

# Samael Castien

Samael Castien is a [Player Character](#) played by [SirSkully](#)

Samael Castien	
<b>Alias/es:</b>	Sam/Samuel Castor
<b>Species &amp; Gender:</b>	Male <a href="#">Plebeian</a>
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	<a href="#">YE 14</a>
<b>Organization:</b>	Independent
<b>Occupation:</b>	Drifter
<b>Rank:</b>	N/A
<b>Current Placement:</b>	TBA

## Physical Description

Samael is a rather pale Caucasian man who stands at a fairly average Plebian height of six feet tall with a lanky build that is commonly found among his people, his short and naturally somewhat curly hair is a dirty platinum blonde with black undertones that speaks to the mongrel nature of his heritage, with two bright green eyes bespeckled by golden flecks of pigmentation as they lay slightly sunken beneath his thick eyebrows – Samael does however have a face that some might consider beautiful that clearly took after the more angelic side of his family tree, with defined cheekbones and a strong jaw that tapers into a triangular chin, his face usually being either clean shaven or bearing a light stubble that connects his short sideburns.

As mentioned prior Samael has a rather thin and lanky build rather typical of most Plebians though he has managed to pack some wiry muscles onto his frame since having gained his freedom, though the light tone on his frame looks rather wiry and you can still see hints of his rough start at life such as the visible outline of his ribcage or the way his hips slightly poke through his chalky skin – His hands are rough and a bit leathery with small scars dotted up and down his fingers much like with the rest of his body though they are hard to spot against the alabaster nature of his skin and the long-sleeved, high-collared tops he tends to wear cover up the more prevalent scarring around his wrists and neck.

Samael is a *wingless* Plebian, having thrown away his rather white and majestic, for a Plebian, albeit small wings in an effort to stand out less and where they once were are now two long scars down his back – leading most to assume he is just a Human or Nepleslian with an angular face and sparkling eyes, Samael has a grey woollen trench coat and a white [scarf](#) that he is rather fond of wearing along with an ushanka in an attempt to look more Nepleslian.

## Personality

Samael is the definition of the tall, dark and mysterious type – a man who plays his cards close to his chest and tries to not let on any more than he needs to though do not mistake his intentional self-

vagueness for any sort of shyness however, spending the majority of his early life in chains has hardened Samael instead of breaking him. Cutting his wings off was the easiest step this Plebian has taken in order to forge himself a new identity, the hardest part has been maintaining the persona of Samuel Castor, a Nepleslian with a slight case of 🦋 [osteogenesis imperfecta](#) – he maintains this identity through a combination of remembering the right lies and keeping the majority of people at arm's length, making Samael seem somewhat emotionally distant though truth be told he is decent enough company even if a little jumpy when it comes to physical contact.

Sammael *really* does not like people looking into his personal affairs, often making attempts to scare them off or otherwise dissuade anybody attempting to do so.

## History

Samael Castien was born on the western Nepleslian border in early [YE 14](#) to an atheist father on the run from his religious homeland and a gun for hire who was not cut out for being a mother so early in her life, Samael never met his father, who ran away shortly after the angelic child was born never to be seen again – with a new child and no-one to help her look after it Samael's mother turned to the local mafia for help, she ended up being married off to one of the boss' sons, who ended up giving her a raven-haired daughter with her mother's eyes in [YE 17](#).

The two kids got on well for the brief time they knew each other, until a rival organization liquidated the Mafia they lived with and decided that the mother of both children would make a better party trick if she wasn't needing to tend to her children – so both Samael and his young sister were sold off to different buyers by [YE 20](#), he heard something about her being shipped off to some plantation up north while he went further west with a slave-collar bolted onto his neck soon after.

He was a good looking kid due to the mongrel nature of his heritage, a slender and somewhat effeminate young boy who became the personal plaything of a crimelord with a certain taste for that kind of thing – it was an unpleasant existence to say the least and though Samael considered ending his life a few times he was at least grateful to still be in the land of the living, in [YE 31](#) he was given off to a new owner due to his previous one losing a game of cards and was shipped off to go work fields instead of being a plaything.

