

# Redrick 'Red' Callahan

Redrick 'Red' Callahan is a [player character](#) played by [Born-on-board](#).



“What good is money if all you do is run around making it all day?” ~ Richard Noonan, *Roadside Picnic*

Redrick 'Red' Callahan	
Species:	Nepleslian
Gender:	Male
Age:	40
Height:	191 cm (6 feet 3 inches)
Weight:	122 kg (270 lbs)
Organization:	Retired NSN
Occupation:	Cook
Rank:	Retired Petty Officer
Current Placement:	Fruna Ruica

Preferred Plots:

- ISC Phoenix Vol. 2

## Physical Characteristics

- Height: 191 cm (6 feet 3 inches)
- Mass: 122 kg (270 lbs)
- Measurements:

**Build and Skin Color:** Redrick's build could easily be described as 'muscular, gone to seed'. A layer of fat covers dense, thick muscle earned from a lifetime of hard work. His skin is a deeply tanned caucasian, with a pronounced farmer's tan.

**Eyes and Facial Features:** Redrick's eyes are a dark grey, framed by heavy bags and 'focus wrinkles' from squinting. His face is jowly and careworn, with pronounced frown lines around his mouth. Generally wears a fairly genial expression.

**Ears:** Normal human ears. Old man hair is beginning to creep out of his ears, however.

**Hair Color and Style:** Cropped short black hair, despite his name. Hairline is definitely receding.

**Distinguishing Features:** Walks with a pronounced limp. Wheezes when he laughs.

## Psychological Characteristics

**Personality:** Redrick is, on the outside, a grumpy old man. Looks are not as they appear, however - Red's exterior hides a goofy sense of humor that is primarily expressed through dry sarcasm and non sequiters, delivered with an implacably straight face. Redrick finds it impossible to 'fake' emotion, and is an awful liar.

Redrick can be blunt to a fault, if his consultation is sought out. Caveat emptor - asking Red for his opinion means you will get his opinion, feelings be damned. Prefers to solve problems rather than talk them out.

Dislikes incompetence, especially in people he feels should 'know better', and occasionally reluctant to admit his own faults, a legacy of his Naval service. He finds it difficult to 'take off the anchors' and will constantly slip into Navy lingo (especially foul language). Not a bad person, but people find him to be a bit 'intense' at times.

- **Likes:** Cooking, Televised Sports, Beer, Tobacco
- **Dislikes:** Idiots
- **Goals:** Get back out of retirement and have an adventure!

## History

### Family (or Creators)

Redrick's immediate family is deceased. Never married or had kids, and isn't close enough to his extended family to really keep in touch.

## Pre-RP

Redrick started life as one of the many disgruntled youths on Nepleslia Prime, slumming his way through school, life, and all the challenges they provide with a decidedly average GPA (and a decidedly exceptional shitty attitude) and graduating to immediately work a minimum-wage, no future job. Fed up with his lot in life, Redrick, at the tender age of 18, enlisted in what was then the Star Army of Yamatai as a cook (later defecting with the rest of the Nepleslians when the Nepleslian Star Empire was formed - a fairly easy task, since Nepleslians were generally kept segregated from the rest of the SAoY), because in his words,

"The recruiter told me I'd learn how to be a gourmet chef, and I thought, shit, I love to eat! Sign me up!"

Redrick initially hated the job, barely scraping through training and getting into a great deal of trouble for the first ten years or so of his career. The SAoY considered him 'troubled', but noticeably never threatened to separate him during the chaotic times he served under their banner. Red was a fighty young bastard, with no goals, no prospects, and a temper, but yet - he was good at his job. It is remarkable that once he'd defected, the Nepleslian military recorded no significant disciplinary issues during the rest of his service.

He eventually settled into it, realizing his own talent for the culinary, and his temper evened out as his skills grew and grew, eventually getting the notice of talent scouts at several high-ranking billets. Several times he was offered a chance to leave the rigors of ship life to come cook at a relatively cushy planetside position for some officer (certain weeks he would turn down the same offers five or six times), but in every case he always refused.

His political status also helped little with the volume of these requests; prior veterans of the SAoY that defected to Nepleslia were regarded as patriots bar none, and the brownie points a career-minded officer could earn with one of those on his staff were significant in the heady, early days of the Nepleslian Star Empire (later the Democratic Imperium of Nepleslia).

