

# Archival "Mad" De Florres

Archival is a [Character](#) played by [Jimmy](#).

Archival De Florres



Species:	Nepleslian
Gender:	Male
Age:	57
Zodiac Sign:	Pisces
Height:	169 cm
Weight:	85kg
Organization:	Independant
Occupation:	Huntsman
Rank:	N/A
Current Placement:	
Orders:	

[Archivals voice.](#)

## Physical Characteristics

Height: 169 cm Mass: 85kg

**Build and Skin Color:** Archival has a slightly podgy build from the luxuries of life, alcohol abuse has left the first signs of liver spots on his hands and his skin appears weathered and beaten from all the harsh environments he's explored hunting for game. Despite his appearance he's surprisingly fit.

**Facial Features and Eye Color:** Archival has a pair of short mutton chops and a thick moustache which are both greying, he has a double chin on a wide, amiable face. His eyes are a dark, almost hazel, brown under large, fluffy grey eyebrows.

**Hair Color and Style:** Whatever colour is left is remarkably faded, most of his hair mixed between grey and white. He wears it long for a Nepleslian and slicked back with oil, although this may be just to hide a bald spot. The hair itself appears to be about 11-13cm long, excluding the mutton chops and 'stache.

**Distinguishing Features:** Archival first appears helpless, his wide build often surprising would-be assailants when he takes up the challenge.

## Psychological Characteristics

**Personality:** Archival is quite courteous with those around him in normal environments, but has a habit of getting bored with the inane social chatter he was raised on. It's only on the hunt that his more sociopathic side comes out, the calling to take down the biggest prize he can almost overpowering self-preservation. He spends his time searching for the next big hunt, always looking for a new trophy to add to his collection.

**Likes:** Drinks, music, rifles, tea, and sharing exciting tales. **Dislikes:** Inane chatter, those who don't appreciate the finer things, and those who don't like tea (even with two sugars). **Goals:** To always take down the next big game, not for fame or glory, but the thrill of the hunt.

**Quirks:** Loves collecting little trinkets from his kills and displaying them on mounts, he also tends to obsess over his equipment, making sure it's perfect down to the last level.

## History

### Family

Father: Percival De Florres Mother: Allica De Florres

## Pre-RP

Archival was born into the highly exclusive club of upper-class Nepleslian society, away from the streets and hustle, where he enjoyed life. The son of a sewage processor owner, life was privileged if undistinguished. It was on his first game hunt with his uncle at six that his calling first started appearing, despite only having a sling he tracked down a fox on the uncle's estate and hit it. Rather than helpfully expire, the fox came back and attacked him, leaving a set of scars on his left arm as an adult from teeth.

After managing to slink back to the family estate for a quick rabies shot he idly began looking at foxes and their natural patterns through a variety of information sources until later that week when he ventured back out. His uncle still keeps the pelt on his wall, and Archie had added the first trophy tooth to his collection.

Afterwards this incident grew into a minor naturalist interest but he never really focused on hunting until puberty. By this time he was trusted with a small shotgun of his own, and was a damn good shot with it. His mother always fussed when she saw the grisly amateur trophies he liked to stash in his room.

Things accelerated as he became a young adult and would often disappear for days on excursions in as many off-planet habitats and climates as he could reach under his fathers reign. Then came the crunch, his father, sick of his son's worrying past-time interfering with his education, demanded that Archival stop this recklessness and inherit the family business.

Archival tried, he really did. He attended balls and overlooked his fathers business, even began courting a young woman. But finally he snapped, sold all his belongings (as well as a few of his fathers) and disappeared into the night, infuriating his father to no end. After repeated calls for him to return, as well as a few for his arrest by this stage, he severed all contact with his parents and continued his unending journey hunting the biggest mega-fauna he could find on as many planets as he could reach. Often selling parts of the creatures he killed to continue his habit.

He's spent the rest of his life wandering from planet to planet on cheap tickets, enjoying strong alcohol and dubious company. Occasionally taking on bounties and other odd-jobs in protection gigs during longer spells away from the hunt, but his passion has always been the big game.

