



MyMiniFactory

[MyMiniFactory](#) is a world-leading 3D printable object-sharing ecosystem, where some **15,000** designers from around the world upload and share free and paid 3D printable object files.

Valuing **sustainability, purposefulness, inclusiveness** and **freedom**, MyMiniFactory is enabling a **decentralized** ecosystem for 3D creatives, one step at a time.

www.myminifactory.com

The creator:

Dan Kelly



Dan Kelly joined the community of MyMiniFactory as a skilled, premium 3D model designer. Since the early age of only 5 years he's been painting miniatures. As such all of his 3D miniature models are designed with a painter's craftsmanship in mind.

Dan started sculpting as a tool to add personality and a sense of motion into his miniatures - a common thread you'll find throughout his works. More impressively, Dan creates incredibly detailed and extraordinarily expressive miniatures through process of dynamic conceiving directly in 3D. His work, like an artform, happens on the fly - experimenting with ideas and going with what feels right.

“It’s while I’m adding the details and sculpting that the character’s background story develops and comes to life on the screen.”

To see more of Dan's work, or get early access to his thematic releases each month, join his “Adventure Guild” !



H uman Female Wizard

Within the Adventurers guild, Wizards had a reputation for being stuffy old farts with an over-fondness for pointed hats and old dusty books! Jorla was different though. As a child she had watched her elderly neighbour pouring over his books and reciting incantations. She had listened eagerly and had absorbed an awful lot of information. When she enlisted at the College of Wizards aged 12, they initially laughed her off but they allowed her to take the admission test (mostly for their own amusement). the girl had undeniable talent, but so much power for her age that they couldn't let her go unchecked. They admitted Jorla to the College and put her through her training. A decade later and she is the youngest Wizard to ever graduate from the College, and is determined to redefine what it means to be a Wizard!



The Male Barbarian

Brogan was once the chief of the Bar'atuin clan. Half of his clan was wiped out by an almighty Behemoth. He faced the fearsome beast and wounded it, but it turned and fled. He left his clan in the hands of his brother, vowing not to return unless he did so wearing the hide of the beast. His pursuit of the Behemoth led him to some ancient Dwarf ruins where he encountered a party of adventurers who had been hired by an Elven Wizard to bring her the horn of a mighty behemoth. They had witnessed the Behemoth leaving Bar'atuin via a skrying spell that the Wizard had cast for them. They tracked it with an airship to the ruins. Brogan joined with them in their common goal and as they delved deeper and deeper into the ruins they could hear the ever louder roars of the beast. In the ensuing encounter, the Behemoth crashed through the supporting columns in one of the chambers, bringing the ceiling down on the party. When he came to, Brogan's companions were all dead, crushed in the cave in. In checking them all for signs of life, he found the job sheet that the Elven Wizard had given them. He made his way back in the air ship to the Capital to meet with the wizard so that he can resume where the fallen adventurers left off.



Human Male Wizard

Malsuir sat quietly just outside of the camp, listening to his companions exchanging tales of their heroic deeds and misadventures. 'No Rest for a Wizard' he muttered to himself as he sat preparing his spells for the upcoming battle. 'They can talk all they like now, but after I unleash my dragonfire spell tomorrow they'll be left speechless.' Just then, Jerry his owl familiar silently swooped in and deposited a small salamander into Malsuir's lap. As he drew his dagger from his belt and sliced open the belly of the salamander, one last thought passed through his mind....'I just wish this spell prep business wasnt so bloody messy!'



The Lion

The gates of the arena opened as the gladiator stood staring at the darkened opening, wondering what he was about to be faced with. A thundering roar ripped through the tunnel growing louder and louder and causing the walls to shake. The gladiator looked on in horror, sweat rolling down his face. He edged closer to the gate hoping to get a better look at his adversary. Another terrible roar sent the warrior's heart racing, and as the gleam of 2 golden eyes caught the light, panic began to set in. A mighty white lion emerged from the darkness, its body covered in scars. This fearsome creature had clearly seen off more than its fair share of opponents. The warrior hurled his spear in the direction of the lion, but as the point of the spear neared the face of the beast, a huge paw swiped the spear and knocked it from its trajectory. The warrior stood open mouthed at the agility the beast had displayed, and then the Lion pounced, taking his attacker to the ground and disabling him with a crunching bite to the skull.



