

Maliq Al Kuyun

Maliq Al Kuyun is a [player character](#) played by [Perilous Siege](#).

Maliq Al Kuyun	
Species & Gender:	Sund Wakir Iromakuanhe Male
Year of Birth:	913 AR
Organization:	N/A
Occupation:	Waiter
Rank:	Assistant
Current Placement:	N/A

Preferred Plots:

- [HAS Reva Maya](#)

Physical Description

With skinned best described as a color similar to turpentine and an athlete's physique, Maliq's body reflects a lifetime of braving the desert wastes of the Nuocr Expanse and working with his hands, following the traditions of his family and the Sund Wakir people.

At first glance, between his sharp jawline, taller than average height, and eyes that shimmered with the same color as gold the nomad cut's a striking figure. While not bearing the looks of a body builder by any means, regular exercise has allowed him to keep the toned muscles from his old life when he had no shortage of heavy lifting to do.

Trying to keep an unassuming, professional look the man's face is clean shaven, aside from the occasional small stubble on his chin when he's due for a shave. Atop his head is a mess of neatly cut, short cropped hair the color of a dark brown. Adding to the waiter's height are a pair of moderately sized horns a brownish orange, straight and narrow like most male Iromakuanhe.

The Sund Wakir tends to prefer light clothing while in most Hilaran climates, faded [T-Shirts](#) referencing pop culture that hasn't been cool since the 20s, shorts, and baggy pants, favoring darker colors like brown or red. His day job, on the other hand, forces him into somewhat more formal attire. While no upscale enough to warrant the shirt and tie treatment, what passes for Maliq's work clothes usually consists of a white buttoned shirt, black slacks, and exchanging his sneakers for loafers.

Personality

Fresh from having left behind his commitments along with his friends and family, the same feelings that led him to abandon his old life have pushed him to find happiness in his new one.

With a tendency toward showing a friendly face despite a certain aura of awkwardness, present circumstances have left him with a feeling of loneliness, and it isn't a difficult task for the people he surrounds himself with to take advantage of his eagerness to build new relationships or to keep the one's he's made.

Ever a wandering soul, Maliq is always eager to visit some new locale and a newfound sense of adventurousness can lead the man into trying all sorts of new experiences that he finds there, often against his better judgement.

History

Maliq Al Kuyun was born in AR 913.

Maliq found himself born in the wastes of the holiest of holy lands to the followers of the Dreamers Vigil, where the ethereal Makuori who had saved and reshaped their people once dwelled before their sacrifice to stop the devilish Dalatri from ending the world. His family was of Sund Wakir stock, steeped in the traditions of their culture and making their home among a wandering caravan that dotted between ancient ruins. The only child of his parents, Maliq doesn't remember very much about his earlier years. Like most of his culture, he found himself taken away at the age of 5 to be raised in one of the Expanses many monasteries.

As could probably be expected, being raised by monks was a time of strict discipline and exposure to religious dogma. He and the rest of the children were to be up at dawn and asleep by the time the sun fell under the horizon, with their days filled with sermons, contemplating the dreamers Vigil, along with the more mundane teachings you might expect from a school. What little outside media they could get access was carefully regulated so as to purge any perceived negative influences, and most of their free time was spent doing menial work in order to aid the Brothers and Sisters with their duties. Suffice to say, Maliq never quite adapted to life there as well as the other kids.

He snuck out past his bedtime in order to explore the monastery and the few Makuori structures it was built beside, often shirked whatever tasks the abbot had assigned to him, and while he was a studious, critical reader of scripture for his age his interpretations of the words of the Saints often fell outside of the ones commonly accepted by the sect. It didn't particularly help that their inclinations towards collective punishment over rules breaking tended to turn most of his fellow students against him, leading to his childhood being characterized by a fair amount of fighting, bickering, and ostracization as kids are inclined to do. By the time he was an adolescent and was ready to be returned to his family, he thought of it as one of the best days of his life.

Life in a caravan wasn't all it was cracked up to be.

Maliq had expected something half cobbled from old stories and the stereotypes pilgrims from the city, like a constant moving festival daring through mysterious lands and exotic locales, trading various wonders to people of interest. The truth of living in a caravan, even one of the larger ones, was fairly mundane. There were scorching days and chilling nights along with a lot of travel and water rationing, but his folks, as well as their 'neighbors', were a dour lot not known for festivities who walked known routes their ancestors had before them for centuries, rarely trading of note to the golden eyed nomad.

Most of his time was spent working to learn the family trade, repairing the vehicles that moved along the caravan and whatever customers they found when stopped at one of the camps or the Great Marketplace Kuyun. Unfortunately, he often found it to be a dull, mind-numbing process and while he had less reason to not get along better with his peers outside of the monastery, years as a loner made for poor social skills.

He used to joke that he would have gone crazy if they hadn't stopped in Kuyun early on in the first year

Aisha was the daughter of the caravan's Trademaster, Caravaneer, and most respected Elder, Yosef, sent to study in the elevator city while staying with family. Smart, beautiful, and with an air of worldliness, he had never guessed when Yosef invited his family to see her it was because both of their parents had long ago arranged for them to marry when they were of age. A practice that fallen by the wayside among even most Sund Wakir long ago, the staunchly traditionalist Al'Kuyun patriarch had made a blood oath for their firstborn to marry with Yosef after saving his life from bandit clan's attempt on his life, long rumored to be undertaken due to purported ties to the underworld. For their part, the kids seemed to take it in stride once they accepted that their families Elder's words were simply As Things Should Be, even gaining a measure of affection for each other during the few days out of the years their circumstances allowed them to meet before their marriage.

