

# Royce Jintel

Royce Jintel is a [character](#) played by [Arcade](#).

Royce Jintel	
Species & Gender:	<a href="#">Human Male</a>
Date of Birth:	<a href="#">YE 19</a>
Organization:	<a href="#">Star Army Reserve</a>
Occupation:	<a href="#">Star Army Technician</a>
Rank:	<a href="#">Santô Hei</a>
Current Placement:	<a href="#">Fort Victory Reserve Center</a>

## Physical Description

Sliding past one would notice a rather tall, and young looking figure. Thin, and in no way built, though maybe toned on his good days. His skin has a darker shade of some past heritage he was always too busy to go about and discover, a little past tan and not quite terribly dark either but that in-between point as if it didn't know which shade to be and simply gave up along the way. Nested atop his head is a mass of black hair which might be called simply "Poof". Unkempt, sticking in odd directions making the bed-head style all its own and looking fairly good at it! His eyes, aside from the scars and burns which we'll look at in a moment are his most noticeable quality, are a deep, brilliant shade of green a touch darker than a polished emerald. His ears are not pointed or fuzzy but the dull, rounded human kind, just with a a small loop of silver going through each one so he can "Spice things up a bit." according to him.

Now, those pesky scars and burns. Most of them healed over to some degree, are in fact the result of him simply not being careful while working. No grand stories of gunfights and misplaced grenades with a timely "Opps-Insurance" muttered before the detonation. A fair amount of them seem to litter his arms, trailing up to his shoulders. A few burns pepper the right side of his face, which he doesn't seem to mind as he sometimes says it's his bad side anyway for whatever reason. Over the years he has attempted to cover many of these accidents with tattoos, which in turn he called an even bigger accident as he wasn't quite happy with how some of them turned out. On either arm is a complex array of geometrical tattoos in black ink, measurements for something that didn't exist other than the fact he thought it would look in his own words. "Very cool." Which they didn't in any way. Hindsight being the terrible mistress it is dictates he should have thought the tattoos over more, or better yet, not got burned in the first place, something he's never quite taken to heart.

His taste in style, is to him very stylish. He all but refuses to wear the standard uniform given to him by the Star Army, and has a bad habit of just using it for other things such as a towel or rag. "It's such a great fabric!" He'd muse to his commanding officers. "Seems a waste to just wear it when you could use it for a number of other things." He'd add, giving a polite, patient smile in kind to their looks of pure, unadulterated contempt. So, rather than his issued uniform he can often be seen wearing any number of dull colored tee shirts and a sleeveless, faded blue tactical vest. He calls it tactical at least, Royce is an Engineer after all, and it just makes sense to have a tactical something another in his mind. Various oddly shaped patches are sewn into the worn garment from different parts of the galaxy. Some are

advertisements for drinks and food, other name brand, and some just down right offensive to those that can read the sometimes lesser known languages. Donning a pair of black cargo pants and worn out [Combat Boots](#) he looks the very visage of the chipper homeless man you never wanted on your ship but somehow got stuck with through a bad night of heavy drinking, and poor decision making.

## Personality

Driven, unflinching, calculating are all words that one would in no way use to describe Royce. His mind wanders here and there like it's being tossed around in a strong, stiff breeze. A kindly smile always plays upon the fringes of his mouth, and others would say he comes off as animated if anything as he's always on the move and bounds on and on like a spring might. He keeps himself busy for the most part, rarely sleeps and when he does it's normally right where he was working moments before. The man works like a machine or android would. To him, it's what keeps him sane in the vast nothingness of space filled with dangerously attractive women, combat, explosions, dimensional whoopsies, and untold horrors that would make a late Lovecraft curl up and cry.

“But Royce!”

A shopkeeper would say to him while he was out and about picking up supplies. “Surely having that many women around is every man's dream!” Royce would stare at the ceiling for a moment, turning the thought over a few times before shaking his head. “They're nice to look at, but living with them for months on end in a confined tin-can?” The shopkeeper would look away, and even offer the poor bastard a ten percent discount on his purchase all the while shaking his head slowly in a quiet understanding.

