

FATHER GRINDFIST THE PUNCHBEAST FOUR FOUR 44-2987-1214

A [player character](#) used by [Primitive Polygon](#).



Species:	Freespacers Type Two Automata
Gender:	Male Personality
Age:	15 Years
Height:	8"8 ft
Weight:	1,590 kg
Organization:	Viridian Array
Occupation:	NSS SCREAM CLAW Crew Member
Current Placement:	Task Force "Farthest Stride"

Physical Characteristics

Build and Skin Color: An immense tyrant of rusting steel, vaguely humanoid but bordering on nine feet in height. Most of the immense bulk is made up of their oversized arms and legs, which are blocky, thunderous implements. Crane-like arms can telescope out to three times the length, and the feet are more like small cars, four-wheeled things which allow the huge monster to skate around at impressive speeds.

Things get relatively more simple when it comes to the chest, an unembellished reinforced box of metal containing their nuclear power plant. The head has a boat-shaped central core, with two large oblongular sensor pods attached to each side. Lastly, they have quite a wide set of diverging antenna 'antlers', as well as a single sword-sized central horn.

The only evidence of a face is a glowing green camera eye, embedded within the right sensor pod.

Psychological Characteristics

RUN, COWARD. LIBERATION IS MY WARRANT, FISTS OF DESOLATION MY FUNCTION OF BEING. THE TIME HAS COME TO CURSE YOUR GODS, AS I WADE THROUGH YOUR PITIFUL WEAPONS SYSTEMS LIKE SUCH FINE RAIN.

Personality: Truly a machine created for war that relishes in destruction, Father is an imposing presence with a powerful, booming voice. They have a grasp that can squash a fridge with ease, and a sensors that can see down to the skeleton of a mere mortal man, facts which they are keen to tell casual house guests...

Also factors which are rather helpful in business acumen, as it turns out! Nobody ever checks a ship full of insane battledroids for smuggled contraband!

Father is actually quite a complex individual on the inside, moralistic and willing to sacrifice much in order to gift others a fair fight, but also savage and unrelenting when wronged. They love an underdog, and have many manly tails of far-off heroism that they enjoy reciting as campfire stories. Indeed, they really do quite enjoy getting lost within the grand spectacle of a situation above all things.

Their current goals in life are to build up crew and resources for their own personal battleship, itself a tool for insuring the continued freedom of his people.

Long-lasting ties with the [IWL](#) and the [Viridian Array](#) means that they like [Nepleslians](#), but are really rather wary of [Yamataians](#). They are extremely protective of their Trashmender Organic friend, [Iodine](#).

History

Family (or Creators)

Freespacer Pirate Ship 'TOXIC BEAST'

Pre-RP

The designation of 'Father' is actually due to the fact that this unit once contained all of the CPU space for a full squad of combat drones, machines used to wantonly attack and maim human colonies and civilian transports without mercy.

These were not Freespacers proper, but a gang of ruthless cutthroats who had scavenged the broken hulk of an old mothership, and were using it as a base of operations in a far-reaching reign of terror.

A strange quirk of Father's design, however, meant that he and those like him became smarter as their drone units died, accidentally freeing up more and more processing power at the source...

Soon, after one climatic night of blood and fire, it was suddenly a brotherhood of such machines controlling the roost. *Father Grindfist The Punchbeast* earned his name during this period, as just one in a strange, terrifying brotherhood of steel giants.

They were operating as mercenaries during the [battle of Halna](#). Like all of their race, their numbers were culled greatly, and the Toxic Beast itself was completely atomized.

Father wandered alone for a long time after that, barely even maintaining themselves as they sought the meaning of continuing to fight. Literally questioning the meaning of their existence, and the universe's place for crude Automata such as himself.

Perhaps, it seemed, he was fated to simply rot away in the guts of [Port Hope](#), a walking horror best left forgotten...

A chance encounter. Another Type Two, nothing but a small organic, began to visit and attempt to repair him with great regularity. He did not know why. The worker did not seem designed to speak, only to obsess over the maintenance of things. Logically, he thought, the simple thing should only have seen him as a thing to be recycled, yet... For some reason, they had made a choice to save his worthless husk, of all things?

They, too, Father realized, would waste and die, alone without respect or reward. But, Father had a voice, and he could be theirs, too...

Yes. The call of the Viridian Array suddenly had a whole new meaning to him. Taking this newly dubbed 'Iodine' with him, he used his mercenary skills and intimidation tactics to barter for a basic [Nomad-Class Solarfoil Corvette](#), which he dubbed the *SCREAM CLAW*.

Perhaps there was still good that an old horror could do. Even if that meant getting back into the thick of it, once more.

Skills

Infantry Combat: Including both surface and space, and the usage of power armor scale firearms (though usually just a finagle's revenge rail rifle). They can be deceptively cunning and even sneaky at times, despite their scale. They particularly love close melee engagements and fighting hand-to-hand.

Starship Combat Operations: They are also quite a skilled and swift starship pilot, favoring small, agile corvettes and transports. Perhaps a little too fond of ramming and using cranes to attack even then, though, seeing the ship as a simply extension of their metal body. Needless to say, they are often forced to rely on hit and run tactics against vessels equipped with superior armaments.

Starship Structural Engineering: Less about repairing it, and more about how to sabotage it, creating the maximum amount of damage with one well aimed surprise attack.

Economics: A surprisingly adept trader, though it is not a subject which massively enthralls them. They have little stock in gaining material goods, but love to meet an 'enemy' in a 'duel of wills' on occasion. Their analytically-built mind probably has a lot to do with their careful cost-saving measures.

Communication: [Six Cog and Freefolk](#), Trade, and even half-decent *Yamataigo*... There is no value in fighting an enemy if they don't remember your name!

Dramatics: A lover of a good Yarn, it's no surprise that Father likes to take the theatrics to the next level whenever possible, whether his audience is willing or not.

Mindware: They are a robot. They can download knowledge on a wealth of things. Pretty straight forward, really.

OOC Information

In the case primitive_polygon becomes inactive:

- Can this character be used as an NPC by a GM or FM? YES
- Can this character be [adopted](#) after I've been gone for a year? YES

Character Data	
Character Name	FATHER GRINDFIST THE PUNCHBEAST FOUR FOUR 44-2987-1214
Character Owner	Primitive Polygon
Character Status	Inactive Player Character

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