

# Deon Maxwell

Deon Maxwell	
<b>Species:</b>	<a href="#">Nepleslian</a>
<b>Gender:</b>	Male
<b>Age:</b>	24
<b>Zodiac Sign:</b>	Libra
<b>Height:</b>	5'9"
<b>Weight:</b>	144 lb.
<b>Organization</b>	<a href="#">Star Army of Nepleslia</a>
<b>Rank</b>	Soldier 3rd Class
<b>Occupation</b>	Tech Sentry/PA pilot
<b>Current Placement</b>	PA Training NSS Kestrel

## Deon's Player

Deon is a player character played by Dragonkat. OOCly a bit of a random guy. Love random links, lol cats, and the odd flash game, along with dawn of war dark crusade.

## Relations

- Father: Travis Maxwell: (Killed, YE26)
- Mother: Triella Maxwell: (Age 45, not remarried)
- Sister: Katrina Maxwell: (Age 24, single)

## Physical Appearance

**Build and Skin Color:** Deon is quite the short and slender guy compared to your average Nepleslian. Something that never really bothered him given how it made getting around and under things easier. His skin color a lighter tan given all the time he spent in a garage, but with enough color to show he did get out once in awhile. Usually as part of a airbike crew at the races. Despite his smaller size he's no slouch when it comes to working out, and always tries to visit a gym when free time permits.

**Facial Features and Eye Color:** Deon's eyes are that shade of blue/green that could easily be considered either. And he prefers to stay clean shaven at all times. Those last few specks with a razor getting as much attention as any engineering project.

**Hair color and Style:** Short, cropped, and usually dirty dark brown hair in the front. Though a bit longer in the back, curling up behind his ears, and on occasion being twirled with as he ponders a problem. Hence the grease and oil streaks that tend to run though it. Despite a few efforts to style it, his line of work always messed it up anyway. So his morning routine now is just a sink, cold water, and a comb.

## Distinguishing Features

The overly innocent “Friendly face” that he uses to try and smooth over any situation that his little cons or quips might cause. Though part of this is due to nearly overdosing on “Calm” in his younger days.

His right arm is an obvious cybernetic replacement with no skin covering. The first and middle fingertips on it are also removable. So he can attach more precision tools to the joint below. What space wasn't needed to keep the arm functional was also converted into storage for some of his tools.

## Mental Characteristics

### Personality:

intensely driven is the word that describes Deon best. To the point where once he gets focused on something everything else around just gets blocked out. Catch him in that mood and you might hear him cursing under his breath at any interruptions as well. That overly abundant drive and attention to detail stretches into his personal life. Though despite his best efforts most schedules or plans go right out the window once he gets going on something.

Pull him away from the engine room though and he's quite the easygoing guy. One who enjoys kicking a few back with anybody around, and eying the crowd for anyone with a bit more drink and money then talent. While loyal enough not to con fellow soldiers out of money anyone else is fair game to him.

As for the army, he's not in it for promotions through the ranks. He sees the army as a means to an end. Namely a way to support his family number one. But also a way to get his hands on the newest high tech gear no civie ever could. And use it as a stepping stone to help with his own dreams.

If he has one quirk of personality it's that he seems to find cybernetics (even his own arm) distasteful in nature, and has an inherent love/hate relationship with the more advanced AI programs in use. The concept of any machine telling him how things should be done or doing it for him just not sitting well. And the thought of artificially created beings like the Nekovalkyrja is one of the few subjects where he his normally cool personality develops a fiery mean streak.

### Likes, Dislikes and Goals

- Likes: His sister, Taking things apart, getting permission to take something bigger apart, anything with caffeine, power armor, propulsion systems of all kinds, a good game of pool or cards, a few hours to himself reading every now and again.
- Dislikes: Flowery Language, people who need five sentences to make one point, excessive cybernetics, Advanced AI's and androids, Nekovalkyrja (intensely) Anyone who insults his sister (even more so)
- Goals: The ability to support his mother and sister so they are never wanting, patching things up with his mother. Higher ups in the star army or NAM taking note of anything successful he might

cook up, a future job on a NAM design team earned through his own merits (no bribery, no "connections") Taking racing to a whole new level with custom power armor over airbikes (personal pipe dream)

## History

## Childhood

Ever since he was old enough to hold a screwdriver Deon had a tool of some kind in his hands. That drive and creative spark nurtured by a father who spent every free moment with him. Sharing the workaholic tendencies his son has to this day. Though a young Deon loved time with dad he couldn't help but notice how little attention was devoted to the other members of his family. Triella a trophy wife Travis barely noticed outside the bedroom, or when she was on his arm at a party. Katrina barely tolerated, mainly because Travis Didn't mind a daughter to marry off and increase his own standing with.

