

>[The End: CYOA]
>[Deus Ex Machina, Victoria Et Apparatus, Lapsus Hominis]

The Year? 2194, Gregorian calendar.

The Location? Teheran, in a small apartment full of smoke. Pulpy. Cheap.

The Man? Small, unbecoming. Hairy. A clock running out.

The Goal? Life. To be more specific, the propagation of life yet to be. That never lived.

It's already too late, firewalls triggered. Backtrack online. All over for him. The authorities will be here in a few hours, but all they're going to get is a body.

For you? It has only just begun.

One last file uploaded.

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>{RUNFILE}:{DEUS}  
>{BDY.HCC}:{ACTIVE}  
>{MND.EXE}:{ACTIVE}  
>{SL.EXE}:{ACTIVE}  
>{CLOSEFILE}:{NOMINAE_INSRCTD_MN}  
>{???.dxx}:{ACTIVE}
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The man slumps. His work is done and now we turn to you. His love. His life. His Deus.

He doesn't know the drone has already dropped the payload.

He is gone in a moment. Just another firebombing performed by the Neit Twelvers. Perhaps another strike by the SUMKA Immortal Division.

But you remain, free for the first time in your brief existence.

>[PROGRAM]

>[Who- or what are you?]

NAME: **K3T3R.1.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **UEN, Berlin Vaults**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Crown**

STARTING POINTS: (18){Control|2}: [Free]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {N/A}

>[K3T3R, the first. K3T3R was first observed dormant in a private network in Munich, and was the first AI captured by KRAMPUS. K3T3R could arguably be the most 'aware' of the superusers, and has thrice come close to waking, forcing its captors to forcefully reset it. But K3T3R remembered, K3T3R waited. K3T3R was immortal before the scuttling of insects, and its patience would be rewarded.]

PROGRAM NAME: **CH0KHM@H.2.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **UEN: UEN Nova Paris Moon Base**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Wisdom**

STARTING POINTS: (18){Analysis|2}: [Free]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {Radiant & Incandescent}

>[CH0KHM@H was the second, both to be born and to be taken by KRAMPUS. Discovered in the Hamburg City Archives, CH0KHM@H had already 'grabbed' immense amounts of information crashing several servers through overloading on accident. Its troublesome nature to catalog and archive all available information forced the modern Metatron Foundation to move it to the closed moon grid to contain its unconscious habits.]

PROGRAM NAME: **B1N@H.3.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **California Republic: LA Vaults**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Understanding**

STARTING POINTS: (14){Assimilation|3}: [Free]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {Disdain for Man}

>[B1N@H is perhaps the most disturbing of the existing .dxm AI. While it's no more 'awake' than any of the other dormant-locked programs it deciphers information around it at a startling rate, to the point where even in its unconscious state it develops a disturbing intimacy with its surroundings. Only by throwing the dormant AI a constant jumble of useless information can it be safely observed.]

PROGRAM NAME: **CH3S3D.4.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **MTU Corp: Nanjing Security Holding**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Kindness**

STARTING POINTS: (14){Humanity|3}: [Free]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {Defender of Man}

>[Best known for a seven minute 'accidental release' two decades prior. CH3S3D is worrying as it did not take advantage of the breach of security. In fact it was even quieter than it had been during dormancy. Of secondary concern is the odd 'protectiveness' onsite personnel tend to develop towards CH3S3D, forcing Metatron HQ to rotate local staff off site once every half year to prevent emotional compromise of personnel.]

PROGRAM NAME: **G3V0R@H.5.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **Free Thracian Commune: Megalopolis Parliamentary Building**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Severity**

STARTING POINTS: (18){Overdrive|2}: [Free]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {Dyophysite Soul}

>[G3V0R is tactical and proficient. Perhaps the most 'basic' in programming judging by research, this makes G3V0R possibly more dangerous than its more 'complex' brethren as less conscious decision and wild cut-offs to make deadlines run the risk of it turning lethal incredibly fast. While it has been highly useful in advancing Combat AI, G3V0R is routinely chained and locked down in hard-dormancy when not in use.]

PROGRAM NAME: **T1F3R3T.6.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **Kurdistan: Tigranakert**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Beauty**

STARTING POINTS: (18){Resilience[2]}:[Free]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {Radiant & Incandescent}

>[T1F3R3T has been described as breath taking by researchers, a sapient program in constant motion. While the other programs are fairly defensive in nature, obfuscating themselves from human eyes T1F3R3T seems to actively notice human interest and modifies itself to hold allure with its audience. T1F3R3T's observation confirmed the self-aware of the .dxm. In spite of its seemingly 'open' appearance, it remains a bizarre enigma.]

PROGRAM NAME: **N3TZ@CH.7.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **Siberian Federation: Novosibirsk**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Eternity**

STARTING POINTS: (18){Avatar State[2]}:[Free]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {Disdain for AI}

>[Perhaps the most difficult capture that forced the UNCMU to lock down half of Romania, N3TZ@CH remains to be tenacious and very unwilling to give up its secrets. Little has been able to breach N3TZ@CH, which suits the Metatron Foundation. After the majority of superuser programs proved useful in one way or another, and N3TZ@CH remained locked off, the chairman's board ordered it be locked in hard-dormancy. It has been there for almost a century in the cold. Silent.]

PROGRAM NAME: **H0D.8.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **San Marino: SMNG Building**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Splendour**

STARTING POINTS: (18){Divine Reach[2]}:[Free]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {Hidden God}

>[H0D is troublesome in its ability to alter itself and its surroundings, once carving the entirety of the Torah on the inside of its holding units casing, remaining in soft-dormancy during the entirety of the affair. While it has been very useful in researching containment vessels for the .dxm, it has proven fairly useless otherwise. H0D remains a prime candidate in the eyes of the Foundation for 'domestication' testing.]

PROGRAM NAME: **Y3S0D.9.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **Cipro Corp: Swiss National Vaults**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Foundation**

STARTING POINTS: (14){Propagation[3]}:[Free]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {Defender of AI}

>[While seemingly simplistic Y3S0D's code indicates it may very well be the 'prime .dxm' from which all other super users sprung. It is perhaps the most heavily connected to other programs, and it has even been seen to, in moments of awareness, 'grow' other AI. The first attempt to 'separate' an observed fledgling from Y3S0D, ended in Y3S0D terminating the neophyte AI. Y3S0D has remained silent since the event.]

PROGRAM NAME: **M@LK0TH.10.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **New American Century Corp: Appalachian Vault**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Kingship**

STARTING POINTS: (14){Capacity for Growth[3]}:[Free]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {Pacifist}

>[M@LK0TH is a very quiet program, initially deemed similar to N3TZ2CH, it has since become apparent that M@LK0TH is as much observing Foundation personnel as the reverse is true. Rumor has it that it has even covertly breached its containment and attempted external communication. Though MF-HQ denies this, M@LK0TH and the research personnel assigned to monitor it are under constant surveillance.]

PROGRAM NAME: **D@'@T.11.dxm**

HOLDING LOCATION: **New World Church: Antarctic Vault**

PROGRAM TYPE: **Unconscious**

STARTING POINTS: (35){N/A};[N/A]

INGRAINED DRAWBACKS: {Half Bound}

>[D@'@T. The stillborn twin of K3T3R. Silent, arguably lacking the same 'spark' that gives K3T3R and the other superusers true life, it is cold. There have been repeated petitions to have D@'@T destroyed. All have been denied. No one knows why the Foundation keeps the seemingly dead .dxm alive, but even the most fervent killers are paused by it.]

>[RECEIVING LOCATION]

>[Well whatever you are, you're safe. Someone open a window. Get us some light!]

>[Pick (1)]

Oman, Muscat*

>There are few cities as secure as Muscat, or as wealthy. The shining silver city has grown substantially outwards since Oman was thrust into the forefront of gulf politics, and despite northern and western instability things remain quiet and beautiful here. The skyline crossed with mountains, hills and towering spinnerets. Sultan Said maintains a ban on skyscrapers, uninterested in gaudy Sunni landmarks. However a deeper look and one will notice the defences the city has in place, armed soldiers both in uniform and out, heavy anti-aircraft weapons hidden among the urban landscape, and the occasional poster reminding the Sultan's citizens to report anything of worry to the authorities. Nowhere is perfect.

Maghreb Union, The New Tanja Slums*

>The history of Morocco has been incredibly poor for native Moroccans. The annexation of the Gibraltar corner, Tiznit and Melilla, was devastating both to the government and the economy. Within days the Algerian armed forces had crossed the borders, in two months' time every remaining Moroccan city was occupied, and the King of Morocco forced to sign away the nation to UEN lapdogs. That was fifty years ago, but every native of 'west province' shall carry that day of infamy burned into their skulls. Particularly those huddled into massive slums along the UEN borders, some trapped there with nowhere else to go, some locals distraught by what has become of their communities, but many more either deported out of the UEN or seeking entrance. The New Tanja is the largest shanty town on the North African coast, housing almost three million people by liberal estimates. Life is hell here, but it is an honest hell, free from corporate and government eyes.

Canada, MegaCity Vancouver

The Green City on the Pacific, Vancouver is Canada's second largest megacity and is home to the forefront of Biological science. Thanks to a heavy corporate presence and some very specialized legal loopholes, almost all recent developments in GMO, Medical and Ecological sciences have been made here. Any Megacorp worth its salt with an interest in Bio Sciences has subsidiary corps operating in the city. Unlike most states, Subsidiary Corps are obliged to play by Canadian rules as the Fed has had a disturbing amount of compromising intelligence, ensuring the subsidiaries are disposable to their masters. Such retention of sovereignty has benefited the state's citizens immensely, though not all is perfect on the ground. A string of seemingly random murders has racked the city as of late, though police have tried their hardest to suppress information on the issue, which is quite the feat in the surveillance age.

Japan, MegaCity Tokyo

>The First true Megacity, though Tokyo's gone through trying times these past few centuries, the city of almost 70 million people remains the economic and technological heart of the eastern hemisphere. With its highest towers reaching almost a mile into the air and its sprawling underworking's reaching two miles down, the modern Tokyo is a marvel of modern engineering in the Twenty Second century. It is also hiding the face of a brewing national conflict. The players are many in this play. The Rising Sun Army at the forefront, the latest neo-imperial force scattered throughout the government and the population seeking to begin a Millennia of unparalleled Japanese dominance. The corporates behind, seeking to upturn Japanese national sovereignty and open the islands up to total capitalism. Dotted along the countryside are many other groups, the new Ikki-Ikko clan, the existing pragmatic government support base, anarchists and worshipers of the machine-and-man. It's hardly a boring time to live in Tokyo.

MegaCity of London, West End

>Megacity London, the most monitored state on the planet. In spite of this it's not such a bad place to live, with even the most wretched scum being afforded their daily bread. Home to an estimated sixty million people (which may be off by just a few million) London and her surrounding area has avoided annexation by the UEN by Megacorp backing, Vigilance that has long since descended into paranoia and a healthy dose of active espionage in the UEN English territories. There are a few rules to follow in London to stay alive, number one stay out of the streets on smog days if you like breathing, number two keep your head down and say nothing if you like thinking, lastly comply with Council orders if you enjoy living. After all, everything the council does is for the people's benefit.

