**Siphon’s Backstory:**

**TLDR Version:**

Ooglong Roo (Siphon) lived in a rainforest ooze-village with an old abandoned temple in it. This temple had water-bending monk scripture in it, which the village took up. Ooglong was the chef in the village, but also quite formidable in his monk technique. This caught the attention of a mind flayer who wanted to experiment with him, maybe using what’s left as a guard. Ooglong was stolen in the middle of the night and tortured mercilessly. His appearance changed, he lost his memories, and was driven insane. Through enough prayer and focus, he stared into the abyss and learned how the universe works. He used his new abilities to talk to Havoc in a nearby jar. They didn’t like each other at first, but slowly found out the potential the other has. They used this potential to team up against the mind flayer and eventually kill him and destroy the rest of his work. Havoc and Siphon then ventured out of the cave for the first time to find themselves in the Underdark. Siphon looked to find out about his past and find his way home, wherever it may be. They ended up fucking with the wrong people and thrown in jail.

**Original:**

Once living in an ooze-kin village, Ooglong Roo worked as a chef. The village was on the brink of a rainforest, teeming with life of both ooze and flesh. Ooglong spent most of his time preparing food for the local elders, stocking adventurer’s supplies for the young ones that looked for a greater purpose, and in prayer with the forces of nature. You see, Ooglong’s people are but newcomers in an old sanctuary of aquan monks. The once war-shaken temple housed many teachings of the ways of nature and the rain that makes up the forest. The ooze-nomads found this temple and took up this way of thinking (pretty easy when your body is 95% water!) Ooglong was not only the head chef at the temple, but also a student in the ways of the monks. Humble as he may be, his prowess with his fists were noticed by many in the village…as well as those beyond.

There were a pair of eyes set on Ooglong for his combat abilities. His secluded and humble lifestyle made him easy picking. In the middle of the night, during the monk’s most deep hour of meditation, Ooglong was swept away without a trace. The relative peace of the area made the monks careless, so no guards were stationed to protect the village nor its people. Surely a mistake they will not make again.

As Ooglong arose from his peaceful slumber, he found himself locked in a glass tank, barely enough to move around in. The glass made it hard to see anything as ooze-kin rely on their echolocation to perceive the world. What he could see through the glass was a stone room with liquid on the ground and tools of all sorts strewn about. Not a moment after, he saw a slim figure levitating in the air; it seemed to have an octopus for a head and talons for hands. It grinned at Siphon and spoke with the most terrible voice. Despite the glass, the voice rung in his mind like the bells of hell. The utterances seemed nonsense to him but shook him to the very core with each word. He knew he’d been captured and was helpless to the being.

For the next several years, Ooglong had been tortured and experimented on every single day. He’d been poked every hour without exception, often with needles that injected him with who knows what. Each injection filled his mind with strange words and his body with strange chemicals. Every sleepless night made him more and more insane and forgetful of who he was (ooze-kin lose their inhibitions without 6 hours a day to meditate). His body begun to slink down into a drooped mess of ooze. Gray spots began popping up inside his body, and ooze-spines grew from his back. Ooglong did his best to pray and mediate to keep the voices down. It wasn’t long before the voices drowned out his own thoughts and memories. The longer he stayed, the more voices he heard in his head, all of it total nonsense…until one day it wasn’t.

For some unknown reason, the voices were quiet and his head was clear. He was able to stare into the abyss in his soul and saw life and the universe the way it was. He stared into the eyes of truth and traded his soul and memories for knowledge and power. The only memory he kept was this moment, and the mind flayer. The energy of the world around him and his mind flowed like the rivers and rains of his home, though he no longer knew them. Ooglong was dead, Siphon was born. He reached out with his mind and saw some strange entity in a nearby jar. This entity exuded a strange aura, unlike anything ever seen before. Siphon concentrated intensely on this aura; he put everything he had into focusing on it.

He spoke first with his voice…no reply.

He spoke again with his motion…no reply.

He spoke then with his mind… “Go away.” What gall! How could someone be so close-minded in this situation? Siphon spoke again…

“Hello?”

“I said go away! The last thing I need is some fucking pip-squeak prisoner pestering me again.”

“Big talk for someone in the second smallest jar here.”

“Oh you little shit, I’m not even gonna try to keep you alive later. I don’t care what He does to me, I’m gonna enjoy this one.”

“What are you even talking about?”

“Haha, you’ll see soon enough. Every newcomer goes through me these days…more the other way around.”

“Newcomer, huh? Interesting. I don’t remember being anywhere before here.”

“Wait you’re not that fucking gnome next to me? I suppose he does look a little weak to know telepathy… [the gnome next to him is dead] …So who the hell are you?”

“I don’t know. I have no memories of anything and feel nothing.”

“Hmm, that doesn’t sound like something He’d do to any prisoner in this room…happen to at least know where you are?”

“I’m in this larger jar to your left. It seems to be the largest jar in this room.”

“…”

“Can you not see me?”

“…There’s no way you’re that thing…He’s been torturing that thing since before I’ve been here. Nothing can take over 10 years of that kind of punishment and still be able to talk.”

“I see. I must be some sort of experiment. So, who is this ‘He’ you keep referring to?”

“His name is Kun. He’s a mind flayer, a hyper-intelligent being beyond our time and understanding. He owns this lab and runs experiments to further his understanding of the –”

“–We need to leave. This isn’t where we’re meant to be.”

