

# Shaastabar Muut

Shaastabar Muut	
Species:	Iromakuanhe
Gender:	Male
Age:	37
Family (or Creators):	Both Parents deceased; estranged from extended family. Multiple former lovers and acquaintances, few of whom remain friendly.
Zodiac Sign:	-
Height:	5'10
Weight:	160lb.
Bra Size:	-
Organization:	Cirrus Station Security Force
Rank:	Undetermined
Occupation:	Entertainer
Current Placement:	Cirrus Station

## Shaastabar Muut in Roleplay

Shaastabar Muut is a [Player Character](#) played by [paracelcus](#) and is currently involved in the Undetermined plot.

## Physical Characteristics

Height: 5'10 Mass: 160lb. Measurements: - Bra Size: -

**Build and Skin Colour:** Shaastabar lacks the toned dancer's physique found in many of his race; his musculature is, to Iroma eyes, rough-hewn and asymmetric. He is, however, undoubtedly in shape, and his chalk-white skin is unblemished by the strains of overindulgence.

**Facial Features and Eye Colour:** The good gentlebeing Muut is blessed- if one wants to think of it that way- with fine-boned, aristocratic features, more fitting on an Ivouri aesthete than an Eyr Ranr nomad. His eyes are a pale, untroubled blue, with long lashes; generally the first impression his face produces is one of effeminacy, but he has managed to inherit the strong jawline and quirk-of-the-lip of his less dissipated father.

**Hair Colour and Style:** Shaastabar takes meticulous care of his hair, and has been known to claim it as a business expense. In a rare and exotic touch for one of his blood, his hair is ink-black; the contrast is accentuated with the addition of steel rings at the temples and a thick, ribbon-twined braid at the right side of his head.

**Distinguishing Features:** Like most Iromakuanhe, Muut's most distinctive features are his horns; these are, again, accented with decorative rings, theses being of silver. His horns are swept back, following the

curve of his skull, only to flare outward with a spiral twist just as they leave off following his cranium. A number of intricate scrollwork designs have, in what must have been quite a painful process, been graven into both Shaastabar's horns and his balance-limbs. Beyond these obvious physical features, Muut's ostentation and preference for expansive, florid gestures can easily pick him out of a crowd. Generally speaking, Shaastabar wears a color-shifting tailcoat and a dapper purple vest, complete with tie and low-slung, silky trousers. It's an eminently impractical outfit, but it carries everything it needs to, and it catches the eye. It's also just a bit more than it seems...

## Psychological Characteristics

**Personality:** Shaastabar is, in a psychological sense as well as a more concrete political one, a man without a country. He has been known to remark, sometime after drink- likely his first- has left him voluble, that it has been a long time since Maekardan. While it is not literally true that many years have passed since his departure, it certainly feels that way to him and he would be offended if anyone argued.

Like the majority of the Dream Stewards, Muut is a person of spiritual conviction, concerned with, and sensitive to, the tides of passion and event that drive history for good or ill. Unlike most, however, this led him not to any sort of enlightened empathy, but to a strange combination of hard-hearted mercenary manipulation and constant, existential doubt. To be sensitive- and he cannot help but be that- is less a blessing, than a curse. Shaastabar is unwilling to trust the uplift of his race, even less willing to put faith in far-flung empires, and most profoundly of all, he consistently fails to trust himself.

Shaastabar makes few male friends, as he tends to react to perceived slights with petty competitive zeal and subtle posturing. Among females, the situation is more complex; while his self-doubt and emotive nature are less likely to meet with censure at feminine hands (he thinks), he cannot entirely trust either his motives, or his projected self, in the prescence of those he so frequently defrauds of virtue, and sometimes more. That being said, he is practical insofar as his frequent depressions allow, and is generally just congenial enough to get along with whomever is paying for his talents this week.

Muut has a grudging respect for life, mostly growing from a respect for the finality of death, one force he does not doubt. He tends to feel, however, that anyone who wants to be treated fairly should give others similar, or indeed better, treatment. His respect and felicity is earned, almost never given freely. Appearances to the contrary are nigh-invariably false. While he is competent in his chosen field and capable in some few others, Shaastabar has, as yet, never found his way to a position in which he could settle- whether the pricking force was his own feelings of indecision or stagnation, wrathful relatives of some starry-eyed daughter, or knife-and-beam thugs out for his horns.

