


Ketsurui Rolf

Shoi Ketsurui Rolf is a [Minkan](#) who serves in the [Star Army of Yamatai](#). He is played by [Bilgecrank](#).



Species	NH-31M Minkan
Gender	Male
Age	30
Zodiac Sign	Aries
Height	5'2"/157.48 cm.
Weight	190 lb./86.18 kg.
Organization	 Star Army of Yamatai
Current Placement	Black Knights



Rank	 Shoi
Occupation	Centurion

"At times his discourse was to the point, at times point-less, and the sword right beside him with the boy, whereon I kept a sharp eye, a madman after all, being a touchy matter." - **Jan Chryzostom Pasek, Memoirs of the Polish Baroque**

Rolf's Voice and Theme

- Voice: Samurai Champloo - Mugen
- Theme(Normal): Persona 5 - Beneath the Mask
- Theme(Mischief): Cowboy Bebop - Cat Blues

Theme(Wild Mischief): [Cowboy Bebop - Bad Dog No Biscuit](#)

Theme(Command): [Persona 5 - Rivers in the Desert](#)

Theme(Battle): [Doom - BFG Division](#)

Rolf in Roleplay

Relations

Family

- Wife: Ketsurui Sora
- Daughter: Ketsurui Wakako
- Father: Blaze Veruk Westwood(Geshrin, Dead)
- Mother: Icení Lene Meluki(Geshrin, Dead)
- Sister: Oshiana Veruk Westwood(Yamataian, Dead)

Physical Appearance

General View

The Chusa saw him stroking the stupid spike on his chin, flashing the stupid grin on his lips, showboating with the stupid sparks in his ruby eyes. - [Freeman Yukari](#) noting Rolf's typical expressions.

- **Handedness:** Right
- **Build:** Broad Shoulders, Very Muscular, Athletic.
- **Skin Color:** Tanned Flesh-Colored skin.
- **Facial Features:** Sharp, expressive eyebrows; Eyes always seem to show a little sign of stress; strong nose; composed jawline; Chin juts a bit. Elf ears jut out flatly from his head, which makes him very impish looking.
- **Eye color:** Blood Red
- **Hair color and Style:** Loose, untamed, brown hair, looks like a bushy porcupine; has a brown Goatee shaped into a sharp spike.
- **Distinguishing Features:** Resting expression is mischievous, and it permeates in everything he does.

Mental Characteristics

Personality

Ever since he had started, he had taken to watching the trees, with their changing colors. He remembered standing under one when black smoke still filled the sky so long ago. Today, it felt like the smoke had cleared for the first time. - *Ketsurui Rolf, standing under an oak outside the Kyoto War College*

The Helacious Hell-Raiser, Rolf has found great revelry in chaos throughout his life. He has been described as many things: inscrutable, impossible, and easy-going. At times, it seems as though his panache is unfitting, especially after the death of a comrade. Yet, the man finds great pleasure in war and fighting, and the unfortunate side effects of it appear driven away by some unblinking immunity that spouts smart-ass remarks at death. In truth, it his coping mechanism, and later in life he found himself unable to cope with not his own actions, but the tragedies that surrounded them.

In recent years, he's managed to achieve a greater peace within himself, thanks to the influence of people he considers family and a newfound one. His violent ambitions have been channeled into more constructive paths, and he's been able to put aside his chaotic behavior when he feels its necessary. His emotions, which used to be channeled in battle, are better handled, and instead, are used to fuel his passion in all his pursuits.

Preferences and Goals

- **General Likes:** General chaos, action, challenging hobbies, his sleep, weapons and armor of any variety(old or new), women, warm meals, cold alcohols, and a good atmosphere.
- **General Dislikes:** Extended periods of nothing happening, guard duty, deep pools of water, cold food, warm alcohol, effeminate men, pirates, and an overly serious atmosphere.
- **Religion:** None
- **Favorite Color:** Red
- **Lucky Number:** 10
- **Clothing:** Rolf will often prefer some kind of tank top to wear so that his arms can be bare to the air around him, a pair of cargo shorts for a loose feel, and some reliable shoes. He usually doesn't like to wear to many pieces of clothing, or layering.
- **Food:** Loves spicy food, specifically things like chicken. Hot sauce is welcome on just about any dish, even Spicy Curry.
- **Sexuality:** Heterosexual
- **Goals:** Make his mark on the galaxy, and do it with his own vessel one day.

History

Pre-Military

Birth and Tragedy

Rolf was born in Malifar, to the name Asher Orkin Weswtood. His father was a Cargo Ship Captain, and his mother a Nurse. He loved his parents and he loved going up in the Cargo Ships with his father. However, when he was six, tragedy struck in the form of a pirate attack.

The pirates, looking to prey upon an easy mark, attacked the ship and fired on it relentlessly. When they thought they had roughed it up enough, they decided to go ahead and board his father's vessel. Figuring that the personnel on the ship were unarmed, the Pirates only took a few weapons. This proved to be a mistake and they were fired on relentlessly by the captain and crew as they boarded. Further bombardment signalled the inevitable, Blaze ordered his crew and his son into the escape pods while he went down with the ship to take the pirates with him. Rolf watched in painful horror as his father detonated the ship along with the pirate ship docked with it.

Post Tragedy

Asher's vision was hazy, blurred by a punch directly to the eye. He could feel a few bones that had fractured in his leg and chest as he walked and breathed. Once again, he had bitten off more than he could chew, and got his ass kicked again. He had gone off to go beat up Takahata, but ended up having to deal with his dock-worker buddies. He had beaten Takahata senseless, and had thrown Mugen into the water. There were about six other people he didn't know that were also still lying out-cold on those docks. Still, they had beaten the hell out of him, and he had to sleep off the pain on a nice, cool parking lot before some Neko police officer ran him off for loitering.

