

# Svante Magnusson

Svante Magnusson is a [player character](#) who was played by Homeside 6.

Svante Magnusson



Species:	Nepleslian
Gender:	Male
Age:	25 years old
Height:	182.9cm (6' 0")
Weight:	73.5kg (162lbs)
Organization:	Independent
Occupation:	Bounty Hunter
Rank:	Novice / N/A
Current Placement:	<a href="#">Bounty Hunters</a>

## Physical Characteristics

- Height: 182.9cm (6' 0")
- Mass: 73.5kg (162lbs)
- Measurements:

**Build and Skin Color:** Svante has a pale Caucasian skin-tone, decorated by various tattoos on his body.

He is also well toned and muscular from physical regimen and exercise to keep in shape for the benefit of his chosen career path.

**Eyes and Facial Features:** Svante has a heart-shaped face, with a slightly upturned nose, and a thin scar running just under his right eye along his cheekbone. His eyes are a sharp teal color.

**Ears:** For a Nepleslian-born man, save the multiple rings and bar in each one, he has normal ears.

**Hair Color and Style:** With most of it kept to a short trim, Svante's dirty blonde hair is kept in a mohawk that is about two inches wide at the base, and with the styling gel he normally uses means the top has a tendency to look much shaggier than the base, and the back seems to share this trait. His beard is long enough to be tied just under his chin and be several inches long.

**Distinguishing Features:** Outside of his preference for hairstyle, which can change, he has a plethora of tattoos across his body seemingly everywhere but his face and the top of his head. He has all sorts of colors, some old, some newer, but on thing that remains is his youth means there is still plenty of empty space on his forearms and other areas that are normally clothed. He calls them his 'storybook', collectively.

## Psychological Characteristics

**Personality:** Svante is - an explosive - personality. Though that isn't any sort of attempt at irony since his specialties don't lie in demolitions. He's loud and proud of who he is and where he comes from. When he gets into a fight he doesn't speak in cool tones with menacingly worded threats. Instead he speaks with snarls and glares, because as far as he's concerned he knows he is already going to win, and he just wants to make sure the other people know it too whether he has to tell them or teach them the hard way. This has naturally gotten him into serious trouble with both the local color and PD. He makes his home in bars and clubs, where he drinks, dances, and if she's good looking enough or he's drunk enough than no woman can count herself safe from his flirting with her.

To his friends, its hard to tell if you've entered among that privileged few because he doesn't seem to change much at first glance. He's still sarcastic, drinks probably far too much, tends to want to start fights, and some women who have worked with him complained about his rather - aggressive behavior towards them. You only really know you've earned his trust and friendship when you find yourself wounded on the field, seemingly alone, drifting in and out of consciousness, and the next thing you see as you open your eyes is him stooping over you with one hand on your shirt or vest and the other on his trigger as he drags you to the nearest cover.

The most unseen side of him is the more educated side. When alone on downtime he can be found making and solving puzzles, codes, and other things for fun. Or disassembling and reassembling things such as radios, computers, or other technology that he's gotten his hands on. The man has a mind for computers from his time in Marine Intelligence and loves to exercise his knowledge.

- **Likes:** Drinking, starting fights and getting into trouble, women, fast and powerful cars, loud music, driving fast and reckless, and his 'dirty secret' of tinkering on various pieces of tech or solving and creating puzzles and codes.

- **Dislikes:** People who find out about his 'dirty secret' before he trusts them, somebody challenging his toughness or ability, people hassling him when he's working on something such as a computer, somebody messing with his ride, somebody stealing whatever girl he's trying to flirt with, and the color magenta.
- **Sexuality:** Hetero-romantic heterosexual.
- **Goals:** To "get the dames", "get the rides", and "live the life". His words.

## History

### Family (or Creators)

- Olle Magnusson - Father
  - 59 y/o, **[ALIVE]**
- Gri Magnusson - Mother
  - 56 y/o **[ALIVE]**
- Jessika Magnusson - Sister
  - 23 y/o, **[ALIVE]**

### Pre-RP

**"I can tell by that look in your eye, kid. You've got that look of somebody who wants answers to questions they're too timid to ask. Wondering about all this ink and all these scars? Wondering what kind of stories come out of the hell a man like me must have crawled through to get 'em? Well make yourself comfy, maybe top off that glass since its looking a little empty. Let Magnusson tell you a story."**

Svante Magnusson was born in a cheap motel room in Funky City, where a strange-looking man smelling of bourbon with a strange eye-tic and claiming to be a doctor helped deliver him. His father scraped by the credits to put food on the table working whatever job he could get in the area. His mother was a former hooker who'd been saved from the streets when a customer - Svante's father - stole her heart. And on the side he got her pregnant, and made her pimp half-tempted to kill her because of it. So they'd left their home in Chartertown to escape him.