## RP

# Skills

## Firearms

Shooting from a young age, Archie is a master with the rifle. Specifically gunpowder based rifles, military lasers and railguns being out rather out his limited finances, he has used a variety of these weapons throughout his career and often develops intimate knowledge of each of them. He makes sure he's completely acclimatised to a new rifle before taking it on the prowl. He can use other civilian weapons competently but his real passion is the rifle.

Aside from ballistics he's also learned many secondary skills to shooting, such as positioning, hiding muzzle flash and camouflaging his position.

## Survival

From hunting predatory Man-Eating Manatee in the swamps of Kennewes, to the majestic flying Omnivipters of Delsauria and the sewer-dwelling Super Crocidilidus beneath Funky City, Archie has seen it all. While not having a complete knowledge of all the worlds he's seen, he can recite more stories of close-calls and arduous treks all day.

## Fitness

Despite near lifelong alcohol abuse and bad food Archie is surprisingly mobile for his shape, when incensed by the hunt he'll squeeze, throw and leap himself almost anywhere trying to get the perfect shot. He's certainly fit enough to run really fast when he has to.

## Rogue

Master of stealth, somewhat. Archie is a master stalker who's been known to wait for days almost invisible and indistinguishable from surrounding foliage or cover. Archie believes in becoming one with his environment, not only blending in with his surroundings but he also very quickly begins to smell like them. It is not unwise to stay away from him after his longer hunts until he hits the showers.

## Biology

Starting as a boy, Archie often observes the behaviour of his chosen prey very closely, learning its place in the ecosystem and how it hunts and moves. Most of his targets being large predators he's become quite knowledgeable about the ways predatory creatures will move on their prey and how they live. Some of this knowledge extends to other creatures as well and natural concepts as well.

## Culinary

Serving tea is a precise business and, while Archie no longer follows the strict social niceties he was raised in, standards must maintained. Refusing to drink his tea can be regarded as a personal insult as he sees it as a social occasion, he also often uses to slow down younger persons to have a chat if he doesn't feel like keeping up with them. A lifelong drinking habit also gives Archie knowledge of a vast assortment of exotic cocktails that he can serve.

## Knowledge

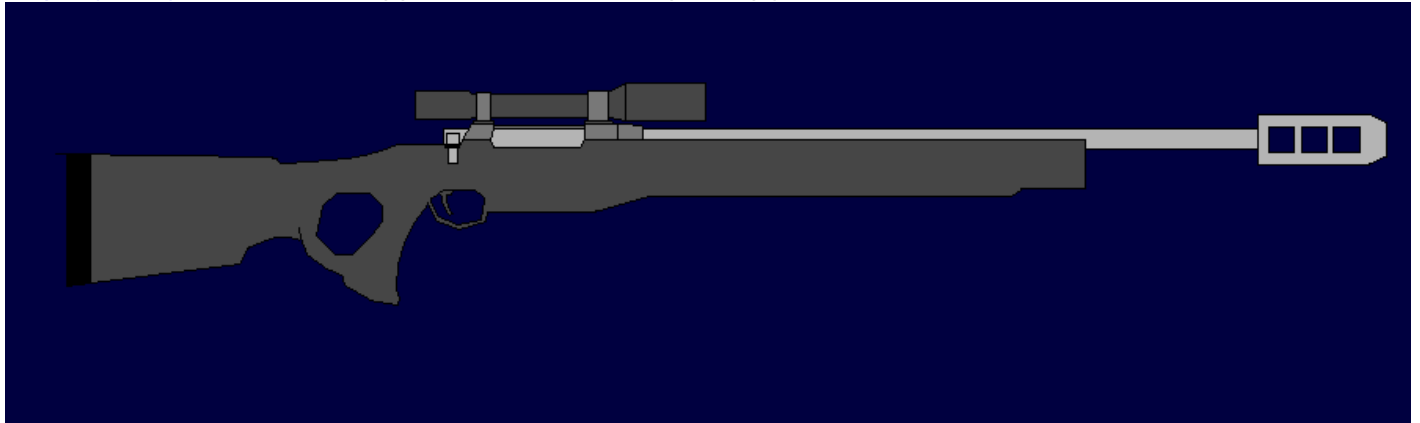
Archies age and wide travelling have given him a wealth of experience to draw from, and while he sometimes prattles on his memory remains quite sharp. This pool of experience ranges from local hangouts in various cities and planets to ancient opera and modern hunting equipment.

