

# Deidre Kirsty NicAlasdair

Deidre is an [Nepleslian](#) played by [Soresu](#).

Deidre Kirsty NicAlasdair			
Pronunciation:	Dee-Drhe Kurs-tay Nick-Alas-dare		
Species:	<a href="#">Nepleslian</a>	Born:	<a href="#">YE 12</a>
Gender:	Female	Height:	5'6" / 170.18 cm.
Age:	27 YE	Weight:	115 lb. / 52.15 kg.
Current Placement			
Currently Awaiting the Fianplot name. Proprietor of <a href="#">Deidre's Huge Rack of Guns</a>			

## Deidre's Voice and Theme

Theme (Normal): [Flogging Molly - The Devil's Dance Floor](#)

Voice : [Rose Leslie](#)

## Physical Characteristics

- **Species:** [Nepleslian](#)
- **Gender:** Female
- **Age:** 27 YE
- Height: 5'6" / 170.18 cm.
- Mass: 115 lb. / 52.15 kg
- Measurements: 27A-26-31 in / 68-66-78cm

## General View

- **Handedness:** Right
- **Build:** Slender arms and legs with sleek muscle tone. Femininity while not lacking is not “top heavy” instead concentrated more in the tapered waist and hips.
- **Skin Color:** Slight Tan
- **Facial Features:** Small nose and chin, slightly pouty lips. Face is heart shaped with a little more fullness to the cheeks.

- **Eye color:** Bright Green.
- **Hair color and Style:** An almost rust color red. Semi-Long (Reaching the middle of the shoulder blade) usually left to fly free, otherwise kept in a messy sort of pin-up style or loose ponytail.
- **Special:** Deidre has a light dusting of freckles about her body. As a result of of her 'hunting' of the Kennewein Alligator, she lost one of her arms all the way up to and a little past the shoulder blade. As a result she has a full cybernetic replacement of both the shoulderblade and right arm. All of which is sheathed in synth-skin.

## Mental Characteristics

### Personality

Crude, Rude, and snarky. Deidre takes pride in her job and even more in the weaponry she makes herself. Often easily irritated over the most trifling matter unless she's had “a good day.” She won't shy from fights if they present themselves to her and can even be a bit of a cunning individual when in a scrap (Dirty fighter.). Deidre's job is her life, and to that end she will always try to provide a quality product if she can, or if she spots an easy mark will bid up. Like most of her clan she is fond of drinking, parties and brawls, even if she is just watching them.

### Preferences and Goals

- **General Likes:** Cheesecake, Alcohol, Guns, Brawls, Explosives, Darts, Some Sports.
- **General Dislikes:** Obnoxious People, Lecherous Men, Dark Chocolate
- **Religion:** Unknown
- **Sexuality:** Bi
- **Goals:** To make and sell her guns while expanding her business.

## History

### Family

Name	Relation	Age	Status
Connor MacAlasdair	Father	49 YE	Deceased
Caitlin O'Brien	Mother	47 YE	Alive
Tycus MacAlasdair	Brother	29 YE	Alive
Fiona NicAlasdair	Sister	8 YE	Alive

## Pre-RP History

Prior to her life on a backwater planet, and in [a small city](#), she lived on the world of [Kennewes](#). In a small city/town called Cliamain's Hollow. A place toward the northern polar regions where the swamp wasn't so prevalent. Instead replaced by more rocky terrain with many peat bogs. It was a wonderful place to Deidre and the Alasdair clan for they crowded it and caused it to expand rapidly. There Connor, Deidre's late father met Deidre's mother, Caitlin. The pair raised three children, Tycus, the oldest, and Deidre the middle child and Fiona the youngest.

When the eldest of the pair's children was eighteen, he left the family home and world of Kennewes enlisting himself in the Red Army. A year later his mother followed suit for unforeseen circumstances. In the end it was a serious blow to the father/husband and daughters/sisters they left behind even tarnishing their names slightly amongst the clan. Connor pressed on however as he was now a single parent. The former soldier did the best he could with his remaining children even proud as one seemed to have an affinity for the family trade: gun smithing and the other for woodcarving. Deidre's father would soon attempt to open his own business years later as she turned seventeen. It was a worthwhile endeavor in Connor's eyes as a way to both ensure his remaining child had a future and to keep himself busy.

One night the patriarch of the family was celebrating his good fortune as he'd obtained enough money to do just that. Connor, celebrating in typical Nepleslian fashion got himself good and drunk and like a marine, in a brawl. The pair of liquored up fighters tumbled into the swamp close by the local pub. For Deidre, the last time she would see her father was as she herself was celebrating the man's fortune with good cheer in much the same manner as he. However, Connor, met his fate at the jaws of a rather large Kennewein Alligator a noted species that dwelt within the swamps and were both revered and feared for the enormous size in which they could grow to.