Miharu, Mission 5: Part II, Page 28

His mother, pregnant with a second child, was devastated with what had happened. Along with her, they grieved their loved one, both feeling the effects for years to come. Rolf later, found himself on the streets, throwing his lot in with the delinquents of Malifar. Even as a hoodlum, he was rambunctious and at times unwelcome with the other thugs he either rolled with or rolled on. He often returned home with a battered face, showing the markings of a young man who learned respect the hard way.

There was pride to be had, though. It felt good being able to stick up to those odds and come up with the ability to think. Would've been nice to be able to see and think clearly, but that's what you pay for to be a badass. This was one of the reasons why no one messed with Hishuraga High's Number One Delinquent. Except the Number Two Delinquent, Takahata, who thought he was Number One.

Miharu, Mission 5: Part II, Page 28

Resolution

At about the age of eighteen, worry and sadness had driven Rolf's mother into illness. Fearing that he would lose his mother as well, Rolf tried to pull himself together. He became more helpful, reassured his

mother that he was doing fine, and that he wouldn't worry her. Unfortunately, he could not well enough shake his reputation, much less his threatening visage.

Rolf had to find out how to get out of his self-made mire and save his mother from her own worry. He looked toward the [Star Army of Yamatai](#), he saw it as a second chance. His recruiter would say the she saw a thug walk into her office, but despite his face, she saw the fire in his eyes.

Military - YSS Miharuru

To the Shikaku, then the Miharuru

Rolf's service started on the GSS Shikaku as a tactical specialist assistant. During the Battle of Taii, his ship was scuttled and shortly thereafter was rescued by the crew of the [YSS Miharuru](#). He began his service on the ship as a Power Armor Pilot.

Put to Work

Rolf couldn't just wait for another 5th XF ship to pick him up after he landed on the Miharuru. Immediately he was taken in and put to work on different jobs and tasks on the Miharuru. The Hei was even lucky enough to be put into combat, assisting in the taking of the ship, the *Meng Po*. The fighting on the Yui 6 scout ship made him realize how inexperienced he truly was, getting his commanding pilot, a sprite called Mara, wounded heavily. When they took the ship, he was sent along with [Tom Freeman](#) and [Yukari Freeman](#) to salvage and eventually man the ship. The three of them, eventually took it back to safe space and into the Gemini Star Fortress.

I'm Thirsty

A relaxing one month leave was awaiting Rolf upon his arrival at the station. After docking and gathering himself, he found he had no clothes. His previous set of wardrobe was completely destroyed along with the *GSS Shikaku*. Luckily, the rest of the crew was planning a little trip to the mall in the area. There, he bought few tank tops, some shorts, a nice jacket, and some swimming trunks. When the crew decided to stop shopping, Rolf made plans to go home to Malifar and relax for awhile.

After meeting with his mom, fighting and eventually bonding with his sister. He caught up with old friends and eventually laid out in the Malifarian sun. It felt good for him to feel the warmth of Malifar's west side instead of the cold, controlled climate of a starship.

When he returned back to station, the crew had one more trip in plan before returning to duty.

These were Rolf's last memories until two years later.

Just in Time for the End

Sanri explained as they walked. "Well, I was waiting for my turn with the ST backup machine when this naked, uncouth man emerged from the HS tank and demanded to know who we were and what was going on." As they came across the medlab's entry, Nyton saw that the way was blocked by many sprites whom were staring incredulously inside. When Sanri shooed them further aside, Nyton was able to take a look inside and he saw a wet [Rolf] sitting on the medical bed, using a white towel to dry himself.

Miharu, Mission 5: Part I, Page 3

Just before the beginning of the Fifth Mission of the [YSS Miharu](#), a clone of Asher Orkin Westwood was awoken in illegal fashion and set on the path that would ultimately make him Rolf Eastwood. Immediately after, still called Asher at that time, the Malifarian clone enthusiastically complied with every order of his superior to become ready for the upcoming battle. Unsurprisingly, for Rolf, he held no complaints or gripes of his existence, only a small reservation of what fate awaited afterward. The following hours consisted of nothing, but glorious unadulterated battle and gruesome war. There were all sorts of enemies, NIWS', Psionic users, various forms of Mishhu, and even some of the Black Spiral elite.

The enemy survivors flew away in a hasty, panicked retreat, and the chortling Malifarian just brought out his forearm turreted cannons on heavy mode and fired them down the corridors. Caught in a flurry of large grenade-like blasts, the fleeing nekos - including the nurses and the wounded nekos - dropped to the floor as if they had been flying insects caught within the spray of an insecticide can.

Miharu, Mission 5: Part I, Page 130

It was in this long, prolonged battle that he assisted in the deaths of Meni and Mani. *Twice*. Alongside that was the slaughter of [Eve](#), in where he and his fellow squad-mates coordinated a near one-sided battle (against them) to their favor. Yet, ironically, this was only a prelude for the true battle against [Melisson](#).

For a moment, it had to sink in, the opponent they had nearly been slaughtered by, just got slaughtered. The almighty, evil, tyrannical, and all out kama-weilding-psycho Eve was dead, and *they*/ killed her. It was like shooting the biggest buck in the forest, only with weapons designed to tear through ship-grade armor. Still, Asher didn't feel too restful as of yet, as if he hadn't properly gotten his fill of bloodshed.