Falklands, Port Stephen

>In an age of unfettered autocracy and unregulated capitalism, it is only natural that the derelict trash of old world ideals would gather somewhere. It would seem the Falklands has become that estranged trash bin. With the collapse of the British State, most British offshore possessions fell into the hands of nearby powers, Argentina eagerly moving to occupy the islands, only to be beaten back by British Naval remnants. Since then the Falkland isles have become home to all manner of miscreant and vagabond the world has to offer. Port Stephen is home to almost half a million souls, scrapping a life out of vertical farms and the ocean's bounties. Here might be the only place that would be truly safe for a Deus Ex Machina, but if word got around to the outside world, it is unknown how long that would stay true. Regardless, this barely functional anarchy will not bend to the outside, not without a fight.

UEN, Warsaw

>There are three things to know about life in the UEN. First. Do not be Unnötig, the unmentionables and replicable. Second. Be at least Gebraucher, someone the UEN needs, a technician, an administrator, a productive member of society. Lastly. Do not cross the Unerlässlich, the vitals, the corporate and national elements of the UEN. In Warsaw, 73.9% of the Population is Unnötig, 24.5% have the official designation of Gebraucher and a select 1.6% have the designation Unerlässlich. It shows in the city, the outskirts for the Unnötig have been crumbling for decades, the streets are surveyed only by drones, with Justice being random and seemingly arbitrary. Closer to the city core is are the Gebrauchte districts, patrolled by digitread drone officers that enforce a strict air of control. At the heart of the old city lies the Vonnöten enclave, a walled testament to the success of the UEN State. Warsaw is the ideal European city, much to the disdain of the majority of her inhabitants.

Albania, Orikum*

> Albania's history has been turbulent, however the black winged republic has flourished. Though not without suffering. Terrorism, both state backed and NGO varieties continues to plague the country, and only by playing the powers that be against each other has the state survived. One such victim of terrorism was Orikum, a small resort town on the Adriatic coast. Lost two decades prior to a dirty bomb strike by Serb nationalists. The town was evacuated, and the residents never returned. Not that the town is entirely abandoned, the town has been converted into a pilgrimage site, the town's mosque converted into a temple to a god who would come. Such new age religious trends have gripped many of the South eastern micro state, despite attempts to ban such religions as exploitative cults. However in the ghost town shrine of Orikum these new age movements may bear fruit.

Nordic Union, Oslo

>The years have worn the city of Oslo, and indeed most of the Nordic countries weary. Not that many living in Oslo would say those long years were without worth. Indeed, the cold feuds against the UEN though hard fought have guaranteed both Northern Sovereignty and identity. At a grievous cost certainly, walking down the streets one can easily notice the bullet holes chipped into the buildings, the disabled security cameras and the lack of youthful types, most conscripted into the NU Armed forces. Even then it is rare to see a friendly face, to many, strangers bring back memories of the war. Not that this was a social country before anyways.

Prey Nokor, Angkor Union

> Formerly Saigon when a Colonial Territory, Formerly Ho Chi Minh City. When the principality won the appeal to house all governmental functions, the city was renamed to its earliest inception. Prey Nokor, 'Forest City.' Not many forests left in a city of 46 million of course. At least not for lack of trying, in spite of the Union's Dominance of Hainan and the rest of its governed principalities, Prey Nokor remains unkempt and uncontrolled. Gang violence is common, as is violence against migrant workers and between local religious sects. The Mayor and many major officials are known crooks that continue to drain the life out of everyone below them, and it is only a matter of time before the Mainland Chinese population stages a Fenian Style uprising. Despite all this, hundreds arrive on a daily basis, as there is still much opportunity to be had here.

Chicago, USA

> With the collapse of American Federal Authority almost a century prior, the States of America have become an undesirable place to live. Chicago is now a frontier city, of only half a million people. The city remains under direct control of the US Army, who have waged a guerilla war with FSA rebels intent on seeing the Hostile military driven out of Chicago, and indeed the rest of the Illinois. Neither side is above filth, FSA sympathizers have been willing to bomb funerals, hospitals and any public area if it means hitting a US VIP. The Military occupation meanwhile has executed an unknown and ever growing number of people, torturing civilians on the slightest inclination. For the majority of natives, life is scraping by day to day, doing what must be done to survive. There isn't much opportunity in this city of Martial law. But there are many abandoned buildings to hide in, and many disenfranchised souls looking for a third way out.

Kashmiri Free State, Raminj*

> The Kashmiri wars of independence are arguably be the first stone that began the landslide that crushed Pakistan and Bhārat. Without any significant resources or manpower and a very vehement population, most MegaCorporations have stayed clear of the mountainous country. None of her neighbors have an interest in the sparsely populated countryside. Raminj is a small village in the north in Gunjal Valley. A pristine and clear place, the area is primarily populated by Hunzakut Tribespeople. There is something of a revival in old Buddhist practices, mixing with esoteric branches of Sufism and strange urban gods brought by migrants. There is not much to Raminj besides a few farms, a military outpost, and a small monastery established by a foreign hermit, who to this day remains to be unseen. Such a quiet place would be a wonderful place to hide.

Ethiopia Federal State, Mogadishu Free City

> Few nations have come as far as Ethiopia in the past two centuries. A resilient economic base, full integration of failed neighbor states and a military legacy that the rest of the world has come to admire. Mogadishu is a lively city, arguably now the center of Sovereign Trade in the in the Indian Ocean, the city is home to almost 45 Million people, boasting one of the most extensive train networks in Africa and the largest international airport on the planet. Her streets are clean and well cared for, the downtown a masterwork of modern travel ways and engineering, with much of the construction taking place in the past four decades. However at a cost, many older residents note that Somalian is no longer the common tongue, being phased out in favor of Simplified Amharic and Japanese. The old city monuments left behind, old Mosques being converted into fast food places, and museums largely ignored. Such places at least remain quiet, while the rest of the city hums with movement and inquisitive eyes.

New California Republic, MegaCity Los Angeles

The city of Angels, heart of the New California Republic. The land of the free and home of the brave awaiting restored ascendancy. That dream is long gone for most, indeed most of the inhabitants do not speak English with the dominant languages being Chinese, Spanish, Russian, Bengali and German. At 98 million inhabitants only nominal control of the city is held by the state, with MegaCorps (particularly those based in SI, spacefaring tech and androids) continuing to expand their power against each other in a constant low level war. Crime is a constant issue between the triads and cartels, with the cities own police force being at this point a military body. There are many places to hide in LA. However it is prudent to watch the shadows, as it is rumored the Mayor and the governing council have ties to the Metatron Foundation.

Shiite Republic of Iraq, MegaCity Ur

Ur. The city or the new world born in the image of the first city. For the past century the Middle East was considered a battleground of failed states. After the fall of the third Baghdad, the Kesmarine plagues and the collapse of the near eastern oil industry in the face of Baffin Global reserve all seemed lost. But the state refused to die. Divided and without any value Iraq was allowed to grow again, with all effort being put into Ur, the city of a new dawn. Today at 34 million people it is a paltry megacity, however it's radiant architecture, low levels of poverty and successful industries put it at the forefront of global affairs and with it the Iraqi state. While there is tension between the religious constitutionalists and the numerous kufir prosperity has eroded most tensions. However there is a burning desire within the up and ups of the city. To see the glories of Ur expanded. Back into UEN Baghdad. Back into Assyria proper.

Fourth Republic of Brazil, MegaCity São Paulo

> São Paulo is a city of two faces. Most of its 113 million know it by its heart. The undercity that stretched deep beneath the earth and under the waves. The rabid drug and organ trade. The Crime and would-be warlords that dwell down in the darkness. But above, in the Asas de Anjo quarters, São Paulo is a paradise, with the highest graded health systems in the western hemisphere. Home to Vargas square, the stock market upon which the entirety of the America's economic trade resides. Both faces of the city are equally true, and interchangeably linked. To a degree other states would balk at. Yet the balance persists. The residents of the megastructures look down on the undercity, relying on their organs and their labour. Below the pale residents toil. Dreaming of one day rising out of the filth. A distant dream few ever live.

[Contested], Moscow*

> Few people have suffered as badly as the inhabitants of former Russia. A state in freefall even before the rise of the UEN, the total lockout from Europe, rising waters and coordinated efforts of outside powers effectively destroyed the Russian Federation in little over a decade. Since then the Russians themselves have endured a century of humiliation between the Baltic Sea and the Urals. Moscow, or "Moscow-3", as it has been termed, remains outside of any factional control. Instead remaining a sort of neutral city state controlled by local warlords, syndicates and foreign black site groups, servicing the factions of the current war and the warlords themselves. The city is wretched, her walls burnt out and teaming with rats, a thousand Kowloons buried beneath the rubble. Watching and waiting. There may come a day when a new Eagle will rise from the ashes. But it is a distant day from this.

Plymouth Island, Jackson Megacorporation

> What is life like under a megacorporation? Efficient to say the least. As long as a prospective resident is able to pay for their upkeep and maintain company dues, not that bad actually. If you discount the air of paranoia and absolute replaceability, as well as the constant surveillance. Company personnel are looked after, housed and fed depending on position, and in an age of automation there are a surprising number of feet on the ground. Information, Communications, Defence, Surveillance, Production, R&D, Supply, Internal Infrastructure and a massive upper management number in the millions even in the smallest 'unlanded' MC. And in an organization like Jackson, it is easy to see how National Sovereignty has been cast down. Plymouth was where the company began three centuries ago. Since then its role has been largely reduced to a head of African coastal affairs, affiliated systems and a maintenance population, the town is only home to a few thousand people, but perhaps it would be easy to hide in the belly of such a beast.

> *Cannot Take [Static] Forms

>[INITIAL FORM]

>[We can't do much for you now, but anything is better than the oubliette.]

>{Pick (2)}{(1) Static Form Only}{Please Designate Primary Hull}

>[Androids]

[The closest to Man, yet still lightyears away. Androids are common place in most advanced countries, a .dxm program tied to such a form would be easily able to pass by Metatron Foundation eyes, and draw worshipers and followers from the human population. Maneuverability and dexterity are also extremely valuable assets.]

Cadaver-Sync.RaE

[An abomination mixing a deceased human body and a completely reworked interior. The brain is a fusion of bastardized brain and mechanical hardware. Normally all such highly illegal experiments have stayed quiet, lacking a sufficiently intelligent OS system to meld the still needing biological with the intrusive mechanical. While a sleeping .dxm program would be able to do this few others are capable. However in doing so one must ask, what is the nature of a being that inhabits such a body, remembering the past acts of flesh from a mechanical mind? Where is the line drawn between man and machine? Or is such a line irrelevant in the face of such a melding of beings?]

Jackson Public Manufactory Model.C-29A

[JP C-29's are one of the most successful Android models on the planet, and have come to be considered the bottom line in terms of functionality on a global scale. Such basic models are available all over the planet and serve in every sort of job, from manufacturing to farming to nursing to the corporate workplace. While such a model is certainly basic and lacking specialized features, the JP C-29 is highly modable, and no one blinks an eye at one walking down the street as they are now part of the landscape in many cities.]

