1. **Zane "Noodles" Makay — 10/15/2022 2:07 PM**

**[Name]: Zane Makay [Age]: 22 [P.O.B]: Delamar, Nix System. [Last Occupation]: Dropship pilot, UEE Army. [Personality Traits]: Friendly, social, idle, rigorous when needed, good sense of humor. [Physical Traits]: Stern looking, athletic build, dark-brown short hair and light blue eyes. [Backstory]: Zane as a young teenager was often found with his dad in the dusty old mining tunnels that marked Levski after they arrived there as refugees. Helping his father cleaning rubble and chipping away old rocks in order to clear paths to the many corridors and plateaus within the Levski underground tunnel network. Although the general populace of the planet had a heavy reluctance towards the UEE, Zane always felt indifferent towards the Empire, regardles of the many anti-UEE propaganda. He saw the UEE as an oppurtunity to fulfill his real dream. Becoming a pilot. A few months before he became 18 years old of age, he hid himself in one of the many freighters that came and go from Levski's port. Hoping to reach an UEE controlled place.. A few months after Zane fled from Levski, leaving his father behind there, Zane volunteered for the UEE Navy Reserves at the age of 18 in 2948 where he was promised to be trained within the UEE Navy logistical branch as a freight pilot. He started out being a payload specialist for the first 2 months after receiving basic training and eventually completed a 1.5 year training in becoming an operational freight pilot. Zane's preferred ship to fly was the Hercules M2, which was frequently used to haul large bulks of various cargo and equipment around the vast distances of space. In 2951 he transferred to serve a year under the UEE Army Pathfinder Regiment as an infantry drop-ship pilot where he flew the Anvil Valkyrie most of the time until his Honorable discharge (end of 4 year service contract) in early 2952. (edited)**

1. **[2:07 PM]**

**After the termination of his service contract within the UEEN, it was time for Zane to find a job in the private sector. With a good resume in his pocket and the experience he got during his active duty, Zane went on the hunt for a job that could benefit from his past experience. On the Holonet, he found an advert of a new upstart company based in the Ellis system looking for employees. Zane took his shot and applied for a job within the company. Not long after his acceptance within the company it was noticed by the AYDO Corp. board that the young Zane had some very insightful ideas, was mature about his job and placed good numbers on the board. In a meeting not to long ago, with the CEO of the company, mr. Christoff Revan, Zane had the chance to present his ideas and capabilities to him after hearing the rumors and seeing the statistics. It was then easily decided by the collective board that Zane fitted in perfectly to become the company's Chief Marketing Officer albeit his young age. A position that was heavily looked after by the relative fresh company. One could say it was also a bit of luck that led Zane to such high position in an ambitious company as the postion was vacant at the time. [ID Card] (optional): (edited)**

**October 17, 2022**

**Kaibo\_Z — 10/17/2022 7:45 PM**

**[Name]: Kaibo Zaber [Age]: 34 [P.O.B]: Gen, Terra System. [Last Occupation]: Private Security for Hire, Privateer Medic [Personality Traits]: Friendly, persevering, gumptious [Physical Traits]: Brown well kempt hair, Blue eyes, Fair skin with a slim build [Backstory]: entering the UEE navy at a young age in the late 2930's, Kaibo rose through the ranks of light fighter pilots and quick response forces. Once discharged, he used those skills to set out as a privateer providing both medical aid and security services. being from Terra he got to experience many of the alien cultures and specifically found the Tevarin culture of honor to be one that he preferred even over the stuffy human culture that he was raised. it might have been that his home planet, Gen, was always over looked by Terrarians and others with the UEE but alas, he felt fondly of his home system. He spent several years working mainly in the Elysium and Branaugh systems among many others to help the Tevarin people and the Tevarin Preservation Society with various efforts, including medical aid and security monitoring of Xenophobic groups such as Nemesis that would strategically suppress Tevarins from being able to participate in UEE society. (edited)**

