

# Cyril Sevyn

Cyril Sevyn	
Species:	Nepleslian
Gender:	Male
Age:	26
Family (or Creators):	Haidar Sevyn (father, 51) Ainsley Sevyn (mother, 49) Nasir Sevyn (brother, 17)
Zodiac Sign:	-
Height:	152cm
Weight:	59 kg
Organization:	SMDIN, Engineering Corps
Rank:	Soldier, 3rd Class
Occupation:	Technical Sentry
Current Placement:	<a href="#">Cirrur Station</a>

## Cyril's Voice

[Cyril's Accent](#)

## Cyril Sevyn in Roleplay

Cyril Sevyn is a [Player Character](#) played by [Kevyn](#) currently assigned to Cirrus Station.

## Physical Characteristics

Height: 152cm Mass: 59 kg

**Build and Skin Colour:** Cyril is a lanky individual, largely due to the fact that he was born and raised in low grav. Like most of his father's side of the family he has dark, almost brown skin.

**Facial Features and Eye Colour:** Cyril has a strong nose and prominent cheeks. His eyes are cybernetic, incorporating magnification and light enhancement. Structurally, they look normal, but the sclera is metallic gray and the irises are faintly luminescent neon green.

**Hair Colour and Style:** Cyril wears his dark brown hair short, mostly due to practical considerations.

**Distinguishing Features:** He has replaced his left arm with a cybernetic enhancement incorporating basic tools for engine work (cutter, fine manipulators, probes of various size, flash light), both to keep his tools perpetually at hand and to provide a rock steady platform for work. In addition to the arm, he has had his left shoulder blade and vertebral column reinforced, to keep him from accidentally ripping his arm (or shoulder, or spine...) off. He has a mechendrite (a mildly prehensile mechanical tentacle, or tail in

this instance, capped with various types of manipulator or instrumentation) sprouting from his tailbone, which he tends to use it as a sort of 'kickstand' in addition to practical considerations. He has a mnemonic chip holding schematics for the ship's systems.

## Psychological Characteristics

**Personality:** Cyril was born with a mild anti-authoritarian streak, but since joining the army it has been mitigated by a) training and b) being encouraged to shoot at people. Now, he only really bristles at people telling him how to work on *his* engines. This has led to some clashes with his superior officers, and some minor disciplinary actions.

Off duty, Cyril tends to be very laid back, and has a broad irreverent streak. On duty he generally keeps this under wraps, though the irreverence boils through in times of stress.

Though he would not term it as such, Cyril has some transhumanist leanings. The flesh is weak but the steel is strong and all that.

**Likes:** Engines, Classic Trance Music, Microgravity, Close Spaces **Dislikes:** Natural Surface Environments, People Messing With *His* Engines **Goals:** Cyril ultimately wants to make Chief Propulsion Engineer

## History

### Pre-RP

Cyril was born to a family of yard dogs over Nepleslia. He was born on one of the orbital habitats housing the shipyard workers and didn't actually set foot on the surface of a planet until he was nine years old. He has been helping on the shipyards for most of his life, starting when he was just eight years old. At first, he was simply a gofer and a tool passer, and later a basic laborer. But on his seventeenth birthday, he was taken in as an apprentice to one of the engine mechanics. Cyril had always shown great aptitude for engines, and seven years of apprenticeship only honed his natural feel for the great machines that pushed ships across the void.

It was during his tenure as an apprentice that he received first cybernetic enhancement. As the result of a slipped brace and someone kicking the wrong part of a loose stanchion, his left arm was crushed between ninety kilos of composite and a blast door. In order to continue working, he had to have a cybernetic installed. While expensive, it wasn't exactly crippling especially as some of the bigger dirtside living costs weren't really encountered in habitat. Even better, as it was an industrial accident, the yard was footing a good chunk of the bill. Once he got used to the occasional sensation of steel rubbing against steel in his spine as the reinforcements were worn in, he found that the cybernetic really made his job easier. Over the next few years, his admittedly limited income went towards further enhancements, including a prehensile tail and full replacement of his eyes.

He joined the Star Military of Nepleslia on a drunken bet/debate after completing his apprenticeship. He

decided to go through with training simply for the chance to play around with the biggest and best engines in the Nepleslia. He completed basic with a thoroughly average grade, and went on to the Engineering Corps where he was trained in the maintenance and repair of military grade engines.