## Inventory

### Items

Large khukri style knife with treated ivory handle taken from one of his kills. Used for collecting trophies.

[Styrling Longbolt](#) with full suppression kit and body kit upgrade.



45 10 x 58mm standard ammo. 18 10 x 58mm HE ammo. Black [Steenplast](#) Rifle Case, foam lining, holds 5 clips.

Battered old [Zen Armaments 10mm Covert Ops Pistol](#). Found on [Kennewes](#). Heavily scratched body, as though something had been chewing on it. [ODM 10mm Pistol](#) with faded matte-grey surface. Three magazines. 60 [10 x 25mm KZ](#) rounds. Fifty(50) in magazines. Three(3) ODM magazines, one(1) CovOps magazine.

[Styrling SBS-23 "Nepleslian TV Remote"](#) 45 8 gauge shotgun shells.

### Clothing

Old, well used pith helmet with faded dark camo scheme. A ring of various sized teeth and fangs decorate the outside, all darkened with age. Old, modified combat jacket, faded with IR dampening material hung in short reeves from it. Faded, dark grey brick pattern camouflage. Old, heavily stained and slightly stinky combat trousers. Similar to jacket. Well-worn hiking [Boots](#) with coloured soles. Brown leather mag belt with four spare rifle clips. Brand new. Black forearm shell holder with 4 shells worn on right arm.

## Electronics

- Electronic Money Card

## Other Items

## Finances

Total Savings	Addition	Subtraction	Reason
2200DA			Starting Funds

## Random Chat Log

<Jimmy> Hey Shotty, what do you think about a civilian hunter running around in a pith hat with the name Archival "Mad" De Florres? <Jimmy> **Stiff upper lip** "Otherwise known as The Grey Wolf, pleased to make your acquaintance, sir." <Luca> <Luca> "And I'm just plain 'Wolf'." <Jimmy> <Archie> "Ha! Young jester, what? Now how 'bout we make these NMX chaps dine on lead, what what!" <Luca> <Luca> "With haste, old man!" <Jimmy> <Archie> "Tally ho!" [ <Jimmy> Although I think some Neps would translate that as "Count hoes." ] <Jimmy> <Archie> "I dear say, I wasn't antcipating this many blighter when I come over, what! Hardly any game worth hunting at all." <Jimmy> <Archie> "Where's a good tentacle monster when you need it? I can't leave without something to put on my mount." <Luca> <Luca> "I try not to be choosy. Pass me that grenade launcher, will you?" <Jimmy> <Archie> "Here, good sir." <Luca> <Luca> "Thanks." **flicks up sight, takes aim** "Ahem -" **David Attenborough Voice** "Here we have the Mishhuvurthyar in its natural habitat of decadence, decay and complete disregard for other species." <Luca> <Luca> **THOOMP - BOOM!!** "Now it is in a million pieces. That concludes the segment. Questions?" <Jimmy> <Archie> "I say, a fine shot, young fellow." [23:58] <Luca> <Luca> "Thanks. I think that got their attention." **hears shrieks of anger** "We'd better skedaddle before they regroup." <Jimmy> <Archie> "So it appears, I shall see if this calls forth any larger creatures. Good hunting!" **Skedaddles into a building to survey the response.** <Luca> **holds up a mishmash of twenty grenades tied with duct tape to each other and supported by a long stick, like a potato masher** <Luca> <Luca> "Certainly!" **pulls pin, leaves it behind and runs as the Mishhu go after him.**

