**AMERICA YOUNG**

**Son of the President of the United States**

The world is now in your hands. Your father, the great President Young, trusted you to take the lead of the crew. But to be honest, you’re unsure if you can handle this task.

Being the son of a global figure meant you were confined to the White House for the majority of your life. Many might consider this to be a form of imprisonment, stuck forever in the shadow of a great man. But you didn’t feel this way. Your dad truly loved you and wanted to spend most of his time watching you grow. Why wouldn’t he name you after something equally as majestic and beautiful: AMERICA.

Besides, had you actually gone to school, you might have been teased for your high social status. Or your expressive green hair. That too. You recall having it ever since you were little, but you are unsure. You’ve heard your mother quietly talk to your father about it; apparently around the same time as you were born, several newborn babies were born with green skin. Many people at the time believed the color to be due to a viral birth defect, though modern science still cannot explain what truly happened during the phenomenon.

But you like your hair. You haven’t felt any pain due to it. You did go through a phase of reading Japanese manga, so maybe you were just born with whatever trains those characters possess that gives them a vibrant, unnatural hair color.

To be honest, you were not partial to your hair initially. There was a part of you that definitely found it weird. But your friend Bob convinced you otherwise. He liked your hair; he liked many parts about you too. He kept you company in those moments when you were lonely or your dad was away at work.

Your mother wasn’t as accepting of Bob as you were of him though. She would ask you often why you clutched onto that potted cactus. But Bob was more than a cactus! She didn’t understand! He believed in you and even warned you of your dad’s attempts to chop down a thousand-year-old tree. He wanted you to save it. That was all he asked.

But there was nothing you could do. One evening, Bob told you that the tree was cut down and that he had to leave as a result. You don’t fully understand why he had to depart, but one thing is for certain: you miss your friend dearly. You know dad loves you, but how could he have driven your best and only friend away like that.

And the next day, all of nature was dead, just as Bob predicted. You saw your father scramble in panic and try to fix everything without causing his people to erupt in pandemonium. Maybe if you had been more persistent with your father, he might have trusted Bob’s warning.

You were three years old when you started training to be a Chosen Child. Although back then, you didn’t know what you were training for. Your father had just urged you to train with his men “for the fate of humanity”. Dad was strange like that. But you agreed. Within a few months, you were passing all the tests with ease. You were not only prepared to handle any physical challenge your way but you felt confident in your abilities to lead others. You could see the pride in your Dad’s face as you were learning to take over the reins of his position.

Your dad then sent you to train with the other American Chosen Children. It was a handful working with 30 other kids, given that you had spent most of your life alone to yourself or with Bob.

There was one moment however when you were transferring to another training facility that remains hazy. You must have bumped your head at some point because you woke up in a medical facility with your dad sobbing uncontrollably while two twin doctors examined you. You vividly remember how happy your dad was to see you, how he hugged you. Dad was weird like that.

Finally, the penultimate day before the scheduled launch into space. You were nervous but ready. All your training was easy by this point. Your crew listened to you, paid attention, and were most of all loyal. Ship simulations became routine.

But pandemonium broke out and forced the Chosen Children to be launched into space earlier than expected. You hurried with your crew to the ship to board it. As their captain, you supervised them to make sure that the boarding process went smoothly. But when it was finally your turn to board, a voice over the intercom told you to halt. You looked up at the control room to see your dad arguing with his VP, Vice President Gorman. They motioned you to exit the ship-boarding facilities and join them.

“You can’t board that ship”, dad told you.

*But why!?* You had trained with these crew members for months! You trusted he had a good reason, but it still stung. You wish you had had the courage back then to push him for an answer. Then again, he was the president and probably had bigger matters to worry about than his son.

Instead, you were hurried to a strange remote location. You overheard your father directing Vice President Gorman and her – much quieter – daughter Elizabeth to meet up as well, in between bouts of unintelligible arguments. You still have no clue where exactly your dad took you. You can vividly remember the smell of rotting trash and waste around you as you gazed up to see a gigantic machine in the shape of a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

As if it recognized the presence of its future passengers, the machine lowered its head and opened its mouth to reveal the inner workings of the ship. Soon, other leaders of the world convened to the ship’s location with their children close by. Your father picked you up and hugged you, tears streaming vigorously down his face, before saying farewell to you and your new crew.

It has been several years since you boarded the T-Rex space ship – 10 to be exact. Despite its mechanical exterior, you took shelter in a beautiful log cabin surrounded by a green paradise. And with the passage of time you’ve grown closer to your new crew and recognized their strengths and weaknesses.

**Elizabeth Gorman** was your right hand helper. She’s mostly quiet and keeps to herself, but it’s nice to have someone as grounded as her nearby. You do worry about how she handles her impulses though. You’ve seen her panic under dire situations like fleeing from some of the strange plant creatures that wander the ship. You know your father would have wanted you to marry her eventually.

**Tarou Misaki**

**Catherine Jour**, the daughter of the French Ambassador. She’s been much more gung-ho about performing her duties than Elizabeth. Outgoing, smart, and somewhat fearless, you know you can count on her. Although you’ve very rarely seen her be stubborn about taking orders from you in favor of helping the crew independently.

**Tekken Kin**

**Sammy**

**Toby**

**Doug**

**Nick**

**Hat**

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SUGGESTIONS: PERSONALITY DISPLAYS FOR [CHARACTER NAME]:

Under ordinary circumstances:

Duo ne nostro tibique intellegebat, torquatos temporibus sit ad, ne mea option discere cotidieque. Ex eius congue dolore nec, fierent molestiae ea nec. Nec ad brute semper. Probo imperdiet molestiae et sed. Regione eligendi invidunt duo ut, sint liber meliore mel et, ad putent numquam duo. Pro iusto definitionem necessitatibus ea.

When performing duties as [secret identity]:

Duo ne nostro tibique intellegebat, torquatos temporibus sit ad, ne mea option discere cotidieque. Ex eius congue dolore nec, fierent molestiae ea nec. Nec ad brute semper. Probo imperdiet molestiae et sed. Regione eligendi invidunt duo ut, sint liber meliore mel et, ad putent numquam duo. Pro iusto definitionem necessitatibus ea.

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GOAL LIST FOR [CHARACTER NAME]

1. Goals are listed in a numbered list like so. There are spaces inbetween each goal. Try to be as informative based on what the character knows.
2. Like this for example. Duo ne nostro tibique intellegebat, torquatos temporibus sit ad, ne mea option discere cotidieque. Ex eius congue dolore nec, fierent molestiae ea nec.
3. Nec ad brute semper. Probo imperdiet molestiae et sed. Regione eligendi invidunt duo ut, sint liber meliore mel et, ad putent numquam duo. Pro iusto definitionem necessitatibus ea.

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BRIEF NOTES ON CERTAIN PERSONS NOT MENTIONED EARLIER

**Character name** – hi this is her description and how you know them. It might be more interesting to just include characters that are previously known into the backstory rather than defining them here just in case.

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CHARACTER NAME: GAME PROFILE

STR: 7

INT: 8

SPD: 19

- Spells –

**\* What is that noise?**

This is the spell description. For example, choose a single PC target. For the next 10 minutes, as a Special Sanity Effect, that PC is intensely attracted to – and intimidated by – you.

*These are extraneous out-of-character notes. Like, this is not a mind-control spell. That character’s reactions to the circumstances are his own to roleplay.*

This is a **this type** spell.

- Other Abilities –

**\*Non-combat skills I guess**

Same format. This is the description. These will all appear on index cards anyway.

- Starting Items –

**Item name**

Brief description.