

Toros Nayl

A Hideous Warrior Who Meshes Flesh and Steel

The following interview has been submitted for inclusion on the Chronicles Magistratum. It documents an interview with one of the Subjects of Interest – one Toros Nayl

Chronicler: INQUISITOR AKHRAN GRIMM

A: Hey there friend, mind is I join you for a drink?

Toros: Hey buddy, no problem, happy to share a drink.

A: This is a rough place, what brings you here?

Toros: Well, looking the way I look, most places are a bit leery of having me around. These backwater bars are a bit more tolerant.

A: Your looks don't bother me. But one would assume there is a story there.

Toros: Not drunk enough yet to share that with somebody I just met. Bottom's up, friend.

Numerous drinks and several hours later...

A: So; about that face. How did it happen?

Toros: Well, it isn't a story you tell your children at night; but you asked.

I was born as normal as the next kid. Had good parents and all. I was 12 when the 'accident' occurred. My family and I were travelling by airship to the Sagus Cliffs on vacation. Well, we didn't make it. We had been traveling for about 6 hours when I felt a sudden lurch in the ship. After that, all hell broke loose. Masked men and women with weapons appeared and shot some folk, including my dad, zapped others (later figured out these were some sort of electrical discharge devices), then bound and gagged them. This included my mom and me.

Next thing I know, I wake up alone and in a cell on what seems to be a filth infested ship. Never did see my mom alive again. They showed me her body a couple of years later. The things they did to her..... *(rubs his temples hard and grimaces)*; not going to go into that....

All in all, those bastards had me in their clutches for what I think was 11 years. During that time, the things they did to me..... they were bad; but it is how I ended up as you see me now. A monster of skin and metal.

He lapses into silence, the next pitcher is gone, and I am hoping he hasn't drank himself into a stupor.

A: Mr. Nayl, you still with me? I am quite curious as to what happened next.

Toros: Still with you. Takes more than a half dozen pitchers to get me out of it completely. So, other than all the hardware, the bastards did give me one thing to keep, as a reminder of what they are capable of (*he points to an odd and rough looking ring on his finger*). This here, most people think it is some cheap-ass ring, but it is a ring band made from the thigh bone of my mother. The shits thought it would be a good reminder and help keep me under control. Well, that didn't work out so well for them. You see, all this hardware they infused into me, they were experimenting on how to make a better soldier or human weapon or something. They did a bunch of the body work first. Then they started into the mind fuck portion, but that did not work out for them either. After the first session, something in my mind broke or something; science is not my thing. Well, whatever happened, I found that if I could touch somebody, which was not hard with all the beatings they dished out, I could 'connect' with that person's mind. They could hear me thinking, and I could hear him or her thinking. Took a bit of time for me to control my thoughts going out, but I was able to do so somewhat. Then one day, the guard taking me back to my cell pushes me through the door. When we touch, I connect..... but he doesn't know. I can listen to him talk to the other guards. I do this several times over the next few days and learn of a way to escape my prison. More importantly, I learn where the weapons locker is, the combo (as the dumbass would say the combo out loud when he entered it), and that the guards will be on a skeleton crew the next day.

They were building me for combat. Think the next step was to brain fry me and make me a puppet; didn't give 'em that chance. I broke out, killed everyone in my way, and escaped. You see, in addition to the changes they made to me, they taught me to use just about every kind of weapon and armor you can think of.

Thankfully, I came across an odd fellow by the name of Trevor Zee a couple of days later, after I crashed the small escape shuttle. I was in bad shape, both physically and mentally. That Trevor, good guy, saved my ass. Said he could relate with being screwed up in the head more than I knew. Hooked me up with this doctor friend of his. I owe him big time. Will always have his back. Nobody fucks with Trevor without getting through me first.

So, now Trevor introduces me to some of his friends. It is great. Allows me to try and help people. I ever see people trying take others against their will, gets my blood boiling and I gotta' stop it, no matter what. That way I can take all the bad that has happened to me and make good use of it, ensure bad doesn't happen to others – especially kids and women; that shit will not be allowed to happen if I am around.

I get kinda irrational about it I guess. Gets me into trouble sometimes, but cannot let that type of situation go without trying to stop it. You understand, right?

Got a problem with that though. There is no way in hell I will ever allow myself to get taken again, if I can, no way man. Scars the shit out of me, the thought of being imprisoned again.

Well, enough of the gloom and doom. Hey everyone, *(yelling to the whole bar)* next rounds on me!!

I may look frickin' scary, but I try to be nice to everyone I meet. Well, unless they give me a reason not to be, then monster time *(and he starts to giggle a little)*.

A: That is some story Toros. Why are you here tonight?

Toros: Figured I would get a good drinkin session out of the way. Got a couple things on the burner. No drinkin' while on mission and all....

A – *(Toros is finally getting a bit unsteady from the drink; finally. I am going to feel like crap tomorrow and I have only been drinking one for every two he has)*.

Toros: Shhhhh, big secret. The team, you see, on our first mission a while back, we picked up this Signal. It is somewhere on New Eden. We got to find it. The rest of the team has their reasons. Me, it seems very similar to the signal I would hear at times used by those who took me. Still tryin' to find that bastard doctor that did this to me. Thought I could show him what I can do now.

A: *(and he gets this really scary look on his face – makes him look even more hideous – would not want to be on the receiving end of that if things got physical)*

Toros: Also, nobody knows this... but I eventually found out what they did to my mom. Met a woman that was captured with her; Miss Madison Whiterose. They 'used' my mom for fun, the troops and all. Did it for years. Did it to many women. It finally killed her. Lady Madison told me that she had been taken and subjected to the same, years earlier. But she escaped, got herself right, and made something of herself. Now she is stinking rich. Used her money to find out that some guy, goes by the title The Chamberlain of Truth, financed the group that took me and my folks. And ready for this? She has hired **me** to find the bastard and take him out. I told her I would do it for free. We are still debating that point. Ah shit, probably shouldn't have told that to an Inquisitor...

A: No problem, doubt I will remember. This is just drinking talk after all.

Toros: Well, right you are. And now I gotta go. Got to meet up with my team tomorrow.

A: *At that point, the man named Toros Nayl stands up, puts on a fierce, and quite scary face, and heads for the door. Everyone in the room clears out of the way, and rapidly at that.*

One Month Follow Up Report: Was unable to reconnect with Toros for any further investigation. For the moment at least - he and his team apparently do not wish to be found.

END OF ENTRY.