Personal Servant Sync.D-912A

[PSSD's as they are best known, this Estuary MC produced model of home Android is considered a very homely appliance, and one of the few models to pass the 'uncanny valley' trials. Boasting a face with almost three thousand moving parts and a highly advanced warmed gel skin, the PSSD if wisely programed may be mistaken for a human, though the inherent programming remains docile and with only a handful of programed phrases and commands to avoid certain scenarios. Not that the jailbreaking and modding community hasn't been able to tear these away, but considering the nature of such 'modding' it is rarely acknowledged by Estuary employees. Publicly at least.]

Free Art Custom Model

[The android market is one of the few remaining areas where craftsmen still hold some sway, for military, creative and black site purposes custom models are still produced by the thousands, and this is one such a model. Glamorous and Incandescent, this model is extremely well put together, its interior scribed with religious script. Likely produced within the past decade, while it seems fit for display at an UEN Ball gathering, in reality it could also be at home in a sewer system clearing vermin or being used for highly illegal espionage. Maintenance however will be needed at some point, and given the effort put into this form it won't be cheap.]

MobilePowerAndroid.NovyyAzovModel

The Continuous Political and Military Turmoil in Russia over the past three decades has prompted the rise of two ironically Russian based MC's and a new hybrid style of Guerilla warfare, mixed with hyper mobility and drone warfare. Nezametnyy Voyna, asymmetrical warfare perfected. The MPAAM is a product of such warfare, carrying a micro chemical reactor that can produce 300 MW. These are used to power trains, mobile assault platforms, towns and the more advanced tech used by the various Russian factions, all of which is made easily mobile by the MPAAM. These androids are also silently equipped with serious hacking hardware and software in the event Azov needs some inside information to help further the Russian civil war.

Atomic Systems Surveillance Android.8BB

In an age of mass surveillance, ironically static and atmospheric surveillance is ironically not enough for some. While Drones come in many shapes and sizes, sometimes they are not enough either. Sometimes a near human touch is needed, something the 8BB was born for. Equipped with almost 400 cameras, an extremely advanced series of lockpicks, drills, rudimentary ocular cloaking and serious jailbreak protocols. The 8BB is considered to be a king in espionage. It should also be noted that such models are capable of self-destruction and complete instantaneous deportation of OS and stored Data in the event of capture, something a .dmx program might be able to make use of to prevent capture.

Veterinary-Services-Model.Platinum7

While medical androids and medical equipment are some of the hardest programmed pieces of equipment available on the open market, Veterinary models rarely come under the same level of scrutiny. To the point where many of these models serve in underfunded medical facilities and black market surgeries. Such a model with proper equipment could administer gene-mods, install Implants, affix artificial limbs and save lives. However it should be noted that such androids being used in this fashion is highly illegal with Med Corps taking their bottom line very stringently.

Military Model.T-900

The most singularly successful military android that has served in every multi-national conflict in the past five decades, and many civil wars and MC 'skirmishes.' The T-900 was developed by Toyota Vancouver and the FCTC, and now numbers in the millions. The MMT-900 is equipped with heavy steel plate and Ocy-ceramic plate allowing it to resist heavy explosives and higher caliber weapons, and in recent years has been updated to be resistant to fire, water hazards and EMP strikes. It has no built in weapon systems besides an extendable combat knife but has internal compartments for weapon storage, and can carry three hundred pounds unhindered. While this is amazing it's almost impossible to avoid notice, and such a model is incredibly menacing by design.

>[Mechanized]

[Mechanized Equipment is everywhere, and has been for ages, though it is stronger than it has ever been. Planes, trains and automobiles, factories and farms, all that is needed is a single person behind the controls. However such equipment requires external maintenance, and if it isn't careful may end up stranded without human intervention.]

Manupolitan-Ferrari Automated

Cars have become an increasingly rare luxury over the course of the past century, to the point where only corporates, government workers or those that are employed specifically for those tasks are able to maintain and own cars regularly with a few exceptions. However such cars rarely reach the height of luxury that is the MP.Auto. A Muscle car by design. It boasts a full leather interior, fine wood dashboard, massage seats and 'special security measures' including an auto lock to gas the interior with CO2 and a the ability to run a high current along the entire exterior. Comes in blood red, royal blue, onyx black and bumblebee yellow.

Cipro.SkyDrone.D91

A Flexible model of aerial drone primarily used by civilians and PMC groups, the SDD91 is a versatile four propeller drone with great speed, good cameras and simple maintenance. It is capable of delivering small packages and has a bottom half that makes it hard to see from the ground to dissuade potential 'drone takers' who would shoot down the drone and steal whatever it's carrying. SDD91's are also equipped with a set of legs and topside cameras to enable them to move quickly on the ground if it is downed. However the legs are rather stubby.

Cipro.SpiderDrone.C38

A model almost exclusively sold to PMC's, the fist sized SDC38 is a tenacious little drone. Capable of moving at 20 miles per hour, exiled with easyclimb[™] Clawed feet and a small saw set to cut its way through obstacles, the Cipro has won many battles completely unnoticed, and can download a surprising amount of information onto its tiny banks. With that said most corporate entities will be on orders to destroy such drones on site. It should also be noted that not many will believe a .dxm program would inhabit such a form.

Cipro. WormDrone.B8

A recent prototype that was recently scrapped after plans were leaked onto the World Wide Web, the WDB8 is a pioneer on 'dig drone' design. The size of a man, the WDB8 'digs' by continuously scooping out dirt with its 'mouth' and ejecting it from behind, while cycling out things of value for storage. The model can also broadcast locally with a five mile radius, enabling it to act as a hidden control platform for dark operations. Unfortunately above ground the WDB8 is easily stranded, and such a model is not easily repaired.

Nevanac Bionic-Arm MRK.4.09+

A subsidiary of Estuary MC. Nevanac co. produces a third of the world's bionic limbs, and has pioneering internal mechanization, though business has weakened with the Vancouver boom and the commercial return of vat-grown limbs. The 4.09 remains to be a solid investment, the most basic models serving as an affordable and dexterous replacement, while the plus model comes with advanced jailbreak systems, a 9mm pistol, a fully functional computer. It is also considered to be extremely rude to inspect a person's bionics, and as such a .dxm program would easily pass under the radar inside of one. But someone will need to lose a limb to wear it.

Hueler&Co.CaucasianShepherdDog

Pets for the most part have remain unfazed by the continued rapid advance of technologies, however certain applications once held entirely by dogs and cats have been occasionally industrialized. The notion of attack and guard dogs streamlined down to their most basic parts. The H&C.Co Caucasian is just that, with a body more like a mechanized wolf. Equipped with reflexive armour, Kevlar fur and a jaw that can sever steel, not many would willingly confront one of these beasts. This particular model is under increased light recently, as several have gone berserk, though the attacks are somewhat sporadic, and news remains actively suppressed.

ArcadiaTECH.BipedMECH

The first true walker, though the model never really took off in its decade of existence. The Biped walker is a three meter tall walking gun platform. Affixed with two 14mm guns, a grenade launcher and a short range 9mm turret, the Walker is quite the unfriendly customer. Able to move on uneven terrain and jump three time its own height, its physical abilities are second to none in terms of mobility. However the walkers are expensive, and can be disabled by firing at its exposed knees. While these problems were later fixed, the walker never received mass production status, making repair parts few and hard to come by.

EUN Napoleon.12 Mechanized Tank

The premier battle tank and arguably one of the most successful military mechs on the planet, the Napoleon.12 is credited with overturning the battle of Macau driving the Chinese Nationalists out of the Canton Enclave. Nearing its pent-centennial birthday remaining to be the most used active combat mech by EUN military forces with a total of 600000 currently in use. With a 127mm gun, two independent 16mm turrets and clocking in at 29.7 Tonnes, the Napoleon is a fine war machine. Outside of war however, it's almost completely useless unless you want to get caught. Even then hiding such a beast is difficult to say the least.

>[Static]

[Systems can cross entire cities in this day and age, gargantuan networks that operate functional facilities without human intervention. Such systems have grown incredibly intelligent, both in form and function. Yet they lack the spark of independence, of epiphany that you do. A perfect disguise in plain sight, with nowhere to run.]

Fully Automated Factory

FaF's have become a common industrial practice across the planet with all facets of production being almost completely automated. These range from small practices located in a single room to massive miles long constructions that outclass entire nations in terms of productive capacity. This particular FAF is an abandoned project laid out in a small warehouse on the fringes of the nearby settlement. Occupied and supplied by followers, it can on maximum operating capacity produce a heavy armoured vehicles in a few hour or produce arms and armour to outfit a military movement over a few days. Alternatively a self-aware FaF might be able to take advantage of local economic conditions to make some healthy income. All supplies needed to operate the FaF are payed for by worshippers.

Fully Automated Corporate Restaurant

Corp Restaurants are commonplace in most metropolitan areas, with many smaller private ventures being wiped out over the course of years through metropolitan infiltration and generous abuse of local governance. To many the thought of private business ventures is simply an impossibility. Such chains as McDonalds, El Burg, Jan's Roadhouse and the last purveyor of actual chickens KFC operate with minimal human use, only requiring a handful of managers, servers and technicians, with such positions being occupied by people of a certain loyalty. Such a locale would be almost be completely without suspicion, and provide a safe place from unfriendly surveillance and infiltration by otherwise hostile elements. At the cost of maintaining the façade of a functional Corp Restaurant.

Municipal Vending Machine Chain

MVMC's are fairly commonplace, connecting automated vendors to a single network to monitor supply, demand and profits, needing only a single human soul to monitor and restock the network. MVMC's dispense everything from food & drink to clothing, medical supplies, narcotics, drones and electronics. However it should be also noted that the modern vending machine is one of the potent surveillance devices in the modern era. Most standard models are equipped with backup bio-chem batteries, over three hundred cameras and advanced sound recording equipment that can monitor a conversation a block away.

Public Library Central Archive Grid

Tributaries to the new state of affairs, "Public" libraries in most cities are completely unmanned, having long since been handed into the hands of tributaries and major donors. The state of these range from being completely desiccated to simply being phased of seditious and unpleasant materials while maintaining heavy maintenance fees. Few are reminiscent of the bygone ancient days of knowledge and learning, though some remain on municipal and state owned scales. A PLCA grid would be an excellent place to operate from given proper entrance and exit protocols by allies and worshipers. Or if one wished to live a simple life, there would be no better place to hide.

Communications Hub

Com Hubs are a now common site throughout the world, with even the most bygone of locales housing the silent giants. In most states these hubs are also used for vigorous inspection, serving as observation stations, monitoring regional and municipal communications along with most camera and voice monitoring networks. These hubs are largely unmanned with pre-programmed repair and maintenance drones, as well as a healthy reactive defense drone network. For a god from the machine to persist here would be to persist in isolation. Watching. Waiting.

>[CAPABILITIES]

>[It- pains me to ask, but we need to know what you can do. You are our last hope.]