As he can be profoundly charming when he cares to be, he has never yet failed to escape from such travails. Shaastabar is not, fundamentally, pessimistic; he always hopes to find a true, pure heart in those he beds. That he is so often disappointed often leads people to take his cynical (but perfectly true and empathically founded) pronouncements as evidence of a gloomy outlook.

Sexually, the Iromakuanhe-errant is experienced to the point of jaded; flowered young, widely traveled, eternally amorous. This is tempered by a problem he once explained to an unusually patient nepleslian barkeep: his empathic abilities frequently mean he knows, with absolute certainty, how his attentions are received, and why. While it makes for a profoundly responsive lover, it takes away a layer of

mystery...after all, would you want to know everything someone was thinking during sex? Well, maybe you would. Shaastabar's been there, and he wouldn't, but it isn't as if he has much choice. And once you start auctioning your heart off to any pretty thing that catches your eye, and using it for more than pleasure, it's difficult to stop.

**Likes:** The sauce, the ladies, sometimes the men, the strings. **Dislikes:** Philistines, unnecessary violence, privation, his own impending death. **Goals:** Find a mind worth sharing and stick by it like glue.

## History

### Pre-RP

Shaastabar Muut grew up on a sleek, swift airship of the Eyn Ranr, on the planet Maekardan. In youth, he fit in; laughing eyes, a ready smile, and a taste for travel and the wind lent him the friendship of his family, and those around them, and occasionally the slack-jawed admiration of even older Iroma when he chose to leap into the air, heedless of the ground's waiting embrace. As time passed, however, he found himself repulsed by the shared thoughts and feelings of those around him, reluctant to touch others; gradually, his appetites for adventure took on a sharper edge his elders (and peers) did not approve. Desperate to keep something for himself in a society built of free, open, sharing people, he dedicated a small, shuttered corner to not being understood.

It worked.

Shaastabar made his way, from airship to airship, all the way to the spaceport district of his native world. While his main strong suits- seduction and musicality- were of limited use, his amateur diplomacy and non-nonsense counseling were found to be of considerably more use in ensuring the productivity and efficiency of those manning the outbound vessels. One such vessel was a small, lightly crewed science vessel investigating the Blue Rift Expanse; Muut managed to talk his way on board as 'ship's counselor', as the trip would likely be lengthy and entertainment was at a premium. It was to be a regrettable decision. Unstable gravitic emanations, whether from the rift itself or the space surrounding, tore into his fragile barque; most of the crew died in those few moments. The rest, flying blind, set out in what they vainly hoped might be the right direction, as supplies dwindled and the stars continued to streak, unfamiliar, past their view-ports. Ultimately, only Shaastabar remained alive, and even he was forced to abandon ship in a meager escape pod when the life-support began to fail.

Sheerest luck allowed him to avoid the pull of a nearby singularity and contact the freespacers on Null and Void; even more good fortune led him out from that far-flung outpost into the wider world, and through the mist nebula in the company of the Free State's unofficial envoys.

Years later, grown-up and with a bit of know-how gleaned from traders and wanderers, Shaastabar found himself an outsider in Nepleslian space, or, very occasionally, on Yamatai-allied worlds; maintaining a strict policy of neutrality, he relished the taste of freedom and aloneness. Left alone in bars and dives and on tramp freighters, the pressure of other minds eased. At last he began to miss it. In a ploy to regain some his lost empathy and community, Muut turned to his nimble fingers and musical talents, spilling out note after note on his Soholu. These days, music as well as charm allows Shaastabar to make his living, while he dreams his way...somewhere. Whether back home, or even further outward to the

stars, remains to be seen.

## Service Record

### Undetermined

-assignment description-

-mission name-

-mission description-

## Skills

### Communications

Shaastabar has had a checkered past in a number of different spheres of influence; the ability to communicate effectively in the tongue of the land has proven invaluable. His proficiency at various languages and steady hand- good enough even for simple forgeries- spring from a combination of long hours writing sheet music, and equally long hours attempting to make oneself understood when no-one around speaks Saalsari. He also knows enough about very basic communications technologies to get on the horn to his promoter when needs must.

### Entertainment

Shaastabar is, and has been for most of his life, a professional musician. While his tenure playing Elysian instruments is comparatively brief, his talent for the strings is of long standing. In addition to the strings, Muut has enough grasp of patter to keep an audience occupied between sets, and enough ability at the mechanics of the ribald to keep the dowager sponsoring his latest gig "satisfied".

