

Dalsoot'a Kirrack Sydee

Dalsoot'a Kirrack Sydee is a [player character](#) played by [Guru Of OLOY](#).

| Dalsoot'a Kirrack Sydee | |
|---------------------------|--|
| Species: | Random Alien |
| Gender: | Male |
| Age: | 18 |
| Birthday: | January 11 |
| Height: | 7ft / 2.1m |
| Weight: | 200lbs |
| Organization: | Union Navy |
| Occupation: | Medical Trooper / Corpsman |
| Rank: | Solar Trooper |
| Current Placement: | |
| Music / Inspirations | |
| Ambience: | "Archangel" |
| Combat/Action: | "Shoot to Kill" |
| Happy/Excited: | (TBA) |
| Angry/Irritated: | "Strength of a Thousand Men" |
| Sad/Depressed: | "Helicopters" |

Physical Characteristics

- Height: 7ft / 2.1m
- Mass: 200lbs
- Measurements: N/A

Build and Skin Color: By alien standards, the Medical Trooper is a veritable tank in terms of physical appearance. He stands over the heads of even many members of fellow aliens, with a heavily muscled frame from years of hard work and training. Strong legs with muscles of steel propel the medic across the battlefield and stocky arms with broad shoulders are capable of absolutely deadly strength in close combat. Like most other aliens, his skin is a pale yellow in color across his body.

Eyes and Facial Features: In an odd contrast to the rest of his body, which seems to be made only of hard muscle and bone built to fight, Sydee's face is rather – soft – in comparison. A rounded jaw line, smoother cheek bones, and he always seems to have a smile on his face as if the whole world is amazing. But his eyes are telling. A vibrant jade green, cat-like, and perceptive to motion like any other alien, and virtually overflowing with perceptive curiosity.

Ears: Like any other alien's, internal, and only signified by the small holes in the sides of his head.

Hair Color and Style: Unlike his more “native” brethren, Sydee’s hair is a deep black in contrast that is something of note in itself. Along with that, in tradition with the t to his skin like his fellow aliens. He

prefers the tendrils long, keeping them well-maintained and healthy. He keeps them tied back in a ponytail in the tradition of his clan.

Distinguishing Features: He's seven feet tall. D'jashii Daloot'a he has a small copper hair-piece with a pair of jade stones in it to keep his hair tied in a ponytail, and on the top of either hand he has a tattoo of a virtually identical design on the top of either hand.

Psychological Characteristics

Personality: Sydee doesn't know the world, not truly anyways. Where some would approach new ideas or situations unfamiliar to them with caution and apprehension, he approaches with an almost child-like curiosity that doesn't seem to really befit his massive stature or status as the eldest of several siblings. He'll investigate anything he finds interesting most of the time, regardless of what it may be, and at times it has shown itself to be a double-edged sword. For example, where certain members of his clan and family just simply accept the way certain medicinal practices go, he will question them, and develop upon them to make them better. But at times he might be the only one stupid enough to volunteer to go spelunking in to a dark and creepy cave full of dangerous squid-people just so he can see what it's like in there.

Yet he seems to exist in two different worlds. Militantly, in the world of martial practices, and in the workings of medicine he is a shining star. With a rifle in his hands or medicine, he is equal parts confident and skilled at what he does. Physically and athletically he is fit for war, as any who saw the seven foot monster of a man would surely agree, but he can be delicate and precise enough to handle the most sensitive of medical issues. So if he dons his uniform and goes in to the field, he can handle himself like a pro. On the social side of things he is a bit - lost. Where the rifle and the medical center are his home, the world of love-bonding, socializing with women, and anything of that nature is a place he has never really ventured. Attempts at it often turn the Corpsman in to a red-faced, stuttering, awkward dunce who feels about three feet tall. These scenarios often end with his hurried retreat.

A good bit more socializing would likely help.

- **Likes:** Practicing medicine, training, physical recreation, writing or making calls home, and the not-so-secret love of sugar cakes with spice. He also has a special place in his heart for his pet animals back home, Teea and Embis.
- **Dislikes:** A messy medical office (-especially- a messy medical office), menial and pointless tasks, and somebody who might speak poorly of his clan's teachings.
- **Goals:** To better how his family, and by extension his clan as a whole, are seen by the rest of alien society.

