




Trigger Lightcraft

👤 IRL	 Daniel P. Egan
☰ Race & Class	Gnome Wizard
☰ Special role	Staff Mage & Shroud Agent (lapsed)
🔗 Character Sheet	https://www.dndbeyond.com/characters/
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Main character	
🕒 Last edited time	@May , : PM
☰ Tags	

Trigger Lightcraft

- Rock Gnome
- Artificer /Wizard X
- Discipline of Chronurgy (Covert)
- Neutral Good
- Feat: Fey Touched
- Item: Robe of Useful Items
- % of the time happy and curious, % of the time explosively protective of loved ones



Background

Trigger was born to a fine metalworking father and a covertly arcanist mother in Silverbarrow. His mother kept her skills private, using them to help his fathers creations. Gnomes where he grew up were distrustful of 'magicky things' they couldn't understand, so the family prospered, but carefully.

From a young age Trigger exhibited unnatural outcomes with his tinkering: he would produce devices that shouldn't have worked: a gossamer light mechanical insect that could fly simple patterns; a seamless wood music box (and which stopped working if opened). Never quite enough to arouse serious suspicion, but enough that his parents had cautionary conversations with him. His mother both encouraged and guided him, but it was clear that he shouldn't get showy with inexplicable magic.

As a teen he became cranky and sullen with life in Silverbarrow: the teachers had little of import to teach him, and everyone seemed so damn complacent with a banal life. He wanted to make *interesting* things, but his mother made it clear that was too dangerous for him to stretch his mind.

Accidental Artifice

The one place Trigger felt appreciated was in the smithy/armory areas, where he could help fix and improve existing designs, learn new skills from the masters there, and occasionally create novel things. More and more often he would etch intricate patterns on his works that he said were ornamental, but it was noticed the durability seemed related to the etchings. He sometimes spent hours in the smithy on his own, and the smiths let it pass because he did great work at a cheap price. He began wearing armor consistently, saying “one only improves a product from firsthand experience”. The armor became more and more experimental looking, and lighter and lighter weight.

One weekend night he was discovered holding a giant two-handed sword larger than he was with one hand, glowing with green light. The light vanished when the smiths yelled in surprise, the sword clattering to the ground. That was too far: his parents saw clearly he would both be a pariah in Silverbarrow, and forever frustrated if he stayed there. They sold their house and furniture, and set off with him to SunCrest, thinking that perhaps there would be opportunities to find a more open-minded armory there.

The Lightcrafts received a lot of disdain in SunCrest: a small fidgety gnome isn't very imposing. They heard of an older, eccentric dwarf smith named Thendrer Steelbelt who did unique metalwork, both viewed as rare and useful yet... idiosyncratic and unreliable. At the first meeting, Thendrer quickly refused to train him as ‘he seems too small to swing a hammer’. After a week of searching and money running out, the sharp rejection made his mother cry in despair. In anger, Trigger picked up a small ballpeen hammer, scratched a design on it, and slammed it into an anvil.

The anvil surface cracked with white light spiderwebbing out from the center.

He got the apprenticeship, and the (wary) respect of Thendrer. His parents lived for a year in SunCrest, then went back to Silverbarrow as he grew up, they grew apart, and they missed being surrounded by their folk.

After years of apprenticeship, Trigger had reached the limits of what the smith could teach him about metals, energy and form. The smith had grown very fond and

proud of him, a kindred spirit. But Trigger was already experimenting with ideas that scared the smith, powers beyond what Thendrer could handle safely. And in Suncrest sometimes Trigger got angry and resentful when he or Thendrer were belittled for size or lineage instead of their skills. After a particularly bad incident involving a SunCrest soldier, Trigger was arrested.

He was bailed out by a stranger named Drux, a dragonborn. He said he'd seen the altercation, and believed Trigger wasn't at fault. In fact, he might have more interesting work if Trigger was interested, including some interesting magic.