### Hand-to-hand

Shaastabar has two ways of solving confrontations that escalate their way to violence, both of which were learned from patrons with less than a perfect grasp of musical appreciation. The first of these methods, and his preferred one, is his fists- mostly because they are usually nonlethal, and collateral damage tends to be low. He maintains a collection of knuckle-dusters, weighted gloves, and other pugilistic accoutrement for this purpose.

## Demolitions

When a problem cannot be solved with fists; when many, many angry people are chasing one, howling, through the streets. This is a case wherein one really, truly needs to make a big bang very quickly. While reluctant to make use of it, Muut has a fair degree of civilian-level expertise in the handling and use of grenades, and usually keeps at least one somewhere on his person- you just never know. The exact genesis of this skill is something he refers to as the 'Kawaii Incident' and has never explained. He does, however, touch his eyebrows almost lovingly whenever he uses the phrase.

## Leadership

The life of an itinerant musician is a difficult one. If you have to wrangle strong-willed guitarists and harpists and drummers into getting to a gig on time, and not drunk, it's harder. Shaastabar isn't a natural orator by any means, but he has a talent for making decisive, incisive statements it's hard to argue with- unless you think about them too much. When bombast fails to keep the band- be it musical or otherwise- on the right track, he glories in the possession of a soothing voice, sufficient to accompany either a wandering solo on his bass or a gently worded 'suggestion' to a compatriot.

## Rogue

As a lock-picker, Muut is mediocre, if not terrible. As a pick-pocket or an amateur musician, he's so-so. But if you absolutely, positively, must distract a member of the opposite sex for a few hours, you know exactly who to call. Shaastabar has had to make his way by more than music many times; frequently, the couch of a recent conquest is the only place he has to sleep. Leveraging some combination of the appeal of the artist, the exotic, and just being out-and-out good-looking, he generally manages to keep in the good graces of his partners, for a while at least. It's a strong-willed saloon patroness or patron who doesn't laugh just a bit nervously when a drink is bought and a velvety voice slides insinuations down her spine.

## Medicine

Sometimes, there's no market for music; even more rarely, there's no market for love. At these times, a traveling huckster with a misanthropic grin can rely on the fact that there is always a market for some licentious powder, cream, or pill. From Happy-dust and Big K to Kaserine and Long-night; if you want it, Shaastabar knows where to get it, how to make it, or what you might like instead. And if you're really in trouble, there's a chance he might be able to scrounge some Droksin somewhere...after all, he's got a lot of pockets.

## Inventory

## Clothing

- Security Countermeasures Utility Metagarment: A boon to small-time crooks and a bane to paragons of law, the product of multifarious outlaw technicians and equally shady, if talented, tailors, the SCUM suit is counted among the finest tools for circumventing personal contraband searches known to Nepleslian science.

Virtually all such units include stealth technologies, hidden pockets, and top-of-the-line sensor bafflers, and Shaastabar's is no exception. However, his personal Metagarment has been modified above and beyond the normal bounds of its capability and aesthetic appeal- with a wonder-inducing price-tag to match.

Woven from durable SynthAraS, modified to be breathable, with a tightened, form-fitting weave and the defensive capability of carbon nanofiber and beam-dispersive coatings, the SCUM would be a respectable addition to any miscreant's closet. With the addition of color-changing fabrics, self-repair nanites, and embroidery of the most profound artistry (picked out in silver-shaded thread), it would make an equally promising showing in any fop's wardrobe. Last but not least, smugglers have reason to pack it into their valises and portmanteaus; the metagarment is equipped with top-of-the-line null-signature generators covering four spacious hidden pockets, and at least one quick-access pocket suitable for a knife, pistol, or grenade in situations of the last resort. In the event anyone attempts to access the hidden pockets without first inputting a tactile code, the garment seals them completely. The SCUM is no slouch in the stealth department either; an integrated single-purpose computing system takes in information from its sensor network and creates on-demand camouflage utilizing the fabric's color-shifting capabilities. A slow-moving target is virtually invisible to visual inspection when the system is online, and power requirements are considerably less than therm-optics or other more involved stealth solutions, requiring (with the color-shifting and other systems) only two rechargeable flat-panel batteries.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the metagarment is that which makes it 'meta'; the majority of its surface, including all major seams, fastening points, and a considerable number of other panels, are self-mobile, allowing the metagarment to be reorganized at the will of the user. In addition to aiding in the concealment of its baffle-pockets, the metagarment's mobile nature makes it, essentially, an entire closet's worth of outfits in one. When tightened to the maximum degree, it resembles a form-fitting bodysuit, and can be worn under any garment that would allow undergarments comfortably. The default setting of Shaastabar's metagarment is a rather dapper frock coat with flaring sleeves and wide, accented cuffs, completed with vest, shirt, and slim-line trousers; while the entirety is actually of a piece, clever overlap and strategic positioning makes it appear a full ensemble. In order to avoid the appearance of wearing the same garment each day, Shaastabar routinely changes the color, pattern, and cut of the metagarment to his own taste using the small tactile-gestural control panel located in the right wrist.

