

Hi-Rez Studios
Rogue Company
Cannon Narrative Story

Summary

Cannon grew up in Kansas City on a diet of action movies, high-flying pro wrestling, and amazing barbecue. Following his dreams of operating a machinegun on an attack helicopter, Cannon joined the Army but discovered he was too large for the role. Instead, he proved himself as a competent infantryman providing suppressive fire for fellow troops, vehicles, and aircraft alike. After getting himself kicked out of the Army for doing something stupid, Cannon put himself through culinary school, where he excelled and became a chef. He spent his disposable income buying interesting guns until he was offered something special by Runway – an M249 Minigun that came with a special price tag – his commitment to join Rogue Company. Cannon accepted the offer and has been Rogue ever since, beloved by all for his good cheer, battle tactics, and barbecue ribs.

Narrative Story

Cannon grew up in Kansas City, Missouri on a diet of over-the-top action movies, high-flying pro wrestling, and some of the best barbecue the country could offer. Cannon spent a lot of time watching action flicks with his dad, enthralled by the escapades of the greatest actors of the day – Arnold Schwarzenegger, Roddy Piper, Sylvester Stallone, Wesley Snipes, and Jesse Ventura. The more action-packed the movie, the more Cannon loved it. He'd spend all day imagining taking out bad guys in dense jungle locales, relying on nothing but his skills to survive and an elite crew to back him up.

After graduating from high school, Cannon followed his dream of operating a machinegun on an attack helicopter and joined the US Army. He was much larger than his fellow recruits and not nearly as athletic, but he was loved by everyone for his cheerful attitude and managed to make it through Basic Combat Training despite some difficulties, like coming in at the very last passable second on the two-mile run, and constantly getting berated by his drill sergeant for his unkempt appearance.

Following boot camp, Cannon was sent to Advanced Individual Training where he discovered accuracy wasn't his strong suit. But he didn't care about being the best shot - he was just itching to start training inside a real helicopter. However, when it came time for him to get inside a Black Hawk's cabin, he discovered he was just... too big. Try as he might to make himself as small as possible, he couldn't fit inside – he had to bend his thick neck and hunch his massive shoulders over the mounted gun, dwarfing it in comparison and leaving little room for anyone else inside the chopper. It wasn't long before he was assigned to infantry.

Cannon was a bit bummed about not being able to follow his lifelong dream of soaring through the sky, blasting bad guys with a mounted machinegun, but he got over it pretty quickly – he was just happy to have somewhere he belonged. Cannon loved the camaraderie he felt within his platoon, and everyone else loved him too. His jovial attitude was infectious, and he managed to keep morale up in a way everyone instantly recognized.

While Cannon hadn't been the most amazing soldier in training – in fact, he was one of the worst – he still managed to make it out of AIT. On his first deployment overseas, he consistently proved himself a competent soldier in the field where he hefted an M249 Light Machinegun and kept hostiles at bay as he provided suppressive fire support for fellow troops, vehicles, and aircraft alike.

Back at base, Cannon loved cooking up some of the barbecue he missed so much from home – and he wasn't the only one who loved it. Cannon never made a small batch of ribs, so his fellow soldiers always got a taste. It wasn't long before Cannon was known all across the base for his good cheer, great ribs, and willingness to share.

One night while Cannon was cooking up another enormous feast, a soldier managed to bribe a quartermaster for a case of beer to go along with the ribs. Cannon and his fellow troops had a great time that night, eating and drinking their fill as they enjoyed a raucous celebration. More than a few of them had too much to drink – Cannon included. They ran through the base, acting like kids and being silly.

When Cannon suddenly found himself standing in front of a shining, battle-ready Black Hawk, he couldn't help himself. He rushed giddily over to the door, slid it open, and squeezed into the cabin, which somehow seemed even smaller than he remembered. But Cannon didn't care. He wedged himself behind the mounted gun, his hands on the grips as he panned the thing back and forth, making machinegun sounds with his mouth as he took out imagined enemies 60 feet below.

In his excited, drunken stupor, Cannon's fingers mistakenly squeezed the mounted machinegun's trigger, ripping a stream of bullets that blasted through a Humvee parked nearby. In moments the base was swarming with activity as everyone bolted from bed, ready to defend themselves from a late-night assault. But all they found was Cannon as he tried, very unsuccessfully, to escape the scene of the crime.

Cannon was thrown into the base's stockade before he was taken back to the US where he'd await trial. Everyone, including the base's commander, was sad to see him leave, for they'd all had a taste of not only Cannon's delicious ribs, but his joyful personality. The place would surely be less cheerful following his departure, but everyone understood it needed to be done – even Cannon.

During his court-martial, Cannon was forthright and expressed his sincere apologies for his actions. He was dealt with leniently and came away with no sentence, but was dishonorably discharged from the Army. Grateful he wouldn't have to serve any more time in the stockades, Cannon left the Army with his spirit intact, wondering what he would do now.

After spending some time back with his family, Cannon decided he'd pursue a career in cooking. After all, it made perfect sense – he loved food! He quickly registered for culinary school and got a job doing food prep in a local restaurant to pay for it.

Cannon surprised himself by doing well in school. He wasn't great on written tests, but he easily overshadowed his fellow students in the kitchen, combining explosive flavors that were as big as his personality. The hard work and elevated palette he exhibited throughout his schooling caused him to graduate at the top of his class with a wealth of job offers from some of the country's finest establishments.

As he moved up in the culinary world, Cannon eventually settled back in his hometown of Kansas City. He loved the culture, the food, and the reasonably lax firearms laws that let him spend his disposable income on some pretty fun toys – a few less legal than others. After he ran through a handful of dealers, he was eventually introduced to a woman known only as Runway, but she always managed to get him some of the rarest, most interesting guns he could dream of.

One day, Runway contacted Cannon telling him she wanted to meet up, offer him something special. She gave him the time and place, and Cannon was there – even a bit early for once in his life. He didn't know why, but he felt excited. When he arrived, Runway was already waiting for him. She opened the back of her large, black SUV to reveal a gleaming M134 Minigun – the weapon of Cannon's dreams. He asked how much it would cost and Runway said it wouldn't cost him any money. But it still had a price – that of his commitment to join Rogue Company and fight the forces that threatened the world.

Cannon could hardly believe the offer – he never imagined he'd get to see action again. He immediately accepted and has been a Rogue ever since, where he's beloved by all for his jovial attitude, his ability to distract enemies with the spray of his minigun, and his ribs. Especially his ribs.