Trigger worked for Drux over the following years, well paid and always on interesting magical artifacts or projects. There was a strong impression there was a thread that held together all of his work, but he couldn't see a broad enough view to put the pieces together.

Occasionally Trigger saw Drux use a type of magic that baffled him: he could make a coin flip change; he froze a falling comrade, and the man wasn't even breathing he was so frozen. Whenever Drux did this, Trigger had a distinct feeling of disorientation and an electric tingle in his mouth. Trigger asked Drux about it, but he demurred: "in time Trigger, in time".

Finally, Drux asked Trigger if he was ready to 'open his eyes'. He made it clear that Trigger had proved himself worthy of... something. It would be an offer to join some kind of group. Once you are asked and understand who the group is and what they do, the only acceptable answer is 'yes'. They could either go their separate ways, and Trigger could continue with a more mundane life. Or he could choose to join the group, see and do things he could never imagine, and all it would cost would be his unquestioning loyalty.

And so Trigger joined the Shroud.

At first, it was amazing. The Shroud has access to the most amazing magic, and he had exactly the life of learning and novelty he'd always wanted. Then they demanded he start working more. It was ok at first, the odd job sometimes he didn't understand. Then the jobs became... evil? There were thefts, assassinations, and surgical destruction. He was granted access to more and more esoteric magic the more jobs he did, which he focused on rather than his actions. He learned more Chronurgy from Drux along the way, understanding how to reflow time.

The jobs became more horrible as time went on though. Sometimes his colleagues seemed to enjoy cruelty: killing and hurting unnecessarily. He would raise concerns to Drux and others, sometimes under the guise of 'excess' or 'wasteful' reasons, sometimes more clearly because it was just evil. Drux would answer 'not everyone is paid in magic Trigger. Some have more... visceral tastes'. Trigger nodded, but it was clear the wedge had been set: he was having second thoughts. He began protecting victims on jobs when their deaths weren't key to the outcome, to the frustration and resentment of other Shroud members. He'd go back to the scene of previous 'interventions' and help the collateral damage left behind.

He knew he was pushing the limit - he was becoming a potential liability.

The final job

Drux asked Trigger to help him on a relatively simple job. They joined a small, relatively new band of adventurers. They had some intel on some ruins out

southeast of the Woodland Realms in the Spike of Creation that held powerful magical artifacts. The adventurers were excited to work with experienced professionals like Drux and Trigger, and talked constantly. Trigger was distracted between them and the artifacts... so it's not surprising he missed the signs. Inside the mountain ruins, Drux used the adventurers as fodder: they were whittled down by obvious mistakes, till it was just Trigger and Dux with a bag full of glowing artifacts, running for the exit. As they were about to clear the stone exit, Dux looked back, scowled angrily and said "One way trip Trigger. You've become too much trouble ". He cast a black spell cracking the stone supporting the door. Trigger jumped for it, certain that he'd make it....

Trigger felt the same disorientation and electric sparkle in his mouth. He could *feel* time re-flowing, making his decision a moment later. Trigger *watched* Dux reorder time, and the scales on his hand wrinkled and nails grew. The entryway collapsed in front of him, trapping him. But now he understood the last part of Drux's time riddle: in order to significantly reflow time, you must burn some of your own.

Two Escapes and a New Life

He spent days wandering trying to find a way out of the ruins, until he noticed a trickle of water coming down some rocks into a stream.... with small fish in it. He followed it to a small pool where he could see light coming up from. He dove under, and surfaced on the eastern side of the Spines.

Exhausted, he began walking down to a rural village.

About halfway there, on a road, was a group of men and dragonborn. Clearly bandits, they smiled as they saw him. They took him back to their camp in shackles, promising to make good use of his possessions *and* his body (good slave trade down south, gnomes work great underground).

After a day of walking tied behind their horses, another group of people came up the road. Led by a tiefling woman with a straight back, they were laughing and relaxed. When they saw the men, they smiled, dismounted and tied their horses up. One of them disappear into the forest.

Trigger lost consciousness, and when he came to, the tiefling woman was untying his hands.