**Kaibo\_Z — 10/17/2022 9:12 PM**

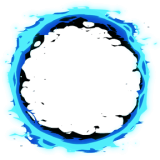
**While on a armed courier task between the Elysium and Terra systems a call was made out for a small logistics company needing someone with experience in coordinating flight operations and small fighter teams. It had been quite some time since he had done anything like that but with a little warming up and his various connections with organizations needing logistic operations help he reached out. Between the experience leading groups of spacecraft in tense situations and the connection to a variety of potential clients, Kaibo was brought on as the Chief Operations Officer to help grow to organization by improving the survivability and capabilities of long range transportation operations forming the omega medical group and midnight squadron as a necessary evil for the type of work they were performing in such hazardous systems.**

**October 21, 2022**

**PrimeNoodles — 10/21/2022 5:23 PM**

**[Name]: Christoff Revan [Age]: 28 [P.O.B.]: Kampos, Ellis System [Last Occupation]: Fighter pilot stationed on the UEES Integrity [Personality Traits]: Affable, tolerant yet firm, a touch of optimism and naivety tempered with firmness from the harsh nature of his past life [Physical Traits]: Short, blond hair; green eyes; husky build [Backstory]: Hailing from Neo Taurii, Christoff was born to a relatively well-off family, his father Paulus being a representative in the UEE Senate. However, at age 8 his father became mired in controversy and forced to resign from the Senate. Not long after, the former senator lost the family fortune in a failed business deal. This was unknown to Christoff's mother at the time, and for a few months Paulus would pretend like everything was normal, even taking his wife out in the family's 890 Jump, named the "Markheim". However, on their way to Bremen they were waylaid by a group of Vanduul raiders in the Vega system and unceremoniously slaughtered - none of the occupants of the ship managed to survive, 13 deaths in total including the crew as the Revan couple had invited some family friends to go along with them on the trip. From that point on, due to his father having nothing left for him to inherit, Christoff became a ward of the state. Due to his quick reflexes and academic aptitude, he was soon enrolled in a flight program for gifted students. Graduating at age 17, he entered the UEE Navy, where he served with distinction on the UEES Integrity. After 5 years of service he was forced to leave the navy with an honorable discharge due to [RECORDS EXPUNGED]. Coming back home to the Ellis system, he made a joint venture with his old friend Ike Days to start a company called "Aydo City Delivery", which over time blossomed into the corporation we now know today as "Aydo Intergalactic Corporation". [ID Card]: (edited)**

**October 22, 2022**

1. ****

**𝕄𝕖𝕖𝕜𝕦 𝕆𝕕𝕒 — 10/22/2022 7:45 AM**

**[Name]Reeku Oda (Reeku) [Age] 25 [P.O.B] Pyro [Last Occupation] Mafia Hitman [Personality Trait] Sarcastic, Troublesome, Reliable [Physical Trait] Skinny with a slight food dyslexia [Backstory] Reeku comes from a triad crime ring from the once great power of Japan that had connections of the home Pirate world of Pyro, she was a orphan and taken in to be a slave to the under city for distasteful deeds, She did many years of unimaginable tasks and deeds for the enjoyment of others, broken and spirit broken she soon snapped and killed a high profile client, it took the Triad weeks to uncover the body and find proper evidence of the slaying, Reeku was very good at hiding and keeping a poker face. It wasn't long until the big boss was able to have his men bring her in and spent weeks torturing and marking her skin, she never broke, never spoke of guilt, never admitted of the murder, The boss became interested and sat with the young women, she thought this was it, where she would swallow a bullet casing and no longer have the dream of seeing space or being on one the new ships she started to see being developed, as the boss spoke, he offered her a job. All her misdeeds would be forgive, all will be washed and he gave his word but wanted the truth and to be able to bury the remains of the man she killed. He swore on his honor to hold up his deal and she took awhile to pounder and agreed to provide him a answer with the condition of her freedom, the boss laughed and offered her instead a lucrative life stile among the Oda clan, a place of power and respect but explained it would come as a price, he explained the world would not know of her existence and would forever be stuck as the Kira of Oda. After she accepted she spent years conducting jobs, leaving no trace of her existence, tails spread fast and she was able to save enough money to finally leave the planet into space and join the UEE forces. She stumbled upon a small corporation called Aydo and after many failed interviews she finally got assigned into the Medical staff, it was uncommon for her to save a soul, let alone put herself in harms way to keep another alive, all she knew was death... This is her story now.. (edited)**

