Thomas Addison

Thomas Addison	
Gender	Male
Race	Human
Age	25
Occupation	Alchemical Engineer, Inventor, Repairman
Faction/Kingdom	Independant
Relatives	Mr./Mrs. Addison (parents)
Height	5'10"
Weight	184
Eyes	Blue
Hair	Brown

Physical Appearance

Thomas has eyes as blue as cobalt, hair as brown as oak, and a goofy smile that compliments everything about him.

For clothing, he wears a cobalt duster over a white T-Shirt and loose, dark gray overalls. His iron-toe boots are worn out and have a few scratches in them.

Personality

Biography

While cheery and positive, his background was less so. He was born in a dreary town of Twilight Wood, where the sun, the moon, or the stars haven't touched in centuries. The dirt roads were festered with eternal mud pits, the streetlights were alight every night and day, the clouds above were so thick that every citizen there was as pale as ghosts, the wood of the houses were warped and moldy. It was a town of misery, a blight on the surface of the continent.

Thomas never asked this question until his early adult years; his chaotic personality stood out among of the sea of melancholy. Whether anyone would like to admit it or not, he was the first breath of fresh air that anyone had felt in their lifetime, the way he could keep smiling in the grasp of Twilight Wood. Thomas was by no means a messiah, for he caused trouble wherever he went in pursuit of alchemical engineering. From silk-devouring lawnmowers, to bird-triggering sound amplifiers, to rapid-firing fireball mortars in the form of a toaster, every invention the young Thomas made had an extreme detriment that seemed absolutely impossible.

On one fateful year, Thomas Addison was old enough to realize what is going on around him, and he was stupid enough to try and fix it. If everyone is irritable because of no sky, then he could just make

the clouds go away! He had been inventing all sorts of contraptions for years, ever since he was kid, so he strongly believed that he could do it. Even if it were only a day.

So Thomas worked day in, day out, on a machine that would make everyone happy. He would build weather machine so powerful it can keep the clouds at bay forever. However, after it was finally built, after it had passed its first minor test, after he had presented it to the whole town, it went horribly wrong the moment he turned it on.

Its user interface as buggy, its words wobbling around like the atoms that make up a rock, but the inventor paid no heed. He requested clear skies, and what he got instead was the worst lightning storm he had ever seen. Bolts of lightning charged the mud puddles, burned houses down, and exploded streetlights. Every man, every animal, was in a bloody panic. Not Thomas; Thomas was in a shock so deep that he was disconnected from the outside world as everything fell apart in such a unbelievable way.

The disaster only ended because, by chance, the machine struck itself down with the lightning it made.

The following week, Thomas Addison was banished from his town, never to return again. While he still smiled and acted like everything was okay, he refused to come to terms with what he had done for years, in hopes of moving past it by just forgetting it.

To this day, he works as a repair man and a mercenary, carrying everything he needs in his haversack.

Abilities

Items

OOC Notes

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