

Keziah Dells

Keziah is played by [Liam](#). She is currently serving aboard the [Cirrus Station](#).

Keziah Dells	
	
Species:	Geshrin/Nepleslian Hybrid
Gender:	Female
Age:	21
Height:	5'8"
Weight:	136 lbs
Bra Size:	31B
Organization	Star Military of the Democratic Imperium of Nepleslia

Keziah Dells	
Rank	Soldier Third Class
Occupation	Technical Sentry
Current Placement	Cirrus Station

Family

Mariah Patielli (mother, Nepleslian, status: unknown) Lucas Dells (father, Geshrin, status: unknown)

Physical Characteristics

Height: 5'8" Mass: 136 lbs Measurements: 33-28-34 Bra Size: 31B

Build and Skin Colour: Keziah has a very athletic build, fit and slim, her exercise and training focusing more on making herself faster and quicker than everyone else. Her right arm is slightly larger than her left, and is especially noticeable in tightly fitting clothes. Her skin is fair, and virtually unblemished, save for a set of scars above her cybernetic knees. However, she tans very easily, even after brief planet stays.

Facial Features and Eye Color: Her eyes are a brilliant green, and look almost human, save for the utter lack of blood vessels in the sclera, and the sharp clarity of the iris. Her face is rounded, with higher cheekbones that give her eyes a sharper, almost predatory look to them. Her nose is sharp and short, and her lips are thin, but can spread into a stunning smile when she wants to.

Hair Color and Style: Thick, black, and curly and utterly impenetrable to all attempts to style it, dye it, or otherwise make use of it, Keziah just lets it sit on her head like the unruly mop that it is. Though she likes her hair longer, and will always grow it out every chance she gets, she has taken to keeping it short in lieu of her military service. Hacked off just above her shoulders, the curls are less apparent, only taking up half of the length. Typically kept in a loose ponytail, she puts it up in a bun whenever she's expected to don power armor.

Usual Clothing/Dress Style: She keeps her uniforms immaculate, always. In civilian clothes, she likes to wear knee-high boots, baggy pants, a tank top, and a jacket suitable to whatever weather she's entering. She prefers to keep her collars up high enough to hide the tattoo at the base of her neck.

Distinguishing Features: Aside from her extensive cybernetics, Keziah has numerous tattoos. On the back of her neck is her slave brand—a black star encircled by black flames—to show who had owned her. Below the flaming star is nine similar stars, without flames, that extend down to the middle of her back. One star for every year as a slave. The slave tattoos are genetically encoded, and currently suppressed from generating any more stars. Starting at her left shoulder, and winding halfway down her forearm, is the tattoo of a green dragon, encircling her forearm with its tail then rising up her arm, its head perched on her shoulder.

Cybernetics: Her entire right arm is a military-grade cybernetic prosthetic, covered with a synthetic-skin covering, so it isn't obvious. The arm is very strong, able to lift over a thousand pounds, and has a port built into the crook of the elbow for computer hook-ups, so she can neurally access properly fitted

computer systems. The bones in her shoulders, spine, hips, and legs have been reinforced with a ceramic composite to support the strain that her arm can place on the rest of her body. Both of her feet and calves have been replaced, up to her knees, and are obviously artificial. Her eyes have been voluntarily replaced, fitted with infrared sensors and sharper-than-normal vision (20/15).

Psychological Characteristics

Personality: At first, Keziah is very aloof and stand-offish. She doesn't trust people easily, and doesn't talk much. It's a barrier she's built up over years of her life, and isn't easily taken down. However, many have gotten through to her core, where she is actually quite warm and friendly. She likes listening more than talking, and likes to keep her secrets to herself, believing everyone will judge her on her past life and what she had to do to survive. She has a will stronger than Nerimium. Determined doesn't do her justice. Stubborn, obstinate, bullheaded, once Keziah sets her eyes on a goal she simply won't relent.

Likes: A place to call her own, sweet food, flying her power armor for the simple joy of it. **Dislikes:** Change, moving around, [Slavery](#) (hates, more like), men who are wholly selfish. **Goals:** To take part in defending something she truly cares about, to advance within the military, to prove to herself that she's important in the world and not just a toy. To, one day, find her parents.