The *P*aladin

Brother Baston was the only son of a poor widow. Not wanting to see her son live a life of poverty on the streets, his mother gave him to the priests at the temple to be indoctrinated into the ways of the gods and raised in the service of the clergy. Amongst his many lessons, Baston has shown time and time again to excel in his combat training. He has grown immensely strong and sturdy, both physically and mentally, and knows only to use his abilities to benefit those in need. He is a hardened fighter whose martial prowess is second only to his compassion. He is favoured by the gods of Light, and whilst he has never been a proficient user of magic, it is said that he is imbued with the power of Light and is a paragon of all that is good.



The Cleric

Brother Halden started out life as a street urchin, and kept poor company into his teens where he worked as a hired thug for some of the more undesirable merchants and gang bosses and guilds. On one of his "shake down" jobs, he was acting on behalf of his employer to retrieve some overdue rent from a local sculptor. When the coin didn't appear and the situation got a little heated, a loud bang was heard from a back room, and a large clay golem came bursting through the wall and wiped out his 2 associates. Just as the golem was about to strike Halden, The god of clay made a brief appearance and solidified the Golem and caused it to explode like an over baked vase so as to prevent its further use as a weapon (Golem's are supposed to be used as tools and are prohibited from harming sentient beings). At that moment, Halden became aware that the gods were real beings and not just children's stories as he had previously believed. he became fascinated with the gods, learning all about them and embarking on a quest for knowledge. He now has an unshakable faith in the gods and is a crusading missionary whose mission is to help others see the error of their ways, offering them a choice between changing their ways or being the recipient of a solid smiting on behalf of his favourite mace!



The D^rwarf Bard

Dorgan is what has been lovingly coined a “bardzerker”. He takes all the musical aptitudes and personality that you associate with a bard, and adds in the blood thirsty battle lust seen in berzerkers! He had always shown a love of his bagpipes, but whilst walking through a forest playing the bagpipes one day he was set upon by a pack of wolves. His battle lust took over and he fought off the pack, slaying their alpha and causing the rest to flee. During the combat though, a wolf had torn his beloved bagpipes to shreds!

Dorgan dragged the body of the alpha wolf back to towns crafts quarter, and in honour of his dearly departed bagpipes and in memory of this encounter, he decided that he would have the body of the alpha wolf turned into a brand new set of bagpipes! As he walked out of the shop having handed over the materials and the brief, the artisan called out of the shop after Dorgan – “Excuse me sir, what do you mean you want it to shoot fire??!”

Dorgan just nodded and smiled....



The Captain

Szygmund was once a celebrated captain in the Imperial army. During the visit of a powerful neighboring diplomate, the Emperor held a vast banquet to honour them and welcome them into the Empire. The Imperial guard were on watch through the event, but the officers were invited to attend as guests and representatives of the Empire. As the evening progressed and the drinks began to flow, Szygmund began to get into an argument with his commanding officer over which pie filling was the best! The argument got a bit out of hand and far more heated than a dispute over pies should ever have gotten and the situation ultimately ended with the commander unconscious with a pie tin conforming to the contours of his face! Szygmund in a moment of clarity realised what he had done and made a swift dash to the window. He picked up a chair and hurled it through the glass and then leapt through behind it before sprinting to freedom, his own troops in pursuit to arrest him for assaulting an officer and causing public disturbance at a political feast. Facing military imprisonment for his actions, Szygmund changed his appearance, removed all identifying marks from his armour and weapons and fled, taking up a new life as a Mercenary, seeking adventure, riches, but most importantly attempting to keep himself far away from the capital and out of an Imperial prison!