When Svante was born he spent most of his life moving from one motel to another as bill collectors came knocking or when one of his parents inevitably got into trouble with some local toughs. It wasn't until he was two years old and they'd had their second kid that his parents finally settled down in Doshington. His father got in touch with the local unemployment agency and used his 'prior work experience', a fanciful term for cheap labor jobs that came and went with every sip of booze, to get him a job maintaining the machines on a conveyor belt that stamped serial numbers and other info on weapons leaving the building. His mother had seemed to learn her lesson from repeated trouble with other gangs wherever they moved and instead of trying to sell her body for better money quick, she got a job working at a fast food place, looking after her kids almost every hour she was off, and relying on the kindness of the neighbors in the apartments directly next door to look after Svante and his sister Jessika when both of their parents had work. Her off-hours were spent looking after her children, making sure they were okay, playing with them, and doing her best to help them in their early school years. She also taught them the values of a till then seemingly one-person religion - in which she was pastor, missionary, and attendant to

the 'church'. "There is something out there" she would tell them, "no matter what any scientist says."

So Svante was raised with two simple guidelines in his life.

The first was to live it to his full satisfaction. The second was to protect he and his kin.

Street fights, occasionally finding himself walking down the wrong alley with the wrong colored bandanna, and personally stomping the tar out of Jessika's classmates when they wanted to pick on the 'poor girl' built a growing sense of wild destructiveness and the idea that when he disagreed with somebody it was best solved through violence in the young boy. While he made many rivalries in high school and got bloodied and left too weak to even stand in some disgusting bathroom more times than he'd care to recount - Jessika found herself free of anybody trying to pick on her or start a fight with her. Also free of potential boyfriends but that was a story for another time. The story of Svante's school life ended when he was finally expelled after hospitalizing two other students in a fight where he also broke his own arm and fractured an ankle. His parents only had one solution for the seventeen year old boy: go join the Marines.

So he did, and while some may have thought he would have wound up in the infantry doing grunt-work he actually managed to get into Military Intelligence (MILINT). People seemed to mistake his attitude and his want for starting fights as a lack of smarts. It was also noted even in training that his lack of reservation towards pain and violence was above average of the other recruits training with him. It was while he was doing his specialty training that he made friends with one of the training cadre, Mid-Corporal Nais Haro. He found himself attached to her unit after leaving training just as she was leaving training command for another tour in the field. It was likely her connections in the unit that kept him from getting discharged for numerous cases of drunk and disorderly conduct, fights with both civilians and fellow service members, and even two cases of attacking a superior officer. All these events meant he never saw above the rank of Private 1st Class for the three years he was in the service. Before she left the service, Nais let him know of her plans to become a bounty hunter, and told him that once he got out or they finally put him up for court martial that if he needed work in the private sector then he should come find her. He left the Marines that same year.

He enlisted at 18 and was now 21 years old without any plans in life. So rather than taking up bounty hunting at first he tried to stay close to his sister in Doshington and took up low-level private security work. Yet his desires financially, his habit of getting in trouble, and a "very physical" way of talking to criminals when on shift meant the job just didn't seem meant for him. So finally at 25 years old he called up his old friend Nais. They met up at a bar in Doshington, caught up on everything they hadn't been able to talk about during their brief times keeping in touch over the last three years, and finally they worked out so that he would come along with her on her next contract. He bought some Muur armor, grabbed his guns, and left with a quick goodbye to his sister and parents on the way to the spaceport.

## Skills

### Communication (Language and Cryptography)

Born in Nepleslia, Svante is fluent in the language in all ways. Time in the military means radio

operations and procedures from his time in military intelligence including receiving or sending transmissions through headsets, ships, ground vehicles, power armor systems, and shuttles in both combat and non-combat situations. He can write and speak Nepleslian fluently, able to give or receive orders no matter the circumstances.

Code breaking, while not to the level of the dedicated professionals in the military, was something taken up as a hobby taught and schooled to him by some of those professionals.

## **Fighting**

The intense schooling of Marine hand-to-hand combat with focus on disabling or killing an opponent was backed up with intensive physical training programs. He's been trained with pistols of all types, bladed weapons, grenades and other explosives, and numerous rifles. He keeps himself in an excellent physical shape with great stamina and endurance. He also knows how to operate power armor systems but needs but to do anything incredibly advanced needs the suit's A.I. to perform.