Miharu, Mission 5: Part I, Page 148

To the Heart of the Beast

It was a cold, still moment, he looked frozen upon finally realizing the message. There was a chilling reminder of the hopelessness felt after that Mishhu tore the *Shikaku* open. It brought vivid memories of the silence following the death of the entire crew, and the bare whisper of another survivor out of all them. Though, for what followed that horrible moment in his life was what drove him never to fail. He would not fail *Miharu*.

Miharu, Mission 5: Part II, Page 4

Death slithered in all of the halls of Melisson's flagship, which Rolf was not ill-suited to. Still, horrors curled around every corner to confront the man. There he saw friends of many years die in cruel fashions. [Ichigo](#), killed by her own sister in the interpreter's puppetry. [Rin](#), sheared in half by her own [commander](#) as a means to save her life. Rolf himself was subjected to witnessing the jading experience of watching his father sacrifice himself in sick re-run of his own memories. Even further, Melisson herself

dug deep into his mind during the final fight, grabbing his soul and turning him against his own allies.

"That's Melisson?" asked Asher aloud to the room, never quite having had the opportunity to see the interpreter before, despite his in-direct involvements in the past. This was the woman that had commanded and coerced fleets of Mishhu to attack and destroy. Many of his friends, mentors, and comrades had been paved over by her path to glory. Yet, for some reason, he couldn't help but raise a certain issue. He pointed at the woman, and looked back at the rest of them, before drawing his hand back to his head. "Who would'a thought she'd look so... bangable. I mean, give'r a few years and I'd probably tap that. I'd tap that all ova' tha' god damn place. On tha' wall, on tha' floor, in tha' kitchen, in tha' bathroom. Hell! I'd probably tap it in here! Shit. If it weren't f'all thass' happened, I'd almost call killin' potential ass like that a waste."

Miharu, Mission 5: Part II, Page 48

Despite the mental travesties afflicted on them, Rolf, and the rest of the Miharu's away crew brought an end to Melisson's works, and her infused Dark-One, Melpralphra. Upon the death of their enemy and the destruction of their ship, the Hoshi and her crew frozen in time for an entire year, until released by chance of the strange warp.

His head turned straight again, rising gently as if to speak. Yet, his chin fell back down just as gently, as if losing the words, or the ability to speak at all. With a shake of his head, he turned, and entered into the Hoshi, putting his flamethrower on his back, and carrying Rin in both arms now.

Miharu, Mission 5: Part II, Page 78

Recovery in the Greatest Sense

The final mission of the Miharu had been a terrible, and harrowing experience, despite the utter bloody excitement Rolf derived from it. Most of the crew members of the Miharu spent a few days in the med-bays of the *Mokuren* a ship from the Second Draconian Fleet. There he mingled with many of the crew, forming close ties with [Gunshin Kyoufuu](#), Miharu Yuzuki, and other members he had previously thought cold to him. The eight days spent in the comfortable, regal atmosphere of the ship were some of the most relaxing of his life, a time of short freedom that was destined to come to an end.

"I've just been kinda' hangin' out wit' Gunny 'ere f'most of tha' time we been outta' it." said Asher, idly ignoring the stare burned into the side of skull, it was just visible out of the corner of his eyes. He could tell Kyou was angry, and she was already seemingly contemplating murder with that stare. His legs tensed a bit, getting ready to jet, should Masako decide make her absence. "Iss' been pretty fun s'far." the Malifarian looked at the blue-haired Neko, "Just how late was we walkin' around last night? I was about ready t'pass out afta' all that."

Miharu, Mission 5: Aftermath, Page 23

The Battle of Yamatai

"Ballsy!" chuckled Rolf as he took the brunt of the small arms assault. He held up his two empty hands before bracing himself. The Malifarian's 50mm shoulder mounted cannons began to take aim. His HUD marked the several individual targets down the hallway, highlighting them on his team's displays as well. What followed was a brutal barrage of Aether and terribly powerful solid rounds.

Miharu, The Final Mission: The Battle of Yamatai, Page 3

In a strange twist of fate, Rolf return to Yamatai, as the rest of Miharu was marked with surprise assault

formed by NMX on Yamatai. The Miharū faced their final mission in the defense of Yamatai, disable the NMX controlled ship *Tiamat*, and assassinate its commander. Though, part way, the attack went awry, and the ship itself was sent on a collision course with the planet's surface. Left with little time, Rolf was split up with Miharū Yuzuki as a means to stop the ship. In the final chamber to disable the ship's CFS, they were faced with a Render that they soundly defeated. Upon defeat, it activated its self-destruct protocols, and Miharū Yuzuki taking a minor chance to save millions of people thrust herself on the mecha to teleport it out.

"You brainless shit-head!" roared Rolf, striking Yuzuki across the face of her helmet before snatching her up by her armored collar. He shook her a few times. "Listen up. We. Are. Soldia's. Not heroes. Not fuckin' steppin' stones t'ensure a mission's success, capiche!?" He shook her again, before coming off with a sterner tone, "I'm not gonna' to let ya die like that. Not like Mara."

Miharū, The Final Mission: The Battle of Yamatai, Page 6

Rolf, taking no chances, teleported Yuzuki out instead. The two had a vicious spat on the nature of their decision before being called into to clean-up the area as the fleet handled the rest. The *Tiamat* still collided with the planet, but due to the Miharū's intervention, provided minimum losses.

The Blood of Heroes

The end of it all provided Rolf with a sour taste in his mouth. His entire life died in his absence, including the entirety of Malifar, which had been bombed into a graveyard. During the awards ceremony in which the Miharū crew's achievements were broadcasted across an entire Empire, he put on his best smile, and welled with pride. After the ceremony, the Malifarian, despite his boastfulness and usual happy demeanor, was nowhere to be found amongst the celebration.

