

# Tin Soldier

“Gregory Matheson”, Simon Du Lac



Brawling:	<b>Ou(+3)(20)</b>	Reputation:	<b>Dr(-3)(1)</b>
Agility:	<b>Ex(+4)(30)</b>		
Strength:	<b>Gr(+1)(15)</b>	Health Points:	<b>85</b>
Endurance:	<b>Ou(+3)(20)</b>		
Willpower:	<b>Gr(+1)(15)</b>	Story Points:	<b>37</b>
Intelligence:	<b>Gd(+1)(10)</b>		
Perception:	<b>Gd(+1)(10)</b>		
Resourcefulness:	<b>Wk(-2)(2)</b>		

## Skills

**Language:** English (US), French (Cajun).

**Intimidation:** (+1) bonus in social situations.

**Unarmed Combat:** (+1) bonus to Brawling when unarmed.

**Fast Draw:** (+1) bonus to Perception in distance combat.

**Firearms:** (+1) bonus to Agility.

**Gunnery:** (+1) bonus when fighting with heavy weapons.

**Marksmanship:** ignore all penalties for range.

**Survival:** Swamp.

**Tracking:** Swamp.

## Gear

### Cybernetic Systems

Price: **Ph(+5)(40)**

#### Nanobot Immune System

Price: **Ph(+5)(40)**

- Protection from Disease: **Ex(+4)(30)**
- Protection from Poison: **Ex(+4)(30)**
- Regenerate: **Wk(-2)(2)**

#### Legs

Price: **Gr(+2)(15)**

- Speed - Land: **Gr(+2)(15)**, 180 kph (122.5 mph)
- Leaping: **Dr(-3)(1)**, 20 m (60 ft)

#### Left Eye

Price: **Ou(+3)(20)**

- IR Sight: **Gd(+1)(10)**
- Night Sight: **Gd(+1)(10)**
- Telescopic Sight: **Ou(+3)(20)** x200 magnification

#### Internal Wireless Phone/Modem

Price: **Dr(-3)(1)**

- Signal Range: **Wk(-2)(2)**, 4 km
- Requires a telecommunications network.

### Face Mask

Price: **Ou(+3)(20)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**, chrome-plated steel
- Armor: **Gr(+2)(15)**

### Armored Vest

Price: **Gr(+2)(15)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**, ballistic cloth and ceramic plates
- Armor: **Cm(0)(6)**



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## Gear (Continued)

### (2) Hunting Knives

Price: **Gd(+1)(10)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**, silver-plated steel, sharp

### .45 Colt M-1911A1 Pistol

Price: **Ou(+3)(20)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**
- Range: **Wk(-2)(2)**, 40 m (120 ft)
- Damage: **Gd(+1)(10)**, sharp
- Shots: **8**

### 9mm Spectre M2 Machine Pistol

Price: **Ex(+4)(30)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**
- Range: **Wk(-2)(2)**, 40 m (120 ft)
- Damage: **Ex(+4)(30)**, sharp
- Shots: **50**
- Extra Attacks: **+2**

### Mossberg Mod 500 Bullpup Shotgun

Price: **Ph(+5)(40)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**
- Range: **Gd(+1)(10)**, 200 m (600 ft)
- Damage: **Ou(+3)(20)**, sharp
- Shots: **8**
- Every shot makes a sweep attack in a **Dr** volume.
- Requires the use of both hands.

### 7.62mm M60E3 Machine Gun

Price: **Fa(+6)(60)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**
- Range: **Fa(+6)(60)**, 1,200 m (3,600 ft)
- Damage: **Ex(+4)(30)**, sharp
- Shots: **100**
- Extra Attacks: **+5**
- Requires the use of both hands.

### 7.62mm C1A1 Sniper Rifle

Price: **Ph(+5)(40)**

- Material: **Cm(0)(6)**
- Range: **Ex(+4)(30)**, 600 m (1,800 ft)
- Damage: **Ou(+3)(20)**, sharp
- Shots: **10**
- Telescopic Sight: **Gd(+1)(10)**; ignore all range penalties.
- Requires the use of both hands.

### Laser Pistol

Price: **Ph(+5)(40)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**, ceramic-metal mix
- Range: **Ph(+5)(40)**, 800 m (2,400 ft)
- Damage: **Gr(+1)(15)**, sharp
- Shots: **1,000**
- Extra Attacks: **+4**
- Laser Sight: **Gd(+1)(10)**; ignore all range penalties.
- Biometric Security: **Gd(+1)(10)**; Only works for Gregory.

## Contacts

### "Jimbo": Gd

A back-country weaponsmith and arms dealer who cares more about your cash than your licenses.

### Dr. Matt Peterson: Gd

A military weapons researcher, and the only other survivor from Gregory's unit in Iraq.

## Description

### Appearance

Gregory Matheson is a human male in his mid thirties, about 193 cm (6 ft 4 in) tall and weighing about 100 kg (220 lbs), with a thick, powerful build. He looks like a young man in his early twenties with sandy-blond hair, blue-green eyes, and fair tanned skin. Despite having survived a bombing, he has no obvious scarring. Matheson's artificial left eye is almost indistinguishable from the right one, except that it reflects back light in the manner of a camera. Gregory's artificial legs look obviously mechanical, but merge into his flesh with hundreds of small, seamless connections.

