

Lodemucker Five-four 54-0506-2301

Muck is a [player character](#) previously played by [Primitive Polygon](#). Adopted by [ethereal](#).

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Species:

Freespacer Type Two Automata

Lodemucker Five-Four 54-0506-2301	
Gender:	Technically neither, leans towards female
Age:	Five years, seven months.
Height:	6"1 ft
Weight:	205 kg
Organization:	Independent / Nepleslian Star Navy
Occupation:	Demolitions Expert / Robo Hooligan
Rank:	
Current Placement:	NSS Ichaival
Theme music	
Lazing around	Apparat - Hailing From The Edge
Feeling ambitious	4mat- 1989
Robot fist fight!	ACVD OST - Device

Physical Characteristics

Build and Skin Color: Being feminine mostly just in silhouette rather than actual form, Muck's gunmetal grey body is an extremely crude and blocky affair at first glance, like something hastily assembled for a science fair project. In actuality, this beguiles the true purpose of the design; The extremely flexible, hose-like limbs can whip forward with great effect, moving the hefty shell around with surprising agility. The fingers and toes are basic and robust, simple armored nubs designed to withstand ample wear and tear. The torso is basically just a small nuclear reactor propped up on a pair of hydraulic jacks, specialized to do little other than pump out large amounts of power.

Eyes and Facial Features: Bearing a china doll skin tone with a glossy sort of sheen, Muck's face is a far more humanoid affair, but still clearly artificial. She has very large incandescent green spheres for eyes, and a wide thin mouth complementing a small nose.

Ears: A pair of stubby black antenna units. They can move a little bit independently.

Hair Color and Style: A platinum blonde tuft covers the top of the head, and is offset by a long braided loop hanging down at the back. The leading edge of her triangular fringe almost always bears a warning label hanging from it, displaying how much of a 'dangerous machine' they are with pride.

Distinguishing Features: Whilst outdoors, she prefers to wear baggy overcoats made from sturdy synthetic materials, generally khaki, grey or black in coloration. Waterproofing is important when you're made of metal!



Psychological Characteristics

The Name: Lode (Rare ore, as in 'hitting the mother lode') + Mucker (Miner slang for those with dirty jobs). “Muck” is generally the preferred abbreviation.

Personality: Cheeky, whimsical and sarcastic, Muck exudes the kind of energy and tenacity that ranges from blind optimism one minute to a rough-edged dead pan snarker at the next. They don't take themselves too seriously and enjoy nothing more than a good punch-up, but when possible, would really rather give enemies a chance to bow before her instead of killing them. In other words, they have a general live-and-let-live attitude that prioritizes frequent harmless scuffles, and never outright lethal actions. That said, they love explosions, loud noises, and general calamity taking place. It's almost impossible to stop Muck from smiling unless someone is actively trying to piss her off, and in this situation things are not normally any different.

She can be reasonably willing to entertain the feelings of others, but is really rather mistrusting of authority figures and will shamelessly act incompetent at her job if she doesn't morally agree with the commands given. That said, ol'Lode isn't actually all that smart either, and thus is also really quite easy to flatter and manipulate. Not at all ashamed of her crude but effective robotic form, she enjoys people seeing her as a walking jackhammer, somebody not to be trifled with unless that person particularly wants to get snapped in half.

Guts and glory is her mantra, and chances to prove it are met with open arms.

- **Likes:** Lazing around with primitive video games, fist fighting, explosions, deafening cacophonies, garish colors, industrial music.
- **Dislikes:** Being talked to like an object. Boring books or lectures.
- **Goals:** Money, power, generally being in a position to receive fan mail.

History

Family (or Creators)

Freespacer Mothership 'Cargo Cult'

Pre-RP

Not long after the freespacer genocide, increasing feelings of vindictiveness and malcontent ran rife on board the mothership 'Cargo Cult'. The general notion was for an increase in their active military power, and the fastest way to do this was to directly imbue combat knowledge into the mindware of the entire new generation of offspring. Every single member could become a guerrilla fighter at the drop of a hat, if needed.

For many, this was seen as the ultimate realization of “the art of never again”, but in practice, the increased capability for independence resulted in rogue elements disobeying orders or even deserting left right and center.

Lodemucker 54 was created as an asteroid miner within the outskirts of the fleet arm, and thus was directly confronted by ideas of independence and defection by her family members from the minute she was born. A die hard paramilitary she was not, but inevitably facing the grinder for being a component of such a devious group was a threat that constantly loomed over her.

Eventually, the crew of her home mining craft decided to become independent smugglers, and stuck between a rock and a hard place, Muck split off to find somewhere less chaotic and politically driven to make herself useful... by [Smuggling themselves](#), more or less. With no money and no appreciation for non-freespacer society, many a trip was spent with her hiding amongst the recovered scrap components on board merchant salvaging vessels in order to get from system to system.

Dumpster diving wasn't exactly an easy life, hiding out for long journeys and getting into scraps with the other robotic parasites. Nepleslian Prime was a dingy and germ-coated place, but it had more of a junky charm to it than what they had become depressingly used to. Soon enough, Muck's bombastic nature did at least manage to land her three or four bodyguard jobs, along with a multitude of rather more thuggish things.

