.** Though there are plenty of other dwarves and saurians to drink with in metropolises of *Homeworld* and *Procyon*, it gets harder to find another dwarf or saurian at karaoke in the small stations and settlements scattered throughout the system.

**Short.** You are a **little over four feet tall**.

**Muscular.** You are *all* muscle, so you are **as strong**, and **as heavy, as an average human**, but with a much *lower* center of gravity.

## SAURIAN

**Common on Homeworld and Procyon.** Though there are plenty of other saurians and dwarves to share stories with in metropolises of *Homeworld* and *Procyon*, it gets harder to find another saurian or dwarf at the bar in the small stations and settlements that dot the system.

**Cold Blooded.** You require **less food to survive** (preferring one *large* daily meal), but it is **difficult to naturally regulate your body temperature**, so sudden temperature changes can be *harmful*.

**Brumation.** You are able to enter into a *deep slumber* where you require **no food or water**, but you **cannot recover cards**, and after **five days** you have to **make a Check every day** to stay **healthy**.

## ELF

**Very rare, but unremarkable.** Elves are in every piece of media in the system, especially on *Homeworld*. Elves are everywhere you look, but you hardly ever meet one of your kin face-to-face. You'll occasionally hear about a meet-up online, but elves, like everyone else, are a *mixed* bag.

**Magical Senses.** You are naturally attuned to magic and are able to **naturally sense magical energies**, perceiving magic in a way similar to a sense of *smell*.

**Slow Aging.** You are going to live a **long time** (400-600 years or more). You **age about three times slower than a human**, so it took *decades* to mature, and your experience with time is **skewed**.

## GOBLIN

**Rare, and highly respected.** Your kin is as ancient as the elves, but your ancestors were driven into *hiding* and nearly went *extinct* as the world bent and burned five Eras ago. Today, your kin are *leaders* of space exploration. Goblin anatomy is built for space travel, and goblin operators are in *huge* demand, *when* they can be found.

**Small.** You are a **little over four feet tall**, and much **lighter and weaker than the average human**.

**Stubborn Survivors.** You can survive on *miniscule* amounts of food and water in very extreme temperature ranges.

**Extreme Immunities.** You can get sick from disease, poison, radiation, and adverse gravity, but it takes *prolonged exposure*, and only very *old* Goblins (200 years or more) **actually die from these causes**. You also **recover extremely quickly** from the effects of these hazards.

---

## FAEKIND

**Extremely rare, and significant.** It's a brutally glorious and paralyzingly lovely universe, and you have an unyielding affection for this terrifying existence, even if it's always *exhausting*. It's hard for you to find anyone else that relates to you – even your Fae progenitors wandering *Procyon* are utterly (and literally) *alien*. Luckily, you still manage to make friends, whatever soil you tread.

**Fae Touched.** You have a unique and *beautiful* mutation from your Fae ancestry that makes you *clearly* stand apart from others, but it is sometimes *inconvenient*. **What is your unique mutation?**

**Presence (H♥).** 5,000 years ago the Fae nearly *destroyed* Homeworld, but ancestral faekind *saved* it, and with the *peaceful* return of the Fae, reactions to you are mixed: *fear, reverence, awe, curiosity*.

---

## GOLEM

**Extremely rare, and memorable.** You were born from run-away magic and rich clay on *Homeworld*. Your ancestors were created as *tools*, but that magic seeped deep into the earth and you rose from the soil, fully formed and *independant*. Like all other Gods-Touched beings you make the most of *this* life, because even *clay* eventually turns to *dust*.

**Of the Earth.** You **do not have to eat, sleep, or breath, and extreme heat, cold, radiation, and adverse gravity have no effect on you**. You also **do not feel pain**, so while you can suffer *harm* you experience it as *structural failure* or *emotional numbness*. **You can never be knocked unconscious**.

**Made of Clay.** You are very *durable* and can **stop one (1) Harm**. However **clay does not heal naturally**, and you **need to have magically attuned clay and healing rites to recover any Marked Traits or Scars**. Fortunately most *major* hospitals in the system have the capability to treat golems.

# PATH: BURNOUT

You did your best on the straight and narrow, but honesty does not get you very far in this world. Still, you are *damn* proud of the life you once lived, and while you have your *regrets*, at least they don't haunt you in the void of these stars. It's quiet up here, and maybe you'll finally find some *real* peace.

## TRAITS

**Steady (S♠).** You stay calm, because panic kills.

**Deliberate (H♥).** You do everything with clear intention.

**Insight (D♦).** Grounded knowledge from hard-fought experience.

**Grit (C♣).** You will never go down without a fight.

**Base Resources:** A worn pistol of impossible reliability (+1H♥/+2C♣; uses:□□□□; reload); survival knife (+1C♣); something that calms you (rest; draw 2; uses:□□).

## BACKGROUNDS + ABILITIES

**ORBITAL LANE CONTROL.** You used to work the blackmarket trade lanes for *years*, and when you realized you were the last *living* honest cop in the game, you decided to retire *early*.

[ ] **Civil Defense.** *Combat (Defensive).* This was the “protect” part of your oath.

[ ] **Hunch.** *Years of patrolwork have given you a unique intuition for finding clues and sensing danger.*

[ ] **People.** *You know how to talk to people, and earn their trust or respect, and you know what they'll do when they are trapped in a corner.*

**Extra Resources:** A keepsake from the *Marlon Case* (+3; uses:□□); body armor (+1C♣); your *roomsweeper* short double-barred shotgun (2★; uses:□; reload).

---

**PROCYON UCP CORPSMAN.** You were a medic for the *United Colonial Protectorate*, and while you were proud of your service, you *never* want to fight for corporate interests again.

[ ] **Soldier.** *Combat (Tactical).* You know how to fight in war, where a good plan outweighs brute force.

[ ] **Emergency Trauma Care.** *Heal (Short).* You are as qualified as any surgeon you've met – though your methods are messier. *Evocation: heal (∞).* Magic when things are really bad.

[ ] **Helping Hands.** *Psychic: summon an entity to help you with simple tasks, like carrying patients.*

**Extra Resources:** Trauma kit (1★; uses:□□), surplus UCP armor (+1), combat stims (+1; uses:□□□)

---

**THE FIXER.** In the corporate sphere, you were the “plausible deniability” part of the paper trail. Most of the time you were *legitimate*, but *too* many times, you were *not*.

[ ] **Secrets.** *These secrets should have gotten you killed, but you knew who to blackmail before you quit.*

[ ] **Connected.** *You have made friends everywhere, but also enemies who need to repay you.*

[ ] **Big.** *You don't have any real power anymore, but when you speak people still stop and listen.*

**Extra Resources:** Tigas woven slimline armor (+1C♣); a good wardrobe(+1); sensible drugs (+2; uses:□□).

---

**OPERATOR.** Your job is simple: pilot the ship from one shithole, to the next one. You used to work for a company, but now it's just you and the stars...

[ ] **Stubborn.** *Combat (Dirty).* If you don't want to give up, you won't, and it'll be the Devil that breaks you.

[ ] **Systems.** *You're good at operating and hacking the various systems that run a ship. Psychic: you can talk to systems directly, which is extremely helpful, but it can be dangerous.*

[ ] **Jury Rig.** *Repairs are not cheap, so you know how to fix, modify, or bypass everything on a ship. Ritual: sometimes you need magic for these older ships.*

**Extra Resources:** Reliable toolkit (1★), generic systems interface (+1), something you carry for *luck* (1★; uses:□□□).