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, white complexion, 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

Kind, moronic, tolerating to a fault, eccentric, brilliant. Granted that mercenaries can be all kinds of people from all walks of life, but one can't expect the man they hire to be a bumbling fool like he is. Thomas, while filled to the brim with ingenuity, is slow to learn from the mistakes he makes. Due to issues in his childhood, he is also slow in making meaningful relationships with others, despite his overly friendly personality portraying him as a guy who would always like friends.

Thomas 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

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

=== **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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