He no longer had the protection of being boss' favourite though and it didn't take long for the other slaves to stare at Samael's small white wings with watering mouths, one of the older women putting herself between him and the hungry hoard – she had a knife and had been planning to use it on the guards but Samael's blonde hair reminded this woman of her son that had been taken away, and so she proposed to help the Plebian lose his wings, it was still far from comfortable though he was used to the pain and preferred this over being ripped apart – wings being tossed out as his guardian did her best to patch him up, keeping Samael alive for long enough for his body to fight the infection that had been onset by these less than sanitary conditions.

He was forever indebted to her and Samael threw himself into harm's way to protect her a few times much to this woman's displeasure, they spoke the few rare times when the guards had their backs turned and the older woman imparted her wisdom into him as they worked the fields – the two became close, a sort of unspoken mother/son relationship or at least as close as they could get given the

circumstances, though Samael's reputation for getting things he held dear torn away from him continued when his guardian died from pneumonia in late [YE 36](#) and the hollow feeling returned to his chest.

And of course things never seemed to stay boring for Samael for long, it seems to almost be some rule of the cosmos that his life can never hold any sorts of patterns lest he get comfortable – so in early [YE 38](#) when rivals of his masters rolled in with loaded guns he took the opportunity to grab the scythe he'd been using to reap the fields and hid behind a building, eventually getting his collar off when one of the raiders rounded a corner and wound up with his scythe buried in their chest.

Samel ran, he ran far and kept running until he passed out under the shade of a rocky outcropping – it was the strangest feeling when the wingless Plebian awoke as a free man, shackles still weighing down his wrists but they came off eventually after he found a big enough rock, it was a feeling of elation to be free after having spent so many years as the property of others.

He didn't know how or when but one of Samael's first thoughts was to try and find his little sister that had been torn away, he was doubtful there was any reason to reconnect with his parents but... he and Rachel had always been there for each other even though the time they spent together was brief, what kind of big half-brother would he be if he didn't at least try?

A stolen ship and a few crumbs of a trail lead Samael back to Nepleslia, where he immigrated under the alias "Samuel Castor" in late [YE 40](#) – it has not been a favourable, easy nor particularly straight forward road but Samael will not rest until the green-eyed and black haired sister that had been taken from him was found, one way or another, he just needs closure.

## Skills Learned

Samael Castien has the following notable skills:

- **Languages:** Samael can speak fluent [Trade](#), [Seraphim](#) and [Kuznyetski](#) – and has trained himself to speak with the faintest of Kuznyetski accents to further the illusion of him being a Nepleslian.
- **Rogue:** Samael has kept up the illusion of Samuel Castor for a few years now and has acquired paperwork to back it up, in addition to this he's a decent lockpick and pick-pocket as well as a competent sneaker when the need arises.
- **Fighting:** The first life Samael ever claimed was with the scythe he had used to work the fields for so long, since then he has gotten into further scraps and trained himself with handguns – so while maybe not the greatest combatant and certainly not trained in military tactics he is a rather good shot and handy in a brawl.

## Social Connections

Family:

- Urizen Castien (Estranged Father)
- Evie Cardos (Mother, Deceased)
- Rachel Cardos (Sister)
- Adum Cardos (Step Father, deceased)

# Inventory and Finances

Samael Castien has:

- Documentation and ID for one "Samuel Castor"<sup>1)</sup>
- Ushanka
- Grey woollen trench coat
- White scarf
- Galactic Horizon 7.7x15mm Covert Carry Revolver + a few handfults of ammo, two speed loaders and a speed strip
- NAM Soft Ballistics Vest
- Styrling SBS-23 "Nepleslian TV Remote" + 9 shells

Few thousand in KS and DA

## OOC Information

This article was created on 2019/09/13 11:43 using the namespace template.

In the case sirskully 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	Samael Castien
Character Owner	SirSkully

<sup>1)</sup>

A Male Nepleslian with a minor case of 🧠 osteogenesis imperfecta

From:

<https://wiki.stararmy.com/> - **STAR ARMY**

Permanent link:

[https://wiki.stararmy.com/doku.php?id=characters:independent:samael\\_castien](https://wiki.stararmy.com/doku.php?id=characters:independent:samael_castien)

Last update: **2023/12/21 00:53**