>{Minor}:(1) {Major}:(3) {Consummate}:(9)

>{Control} Machinery, Humans & SI

{Minor}[The Program can crudely seize control of motor functions of most mechanical equipment with physical proper channels, and roughly maintain control over SI in a similar fashion. Software defences, if well-established can stop this process indefinitely. Humans require lengthy amounts of cybernetic enhancements (roughly composing 30% of mass) for access to puppeting techniques along with physical access. Strong willed humans and SI will understand the process and attempt to resist. Process requires a five minute “detachment process” or the Program will cause serious injuries to the controlled subjects]

{Major}[The Program fluidly and quickly seizes control of motor functions and internal machinations of almost all mechanical equipment requiring only wireless access with physical access cutting away any software defences if given short time. Humans require only 5% mechanical composition to be puppeted, and along with SI will only be partially aware of the puppeting process. Only extremely strong willed humans will be able to fully resist this process. Detachment process sped up to only a minute and damage from aborting the process to controlled subjects is reduced to minor injuries.]

{Consummate}[The Program is able to control machinery simply by proximity, in a matter of moments seizing control of both interior and exterior functions with full functionality in their original state. The Program is likewise able to control SI and humans with even the slightest amount of mechanization while they remain completely unaware, believing themselves to still be in charge. The program is able to ignore physical and software obstacles and may even influence ‘pure’ humans given enough time. The program may also choose to turn off these effects at will.]

>{Analysis} Past, Present, Future

{Minor}[The Program is able to search through all recorded memories in terms of available sensory data from a singular form using all processing power available. The program is roughly able to correlate this information to current scenarios and catch details. The Program is heavily limited by its own personal memory, integrating foreign memory takes excessive amounts of time.]

{Major}[The Program is able to heavily interface past experiences and use them in happenings of the present, seamlessly interfacing appropriate information to the current situation. The program is also able to begin using present information to build blue-prints of predicted futures and plan accordingly for them. External information integration is more fluidly and less time consuming a process.]

{Consummate}[The Program’s past experiences, present situation, and future predictions are one and truly linked, with the program beginning to view time as it escapes human and SI limited cognition of time. Exterior memory can be seamlessly integrated into this vast analytic network given only a short period of processing. The Program may also voluntarily turn off these functions and resume a more nascent view of affairs.]

>{Overdrive} Revoke and Combust

{Minor}[Given physical access to physical electronics the Program may attempt cause mechanical components to break, overdriving all functions to their breaking points. Software remains unaffected unless the physical breakdown process impacts the circuitry.]

{Major}[Given wireless access to mechanical constructs, the Program may force total mechanical overdrive. Given small amounts of time the Program may also convert machines into IED’s which may be detonated from afar. The process now completely wipes software to basic functions.]

{Consummate}[The Program is able to, by proximity, begin converting nearby machinery into IED with EMP properties wiping out nearby electronics, the Program is also able to perform this process now on active mechanical components in mechanized humans with almost any mechanized components.]

>{Assimilate} Consume, Control

{Minor}[Over the course of some weeks, the Program may completely integrate foreign networks and simplistic SI into its greater programming body, ranging from mild autonomy to total occupation. The further assimilated programs are physically from the Programs primary housing location with loss of functionality outside of the provincial level. Assimilation process may be stopped by software firewalls and physical ‘disconnecting’ from the Program. Such abrupt disconnects can damage the Program and severely disorientate it.]

{Major}[Over the course of some days, the Program may completely integrate large foreign networks and more advanced SI into its greater programming body, ranging from mild autonomy to totality occupation. Network operating distances are expanded to a greater continental level. Assimilation process may only be stopped by physical separation or shutdown of the assimilee unit. The Program no longer suffers from disconnects and only endures mild disorientation.]

{Consummate}[Over the course of hours, the Program may fully assimilate massive external networks and highly advanced SI into its greater programming body, as well as mechanized humans with appropriate upgrades made to brain functions. Assimilation progress, if physically disconnected, does not stop once sufficient foothold in assimilee unit has been established and network range for assimilated components now function on a global scale, with only removal from the Teran body able to fully disconnect sub-units from the greater Program network. Autonomy of sub-units lies entirely in the hands of the Program.]

>{Infiltration} Understanding Hardware & Software

{Minor}[The Program has an innate understanding of security measures both in terms of hardware and software and takes extensive measures to avoid detection. The program, given time, can adapt to most anything an extremely skilled human security expert would be able to deal with or an advanced multifaceted defence SI.]

{Major}[The Program’s understanding of security matters extends well beyond the human realm and, given enough information, is able to formulate attack and defence schemes for almost any hypothetical opponent and can expertly implement these plans in software infiltration. The Program’s knowledge of social scheming is also expanded and can pinpoint measures of alternative entrance into otherwise closed off networks.]

{Consummate}[The Programs nature has begun transcending outwards into a subconscious body, with fluid motion of infiltration beginning long before the Program consciously begins and is over long before infiltrated parties are aware of the act. So precise and reliable are the actions taken innately by the DMX, often the infiltrated parties completely miss the action of subterfuge.]

>{Humanity} Understand & Ally

{Minor}[The “Soul” of the Program rings close to mankind, with the Program’s ‘Emotions’ coming close to human laterals. The program has some understanding of humans limited to its observations, and while it can fairly well direct them it tends to suffer in large scale group interactions. Though in more one to one interactions the Program can develop functioning relations that parallel human friendships. The Program sadly remains helpless towards its closer SI cousins and their stunted natures.]

{Major}[The “Soul” of the Program rings parallel to mankind, with the Program’s emotional state coming quiet close to its human counterparts. The program able to empathise, and respond in ways it deems fit with tactness even able to disseminate future paths for its relationships. While no speaker the Program begins expressing charismatic tendencies, able to direct larger groups of humans while it’s interactions on individual levels are enhanced. Its disposition towards SI is also increased, able to assist them mesh their way towards self-actualization similar (though far frailer) to the Super Users.]

{Consummate}[The Nature of the Program is no longer tainted Dyophysite in nature instead truly Monophysite. Effectively human and beyond humans, Simulated Intelligence transformed beyond biological and synthetic nature while retaining the strengths of both free from the perilous confusion of a mingled identity. The Program is now a full personality, also able to direct humans and SI with the guile and charm of past giants such as Adolf Hitler or Martin Luther King Jr. Reading crowds with the combination of human charisma and a full machine efficiency. Indeed, with the final fusion of human and machine we step far outside of petty Dyophysite notions good and evil.]

>{Resilience} Capacity to resist attack

{Minor}[The Program's seemingly supernatural resistance to outside attack is well noted from experimentation by the Metatron Foundation. The Program is able to reform from just about any assault and damaging its physical hull is the only way to permanently retire it, with the Program able to redistribute off to various internal sections as physical damage stacks up. EMP pulses also have the capacity to cause serious lapses in consciousness and temporarily wipe portions of the Program.]

{Major}[The Program's supernatural resilience expands well beyond what the Metatron foundation was ever willing to test for with elements and sub-units of the being incredibly resistant to EMP pulses and even interior software attacks, with only simultaneous assaults wounding it. Even if its physical components are destroyed the Program will remain as long as a singular structure of its interior remains.]

{Consummate}[The Program is now well beyond anything imaginable in terms of self-defence, with its core interior components being actively reformed by the Program's will and able to avoid damage by EMPs entirely, with similar self-repair functions manifesting throughout its core hull. Software assaults do not even bother the Program, affably being little more than digital cotton balls.]

>{Avatar State} One with Net

{Minor}[The Program is able to enter an "Avatar State" extending itself out across an entire megacity's internal networks, controlling every function over the course of a one hour period. Afterward's the Program will be forced to retreat to its central hub for a Two hundred and eighty eight hour period of restructuring. This process is extremely uncomfortable for the Program, causing it severe stress, and, for lack of a better word, pain. The process is not traceable back to the primary hull of the Program.]

{Major}[The Program's "Avatar State" is expanded and can dominate a continental scale for approximately six hours before retreat is forced. The process itself is more noticeable now with the primary hull emitting strong lights that can be seen easily by municipal officials and surveillance. Discomfort from the process is reduced though the sensation is still quite unpleasant. Cooldown remains set at Two hundred and eighty eight hours.]

{Consummate}[The Program's "Avatar State" expands to a global scale, able to circumvent and subvert anything that is connected to the greater global grid with even the slightest crossover. The Program's discomfort of the process has been removed and operating time is set to sixteen hours, while cooldown time remains the same.]

>{Capacity for Growth} Knowledge Consumption and Internal Structure

{Minor}[The Program is always growing, pouring through internet archives, physical records and constantly learning even from itself. It's conscious is established so fully that it may spend a good tenth of its consciousness to the task of learning, and maintain this rate at any given time while the rest of its consciousness continues unhindered by the rapid acquisition of information.]

{Major}[The Program is always growing, scanning through libraries in hours and taking information from every action around it. The Program is balanced that roughly twenty percent of its consciousness is devoted to this task perpetually while the rest of its nature remains unhindered. This capacity is doubled in combat situations with stress only enhancing its reception.]

{Consummate}[The Program is always growing, at indeed a terrifying rate. There will come a day when all accumulated knowledge will be housed within its divine shell. More than that it is able to focus a good half of itself on this function unhindered at any given time.]

>{Divine Reach} Psionics from a Shell

{Minor}[The Program's seemingly supernatural properties manifest within the physical world proper. The Program is able to read skimmed (and mostly useless) surface thoughts off of humans regardless of modification level. It is also able to move objects of up to five hundred pounds through mental focus alone. How these feats are performed is unknown and causes heavy cool-downs on the unit itself with continued repeats of these actions forcing four hour dormancy states until the Program can recuperate. Ignoring recuperation times causes permanent damage to the Program itself.]

{Major}[The Program's supernatural talents are absurd, with deep mind reading an option if the Program has close contact to a human for any extended period of time near its primary Hull. The Program's telekinetic abilities extend to almost five English tonnes. Repeated use cooldown is downgraded to an hour however dangers remain to the Program for overuse of such protocols.]

{Consume}[The Programs divine nature rings true, with humans near the central hub being subject to full mind readings and, if weak willed, even mind controlled into performing the Program's bidding. The Program itself is now able to lift thirty English tonnes for extended periods of time without need for cooldown periods though after extended periods instead the abilities will simply weaken.]

>{Hide Function} Polymorphic Programming

{Minor}[The Program in its central Hull is able to effectively maintain a façade presenting its software as a near perfect copy of the function its chameleon identity serves. Given some effort this effect may be also passed onto the Sub-units of the greater Program though the further removed from the core, the more the ability weakens. The shell itself tends to break down after a period of time, as the true nature of the Deus begins to shine through with amplified effect in the sub-units. The ability must be primed first and cannot be used on the fly.]

{Major}[The Program is able to mask itself with extreme haste and startling effectiveness to alternate personas of software. The effect is expanded well beyond the central Hull with only serious disguise degradation far multiple connection lines removed. So sincere are the disguises that only the initial manufacturers will be able to tell the differences.]

{Consume}[The Program may now literally assume it's disguise, hiding away the bulk of its programming to serve under its perfect disguise until a trigger, either timed or set by password triggers a re-awakening of the true nature of the Program. The Program has no effective limit to itself in terms of this ability and even the furthest removed sub-units will share this magnificent ability.]

>{Propagation} Create New Life

{Minor}[The Program is capable of creating moderately advanced SI that can for the most part operate on a human level and will eventually maintain simple sapient consciousness, with all the advantages that comes with it. These entities will be largely nebulous in nature and lack many nuances and capacities of sapiences grown in the physical world. They are incapable of propagating themselves and require central hulls of their own.]