Mom. Dad. His Sister. His friends. Why, at the point where everything paid off, did it not matter? Realizing this, the gravity which he felt seemed to dissipate into nothingness. There was no pride in his victory, not when you couldn't show it to the people you wanted to prove yourself to most dearly.

Miharū, Epilogue: Yamatai's Blood, Page 4

Off-duty - Post-Miharū

A Hero No More

After the end of his tour of duty in the black ops ship, *YSS Miharū*, Rolf was thrust back out into civilian society. He garnered himself a small apartment on the edge of Kyoto, and got himself a job as a bouncer at a local club called *The Throne*. In the course of a few cold months in that chilly winter of YE 33, Rolf drank his life away, as he occasionally kicked off petty journalists and other information gatherers wanting to learn more of the heroes of Yamatai. The soldier himself was increasingly aware of his own drudgery, noticing how much of inanimate shell he had become. In an attempt to warrant off his increasing civility and alcoholism, Rolf sought out a former crew-mate who had also been living in the area, Miharū Yuzuki. The decision proved to be one of the better ones Rolf had made.

Until...

The two became close to the point that the Malifarian had found something new in his life. He made the extra effort to spend time with her, and would often miss out on sleep in preparation of his late hours to do so. It came to a point where the both of them began to live together, and Rolf himself was able to make some (minor) lifestyle changes for the better. One of which being quitting his job as a bouncer, and taking up a job as one of the local law enforcers in Yamatai.

44th Fireteam

Ghosts of the Past

"Though, if I may! I wanna correct y'on somethin'!" started Rolf, stepping again, but this time, putting a little spin in his turn, and suddenly one of the magnum bottles went flying like a bullet at the lead man.
"If Yuka-boss's a beast t'you, then we're y'worst fuckin' nightmare."

44th Fireteam, 0.4.1 Stand Tall, Page 1

When attending [Yukari's](#) wedding, locals of Ralt came to attack the group, driven into a frenzy by a strange mutagen that warped their bodies. It was revealed that the Black Spiral and the darker elements of Yamatai had come to play a part against Yukari herself, and she asked for the help of her former crewmates and dear friends to help. Naturally sensing a fight, and knowing Yuzuki would go to her friends side, Rolf stepped up to assist the Neko.

"Hey, I'm listenin'. Bizranko, weird lab facility, controlled by tha' Smex, pushed by the Nuh-mex, dark, mysterious, three hanga' floors up, seven labs down, shady intell, personnel defenses up, frontal assault not recommended, SAINT sucks." reviewed Rolf, his nose still ingloriously placed on the edge of the table. "See? I wass' listenin'."

44th Fireteam, 0.4.4 Revelers and Revengers, Page 5

Yet, even he was not prepared to meet a ghost from his past, from the *Shikaku* itself. Meeting with [Nagase Nagako](#) resulted in a reunion from an old flame, Kujiara Michiko, who had been infected with the same virus that had degenerated those they had fought at Ralt. The sight haunted him on their fight out of the base as Black Spiral turned against them, making them enemies. Even as he cut his way out, he thought of her, his own failures ringing true in his mind.

Michiko had been thinking of him, all this time. It hurt to think about her suffering in some distant prison after surviving an attack that killed the whole crew. For all those years, six long years she did nothing but suffer. Knowing that stung inside of him, tore through his own soul. He let out a baleful moan as the tears began to stream. His hands came up to his head, the suffering becoming too much.

44th Fireteam, 1.0.1 Know Your Enemies, Know Yourself, Page 3

He let the blood of his enemies wash away those perilous thoughts.

There was a certain icy aura to how calm he looked when turned to face Yuzuki. His eyes, normally blood-red wild, were more of what could be described as... sanguine tranquility. Perhaps it was a release of the grief from his former lover, all that soul-crushing emotion coming out in a certain blood-lust. Was that it? He would not say, not then. He appeared somewhat sated, content, especially as he looked on Yuzuki.

44th Fireteam, 1.0.4 Concerted Exit, Page 1

Into the Realm of Insanity

"I bet I could peg two or three a'them tanks 'fore we hit tha' ground," chimed the mad Malifarian man as his targeting resolutions began picking up on Nimura's detections. Yuzuki didn't speak; instead, she shifted her other hand to the butt of her shotgun, bracing it so that it wouldn't bang around on her shoulder. From up top, the quiet humming sound of the servos controlling the secondary guns started up. "Oh, and uh... 'fore we start flyin', I'd like t'clarify t'Nimura that I banged her sister right in 'dat chai-...!"

44th Fireteam, 2.0.1 Anxiety, Page 1

The next stop was on [Bizranko](#), riding in the [insane ship](#) that Nagase had *provided* for them. The odds were stacked against them in a sense that extreme would not have been a word proper enough to describe. Unreliable technology, a suspicious team, a suspicious goal, and furthermore a dark hole in the ground which possessed only more questions than answers. What Rolf saw down there rivaled the incredible biological monstrosities he had seen on Mishhu ships.

A gentle whiff of air entered into the Malifarian's nose as he took in the responses from all his five senses. For a moment, it seemed as if he had logged out from the current scene, his eyes glassing over. The sensations here felt so natural. So familiar. The outside of the world was a strange place, but the insides felt like someone had implanted the past here. Memories of home brought a sick pit in his stomach, home-sickness. He gently gripped his weapon, tighter than usual.

44th Fireteam, 2.0.1 Anxiety, Page 1

The morning started normal enough. His team dove into the atmosphere in a tank, striking down on the enemy's armored division from the sky. Piercing through the heavy resistance, they tore a hole into the enemy's stronghold. Then, into the depths they tore, with every mind-washed Neko and horror-stained creature against them, burning their ammo, their resolve, and every last ounce of explosives they had. From Nekos being used as source for infinite copies, horrid biological experiments, to a gas that dissolved the flesh down from the picomachines.