**Tierce (SnowyKnight) — 10/22/2022 5:52 PM**

**[Name]: Alexandra Tierce [Age]: 27 [P.O.B]: Quasi, Terra [Last Occupation]: Attorney (Intellectual Property), CDF Volunteer [Personality Traits]: Quick-witted, analytical, introverted, thrill-seeker in denial [Physical Traits]: Tallish, moderate build, dark hair, bright green eyes, slight Welsh-adjacent accent [Backstory]: Born into privilege and wealth without realizing it, Tierce came up through the private schools and personal tutors of Quasi. She was never really at ease in the world of networking, clout and billion-credit deals. Though she did her best to rise to her parents' rigorous standards her heart was in the adventures of her brother, a rising lieutenant in the UEE Navy, and her ne'er-do-well uncle whose tales of the stars delighted her. Tierce enrolled in the Junior Reserve Imperial Officer's Corps and there discovered a mild disdain for military protocol but an insatiable joy for spaceflight, in which she was a natural. Tierce's plans to follow her brother ran into the cold reality of service when he returned from Vega badly burned and disfigured. His DNA had been so badly scrambled by Vanduul plasma that even the new Ibrahim regeneration technology couldn't fix him. A long road of physical and mental therapy lay ahead. Sensitive to her family's grief and pleadings not to follow her brother into danger, she enrolled in law school at the University of Angeli on Croshaw. She was a good, if not brilliant student, and soon moved into the practice of intellectual property law.**

1. **[5:53 PM]**

**The sudden passing of her uncle came with the shocking revelation that he'd left his ship to her, on the condition that she personally travel to the Stanton system to collect it. Her parents prevailed upon her to sell it and invest the proceeds reasonably, but Tierce wouldn't hear of it. This was a chance to live out her dreams of space adventure... and there was plenty of law to practice in Stanton, right? Things sure did happen. These days Tierce spends more time as a CDF volunteer and freelance pilot than she does in the practice of anything even adjacent to law. She had a brief brush with infamy in her association with a group of outlaws pursued by Hurston Dynamics, but the case was eventually dropped and her record is currently clean. Though still harboring anti-corporate leanings, she is prepared to make exceptions for smaller independent holdings that seem to have a solid foundation in making the galaxy better. And that is why she was open to picking up some freelance work from a certain Aydo Intergalactic Corporation on a trip to Ellis...**

1. **[5:53 PM]**

**November 9, 2022**

**Meretrix — 11/9/2022 1:05 AM**

**[Name]: Zarastiñia "Zara" Isaan [Age]: 24 [P.O.B]: Keelung City, Taiwan, Sol [Last Occupation]: College student [Personality Traits]: Sheltered, naïve, and prissy, but also loyal, sensitive, and determined [Physical Traits]: Latin-Sinitic, short, average build. Mid-length black hair with frequently changing dye highlights, green eyes from designer genetics. [Backstory]: Born to a Portuguese father, João Isaan, and a Taiwanese mother, Yifei, Zarastiñia was the youngest of three children. She grew up in the shadow of her older brothers who always seemed to be one step ahead of her academically, and both her parents pushed her hard to match them. Otherwise her life was quite comfortable owing to her father's success as an executive at Empyrion Industries. When the time came for her to go to college Zara wanted to get away from the pressure of her family and went to Terra to study logistics at Prime University. She graduated with middling grades, and, despite some attempts at serious relationships, unattached. As one of his final actions before retiring from Aydo Corp. after the merger with Empyrion, João Isaan arranged for his daughter to join the company as a logistics analyst, skipping the first few rungs of the ladder. He keeps pushing her behind the scenes to move up to becoming a sector manager, while her mother pushes her to find someone to give her grandchildren. In her spare time she plays the guzheng, lounges around with her cat, Signy, and frequently avails herself of the upscale nightlife of Aydo City to the point where she's on a first name basis with the staff of all the best venues in town. [ID Card]:**