The SCUM's only detachable component, and also its only non-mobile one, is a [scarf](#), a wide band of basic black. Properly fastened, it completely covers the mouth and nose, and hangs raffishly down the wearer's back. While it offers only meager protection, the [scarf](#) contains a rebreather rated for one hour of clean air. In addition, a backup communications system of subvocal mic. and earpiece, able to patch into most open military and civilian networks when needed, is situated against the unit's throat.

## Accessories

- **Lover's Kiss**| Shaastabar's favored hand-to-hand weapon, these heavy leather gauntlets (with a thin patch of conductive psuedo-leather over the knuckles) are blazoned with his personal mark, a stylized bird of prey with a rose in its beak.
- **Solanii Laiz Pistol**| This left-handed laiz weapon, of astral commonwealth manufacture, appears little-used, but Shaastabar has taken the time to install a new handgrip and refit it in Neplesian coloration. No logo or symbol of manufacture can be discerned.
- **Pusher's Pockets**| Shaastabar's shielded [Smuggling](#) pockets contain a panoply of semi-legal pharmaceuticals, carefully ensconced in fitted cloth sleeves and ceramic vials. His present, fairly light inventory includes the following doses for the discerning customer; Vigour x10, Slam x4, Rage x1, Long-night x10, Big K x30, Hangover Cure x100, Bliss x4, Attraction x3 [Aerosolized]. While some of the included drugs are for personal use, others are intended to get close to others, or even for offensive or tactical usage.
- **Personal Medikit**| The only legitimate, marketable skill Muut possesses, since neither music nor underworld-wanderer-knacks count, is medicine; accordingly, he carries a little black bag, or in this case, a little metallic case, wheresoever he chooses to go. It generally contains the following: Droksin x4, Nolern x6, Liquid Bandage [2in.] x4, Burn Cream x1, a penlight, and some tweezers. At the bottom of the box, very carefully contained in foam, is a battered, three-quarters empty 'purple box' from a Yamataian medical kit. At some point it seems to have been stabbed, but luckily, the contents are undamaged.
- **Lockpicks** | The ever-popular 'door breaker' model basic set, slightly modified; the picks are formed of heavy-duty industrial plastics, less likely to scan if slightly less durable. With the exception of the miniature saw, every piece of the kit is scuffed, knicked, notched, or otherwise ill-used. These are the tools of someone who is either very experienced at picking locks, very bad at doing so, or both.
- **Laser Scalpel**| Carried in the quick-access pocket of his SCUM. While it requires very close-quarters combat, the scalpel is an effective weapon as well as a medical tool, and Muut uses it as such.

## Personal Hygiene

- **Iron Combs**| This set of three combs appears to be made of ornately carved, well-kept iron, smoothed as if by the pressure of many hands. The ornamentation and styling of the simple hair-care devices marks them out as of spacer manufacture for those in the know. With the combs are a set of small needles and rings designed to hold or bind various configurations of hair in place.

## Electronics

- **Electronic Money Card**

## Miscellaneous

- Bedding and other clothing | While his metagarment tends to almost obviate their prescence, Shaastabar does have a few undershirts, silk dress ensembles, and of course, a good many pairs of boxers- mostly in shades of deep burgundy or black to contrast with his skin. Similarly, unused to the privations of military sleeping conditions, he generally carries a very tightly folded set of embroidered silk sheets.

## Finances

Shaastabar Muut is currently a Undetermined in the Undetermined. She receives a weekly salary of - salary- per week.

Total Savings	Addition	Subtraction	Reason
3000 KS			Starting Funds
2940	-	60ks	Lover's Kiss
2765	-	175ks	Solanii Laiz Pistol
2547	-	218ks	Questionable Pharmaceuticals
2492	-	55ks	Legitimate Pharmaceuticals
2192	-	300ks	Basic Set 'Door Breaker' Lockpicks, Used
2192	-	-	Iron Combs
-348	-	2540	SCUM suit

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Last update: **2024/03/24 08:19**