History

Pre-RP

I was born on a slave ship. That's the beginning of my story.

My mother and father? I was taken from them and placed in the ship's crèche the moment I was out of the womb. They told me who they were, what my name was, but I know nothing else about them. Sometimes, I wonder if they're still alive. Those first few years were nice, pleasant. The ship stumbled through space, but us kids always stayed. Newborns would join us, and anyone older than six disappeared at night—we were all scared, but the older ones did everything they could to distract the young ones. I had it done to me, I did it, and then I was taken.

Of those early years in slavery, I don't remember much. Not that they were horrible, but because I was always so scared. I knew nobody my own age as I was bounced between homes and planets, taken to and fro on board slave ships like the one that had been my home for so long. Everyone was so old, and I had nobody to turn to for protection or security. When I was thirteen, I was sold, for the last time, to an industrial tycoon on Nepleslia.

All the other households I had served in, I was their maid. Most people, I think, didn't know I was a slave. Or they at least pretended to not know. One time, I was asked if I was the daughter of the family. I didn't dare answer, but my masters said that I was, and hugged me. My mistress kissed my forehead, and let me stay with them, in her lap, while they all talked around me. It was wonderful, and they let me go soon after that, saying they couldn't keep me anymore because they had grown too attached. I was eight and I never saw them again. I don't even know which planet they were on.

The tycoon, Tamaki Mako, wanted a mistress, but he wanted one that wouldn't disobey him or eventually scandalize him. So he bought a mistress. He bought me.

Mako was an aging Geshrin opportunist. He owned a stunning mansion overlooking a bay near Los Apagos, and kept the place fully automated so he didn't need to deal with unnecessary people. It was, technically, his summer home, so he didn't stay there all the time. But I did. He implanted a chip inside my arm, preventing me from going too far from the house's perimeter. It would, he said, send an electric shock into my brain. It would short me out, briefly.

That chip hurt.

He had a wife, and a nice place in Los Apagos proper. But she hated the home, so I never had to hide in the three years I stayed there. Not that I could have, especially not from him—the robot servants always found me and pointed me out.

He was sadistic, and he took his frustration out on me. It was bad there. Bad enough to make me cut off my arm to escape. I did. That's how I lost it.

I never intended to join the military, it just happened like that. I raced towards the city, and stowed away aboard the first ship I thought would've been easy enough to hide in. It just happened to be a Yamataian Army transport. There, in the cargo hold, among the weapons and armor and supplies, I survived and stayed hidden, for two weeks. Two weeks, four planet falls, and lots of transport crates being hauled in and out. When they finally found me, we were in deep space, and I was thrown in the brig. The captain, a kind man I know only as Bakare, came to visit me and asked me questions. Lots of questions. I told him everything I could—the only other soul who knows my whole story. When I was finished, he took me out of my cell and into the medical bay, where they built me a rudimentary replacement arm.

It took me a while to notice, but it shocked me that I was the only female aboard the transport. Two hundred men, and me. I stayed on board for nearly a year, with a cabin to call my own. I assisted Bakare with the paperwork of the ship, sorting through tracking receipts and transfer orders. Helped him rebuild the ship's administrative network when a virus crashed the system. It was home.

We were in transit to Kennewes when the Battle of Nepleslia happened. Most of it we managed to catch over tapped comm feeds, and stolen video feeds, and we saw the fortress fold into space on our LADAR screens. Saw the battle raging within as intermittent bursts of energy.

I stayed up for a week afterwards, reviewing everything we had recorded, but especially the footage of the power armor units fighting off the pods. The battle entranced me, just watching it. Bakare caught me one time when I put the battle on the ship's holographic display when I had the bridge. And he asked me questions, lots of questions, and then asked me what I wanted to do.

"I want to fight," I told him. "I want to fight for people like you and places like this."

The next time we made planetfall, he took me to an Army recruiting station and convinced them to let me join.

However, it wasn't so simple. I was still below the enlistment age. So instead an apartment was arranged for me, paid for by savings Bakare had built up, and I was left there to wait. He assured me, before he left, that it'll only take one birthday and I'll be entered into the military.

