PERSONAL DATA								
Name: Mikey Doyle								
Age: 48 Weight		Height:	5'9"	Gender: Male				
Complication: DARK	SECRET	Motivat	tion:	HEDONISM				
REASON: ACUMEN: PHYSICALITY: 1 INFLUENCE: 0 DEXTERITY: 2								
Tele COMBAT SKILLS -31 2 3 4 5 Pemolitions* (PHY)								
SECONDARY STATS Wound Points: 10 + PH13 DEX DM Melee: -2 EX Initiative: DEX +3 U + PER Resilience Points: 6 + 7 HY DM Ranged: -3 HY Encumbrance: 7 + PHY								
Morality: 3 Breaking Point: 3 SPEAR COP: Distemper Dice: WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT								
				1	_ 1			
	Type: M(R)E S	range: Close	Cond:	Used	Enc: 1	Ammo: 6		
	lotes: Cype: (M) R E S	Range: Close	Cond:	Used	Enc: 1	<u> </u>		
	Notes:							
			Ammo:					
	Notes:							
			Ammo: N/A					
		PHY + Unarmed Combat Damage						
Equipment: Binoculars	Enc: 1 Notes: +1 Perception Check							
Equipment: -	Enc: - Not	ces:		-				
Equipment: Basic -Survival Kit	Enc: 1 Not	Notes: Tent, Sleeping Bag						
Rations Type:	# Days:	Enc: Notes:						
Standard ARMOR	2 Type:	1 Enc:	Enc: DM: Notes:					
HMON	-1be.							

BACKGROUND INFORMATION & NOTES



Mikey was always good with his hands growing up, taking his toys apart to see how they worked more than playing with them (much to his parents chagrin).

As he got older, he turned his quick hands to car repairs, fixing up the 1974 Impala his grandfather left him when he died. Drifting into the Army after high-school, he was assigned to the motor pool where he put his natural abilities to good use and picked up additional knowledge of engines.

However, he also liked to use his hands for fighting which finally got him kicked out of the Army and soon landed him in jail. Each time he got out, his love of booze and fighting seemed to also find a way to get himself sent back again.

On one of his breaks from prison, he met a lady and moved in with her and her kids and things felt sort of normal. He even got a job as a mechanic and was earning an honest living in more than a decade.

But as normal and quiet as things felt, they also felt dull and boring and Mikey found himself drinking more and more after work. One drunken

night, he got into an argument with a co-worker and, although he testified he didn't recall doing it, he beat the man to death.

Like almost all convicts, he was released from captivity when there weren't enough guards left to run the prisons and he has kept moving and kept his secret to himself.

RELATIONSHIPS									
Name:	Relationship Modifier:	Name:	Relationship Modifier:						