

Trashmender Iodine Three Five 35-6086-9927

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



Species:	Freespacers Type Two Organic
Gender:	Female
Age:	8 Chronological / 19 Physical
Height:	4'8 ft
Weight:	250 kg
Occupation:	Secret Mechanic / Ship Intruder
Current Placement:	ISS Dig-It (Plot & Ship Info)

Physical Characteristics

Build and Skin Color: Small, densely cyborgized, and as strangely shaped as Freespacers come. Iodine is best described as a pale, fey creature with a youthful and disarming nature to their fleshy parts, but also possessing a huge metal caboose and thruster-bearing blocky metal legs. Their left arm is a rather chunky prosthetic, and there are two extra work-arms spouting from their lower back, bearing narrow gripping pincers. These are actually long enough to be used as an extra set of legs, which they occasionally deploy for stability.

Eyes and Facial Features: Wide, round eyes with small inset eyebrows. The right one is blue, whilst the left one is a false greenie lens. Their mouth and the bridge of their small nose is covered with a cybernetic grill, and their slightly over sized forehead bears a pale blue six-cog identification code.

Ears: Dark grey metal plates with four little rubber antennas sticking out.

Hair Color and Style: A messy straw-colored mass of fluff, they tend to keep it in a pair of ragged pony tails in order to keep it under control.

Clothes: Almost always seen wearing their voidwalker suit, though it mostly consists of just a beige padded vest with a golden-yellow glass helmet. A mitten on the right hand seems traditional, though that might just be to prevent her organic fingers from getting cut up on the rest of her unnatural joints. Any actual clothes they wear are completely rag-tag, mostly because it's purely stolen from other crew members.

Psychological Characteristics

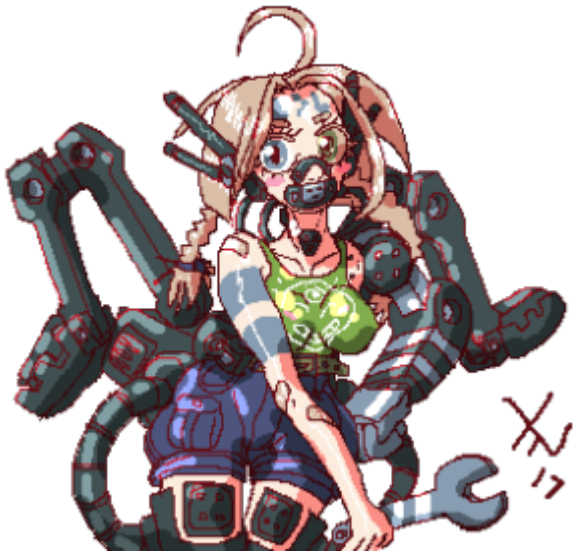
Personality: Nervous and soft spoken, Iodine likes to help others, but finds it difficult to engage in human contact. This makes for a creature very prone to speaking in actions rather than words, always seeking to make a positive difference and rarely making a point of taking credit.

That said, they have very little concept of personal space due to their upbringing, and what little they do speak is often in the form of strange religious slang and arcane references to esoteric concepts. Thus, the first time anyone finds out they are on board tends to involve them simply turning up and doing a job without saying anything, and that's if the crew even *finds out* that there was a shady spacer hanging around in their vents for months...

Thus, her actual motivations are mostly a mystery, perhaps resulting from an internal conflict of the things that they were created for, and the question of what it is they actually desire. They don't seem to tolerate the concept of money or ownership in the slightest, simply taking what they need without asking, but still making sure to pay it back in kind.

They like music, but hate large open spaces or large groups of people. Overall, their exposure to the outside world is still extremely limited, too.

Extra Art



History

Family (or Creators)

The mothership “Silent Sun”, within the former fleet “Celestial Circus”.

Pre-RP

Created and raised on a pretty typical mothership, albeit one that ended up fleeing from the freespacer genocide into the wilderness of the galactic north. Iodine was always supposed to be a cybermedical specialist, having been programmed with such a skillset at birth, and positively conditioned to devote as much of their waking hours as possible to performing her duties in this role.

This created rather a clash when the mothership decided to land and dismantle itself, creating a surface colony and abandoning all of their technical progress. Many cyborgs with specialist space-only job roles ended up being exiled with only the bare minimum resources, choosing to make a break back for civilized space.

Iodine actually wasn't above the augmentation limit and could have stayed, but still chose to take the more dangerous option of staying in space, as it involved her skill set more.