Luck would have it the other man would survive with a pair of legs now missing in recompense for starting the fight. A day later as Deidre got the news, she did what any girl in her situation would do (At least in her eyes.). She grabbed the largest gun she could and after hours of hunting found and killed the creature. Losing an arm to it was payment enough to her to warrant its death and she got her wish even managing to saw its head off before losing consciousness from blood loss and shock.

Sometime later, and now with a new cybernetic arm, Deidre collected what was now rightfully her's and her sister's. The money Connor was going to both use to build his dream, and to set aside for his children on the day of his passing. The Alasdair pair almost complied with his wishes of setting up shop on Kennewes before hearing of the [Francia Project](#). She bid the rest of the Alasdair clan a fond farewell as she packed up her belongings, gathered her inheritance and headed toward what she felt was a better opportunity than Kennewes could offer with her sibling in tow. Deidre'd been right. The world was inhabited by alien megafauna of various types. The farmers and colonists of the small community had been ill-prepared for it which Deidre in her wisdom had prepared for herself by selling to them the various firearms she'd purchased along the way to her destination.

[Deidre's Huge Rack of Guns<sup>1\)</sup>](#) was the first business to open on the planet and by the time others had arrived, was firmly entrenched in more ways than one.

# Skills

## Demolitions

In Deidre's line of work the making and handling of explosives is fairly commonplace for the average Nepleslian gunsmith. She is capable of producing an assortment of chemical based explosives, devices or munitions if she has the materials. While no great master of the higher order of explosives such as plasma, or anti-matter she understands their uses and the dangers they pose. As a matter of pride she doesn't use them instead focusing more on the tried and true method of blowing someone up.

## Engineering (Gun Smithing)

Deidre has had a special love for all things that go boom and bang. As such she has devoted much time and effort into learning the secret arts of gun manufacturing. She is fully capable of making personal weaponry found throughout the Democratic Imperium as well as the munitions they utilize. Her abilities go further how ever as she also designs and builds her own custom weaponry. Be it from scratch, or off a pre-existing design including a healthy knowledge of the materials used for their construction and how to make them.

## Maintenance and Repair

Deidre has a competence in the maintenance and repair of most chemical (gunpowder, launchers etc etc) weaponry. Including vehicular repairs.

## Mathematics

While no great lover of math, it is essential for measuring the correct amount of gunpowders and explosive material. As such Deidre is versed in math up to and pertaining to Algebra and Trigonometry. While branching into statistics and even accounting to round out her knowledge base.

## Fighting

Being a Nepleslian, and a Frank, Deidre knows how to defend herself if the need arises. She is a bit of a brutal brawler, knowing how to box or 'street-fight' rather well from her years on Kennewes. Even then knowing your way around a gun was essential as well with the near constant wars on the planet. This resulted in Deidre having an aptitude for solid munition weaponry such as rifles and pistols, being able to utilize them with some degree of finesse as she also makes them for a living it was sort of a no-brainer.

## Survival

If you live on Francia, you need to learn the ebb and flow of its flora and fauna, its seasons and the weather. Like all Franks, Deidre learned the brutal truth of this as she was forced to learn the art of survival. Finding water, hunting, land navigation, signaling and even shelter construction were all integral in those early days. And Deidre did not skimp on learning these skills.

## Humanities

Being a shopkeeper, Deidre is well versed in the “Art of the Deal.” and sociological nuances of everyday life on the world and applies this to her work to make a buck.

## Inventory

### Clothing

- Large Number of different [T-Shirts](#).
- Large Number of different shorts of various cuts and styles.
- Six Pairs of Jeans, different stylings.
- Ten Pairs of Panties, different stylings. (I'm not spelling it out for you!)
- Six Bras, different colors.
- Seven Pairs of [Socks](#).
- One brown bomber jacket with her father's old rank and regiment patch.
- Two [scarves](#), Striped, blue and pink, and green and black.
- One Pair of Hiker's Boots (Mammoth Hide) with a steel toe.

### Vehicles

- [Retro-Style Lo-Moto, Motorcycle](#)
- [Heavy Duty Off-Road Truck, Fusion Powered](#)

### Weapons

- One [HHG .460 Deidre Special](#)

### Pets

- One [Junker Drone: 'Gillie'](#)
- One Rok'Veruian Rottweiler: 'MacDougall' <sup>2)</sup>

Funds

10,000 DA

OOC Notes

Soresu is on hiatus and has stated that this character may not be adopted.

Character Data	
Character Name	Deidre Kirsty NicAlasdair
Character Owner	<a href="#">Soresu</a>
Character Status	Inactive Player Character

<sup>1)</sup> Both a sore point for her as she lacks in this area, and as a selling point to draw in customers for misleading information regarding said area.

<sup>2)</sup>

The Rok'Veruian Rottweiler is a large dog, standing at around four feet tall. Originally bred to be a guard dog, these animals have fairly thick hides and a rather vicious bite force and strong teeth.

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