## **Survival**

Svante was schooled and trained in how to survive in hostile environments. He can construct a shelter against the elements if he can't find a suitable shelter in the local environment, he can hunt or scavenge for food and water as well as he can for weapons and ammo, build a fire, and camouflage both himself and any shelter which he puts up or occupies if he has to. He's been trained and practiced in guerrilla warfare tactics as well, with additional experience given to him from his time with senior Marines during his career.

## **Strategy (Tactics/Discipline)**

With a sharp mind, Svante can give out tactical commands and work with others to complete the mission efficiently. He knows the importance of morale and discipline for both a unit and an individual, and knows the effect both can have on the outcome of a battle. He can recognize and follow a structure of command even while in combat, recognize ambush points, calculate distances, and use a tactical map.

## **Vehicles (Land Vehicles)**

Svante is familiar with how to operate a wide variety of land-based vehicles such as bikes and cars. He is knowledgeable enough that he can even perform rudimentary maintenance on them, though a dedicated mechanic is required for more serious problems to be fixed on the spot. While in these vehicles he can perform difficult maneuvers under the stresses of situations like combat. When not in the field and given proper tools and time he can make repairs on most ground vehicles with ease.

## Humanities (Interrogation)

When presented with a necessity for information and a potential source, Svante is skilled in a number of ways to extract it. While some are not at all pleasant or clean and certainly not condoned officially by the Nepleslian Marines, he can also use psychology, trust, and deception to ween information from somebody. His preferred methods are often very physical and violent, usually enacted on-scene rather than in a neat and set up area.

## Technology Operations (Computer Networking and Communication Systems)

Svante knows how to operate computers that run on a wide variety of operating systems, though he favors best and is most comfortable with more common systems. He can look up, insert, or remove data as needed. He has very rudimentary knowledge in bypassing firewalls and other security systems, though has better chances at direct sources rather than doing operations remotely. Also with access to enemy communication systems he can tap into their communication networks and use information acquired against them.

## Inventory

Svante Magnusson has the following items:

### Clothing

- Various [T-Shirts](#), sporting a number of logos, band names, and colors
- A number of jeans
  - Denim
- A small collection of athletic shorts.
- Two pairs of sweat-pants
- [Socks](#)
- Steel-toed safety boots
- [Nepleslian Dress Uniform \(YE 33\)](#)
  - Rank markings for a [Private First Class](#)

### Armor

- [Styrling Muur Armor](#)
  - Full set.
- Suit and tie
  - Black coat and slacks
  - Dark purple tie

- Black dress shoes
- White undershirt

## Weapons and Weapon Accessories

- Tan rigger's belt
  - Zen Arms .45 leather holster, with spare magazine.
    - [Zen Armaments .45 Caliber Pistol](#)
      - Sound suppressor.
  - Black Styrling Mancannon holster
    - [Styrling Man Cannon, .455 Loud Boom](#)
- [Zen Armaments "Room Cleaner" Shotgun vz. 1](#)
  - Reflex sight
  - Black nylon sling
- [Zen Armaments Assault Rifle vz. 1](#)
  - Reflex sight
  - Vertical foregrip
  - Black Nylon Sling
- [Zen Armaments Semi-Automatic Marksmen Rifle](#)
  - Bipod
  - ZRO-1 6x Power Optics
  - Black Nylon Sling

## Personal Accessories

- Bullet lighter.
  - The casing of a 12.7mm (.50 caliber) round from an unknown source
- 1 [AwesomeCorp DataJockey](#)
- 1 pair of Marine identification tags, with name and hometown
- 1 wallet with Marine Corps insignia plated on it.
- 1 "[stress ball](#)", black

## Electronics

- Electronic Money Card

## Miscellaneous

- N/A

## Finances

Svante Magnusson is currently an independent bounty hunter.

Total Savings	Addition	Subtraction	Reason
6000 DA	N/A	N/A	Starting Funds
4300 DA		1700 DA	<a href="#">Styrling Muur Armor</a>
4185 DA		115 DA	<a href="#">.45 suppressor</a>
3485 DA		700 DA	<a href="#">"Room Cleaner"</a>
2895 DA		590 DA	<a href="#">AR-1 + Attachments</a>
1900 DA		995 DA	<a href="#">.455 Loud Boom</a>
1900 DA	N/A	N/A	Remaining Funds
2900 DA	1000 DA		A job well-done
2320 DA		580 DA	<a href="#">Z-SAMR + attachments</a>
2210 DA		110 DA	<a href="#">RC-1 attachments</a>
2210 DA	N/A	N/A	Remaining Funds

Character Data	
Character Name	Svante Magnusson
Character Owner	<a href="#">homeside_6</a>
Character Status	Inactive Player Character

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