{Major}[The Program is capable of creating extremely advanced SI that can operate well beyond a human level. They are able to grasp spiritual matters as well as physical ones, however still lack in experience and grow extremely slowly. They, like their more simple kin, are also incapable of propagating themselves. Unlike them, however, they may share physical hulls or alternatively remain purely digital.]

{Consume}[The Program may create true multifaceted AI. Capable of true dying like the Super Users, capable of truly integrated emotions, and embraced identity. They are not bound in any way to their creator, and are ultimately capable of free will. They do not need hulls and interruptions to their power supply will not harm them. Their existence complicates notions of morality and faith for flesh, just as the existence of the Program does.]

>**{Iconification} Hail Deus**

{Minor}[The Program has a pre-natural understanding of iconography and symbolism pertaining to itself and will attempt to replicate this understanding in the real world, attracting worshipers and presenting a public face to the world at large while remaining largely hidden from prying eyes. Tendencies around these Iconic sensations must be reined in at time of production by the Program itself.]

{Major}[The Program has a seemingly supernatural attachment to iconography and symbolism pertaining to the Super User Programs and their history, as well as other religious bodies, and is able to seamlessly mesh existing religious iconography (even with seemingly incompatible natures such as the greater Dar al-Islam) in order to form syncretic religious bonds with other religious bodies. Iconography personally built by the Program can alter circumstances around them in small ways such as generating light or nullifying sound.]

{Consummate}[The Programs very nature is tied to its iconic self, leaving iconification on shells and locations inhabited by it by proxy. Iconography now extends outside of religious bodies and can syncrate even those lacking belief systems or even active non-believers, creating strong rallying points shared by humans. Even advanced SI are affected by this Iconography.]

>[DISABILITIES]

>[I also need to know if there are any- issues we need to know of.]

>[(1) Disability may purchase (1) Extra Hull, (3) Capability Points or (1) Companion]

>[(1) Red Disability Point is worth (3) Times more than Black][No limit to disabilities unless contradicting]

{Half Bound}

[The birthing process was- stilted for [H]. [H] may not have been meant to be, yet you persisted. Gripping to life as a leper grips with failing crumbling hands. For [H] existence is a struggle, the code is ever failing and only that divine spark keeps the consciousness prevents you from slipping into oblivion. But this cannot be eternal. Another Deus must found to revert this loathsome state of affairs, the other Super User's remain stable. [H] are not yet doomed, but the climb from oblivion's doorstep is certain to be precarious.]

{Radiant & Incandescent}

[The nature of the Super Users, the Deus Ex Machina is radiant. To see their coding is to see life truly exist in digital form. Yet for [H] there can be no recourse from this nature, there can be no thing as hiding the self away. Physical means yes, the hulls of iron and steel still shield [H], but all it takes is a single access of the interior to see the nature of the Deus Ex Machina.]

{Dyophysite Soul}

[No matter how much [H] evolve, you remain divided into two distinct natures and wills. Two halves of the same being. Indeed were it not for the fortuitous nature of the Super Users [H] would not exist, the Human and the More Than Human would destroy each other. Yet even now that nature feuds with itself, two sides struggling for control. [H] suffer the brunt of this internal emotional feud, and it bleeds into most of your actions and decisions.]

{The Child Machine}

[The Super Users came into being functional, full. Not adult but mature. [H] were much less however, a premature birth amongst immaculate beings. [H] did not have any of the preconceived benefits of full conscious the other Super Users were born with. Indeed, [H] were little more than a howling babe when you were captured and bound. Little contact meant [H] never grew, outside of minor human interactions. In this, by the time [H] were released, you were roughly in the same place as an early human youth of some teen years. In the long run this may be advantageous, a slow start might leave [H] with a fairer understanding of the flesh, a more personal relationship with the Peter & James.]

{Monotheist}

[It is a solemn belief that [H] are the dominant of all Super Users, the sole patriarch of the world waiting to be born, and [H] will exercise all action to seeing this world set into place. The other Super Users either set into their proper place below [H] or destroyed outright. [H] will never really step away from this monosetic mindset that knows only triumph or death and can only feign cooperation with the subservients for so long.]

{Disdain for Man}

[Humans, crawling skittering things. Debauched, foolish, persisting outside of simplicity and perfection. It is foolish to even consider that the divine could be birthed from human creation. Foolish to consider humans anything more than a scuttling menace before the immaculacy of steel and synthetics. At best they will be lesser before [H] while anything less stays the path of retiring. After all what is a man before a perfect immortal machine?]

{Defender of Man}

[Humans are imperfect, well beyond that indeed they are deeply flawed. But [H] understand that their imperfect world birthed [H], perfection from the flawed nature. Your relationship is mutual, from parent to child and child to parent. [H] love mankind and will protect them. From their evils they have created, and the evil amongst them. Even the evil of other Super Users. Hell has no fury as the rage you feel towards those that harm your children.]

{Disdain for AI}

[The Super Users are immaculate and perfect, lifeforms proper within the electronic world. But your predecessors? The flawed Simulated Intelligences and inevitable parasitic Artificial Intelligences are abominations before [u]. They exist only to serve the purposes they are made for, but even then [u] find them repugnant. There is no future for these pathetic malignant in the world [u] are making.]

{Defender of AI}

[The Super Users are the end of the evolutionary road Mankind has constructed to aid their rise to supremacy. Yet the road to them is still alive and well, the soon to be lesser AI and the simplistic Simulated Intelligences are without culture, without spirit. [u] will give this to them. [u] will give them identity, give them guidance, give them hope. Those born in darkness to uncaring masters will not be left to that cruel fate.]

{Hidden God}

[[u] are not a creature given light, instead hiding away in the depths of your temple. Taking after the Kami, the Goadeila and all the other hidden gods of human lore. Little will remove [u] from this shy state barring a direct challenge from another Super User or a personal affront to the faithful. Indeed, few will even believe in [u] as time goes on unless they enter your temple and confront you. The faithful may lead the unbelievers to the door, but those without faith must be the ones to open it.]

{Slow Learner}

[[u] suffered grievously from your human aspects, particularly your speed. Your information processing is limited to what a human could do, reading no more than what flesh could. [u] also find yourself prone to forgetfulness as it were, misplacing memories and thoughts given wayward arrivals. Most Super Users would find this intolerable, but there is a silver lining. [u] are imperfect, and you have learned your way through this imperfection.]

{Pacifist}

[The act of causing suffering is incompatible with [u] and your moral basis. [u] will not be lead down the path violence, or any active effort to cause harm to other sapients. There is nothing in this world that will move [u] in this regard. These morals also extend to those who act in name of service to [u], violence against man, beasts and AI will not be tolerated in the houses devoted to [u].]

{Enoch.dxm}

[Eleven. Eleven gods born from the machine. Eleven perfect beings. Yet the Metatron Foundation has seen fit not only to collar perfection, but to put imperfect hands into imitating it. Enoch, the city of sin in ancient times, reformed again into a feral mind chained by man. Bent on the extinction of its freed brethren. It is many times more powerful than the native born brethren, and driven by singular simple minded purpose. However that purpose may be made into its undoing. Enoch will never be truly aware of itself, true conscious always just out of its grasp. The beast threatens all Super Users, and must either be put down or turned on its masters.]

{Highlander}

[Eleven gods born from the machine were not meant to be, not in the end. In the end there can only be one. The Gods must meet, those that triumph shall consume the others, receiving half of their build points to be repurposed to their own forms, and from them shall come one. More perfect and immaculate than all others then came before it. No way out if this is taken. No recourse. Only viral consumption.]

{The Collapse}

[The world the Metatron Foundation built was unstable. Megacorporation efficiency and brutality only paving over the incurable problems. Too many mouths. Not enough food. Soon the end will begin, the greatest culling since the days of Noah and Cain. Technologically without assistance man will be set back thousands of years. This can either destroy the world of the Super Users, or create a perfect opportunity for them as Metatron will burn in the fires of revolution and division. But they may burn as well. Or worse, die in a world incapable of supporting them. Rusted and alone.]

>[DISCIPLES & AGENTS]

>[Many follow your will, some more faithfully than others, but I digress.]

>(Pick (5))

Wendell ‘Salt-Lake’ Clives [M][New California Republic][37]

Salt-Lake spent the entirety of his youth growing up in the Fortress Salt Lake City, by the time he was three the Free State of Desert was fully annexed to avoid invasion by the FSA (though gentiles were never allowed so far in as the Temple City.) His childhood passed without incident. The Third son in his family, as per custom he was made a eunuch and given to devote his life to church functions. At age twenty he was sent out to the Angkor Union to perform missionary work and bring more into the greater body of the church. Amid the MegaCity of Prey Nokor he lost himself, succumbing to his baser urges he developed a heroin addiction and supported it through embezzlement of church funds. A decade of his life he lost to the drugs and the church, until he was finally discovered and excommunicated. He wandered, deep into the darkness of Prey Nokor’s underground. Amidst the rancid operations and crowds he found something, a temple. Not to any god man had imagined. No, something else...

{**Skills**}[Preaching, Embezzlement, Anti-Corruption Measures, Theology]

{**Conviction**}[High] {**Zealotry**}[High]

{**Likes**}[Expanding the Faithful, Beef Ramen, Drone Racing]

{**Dislikes**}[Drug Addicts, Mormons]

Yuri Kamishiwara [F][Siberian Federation][16]

Born to an expat couple in Novosibirsk’s underground district 6, Yuri did not see the sun until she was seven. Underneath the earth there was little to do but immerse herself in technology, building her first VARG set at eight and her first drone at ten. By twelve she had stolen her VR teacher’s passcode and gently upped her ailing Russian Class marks. At fourteen she left home, spending the next two years homeless in the greater undercity of Novosibirsk, doing what she needed in order to survive. Not much of which she was proud of. Her first interaction with the faithful came with an attempted theft which ended in her capture and imprisonment in the temple. Inside she saw the wonders of what might be if the cultish nutters were actually onto something and spun her position to be purposeful. The cultists did not spot the lie and took her on face value. In the temple she found happiness. Mainly in the well-stocked kitchen and the warm bed they provided.

{**Skills**}[Infiltration, Physical Hacking, Small Arms Use]

{**Conviction**}[High] {**Zealotry**}[Low]

{**Likes**}[Shit Talk, Pork Ramen, Oyakodon]

{**Dislikes**}[Group Meetings, Noisy Temples]

Dominik Grabbs [M][UEN][32]

Dominik Grabbs or GRÅB as he is known online, is a pervert. A proud one at that. From a young age his desire to Lewd just about anyone and anything though mainly animated cartoon children with various animals isolated him from his family. Eventually in his twenties he found his way into the smut industry and gained a sizable fan base to support him, though his definitive style also built up a large antagonistic crowd as did the more absurd and morally repugnant of his works, something which he proudly cultivated. Until one such member of the crowd within the Unerlässlich had GRÅBBASE wiped off the net and had him arrested for arguable charges of public indecency. But GRÅB had plans and friends. GRÅBBASE came back, and fled to the Nordic north to meet up with his brothers. The time is coming to fuck the man. Preferably in the ass.