Hello sir. The names Valiant. I'm guessing based on the chains you aren't part of the bandit gang, so there's no reward for your head. We're happy to help you back to Riga if you like.

This group of adventures was experienced, well organized. And he owed them his life and freedom. After recuperating, he requested to serve, revealing his expertise and wanting to repay them. His one request was that he have access to any magical items, especially scrolls or books, that they came across.

He told them his name was Trigger.

The Wyrmrage

Trigger's parents were killed in the Wyrmrage, by the Shroud, which makes him immensely guilty and angry. He has no idea what happened to Thendrer.

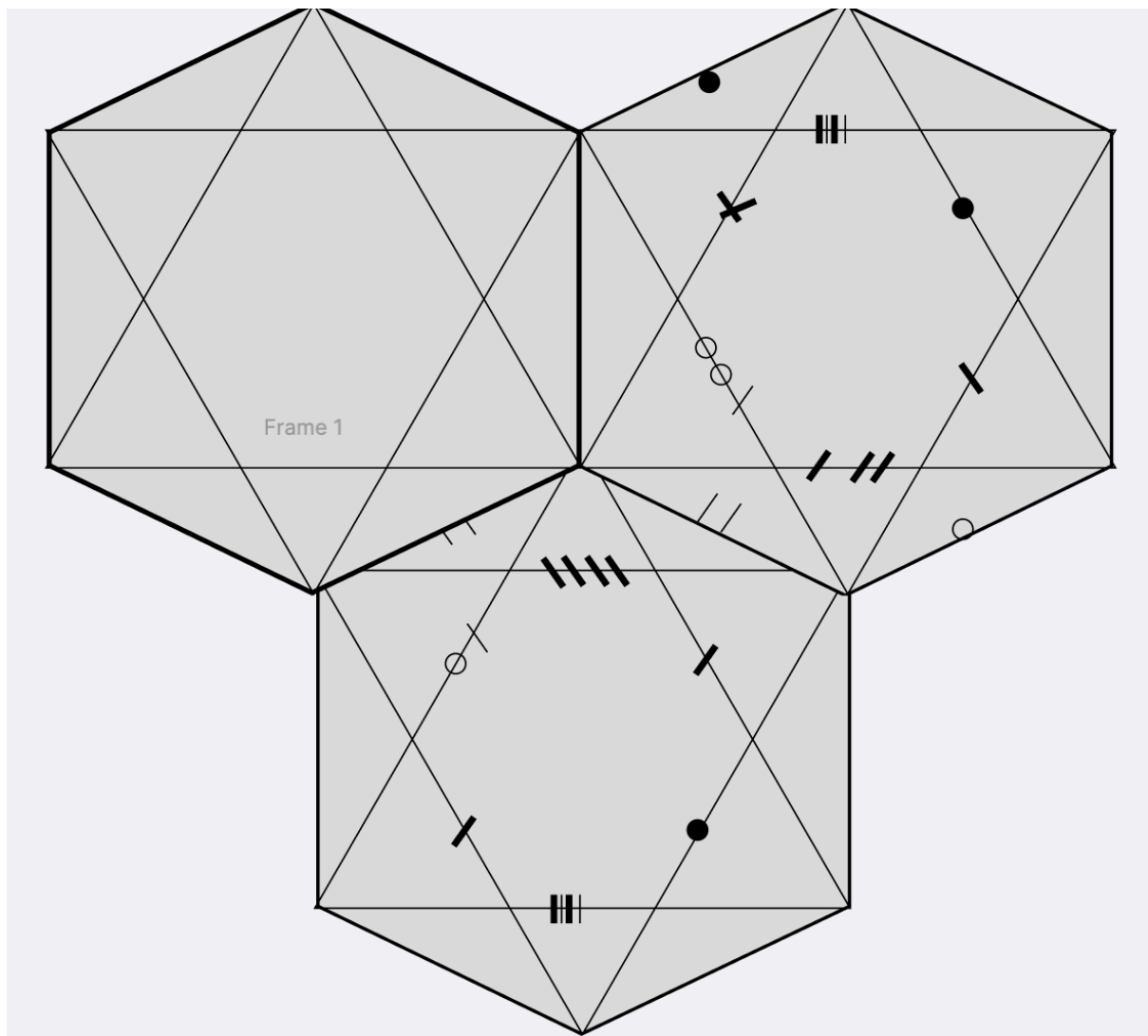
Now

Trigger is an energetic, curious rock gnome. He says he's in his mid-twenties, but looks more like mid- s: he has scruffy graying hair, a beard, and wrinkles. But he is emphatic that he's in his twenties.

While he's definitely a wizard, he tends toward mechanical things as a comfort medium: he wears a shirt of hexagonal chain armor so thin it seems an affectation. He has bracers along both arms that are embedded and etched, yet chaotic. The left arm has thicker, blockier etchings, the right finer, more complex ones. Both have a small orb embedded in them: pearl on the left, obsidian on the right. They serve as his spellcasting focus. Along the length of his left bracer is a set of time-related knickknacks: an hourglass, a clock, and a single button. He uses them to 'keep track of time whenever it starts moving too quickly'.

Spellbook

Triggers spellbook is his light hexagonal scale shirt. All the scales have a six sided star etched inside them. Some of the individual hexagon scales have complex designs etched into the star:



These are his spells, written down: he has a very specific notation to enable him to cast them concisely. When he prepares a spell, he takes the link off his shirt, studies it, and then attaches it to his bracers. These are his prepared spells.

You can often see him working on sheets of paper with these same designs... but once he learns a spell, and knows how to cast it, he transcribes it permanently into his 'spellbook' using acid etching.

Need-to-know basis

There are known parts of his past he hasn't revealed to Valiant and the other senior officers of the company: he doesn't want to endanger himself or others with certain information. One of the things he's adamant about is that they do not know his real name, or the strange kind of magic he occasionally uses.

