



Doctor Neva Dasmith Jr.

[EQ3: Corsair] [Hunter]

[Kiffar][Female], [Left Handed]

Height: [1.70]m / [5'7]ft. , Weight: [62.6]kgs / [138]lbs

Physical Description

Someone unfamiliar with Neva, perhaps finding her during a lecture or in the middle of the dig, would be forgiven for mistaking her for a much younger woman than she is. Looks, after all, can be deceiving. Even at fifty seven years of age, the Professor doesn't look a day past thirty five, with sturdy curves and a rough-hewn beauty that belies her seemingly professional demeanor. Her light, reddish brown hair is cut short, often pulled into a messy, frizzy bun. Stray strands fan out over her sky-blue eyes, often gleaming with a sardonic, intelligent light, as if she is evaluating each and every person that she meets for study. Even still, those perceptive enough can find the mark of age on her gestures, in the deep crow's feet that mark her eyes, the tinges of grey and white shooting through her hair, and the weariness that hides behind her expression.

Her long and storied career has not been without its highs and lows, and her body speaks of close brushes with death. A deep scar marks the point of her chin, matched by a pair of crater-like scars on her hip, with the distinctive starburst pattern of blaster wounds. That said, Neva has maintained a tight, toned muscularity, preserved from her age through attentive exercise and a rigorous helping of bodily peril.

When on lecture tours in the galaxy's most prestigious universities, Neva prefers to keep her attire classy, donning simple suits in a more masculine fashion. You won't ever find her teaching a course while in a skirt. When working "in the field", she prefers more practical fare, often fielding slacks, loose shirts, and a hide jacket, all in various

Loadout Weapons

- * Reynolds DE-21 Slugthrower, heavily used and fitted with armor-piercing ammunition
- * Two Massasi Knucklers, often concealed in her jacket
- * A fibercord bullwhip, secured to her belt. It seems practically ancient.

<p>drab earth tones. Neva often wears a loose beige shemagh around her neck, good to keep out sand and cold, pairing it with a scout trooper’s goggles and a distinctive narrow brimmed hat that is with her wherever she goes.</p>		
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General Aspects

She Chose...Wisely.

It is not by coincidence or simple luck that even after fifty seven years of hard knocks and harder drinking Neva looks about two decades younger than she actually is. Near the end of the Galactic Civil war, she was forced to expose herself to the power of an ancient Celestial relic while striving to keep it out of the hands of Imperial specialists. The artifact might have killed her, as it did one of her rivals. Instead, through an alchemical process that she has yet to understand, her lifespan appears to have been vastly expanded, slowing the rate that she ages to an interminable crawl.

Imperials...I Hate These Guys.

Neva has consorted with any number of distasteful types over the course of her career. Bounty hunters, hired killers, professional thieves, consorts, drug peddlers, gun runners, and capos of the Hutte cartels, she has met, dealt, and parted with them all. But, there is one group that she refuses to work alongside, save for at the end of her gun’s barrel; Imperials. To Neva, they are the combination of the very worst aspects of the galaxy, the hateful pride of humanity and the haughty greed of criminal scum, hidden by the veneer of “righteous” power. Imperials sought to wring might and wealth from wherever or whatever they could in the galaxy, exploiting non-humans in their slave camps and burning their culture underneath layers of concrete and durasteel. She fought to see the Empire fall, and continues to spar against their remnants, in the First Order or otherwise. If there is any cause that she is willing to die for, keeping the precious history that she seeks to protect from the grimy hands of Imperial scum is it.

Personality Aspects

It Belongs In a Museum!

Wealth is meaningless. Reputation is meaningless. Even power is meaningless, in the longest run. In good time, Neva believes that all those things will fade. She has seen them fade, afterall, in the course of her own life. All that matters to her is *history*, the artifacts that it has left behind, and the lessons that they can teach. In her mind, the only way that galactic society will ever recover from the unceasing scourge of war is by understanding its own history, seeing the pattern of conflict that has defined interstellar society for the past eons of time. In antiquated, glittering treasure she doesn’t see monetary wealth but a lesson to be taught. In ancient artifacts, invested with arcane and alchemical might, she sees not a tool to be used for any one group’s gain, but a relic to be studied, evaluated, and understood. Archaeology, protecting

...And So Do I.

All things said and done, however...Neva is getting too old for her work. Even if her body doesn’t ache, her joints do not creak, and her eyes have not yet begun to fail her, the Professor knows on the inside that time will soon pass her by. Though her exposure to the celestial artifact has protected her from the damage wrought by physical age, nothing could have saved her from the toll that time has taken upon her spirit and soul. Neva witnessed the Republic decay into the Empire, and watched the empire burn history and culture away from the galaxy. She fought for the Rebellion, cheered for the New Republic, wept as the Hosnian system was reduced to ash and sparks and chemical motes, and spilled New Order blood long after the empire that she hated was dead. She has seen history come and go...and knows that, soon enough, she will need to

the remnants of the galaxy's past has been her life's work, and nothing could ever persuade her to give it up.		join it, remembered only in the records of deeds long passed.
Combat Aspects		
<p>You Call This Archaeology?</p> <p>An anthropologist, archaeologist, and teacher by trade, one would rightfully assume that Neva has no business throwing on a gun belt, fixing a whip to her hip, and spilling blood in the name of historical study. Once upon a time, she might have agreed. But, her career and experience has shown her otherwise. Lacking any form of true, formal combat training, Neva's skill in a fight has quite literally been beaten into her by experience. Her shooting form is unorthodox and inefficient, her fighting style closer to bar-room pugilism than a martial art, and she's far more comfortable lashing out with her whip than a grenade. Lacking the training of a soldier, her efficacy in a drawn-out, hands-down battle is questionable, and the longer a gun or fistfight goes on the worse she will perform. But, she makes up for that fact with canniness, creativity, and a willingness to bend the rules of engagement in ways that her foes might not expect. Afterall, why get into a lasersword fight when you have a slugthrower at your side?</p>		<p>Don't Call Me Junior!</p> <p>We all have our faults, big and small, the cracks that run through our character. Neva's greatest weakness is her temper...and it is a deep, deep crack indeed. Brash, prideful, impetuous and impatient, her vitriolic temper can see her throw negotiations aside for a fistfight in a matter of moments, tossing decorum to the wind. She is touchy about her work, protective of the artifacts that she has saved, and the people that she has worked alongside. It doesn't take much to push her to the brink, and send her tipping into an otherwise ill-advised engagement. All you need to do is try to steal whatever relic she's currently after...or toast to the empire. Either way, she'll do her best to plant her fist in your face, no matter the consequences.</p>

Additional/Optional Information

Top Skills	Lore +4, Investigation +4, Miscellaneous Weapons +4, Slugthrowers +3, Perception +3, Resolve +3, Primary Martial Arts +3, Linguistics +3
Top Powers	Force Power 1, Force Power 2, Force Power 3, Force Power 4, etc.
Feats	Shockboxing, Run and Gun, Stay A While and Listen, The Force is Wlth Me, Your Reputation Precedes You, Trick Shot, Active Reload, Assess The Situation
Martial Arts	Mandalorian Core
Lore	Religions of the Known Galaxy, Anthropological Development Patterns of Known Sentient Species, Pre-Galactic Civilization Cultures and Societies, History and Culture of the Sith and Jedi
Languages	Bocce, Durese, Shyriiwook

Character Reference Art:



Notes/Extra

Neva has been lecturing at the Greater University of Estle for several months before the first incident at Alla'Su's tomb. She was called in to assist with the project by one of her university contacts, and has been hot on the "goddess"'s trail ever since.