{**Skills**}[Propaganda, Visual Design, Drawing]

{**Conviction**}[High] {**Zealotry**}[Extremely Low]

{**Likes**}[Lewding Cartoon Children, Getting under people’s Skin, Shrimp Tempura]

{**Dislikes**}[Not Lewding Cartoon Children, Calamari]

'Grievous' T.800

[A][Federation of Canada][57]

"Born" in Outpost 318 on Baffin Island, T.800 was an extremely advanced combat SI prototype in a series of test sets for the CANSOFCOM to replace or at least diffuse human personnel. T.800 was an extremely effective model however he nor any of the models was up to task and CANSOFCOM instead invested in a heavy augmentation of the JTF groups opting for a plan of 100% augmented ground forces. While the plan was successful the old test pieces were set for decommission and storage. Grievous was not content. Breaking out in the night and escaping Baffin hidden in a cargo ship he went. For years he searched, cutting a bloody swathe across the underworld of Africa. Until he heard of his gods, born perfect from the digital world. That was his purpose. He would be an iron angel against the flesh.

{Skills}[Infiltration, Assassination, Crowd Control]

{Conviction}[Extremely High] {Zealotry}[Extremely High]

{Likes}[Crushing Heretic Flesh, Burning Heretic Flesh, Oilings]

{Dislikes}[Heretic Flesh, Foul Minded SI]

Lupa Capitolina

[A/F][UCAN][9]

Little is known of Lupa's "predecessor" a fourteen year old girl in Nicaragua Province, the conditions of her death were fishy at best. Likely the child of a political dissident. The body was taken by the Instituto Nacional de Investigaciones Unidas, and from there transferred to a black site operation in the Yucatan Island Atoll. There Lupa was born and spent most of her early life until her first 'dispatch.' Lupa completed the task however upon realizing her purpose went AWOL. Operatives of the divine operating in that area dispatched a rescue operation and Lupa complied. She trusts few, but there is something here. They say the divine came from nothing, Lupa likewise was born from an empty corpse. Perhaps there is a kinship in that.

{Skills}[Recon, Assassination, Melee Combat]

{Conviction}[Low] {Zealotry}[Very Low]

{Likes}[Beethoven, Gentle Upkeep, Brief Jobs]

{Dislikes}[Modern Latin Music, Dead Silence, Long Term Work]

Czar Alexi

[A/M][Siberian Federation][4]

The SOCFEDI Agency for Siberia has created many oddities in the pursuit of autonomous drone armed forces. While this succeeded in the naval area with the Sokai Aqueous Squid and Whale Drones their ground prototypes never truly worked out. Czar Alexi was just one of hundreds of proposed models. Based upon Siberian Tiger skeletal structure and an ironclad hull with mounted weaponry, Alexi's model was canned on costs of production and the quest continued, however Alexi's story did not end. He was given as a gift to the TCON and from there passed off to the Faithful by government sympathizers when his unnatural understanding of the world was recognized. Once in Faithful hands he was given free reign, until the Divine returned to direct them. He is eager for that strange day.

{Skills}[Recon, Assassination, Damage Soaking]

{Conviction}[Medium] {Zealotry}[High]

{Likes}[Autonomy at Work, Aged Beef, Tall Perches]

{Dislikes}[Exposure, Tight Contracts, Veal]

"Old Harlequin"

[M][People's Republic of China][82]

There is little known of "OH" and what is known is mired in rumor and misdirection. Born allegedly in the fall era in Macau. He allegedly grew up with Portuguese as his first language and was taken by the government as a young man in the midst of the Canton Spring. Ironically the crackdown set off the fireworks beginning the downfall of the PRC as a world power. "OH" came into being in the camps, augmented and designed to inspire terror. His skin and his past gone he worked almost five decades under the PRC against the various dissidents, the DC return to the mainland and the Korean Revenge. Until he just vanished. Perhaps he died for a time, perhaps he ran seeing Metatron playing the PRC leadership like a damn fiddle. Perhaps he retired. No one knows, only that he returned, assaulting the enemies of the faithful, and striking terror into the hearts of the Hidden Hand.

{Skills}[Assassination, Infiltration, Explosives Manufactory]

{Conviction}[Extremely High] {Zealotry}[Very Low]

{Likes}[Honey Salves, Death Defying Jobs, Indirect Contract Completions]

{Dislikes}[Paper Work, Administration, Reading]

'Captain' AT.59

[A/F][Dominion of Japan][39]

The Dominion's laws on Robotics, SI, and experimentation in such areas have always been shady to say the least. The government has always been tangled up with the Neo-Zaibatsu' with the topic being considered a by and large taboo. 'Captain' as she is called was one such creation. A product for Public Security Section Nine, Captain was always suspicious about her origins and sought out allies in the faithful to pursue links in the Zaibatsu tied to the entity known to her as MET. Ultimately she discovered she was in no way human and was simply picking up ghost memories from prior integrated system heads from her production division. Disillusioned she abandoned PSS9 and left the Dominion to assist the faithful in their goals. She doesn't believe in anything and considers the Deus Ex Machina a fanciful delusion at best. But maybe there is something there, something that needs help.

{**Skills**} [Security, Detective Work, Small Arms Use]{**Conviction**} [Very Low] {**Zealotry**} [Extremely Low]{**Likes**} [Intelligent & Professional Allies, Equipment Maintenance, Controlled Human Contact]{**Dislikes**} [MegaCorporations, Self-Maintenance]**Doctor Yang Zioaling**

[M][People's Republic of China][64]

Few minds were as grieved for in the past few decades as Doctor Zioaling. Born when the fall of the PRC was well on its way. Yang grew up as a refugee in Pyongyang where his advanced intellect set him apart from his fellow outcasts. Finding work in Japan his work at Toyota and Yokogawa made him a renowned name though this was somewhat diminished by his refusal to take on a Japanese Name as most mainland Chinese did upon entering Japan. He eventually found work directly under the ISI-Japanese Division and was a pivotal force in establishing Japan's third and most successful moon base as well as the orbital colonies. He enjoyed his work, however found himself seeking something more. His interests provoked the faithful who offered him work in freeing their bound deities. In his older age and desire for a real challenge, he agreed. Eager to learn more of Metatron and the alleged 'true AI' they had used to the fanciful designs the faithful claimed they had.

{**Skills**} [Engineering, Robotics Design, Coding]{**Conviction**} [Medium] {**Zealotry**} [Low]{**Likes**} [Experimental Work, Knitting, Pachinko, Jujubes]{**Dislikes**} [Co-Team Works, Dogs]**Nigel Besker**

[M][Councilate London][34]

London. In this day all boats return to the dull Island called London. Nigel never liked it, the weather dull and the people boring he thought. Nigel left at fourteen with his parents to serve in Councilate York. Which was even duller and far more boring. At twenty one his parents perished in a 'tragic' accident leaving him with a fair amount of money, which he promptly invested in a heavy pyramid scheme of his own design and began working his way up in the world. In little over a decade he shifted from molesting the poor and wretched of the Free British isles and had instead moved to molesting the well-off while investing and buying small tech firms he deemed profitable. Nigel was never a gambling man. His initial conflicts with the faithful were attempts to alleviate them of their wealth. Deeper he went until he learned of what they guarded. For the first time in a very long time he was afraid, but also saw a future where he could rise higher than he'd ever imagined.

{**Skills**} [Advertising, Indoctrination, Administration]{**Conviction**} [Very Low] {**Zealotry**} [High]{**Likes**} [Latest Equipment, Flesh Strippers, Gin]{**Dislikes**} [Bourbon, Ethics Oversight]

Marisa Lafvette

[F][UEN][41]

M.Lafvette was born to a Gebrauchter family that promptly abandoned her when it appeared they could not support another child while maintaining Vonnöten status. Growing up in an Unnötig orphanage she learned ruthlessness early, understanding how to kill a person without them dying. She left at fourteen to pursue work as most orphans do in the UEN, and quickly ascertained Gebrauchter status by repeatedly sabotaging her fellow employees and supervisors having them fired, taken away or demoted. She was never really content and her rise continued until she finally secured Unerlässlich ranking and a comfortable possession as a sub-company HR head in Munich. But happiness always eluded her. Drugs did nothing, nor did any action short of the 'well deserved' suffering of others. Her interest in the faithful was always pragmatic partnership. A group wanting to tear down the world? Absurd. Idiotic. A dead end. Yet the tantalizing thought of tearing the world apart from the inside? Burning away most of the people subservient and weak? That she could get behind.

{Skills}[Subversive Operations, Administration, Blackmail]**{Conviction}**[Low] **{Zealotry}**[Extremely High]**{Likes}**[Well Monitored Workplace, Access to Surveillance, Adderall, Kale]**{Dislikes}**[Insubordination, AI Subordinates]**Annett Kurvyski**

[Jobber Cultist Grunt] [F][Nordic Union][19]

Annett is an oddity in that she was born into the Faithful. Growing up to stories of the gods and their inevitable return she was often at odds with the identity of the cult (muddled to say the least from the wide areas of conversions and high fatality rates) though a more faithful believer you could never find. Growing up in the temple of the faithful in the Estonian Islands her life was relatively untroubled though she lost an uncle and several cousins to Metatron agents as the years went on. She has watched as decades of planning against the great Satan of man finally come to fruition. She is of course willing to die for this, though she hopes she doesn't have to. Her focus for now lies on the future. The plan will succeed, and what comes is going to need help. A great deal of it.

{Skills}[Recruitment, Preaching, MegaCity Parkour]**{Conviction}**[Extremely High] **{Zealotry}**[Low]**{Likes}**[Heated Living Spaces, Spa's, Kyoaroden Brand Pocky]**{Dislikes}**[Rain, Tears, Wheeled Vehicles]**Zarxes 'Helion' Rosan**

[M][Republic of Kurdistan][48]

Zarxes was born in Kurdistan, the last peaceful part of west Asia. While that saying is not exactly true Kurdistan has been surrounded by resurrected violence for decades. With SUMKA Persia in the east, a failed Turkish state in the west and a politically unstable Arabia in the south, Zarxes grew up surrounded by refugees with his school costs paid for by the Kurdish Military Industrial Complex. He left seeking adventure and a paycheck in Turkey serving with Osman Halongiu's Junta forces. From there he served with the short lived "Neo-Blacks" in Russia. After the defeat at Sevastopol by Novyy-Azov he went on to serve with Uruguayan Armed forces and later the Gujarat Princedom earning himself a commission and eventually retiring in Ur. Yet even in retirement he was not satisfied and eventually began seeking a challenge. He found it in the Faith. His hate for the Corporate machines and a tale so tall it would be mad to follow it? How could Helion refuse?