**December 31, 2022**

**Gidgett (the catgirl mechanic) — 12/31/2022 8:30 PM**

**[Name]: Gidgett [Age]: 23ish [P.O.B]: Unknown [Last Occupation]: Starship mechanic, with side jobs as stewardess and in-flight bartender [Personality Traits]: Energetic, curious, friendly and generally good-natured, but with a streak for harmless mischief. Her greatest strength is her catlike attention span, letting her laser-focus on something that catches her attention for hours on end. Her greatest weakness is her catlike attention span, which can get distracted by a shiny. [Physical Traits]: female human genetically spliced with feline DNA, genetic variance presents as feline style ears and a tail, as well as slitted green pupils, nictating membrane, and the presence of a tapetum lucidum. Some other biological systems have functional variances, including a raised normal body temperature. Hair growth varies between shades of blonde, orange, and sandy yellow, with longer hair growth from the scalp than from the ears and tail. She is slightly smaller in build and stature than most humans. [Backstory]: Unknown to all but some highly classified archives and the woman who raised her, 61D6377 was created as part of an illegal super soldier project. The project was discontinued partly because of mounting legal pressures and cost overruns, but also because the project failed. Projections of the effect of genetic engineering showed as many detrimental traits being introduced as beneficial ones, and with the high cost of development and no payout in sight, the project was canceled. The scientist who oversaw much of the early development cycles went into hiding rather than let the "failed" experiments be destroyed, raising Gidgett and a few others as her children in a secluded HEX. Gidgett had a good childhood, with as caring a family as she could hope for. Even in a lawless HEX, she learned empathy, and with her curiosity and attention she naturally picked up tinkering with mechanics. After patching a ship together she headed out into space. (edited)**

1. **[8:32 PM]**

**[ID Card Photo] (employment pending):**

**Devil — 12/31/2022 9:11 PM**

**[Name]: Christus Caelestis Sanctus [Handle]: Devil [Age]: Unknown [P.O.B]: Aboard the Mining Platform “Salvation” [Last Occupation]: Chief Medical Officer aboard the Carrack “Rasalas” [Personality Traits]: Coarse demeanor, quick witted, sarcastic, quiet, prone to staring [Physical Traits]: Christopher has extensive burn and flagellation scars covering most of his body. His eyes are a deep blue that almost seem to glow in the right light. [Backstory]: *Excerpt from interview AZA-76, subject: William McKenney, pub owner, Grim Hex* Hrm? Oh...yeah I know him... well... if you could call it that, anyway. He's dropped little tidbits here and there... when he's gotten a bit too sloshed for his own good. From what I've pieced together, he grew up in some freaky-ass cult on a mining platform somewhere...very fire and brimstone types, capital punishment, self-flagellation, you name it. He basically said they beat the absolute shit out of him on the regular...ya know...to teach him about god or somethin'? Nutjobs.  
Anyway, I guess you gotta get a job there once you're old enough, and the medical officer of the platform, if you could call him that, decided to mentor him as his replacement. The old guy must have known his shit, crazy or not, because I've seen this dude throw people on tables after shoot outs and stop bleeders or take out bullets with little more than fuckin' napkins and forks.  
Huh? Oh, his name? Yeah that's a weird one... So, mining platform... accidents happen all the time, yeah? Guess at some point the old guy died on the job, so now this guy is stuck patching people up in his place....... Hrm? Oh, sorry...got a weird chill...anyway... So, fast forward to a day where some miner loses a hand. What? Shit I dunno man, he shoved it somewhere it wasn't supposed to be shoved, I guess. Yeah so...during the surgery to reattach it, guy wakes up from the anesthesia fucking mental...screaming about the devil that was trying to devour his soul and shit. The guy's coworkers are freaked out already, but then this guy points to the doc, screams that he's the devil, and then just fuckin' dies. Boom, just like that. And, if the guy had just died on the table, it'd have been one thing, but screaming and pointing at his doc about how he's the devil? In a place chock full of religious wackos? You can imagine how well that shit went over. From what he says, he barely survived the beating that came after. That’s not even the messed up part though, man. You seen those scars? Those weren’t from getting his shit kicked in...that shit is from being *burned*. Now this part...this part I know is true, because I've talked to one of the guys that found the bastard. Apparently, that mining platform straight up exploded one day...killed everybody…'cept one. Guess they found him in a life pod a few days later...burned all to shit.  
That's where the name came from, by the way. Guy was telling me, when they asked for a name, the only one he gave was…Devil.  
Say…you….you don’t think he had something to do with that explosion…..do you? *Unintelligible voices are heard before the recording ends abruptly* (edited)**

**September 22, 2024**