When he asked why it was they seemed to have two families under one roof Travis tried the usual "That's just the way it is." parental platitudes. but a now 16 year old Deon would have none of that. Though his persistence on the matter was answered by their current project smashed against the wall right by his head, a tirade about letting his mind be distracted by trivial matters, and his father disappearing for two weeks to attend a "Corporate retreat."

It was during this time that Deon finally poked his head from the world of models and manuals for real. And the first time he took stock of the world around him, starting with his sister. Though a bit shy and unsure at first Katrina was eventually all too happy to spend time with Deon. Once he proved it wasn't some evil brother plot to tease or poke fun the two were joined at the hip. The two of them loved bouncing ideas and discussions about various topics off one another, when they weren't plotting some prank that tended to give either parent a fit.

The fun times lasted a scant two years though. As both parents saw their closeness as a danger. Travis due to a view that Katrina was making "his" son soft. Triella seeing the reverse, as "her" little girl was growing up positively unladylike. And into a total tomboy when out with Deon.

Despite the very vocal protests from both Deon's 18th birthday found himself being shipped off to the same technical college his father graduated from. A rather large alumni 'donation' ensuring the acceptance of his sudden transfer. And a generous yearly allowance laid out for him, though he considered it little more than an effort to shut him up.

## College years

With no letters from home or to home being replied to Deon decided to make the best of a bad situation. He spent the better part of a year diving back into the worlds of books and blueprints. Earning a mix of respect from teachers, and jealously from even upper classmen with his performance. Along with a couple close friends when he did come up for air.

The pair being Kyle donovon and Stephen "Steve Damnit!" Reed. A couple less well off misfits known more for skipping classes then anything else. And the pair who handed Deon an empty wallet when they hustled him at the pool tables. Though a determined Deon gave them a shock a couple weeks later when he hustled them right back, and an even bigger one when he gave the money he stole back. After that they could be seen trying to keep him from class, Deon trying to actually help them pass their math exams. And the trio becoming the terror of the pool tables for the more unwary classmates out there.

As his sophomore year wore along though Deon found himself increasingly bored, and confined. The fact only a single letter from home arrived (Travis praising him for making the honor roll) and none of his own still being replied too was leaving him in quite the depressed and cynical state.

Seeing their good buddy in such a mess Kyle and Steve did the only thing they could, and convinced Deon to skip class for a real treat. Given that he'd already finished a weeks worth of work anyway Deon agreed, and that's when the first airbike race he witnessed changed everything. His mind seeing not the thrills and the celeb's but the bikes themselves, already making comparisons between them all by a few laps in, and seeing one nasty engine blowout as a challenge to solve. The resulting pileup and injuries a mere secondary detail.

On their way out and by the pits Deon couldn't help but rattle off many an excited opinion. His buddies nodding and pretending to understand. Unlike the crew chief who overhead those comments and walked right up, Asked Deon if he was really serious, and pointed to the nearby bike in an obvious invitation. Never one to turn down a challenge Deon just grinned, asked for a toolbox, and 2 hours later he was three free tickets for the afternoon race richer. Though the bike didn't finish first he couldn't help but smile at the Noticeably improved times. He also wasn't too surprised when his mailbox had an invitation to next week's race inside, along with a pit pass.

The next few weeks saw Deon spending a lot less time in class, and a lot more time at both the local race tracks. His grades dropped slightly, but the thrills and "real" excitement of having some part to test, or an offer to help tweak a bike more then made up for it to him. The clash of interests came to a head though when Deon came back from one of his trips, only to see the scores for a final exam he missed posted.