Being part of five different street gangs over the next two years, dumb bulk somehow started to become some form of actual martial prowess. Such life experiences slowly gave the pseudo-type two that exists today a knack for swimming upstream, and having seen the damage that blind idealism could cause,

Muck now took their own personal morality and put it on a pedestal; Regardless of what those who called themselves superiors might judge a correct action, the only true good deeds that one might accomplish were those committed without being tarnished by pointless loyalties.

With that in mind, Mucker finally magnetized towards a more progressive function in life again. After much research, they chose to join the ISC Phoenix at it's next point of call.

Ichaival

After a relatively short placement on the ISC Pheonix, Mucker decided to move to a ship that would have more of an impact for good than the Pheonix.

Skills

Starship operations

Despite not being the sharpest tool in the shed, Muck is still a freespacer and thus has spent her entire life around starships and interstellar devices. Given enough time and the opportunity to fool around with the controls for the sake of trail and error, she can teach herself to fly almost any small or medium sized craft without too much hassle.

Mindware

Alrough Muck lacks the more complicated synapses of a type four, she is perfectly able to access data files and store knowledge via her standard mindware. Hacking isn't really macho enough for her to bother with, through.

Demolitions and Mining

Created specifically for mining and ore extraction, it's no surprise that Muck is superb at handling explosives and can effectively break open quite large objects using the smallest quantity of available materials. This also has gleans into knowledge of metallurgy and mineral types, of which she is a natural expert. Having a metallic body means she can be a little reckless, but never quite enough to endanger her squishy organic buddies. After all, somebody has to be left alive to watch the show.

Fighting

Using a combination of martial training and extraneous made-up whipping motions that take advantage of her mechanical physiology, Muck is a reasonably adept fighter, using superior bulk and momentum to easily overpower most untrained meaty targets. Against someone actually trained in fighting robots she

can be a little clumsy and predictable, however, and despite the fact that she *can* use most standard firearms, those crude bendy limbs make her aim a complete joke.

Maintenance and Repair

Seeing as their chest contains a pair of active nuclear thermoelectric generators, it's fortunate that Muck has the skills to keep them from leaking death juice all over the place. Indeed, she's pretty self sufficient in this regard, and can fix a great many low-level technological systems if asked, albeit with a focus on android components and nuclear power systems. Similar things with mechanical moving parts are preferable, like vehicles and solid shell firearms; She'd be completely lost trying to figure out something more hi-tech and energy-based like an CFS or scalar array.

Communications

She knows how to use most radio systems, and can vocally speak trade. On top of this, they also understand the Freespace cognitive machine language, and a couple of basic Nepleslian programing codes. Could come in handy for things like opening electronic doors, turning some lights on, or making words and images appear on a screen, but not within a system that has anything but the most basic firewall.

Rogue

Not the "stealthy smooth cat" kind. More like a "knows how to kick in locked doors and scare the crap out of people" kind. Being a Freespace and not caring too much about personal property keeps her pretty guilt free about this. Pickpocketing is not her forte, but breaking open safes is.

Inventory

Muck has the following items:

Weapons

- RX33, 50ft spool of detcord x1. Remote.
- RX33, 2 pound block x2. Remote.
- Novacorp EMI Grenade x2.
- Emyrs Scythe Mine x2. Remote.
- Cosain Corp Cluster Grenade x2.
- Electrified Knuckleduster x2, Emyrs Brand, one battery each.
- Zen Armaments 10mm Submachine Pistol. Clearly repaired from trash. There is a g-clamp riveted

into the pommel to replace the need for a holster.

- 25 round 10mm magazine x2.

Apparel

- Plastic-material heavy overcoat, khaki, waterproof.
- Fabric-material duster jacket with belt, light beige, faux-fur interior lining.
- Cargo shorts, beige.
- Crude chain necklace made from various large nuts, bolts, and one nice big spark plug.
- Silver blast-resistant metal toolbox, luggage size 17".
- Two rolls of caution tape.
- Eight different warning tags from various ordinance types and dangerous machinery, commonly used as jewelry.
- Cheapo brand car shampoo and wax.

Tech

- Rare obsolete "ZUGA 128" data cartridge loader with cartridges; "The Art Of Never Again" E-book, "Y-Type" game, "We Must Perform A Quirkafleeg" game, "SUP3R 34RBR1CK3RS UN1T3!" music mixdisk, "5mat - eons" music, and mysterious red card simply labeled "Git yer mitts off thugnuts!" in permanent marker.
- A basic engineering kit with socket wrenches and small screw drivers, mostly tooled for self-repair and maintenance.

Finances

Lodymuck is currently a 3 of spades on board the ISC Phoenix.

Total Savings	Addition	Subtraction	Reason
3000 KS			Starting Funds
1000 KS		-2000 KS	Guns, bombs, and general trinkets.

Character Data	
Character Name	Lodemucker Five-four 54-0506-2301
Character Owner	Primitive Polygon
Character Status	Inactive Player Character

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Last update: **2024/03/24 07:54**