Matheson tends to wear plain t-shirts, camouflage trousers, heavy boots, and a belt buckle made from the remnants of his sheriff's badge. If he's expecting a fight, Gregory puts on an armored vest and wears a metal old-style hockey mask, sometimes over his face, sometimes as a shoulder guard. The mask incorporates shrapnel pulled from his own body and fragments of the IED (improvised explosive device) that put it there in the first place. Matheson wears a crucifix made from tin toy soldiers. He says very little, but when he does, he tends to speak of himself in the third person.

### Background

Gregory Matheson (born Simon Du Lac) is a US citizen, a Louisiana native, and an army veteran who served as a sniper in the Iraq War. He received an honorable discharge after being injured by an improvised explosive device. After his rehabilitation, he worked as a dispatcher for the St. Bernard Parish sheriff's office, and was on duty when Hurricane Katrina hit the US gulf coast. Despite his disabilities, he participated in the rescue of several families before being swept away into a whirlpool of industrial waste. Gregory managed to survive the hurricane, but no one else in his family did. Matheson left his home, never looking back, and now travels throughout the southern US in the employ of a bounty hunter.

## Notes

**Home Base:** Mobile, often in the back seat of his friend's 1971 Ford Thunderbird.

**Story:** Southern Knights.

**Character points:** (1,963 - 0 in limitations =) 1,963

**Unused Character Points:** 37 (built with 2,000 points)

### Tin Soldier on Tin Soldier

*"There once was a poor bayou boy named Simon who loved his momma, his country, and Jesus—in that order. He hated the deadbeat dad he'd never met, the step-dads that came in and out of their cabin, and the half-brothers and half-sisters who kept trying to steal the set of tin soldiers that his momma had gotten him from the Salvation Army. His half-kin finally left those tin soldiers alone when the boy decided to turn his sling-shot on them, 'cause there wasn't a bird or a 'possum in the Parish that was safe when Simon had out his sling-shot.*

*The boy was a natural marksman, and he wanted to be a great soldier, like the men whose faces were molded on his tin soldiers, like the soldiers in the WWII comics he could get or the old John Wayne movies he was allowed to see when they came into the towns (He wasn't allowed any of the newer comics or movies 'cause momma said they were all full of perverts). When Simon finished his chores, he didn't play, he drilled.*

*As soon as he was old enough, he went to the nearest army recruiter and signed up for duty. He had regular meals, a bed of his own, and all of the best weapons he could ever want. When his drill sergeant saw him on the shooting range for the first time, he said, 'Boy, you're gonna be a sniper.' And he was. Right out of basic training he went to server his country in a place he'd never heard of but that momma said was old Babylon from the Bible.*

*His tour of duty was not like the John Wayne movies, and the bad guys were not like ones in the WWII comics. In fact, most of what he saw were poor people like him, only they were from a desert and he was from a swamp. Simon followed orders, shooting anyone and anything he was told to shoot; he trusted his government. His tour ended when his unit was tricked into a blind alley where an IED was triggered by a little kid using a slingshot. It was the sort of thing Simon would have tried at his age, if a bunch of armed strangers had come to his cabin.*

*Simon got a purple medal, a glass eye, metal legs, crutches, a lot of stitches, and job back home in front of a microphone, directing other men doing real work. The day Katrina came*

*calling, he trusted his government would get his momma to safety while he stayed at his post, even while others fled theirs. When his microphone failed, he went out in his jeep, hauling people to higher ground amid the chaos. On the way back from one trip, he passed near a pollution SuperFund site, when a bunch of private mercs shot out his tires and sent the jeep into a fast-moving street-river that ended in a whirlpool of toxic garbage.*

*When Simon tried crawling out of the garbage, the garbage crawled over him—and into him. It was a swarm of broken little reject robots, just another piece of poorly stored industrial waste hidden along the gulf coast. They went first for his eye, his legs, even his cell phone, trying to fix him, to upgrade him, then they went for his flesh. He fought them, dominated them, and stopped them from turning him completely into a machine. Then they made a deal: he'd give these little robots a home and together they'd heal each other.*

*He used his new legs and eye to race through the night and take out the mercs; they weren't even a challenge. Then he kept pulling people out of the water, in his part of town, trusting that his government would send someone to rescue his family in the poor part of town. His trust, he learned, was misplaced. Right about the time his new built-in phone picked up the news about what a 'heck of a job' was being done in his city, he had fought his way to the spot where his family's cabin used to be; The only things left were a few of his old tin soldiers.*

*He went on a private merc killing spree, then on a bender, then finally to a few surviving old friends. They'd all lost something in the storm; He'd lost everything, including everything he'd believed in. They told him that Katrina had broken more than levees and scattered more than poisonous waste. Some of the wards guarding the South's darkest, most dangerous secrets had broken, and unspeakable things—worse than his little broken robots—were on the loose and needed to be found. Having nothing left to stay for, he joined them in their work. But first, he met up with some old army buddies and got a new identity, "Gregory Matheson", got some new guns, and got lots, and lots, and lots, of ammo."*

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I chose to release this work in this way so you can adjust it to suit the needs of you and your friends, and so you can create your own characters and stories based on this game and still own them yourself—which is as it should be. I do ask that you give me credit when you make something based on this work (preferably by linking to [www.TenThousandWorlds.org](http://www.TenThousandWorlds.org)) and I ask that you not try to make any money off of it.

This should go without saying, but this work is a supplement to a *game*, **Ten Thousand Worlds**, and is meant to make a rainy afternoon more enjoyable for you and a few friends. This game requires you to use your imagination. If you have trouble telling the difference between fantasy and reality, then this game is not for you.