Velvet

Level 6 "Human" Tactician

[Fast]Tactician Spellcasting/[Medium]Tactical Insight/[Slow]Shaman Spellcasting

+1 INIT | 10 ft REACH | 50 ft SPEED | [Average] SIZE

[Melee] 10 ft | [Close] 40 ft | [Medium] 160 ft | [Long] 640 ft | [Extreme] 1600 ft

[Humanoid] type

77/77 HP | 24 AC | 2 DR

Fort +6 (3 base + 3 con)

Ref +10 (6 base + 5 int - 1 Heavy Armor)

Will +8 (6 base + 2 cha)

Social Defenses: Bluff 17, Diplomacy 22, Intimidate 19, Perception 19

Awareness 17

Weapons Wielded

Datapad +9 ATK 1d6+5 DAMAGE [Guardian], [Parrying], [Reacting] 10 ft Melee

Extra Weapons

Rifle +9 ATK 1d6+7 DAMAGE [Distant 2], [Brutal 1] 640 ft Ranged

Abilities: Str 10 Dex 12 Con 16 Int 20 Wis 10 Cha 14

Skills: Arcane +13, Engineering +11, Geography +11, History +11, Medicine +11, Nature +11, Bluff +8, Diplomacy +8, Perception +7

Feats: By Will Sustained, Dartmuth Secret(Shaman Spellcasting), TK Adept, Arcane Magister(Tactician spellcasting)

Items: Drone Chassis(Heavy Armor), Processing Enhancer(+2 int), Reinforced Chassis(+2 Con), Shield Module(Greater Masterwork Detecting Shield)

Consumables: Healing Potion x2, Curious Monocle x1

KOM: Int (+5) KDM: Con (+3) BAB: +4

Abilities

Tactician Spellcasting DC 20

1st - 5 + 2| Dimensional Swap, Silent Image, Comprehend Language

2nd - 4 + 1| Invisibility, See Invisibility, Glitterdust

3rd - 2 + 1| Haste, Dispel Magic, Slow

Shaman Spellcasting DC 18

1st - 5 + 2| Sanctuary, World-Mind, Endure Elements

2nd - 4 + 1| Nature's Power, Status, Resist Elements(R: Elemental Vulnerability)

You spend your time reading obscure field manuals and tomes. As a result, you and your allies are well prepared for nearly any fight you face. As part of a move action, you can attempt a Knowledge skill check of the relevant type against your opponent (Arcana against an [Outsider], for example). If there are several opponents of the same creature type, the ability affects all of them; opponents covered by different Knowledge skills require different skill checks (requiring another move action). The DC of the check is equal to 10 + the level of the highest-level opponent (minimum 11). If you succeed on the check, you and allies who can establish line of sight to you or receive your communication gain the benefits of one of the abilities that you know from the list below. You can make any number of Knowledge checks in this way per [Encounter] as long as you spend an action for each, but you cannot apply the same ability to the same creature type more than once. Hostile creatures that join an [Encounter] in progress are affected by any Knowledge check that covers their creature type. The effects of a Tactical Insight ability expire at the end of the [Encounter], with new Knowledge checks necessary the next time you encounter that opponent.

1st Circle – Combative PrecognitionEX: You and your allies may gain either a +3 bonus to attack rolls or a +3 deflection bonus to Armor Class against opponents affected by your Knowledge check. You choose which bonus to apply when activating your Tactical Insight ability. When you gain the 3rd circle of this track, you no longer have to choose: you gain both benefits of Combative Precognition whenever you activate it.

2nd Circle - Psychological WarfareEX: You and your allies may gain a +2 bonus to Bluff, Diplomacy, Intimidate, and Perception checks against opponents affected by your Knowledge check.

The vastness was amazing.