However, he had found a greater passion that consumed his life in the skies of Kuyun on the same day he met his future wife. Up above the skies, twisting through the dense cityscape with high speed and acrobatic maneuvers, Iromakuanhe rode boards held aloft with nothing but a few gravity repulsion arrays. The way he described watching the sport was love at first sight, and saved up all of his money for months just to get his hands on a cruddy [Liftboard](#).

Maliq practiced with it, and the dropboard he eventually bought to go along side it, day in and day out during his teen years. Almost whenever he wasn't working and the wind conditions were right he was out perfecting his technique and to even his own surprise, *he was good at it*. Throughout his teens he found himself entering a few minor competitions in places his nomadic home passed through, winning races and wowing crowds till it culminated not long after he reached adulthood. Finding the caravan in Kuyun during one of the world circuit events, Maliq managed to get a spot in the amateur division, doing fairly well for himself by the end. Watching the crowds cheer him on, he knew that he was sure he was going to do this for the rest of his life. He thought up plans to travel around, living off prize money and savings till he can earn some sort sponsor on the pro scene.

Looking back, with the wisdom of age he could tell that it wasn't exactly a smart plan and he could understand why his parents didn't support him wanting him, all though less so with how angry his further was that Maliq didn't want to inherit the family business. He probably would have left anyway if it wasn't for an untimely injury on the old man's part, forcing him to keep at his position to keep the family afloat. At first, he had told himself it was temporary but his father was slow to recover, and by the time his brother could fill in for him, his arranged marriage had come to fruition and Aisha wasn't exactly up for being dragged across the planet following some sport she had little interest in the slim hope that it might result in a career for her husband.

So he stayed. Despite the distaste he had for the work, at least it was a steady paycheck, and it made his parents happy. Unfortunately, his home life wasn't a much more idyllic one then his job. At fit was all right but as time passed it quickly became apparent that whatever feelings they had for one another a few days spent together each year weren't particularly good tests for whether you could happily spend

the rest of your life with someone. They quickly found how little in common they had, from what they loved, their views on the world, and what they wanted out of life. As the months and years rolled by, forced awkward conversations turned into awkward silences, punctuated by arguments that increasingly revolved around pettier and pettier matters, and they both piled up more excuses to not come home and see each other.

Rolling past his mid-twenties, Maliq hated his job and barely talked to his wife, and suffice to say he was unhappy about the situation. But even as he slid into depression, the man felt trapped. Divorce was incredibly rare for Sund Wakir with strict requirements, and he could expect the caravan to ostracize him, his family to disown him if he even tried to carry through with it. Meanwhile, he could expect similar treatment from them if he attempted to bail out on the family business, and his father in law had enough clout to have him semi-blacklisted around the caravan till he came back if he tried to quit. He carried on like this, unhappily, till his life was nearly cut short during an accident in the auto shop.

It was a wake-up call that sent him all the way to another planet. At the prospect of the fact that he nearly died in such a dreary state, he resolved to make the most of the time before he slipped into the Eternal Dream. Packing his bags, he left behind his old life and made his way to Kuyun, taking the first shuttle to [Hlarai](#) he could find. Spending several months backpacking across the world and supporting himself with odd jobs, Maliq eventually landed himself a job in a restaurant on the HAS Reva Maya.

Skills Learned

Optional section. Maliq Al Kuyun has the following notable skills:

- **Communications:** Maliq is, of course, fluent and literate in his own native tongue, and has a tendency to slip into the Saal'Salari Dialect from time to time.
- **Domestic:** Obsessed with cleanliness and with decent experience cooking homemade meals, the man would make a decent butler if he ever set himself to the task.
- **Fighting:** Growing up steeped in among the desert wanderers descended from the old Saali warrior caste, the Sund Wakir still remembers the kata's of [Desert Wind](#) and hunting the strange beast of the Nuocr Expanse.
- **Maintenance and Repair:** Spending most of his life working for a mechanic like his family had for generations, Maliq has experience repairing a wide range of vehicles sporting everything from wheel to repulsor arrays.
- **Physical:** Maliq makes a point of keeping himself in shape, leaving him strong, fast, and flexible.
- **Survival:** Life as a desert nomad tends to leave you with knowledge of how to survive in rough conditions, and he knows how to hunt, live off the land, navigate, find water, and even create shelter.
- **Vehicle:** Maliq is familiar with the operation of quite a few vehicles, including the use of Skyboards all though he's only recently started riding from time to time since giving up his dream several years ago.

Social Connections

Maliq Al Kuyun is connected to:

- [Marjan Jennah](#) (boss)
- Listri Belowa (Coworker)

Inventory & Finance

- Various Underwear
- Several pairs of shorts
- Several pairs of baggy jeans
- Ten faded [T-Shirts](#)
- 3 pairs of work clothes
- Sneakers
- Loafers
- Skintight Swim Shorts
- Old Liftboard
- Old Dropboard
- Skyboard Safety Gear
- Pair of Ceremonial Short Swords to practice Desert Wind
- Three [duffel bags](#)

OOC Information

In the case perilous_siege becomes inactive:

- Can this character be used as an NPC by a GM or FM? NO
- Can this character be [adopted](#) after I've been gone for a year? NO

Character Data	
Character Name	Maliq Al Kuyun
Character Owner	Perilous Siege
Character Status	Inactive Player Character

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