He's slightly obsessed with not letting other magic users know about Chronurgy. Obscures it, lies about it, only uses it when it feels safe that they can't figure it out. Needs to work it out on his own, using his clues. The one person he does work with is Gift.

Working with Gift del Rae

About years after Trigger joined \$COMPANY he was asked to assess a potential recruit: Gift del Rae. He gave her both 'academic' tests, all of which she passed easily. Her recall and ability to perform both rote and novel magic was impressive. Gift lacked people skills however, and could be very rigid and uptight about the rules and being good. He tried to teach her various nuances about white lies etc, and continues to do so.

Trigger and Gift regularly spend time together, assisting each other with arcane research and questions. Trigger is older and far more experienced than Gift, but she has a remarkable memory and can recall many facts that he forgets.

Over the years, Tork started asking Gift to research questions tangential to Chronurgy. They were smaller tasks around the boundary of issues: remote enough that he felt she wouldn't see the big picture. But he was wrong.

One day, Gift simply said: 'Using X with Y, in theory you could slow time for one creature but not others. Is that what you're trying to do?'

Trigger played it off, said that it was theoretically interesting but probably wouldn't work. But he found her help too valuable to stop. Later, he found her attempting to improve her temporal awareness in public!

He then took her into his confidence, explaining that timey-wimey magic should be kept secret, and that very bad people will come for them if they are too obvious about using it. He called it 'Horomancy' since his view of it's control is mechanical in magical nature.

Trigger is EXTREMELY worried that Gift will unintentionally reveal the fact that they know Chronurgy magic, and has often had conversations with her about keeping secrets (which she's aware of, but not good at).

Key Questions:

Does the Shroud know he lives? He's not had any reason to believe so... He hasn't had any contact with anyone from his old life. He is very careful to use the time magic covertly.

He's not a vengeful person, but he feels betrayed by Drux. And he wants to bring the Shroud out into the open, expose them if possible. Reduce their covert power.

How can he learn more about Chronomancy? What are its limits? What can he build with it?