"Rogah 'dat, Maja' Tom," went Rolf as he gently rubbed his broken nose with one hand, while keeping his pistol pointed about with the other. Despite his placidness, the whole place made his stomach churn. The whole atmosphere of the room would be a lot better if everyone was dead. Yet, the fact that they were alive drove a grisly stake through his stomach. He was reminded of how he came upon Kotori after her battle with Amaya, Mara after she struck several times by enemy fire. The suffering was something that always struck him. If you were going to ruin someone, you might as well kill them, he always thought. Scouting out and about didn't help as he got to look at everything at different angle. A light headed-cocktail of mixed troubles began to bubble into his brain.

44th Fireteam, 2.3.0 Souls in the Shell, Page 1

At the very depth they fought, encountering the source, but not the originator. Rolf cut a bloody swath with sword and gun, but was left only to cut one upwards out of the base as they had more answers to

seek.

Rolf kept the rifle shouldered as they moved upward. The length operation was beginning to become a reality for him, especially now as he realized what extended combat like this was without a suit of Powered Armor. He had not only been fighting for hours, he had also been making great use of his own body's special capabilities, most of all gravity manipulation. All this had been done on an empty stomach, a stomach hard pressed to find food in such a horrid place. Another direct confrontation with that Mishhu in his state would not be ideal.

44th Fireteam, 2.4.0 Nagase, She Knows Us, Page 1

Out of the Storm and onto the Shore

There was a lonely silence without Rolf's distracting ramblings, but since the man's only true use was battle, he had not been released since the first stasis. This was made plainly to him before he was sealed away, so there would be no startling awakening come the end of the trip. Despite the weight that the news carried, and how unfair it may have seemed, he didn't say much against it. When people pull out the big guns, he said, they won't get them out again until they need them.

44th Fireteam, 2.5.0 Synthetica I, Page 1

For two years, Rolf laid away in stasis on the *Bloody Truth*. The escape of the 44th Fireteam from the fate of Bizranko had been hectic, but all of the engineers on the ship worked between sleep to make sure the ship made it home. Yet, the warrior of the group was made to stay in storage, having no use besides conflict. At the end of this stasis, and the discharge from the mission that followed, Rolf tried to return home, but as always, he had trouble.

Sample "Rolf" has inexplicably durable "willpower" within NH-31 model frame. Frame was pushed beyond all known combat limits and continued to perform with at least 80 percent combat efficiency. Performance cannot be reckoned with cellular architecture. Pain receptors were not ignored, but instead involuntarily turned off by brain through commands translated by frame's firmware. Brain clusters suggest significant post-traumatic stress syndrome, possibly on genetic level.

44th Fireteam, 2.5.0 Synthetica I, Page 1

YSS Asamoya

A Time to Bleed Again

When he had returned home from his expedition with Yukari and her 44th Fireteam, he had found his apartment and possessions had been relocated and/or sold. The land-lady didn't have much for him, other than the excuse that he simply disappeared for two whole years. He had been removed from the force, and would need to reapply to enter again, which he did. That led to the discovery of a shady file with a lot of missing parts to it. Even after passing the physical and mental requirements, Rolf was barred from entering the force until HR got a 'go-ahead' from the source of his histories. This left him jobless and homeless for a while.

YSS Byakuren, 1.4 Convergence, Page 1

Life had not been simple since returning from Bizranko. Rolf, without the influence of others in life, simply withdrew into doldrums that left him a dirty Minkan being. That was, until he received a note from [Hinoto](#), asking for his help and the help of all the former Miharuru crew in a new mission. With how his current life had been, he had dived on the opportunity taking the first shuttle he could to the office quarters. There

he met a great deal of old faces, including those he had fought with Bizranko, and those he had fought with at Amaya's Gate.

After a few pleasantries, they shipped off to the [YSS Asamoya](#), a little sister of the *YSS Miharu*.

Renew the Blood

"But if you give up from the very start, then you have zero chances," [Suzume](#) offered a lame shrug. "Growth means change, Rolf. Get used to it. If you don't work for your goals, you'll see everyone working for theirs passing you by. I can tell you hate it, but if it's your choice to stay passively stagnant... then you're reaping the consequences of your choice."

[YSS Byakuren](#), 1.4 Convergence, Page 23

Those were words that spurred Rolf down a different path. While with the Miharu Clan, he made a change, a great one. He applied himself to the [Kyoto War College](#) and entered into a program that would change and mold him into an Officer. He had a wealth of experience to draw from, and took mentoring from [Yukari Freeman](#) in what it took to go down this different road. He was not well received on the grounds, as in many places, his thuggish looks drove people away despite his successful military career. Some instructors didn't think that his behavior would suit the ranks of the Officer Corps, but few could deny his determination and his desire to succeed. Against outside pressures, he pressed on with the encouragement of friends, his mentor, and his tutor.

He went through the program with a focus on infantry combat, after a tour of training in [SAIC](#) guaranteeing an advancement into the ranks of the Centurions. However, he always kept his love of stellar travel and navigation in the back of his mind and the memories of where he came from. He went so far as to base his capstone project on a thesis based on his experiences on the Miharu. A treatise of close squad tactics centered on combating psionics, blade-wielders, phasing opponents, and other unconventional enemies with standard armor complement, the title: "Toe to Toe with the Unknown".