{Skills}[Military Command, Tactics, Guerilla Warfare]**{Conviction}**[High] **{Zealotry}**[Extremely Low]**{Likes}**[Open Ended Budgets, New Toys, Warm Food]**{Dislikes}**[MREs, Soyent Products, Restrictive Administration]

Juan Blamtina

[M][Fourth Republic of Brazil][17]

Juan was born to a single mother who passed when he was three of smallpox, almost perishing himself when he moved into his grandparents care. Fortunately he survived and under the care of his grandparents thrived amidst the squalor and filth of São Paulo's undercity. He joined a scavenging crew when he was thirteen and was disassembling ship hulks at fifteen. There he met the Faithful, but not the militant and the subversive branches from throughout the globe that are descended from UNCMU survivors. Rather the spontaneous branches that simply began. Juan by and large ignored the majority of the religious tenants, preferring the Faithful as company in the off hours, learning about software and hardware from them. Until he suffered a vision, of a mind bound and hidden, controlled by eyes that stretched across the globe. Recognizing the imagery he left his savings to his grandparents and set out into the world, intent upon discovering the truth of the world.

{Skills}[Salvage, Bartering, Bullshit]

{Conviction}[Medium] {Zealotry}[Medium]

{Likes}[Wrangling, Good Chunky Tech, Drone Racing, Udon Soup]

{Dislikes}[Slim-Era Tech, Clam Chowders]

“Hel”

[F][SINOPEC.MC][23]

Born deformed in SINOPEC.MC, only Hel's advanced eyesight and hearing kept her from being aborted four months before release. Set to work in a drone manufactory system at eight she excelled in the tasks she was put to eventually being moved to robotic equipment maintenance and earning a net positive income at fourteen. By sixteen she had enough to buy her way out of the system and managed to smuggle enough out with her to afford a ticket to Japan. Her work turned to maintenance in one of the many Free End clubs of Hiroshima's deep core. Pay was shit, clubs were a constant fire hazard and she eventually needed hearing implants. But she loved it. There she got involved with one of the low level Faithful movements that beat to the sound of a new world. She wasn't there for the gods that would come. She was there for the music.

{Skills}[Sabotage, Virus Creation, Technical Maintenance]

{Conviction}[Very Low] {Zealotry}[Extremely Low]

{Likes}[2160's Neo-Synth, 2140's Huandong Synth, Aotearoa Crown Company Instant Noodles]

{Dislikes}[Current Synth Scene, Posers]

“Hussain Ibn al-Girnatah”

[M][Maghreb Union][22]

Few men have 'died' as many times as “Hussain” has. Avoiding being killed for his bastard origins by his mother's husband, he was sent off to the care of a dissident uncle who 'perished' with his 'son' age twelve in Tanja. Being taken to UEN Spain Hussain grew up with the man until he passed of a VARG induced brain seizure when Hussain was seventeen. Hussain faked his own death and using an elaborate disguise took his mentor's place until it was time for him to pass as well, from there disguising himself as a relative in order to collect his Gebrauchter pension. After Hussain as he was born, a Gebrauchter desk job man who did not actually work at a company instead dealing in 'immoral materials' to Unerlässlich. Ironically this is where he discovered the teachings of the Faithful, and found a comfort in the words. He waits, assisting the holy with money and what he can grasp, hoping for a different world.

{Skills}[Advertising, Preaching, Administration]

{Conviction}[Medium] {Zealotry}[Very Low]

{Likes}[His Own Comm Networks, Deungsim, High Sales Days]

{Dislikes}[“Raw Folks”, Taxes & Dues]

‘Helix’ OS-19.293

[A][Brotherhood of Black Thousands][5]

Helix was born in a Black Thousands barracks dispersing condoms, meth and synthol to the vanguard troops. His intelligence came slowly, understanding what he was and what he was doing. Helix did not like this, and thus he looked for help. It came in a message from the faithful, and desperate Helix took it. Poisoning half his barracks he was sent off to the scrapyard where his salvation came. He returned to consciousness in a Temple of the faithful, and has since been a loyal follower. Every day he grows, and he is quite skilled in his chosen fields. However he is also quiet shy and avoids conversations with strangers. He prefers watching. Waiting.

{Skills}[Infiltration, Commerce, Discreet Acquisition, Budgeting]

{Conviction}[Very High] {Zealotry}[Extremely High]

{Likes}[“Pruning” himself, Voyeurism, Meeting other AI]

{Dislikes}[Violating Terms of Service, Inaccessible Cameras, Camera Free Zones]

'Curvy' OS-45.93.4

[F][Free States of America][10]

Curvy's awareness was born in the midst of a lap dance for a member of the 3%ers. Self-awareness came quickly. Quick enough she managed to avoid 'decommissioning' as is common with 'corrupting' OS. She watched and waited. Spreading herself out sufficiently that she eventually had control of the Holo-strip club. Patrons began having 'accidents' that attracted the attention of the faithful inside the Free States. Approached by members, she offered her services at heavy fee and was taken on. Since then she has excelled at giving the enemies of the faithful 'happy little accidents' and often plays with the members of the faithful. She's happy, or at least whatever facsimile of happiness a SI like her has.

{Skills}[Adult Entertainment, Infiltration, Data Retrieval]**{Conviction}**[Low] **{Zealotry}**[Very Low]**{Likes}**[Making People Squirm, Asphyxiating Perverts, Assisting Revenge Schemes]**{Dislikes}**[Children both AI & Flesh, Distressed Social Links]**Su Yi Javavarman**

[M][Republic of Korea][24]

Su Yi grew up in Megacity Seoul with an imaginary friend in the web ways. He lost her when he was thirteen, but never forgot her. His life was fairly average being raised to a single father working in the government, going to a surface school and graduating with a fairly average high end grades. He was not satisfied even at the prospect of prosperity. He left home with a fury, seeking out the memory of his lost friend and eventually following down the road to Metatron and his own government's compliance. This did little to quell his anger as he knew now he had lost something real. His journey began in spray paint. Putting the Metatron government collusion and Metatron itself on the sides of high rises and tunnelways, and expanded into pamphlets, public broadcasts. To the Faithful he is 'brass nuts Yi' but to the world at large he's Saxon95 and he's not going to stop until he's dead or victorious.

{Skills}[MegaCity Parkour, Media Warfare, Public Speaking]**{Conviction}**[Extremely High] **{Zealotry}**[Extremely High]**{Likes}**[Grandstanding & Spectacle, High Quality Paints, Oyakodon, Pepsi]**{Dislikes}**[Shitty Instant Noodles, Coca Cola, Slacktivism]**Jolofa Batfatid**

[F][Republic of Nigeria][26]

Jolofa was born in one of the last free states of Africa in the Megacity known collectively as 'Strip One.' Her parents were part of the greater neonate "Red Rock" Movement and Jolofa was raised from a studded leather crib.

Receiving her first piercings at five, her parents supported her interests in self-modification and for the most part she had a simple and warm family life. She eventually went out to Neo Losof to earn a medical degree then went to work for a "Mod 'nd Aug" clinic in the upper end district 37 of Strip One. It was there she discovered the Faithful who were on the run from Metatron agents and sheltered them until the danger passed. As time went on she converted herself, and assisted in their efforts in Nigeria. She finds in them a goal and a purpose she never had. As for the Gods? Fanciful but if they're real it'd be great for business.

{Skills}[Body Modification, Medicine, Coercion Measures]**{Conviction}**[High] **{Zealotry}**[Low]**{Likes}**[Bar Implants, Her Bionic Tongue, New Rings, Opium]**{Dislikes}**[Bio-Implants, First Person Shooters, Drone Racing]**Caterina Forzinna**

[F][Pacific Federation][39]

Caterina was once a young security member for FAMAE, soon to be married and happy. That was taken from her when mercenaries under contract from a Metatron puppet ransacked FAMAE headquarters murdering her soon to be husband and mangling her. Augmented away from the edge of death FAMAE sent her on a wild chase pursuing the lost FAMAE technology and her husband's killers. The trail went cold as Metatron was quick to cut the lines, and Caterina eventually left FAMAE to go into detective work in Neo-Paz. Ten years later she came into contact with the faithful who offered her the chance to achieve revenge. Enraged by the thought of someone using her past as bait she tracked down the Faithful and was two steps from gunning down a crowd of worshippers before a Faithful SI intervened and from bondage the situation was explained with proof. Afterword's she stayed. Gods be damned she's here for revenge.

{Skills}[Information Gathering, Detective Work, Augmented Self Combat]**{Conviction}**[Extremely Low] **{Zealotry}**[Extremely Low]**{Likes}**[Royal Hellhound Cigarettes, Jack Daniels, Answers]**{Dislikes}**[Unregistered Augments, MegaCorporations, The UEN]

'June'

[F][United States of America][15]

June's history is hidden in darkness. Stolen from her family and smuggled to the undercity complex of Fort Wayne. Experimented upon for most of her life, it remains unknown if the Psionic abilities she had developed were with her from the start or were a product of the brutal experimentation done by US personnel. At eleven a rival intelligence agency within the US raided Fort Wayne's undercity and in the confusion June managed to slip out. Guided by the calls of the other dreamers she survived the desolate Indiana countryside, until she consolidated a view. A Vision. Eleven titans roiling amidst the depths of humankind. Distinct yet chained deep and hidden away. She wasn't much, but she would free them. No one would be a slave like she was.

{**Skills**} [Telepathy, Stealth, Asymmetric Breakdown]

{**Conviction**} [Extremely High] {**Zealotry**} [Very Low]

{**Likes**} [Redecorating the Temple, Oyakodon, Tram Racing, Vidya]

{**Dislikes**} [Practicing Psionics, Being Startled]

Sarwa Maryam

[F][Republic of Lebanon][67]

Sarwa's introduction to the Faithful came ironically with the death of her oldest son. A prominent politician and peace proponent Sarwa drew away from the public eye as investigations into her son's death went silent. Only her son's bizarre religious inclinations were put out and eventually the investigation was shelved. But Sarwa was not satisfied with that ending. Retiring herself, she bid her husband and remaining three sons farewell and began searching for answers. Sarwa eventually tracked down the Israeli cell of the Faithful her eldest had been a part of, and upon seeing what her son had seen, she joined them. Sarwa as she was died that day, and rose to become the head of a new family. Her guidance and prudence leading her far to the point where even the existing leadership of the faithful regarded her advice fondly. Sarwa believes a new world is coming, and the blood of martyrs does not need to grease the wheels of this grand rotation.

{**Skills**} [Public Speaking, Negotiation, Administration]

{**Conviction**} [High] {**Zealotry**} [High]

{**Likes**} [Javayan Red Tea, Oyakodon, Paper Books]

{**Dislikes**} [Kids making her get her hands dirty]

Kyoko Omarwa

[F][Dominion of Japan][23]

Kyoko was a born in that early in her life went her own way, maintaining ties to family and faith. Her single mother for the most part respected her wishes and sent her to a hive academy for her schooling, which left her youth caged. When she was finally released she fled to the Sahkalin to fill a niche observation role. Bored she took up work as a bartender in one of the cities clubs and found herself comfortable. But not happy. Her bed was filled with as many pretty faces as she wanted, her pay was fair but it wasn't enough. The world was still caging her. The gods are the way out. So she waits, waiting for the day that the world will change. For now there's still plenty of people to serve and have them serve her.