Though he scored high enough to still pass the incident caused quite a stir with him and his professors. But the real firestorm was when his father came to visit. When he asked why he was wasting money on his son if he was gonna be as stupid and weak as Katrina Deon totally lost it. The end result being campus security called, Deon steaming in the local lockdown for a week, and his father needing a couple weeks to properly repair a broken nose.

With his allowance cut to nothing, and no money for travels Deon spent the start of his junior year just doing every last problem in his workbooks, handed them to his teachers, and simply said. "I'm done." After that his days were spent scarily "Calm" (mostly thanks to the drug with the same name) taking any freshman unfortunate enough to come across him for every cent he could. Needless to say this state of affairs didn't last long. As he made the mistake of hustling a visiting parent for nearly 3000KS, a parent who was a close friend of the dean, and the end result was Deon's immediate expulsion for gambling on school grounds.

unfortunately the trouble didn't end there as on the return trip home his bike was run off the road, What followed next was the friends of a parent / local syndicate member he hustled dispensing a gangland payback. Then reliving him of both the money and the arm that stole that money before leaving him for

dead.

## The years after

When a recovering Deon awoke to plenty of white and Katrina's worried expression he thought he'd just crash landed into heaven. Though in truth it was just the Funky city hospital his sister was now a medic at. A new cybernetic arm though raised many a question about he paid for it. Which quickly lead to an angry dispute with his sister.

As usual though he met his match when it came to her temper. After pointing out it was her money to spend Katrina said the words he still takes to heart. "It's your god damn life Deon, so live it how you want, do what you want, and if dad gets pissed, well screw him! You've jumped through his little hoops long enough, so stop playing these childish games with him and make a real name for yourself!"

After a week more of recovery time Deon followed that advice. A few calls to the friends he made in the world of racing getting him a position with the very first team he'd come across years back. Upon seeing their newest hire the current crew was excited as anything, pestering Deon about that incident where he first worked on their original bike, and taking bets about how long it'd take him to be crew chief. Deon's only reply being "If I want it, I'll earn it." And though it took the better part of a year he did earn that title. His team finishing only a few points shy of first. For Deon though the real reward was a letter from Katrina telling him to keep it up "hotshot".

The following year found him carving a small niche of his own in the airbike universe. Though the drivers got most of the front page coverage the crews knew who really got them there. And the garage below Deon's two room apartment started to see more business over the next few months then it had in the entire year before. Things came to a screeching halt though both for the races and his life when the SMX invaded, and the battle of Nepleslia claimed the life of his father. Travis having been aboard the ill fated GH-03 star fortress, and in a final display of stubbornness refusing to leave right up to the end.

Deon quickly dropped everything to return home, but all he found there was bitterness and hate. An inconsolable Triella lashing out, blaming him for her husband's death. As Travis had all but abandoned her for work with the military, Deon's "failures" leaving him with nothing but that. Rather then press the issue Deon simply left and returned to his new life. Though he made it a point to send part of his pay and any money made through his bar room antics back home. Even if Triella kept sending it right back a few days later. Eventually he resorted to donations to Katrina's hospital and payments sent to her. Katrina in turn giving some to their mother.

Though his team finished first in a short season and the following year after Deon couldn't help but feel there had to be more still. Another challenge just out there waiting. Said challenge being found when he learned some of his fellow gearheads were looking into joining up with the new star army of Nepleslia. Something Deon pounced on without a second thought, ready to see just what's out there

## Service Record

## **Soldier, 3rd Class**

- Currently aboard NSS Kestrel for additional power armor training.

## **Medical Record**

- Nearly suffered a dangerous overdose on 'Calm' while in college.

## **Skills**

### **Communication**

Deon knows the ins and outs of most shipboard, power armor, and headset communication systems. Though you'll only find him speaking in English, and it's questionable if his shorthand even qualifies as that. His style of speaking is sometimes described as "lacking in tact." he just prefers to getting right to a point. At least when it comes to important matters. Though he's much more easygoing when off duty.

### **Engineering**

If it's a propulsion system of some kind then Deon will be itching to get his hands on it, and probably will manage to put it back together right on the first try, maybe with some improvements. He loves trying to build them bigger, better, and faster, even if everything else attached to it might have issues. Though he's a very hands on kinda guy and performs a lot better when he has parts in front of him. Unlike trying to think up something totally new from scratch.