The journey turned out to be not just a straight forward marathon, however. Breaking all of the rules of their originally pacifist nature, the increasingly desperate crew decided to resort to piracy of civilian vessels. Iodine tried to keep everyone happy and functioning as best they could, but there was talk of crew members losing their minds and even resorting to the cannibalism of foreign crews. The machine elements had survived the exodus, but it seems their mere mortal minds had not.

It came to a point where Iodine could no longer justify helping and maintaining bloodthirsty pirates any

longer, and stowed away on a series of ships until they reached the mercenary station of [Port Hope](#), alone, hungry and disillusioned.

The internal urges to repair and maintain others never relented. The pit of scum she ended up in was certainly fond of abusing her help, but it was getting to the point where she could feel her own sanity slipping. To these people, she knew that she was just another resource, to be used and thrown away.

Then, in the depths, she found a kindred voice. The aging war machine [Father Grindfist](#) was left down there, broken and disillusioned. She fixed him up with scavenged parts, purely because he looked like he needed it.

It was him who thus named her Iodine, a ward against the rot of their surrounding radiation.

This new stories of great exploits and far off lands created a newfound hunger in her to explore, regardless of her lack of people skills. It was unfortunate that he was so interested in violence, thus making her nervous about actually joining a ship with him, but Grindfist still functions as her spirit guide over the polysentience, from time to time.

Now hoping from ship to ship once more, almost always without the crew actually knowing about it, Iodine none the less habitually repairs their systems behind the scenes, far more comfortable living in vents and crawlspaces than actually having to barter for a ride.

Perhaps it was inevitable, though, that she'd eventually bump into [a species that didn't mind cramped conditions](#) themselves...

Skills

Robotics Maintenance, Repair, Disassembly: Though admittedly not used to working with high quality components, Iodine is fantastic at mending broken robotic systems, as well as building new systems practically from scratch. This is an innate, automatic knowledge that often sees them ignoring manuals and bodging things together for the largest amount of efficiency possible. Because of the similarity of the systems, this also includes mecha, which her cyborg limbs help greatly with the manipulation of. That said, their aesthetic taste is completely off-kilter, so one can certainly expect a *good job*, if not a very *professional* one...

Cyber-Organic Medical Practices: They can also graft these components onto organic flesh, and have them function as intended. Probably best not to ask her for a basic organ transplant, if you don't also want to wake up with some bonus metal limbs and machine guns, though.

Starship Maintenance, Repair, Disassembly: She's been hanging out, maintaining the junk in your ship for months. Didn't you wonder who fixed that nasty bulkhead crack on deck two? Who replaced all of the emergency light bulbs after that last accidental decompression? Who fixed the fridge, but somehow managed to make everything in there taste like licking a battery?...

Starship Operations: They have spent their entire life around star ships, and thus can basically figure out how to work them. It's not their given task, though, so wouldn't normally fly anything unless they

absolutely had to.

Communication: [Six Cog and Freefolk](#) only. They only know broken Trade. The mindware they are equipped with certainly helps to get the jist of say, [Kudhacari](#)-speak, pretty quickly, mind.

Cooking for Cyborgs: Did you want to eat something made from the barest scraps of ground-up waist, that is somehow nearly edible? Probably not, but Iodine has that particular niche covered.

Rogue: They are perfectly fine with cramped, dark, dusty places and spend a great deal of their time there without surrounding crew members even knowing about it. Well, at least not until stuff goes mysteriously missing. Engineering skills also makes them good with electronic locking mechanisms, which they tend to break open and move through with only the most mild of inconveniences... On the positive side, though, they have very little interest in money, so Iodine is probably only after your dirty laundry or the half-finished glass of milk on your bed side table. They have zero concept of the fact that any of this is creepy or wrong.

Inventory

Trashmender Iodine Three Five has the following items:

- Her voidsuit, or rather 2/3rds of one. It's a simple beige padded thing with just a gold-glass helmet, torso and one sleeve.
- A somewhat knackered, beaten up [OI-W32-1a Magic Hand](#).
- A big messy ball of assorted raggy clothes. They are badly creased and reek of hydraulic fluid. Look closely; Some of them are probably yours.
- A small engineering toolkit, with many small saws, drills, soldering irons, ratchets and power sheers along with several interchangeable head sizes for them. They seem a bit too small at first, until you realize they use her body itself as a plug-in power source.
- A backup memory hard drive, contains The Art of Never Again among other things.
- A plastic cooler full of anti-bacterial injections, food sanitation capsules, and a few small personal spare parts.
- Five spare cybernetics batteries. They have been re-used a little too much over the years, and are starting to warp in shape.

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	Trashmender Iodine Three Five 35-6086-9927
Character Owner	Primitive Polygon
Character Status	Inactive Player Character

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