

Jesiah Elden

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Species:	Nepleslian
Gender:	Male
Age:	23 Years
Height:	5'7" (1.7 m)
Weight:	148 lbs (67 kg aprox.)
Organization	Star Army of Nepleslia
Rank	Soldier Third Class
Occupation	General Infantry (Marines)
Current Placement	n/a

Jesiah in Roleplay

Jesiah Elden is currently the main [Player Character](#) of Fell and is without assignment.

Family Information

Mother: Elizabeth Elden, Age 40 **Father:** *Unknown, speculated local criminal*

Physical Characteristics

Build and Skin Color: Somewhat middling build, even slight to an extent. Despite mild "toning" thanks to military training, evidence of previous long-term malnourishment is obvious. Fair complexion bordering on pale, after years of lacking much natural light exposure.

Facial Features and Eye Color: Angular facial structure with a hard jaw line, clean shaven. Both nose and jaw have been obviously been broken in the past with a tell-tale scar marring his lower left cheek. Bluish-green eyes are both cybernetic prosthetics.

Hair color and Style: Dull, limp brown hair recently cut from below shoulder length to an inch or so beneath the ears (as long as could be allowed per military protocol).

Distinguishing Features: Beyond mild scar on left cheek and enhanced ocular implants, left hand is also a prosthesis. Of little sophistication, it provides negligible enhancement and also lacks any synthetic skin sheathing. Was fitted as a necessity following violent removal of original limb.

Cybernetic Prosthetics

Prosthetic Hand (left): Far from the more sophisticated prosthetics utilized by the military, the replaced hand (the original having been violently removed some years previous) affords little superiority to the original limb beyond obvious structural durability and minor enhancements in overall strength and dexterity. Lacking a layer of synthetic skin and flesh, it is also aesthetically inferior: sharp and skeletal, it's truly a "low-shelf" attachment.

Vision Enhancement (both eyes): Like the cybernetic hand, the two prosthetic eyes are - while lacking in most features top-of-the-line models flaunt - slightly more sophisticated than the hand. The eyes provide mid-range low light vision and minor telescopic zoom.

Psychological Characteristics

The following catalogues personality profile and subject history.

Personality

It's difficult to know what you can expect of Jesse. A man who makes no secret of what he is or what he enjoys, he nonetheless projects an aura that seems to pose the question "is this really all there is to him?". With a grin always waiting at the corner of his mouth and an almost disarmingly amiable demeanor, it might be a little shocking to find oneself a bit less guarded around him than one would probably like. Jesse takes his pleasure from the simpler things in life - a stiff drink, a willing woman, a good nap - and seems to care for very little beyond that. It's therefore not so easy to notice his eyes lack the humor of his smile and that quiet, throaty laugh is a little sharper and meaner than it is good-natured and friendly.

Jesse takes everything in stride; giant, slow paced strides. He has the world's longest fuse, and while it might take ages to burn the explosive it's attached to could be world-shattering. He'd rather smile at an insult or continue an ill-timed joke than take offense - at least on the surface. This attitude extends beyond the usual social situations to present even in combat. To find him laughing under fire or deriving joy in a well-placed shot or close-range kill is certainly not uncommon.

Likes: Nepleslian liquor, women of ill repute, brawling, "magic" tricks, sleeping. **Dislikes:** Cheap booze, unreceptive ladyfolk, punishments that exceed the transgression, writing reports. **Goals:** To not lose any more limbs or his life to criminals.

History

Growing up on Nepleslia is growing up in the middle of constant war: local gangs vying for dominance on their little slice of Hell, criminal organizations aiming for the throne at the top of their garbage heap, and law enforcement trying to keep it all from bubbling over and scalding the rest of the world. It's impossible to live in a stagnant pond and not get wet.

And soaked through to the bone is Jesse Elden. Born to Elizabeth Elden, he might have enjoyed a relatively safe and satisfying lifestyle with the white-collar parents of his mother had they not taken issue with their daughter's unfortunate pregnancy and left her to the wolves of Nepleslia. With nowhere to turn, mother and fatherless son were welcomed into a communal housing block of some acquaintances. Even given (or perhaps in spite of) their circumstances, they wanted for little: Jesse grew into a precocious, excitable boy and Elizabeth secured various means of reputable employment to keep them above the waves.

Still, it's hard to live that close to the bottom and not be influenced. Like nearly all young teens living outside of privilege, Jesse soon found himself dabbling in the street life of gangs and petty crime with the other youth of his community. Never really distinguishing himself as any sort of criminal, he did develop an aptitude for exceptional dexterity that presented in sleight-of-hand and pick-pocketing games among friends. Not a day went by when he didn't return with some new prize for his hard-working mother; anything from bracelets to hats were subject to his silly thievery. More often than not, she'd thank him for the courtesy and ensure he try to return them. Not a day went by when he didn't return with some new bruise, either. Broken noses and black eyes were as common as the little gifts he'd return with.

