Clasp Tremul is a lakewalker halfling ranger. Like most lakewalker halflings, he is a skilled naturalist who prizes community, camaraderie, and congeniality. ***Unlike* most lakeshore halflings, he is also an amateur political philosopher.** He has great respect for the values and practices of his community, but wonders why his brethren, so adept at systems-level thinking and tracing subtle effects to broad causes in the ecological sense, are content to limit the application of their gifts to the stewardship of their isolated home and community. When travelers pass through the thousand-lakes, other lakewalkers are quick to listen to their tales, amused by the dramas and the comedies of the outside world before returning to their warm, reassuring beds. Clasp, however, finds himself latching on not to lurid descriptions of heroic feats, but to whatever morsels he can glean of the social organization of outside communities. How are ideas exchanged and mediated? What are the obstacles to the material security and happiness of the communal body at large, and what is being done to address them? Who holds influence and why? He is keen to discuss such questions with anyone who will engage the subject, though he tends to overestimate others’ interest in what his peers generally regard as charming but unpersuasive ramblings. At his core, Clasp is an optimist who earnestly believes that the relative ecological harmony and egalitarian wealth distribution of the thousand lakes can be achieved within the world at large, if only all of the involved parties could engage in good-faith conversation and achieve the perspective necessary to understand their own place within the larger system.

To that end, Clasp has been pouring his time into a recent discovery/invention (the distinction is murky) which has redoubled his drive to establish greater communication between communities. **Essentially, he is experimenting with the beginnings of a slime-based internet, aka oozenet.** To explain: at some point a few years before the start of the campaign, Clasp’s community noticed that a few scattered pools on the outskirts of the thousand lakes had begun to turn brackish and swampy. Being a ranger, Clasp was tasked with investigating this phenomenon and determining whether the lakewalker community needed to be on guard against some kind of potential ecological disaster. He discovered that the cause of the swampification was an invasive species of unknown ooze which had begun to settle in some of the pools on the edge of the forest. After spearheading a successful campaign to prevent further ooze settlement in which the encroaching ooze was on one front hunted, and on another bred with a less aggressive variant in order to produce a benign competitor, the thousand lakes was preserved with a few swampy pools still dotting its perimeter. Monitoring and care of these swamps became Clasp’s primary responsibility, and their unique flora and fauna became the basis for several welcome additions to lakewalker recipe books and medical manuscripts. Of greatest excitement to Clasp, however, was a mysterious property of the remaining ooze, which he discovered nearly by accident; **when an ooze was split and placed in two different pools at great distance from each oehter, each pool would suddenly take on the coloration and texture of the other, an effect which ended immediately upon the removal of either ooze. After further experimentation he realized that, in certain conditions fostered by the swampy pools, each ooze turned its environment into a kind of window into the environment of its sister ooze.** Clasp found he was able to recreate this phenomenon in terrariums of his own design, and his heart was suddenly full to bursting with the implications. Imagine, a set of slime chamber in the thousand lakes instantly communicating with sister chambers across the land, sharing ideas, stories, problems, solutions. Although he’d always known his particular set of beliefs and dreams recommended action, here was a dream that outright demanded it. He would set off to convince those would listen, and perhaps himself, that his rhetoric and his discovery were together something good, lasting, and transformative.

**Favored enemy: oozes. Favored terrain: swamp**