“Pfft, fat chance. He has this place locked down. No one ever leaves this place alive. Take my jar for example, it can’t be opened from the inside and it’s shatter-proof. I bet that–”

Siphon pondered the situation. His newfound perception of the universe illuminated the flows of energy in his mind. With some moderate effort, he bended the energy to flow around the lid of the jar containing the annoying blob.

It spun normally and popped open.

“–and leave what’s left of us in…WHAT?!”

“You talk too much, you must be very lonely here.”

“…”

“Regardless, I helped you escape, now I ask you to return the favor.”

“…How did you do that? Nothing here, not even Him, can do that.”

“I can assure you that he most certainly can do that, and far more powerfully than I can; that weave in here, it’s more potent than what I can access.”

“What’s a weave?”

“Ugh, can you please just help me out of here?”

Havoc knocks over the jar to escape his open cell. Along the way, he knocks over a few torture tools and a few books.

“Sure thing! The name’s Experiment 626, but I like to call myself Havoc. I think he calls you Siphon when He stabs you and monologues.”

“Siphon. Yes, this will be helpful. So how do I leave?”

“Hmmmm…I don’t know. The only opening in that box is a small hole to stab you with.”

“I don’t see this hole.”

“It’s magically hidden. Anyone who’s been here as long as I knows where it is. Unfortunately, it’s only a tiny hole, but I’ll get it anyways.”

Havoc opens the hole. Not a moment after, both use their hum to get a clean look at one another. A short silence follows. They ponder what they see. Havoc breaks the silence.

“You’re like me…I…I have a brother!”

“Hmm. This is most interesting. We’re almost nothing alike.”

“Bullshit! I’ve seen a thousand prisoners come and go. None are anything like us!”

“I’m far more like them than you. You and I share only physical form.”

“Hmm, so then we’re cousins?”

“Sure.”

“Well then cuz, you shouldn’t have a problem getting out of here!”

Siphon slinks out of the hole easily. He stands at an impressive 3 times the height of Havoc. His stature is half ooze half man. He appears to half sink into the ground and barely keep his form together. Havoc is amazed by Siphon’s structure; never has he ever thought of mimicking the appearance of a humanoid. After a failed attempt to sprout limbs, Havoc explained what he knows of the inner-workings of the cave. Both strategize a way to leave undetected. After a long talk, Havoc realizes that Kun will soon return with another test subject, so they quickly reassumed positions in their respective cells and without a moment to spare.

Kun walks in with a half-dead orc, humming and whistling like dwarf to the mines. He lies the body on the table and immediately walks to Havoc. “This ought to do the trick.” he utters as he injects Havoc with a scarlet serum. Havoc recoils in pain and groans as the serum passes through his body. Not a moment after the pain subsides, Havoc is dumped out of the jar and onto the orc.

“Bind. Now.” Kun demands.

Havoc enters the mouth and nose of the orc. It convulses for a moment before becoming completely still. Its eyes begin to align to focus and respond to light. The Havorc looks at its Frankenstein with confusion and dizziness. Kun jumps for joy and runs to his journal, only to find it on the floor. He stares it at and reveres his hand. With a suspicious look, he ponders for a moment. He turns to the door and shakes his head. He turns to Havoc and chuckles. He turns to Siphon and squints. After approaching the tank, he closes his eyes. Siphon’s mind is invaded, his every thought is scanned like the page of a book. Kun smirks.

“Siphon, my glorious creation, arise.” Kun broadcasts in Siphon’s mind.

With a wave of the hand Siphon’s glass cage opens. (So, there was a door all along.) Siphons slinks out of the cage and stands tall above the monster before him.

“My name is Kun. I am your master.”

“Who am I?”

Kun squints. “You’re my slave, you’ll do what I say, or I’ll kill you.”

“I believe I’m too valuable for that.”

Kun squints harder, visibly angry. “You’re incomplete. You were supposed to sell your entire soul. What did you keep, slime?”

“I don’t remember. I’m sure my master could figure it out.”

Kun raises his hand and utters incoherent primordial words. Siphon’s body is held in frozen in place and lifted into the air. Without the ability to vibrate, he can no longer see anything around him.”

“I created you, slime! You’ll never see the end of the voices I can put in your head. You won’t the meaning of consciousness when I’m done with you!” exclaims Kun.

With a sudden poke from the back, Kun screams in pain. A half-dead orc with a shit-eating grin injects Kun with his own drow poison. Kun’s hold on Siphon is released as he stumbles to the table and attempts to remain conscious. Siphon rumbles vigorously. His form almost falls apart from the vibrations. The spines on his back flow with the vibrations of his body. His body grows in size with each wave. With a swift whip of his arm, Siphon laid into Kun. His fists moved flowed like a mighty river and crushed with the force of a boulder. Siphon’s blows clearly hurt Kun, but only helped him stay conscious. With a raise of a tentacle, a bolt of lightning pierces the air.

[Not finished because of time. Essentially me and havoc beat the shit out of Kun, we take some stuff that he has, and release the remaining experiments. We then head out in search of a purpose (Siphon’s is to find out his possible past, and what Kun was talking about in terms of what part of his soul he kept). They fucked with the wrong people and got thrown in jail.]