



Tanya „TJ“ Stone (26 years)

"Everybody has to fight for their place in life. Those who are weak lose. This is not heartlessness; this is the nature of the world."





You watch the trickle of blood flowing slowly from the nose of your classmate. And oh so slowly, with a casual, menacing smile, you rub your right hand that had caused it. Nobody gets to call you "dirt from the street," certainly not this wretch. Maybe he thinks he's smarter or more capable, this stupid weakling. Just like everybody else, who underestimates the strength of people like you. "Remember this moment, Benedict Grey", you say, and leave. A moment's entertainment.

Her eyes bore, pleading, into yours, a gut memory of such desperation it haunts your dark, solitary moods. There should have been decent loot in that crate, not a bound-up woman! Does she think you came to rescue her and free her from the bonds? No, she doesn't, and you think she sees with her eyes the thoughts in your head: She is a witness in the wrong place at the wrong time. You must stay unrecognized and must stay unknown. Silence is safety. The possible punishment of being caught and punished; she must die. You are overrun by a sick feeling; your heart of stone strains. The blade of your dagger moves in a swift curve, so often deadly. But not now. You cut her bonds and by gestures indicate to her to disappear elsewhere quickly. Later, yourself safely escaped, you collapse with a frighteningly overwhelming burden of loneliness and failure.

"Let us welcome the most honourable of our guests! A woman whose heroism will remain long rooted in our hearts! The saviour of the mother of our favourite candidate for Governor. Let us give her a warm welcome now! TJ!! TJ!! TJ!!!"

A roaring crowd eagerly awaits as you step in front of them. Bliss. With a sense of satisfaction you walk in front of the crowd and cough before your carefully prepared neutral words. Perhaps you will go off script and support of Ben's candidacy. Your classmate now wants to be the Governor. You remember him weak. If he wins, you will definitely be able to take advantage.

Character:

You see yourself as a resolute, uncompromising, and tough woman. You rarely laugh. When you do, it's using a mocking laughter, at the circumstances or misfortunes you've created. You consider yourself intelligent; not book smarts, like in math or languages, but real street smarts. It goes hand in hand with your worldly experiences and drive to survive. You don't hesitate to use force, as a first, last, and preferred option. Weaker than you means less important than you - or sacrificable to you. But you don't consider yourself a sadist, you consider yourself a student of the harsh reality which lies very close behind those who have and hold power, oh so readily and quickly employed against you, if not first used by you.

As such, you have been terribly lonely since your parents' barely-remembered deaths in your childhood. Paradoxically, this feeling has intensified since your (likely mistaken) rapid rise to fame. You want friends. You want love. This is a weakness. But how? How, when you've never had either?



Past:

Life on the street isn't a walk in the park; in your case it was more like a walk through a minefield. Under heavy enemy fire. Blindfolded. You don't remember much about your dead parents. They were religious people, and impractical people. Your mother vanished when you were around three and your father, who was the one left responsible afterwards, drugged himself to death. Or somebody poisoned him. What did you know at that age? It was at six that you found him lying on the floor of your family's improvised flat, with syringe in hand. You faced the unending solitude of existence following this on your own, mitigated by the small rituals and shaky prayers of the faith you inherited from them.

You struggled. You would steal something somewhere, pick some pockets, break into unoccupied houses, and as you got bigger, mug strangers wandering in the wrong places. You learned where and how to sell stolen goods. And still, you often had nothing to eat, often slept in a gutter and were yourself pickpocketed, robbed, and mugged. But you survived. You think yourself well-educated and learned in all the variations of the two subjects which have served and will always serve you well: the skill of squeezing people to your will and the skill of fencing stolen merchandise without getting blamed.

You found a big mark: a rich guy who evidently lived quite well. You made a plan to help relieve him of his excessive wealth, but you made a small mistake in your evaluation: He was a smuggler, not a mere merchant or shopkeep. So you were caught and introduced to William Taylor. To your surprise, he offered you a job. You would fly with him to a newly settled moon - called Moon - and you'd be working for him. Considering the circumstances, an offer you couldn't refuse. And still, it was a step up: A place to sleep, eat, and live. Your new work, for regular pay, as a bouncer, enforcer, and smuggler was both familiar and welcome.

