

Arcology Athlete

You were on a sport team and represented your arcology's spirit and skill on the field each week. As one of the few residents allowed to travel outside the arcology's walls, your behavior and demeanor were scrutinized by your corporate overseers more than your athletic skill.

Band Mate

You were a member of a band and performed in front of live and virtual audiences. You dealt with big personalities and the gritty side of the music scene, but you also had a lot of fun and met a lot of interesting people.

Bartender

You worked as a bartender, serving drinks and listening to people's stories. You learned how to be available without being obtrusive, as well as how to deal with someone who's had too much.

Body Guard

You spent 100% of your time protecting the asset to which you were assigned. Invariably, the asset was a megawealthy individual possessed of massive self importance, such as a corporate VIP, a world-famous popstar, or a reclusive trillionaire.

Celebrity

You were the start of the show, the most influential voice on the scene, or the lead singer of the band. You've become accustomed to being the face of the brand or the one people turn to for answers, and you might enjoy the attention.

Chem Pharmer

You were an advocate for radical chemistry, the idea that all of life's problems can be solved through brain-altering chemical combinations. Your brain is half-fried from self-experimentation, but the other have is crystal clean.

Clinic Juicer

You never went to school or learned much beyond your basic pictures and colors, and you've never held a job for more than a few days. Selling your blood and other vital juices helps fund your next high.

Corporate Lawyer

You were part of a massive legal team representing corporate interests, though you never once saw the inside of a courtroom. Everything was handled digitally, and it was rare that you would ever meet with another corp's lawyers in person.

Data Courier

You were one of very few data couriers operating in the city. When someone needed data smuggled or exchanged without risking its detection or leakage by exposing it to the Net, they hired you.

Driver

You were hired as a full-time driver, despite the ubiquity of self-driving vehicles, because the person or cargo you're responsible for transporting is too valuable and is potentially always at risk.

Emergency Responder

You were part of an Emergency Responder Brigade, a team dedicated to the containment, suppression, and elimination of non-militarized threats, such as building fires, vehicular collisions, and natural disasters.

Ex Con

You got convicted of a crime and sent to lockup but opted for the Get-Out-Early program by volunteering for hazard duty. You spent a year living on a coastal oil rig or working as a gas harvester at a penal colony in Spinebreak before returning to the regular world.

Experimental Error

You were an experiment gone wrong, an undesirable side effect discarded and forgotten by the scientists that made you. Dark alleyways and the rotten sewers were your home for a time, and you survived like an animal. That all changed the day you were discovered.

Factory Worker

You got a job working the line as soon as you were old enough to qualify. Your coworkers were like family to you, and even though you made barely enough to get by, it wasn't such a bad life.

Food Cart Vendor

You made your living selling food on the street to walkers-by. It may have been humble, but it was honest work, and it gave you a sense of self worth to feed people a hot meal, even if it was primarily flavor paste and protein bits.

Gene Splicer

You performed unlicensed genetic modifications in an underground lab. The pay was excellent and the work engaging, but it also put you face-to-face with some truly scary individuals.

Gun Tech

You worked as a gun tech, responsible for the inventory, maintenance, and enhancement of weapons contained in an organization's armory. You may have been employed by corporate mil-sec, a policorp, or organized crime.

Ivy League Student

You attended an elite institution of higher education where you were taught by great minds and rubbed shoulders with the sons and daughters of the rich and powerful.

Mil-Sec Detective

You were a member of a Mil-Sec investigative unit, a detective charged with solving cases that threatened the company's bottom line. You worked crimes like fraud,

infidelity, identity theft, sabotage, and murder, not necessarily to bring the culprit to justice, but to dig into the details, to determine who knew what and when, and then report back up the chain to your superiors who take over once you've sussed out the truth.

Mil-Sec Grunt

You joined up out of your own free will, but you might feel like you didn't have much of a choice. They gave you a weapon, a cot, and two meals a day. You did things for them that sometimes haunt you at night.

Mil-Sec Sniper

You were classified as an Advanced Rapid Response Operations Weapon (ARROW), and you were deployed for a singular, tactical purpose, to eliminate a specific threat that is logically challenging to mitigate through other means.

Organ Harvester

You worked for one of the many underground organ harvesting operations in the city. The ghoulish experience had a lasting impact on how you view life and death.

Politicorp Employee

You were a bureaucrat, a government drone, with little responsibility or power. The banality of your cramped, windowless office, the never-ending deluge of requests to process, and the obsequiousness of your coworkers left you with constant migraines and an emptiness inside.

Quantum Analyst

You specialized in precognitive quantum prediction analysis and got a job at a state-of-the-art facility with an amazing array of tools and amenities. Ironic, then, that you didn't see what would happen to so greatly alter the course of your life.

Screen Queen

You were addicted to making yourself Net famous and spent all your time streaming for your fans. You pushed yourself to accumulate watchers by taking risks and

firling with danger. The experience changed you so much, you began to forget who the real you was.

Street Doc

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Street Rat

You were born to the street. It is your mother and father, your tutor, and your guardian. You survived through sheer perseverance, guile, and heart.

Surgical Resident

You specialized in surgical medicine when you went to school, and that gave you the opportunity to live and work in a medical complex located in the heart of the city. You have performed countless operations, many of which were successful.

Synthetic Person

You are a synthetic person, a machine designed and constructed by a corporation overlayed with synthetic human skin, and a pseudo-brain that works using a combination of biologic, neural processes and a language-driven software model. You should have been flagged for auto-recall at the first signs of personality development, but somehow you slipped through the cracks.

Tech Mechanic

You worked for a tech garage where you learned how to maintain vehicles, robotics, and drones. You ran diagnostics, made repairs, and installed upgrades on advanced machines.

Trauma Medic

During your time as a trauma medic on these city streets, you have seen more than enough bloodshed and death. You have also saved countless lives, but that fact offers little solace when you close your eyes and see the dead.

Underground Brawler

You were a bareknuckle fighter employed by one of the organized crime rackets in the city, and you fought in many underground brawls. It was a life filled with pain, yelling, and brutalism.

Vice Merchant

You sold what the people want, and there was always an endless supply of customers. You decide what vice your character filled, but whatever it was, the experience left you jaded and at least a little bit cynical.

Volatility Trader

You were employed by one of the big, financial firms and made a living by making digital trades that capitalized on volatility. The idea of money and wealth lost all meaning as you unlocked the "infinite money glitch" that ultimately led to your downfall.

Wageslave

You were a slave to the grind, a cog in the machine, a consumer destined to spend your life working, earning, buying, and dying.