A year passed, then two, then the tremulous time as Nepleslia succeeded from Yamataian control. My information must have been lost in the shuffle and whorl of paperwork, because when I checked in a month after the succession, there were no records for me. None, like I never even existed. I took forms I had been given, and all the information I could cobble together, before a panel of officers. It took weeks before I finally convinced them to let me join.

Training was harsh, harder than I would've expected. Living on my own had softened me, but I was determined to make it through. And slowly, somehow, I did. While I wanted to become a Marine, it was decided by my Sergeants that my skills would have a better use elsewhere. So I was shipped out to become a Technical Sentry.

After basic training, my advanced training was smoother, easier almost. Except for my accident.

Towards the end of our training, we were placed into an advanced combat course. A joint deal with the Marines to make us tech sentries tougher, and better in combat. In the third week of the course, our Marine Sergeant had the smart idea to have us learn maneuvering and tactics in an asteroid belt. What he neglected to tell us about were the drones he had planted there. They weren't fitted with anything dangerous—just little lasers. And big engines.

One of the drones malfunctioned, and primed its engines for a full burn. It smashed through our formation, and hit me square in the breastplate. I lost control, lost consciousness. When I came to, I was in the medical bay, looking up into the eyes of a nurse that told me what had happened.

It was my left leg, just above the knee. They had amputated it, since it was completely irrecoverable. As I recuperated, they offered me numerous solutions to my “problem”. They all involved amputating my right leg and going with a complete cybernetic pair. Dexterity and strength would've been almost impossible to perfectly match up, they told me. I'd have more trouble learning with one leg, than two.

I was adamantly against it. Until they told me that I would have to give up serving in the military. Give up being a Tech Sentry. Give up the only dream I ever had.

So I let them do the operation.

Service Record

Cirrus Station

Currently deployed aboard the Cirrus Station. Initially as a CSS member. Currently is acting as Squad 35's Captain.

Day One

What is there to say? It's my first posting. First military position ever. Bakare's ship wasn't really military, it was just a hauler, and I wasn't a soldier then. But I am now, and this is all new to me.

We pulled in hours ago. Haven't even gotten the chance to have a shower, or eat, but that's no big deal. Basic trained me to stand up to hardship, and that's what I'm doing here. So despite the fact that our CO is completely psychotic and over-protective about the station, maybe this'll turn out all right.

First days are easy. Anxious jitters haven't even set in yet, but they probably will soon.

The Muck Shambler Incident

The second day of our posting, and everything went to s—. Literally.

I should've stayed topside and ran overwatch with Dream and Serra, though I'm only saying that because of my shoulder. And the fact that the Freespacer mindstream is *incredible*. I haven't been able to hook up to it again since, and I haven't been able to ask Dream about it, so I guess it's an experience I won't have again for a long time. That made me want to stay behind.

But, then again, if I hadn't, maybe Cyril would've been crushed by the Shambler. I met him on my first day, and he's a friend. A good friend. And I don't want to see anyone get hurt if I can help it.

Ultimately, it was a success. I just wish I had hit the wall with my other shoulder.

Skills

Fighting and Physical

Particularly adept at piloting Power Armor, Keziah is also well-versed in many styles of combat. She received a good deal of hand-to-hand combat training, mostly learning how to use her prosthetics most effectively, as well as small arms training and tactics on fighting inside, as well as outside, of starships.

Additionally, Keziah emerged from military training incredibly fit. In addition to the normal regime that all recruits were subject to, she added her own in. At first, it was to catch up to everyone else, to put her bookishness and soft, administrative body far behind her. After that, she simply dove into her fitness regime, keeping up an almost obsessive level of physical speed, agility, and stamina, which she still strives to maintain.

Communication

Trained in basic radio operations and procedures, Keziah also understands rudimentary radio encryption/decryption techniques, and how to use such methods in combat. Fluent in Nepleslian, she also knows a bit of Yamataian, can recognize computer languages, and is a very fast typist (filling out transport ship forms will do that). She is skilled in field communications, and proficient in all rudimentary forms of communication (hand signals, lights, etc).

