

Before Starting: Go to “File” -> “Make a Copy” and then proceed with making your NPC!

Headshot/Image	Totha Mu-47 Raider Hunter Ryn Male, Right Handed Height: 1.56m / [X'X"]ft. , Weight: 112kgs / [xxx]lbs	
Physical Description <p>A hulking mass of synth flesh and bulging veins, Totha is a disfigured and malformed beast of a Ryn that barely resembles a member of his species anymore. Patches of white hair cover his head and back in clusters of unwashed strands that reek of pungent steroids while bloodshot, beady eyes stare into the middle-distance with a permanent yearning for violence.</p> <p>His right hand has been replaced by a cybernetic that ends in an electrowhip, while a second such tool has replaced most of his tail. The serrated claws of his left hand are as sharp as they are infectious and even if he doesn't kill you outright, the festering wound just might.</p>		Loadout Weapons <ul style="list-style-type: none"> * 2x Electrowhip * 1x Stim Kit * 1x ZX Miniature Flame Projector * 1x Personal Shield Generator
General Aspects		
Abomination Totha is a hideous mutant by all accounts and most sane people keep their fair distance from him. The misshapen form and reek of steroids in his sweat drive away any who could consider being sympathetic to him. It takes a person of extreme empathy to relate to him and see through the shell of his being, and those who try this often end up dead by his clawed hand anyway.		Lullaby For a Monster Though essentially little more than a ball of nerves and bad temper, Totha can be controlled via carefully tuned acoustics. The Technocratic Guild has created several melodies which lull him into a state of relative calm and sedation, allowing him to function with a modicum of normality when wearing these special earphones.
Personality Aspects		
Unbridled Rage Genetic tampering, industrial surgery and psycho-cognitive therapy alongside copious amounts of steroids and drugs have left Totha with only the flimsiest shell of a persona. He hardly remembers his past and can only ever recall or feel anger and pain. This medically induced madness makes him a terror on the battlefield, but a liability and source of great mistrust even among the cold and emotionally distanced cyborgs of the Technocrats.		Existence is Pain, I Just Wanna Die As a part of his creation, Totha suffers from neurological pains that can only be eased by acoustic therapy, yet never fully remedied. Only the strongest of hypnotic indoctrination keeps him from tearing himself apart and it seems he has a permanent deathwish. When he speaks or acts outside of combat, it is with the reverberant malice of someone who sees no value in life and no future for themselves.
Combat Aspects		

Fire and Furry When in combat mode, Totha is an engine of destruction, fighting with tooth and claw to rip and tear anything in his path. He attacks without mercy and does not relent until either he or his prey is dead. A screaming horror like that is unnerving to face, even for the most level-headed of fighters and the combination of psychotic rage and stimulants ensures he will fight unto death; his or his enemy's.	Clockwork Soldier Totha lives to serve and has little ambition beyond it. When deployed to a combat zone, Totha is given a set of orders and then sent on his way to execute. Once those goals have been met, however, he may either cease up completely or exhibit unintended behaviors, such as aimlessly wandering into other war zones or stopping to contemplate a bloodied daffodil.
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Additional/Optional Information

Top Skills	Might, Athletics, Misc. Weapons (Whip), Dual Wielding, Endurance, Resolve
Top Powers	Force Power 1, Force Power 2, Force Power 3, Force Power 4, etc.
Feats	I see what you did there, Technocrat, The Hand is Quicker
Martial Arts	Teras Kasi
Lore	Lore Topic 1, Lore Topic 2, etc.
Languages	Basic, Ryn

Character Reference Art:

Notes/Extra

Totherin Murill was found by a Technocratic Guild salvage team in the wreckage of a civilian cargo hauler. He had been a stowaway aboard the vessel when it had been raided by forces belonging to the Brotherhood and left adrift in space. Irradiated and likely to die, Totherin was kept alive for just long enough to convince him he could seek revenge on those who did this to him. He was reluctant, not being a murderer at heart, but the pains and nausea of his radiation poisoning drove him to accept. The Guild rebuilt a beast from the ashes of his decayed body, replacing crippled limbs with cybernetics and grafting slabs of synth-flesh upon atrophied and cancer-stricken muscles to create a being meant for one thing and one thing only, mindless slaughter.