<Jimmy> **Twenty minutes later they meet up again. Archie looking distinctly powdery.** <Luca> <Luca> "'lo Archibald von Archibaldinson. Good hunting?" <Jimmy> <Archie> "I dear say, you again young whelp? Your little trick last we met almost crushed me beneath a building, what! Good for the legs though, I say!" <Luca> <Luca> "Terribly sorry. Although, I think I flattened about two-score Mishhuvurthyar, wot wot!" <Jimmy> <Archie> "Three score at least, good sir. An impressive count, despite the lack of commendable prey." <Luca> <Luca> "Like I said, I make do with what's available." <Jimmy> <Archie> "A commendable skill, however some times one needs to raise ones sights higher." <Luca> <Luca> "Indeed." \*hears a gunship up ahead. Its NMX\* "Feel like taking it literally?" \*very wide grin\* <ShotJon> <Zeta> "There we go again..." <Jimmy> <Archie> "Aye! That would be a fine trophey for the fireplace, what?" <Luca> <Luca> "Forget just a fireplace, this thing could be my whole damn house!" **starts heading up the nearest building and waits for the gunship** <ShotJon> <Zeta> "Oi

you forgot your grenade launcher skipper!" <Jimmy> <Archie> "I would assume that only parts of this particular game would survive the trauma, young sir!" <Luca> <Luca> "Oh!" **re-equip!** "Thanks. 'scuse me one moment!" **the gunship passes by below, Luca jumps onto it and looks for somewhere to get in** "If you don't hear from me in half an hour, tell your mother I loved her!" <ShotJon> <Zeta> "I don't have a mother!" <ShotJon> <Zeta> "I have father of sorts though!" <Jimmy> <Archie> "Hurrah!" **Follows Luca onto the gunship** <Jimmy> <Archie> "Fear not, lassy! I shall protect your man!" <ShotJon> <Zeta> "Oh bloody lunatics" \*jumps with them to make sure Luca is fine\* <Jimmy> **Watches Zeta jump down** "Oh."

<Luca> **They tear the gunship apart from within and crash it in the bay** <ShotJon> <Zeta> "Now me knife is messy." <Luca> <Luca> **sitting on the roof, with a deck chair and cocktail** "Mission complete, I think." <Jimmy> "Not to worry. We were at least flying half a ship towards the end there, I think. What?" <Luca> <Luca> "Drink?" <ShotJon> <Zeta> \*swats Luca\* "You did again! How many times do I need to tell you about needless danger." <Luca> <Luca> **sigh** "Yes mum..." <Jimmy> <Archie> **Holds up a piece of the computer core.** <Jimmy> <Archie> "Oh, why yes. how thoughtful." <ShotJon> <Zeta> **takes out bottle of scotch** "It was fun though..." <Jimmy> <Archie> "I see who wear the pants in this elopement." **a wrinkle in his eye.** <Jimmy> <Archie> **Offers cigars** "The fat lady singing, what?" <Luca> <Luca> "This relationship is very professional, and only mildly military!" <LunchJon> <Zeta> **takes a cigar** "Thanks. What fat lady?" **innocent look** <Jimmy> <Archie> "Ah, young love. I remember when I too..." <Luca> <Luca> **eyes Zeta** "..." <LunchJon> <Zeta> "What?" <Jimmy> <Archie> "..." <Luca> <Luca> **turns away, face as red as a tomato** "Nothing." <LunchJon> <Zeta> "I will say this in advance. No jetpacks." <Jimmy> <Archie> **looks at Luca and steps in** "My dear girl! Surely you have heard of the great opera by Mitchell Veria De Castroma?" **hand around Zetas shouler** "Died of a heart attack mid-performance. Terrible show, really. But started a whole new legacy for the old gir, what?" <Luca> <Luca> "Alright, but we still have to steal the two days worth of abalone, or it won't be the same." <LunchJon> <Zeta> "I can live with that. If we pay for it later that is." **looks at Archibald** "Well I never saw any opera. I went to aethersperm gig once though." <Jimmy> <Archie> "Aye, jetpacks. Although PA joints strapped to the shins to propel one upwards sometimes work just as well, what?" <Jimmy> <Archie> "Takes me back to this one hunt in..." <Luca> <Luca> "Er, that's not what they were used for." **cough** <ShotJon> <Zeta> "Well Luca you also never tasted jolly fun till you tried flew a taxi between two trains in a tunnel. I got there in time."

Character Data	
Character Name	Archival "Mad" De Florres
Character Owner	<a href="#">Jimmy</a>
Approval Thread URL	<a href="https://wiki.stararmy.com/">stararmy.com/...</a>

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