

### **Jolos "Tink" Ironhand**

Jolos was born in the halfling village of Hearth's Rest, a traditional community nestled in a small valley. His mother, Lyra, was a kind-hearted baker who made the best sweetbreads in the region, while his father, Darrin, was a skilled woodcarver whose handiwork was known throughout the village. From a young age, Jolos was taught the values of creation, and craftsmanship, inheriting his mother's love for cooking and his father's precision with tools.

Jolos grew up hearing whispered legends of great heroes: mighty warriors who seemed to have been born with an innate greatness that Jolos resented. He was neither strong nor fast, and while he took pride in the skills his parents taught him, he grew jealous every time he heard a tale of someone blessed with talents he could never hope to match.

At age 14, Jolos buried himself in books, often sneaking away to the village elder's library, where he devoured any knowledge he could find. He was fascinated by how things were made, the process of creation. His curiosity soon led him to ancient tomes that spoke of steel, machinery, and eventually, magic. Not the flamboyant spellcraft of wizards, but the magic of creation. Artificers, as he read, were engineers of magic, crafting objects imbued with life and power. This fascinated him, for it was not about talent, but skill. Something he could learn, something he could control.

In secret, Jolos began practicing the techniques of artificing, learning to imbue objects with power and life. He found a kind of joy in creation that he had never known before.

But Hearth's Rest was deeply superstitious. Magic was seen as unnatural, pagan, and witchcraft. When the elders discovered Jolos' practice, they publicly condemned him and exiled him from the village.

Jolos wandered the countryside. His skills as an artificer kept him alive, tinkering with scrap metal and broken tools he found along the way. Eventually, his wandering led him into the path of an Orcish warband. Captured and bound, he was destined for a life of slavery. That is, until he showed them his abilities.

Recognizing the value of his skills, the Orcish warlord spared Jolos, offering him a place among the smiths and engineers of the army. For years, Jolos toiled under their command, crafting weapons of war, siege engines, and crude but powerful technologies for the Orcish armies. The Orcs came to respect Jolos for his cleverness, and soon he was no longer a mere prisoner but an asset. In time, they even gave him a nickname—"Tink"—a crude homage to his skill with machinery.

With access to their resources, he designed a suit of armor, a masterpiece of his artificing skill. The armor was not just protection, but a source of strength, imbued with the

magic he had perfected over the years. With it, he could fight with strength he had never known before, standing side by side with the warriors in battle, finally earning the power he had once envied.

On his 22nd birthday, the Orcish army was disbanded and scattered to the winds, Jolos was left adrift once again. But he was no longer the timid boy from Hearth's Rest. With his newfound skills in both combat and creation, he wandered once more, eventually crossing paths with a group of adventurers. He saw in this group a chance at a new life—a life where he could finally write his own legend, not as a hero born of talent, but as a man forged in the flames of adversity.