While his stint in basic was mostly unremarkable, with only a minor incident involving a latrine and the chemical heater from a ration pack, his tenure at the Engineering Corps school was rather more colourful. While he excelled at engine maintenance and general mechanical repair, he became peripherally involved in a series of events that left one instructor with severe claustrophobia and two recruits drummed out of the service before they could finish training. While he had no real connection to the incidence itself, he was sufficiently connected to the perpetrators for the staff to make sure that he was given the most dead-end posting available.

When he finished training, rather than getting the ship posting he had been hoping for, Cyril found himself slated for a research station at the ass-end of nowhere.

## **Service Record**

### **Cirrus Station**

-Security Detail-

-mission name-

-mission description-

## **Skills**

### **Maintenance and Repair**

Years of apprenticeship and specialized training has honed his innate sense for how a starship engine 'feels'. While he generally has no idea of the theories behind their operation, there has yet to be an engine made that Cyril can't figure the operation of, given enough time to study (tinker with) it. In addition, the time he spent in his formative years as a yardhand taught him much about basic repair of the physical structure of a commercial ship. Training at the SMDIN Engineering Corps school also provided him with a grounding in the general maintenance of the ships and stations of the Star Military.

### **Technology Operation**

Cyril is familiar with the operation of the standard military and civilian computer and network systems of the Nepleslian Empire.

## Mathematics

Cyril knows the calculations for engine efficiency ratings and the like off by heart, as well being able to calculate space usage with just a pen and paper.

## Fighting

Due to the occasionally violent nature of most business on Nepleslia, especially in the 'blue collar' segment of society, Cyril has picked up some skill with firearms and brawling. His subsequent training in Basic, and to a lesser extent the Engineering Corp, improved this basic foundation. While he's no Marine, he can hold his own in a fight. Cyril has an almost obscene enthusiasm for automatic weapons.

## Physical

Given the rather cramped conditions an engineer and yard rat encounter, Cyril is something of a contortionist. He able to fit himself into remarkably cramped conditions with only moderate effort. This is aided by the fact that he can take off an arm if he has to. Due to spending literally thousands of hours in micrograv and vacuum, Cyril can move in nul gee as if he was born in it and wears [spacesuits](#) as if they were a second skin.

## Rogue

As the result of the borderline criminal nature of many Nepleslian yard dogs coupled a sense of survival, Cyril is skilled at bypassing blast doors and airlocks. He's acquired an extensive knowledge of the relevant control runs in may of the most common classes of commercial and older military ships for just such a purpose. After all, if you're on the outside of an airlock with a nearly empty suit, you want to be able to get in in a hurry, even if they don't want you there.

## Vehicles

While not rated, Cyril is a proficient pilot of the small utility shuttles and skiffs used in microgravity construction environments.

## Inventory

## Issued

## Uniform

2 Button-up short-sleeved overshirt, blue, with rank patches on shoulder pads and name plate 4 [T-Shirts](#), white 4 underwear, white 2 Blue jeans 1 Garrison hat, blue, with flash patch 1 pair of finger-cut gloves, leather, brown 1 pair of shoes, brown 6 pair boot [Socks](#), white 1 double-strap belt, brown

## Bunkwear

2 T shirt, white, with fleet number on the right chest 2 Pairs of ankle length pajama pants, blue 1 Pair of slip-on flexi-shoes, brown

## Workout/Swim

2 Short-sleeved mocks with fleet number on the right chest, blue 2 Work-out shorts, light blue 1 Pair of trunks, blue, fleet number on right leg

## Weapons, Weapon Accessories

1 Pistol belt, brown, with .45 holster 1 Pistol, [Styrling Silver Special .45 Caliber](#), with 2 extra magazines

## Accessories

1 pair of identification tags, metal, with name and hometown 1 [Canteen](#), 1 quart 1 [AwesomeCorp DataJockey](#)

## Personal

- Coat, 'Hampton High Shipyards'
- 1 pair shoes, traction, black
- 2 blue mechanic's trousers
- 3 [T-Shirts](#), black
- Engraved Lighter
- Leather Wallet, Holding; Civilian Identification, Military Identification, Electronic Money Card

## Finances

Cyril Sevyn is currently a Soldier, 3rd Class in the Star Military of the Democratic Imperium of Nepleslia, Engineering Corps. He receives a weekly salary of 50 KS per week.

Total Savings	Addition	Subtraction	Reason
6000 KS			Starting Funds
10050 KS	4050		Pay to Date

Character Data	
Character Name	Cyril Sevyn
Character Status	Inactive Player Character

Nepleslian Personnel Database System	
Career Status	Active Duty
Branch	NSMC
Rank	Private

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Last update: **2024/02/21 01:35**