Friendly cliques and silly games soon blossomed into roving gangs and misdemeanors. His skill with his hands afforded Jesse some semblance of protection in these larger gangs, so long as he was on call when something needed to be broken into or pilfered. As he aged and noticed things growing increasingly desperate among the increasingly dangerous gangs, Jesse alone retained his sense of boyish glee. While friends became grave and solemn or brutal and mean, he always had that smile and humorous streak, though deep down he found himself working to accommodate these new developments. When the group found a freelance "doctor" offering cheap implants for gangs and small-scale criminal families, he joined them in getting new eyes. It was a decision he mildly regretted.

It was his early twenties that offered a glimpse into what future this life might hold for him. After a rather violent defeat and robbery at the hands of another roving gang, Jesse - with characteristic aplomb - set out to follow them and retrieve his ill-gotten gains. His hands hadn't failed him, and picking his stolen wallet from the perpetrator's pocket proved surprisingly easy. Skipping away with a grin and his goods, he hadn't made it halfway around the block before they were on him.

Some cultures are particularly merciless in their punishment of minor crimes. For stealing back what was stolen from him, Jesse lost the offending hand to a dirty notched knife. When he screamed, they shattered his jaw.

It took a considerable amount of money (most of what his mother had, at least) to purchase even the most rudimentary prosthesis: one that can replicate only slightly better the functions of the original limb. Angry and resentful, mostly with himself, he set out to get any kind of vengeance he could against such ruthless treatment. He never achieved it. The closest he came was breaking a whiskey bottle across the face of an unsuspecting gangster before he was sent running for his life, which he was sure they'd take this time in place of the other hand.

Nepleslia was looking less and less appealing to him as those following weeks and months went on. Previously friendly and almost childlike to an extent, he found the nature of this lifestyle on Nepleslia, the corrupt politicking he'd used to pay no heed to, and the spiral his world seemed to be inevitably draining through depressing and vexing. Growing cynical and sardonic, and with the constant risk of danger to himself and his mother and the community that had taken them in, Jesse sought and found a solution.

It was somewhat recently that Nepleslia seceded from the Yamatai Star Empire and began to organize and create its own place at the table. With few other options and no desire to try his hand at working with any other criminal element, Jesse bid farewell to his mother (with a promise to send as generous a stipend as he could) and set out to enlist in the Star Army of Nepleslia.

Skills

Fighting: Jesse has always been a natural scrapper, and rigorous military training has served to at least adequately compliment those abilities to the point where his skills place him on par with other “graduates” of said regimen (though he has the tendency to allow such training to take a backseat to his instinct for “brawling”). Ability to handle firearms ranging from pistols to rifles and including thrown explosives or other minor incendiary devices is well above average, though he's by no means a marksman. Shows a particular affinity (though no exceptional skill) with land-based power armor.

Physical: A life on the run (whether from spurned criminals or law enforcement) will very quickly leave one in either great physical condition or the hospital. Jesse learned early in his youth that he'd be better served by fast legs than strong arms (though having both helped). Fleet-footed since his youth (though lacking endurance), military training served to strengthen his musculature to the point of withstanding periods of extended intense activity with ease.

Survival: Growing up with roving street-gangs and criminal organizations constantly at war with authority – and by extension, their lawful enforcers – in heavily industrial areas provides one with a certain instinct to “persevere”. A knack for slipping out of wrong places at wrong times and keeping safe in decidedly unsafe environments only served to accentuate military training for surviving deployment in hostile territory as well as guerrilla tactics (a subject he took specific liking to).

Strategy (tactics/discipline): Anyone involved in even a small-scale gangfight understands the importance of working in tandem with the man at your back. Perhaps despite that, Jesse's never exactly had any abundance of discipline though extensive training has at least somewhat remedied that (he's certainly not insubordinate or unresponsive to command by any means). Has passable skill in recognizing and issuing tactical commands and improved battlefield teamwork, and while he has some trouble with basic mathematics it has yet to prove troublesome or to be anything beyond a non-issue.

Communication: Something entirely foreign to him upon joining the military, Jesse nonetheless caught on to basic communications with a fair amount of ease. Can write and speak in fluent English, though providing formal and professional reports can occasionally prove taxing (stemming from lack of scholastic training). Readily proficient in non-verbal forms of communication and order relay/recognition.

Rogue: Every little budding criminal knew, at the least, some minor tricks of the trade. Jesse was no different: while not by any means a master thief, he excels in sleight-of-hand, often entertaining himself with minor “magic” tricks such as pulling a coin from behind someone's ear or a card from up his sleeve (which left him fairly unpopular with many gambling dens, most players being cheats themselves). Most simple locks are hardly an obstacle for his lock-picking expertise, though it's not likely anything beyond junkyards or old warehouses would utilize such low-tech locking systems. His one instance of real “pick-pocketry” left him with a particular bad impression, and he's resolved to try and steer clear of such thievery in the future.

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