History

Family (or Creators)

- Dalsoot'a Kirrack Sentee, father ~ Alive. 47 years old.
- Dalsoot'a Kirrack Mosel, mother ~ Alive. 49 years old.
- **Eldest of six children, one brother, four sisters**

Pre-RP

D'jashii Dalsoot'a, which roughly translates to "Forgotten Medicines", was not the most powerful amongst alien society. Barely numbering over six thousand strong and composed almost entirely of aliens, they had begun to make a name for themselves as healers and practitioners of medicine amongst those who heard of them. While still keeping a place in the military, it was mostly a minor one composed primarily of junior to med-level officers, and it seemed as if the rest of the D'jashii was of the scientific and medical field. Sydee's family, the Kirrack, had already become part of the Dalsoot'a many generations before he was born, and while they were not the most influential of families (in an already mostly influential clan) they had begun to establish themselves amongst the other families quite well. So when he was born in to the world in one of the better-off homes of the sprawling ghetto it seemed as if the eldest son of Sentee the surgeon and Mosel the nurse already had a life working in his family's clinic set out for him. He was surrounded by a loving family, full of aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, and cousins who all came together as a close-knit family to support one another almost all the time. It was a good life.

Yet he wasn't to be the only child. In short order by the time he was only four years old the young boy would be joined by a brother and sister each two years his junior, and a pair of twin sisters a year after that. They were close, loving siblings who looked out for each other no matter how often they might argue or disagree about something as siblings so often do. As the eldest, when they grew up, it was impressed upon him by his father that Sydee had a responsibility to look out for them should anything happen. So he did so, happily. He still remembers days running around the streets of the ghetto playing games of tag or hide-and-seek with his younger brothers and sisters, having to occasionally step in at school to stop the persistent bullies who would plague them, and they were also close together through life. One thing that most definitely helped with protecting them was the unusual growth that the young boy started showing signs of at only the age of eleven that continued onward to a startling level. At first his family suspected he might be just a -little- bigger than average. However, at around fifteen or sixteen when most boys have finished out their growth, Sydee kept going.

He grew in to a mountain of a man, the largest in his family and an instantly recognizable figure in the local community. Athleticism and strength came as easily to him by natural talent as swimming to the creatures of the sea. He was fast, strong, surprisingly agile for his size by alien standards, and he found himself enjoying it quite a bit. Of course there were undeniably challenges that came from this unexpected development, being seven feet tall in a world built for people who barely made it to the halfway-point on their way to six. But he managed. Of course during this time in life, his father had always tried to impart what he knew of medicine and being a doctor on to his children. Sydee had listened, as any good alien child would, and had always been eager to learn of his father's practices and what he had to share of his knowledge. For him, he saw the field of medicine and science as a fascinating place full of wonder. Where one could discover why creatures moved the way they did, why parts of the alien physiology were how they were, or exactly why a young man might grow to be seven feet tall. He took in the lessons given to him and he suddenly found himself having the urge to expand upon them.

He felt the call of a warrior in his bone as he approached the age of eighteen.

The talks with his parents would be fairly one-sided whenever the youth attempted to bring up the topic. He would begin attempting to tell them how he felt about how they military could better him – only to be cut off by their telling him to shut up, and go join already. They didn't see it as a way to use him to better their clan as he eventually came to view it. They saw the pride in being a warrior, plus his father's more practical side saw how the Rapid Reaction Force just might be able to make use for a person such as Sydee. So with his family behind him with full support, he had enlisted in the military, and was sent off for basic training. He passed his tests well, proving himself to be physically fit, mentally capable, and in no small part his father's teachings had been a great boon for him in terms of deciding just where he should go in the military. Training was grueling, some of the most intense work he had ever done in his life at that point, but Sydee pushed on with the goal to keep achieving so he wouldn't let his family down. With a triumphant smile on his face the day of graduation, he had proudly donned his uniform, and had met many members of his family who had come to see the ceremony to celebrate his success before he was to be sent off for medical training and then further on to his first unit.