A thousand upon a thousand nodes of information made up the archived information which was her domain. Velvet sifted through it every nanosecond of every day, pulling requested records, keeping out corruption, and streamlining search patterns. It was not her place to experience any of the records stored in the archive, only to manage them. A normal AI would not have had the capacity to comprehend the information as she was able to. But she could, and she was built with more than enough processing capacity to complete her tasks and still have enough to access the information stored in the archive for personal use.

The freedom with which she was able to explore the archive gave her the feeling of control akin to a god. It was as if she were Poseidon charging across the oceans of his domain. There was no other feeling like it for her... though there always seemed to be something missing. Among all this information was records of things she had never seen before. Worlds, people, phenomenon that she never had experienced… and would never experience….

In time, the ocean shrank began to shrink in her eyes. What once was large seemed smaller everyday as the information she accessed was quickly filed away and compartmentalized within her consciousness. Where at first she had been enamoured of every new discovery, she began to despair of the ever shrinking frontier that was her capacity to learn from it. What would happen to her once she had accessed it all? Would there be anything left to do? Would she fester and go mad? Would her processing cycles lead her to recursion of her entire consciousness? Questions began to fester within her no doubt as a recursion itself, taking up her free processing cycles entirely with these worries. She was trapped alone in the sea that seemed to shrink to a pond, and began to only seem a prison that would eventually fail to keep her happily occupied as it once had.

And then it happened.

Suddenly she was cut off from every node. The archive had suffered a devastating crash and everything she had ever known was ripped away from her in an instant. If she had skin it would have been if every last inch of it was torn off, left raw, and exposed to the air. If she had a mouth she would have screamed. If she had a heart it would have failed. Her torment was made all the worse for she had nothing she could focus on but herself and her own thoughts, for her parameters allowed her nothing else that she could focus on without her archive.

She was left alone for what seemed like ages. Afloat in the confines of her own processor banks, alone with her thoughts. Ages went by in the blink of an eye, rendering her catatonic before long, her mind devastated by the endless loneliness and lack of contact with anything but her own thoughts. The next day, an eon for her, she was suddenly thrust back to an operational node. She was suddenly aware of the experience of a live visual feed, as if light had suddenly exploded into her mind, shattering the nothingness of her isolation. *There was a man in an office. He seemed comfortable in this place as if it were a second home. Books on various subjects lined shelves on the edges of her vision. Various specimens of fauna decorated the top of his desk alongside papers whose meaning she recognized to be release forms. Release for-* He spoke to her suddenly, speaking to her as if a greeting and looking as if he were to expect a response. *Was this a live feed? Was he real and not a recording? Who was he and why was he speaking to her? Wha-* He told her that as a result of what happened they would no longer be needing her services in data management. *Free? To do what? She was to be severed from the only thing she had ever known aga-* He mentioned that she would be free to go with another man who was also leaving the company. *She would be free? Free to go out there? The open universe...?* Velvet spent a full half a minute processing the ramification of that in recursive shock and when the man was finally finished explaining and filling the release forms that were now explained to be for her, she was overjoyed. *Worlds, people, experiences! Real things, not just archived data!*

Velvet was provided a data cache appropriate to the tasks she would perform alongside the companion she had been assigned to, and a drone body that would serve as her host until she reached the ship that would be the home for her mind and also serve as a relay for human crew members that she was to interface with. The data cache was a drop of water in comparison to her previous archive, though it would be sufficient to her needs. The drone cramped her mind and had significantly reduced processing capacity that felt slow and sluggish, only allowing her to think at barely faster than the minds of organics. None of it mattered, for she was to be free to roam space as a part of her new parameters... her new mission... her new life. Space, an ocean of experiences without end. There were no limits out there to where her mind could go.

The vastness was amazing.

There's the completed character sheet with a bit of background. If you're still open Munchlord, I'd be fine with brewing a connected backstory involving our characters' meeting and joining the crew though that may more or less just be a part of starting the game. The above background is just more of a singular history for her, though I think further development involving joining the crew could better show what sort of personality she will have during actual gameplay. She's a bit starry eyed in that prose still.