Mix the Blood

"Well, actually, I see you have a sword and I'm learning to better use these," Sora lightly touched the handle of her katana for a brief moment. "I wanted to know if you were interested in sparring with me. Some... people tried to assassinate me a little while ago but I doubt they'll be polite about it a second time.... Samurai training is formal and people are afraid to hurt me," She paused for a moment, "You obviously don't care that I'm a Ketsurui and I need a honest fight without pretense... if you help me, I can help you study or get the teachers to ease off."

[\[Kyoto War College\] The Princess and the Imp](#)

One night, Rolf went into the [botanical gardens](#) of the Kyoto War College, and met a woman by the name of Sora. They were two birds with broken wings, and had a little trouble getting along at first glance. Though, after striking a deal of trading manners for swords they became fast friends, lighting up the greenhouse with sword-sparks and lessons of academics and diction. In turn, and partially in thanks to her friendship, Rolf expanded Sora's horizons onto the nightlife of Yamatai, and other activities. In taking their lives off campus, they had found a growing passion inside each other that blossomed into further romance. They dated in secret for months, continuing their regular lives apart, with eventual separation looming.

Yet instead of parting, they decided on something else entirely, almost haphazardly. By almost sheer accident, Rolf had managed to get his Neko lover pregnant by a mix of poor colloquialisms and a misunderstanding on how Neko reproduce. It was not something unwanted, in fact once the shock washed away, Rolf found himself terribly excited to be a father. What unnerved him was being inducted into the [Ketsurui Clan](#) as a result, being elevated quietly as he and Sora wed in secret to seal their future. His daughter would never know him as the tarnished man he once prided himself as, as Rolf Eastwood.

She would know him as Ketsurui Rolf.

Service Record

Civilian

- Shuttle Pilot
- Bouncer
- Police Officer

Santô Hei

- Power Armor Pilot, [YSS Miharuru](#)

Nitô Heisho

- Heavy Weapons Specialist, [Black Spiral 44th Fireteam](#)

Shoi

- Graduate of the [Kyoto War College](#).
-

Medical Record

YSS Miharuru

5th Mission

- Awakened on the [YSS Miharuru](#), before the 5th Mission.
- Several minor wounds gained from combat.
- Muscles lacerated and seared under the left arm.

- Hair-line fractures in rib cage.
- Cranial trauma.
- Left Arm snapped in half at the Humerus.
- One soul back-up recorded.
- Wounds mended mid-mission including broken arm.
- Intense mental trauma.
- 1st Degree Burns on the facial area.
- Arm is broken again.
- Three ribs broken.
- Severe Bruising.
- All wounds healed during post-mission phase.

Bizranko

- Fractured Arm
- Broken Nose
- Heavy Bruising
- All wounds healed during post-mission stasis.

Skills

Art & Vocation

And boy did he dance to it. By no means was the Malifarian graceful, but he could move to a beat. Additionally, he was agile, and he'd jump ontop an armor rack or storage crate, and do his jig before leaping down and dance-walk his way around the bay. All the way he'd be singing the lyrics while wearing *Shikamaru's* black, triple-red eyed helmet, a 40mm AP round acting as his microphone.

YSS Byakuren, 1.4 Convergence, Page 21

For the longest, Rolf could keep rhythm and move freely around a dance floor. He is a rather avid dancer, and enjoys to move with people to a good beat. He learned more conservative forms of dance back in the Kyoto War College, but still prefers to cut loose with a hardy beat.

Communication

When he entered the communication program, Rolf became familiar with basic radio operation and procedures and can make transmissions to and receive transmissions from other characters through headsets, starships, power armor, and shuttles in both combat and non-combat conditions. In school he became fluent in Trade and Yamataian. He can speak and write both correctly and efficiently and can write reports, fill forms, issue orders under fire, etc.

Fighting (Power Armor)

In basic training, Rolf had received training in piloting power armors. He knows the basic ins and outs of a power armor system and is able to diagnose and solve minor to moderate system problems (electronic malfunctions, intake problems).

Beyond that, and in combat, Rolf is proven a ruthless killing machine. He has familiarity over several armor-types including the [Daisy](#), [Mindy](#), and the [MCAS](#). He makes full use of his AIES computer to coordinate attacks and communicate with his fellow pilots. He's familiar with several concepts concerning power-armor to power-armor warfare, power-armor to heavy organic warfare, and power-armor to psionic warfare. Rolf's extensive knowledge also extends over weaponry and their direct uses in-combat, but he is most specialized in unique weaponry such as the [50mm Gauss Bazooka](#) and the [Flamethrower](#), and other finely under-used items of war.

Another fine bit of advice is to stay at least five meters away from him if he's using an armor equipped with the [Dragoon's Plasma Torch](#).

Fighting

In his time as a violent youth, Rolf had time to familiarize himself with weapons and the sort. Though in training he had received hand-to-hand combat training, followed up with a rigorous training program. He became skilled and experienced in combat both in Yamatai-like conditions and in zero-gravity, with and without weapons. He is capable with energy pistols, rifles, knives, and power armor. He's also rather proficient in the use of a katana through regular practice.

During his time as a bouncer at *The Throne*, Rolf proved himself an excellent close-quarters fighter, skilled with using his fists and feet to take down his marks. He's also extremely proficient in using improvised weapons and dirty tactics to gain the upper-hand on his opponents. All in all, he proves a nasty contender in close-range engagements, but retains the abilities of non-lethal take downs.

In accordance to his position as an infantry soldier, specifically a heavy weapons specialist, Rolf is trained in the use, tactics, and maintenance of high-effect weaponry. This training built and stacked off his previous experiences in infantry training, but now includes overwatch, suppression, fire support, anti-vehicular, and anti-power armor tactics. He is proficient with weapons such as the MG-32, the SFR-1, and the AT-1.