Redrick believed his food was better given to the fighting sailor and marine, and every ship he was stationed on loved him for it. A leg injury cut his service off at 20 long years, first in the SAoY, then the Nepleslian Star Navy, retiring Redrick from Navy life rather unwillingly at 38 years old.

For the last two years he's attempted to live off his pension, but he can't keep the yearning for space out of his head. Redrick is a poor retiree - the energy he had as a fiery, fighty youth had never quite left him. Eventually, he got fed up with sitting on his ass all day, and in one night of caffeinated frenzy, sent out hundreds of job applications to various independently contracted space vessels, in the hopes that a cook could find employment plying the stars once more.

Months passed. No response. Redrick eventually settled into a malaise of alcoholism and despair, until his application was accepted, no interview or questions asked, by an independently chartered vessel. Desperate to end his inactivity, Redrick accepted, later finding that he had become a chef on a 'pleasure vessel', the Fruna Ruica, where he cooked for a seething, writhing mass of sweaty sexual eccentrics.

Later, almost to his relief, the ship was hijacked by pirates.

## Skills

### Communications

Redrick is proficient in Trade, like any Nepleslian citizen. He can also speak Yamatai-go (a result of his prior service with the Star Army of Yamatai prior to Nepleslian independence), albeit with a distinctly rough accent that could be considered hard to understand by a native speaker. Also knows enough of Abwehran, Elysian, and most other major languages of the galaxy to find out where he can get a beer, or find the bathroom, all a legacy of a well-traveled man.

Handwriting is good as well, although he only tends to write in capital letters. Cannot write in Yamatai-go, something he had never been able to do (Consequently most of the promotions in his career came from after he defected, as Nepleslia does not require fluency in Yamatai-go in their servicemembers). Capable of using most phones and communication devices, as long as they're not *\*too\** complicated.

### Culinary

"What's that, a no on the seconds? Don't worry, it'll keep, and keep, and keep..."

Redrick can make just about anything, if given the directions and the ingredients, though he mostly makes what he likes to eat, which is typical Nepleslian diner fare. Not a good man to be around if you're trying to watch your figure.

### Entertainment

"What's that? Can't stand my singing...? Well, maybe you ain't heard enough of it!"

Redrick loves to sing in his great, gravely baritone, and always has a tale of somewhat humorous misadventure from his 'Navy days'. Can also play a harmonica fairly well.

### Starship Operations

"Pasco wept, y'all act like staring at a damn radar screen is somethin' special. Get out of the chair, lessee if ol' Red's still got it!"

Knows enough to be dangerous in almost any role on a ship, from bridge watches to firefighting parties to manning weapons crews. Not an expert in anything, but capable of filling a role if required, say, due to the injury of somebody more qualified. Also a wizard at working the military's logistics chain, Redrick has a reputation as something of a scrounger amongst his old Navy colleagues.

## Fighting

“So, Big Will got mad that his girl had eyes for me, right? Then he takes his mug and breaks it over my skull, and before I know it, I'm smashing his face into the ground, and his girlfriend's screamin'... ah man. Those were the days...”

Has little experience in hand-to-hand combat, aside from bar fights. Admittedly, a very spirited, but unrefined brawler. In his retirement, has also picked up a fondness for skeet shooting, so is a fairly decent shot.

## Physical

Prodigious size comes prodigious strength, Redrick is a tough ol' bastard, even with his gammy leg. Not a great runner, despite his excellent physical strength. Average swimmer.

## Inventory

Redrick 'Red' Callahan has the following items:

- 1 khaki collared work shirt
- 1 pair denim jeans
- 1 pair cheap aviator sunglasses
- 1 fur-lined bomber jacket
- 1 pair steel-toe leather boots
- 1 wallet with ID and credit cards
- 1 corncob pipe
- 1 book of matches
- 1 half-empty bag of pipe tobacco
- 1 flip-open jackknife
- 1000 KS and 100 DA

## Finances

Redrick Callahan receives 1/2 of his base pay as compensation for medical retirement from the NSN. This comes to 100 DA a week.

This is primarily spent on food and ammunition. As of this writing, Red is practically broke.

Character Data	
Character Name	Redrick 'Red' Callahan
Character Owner	<a href="#">Born-on-board</a>
Character Status	Adoptable Player Character

Character Data	
Approval Thread URL	<a href="#">stararmy.com/...</a>
Nepleslian Personnel Database System	
Career Status	Retired
Branch	NSN
Rank	<a href="#">Petty Officer</a>

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