Many, many jobs later, and over the next eight years of your life in the smuggling gang, and your skills were honed by use. Thefts, burglaries, blackmail and the occasional beating, given at his command. You particularly enjoyed being underestimated in a brawl; just some woman. The internal actions, against other, disloyal members of Taylor's crew were probably the most brutal. With so much money and goods around, greed tended to overcome sense. You, who had started with little, remembering one mistake you shouldn't have survived, stayed loyal to Taylor, a friendship-killing thing in this group of bastards. So, you made no friends, took no lovers, and survived and beat your enemies, whoever they were. No regrets.

With things in place and running more smoothly, William pushed you to attend formal schooling, even at this late date. You didn't consider yourself stupid, but your utter disinterest in as useless a thing as classroom learning meant low grades. Admittedly, Ian Nest, your instructor, was extremely friendly - he was sleeping with other students, but refused to give better grades to students he slept with. Admittedly, this was a school on Moon, not some fancy Alliance school; a lot rougher all-around in some ways, which fit you well. You may as well learn something useful along with all the useless.

So trying out Taylor's role here, you started, organized, and led a gang of other school-age folks. Some even helped with less important missions for the larger smuggling gang. Some sixth sense warned you



not to mess with Ian Nest, but you felt no compunction about terrorizing the school administrators' families to get better grades recorded for you and your other gang members. Only Benedict Grey, who was book smart, and had family money, made himself an obstruction. You remember beating him and his nerdy, sheepish friend Gideon Allen.

So the school years slowly passed by, you dropped the school gang, and returned to your work for the smuggling gang. By then, William Taylor had gone legit and wasn't involved. There was a power struggle that you decided wasn't any business of yours. You were a little, and then definitely back on your own, still on your feet, and feeling your way around again.

Taylor - through his smuggling contacts - ordered some fancy new broadcasting equipment for the settlement. You felt an opportunity; these devices must have been priceless. If you could manage to get them, you would be set. You plotted with smugglers to steal Taylor's delivery. You would prep the drop site, they would seize it and hand it over at a secret location at an agreed time.

They either failed to steal it or betrayed you. You know where they hid their ship. It is relatively unscathed, so you assume they betrayed you. You get past the guards with two swift knife cuts through their throats. Gradually you get to the cargo bay, encountering little resistance. Nobody is around, all is clear. With a feeling of satisfaction you recognize in the shadow the outlines of a big box: the radio equipment. It will be all inside! Your heart is pounding fast. You open the lid and freeze. In addition to the transmitter there is a woman inside! Bound and gagged. What the hell is she doing there? She saw you. What now? A quick decision flashes through your head. You have to kill her, she's a witness. The blade of knife shines in your hand. You see how she trembles. She's around fifty and in a pretty pitiful state. She looks at you with a pleadingly.

You couldn't do it. You're not sure why. Did she reminded you of your mother, if your mother lived to her age? But that's ridiculous. Yet with your knife, you cut the rope that bound her. A threatening gaze, and an incline to your head, gave her the hint to disappear. She seemed to understand you perfectly well, murmured something and hobbled away.

She was a prisoner, which meant either a rival (maybe one of Taylor's old gang who would now report the theft to him?), law enforcement, or something else dangerous. As sudden as that, your security in your current position and status vanished. You let her go, but you don't let people go - you're tougher than that. What are you doing? You hunkered down; you had to disappear. Now! So you hijack the smuggler's ship. You sell everything, including the ship. When you come to the rest of the smugglers, you've already established a good lie about happened, and how their friends were killed. You spent three long years waiting for something terrible to happen. Your money dwindled to nothing, spent on drink, solitude, and useless self-pity. And that meant you had to get back to work again.

