

Thomas "Juryrig" Addison

Juryrig is a PC played by [Burgmond45](#) within the [Arcadia Complex](#).

Thomas "Juryrig" Addison	
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... However that is only half of his personality.

The other half of himself still acts like as if he has ADHD, but Juryrig would act much more sane.

They share the same interests, such as sausage sandwiches, machines, testing inventions, and comedy books. Both hate birds, and the mere sight of any weather aside from sun appears to put him on edge. Ugly weather is what brings the most fear out of him.

Biography

The Cursed Town

Stallion Hollow, a town within a massive forest that had been best known for breeding horses, ponies, and donkeys. It had been around Ayenee for hundreds of years, and while it wasn't any exceptional place of residence, it was warm, homely, and quiet.

However, Stallion Hollow didn't end so warm and pleasant. Decades before Thomas's grandparents were even born, a darkness plagued the forest unlike anything else the residence ever seen. Clouds hung heavy, blocking the sun, moon, and stars, and rain frequently. The air was always heavy with moisture. The roads were just long strips of oversaturated mud that were deep enough to swallow shoes. It was so dark in Stallion Hollow that even grass seldom grew, so dark that the streetlights were always on, so dark that the forest could easily cover what little light went through, thus making the entire forest as black as void.

It is anyone's guess on how Stallion Hollow got cursed, and for all these years, no one had an explanation. It had seemed like the town was cursed just for the sake of it.

People were scared, then people were restless, and by the time Thomas Addison was born in the world, the people were becoming as heartless as the town itself had become. Everyone had already accepted that this was their way of life; Stallion Hollow was suffering, and they, the citizens, will die along with it. However, one spark still lived on.

That spark was Thomas Addison himself, and his hi-jinks were what gave the town just a bit more life. Ever since the boy could hold and use a screwdriver, Thomas had always invented and tinkered. Granted, all of his inventions were complete flops; Thomas invented a six-slotted toaster that spewed fire and ash instead of toast, a sentient lawnmower that ate silk products instead of grass, a freezer that occasionally spat out ice cubes that were precisely one meter cubed, a miniature ornithopter that called in a swarm of birds, and far more within his childhood.

Some residents hated Thomas for disturbing the peace, some made fun of the boy, and a minority had put their faith in Thomas. That minority being Thomas's family, a handful of neighbors, the Mayor herself, and a couple of friends that Thomas managed to make. Those people who believed Thomas would dream many things; that the boy could be the first to live a good life, that he could guide everyone out of the forest, that he could save the town, and more. Throughout that time, Thomas Addison just wanted to have fun.

The Rainbow, the Machine...

Thomas Addison was around fifteen years old, and he was of age that the dreary atmosphere of Stallion Hollow was getting to him. The clouds have not moved, the trees were now just dead sticks with leaves melted onto the wood, the streets smelled vile, mold grew on walls and roofs, and now a new harbingers of misery had arrived in town. People around him were coming down with a terrible sickness that no one had ever seen before; death by a plague mutated by dark magic. The disease turns its host into twisted amalgamations straight out of a Eldritch Horror novel, all the while the host was still aware of what was happening to it and around it. Everyone now had to look forward to the possibility that they had to commit acts of mercy killing against who they love just to survive another day, another month, another year in Stallion Hollow. Young children sometimes fall victim to the very mud roads that crisscross the town; they could fall, sink into the road itself, and suffocate. After one

incident with a missing boy, it is discovered that the road had been developing massive potholes, at least big enough to trap and envelope children. Nothing could be done about this, due to how often it rains in Stallion Hollow; it can shower up towards three full days, and a minimum of one hour in a day. People want to leave, however nobody could; people claim that the very trees themselves would kill whoever tried to leave.

Everyone, even Thomas Addison, felt like the town itself was cruel beyond justification. Yet, what can they do?

Thomas thought on it, thought on what he could do to help everyone. He spent years trying to come up with a remedy for Stallion Hollow's vile curse, throwing idea after idea after idea at the wall. Nothing felt right.

On one night, Thomas, now a nineteen year old who worked as a librarian, trudged through the viscous roads in the middle of a brutal rainstorm. Feeling cold, he sought refuge in a small tavern, and waited in there to get dry. He looked out the window, and what he saw would inspire him: he saw a lamppost. This lamppost in particular was making a rainbow; a trick to the eye, but a pleasant sight for Thomas's sore eyes nonetheless. This glimmer of color in a town of gray gave Thomas an idea:

"We all make weather; mostly rainbows... But what if we can make more weather than that?"