Medical and Science

Because of her modifications, she understands not only the basic principles behind their functions, but also how to properly maintain them. She is able to dismantle and diagnose her own arm, then rebuild it without outside aid, as well as perform patch-work repairs on all her limbs to keep them functional until she can reach a medical bay, provided adequate materials are at hand. Keziah also knows basic first aid.

Technological Ops

Her time in space, coupled with the training she received from the Engineering Corp, has given her a solid insight into most computer systems. While most familiar with the shipboard computers of the Nepleslian Army, she can guess-work her way through other OSs, and knows a few tricks with Yamataian systems (though these are older computers, and whether the tricks still work are doubtful). She is skilled with many aspects of a computer, from trawling databases, to recovering lost data, troubleshooting, and even rebuilding damaged (or completely lost) systems. However, she doesn't know how to hack a computer system.

Maintenance and Repair

Extensively trained by the Engineering Corp. Despite her specialty being primarily in computers, it was still necessary for her to understand hardware. So she knows how to perform maintenance on weaponry and armor, from man-sized pieces, to plasma batteries on destroyers and battleship hull plating. Engines are a totally different beast for her, and she can fix minor problems with them. With power armors, however, she knows how to maintain all the standard units the Nepleslian army fields, can perform field repairs, and even minor modifications (any armor unit Keziah ends up piloting always winds up with a neural connector in its arm. Totally non-standard, but it helps her pilot them more effectively). She also knows how to maintain and repair her own tools should they need it.

Culinary

Food!

Keziah loves it. She loves cooking, and was one of the main duties she had to do as a slave. From when she was a little girl, she has spent time in the kitchen. A kitchen. Dozens of kitchens, across civilized space. None of them were the same, but she learned her way around them quickly, to the point where she's rather good at guessing where everything would be kept just by looking at the layout. Because of her wide experience, she also has a wide knowledge of dishes and delicacies, and knows many of them by memory. If given the option, she will always cook. However, desserts are her favorite.

Domestic

Slaves get taught many useful skills. All of them meant to stay within a house. With most of Keziah's

previous owners being quite wealthy, she learned how to do most things with the aid of high-tech systems and gadgets. She can do laundry—to the point that she just needs to stuff it into a machine and set it to take care depending on what's inside—and clean up large households (with the appropriate drones helping her). The personal aspects of her roles, however, never really changed, and she was trained to formally greet guests of all kinds—from merchants to influential diplomats, from generals to politicians.

Inventory

Clothing

Personal Items

- 3 pairs of tank tops
- 2 pairs of jeans, baggy
- One pair, black civilian boots
- One black leather jacket

Star Army Uniforms

- 2 Women's tunics, green, with rank patches on shoulder pads, an army patch on the right arm and a name plate on the left breast
- Army Patch on right arm
- 4 [T-Shirts](#), white
- 4 underwear, white
- 4 bras, white
- 2 Khaki cargo pants
- One Beret, green, with flash patch
- One pair gloves, leather, black
- One pair boots, black
- 6 pair boot [Socks](#), white
- One belt, dark green (pants)
- One Nepleslian Army jacket, dark green

Weather Gear

- One rain shell
- One pair, treated water boots

Workout Clothing and Undergarments

- 2 green running shorts

- 4 short sleeve [T-Shirts](#), green
- 4 sports bras, white
- 1 pair, running shoes
- 4 pair, white ankle [Socks](#)

Accessories

- 6 spare silver hair rings
- One medical kit
- One toolkit
- One Cybernetics Cleaning kit
- One Neural Interfacing computer cable

Personal Hygiene

- One bottle of shampoo
- One bottle liquid body soap
- One stick of deodorant
- One toothbrush
- One hairbrush
- One tube of toothpaste
- 2 washcloths, white
- 2 towels, white

Electronics

- Electronic Money Card

Miscellaneous

Finances

Keziah is currently a Soldier Third Class in the Nepleslian Army.

Total Savings	Addition	Subtraction	Reason
6000 DA			Starting Funds
5200 DA		-800 DA	Purchasing personal affects

Character Data	
Character Name	Keziah Dells
Character Owner	Liam
Character Status	Inactive Player Character

Nepleslian Personnel Database System

Branch	NSN
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