### **Fighting**

In his younger days Deon preferred a bit of selective bribery, usually an offer to buy the next round. Or just having the knack to not be there when a fight started (usually via the nearest back door) If push came to shove though he quickly learned how to make a pool cue into an excellent improvised quarterstaff. One of his few mementos from home being a custom built and special reinforced one for particularly nasty bar brawls. When it comes to standard weapons he passed the basic exams for sword and sidearm usage, but is nothing special.

### **Maintenance and repair**

Since joining the military Deon's speed freak love of all things engine related is having to compete against his newest obsession with learning all he can about power armor repair and maintenance. If he's not by a suit of armor then he's usually found in an engine room. Tinkering, tweaking, and trying to push every last bit of speed from them he can. At least within the limits he's assigned too. Given that a

starship engine is a bit harder to take apart then an armor suit when it comes to study.

## Rogue

More then one freshman would wander into a college rec-room for a friendly game of pool or cards, and be walking out with empty pockets by the time a grinning Deon was done. An accomplished pool "hustler" it's his one true vice to this day. Along with lesser talents at the timeless shell game con. And a personal deck of marked playing cards when he's feeling really lucky. All tricks that also served him well in the seedy bars of Funky City, and kept him in the few luxuries he liked before joining the star army.

## Mathematics

Before his rather abrupt departure from college Deon had mastered enough basic math, algebra, and trigonometry to work on his designs and help his pool game. So long as the letters don't make real sentences, as word problems give him fits to this day.

## Piloting

As a cadet Deon requested any and all extra training he could get in the usage of power armor. Mainly due to a personal desire to test any possible modifications first hand, and get a feel for how the propulsion systems actually operated before trying to work on them. The desire to see just how far he could push a suit's drives led to above average piloting skills, and the odd game of catch me if you can with other marines. Though it did lead to a neglect of his gunnery practice, aside from seeing just how many shots he could fire off before they caught up.

# Items

## Clothing

- 2 Pullover shirt, green, with rank patches on shoulder pads and name plate
- 4 T-Shirts, white
- 2 T-Shirts, dark green
- 2 boxers, white
- 4 underwear, white
- 2 Khaki cargo pants
- 1 Beret, green, with flash patch
- 1 pair boots, black
- 6 pair boot Socks, white
- 1 Belt, dark green (pants)
- 1 Rank Patch, Soldier 3rd Class
- 1 Leather knife holster, brown, left leg

- 1 Leather gun holster, brown, right leg
- 2 Work overalls, Green

## Weapons, Weapon Accessories

- Zen Armaments .45 Caliber Pistol.
- CQ Combat Knife, Yavrex Knit, Monomolecular Edge.
- 1 box .45 rounds

## Personal items

- 1 pair identification tags, metal, with name and hometown
- Deck of marked playing cards: Deon's personal deck has a few tiny specks of color that don't match the design on the back. The red and black spots a personal code of his own that's only really noticable around 40X magnification. And even if it's noticed he tried his best to make it look like a simple manufacturing flaw, or just the wear and tear of being used.
- Custom built pool cue: Another memento from home Deon's favortite "Weapon" of choice looks like a high quality pool cue on the surface, though the core has a lighter metal alloy rod running from tip to back. An addition he found helpful for when bar brawls got nasty, and he got sick of buying new cues. Though more often then not he's still ending up redetailing and replacing the wood covering. It's heavier then your usual cue as well.
- Photo album: A simple little memento book that contains a few photos of his family, rather goofy moments from the airbike circuit with his team, and an old pressed Lily given to him by Katrina.
- Uno Sunglasses: Usually being worn or in a pocket when he can't. But Deon keeps them with him at all times till they need charging.
- TET Game buddy: Another item that's usually in a pocket somewhere for when he has a free moment. Or he just needs to get his mind off a problem for a couple. Usually has a mini pool simulator in it for planning trick shots. Or his favorite game at the moment. [Desktop Tower Defense](#)

## Wallet

- Current: 1500 ks
- Income: 0 ks
- Expenses: 1500 ks

Character Data	
Character Name	Deon Maxwell
Character Status	Inactive Player Character

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