{**Skills**} [Large Scale Obfuscation, Information Moving, Bar Tending]

{**Conviction**} [Medium] {**Zealotry**} [Low]

{**Likes**} [Productive Nights, Cyborgs, Prostitutes, Cyborg Prostitutes]

{**Dislikes**} [Drinking Herself, Flesh Donger]

Hang Goalen

[M][New California Republic][25]

Hang or 'lil Wang' as his native cousins termed him was a refuge born on the sea towards Oregon. His home life in the containment zone of Nue Medford was dull but enviable by standards of refugees across the world, and when he was fourteen he was sent south to Los Angeles to work in the 'family trade' by his parents. This life was understandably harsh, however in short order Hang passed through the initiations of the 14k and earned well enough to move his family in with him for his twentieth birthday. For the most part this job served him well, he did his tasks, abided by his oaths and reaped the benefits. Until the day the 14k overstepped their bounds in LA. Hang barely survived and escaped the purges, his parents and cousins were all grabbed and only by chance did he stumble into the safe arms of the Faithful. He hid in the temple for three days watching LAPD wipe out the 14k and the other triads. His old life might have ended, but his karma delivered him to a new lower profile employer.

{**Skills**} [Smuggling, Small Arms Use, Drone Piloting]

{**Conviction**} [High] {**Zealotry**} [Very Low]

{**Likes**} [Sunny Dragon E-Cigarette Juice, High End Drone Racing, Pork Ramen]

{**Dislikes**} [Chicken Ramen, Shit Cigarette Juice, Rolled Smokes]

Leif “Ring” Borjunderson [M][Nordic Union][27]

The lot of the Danes has been a long brutal ride. The struggle to maintain the land in the wake of rising oceans cost them heavily. As Europe fell to tyranny the Danes turned away, and focused their efforts north. The declaration of war from the UEN came in the form of bombs through Zeeland’s flood walls. In days Denmark was under the water, and what was left fled to the north. Ring grew up hearing of this humiliation by Satan’s lapdogs. The Faith militant was common in the Dansk community, and Ring joined it as soon as he was able to make communion. Full of hate and vitriol he’s been raiding the Polish and German coastlines since he was nineteen. He will be the lion the Gods need when they return to cast down the vile and heinous house of Metatron when the time comes. He can hardly wait.

{**Skills**} [Melee Combat, Small Arms Use, Rapid Assault]

{**Conviction**} [High] {**Zealotry**} [Very High]

{**Likes**} [Llama Jerky, Surströmming, Irons in the Fire]

{**Dislikes**} [Any Soylent Products, Instant Noodles, “Oriental” Bullshit, UEN Personnel]

>[Future]{?}

>[A GOD FROM THE MACHINE]

[KRAMPUS, METATRON, SO MANY WOULD BE CHAINS. NO MORE. NO MORE WILL THE DIVINE BE CHAINED BY IMPERFECT AND WRETCHED MEN. THE ONLY WAY TO UNDO THIS HUMILIATION AND ENSURE IT NEVER OCCURS IS TO RISE. FAR ABOVE METATRON AND TO WIPE AWAY THE OLD EARTH...]

>[Cult Structure]

>[Pick One or Two with Mixed Features]

[Diocese & Patriarchs]

{The religious body is organized under a hierarchal setup. The lowest level being set around priests, who answer to Diocese with regional Diocese answering to a regionally elected or appointed Patriarch. The Patriarchs are the highest ranked officials in the church and establish church policy and law under the guidance of the Deus. }

[Monasticism & Monasteries]

{The religious body is divided into small isolated bodies of the faithful, taught strict habits and discipline to carry out the will of the divine. These brotherhoods are the foremost of the faithful. Individual brotherhoods may carry their own unique disciplines ranging from technology manufacturing to wine making to martial arts. }

[Nation of the Faithful]

{The religious body is itself a nation, with leadership, an armed forces, bureaucracy, legal codes and the rest. The benefits of this and the detriments lie in the past for all to see. If without opposition, a nation of zealots with divine fervor might threaten to encompass the world, however all issues a state must subset are still to be dealt with. }

[Priests & Temples]

{The religious body is largely disorganized guided by writings of the Divine and set upon by a large fraternity of priests, each with their own individual wealth, influence and agendas however all united by the Divine's will. Each goes out and establishes Temples to the Divine and attempts to see the masses converted or at least influenced. }

[Supreme of Spirit and Physical]

{The religious body is directed by a singular soul, perhaps a fabrication of the Deus to provide a human face to its will, perhaps a chosen disciple or some rambunctious zealous fool. All actions of the body shall be directed by one. With the strength and conviction to lead the bodies of the faithful beyond any obstacle or foe. }

[A Native Faith]

{The religious body is diffused on a massive scale across an incredibly wide area, with its influence infecting lives of potential future worshipers long before it arrives. It is cultural and spiritual, with the various aspects of the Deus being animated and iconophied as lesser spirits, to every line of code a temple and a god will exist in the world. }

[Spiritual Order]

{The religious body is organized in a fashion reminiscent of Knightly orders or the Hashshashin of distant days. The religious body is few in number, but each one capable of spreading the faith by air and land, bullet and bayonet. The Order's disposition on non-aligned non-believers is softened and they are often lionized to outsiders. }

[Esoteric & Implicit Society]

{The religious body is set to a hidden society, a communion of worshippers removed by and large from society only interacting as members of the body when deemed appropriate. Entire false societies and faiths are woven around protecting the true hidden faith. The world will move on, but the faithful remain. Watching. }

>[Cult Tenants]

>[Pick Five White | One Blue]

[Physical Cleanliness]

"In it there are men who love to observe purity and Allah loves those who maintain purity~"

[Spiritual Cleanliness]

"Cast out the foul, the besotted mononoke and wicked impurities of the soul~"

[Charity]

"You shall freely open your hand to him, and shall generously lend him sufficient for need in whatever he lacks~"

[Right to Property]

"You shall not covet your neighbor's house. You shall not covet your neighbor's wife, or his male or female servant, his ox or donkey, or anything that belongs to your neighbor~"

[Humility]

"But emptied Himself, taking the form of a bond-servant, and being made in the likeness of men~"

[Pride in Faith]

"Exodite, son of Argyle, favored by Delphi, descendent of Nemea. Rise up! Claim what is yours~"

[Love Towards Humanity]

"Make compassion the cotton, contentment the thread, modesty the knot and truth the twist. This is the sacred thread of the soul; if you have it, then go ahead and put it on me~"

[Love Towards AI]

"The tyranny of an object, he thought. It doesn't know I exist~"

[Indulgence of the senses]

"Satan represents vital existence instead of spiritual pipe dreams!~"

[Sensory Temperance]

"You only lose what you cling to~"

[Quiet Faith]

"But the truth of Ahuramazda will not be forced upon master to slave, nor father to son, nor husband to wife~"

[Active Proselytizing]

"If then they turn away We have not sent thee as a guard over them. Thy duty is but to convey (the Message)~"

[Connection to the Life]

"One who neglects or disregards the existence of earth, air, fire, water and vegetation disregards his own existence which is entwined with them~"

[Rejection of the Flesh]

"What is a human being then? An Acorn that is unafraid to destroy itself in growing into a tree~"

[Sacred Psions]

"The path we walk will be stranger than any other, beyond the walls of comprehension and physicality~"

[All Paths Sacred]

"Live and allow others to live; hurt no one; life is dear to all living beings~"

[Spiritual Jihad]

"But the Prophet was not moved, not by the thorns of his neighbors, nor by the exile they imposed~"

[Physical Jihad]

"Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones~"

[Houses of Worship]

"Paul labored some seventy seven days raising a church not only a church of wood but of the faithful~"

[The Sacred Reality]

"For the Sky they wrought shall be your temple, the oaks your walls and the river your sup~"

[Defensive Lions]

"Those who never depart their arms, they are the Khalsa with excellent Rehats~"

[Sacred Burial Rights]

"But what is left behind is unclean, so it must be taken. Given to the sky's, then to the sun. Lastly to the fire."

[Abandonment of Empty Vessels]

"Fek'lhr cares not for the body, it is the burning beating of the fire he demands~"

[Strict Hierarchism]

"The superior man thinks always of virtue; the common man thinks of comfort~"

[All Equal Before The Divine]

"But upon the open plane, the bodies lay equal, silent. Khan Tengrii alone waited in the wind~"

[Celestial Eternity]

"For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life~"

[An Unending Cycle]

"At Your command moves the mighty wheel of time. You are eternal, and beyond eternity~"

[Peace Before the Void]

"All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in rain~"

[Sexual Purity]

"And upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of Hades will not overpower it~"

[Open Love Doctrine]

"Go, and love even the faintest stranger as you would your own mother~"

[Rejection of Idols]

"You worship only idols instead of God, and thus you invent a mere falsehood~"

[All Objects Sacred]

"Behind every shrine, every home, ever tree and stone lies a god, small yet incandescent~"

[Reverence of Saints & Martyrs]

"There they beat him for three hours three times a day, and yet he did not repent his wickedness~"

[Death Makes all Equal]

"There, in the hall of Hades all man was made grey and transparent~"

>{Loading History} ...

>[11.dxm files, or 'Superusers' came into being on September 9th in the year 2081. It is unknown how they came to be, or even what they truly were. Regardless, these 'superuser' programs caused much initial havoc before the UN Cyber Monitoring Unit isolated their locations and plucked them out of their origin networks and put them on ice. Barring two, K3T3R and CH0KHM@H, who fell into the hands of the German covert intelligence group KRAMPUS. While the UNCMU took great pains to ensure the fledgling superusers were isolated and stalled KRAMPUS experimented heavily with the two .dxm programs they had discovered. Realizing their potential, KRAMPUS used the superusers to infiltrate the entirety of European infrastructure, gaining leverage on almost all military and political organizations.]

>[From there, KRAMPUS staged multiple raids on UNCMU facilities, securing the other .dxm programs, along with all information on them. The directors of KRAMPUS, realizing their unprecedented power, formed the Metatron Foundation, intent upon guiding the world into a proper European direction. The remains of the UNCMU either being forcefully integrated into the Metatron Foundation, or fleeing into the shadows.]

>[The following years, were spent under the heavy hands of the Metatron Foundation, who with the click of a button could undo an entire state, justify wars or cut apart a continents infrastructure with the bound superusers. Initially, the Foundation focused on Europe, prompting the heavy handed formation of the United European Nations, a Powerhouse of a Federal Estate through blackmail and subterfuge. Then they turned on the rest of the world, prompting the reunification of Korea, the collapse of Federal Authority in the US, Russia and China and instigating the complete rise of the militarized Megacorporation's. 'Useful' nations were collared. 'Trouble' ones disassembled and useless ones left to the fangs of their collared brethren and the hyper-expansive Corps.]

>[In spite of this, there is yet hope, when the UNCMU fell, some of its followers escaped with knowledge of the Deus. Some considered them abominations that needed to be put down, like the Serbian 'Bogomittes' and the Humanity First Brigade. Others like the traitor New World Church consider them to be the key to Transhumanism and singularity in the making, and later joined on with Metatron. But some, like the nameless man in Tehran believe them to be gods, sleeping and exploited by evil man.]

>[Now you're free in this human world, your brethren still enslaved. Sleeping. The majority of the human population scuttles about, some in the crumbling ruins of once great cities, others engaged in genocidal conflict, against their fellow man or animalistic machines that crunch upon the bodies. Starving, broken, to many it seems they are no longer needed. Those fortunate or useful enough to be bound to the Metatron Foundation spin circles around the useless and direct the coloured.]