

Tim Ichigo Müller aka Concrete

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„If you don't f**k off... right now, Chummer, I'll break your arm and I'll take the stitches I stitched into you. And the money you have.“- Concrete discussing payment plans with a classic Darwin Award who skimmed payments of their last run.

Profile

Name: Tim Ichigo Müller , Concrete (Shadow- Alias)

Gender: male

Species: homo sapiens ingentis, [Troll](#)

Age: 29

Appearance: Even for a troll he is huge and heavily built, weighing 264 kg at 2,85m of height. Pale, grayish skin, matching his alias. Dermal plates like tiny scaly bits all over his body, much more dense in his arms and legs. The form of his horns remind of a young buck, only a lot more massive. His facial expression usually fits his alias as well, as he seems to be in a perpetual grump. He always seems to wear combat boots, cargo pants, sweaters and jackets that scream ex-military.

His actual working attire is a heavily modified CRC- armor including a riot shield with integrated taser, a Mossberg AM-CMDT shotgun and an actual tomahawk. On his back is a modified MF tactical backpack with a module to connect a med-kit on top and a matrix controlled grenade dispenser underneath.

Occupation: Concrete used to be a professional combat medic in High Threat Response-Teams, HTR, for one of the biggest health care providers, DocWagon. Since he's been *let go* he went into the Shadows and has no trouble finding work with various teams that love to have a battle proven medic on their side.

Background: Tim grew up close to Würzburg, in a troll community occupying a former public library. A very common circumstance for trolls, due to their exceptional size. His father, Viktor Müller, was German, born and raised, while his mother, Ikishima Natsuki, was a Japanese immigrant. With that kind of tough, diligent and bilingual background, plus *personal* library, he grew up learning things. His learnings got an early switch and focus to medicine when the young troll lost his father early on, due to medical complications and the sad fact that troll-fitting equipment was lacking. Used to wearing odd clothes because sizes were not readily available was one thing but dying because a clinic wasn't sufficiently equipped to handle a troll patient was another thing entirely.

After this incisive incident Tim decided not only that he wanted to become a doctor but that he wanted to help marginalized communities and meta types. The blatant racism in the sixth world that killed his father and many others is not easily overcome. It was a struggle to get

him into school and keep him, with many schools too reluctant to take troll and orc children and the ones that did, practically belonging to gangs themselves. Let alone the costs of his necessary equipment with the additional fees of troll size, of course. Living that life, working two jobs alongside school, Tim didn't make the GPA necessary to study medicine but his family wouldn't have managed to pay for college either way. But in a stroke of luck he found a support program and managed to grab a place at DocWagon, to become a paramedic and even make it into their HTR program.

Problems didn't stop there, they never had. Despite good grades, stellar work performance, a troll was a troll and despite everyone being happy to have such a troll stand in between them and a hail of bullets, cost induced racism struck again. Equipment in special sizes, clothing, body armor, weapons and medical gear. And the blunt fact about how difficult it was to transport a troll medic in a hovercraft. No colleague visited or got called in by HR as often as him. They offered him different positions, even retraining, but the only retraining Tim was interested in was if he could get into a college scholarship to become a doctor. It didn't take long before they stopped being *nice*. Shift switching turned to shifting him into a new team into random standby man-shifts to exclude him from shifts because troll equipment deliveries were in delay and without it they could not allow him to start his shifts. His performance reviews started to look grim and HR soon offered him to swap into stationary health care or maybe think about facility management. When the payment cuts came and lay off was imminent Tim gave up. The goodwill in him broke and emptying his locker, he burned all his DocWagon patches and papers. A short trip of job applications later, Tim Ichigo Müller took his first Run and turned into Concrete.

Personality:

- rude
- rough
- mistrusting
- solitary
- loyal
- principled
- team-minded

Racism killed it. A part of him died and he actually keeps saying Tim died. Now he is Concrete and while Concrete is still a medic he does take the Hippocratic Oath a little more liberally. While he works, everything has a price. Concrete is the best, foul-mouthed medic that might break your jaw after he successfully kept you from bleeding out. Every run has a price. Every bullet pulled from your flesh, every stitch to put it back together has a price. Everyone is mistrusted. But most of his earnings goes into the help of marginalized communities. He has home long since, he knows where to find them and while nobody he works with would believe you, Concrete drops money at orphanages, children's homes and schools, both official and off the book ones. He dies for the people he knows to be good but those numbers dwindle as the sixth world takes their victims and he is just a little terrible at making new friends that might match his dying, hidden beliefs of good in people. The most violent and antisocial Hooder in all the Shadows.

Tone: Medic with a shotgun and a tomahawk. If he's not stitching you up he's as sensitive as his namesake, the concrete of the street. Actively keeps people from getting close.

Goals and Fears: Concrete doesn't really have goals anymore besides finding good Runs and surviving them to make bank, so he can support those who still think they can change the world. God is dead, so is Optimism and he sure wouldn't mind that his old boss was, too. Hippocratic Oath or no.

He doesn't really have fears left either. He has no contact with his family anymore, drifting away even before he made his way into the Shadows and cut off entirely since then to leave no ties that could be followed. Sometimes he worries that he might snap again and lose the last of his values and join the ranks of people setting fire to the world.

The Making-of Concrete?

Concrete was created in one of my longest played Pen&Paper groups. When we felt we needed a break from the medieval fantasy of our main system DSA, the GM suggested Shadowrun and after reading a couple of articles and summaries, I was already hooked on the detailed lore and devoured the PDFs of every book. Shadowrun has been one of my top three systems ever since. It's an amazing mix of technology of the world we can already see and the fantasy of magic existing simultaneously and seeing elves, orcs and trolls in a modern, dystopian Cyberpunk world. If you're done with capes, fireballs and "*milords would thou*"s, switch to Shadowrun and take ballistic vests, fireballs and "*fk you chummer and eat drek!*"

The core elements to Concrete were that I wanted to make a troll but I wanted to make a healer, too, which was a bit of a dilemma at first, since trolls are one of the least magical metatypes and despite not being a minmaxer the stats did look very dire. But what might have been another counterpoint suddenly made it click. A group member who was going to play our Rigger, working with robots and drones, told me that if I really was going to play a troll, I couldn't go down, ever, because he could not buy anything that was powerful enough to carry me. And click it did. I immediately researched special units and task forces, conceptualized the idea with those base informations and added the possibilities of 2075, monofilament tomahawks, bioware body upgrades grown from your own tissue and googling stuff in the matrix because you have a chip in your head.

The result was Concrete. A team member experienced in medical support under extreme circumstances and combat, a huge hulking armored walking wall that can save you and bring you home. A one man phalanx. That insults you.