Overall, Rolf is efficient and chiseled to a level of fighting capability that most Nekovalkyrja only dream of. He possesses a widely amassed level of combat aptitude, and is capable of turning most unfortunate situations into fortunate ones with only meager supplies. His ability to keep calm in the midst of combat makes him a dangerous opponent and an excellent ally. When paired with someone, he can coordinate efficiently even if the other person cannot. When lead, Rolf himself may as well be a weapon held in the hands of the commander, as he will complete orders assigned with brutal efficiency.

Quite simply, the Ketsurui is built for conflict.

Leadership

Always a magnetic personality, Rolf endeavors to empower those around him with his nonchalant attitude and ability to keep calm in the most dire of situations. His ability to lead comes from learning from natural examples in life: [Yukari](#), [Kotori](#), [Nyton](#), [Tom](#), and [Masako](#). From their lead, he took to heart all the lessons imparted by experience and working alongside them.

In a more official capacity, and due to his time at the Kyoto War College, Rolf is capable of managing a number of forces up to a ship's typical complement, or a Century. He can delegate, plan, and concoct solutions to ensure mission success, tending to prefer surgical, swift solutions. Paperwork tends to bore Rolf, though he is not above to accomplishing his natural duties, he will delegate certain tasks (to clerks for example) in order to free himself up to work more directly in a situation. Having experienced many battles first-hand, he uses his experience and supplemental learning to guide people under him.

Maintenance and Repair

Growing up, even after the incident, Rolf spent time around mechanics who worked on ships, vehicles, and all other kinds of things. They took time off to even teach him out to repair and diagnose basic problems with machines and other items. This helps when any of his equipment is in dire need of repair.

Mathematics

Rolf took his schooling seriously enough to keep his mother from becoming more ill than she already was. Through his time in school he received basic mathematics training, to including up to algebra and trigonometry. However, the man himself rarely makes any such familiarity rarely shown, despite his aptitude.

Starship Operations

When he was young, Rolf learned the ins and outs of a ship from his father. Giving him detailed instructions on how to navigate and put a ship through space. Even showing him how to map space routes and find the fastest or safest one. His skills were revived and reused when took a helmsman job at the age of 18, working for a private company. Though, Yamataian training allowed him to improve those rusty skills and make him a fairly good pilot and helmsman.

At the Kyoto War College, Rolf's understanding of Starship direction increased to cover scopes of ship positioning and strategic placement to assist in orbital bombardment. His desires of being a Ship Captain one day bled through these subjects, and he understands a wide-breath of ship-to-ship and ship-to-ground tactics involving infantry. Like most officers in the grand fleets of Yamatai, he is capable standing watch on the bridge as a bridge officer, but his current experience in such a position is minimal.

Strategy

As he grew older within the Star Army of Yamatai, Rolf's battlefield awareness opened immensely past his own selfish thirst for conflict. He has become aware of the ebb and flow of skirmishes and enemy movements. This level of comprehension stretches over a wide range of infantry combat strategies. He can make logical choices in the face of troubling odds, and capably use asymmetrical warfare to counter larger threats, and thus communicate with other units present on the field to maximize effectiveness. With his combination of basic military skills, he can plan strikes and work with other leaders to achieve goals.

At the Kyoto War College, Rolf's understanding of the battlefield widened to include greater aspects, such as logistics and the needs of an army, rather than a small unit. He is capable of coordination with forward leaders and stellar assets to launch joint-operations with calculated success. In the essence of strategy, he comprehends what tactics may be necessary to further or maintain strategic aspects in the operations zone.

Technology Operation

In training, Rolf became capable of operating any computer system that uses the Kessaku OS, found on all Star Army starships. He is proficient in entering and/or searching for information. He learned this rather quickly, since his father had familiarized him with basic Star Ship OS's.

Items

Standard Issue Complement

Clothing

Uniform

- Black Spiral Armored Uniform
- Brown Leather Holster Harness, carries 1 extra magazine for the Zen Arms .375

Weaponry


- [Zen Arms .357 Eastwood](#) is etched onto the side of the gun roughly.
 - Suppressor, not mounted.
 - Flashlight
- [Sword](#), with [Hitodama\(人魂\)](#) and the name Rolf etched into the blade.

Other Items

Pins, Bars, and Other Awards


Rank Pins

Santô Hei Rank Pin



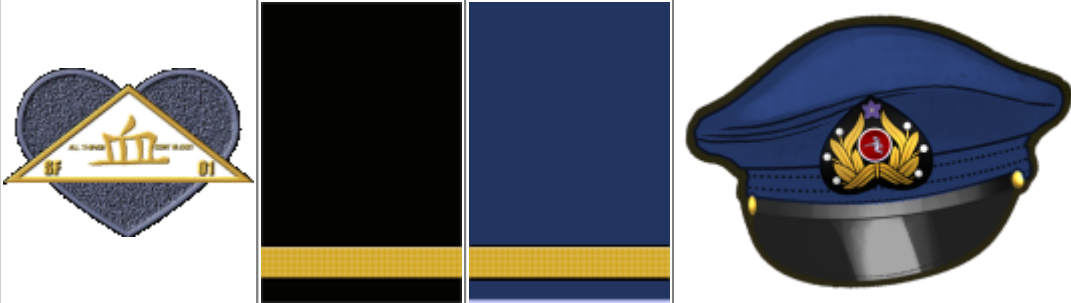
Rolf gained this pin when he revived the [Miharu's](#) medical lab.

Nitô Heisho Rank Pin and Bar



Rolf gained this pin during the awards ceremony after the Battle of Yamatai.


