

## Hamilar Prioc

Campaign: Fate Core  
Male; Age: 43; Height: 7'; Weight: 500 lb.; Hair:  
None; Eyes: Yellow; Skin: Grey

### Aspects

High Concept: Telekinetic  
Dolome Roustabout

Trouble: Too Large

Fast Friend

Strong

Three Powerful Arms

### Fate Points

Refresh Rate 3

### Skills

Great (+4):  
Physique

Good (+3):  
Athletics, Will

Fair (+2):  
Drive, Fight, Shoot

Average (+1):  
Crafts, Notice, Provoke,  
Rapport

### Stunts

Grappler

Take the Blow

Tough as Nails (1/session)



### Stress

Mental

Physical

### Consequences

Validation Report (0 issues): Nothing identified

## Stunts

### Grapppler

+2 to Physique rolls made to create advantages on an enemy by wrestling or grappling with them.

### Take the Blow

You can use Physique to defend against Fight attacks made with fists or blunt instruments, though you always take 1 shift of stress on a tie.

### Tough as Nails (1/session)

Once per session, at the cost of a fate point, you can reduce the severity of a moderate consequence that's physical in nature to a mild consequence (if your mild consequence slot is free), or erase a mild consequence altogether.

## Background & Personal Details

You are the ship's roustabout. Your job is to help other crew members with whatever task they need you for, perform minor repairs on the ship, and move cargo and other heavy items around.

You are very large, and sometimes have trouble fitting into spaces that others find accessible. But you are very strong, and are a fast and loyal friend to other members of the crew - even the ones who do not really deserve your friendship.

### WHAT YOU THINK OF THE REST OF THE CREW

CANDY RAZZLE - she seems troubled and frightened. There is something terribly wrong in her life. I worry about her and wish I could help.

GUN - I pity the Urseminite. So friendly in appearance, yet so twisted in mind. The conflict must be a heavy weight on his soul. I must find a way to ease his pain.

GEARHEAD - the development of sentience is fascinating. He is like a newborn child.

SPLURB - I have yet to understand it.

WILHELMINA PAX - my superior, whom I must obey, and my friend, whom I cherish.