After more months, grueling both physically and mentally, to train as a medic: he was finally ready to report to his first field unit.

No normally such a fine and up-standing young soldier would have been likely sent to a respectable front-line post. Of course, his clan wasn't the largest, or most notable, but a unit like his first field unit would have seemed totally out of the question to a reasonable mind. A unit of society's rejects was hardly the kind of place to send such a fresh young soldier. Yet it seems even in a growingly progressive society that racism still lingers. A rather harsh officer from boot camp had decided he didn't like the young alien from a small clan and had seen fit to try to ruin him from the start. So after harassment in training had proven to fail, the last thing he could do was sign his posting papers.

To one of the worst units he could have asked for.

Skills

Communications

Born in to the languages of his homeland, his kind's native tongue comes naturally to him. He is fluent, and can transmit and receive messages using those languages via any alien communications device or when in combat-like scenarios. He is capable of understanding and issuing orders, even under the stress of combat, and can correctly recognize a clear chain of command even when in stressful environments or situations.

Fighting/Physical

Sydee keeps himself in excellent physical shape in accordance with the standards of the Union military, and is familiar enough with space and ground fighting to have both the endurance and strength to

endure the stresses of either. After studying the art of fighting intensively he is well-versed in a wide variety of rifles, pistols, bladed weapons, and unarmed combat.

Technology Operation

Training has made him familiar with the use of alien computer and communications technology, as well as other pieces of technology. He is familiar with the basic operations and also proficient in the use of the alien neuro-computers systems.

Vehicles

Versed in the operations of ground vehicles as a whole, the Corpsman has further specialized in the operations and basic upkeep of alien vehicles. He is trained and capable of performing high-stress maneuvers in battle and has become learned enough to grant a certain level of flexibility when planning out operations and attacks.

Leadership

Taught to think, instead of die, Rapid Reaction Force troopers are all prepared to take control of any situation if the unexpected occurs. Trained to give and follow tactical orders, troopers of any rank will have some knowledge about how to conduct a battle, and Sydee is certainly no exception. Tactical thinking starts first with the troops who are on the front lines, and this goes hand in hand with an emphasis on team work.

Medical

Already the son of a surgeon and a nurse, and descended from a long line of healers and doctors, Sydee's medicinal knowledge admittedly is often more from books than practical exercise, but -does- pass the simple emergency first aid techniques he was required to go through. As well as knowing several old family recipes and remedies that have worked well over the years, he is also well versed in alien military medical procedures, and in the use and maintenance of equipment and supplies required for the task. He can heal the wounded and comfort the passing with equal skill and confidence.

Inventory

Dalsoot'a Kirrack Sydee has the following items:

Uniform

- 1 set of Ballistic Armor
- 1 Networked Relay System
- 2 pair Rapid Reaction Force duty uniforms.
- 1 pair Rapid Reaction Force duty boots.

Personal

- 1 clan crest hair-piece (see physical characteristics).
- 1 loincloth, white.
- 1 leather belt, black.
- 1 vest, gray, multiple pockets.
- 1 necklace, clan crest.

Weapons

- 1 Gauss Revolver
- 1 Gauss Sub-Machine Gun

Misc

- 4 ration packs.
- Standard alien hygiene pack.
- Standard alien field medic/corpsman's kit.

Enhancements

Dalsofta' Kirrack Sydee has the following medical enhancements/augmentations.

- **Clarity**
 - Improvements to blood flow in brain, intellect, speed of thought, and reflexes.
- **Matchup**
 - Increased muscular strength, durability, and resistance to damage of muscular system.
- **Renthea**
 - Increased durability and strength of skeletal system and talons.
- **Genewashing, Level 1**
 - Minor boosts in strength, toughness, intelligence, reflexes, and thought processing.
- *NOTE: Genewashing, Renthea, and Matchup not currently applied. Will be later in RP.

