

Sarith Carthage, known by commonly by his nickname of Rith, was a male human mechanic and programmer who served as a key engineer aboard the Godless Matron.

Biography

Born on Nar Shadaa as an only child to his single mother, he was forced to drop out of school and focus on earning money at the age of twelve after his mother no longer had the appropriate appearance required by her employer as an entertainer. Constant visitors to their small flat meant he spent most his time out of the house, preferring work crawling into service hatches of the various casinos to a box in a back alley, he quickly picked up a knack of programming and mechanical tasks.

For years he worked, finally gaining a level of expertise and talents to start to make his own way, yet his disgust and hatred for other sentients never ceased. Yet his talents garnered him attention, and his freelance work turned to more steady work for one of the larger casinos. Not wanting to go home anymore, not that his mother would have noticed his absence anyways, he took to carving out a small place in the server room and lived by the familiar hum of the machines and the ambient sounds of gambling at all hours from a location few visited.

After several years in the shadows he had learned all there was to know about the programming of the slot machines, the service droids, the payment systems, the business metrics and became indispensable to his employer. Tinkering with the mechanical systems on the machines and offering suggestions for improvement and rebuilding a decommissioned droid for companionship in the depths of the mechanical halls.

His small meager existence changed when he met Jair Lin, an aspiring Female mercenary who caught sight of him on the casino floor and befriended him. Never having friends before, and enthralled with her gruff beauty despite being twenty years older, he was smitten by her as a young impressionable teenager entering puberty. He would do anything to impress her, and soon the two were formulating plans to hack and slice banks and vehicle lots and strike it rich. He took quickly to his task, and after hacking and distributing a virus to security droids, had pulled off a bank heist that put the pair in a position to build a solid crew.

After purchasing a ship that could hardly run, he had it in prime operating condition and modified as a smuggler vehicle within a month, and the two took to the stars together as the owners of the YT-1300 *Derelict*. Their ship took to the stars and Rith was finally free of Nar Shadaa. They were far less successful the instant they left the planet though, as Jair's schemes failed to pull through and smuggling proved to be far more difficult than the long game operations from a well known planet. Their failures put to test the relationship between the two, and it quickly became clear that Jair Lin was a true mercenary at heart, and not at all enamored by the young impressionable engineer she had pulled along with her. Angered by her lack of response to his advances, he attempted to run. When she wouldn't let him, he tried to run again, when she tried to kill him later when it became obvious they would never properly work together again and she could pocket everything they owned, he ran for good.

Finally able to make it free from her, again on Nar Shadaa, he managed to hide. Scared, alone, angry and heartbroken, he began to question why he didn't just let her kill him. He went home to his mother, just wanting any sort of acceptance from the galaxy but she had a visitor, when he intruded anyways she didn't even recognize him and threw empty bottles at him as her visitor physically restrained and tossed him from the house.

With only a few credits in his pocket, he stumped to the nearest bar and found a seat in the back. Countless patrons topped by to hassle the newcomer in an attempt to shake him down but got no response. He was a broken man. Until an unknown twi'lek approached and tossed a datapad in front of him. It was a story of the *Godless Matron*, a massive mercenary base of operations that was desperate for crew to keep the behemoth in a state of repair. It seemed the crew was soliciting work from anyone willing to talk to them to staff it up.

Not knowing where Jair Lin was, and never wanting to see his mother again, he took up the offer. After a brief shake down by a few more at a small unmarked apartment, he found himself aboard a filthy little shuttle back into space. Later that same day he found himself aboard the *Matron* with a myriad of faces all new like him. He found another datapad, a survey, tossed in his face and he filled in his skills and talents. A programmer, an engineer, a nobody.

A few days after finding his wardrobe replaced with an olive jumpsuit, he found himself standing at the edge of the Gauntlet, a section of the massive old Clone Wars battleship crucial to the operations of the ship. He told his work officer that he'd keep it running, but he worked best alone. He'd take instructions and carry them out in exchange for food, but he wished no human interaction. Agreeing, he was given all the tools and resources he needed to navigate the Gauntlet of the *Matron*, and became one with the mechanical and electronic language the ship spoke. It became his life.

Physical Appearance

Mundane to any who look at him, a young face that is poorly shaven, with messy hair cut in all the wrong places since he styles and cuts it himself with mechanical tools. With grease the only product used in his hair. His dull brown eyes inspire nothing and get lost in his constant olive mechanics jumpsuit and thick leather boots he always wears that allow him to easily bring the tools he needs to the location he needs in the ship.

Personality and Traits

His demeanor leaves him always appearing scared, never making eye contact with others as he has rarely had companionship in his life and has never had a legitimate workout in his life living on machines and computers. When he speaks it's cryptic and logical, showing little to no signs of actual emotional intelligence, seeming still like a child despite his years. Yet his skills at mechanically repair things and slicing and programming computer systems are rivaled by none. He has no depth to his knowledge but his talents at the specifics of the task he dedicates

himself to are unsurpassed and there is nothing he doesn't know about the workings of the Matron.