So, he keeps himself very busy. There's always something on the ship that's broken or is about to break, and it's his job to keep it running to the best of his ability. On the flip side he doesn't really take the time to care for himself. He'll go sometimes a few days without eating before holding his stomach saying. “Well that's not right, it's trying to eat it's self.” And wander off to find food somewhere before going back to work. While not unfriendly, he never connects well with others due to how busy he keeps himself. He's terrible with names in every sense, sometimes even forgetting the name of the commander of whatever ship he's on at the time, much to their annoyance.

All in all, he does his job very, very well. Well enough in fact, to add a second, pointed very to the last statement; and he knows as much; which is why he's able to get away with some of the stuff he does so fantastically well. Royce isn't a bad person by any means, or even prideful. Normally he won't think before speaking however. An ill timed joke on the tip of his silver tongue gives cause of some frustration towards him often.

Royce has a love hate relationship with the other races. On one hand he finds them terribly interesting, on the other though they all seem to have some strength over a human, which he can't help but feel inadequate, and sometimes useless standing next to. To make up for it, he puts that much more into his work, hoping that it'll in some way make him feel better about the whole ordeal, it doesn't, but he carries on anyway as always.

# History

Royce Jintel was born in YE 19 to two parents that had survived the [Great Plague of YE 08](#) by living on [Planet Nepleslia](#). He was tinkering and playing with engineering equipment from a young age, however being on Nepleslia, and smack in the middle of Los Apagos it would only make sense for someone his age to pick up the more traditional sport of that area; Airbike Racing. While his parents were always busy working in a small plant in Funky, making their daily back and fourth trip to and from. He took it upon himself to find his own work in one of the higher end parts stores, from there, he learned how to care for the bikes and work on them to an extent.

One day, when his boss was giving him a quite a verbal lashing for being two and a quarter hours late, he just smiled and told the man to take that job, and shove it. Other words were used of course, but from there on out he became more of a self employed minor, finding work repairing this or that be it Airbike or not. Over time he learned more of his trade and kept learning to the best of his ability. In his spare time, he took to the tracks, finding no greater joy than that of the buildings and spires rushing past him as he flew faster and faster, pushing himself and his machine to their breaking point, only to keep going.

Years went by, his parents had passed on rather peacefully and uneventful through old age thankfully. Now at a loss, and with nothing else tying him to the run down looking planet aside from those tempting resorts, he wanted to make something better of himself. Taking what little money was left to him he moved on, leaving what, well, little he had behind and traveled to Yamatai, and finding himself entirely broke he joined the army in what he figured would be *a quick means to an end*. His training, while longer than most, prepared him for most anything he figured he'd need to know, and at the time gave him something of a ego, which was quickly pushed aside when he started realizing what some of the other Engineers could do. So he buckled down, he focused on learning and just learning, sadly, most of the social side of the army training and even after it passed him by quietly. He didn't long for companionship, or conversation. Just whatever he could do to get ahead of the others no matter how long it took.

It should also be noted, Royce has a sister. They do not get along, and if he's going to be entirely honest the woman defined evil. Reality is she isn't that bad, just a pain in his side being the older sibling. While Royce and his stylish self went with a half-assed military life, his sister took up a life of severe crime and wrong doing, or so he'd say at least. She's a smuggler, where she's at is anyone's guess, but he does well not to think about her much.

## Social Connections

Royce Jintel is connected to:

- Joshua Jintel
- Melissa Jintel
- Flemly Jintel

## Inventory & Finance

Royce Jintel has the following items:

- [Star Army Standard Issue Items](#)

## OOC Information

In the case [Arcade](#) becomes inactive:

- Can this character be used as an NPC by a GM or FM? YES
- Can this character be [adopted](#) after I am gone for a year? YES

Character Data	
Character Name	Royce Jintel
Character Owner	<a href="#">Arcade</a>
Character Status	Adoptable Player Character
Current Location	<a href="#">Fort Victory Reserve Center</a>
Approval Thread URL	<a href="#">stararmy.com/...</a>
Star Army Personnel Database	
SAOY Career Status	Reserve
SAOY Rank	<a href="#">Santô Hei</a>
SAOY Occupation	<a href="#">Star Army Technician</a>
SAOY Assignment	<a href="#">Fort Victory Reserve Center</a>
SAOY Entry Year	<a href="#">YE 39</a>
DOR Year	<a href="#">YE 39</a>
Orders	<a href="#">Orders</a>

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