

NAME

Liab Ell

GENDER / RACE

Male Changeling

CLASS / LEVEL

War Magic Wizard - Level 3

ALIGNMENT

Chaotic Evil

ABILITIES

Strength - 9

Dexterity - 13

Constitution - 16

Intelligence - 19

Wisdom - 15

Charisma - 17

PROFICIENCIES

Arcana, History, Investigation, Insight,
Deception, and Persuasion

LANGUAGES

Common, Giant, Goblin, and Orc

BACKGROUND

Noble

FEATURES

Changeling

- You can alter your voice and appearance as an action

Noble

- You can secure an audience with a local noble

Wizard

- Regain half your level (min 1) worth of spell slots during a short rest (once per day)

War Magic

- You can use a reaction and sacrifice your non-cantrip spellcasting on your next turn to gain +4 on one save or +2 AC vs one attack
- Gain Int mod to initiative

EQUIPMENT

Arcane focus (carved staff)

Spellbook

Scholar's pack:

- Backpack
 - Bottle of ink
 - Ink pen
 - Parchment (10)
 - small bag of sand
 - Stardust Dice
- Book of lore
- Small knife

Scroll of pedigree

Weapons:

- Dagger

Armor:

- Fine clothes
- Signet Ring

Purse: 25 Gold

DESCRIPTION / BACKSTORY

Liab, as a Chaotic Evil character, has no ideals, goals, or aspirations. He doesn't care about much at all, any more. He has fulfilled his revenge, outlined in the story below, and lives on merely because he has nothing else better to do. His only enjoyment can be found in revealing himself, in the most crucial of moments, for the thrill of absolute victory, reliving the satisfaction he experienced in the past.

My mother was a peaceful woman. She was a Changeling, just like I am, but she chose to be an artist. She used her body as a canvas, and created all sorts of art, and so she was loved by the town. Or so we thought.

It all changed when the Baron that overlooked our town learned of my mother's existence. He was a stupid man, and decided that if he could not use her, then she was an enemy. He burned our home to the ground, and as I hid at the edge of the forest, I watched his knights cut my mother down, as she ran, holding her arms out, as if she meant to hold me one last time.

The rest of the townspeople did nothing. They did not even grieve. To them, my mother was merely a source of entertainment.

This is the day I realized that happiness meant nothing in this world, and that only chaos and destruction could change anything. I set upon my revenge almost immediately.

The Baron's son was a wild boy, and snuck out of his mansion often. He was easy to follow, and as he explored the town, I found my chance. I stabbed him in the back, covering his mouth, and felt his final breath upon my hand.

Through my investigation of him, I had an intricate memory of his appearance and personality. I took his face as my own.

I mutilated the body so that it was not easily identified, and left it there, knowing the Baron's knights would not care about some kid's corpse in an alleyway.

As long as Jaryk returned home.

I went by Jaryk for 13 long years. As I grew, I "matured", so that I could rid myself of this disgusting personality. I asked my father to let me study under his hired mercenaries, some of whom used many types of magic.

I used all of the resources at my disposal, including every single book in my father's library.

Every night, I repeated my name, Liab Ell, and reshaped my face, so as not to forget myself, and my purpose.

Sometime during my stay there, the Baroness died of some illness. It took much effort not to laugh at the funeral, as I witnessed the Baron's grief. Even as he cried over her death, he still withheld orders to search for and murder the little Changeling boy that had escaped those years ago.

He was the last of his family, and he didn't even know it.

As I reached the suitable age, the Baron officially declared me as his successor. I would take over as Baron in my thirties.

At this time, I began the finale of my revenge. I slowly began to poison my “father”. Over months, his condition started to deteriorate.

He eventually became bedridden, and as his final wish, he wanted his son to be at his side. Alone, in his bed, he looked at me with hope in his eyes, before realizing that I was smiling. His expression turned to horror as I shaped my face to be the spitting image of my mother, and then my own visage.

In a burdened breath, “W- When...?”

“13 years ago.”

With that, his face was one of agony, and remained as such as his breath ceased, a fitting end for a miserable man.

The King sent some replacement for the Baron, to act until I come of age. I was allowed to embark on a journey, in order to “gain experience of the outside world”.

In reality, I no longer care to reside in that place, and when the time comes, word will be sent of Jaryk’s unfortunate passing.

But until then, I will continue to use Jaryk’s name should it give me some advantage.