

Name: Grul 'Digits' of Clan Gobmaw
Species: Trandoshan
Employer: Sinchi Logistics Hub 12
Job Title: Stevedore

Appearance: His hue is a delightful shade of yellow, not dissimilar to a citrus left for two days out in the Selenian sun, whilst his eyes are a stark copper color. Lean muscle covers his body, with a particular emphasis on his thighs and back, making him especially well-suited for manual labor. He's often seen with a few missing or recovering fingers, making his hands appear a bit mis-matched.

Personality: Grul is a simple lizard with simple needs. He enjoys the heat of the cramped cabins of the overhead cargo cranes and takes great pleasure in doing his work well. He's mindful of dropping crates, often risking life and limb, especially the latter, to ensure the merchandise has a soft landing. This tendency has been known to get some of his appendages squished from time to time, but Grul doesn't seem too bothered. They'll grow back anyway. Due to this, he's earned the nickname "Digits" by his fellow stevedores who like to poke fun at the Trandoshan who keeps getting his fingers squished, snapped or torn on a semi-regular basis. Secretly, Grul's overseer is delighted that this is seen as a source of amusement, rather than a gross violation of health-and-safety.

Name: Si-Mun-Joi
Species: Cerean
Employer: Self-Employed
Job Title: Psychiatrist

Appearance: Much like could be expected of a Cerean, Si-Mun-Joi has a tall and bald cranium, its skin speckled by age and a sedentary lifestyle. His physical attributes mirror the same, with a gentle pudge to his belly and faint slouch in his posture, though for a man his age he is still relatively healthy, if not physically athletic. His eyes were once a clear hazel, now darkened to a maroon brown, whilst a majestic beard dominates his features, well-groomed if naturally frayed and bleached by the Selenian sun.

He prefers to wear warm clothing, even in the summer, with a woolen vest or jacket a common upper garment, whilst grid patterned pants of various colors round up the lowers.

Personality: Si-Mun-Joi is tired. He has been on Selen and practicing for years on end and the constant disasters, wars, tragedies and deaths have desensitized him into a state of existential fatigue where he often self-medicates with a steady stream of cocktails and stand-up comedy. Listening to the complaints, troubles and phobias of his many, many clients and trying to muster the energy to care about any of it have become an increasingly insurmountable task for the weary Cerean. Even so, his practice has a good report among the city's population and offering

psychological help appears to be a growth market, even if a third of the city's population is dying of the plague or rioting in the streets.

His one wish is for something, *anything*, interesting to happen and give him a reason to think that what he is doing actually makes a difference, and isn't just prolonging the suffering of yet another irrevocably broken individual in a world that knows only misery and death.