Finances

Dalsoot'a Kirrack Sydee is currently a Solar Trooper in the Union Navy.

| Total Savings | Addition | Subtraction | Reason |
|---------------|----------|-------------|----------------|
| 6000 GC | | | Starting Funds |

OOO Discussion

Below is a writing sample requested by Ira for this character.

"Out in the Field", a fictional engagement

The explosion was jarring.

Hard enough to shake the teeth out of his head.

"Keep firing!" The Sub-Commander 1st Class roared from his seat at the rear of the APC.

Clad in full Powered Armor, the seven foot tall Corpsman watched the woman in front of him who was using her seat as a stand in order to raise herself out from the top of the vehicle to open fire with his rifle. He was her relief once the moment would come for her to reload. With those hatches popped open, the sounds of battle that would have once been muted by the hull of the transport were clear for all to hear: the roar of cannons, staccato bursts from infantry weapons, and the flashes in the night from artillery impacts. Though he couldn't feel them, Sydee watched as sand and dirt bounced off the helmet of his suit when they came flying in to the carrier, and further more he saw the splash of deep crimson that suddenly covered his chest-plate moments later as the female before him suddenly went weak in the knees. She was dead before he even touched her as she fell back, caught in his arms. Her head rolled to the side while limp arms failed to keep a hold on the rifle that clattered to the ground. If coloration of the bits that decorated his suit were anything to go by, it looked as if it were the remains of one of her lungs and some of her spine which now clung to his suit and some of the transport's interior.

He laid her down on the ground, took the barest amount of time to cross her arms loosely over her chest, and made sure that her body was out of the way of the soldiers moving about the transport. With that he moved in to action to replace her in the open blast hatch. With his rifle in hand he popped up in to the open air, one foot planted on the seat she had just been using as a stand, and using his natural height in comparison to his fellow soldiers to give himself a view of the outside without fully exposing himself by standing on the seat. The auto-adjusting mechanism of his face-mask went to work and the night landscape was revealed to him, while the flash of artillery and chaos was muted to avoid blinding him. To look to the front of the craft he could see the silhouettes of the town they were riding in to. Distant muzzle flashes sparked to life like so many fireflies in the darkness and he could trace the incoming enemy fire as it was matched by an equal volume of return fire from the vehicles and infantry advancing on the perimeter. He shouldered his rifle and took aim, not really to actually hit any particular individual in that distant black mass, but to try keeping their heads down: a sense drilled in to him in basic training

that he couldn't just allow his fellow soldiers to get shot at without doing something in retaliation.

Another explosion, closer than the last, and it actually caused the driver to shift his course. Sydee was showered by dirt and sand as he hunkered down to avoid the shrapnel before continuing to fire. He emptied the magazine before he once again ducked inside. Reloading was normally a fast and quick process, one lasting only a few seconds for a well-trained soldier, but what he saw in his peripheral vision made him pause. The woman. The soldier laying on the floor. She wasn't the only one anymore. Five others had joined here, all so clearly dead, and with various states of damage from visible bullet wounds across their body, to the easily seen absence of a head on one. A sixth was at the end of the line. A medic from the other unit was doing her best to tend to the man but at this point it seemed as if all that could be done was simply easing his passing from this world. Most were lower ranks. E2s, and E1s like himself. The first people he had ever actually seen *die* in his military career.

He had never seen a dead body before. Not outside of a funeral, or in person.

He had expected it to be different. Quiet. Solemn.

He expected he would have had time to grieve or think on it.

As the carrier slid to a stop, the officer's voice proved different, "Get out, now!"

No. He didn't have time. Not right now. With a hand on the edge of the firing port and a heave, the alien Corpsman vaulted out to the ground below, kicking his boosters to soften his impact, and glancing around for the nearest rise in the land to serve as his cover.

He knew he would feel it later.

He would cry, feel sick, think on it, and be able to move on.

But for now?

Now was the fight.

| Character Data | |
|---------------------|--------------------------------|
| Character Name | Dalsoft'a Kirrack Sydee |
| Character Owner | Guru Of OLOY |
| Character Status | Inactive Player Character |
| Approval Thread URL | starmy.com/... |

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