

# Juryrig

Juryrig	
Gender	Male
Race	Human
Age	25
Occupation	Alchemical Engineer, Inventor, Repairman
Faction/Kingdom	Independant
Relatives	N/A
Height	5'10"
Weight	189 lbs
Eyes	Black
Hair	Copper

## Physical Appearance

Juryrig has eyes blacker than coal, hair the color of copper, white complexion, and a crazed look to him in general.

For clothing, he wears a cherry red 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. Under the clothes, his body has defined muscles, albeit nothing that Juryrig can brag about.

## Personality

Some say Juryrig is a mad scientist whom seems detached from the thought of consequence. A lunatic whom spreads chaos through grinding gears and bubbling oils.

They aren't wrong...

Juryrig likes sausage sandwiches, machines, testing inventions, and comedy books. The only thing in the world that he will admit to dislike is birds; they traumatize him.

## Biography

It is difficult to pinpoint where Juryrig came from, what his childhood was like, his test scores, and so on. There is so little that even a speculator would have to make up a origin story for the force of nature. However, there is one story that Juryrig tells that might give insight on his background.

Listen well, boys and girls, lemme tell ya a story about a real sad kid named Thomas Addison. It was always cloudy, muddy, icky, where Thomas lived. No sun nor moon nor stars would come and say "Hello" to poor Thomas, for clouds miles high covered the land. Everyone in town was grumpy,

the trees where creaky, the waters were murky, and the mud was so viscous you didn't stop 'til ankle length. Poor, poor, poor miserable Thomas.

One day, sorry sod Thomas got a idea. A bright idea! "I can make the clouds go away," he said, "then everyone would be happy!" So he built a weather machine to make good weather for his Momma, his Papa, his neighbors, and the Mayor, too!

Then he tried it out, with the whole town watching, and it. Didn't. Work. Far from it, it actually attacked the town! Lightning smashing from the heavens, winds uprooting streetlights, people getting all icky, muddy, and scared. "Turn it off Thomas, turn it off!" they cried, but did Thomas do anything?

Nah, kid was too traumatized to do anything. After that, the whole town was zapped, ripped, and ceased to be. Thomas, too.

Fun story, right guys? Guys?

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

## Abilities

=== **Alchemy** === Equivalent exchange is pretty much the only rule in alchemy, for as long as costs are about equal to each other, then you could just make whatever you like. Juryrig uses this magical science as a basis for his contraptions, as well as the potions he brews on occasion. It gives access to the following:

- *Potions*- Their medical uses are varied; some offer resistances to disease, some enhance eyesight, others gift limited regeneration. All of the effects, even as he improves the duration, can't go past twenty four hours.
- *Poison*- They are just like a potion, just a bit deadlier upon digestion/inhalation/contact.
- *Material Transmutation*- Using a portable alchemy lab, Juryrig can transmute materials based on their "cost".

=== **Engineering** === A really handy skill that Juryrig had practiced for years, ever since he was a kid. It is true that his contraptions aren't stable a lot of the time, but the ones he does use are invaluable. Unless stated, these creations also take time to make, more time than battles can allow.

- *Munch Cannon Turret* - It is a deployable projectile cannon that takes a bite into whatever is nearby, repeatedly compresses the material into a condensed oval projectile, then fires it at half of it's terminal velocity. Due to the unique ammunition process, its damage and fire rate can vary on how much it consumes, thus makes it ideal for damaging bigger targets. While it can shoot projectiles at far distances, its accuracy issues limits the range to 30m.
- *Alchemical Support Unit* - A deployable box that gradually absorbs materials around it to generate healing power and ammunition, however the types of ammunition it can manufacture need to be uploaded into the memory bank first, with a limit of three types.
- *Alchemical Bear Trap* - A bear trap covered in juices, usually poison. Unlike most bear traps, this one can be rigged to explode after a delay. Unlike any other creation, this is something that Juryrig can make on the fly.

- *Alchemical Folding Horse* - It's not a horse. It's a table. A alchemical all-terrain table golem that you can fold up.

# Items

## OOC Notes

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