That settled it: Thomas Addison would spend months designing a machine capable of manipulating the very laws of nature itself to give them the sun, the moon, and the stars. A harbinger of change that can overpower this vile, heartless town once and for all. He made small tests with it, such as making small clouds, and had yet to test it to see if it can be strong enough to handle clouds as thick as the tectonic plates themselves.

Summer rolled in. It had just stopped raining, and Thomas Addison worked with the Mayor to secure a spot in town for the big test. Word had gotten out, and people did come to see; family, strangers, and everyone in between had come to see the weather machine in action.

A flick of the lever, and nothing went right after that.

... and the End

As it turned out, the machine as far more powerful than Thomas could anticipate, and it was also far more chaotic than anticipated as well. Lightning began to fall, cratering the muddy earth as it struck. The wind began to pick up, rising above fifty miles per hour. Rain came back again, but it was pouring harder than normal. The audience was frightened and running away from the machine, hoping to find refuge in their homes, but even as they ran, they had found the weather machine's influence to be everywhere as they see their roofs being shredded apart by wind and lightning. That is, of course, if they could even cross the mud roads, which have become impossible to walk on at that point.

Thomas had tried to shut it down, but he arrived too late, for his weather machine began to escalate the disaster. The rogue apparatus crushed houses with sheer rainfall alone, the roads themselves gave way to earthquakes that it made effortlessly, tornadoes made of mud coated the townsfolk from head to toe in smelly, viscous mud, and the rapidfire lightning was all it took to kill them. The whole town of Stallion Hollow was being destroyed around Thomas, and not even he could touch it; the inventor was struck by a flying piece of wood, and was rendered unconscious as the disaster ran unchecked.

By luck or fate, the weather machine eventually stopped its rampage. A lightning bolt had struck the machine, killing many vital components that were needed to run it, and thus the disaster stopped. It did not change the fact that Thomas had awoken to find that nothing was left standing except him, however. His weather machine was ruined, the whole town of Stallion Hollow was just a field of mud with corpses and chunks of wood, brick, and stone everywhere. The only thing that had not changed was the clouds of misery, which still cover the sky, which still stretch as far as the eye that can see, which still gives nothing but gloom.

The lone man was on his knees, in shock. It never felt real to him. He couldn't understand what he did wrong. Nothing about this felt fair.

What could Thomas Addison even do now? Where can he go?

It was in his darkest hour, his freshly fractured mind conjured an alter ego. An alter ego that would help Thomas cope and move past the tragedy, a new voice that would help him off his knees and off into the world. It may be a embodiment of chaos, but this alternate personality was Thomas's only hope left in life.

That alter ego was Juryrig, a persona born from the chaos and pointless cruelty of Thomas's life. Juryrig proposed to Thomas a plan: "Hey buddy-o, since you are in a jam and I have a un-jam-tastic plan, how about I take the wheel for a while, and you sit in the back to get yourself sorted out?"

Thomas agreed.

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To this day, Juryrig works as a repair man and a mercenary, carrying everything he needs in his haversack, telling the pointless cautionary tale of Thomas Addison.

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 were 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?

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".
- *Alchemical Body Enhancements*- Over the years, Juryrig has made leaps in his studies, and unlocked the key to modifying his body alchemically to give it permanent boosts. Even though his body became stronger and more durable, Juryrig was unable to progress further due to certain hardcaps.

Engineering

A really handy skill that Juryrig had practiced for years, ever since he was a kid. He fix plating, come up with designs, and also cause havoc. 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 a speed of 60m/s. 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 against smaller targets limits the range to 30m. It looks like a mechanical venus flytrap.
- *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, and 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, six-legged table golem that can fold up to a small cube. It can hold up to 330 kg before its speed becomes reduced, with its maximum weight capacity only recorded to be under 800kg. The Horse is as useful as it is ridiculous.

Items

1. *Ol' Smokey* - A mace with flanges, and modified to hold alchemical gases until it struck against a target. Common gases of choice are a nausea-inducing gas, a smoke cloud, and hot ashes.
2. *Portable Alchemy Station* - Uses it to for alchemical purposes, such as making consumable liquids, and transmutating substances.
3. *Repair Toolkit* - Contains the tools he needs for repair and construction.
4. *Handy Haversack* - It holds things. And has a nightlight installed.
5. [Insert Method of Money Storage Here]

OOC Notes

Juryrig's Theme

This page was originally created by [Burgmond](#) on Wed 17-01-18.

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