The statuette job; gold, pretty, with a big diamond. You cased the place, found the weaknesses, and almost got away clean. Theft was reported, and Alliance has been warned to look out for it. You find a buyer, still: William Taylor. Get it to Moon, and he'll pay you off. Shuttles to Moon aren't so common, but are fortunately sort of out of the way from the main Alliance worlds, as a new settlement. You



pack the statuette, and a bunch of other goods, just in case, and haul ass to catch your shuttle, just avoiding Alliance authorities.

You collapse exhausted for a few hours. And then, an Alliance ship catches you in space. "Transport control; get ready for the entry of the Alliance units. We are looking for an escaped criminal, a traitor to the Alliance." This is the end. With your suitcase full of contraband, you've got no chance, they can't miss who you are. You impose your poker face and think about your knives and last stands. And then you notice the other you're on the ship with.

Your former teacher Ian Nest! He claims they're after him. You think that's nonsense. He obviously unnecessarily panicked, and you just watch as the pilot, Mark O'Connor, offers to hide him in the cabin.

A priest, named Father Joseph A priest is flying with you! This is a chance. Your sixth sense tells you that he will understand what's going on. You tell him that you need to hide and ask, as a believer, for his help. He asks you whether you carry something that the Alliance is after. Reluctantly you nod and haul your bag to his cabin. Unfortunately, along the way - going fast - you stumble and the bag's contents are scattered. Joseph saw what was inside. It couldn't be helped; anyway the priest's cabin is the only place that the Alliance commandos might not search. He had set up an altarpiece with curtains, the whole thing right in his cabin. The priest berates them for interrupting his prayers for peace, giving them no more than a cursory glance around, which safely avoids you and your goods. The Alliance men depart empty-handed. Nothing of yours is missing. Not even the statuette.

And so you arrive at Moon directly into the election campaign for the Governor. And you cannot suppress one of your few barks non-ironic laughter when you hear the names of the candidates: Benedict Grey, the school intellectual, and William Taylor, your former patron.

Not long after you land a woman from the crowd around Benedict, runs towards you. You recognize her - it's the woman you saved, and which you really didn't want you to save. Her name is Caroline Grey and apparently she's extremely happy to name you her rescuer, and call you a hero to the whole settlement! "Let me and my son Benedict express immense gratitude for your heroic act. You deserve to be celebrated! You will never want for anything as long as me or my son live." And so it happened. Your life in luxury with an almost unlimited supply of food, drink, lovers and various amusements. You also understood that your support for Benedict in his campaign would be given. No problem. Taylor won't mind if you act like you don't know him, as he probably would hate anything like smuggling or crime to appear now - you never did get that statuette to him, or any of the other stuff you landed with. And Benedict's a weak man. He could be a good puppet, and you could gradually be power behind him. Caroline, with her unabashed admiration for you, will help you with that, too. It's his mom after all.

So for the six months since, you've enjoyed celebrity status. A little rough around the edges, but something anyone could aspire to become. But after a long burst in the spotlight, you've realized how empty is is. You've started to look for something more. And you have found it with Father Joseph's -



and your - blooming faith. You have begun to confide in him about some of your past and have taken his counsel and sympathy to heart. Not about everything, of course. There are probably things he wouldn't understand.

You miss the adventure of the day to day fight for survival, and the hunt for jobs. The problem with where to get good tips was unwittingly solved by Caroline. She manages the main communication system on the Moon and is basically the only connection with the world. And recently, she mentioned something interesting about a secret Alliance ship which landed in a remote area of the Moon yesterday.

You saw this as a nice break. You tracked down the ship, shot both couriers and picked up the most valuable thing - a disc they were transporting. Maybe it will be interesting information. More importantly, maybe it'll be valuable information. Perhaps worth a high price to the right person. William Taylor would know. And maybe there will be just the opportunity in a moment: as usual, you were invited to the Governor's hacienda, where all those who mean something on Moon meet. Taylor will definitely be there, too. And also Ben - perhaps it might be an opportunity to expand your powerbase and become more than just a hero...