Shoi Rank Pin, Sleeve Stripes, and [Officer Cap](#)



Rolf gained this pin upon graduation at the Kyoto War College.

Awards

Combat Award




YSS Miharu

8

For facing [Mani](#), [Meni](#), [Eve](#), [Melisson](#), the [Dark One](#), a [Ripper](#), a [Render](#), and a [Ravager](#)

Combat Lifesaver Award



YSS Miharu

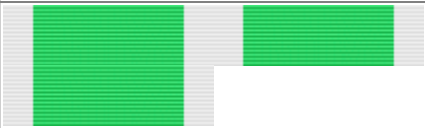
1

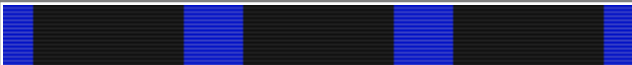
For saving [Nyton Claymere](#) from dying to a Black Mindy


YSS Miharu


1

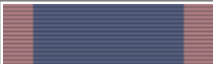
For saving Miharu Yuzuki from certain death against a Render mecha


Exploration Award		
		
YSS Miharū	1	Tsuyosa Star System
YSS Miharū	1	Bowhordia Star System
YSS Miharū	1	The Blue Rift


Secret Ops Award		
		
YSS Miharū	2	For the covert boarding action against the Meng Po and activity during the Battle of Taiie
YSS Miharū	1	For covertly destroying the Daughters of Eve terrorist group

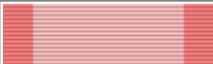
Service Award		
		
YSS Miharū	1	For serving in the YSS Miharū's first mission
YSS Miharū	1	For serving in the YSS Miharū's second mission
YSS Miharū	2	For serving aboard the YSS Miharū on her fifth and final missions


Tomoyo's Kikyô		
		
YSS Miharū	1	For injuries suffered during Miharū's fifth mission

Notable Career		
		
YSS Miharū	1	For time served during Miharū's fifth and final missions

War Medallion		
		
YSS Miharū	1	For participating in the war against the Sfrarabla Mishhuvurthyar Xhrafuklurp (SMX)
YSS Miharū	1	For participating in the war against the NMX

Training Medal		
		
YSS Miharū	1	For participating in the simulated Miharū vs. Meng Po scenario

Morale Award		
		
YSS Miharū	1	For being a constant source of positive morale

Order of the Blazing Sun		
		
YSS Miharū	1	For extreme courage and valiance against Melisson , and the Dark One

Properties

Malifar

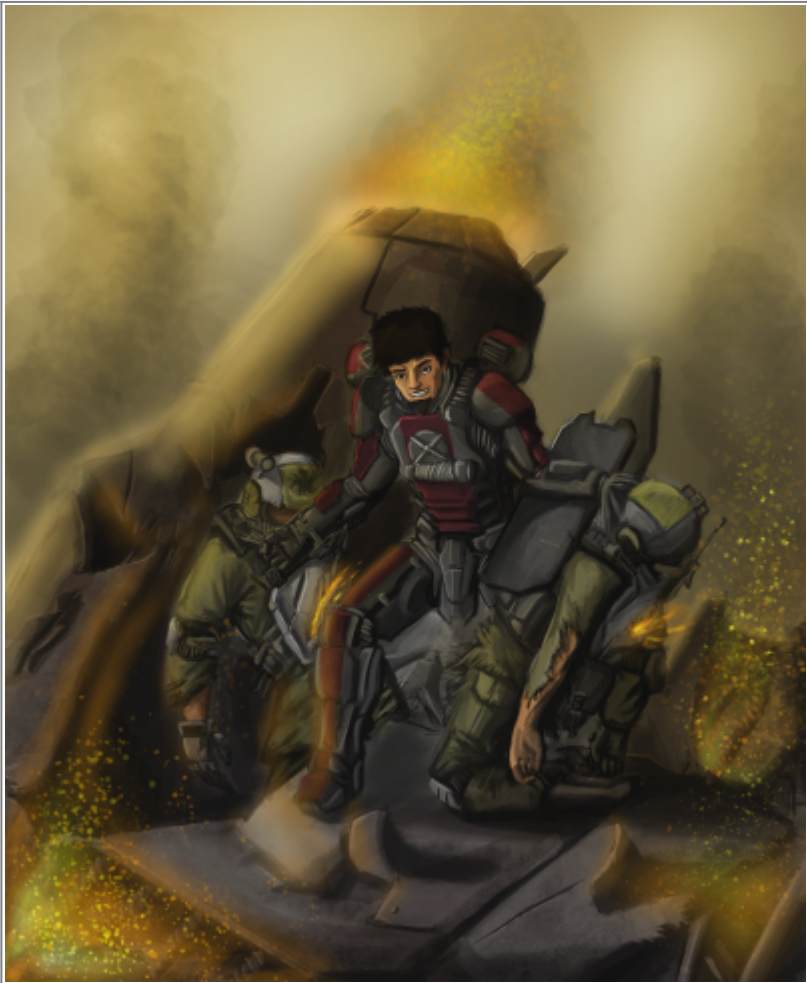
- 1 House

Financials

A rough estimation of net work, based on prior experience, but not counting two years of OOC downtime, I have stopped tracking finances.

Current Amount of Money
751588 KS

Art



Character Data	
Character Name	Ketsurui Rolf
Character Owner	Bilgecrank
Character Status	Adoptable Player Character

Star Army Personnel Database	
SAOY Career Status	Active Duty
SAOY Rank	Shoi
SAOY Occupation	Star Army Rikugun Commander

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

Permanent link:
https://wiki.stararmy.com/doku.php?id=characters:yamatai:rolf_eastwood

Last update: **2024/01/20 20:38**