Your relationship with the Alliance and the Independents:

You never cared about politics in the slightest. It's true that you're now quite involved in it but you take it basically as a tool to promote your goals. Lots of missions you've done in your life were against the Alliance. You perceive it as a colossus that has a lot of weaknesses. These can be exploited. And so it is important to be on the right side. When a person fights smart and has the necessary strength., they'll come out ahead. What you think you really hate is weaknesses in yourself.

Relationships with others:

Caroline Grey: You saved her life. It's probably the only person to whom you feel anything at all. You are confused by that yourself. You think it's probably because that's how you imagine your mom would behave if she lived.

- This is either character and in some cases, it can be played as a man named Carl Grey. The gamemaster will inform you about that at the start of the game if this is a case.

Gideon Allen: One of the biggest fools of your school years. A friend of Ben, even weaker than him. A nobody.

Sofia Troy: You know that Ben tried to get her and it didn't work out. She misuses being pretty, which you despise. Otherwise, you don't know much about her.

William Taylor: Your former "employer". You definitely consider him extremely capable and want to maintain good relations with him, even if it is good to keep your past under wraps. Hopefully he understood why you didn't support him in his candidacy.

- This is either character and in some cases, it can be played as a woman named Wilma. The gamemaster will inform you about that at the start of the game if this is a case.



John Raw: A scarred guy who had to go through hell in his life. And survived. You wouldn't like to end up like him but you certainly feel a lot respect for him.

Ian Nest: You know he taught at the school you attended. And you met him six months ago on your way back to the Moon. A friendly guy thanks to whom you were even able to survive the summer school. You respect him for his innovative teaching methods.

Benedict Grey: Your former classmate and frequent target for you and your pals. You have to admit that he at least tried to fight, even though he is at the core a timid and indecisive man. Since you saved his mom and supported him in the campaign, he's quite grateful. So, he could become a good puppet in your hands.

O'Connor: a pilot. Otherwise you know nothing about him. He is quite often laughing stupidly and in general he is from the sort of people who probably think that life is as light as a feather. You don't think it would make sense to be concerned with him.

Father Joseph: He saved your life. Actually, he showed the kind of wisdom that you admire in William Taylor. His faith, his inner serenity, his wise and yet understanding attitude, it all causes that you are almost speechless around him. Perhaps there is no one else who makes you feel that way.



In the game:

You won't admit it, but you long for somebody close and you would be able to love - very sincerely and with a willingness to sacrifice.

(William Taylor) He said his name was Taylor, William Taylor, and to your surprise, he offered you a job.

(Benedict Grey) Your biggest rival at that time was perhaps your peer Benedict Grey who had the advantage of considerable intellect and that was from a rather wealthy family.

(Caroline Grey) You couldn't kill her. Maybe she reminded you too much of your mom's image but in any case, with your knife you cut the rope that tied her and with a threatening gaze you hinted her to disappear.

(Ian Nest, Mark O'Connor) You know it's nonsense, he obviously unnecessarily panicked, and you just watch as the pilot, Mark O'Connor, offers to hide him in the cabin.

(Father Joseph) You put it all back again but you realize that Joseph saw what was inside.

(Benedict Grey, William Taylor) And you cannot suppress an ironic laugh when you find out who runs for the office. Benedict Grey, the school intellectual, and William Taylor, your former patron.

(Caroline Grey) "Let me and my son Benedict express immense gratitude for your heroic act," says Caroline.

(William Taylor) Taylor will be glad to see you don't act as if you knew him, he certainly would not want something from your shared past to appear on the surface.

(Caroline Grey) The problem with where to get good tips was unwittingly solved by Caroline. She manages the main communication system on the Moon and is basically the only connection with the world.

You tracked down the ship, shot both couriers and picked up the most valuable thing - a disc they were transporting. Maybe it will be interesting information but, more importantly, it will have a proper value.