

Svedka 'Nemo' Manastorm

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SVEDKA 'NEMO' MANASTORM BACKSTORY

THE RESEARCH OF XAVIUS

His father Milton Manastorm was a powerful sorcerer and is the reason he exists as he does to this day. His father Milton was always seeking power and glory. Early on, he met a powerful wizard named Xavius, whom had destroyed the warring gods of the Duregar region, and rebuilt a civilization there. Xavius, was a dark and power hungry wizard who was seeking after nothing but the untapped potentials of wizardry and the edification of his own raw power. He sacrificed his beloved family and eternally trapped their souls to increase his own capabilities. During his studies, he began using his understanding of wizardry to create new species and modify the cells of a creature to have enhanced its capabilities. He was so powerful he was able to manipulate the blueprints of life for his own purposes. In the process, he created the powerful beings Eta and Sigma. These half-humanoid tiger and bear hybrids were hulking monstrosities for serving his purposes, which later lead to the creation of an 'Order of the Second Kind'. His father, being power hungry as well was working closely with Xavius during the creation of these beasts.

Although Xavius did not trust Milton and hid many of his secrets from him, he unfortunately slowly lost his memories and knowledge when his son's trapped soul found a way to blot out Xavius' memories each time his soul was tapped for power. Xavius had such great power he was even able to trap the soul of a tarrasque in a bone meal powder stored in a small mafuba jar. After opening a rift to the world of the Void and unleashing uncontrollable powers into the physical realm, Xavius tapped the souls of his loved ones for more power than was stable causing his son to completely mask Xavius' memories while he sealed the rift and remove the threat to the world. He had no idea the ramifications of his actions when he did them. After Xavius had lost his memories, his father Milton was able to 'borrow' the research he needed to continue his own sorcerer works.

A LOVE EXTENDING TIME AND SPACE

His father studied works similar to that of Xavius for many years and learned many of the secrets of Xavius and made his own advancements in some areas. When he was on a quest for some Dragon blood, he met a young looking gal named Baba (whom turned out to be an even stronger wizard than Milton). Milton was able to use his unique charm to interest her into going on this adventure with her. While the plan was to only obtain a small vial of an Ancient Black Dragon, the mission didn't quite go as planned and Baba ended up being trapped in a temporal bubble which she had to cast to protect herself from the Dragon. Milton, in his wise (lucky) understanding of magic was able to somehow use plane shift to shift Baba in time instead of space bringing her out to the present time. In the process, they were both shifted into the astral plane and he was brought into the temporal bubble with Baba as well as one of the Ancient Dragon claws (Which Milton played out to be him taking on the Ancient Dragon by himself - trying to impress Baba - she knew the truth). By spending a bit of time with her in the temporal bubble, he won her affection for a brief amount of time and they knew each other while still in the astral plane. They both managed to find a way out of the temporal bubble and astral plane. Together they had a child and named him Nemo Manastorm.

SEEKING AN UNREACHABLE GOAL

Nemo was a bit different than both his magical wielding parents. He was a small gnome (as both Baba and Milton were gnomes) but he did not seem to have an interest for sorcery as a young lad (even though he had a natural talent for it). Instead, Nemo wanted to be as tough as tough as a dragon. He had the natural love for power like his father but wanted to be physically strong like his fellow Pandaren friends in the town of Aurushire where he grew up. At a young age, he began training in teh

ways of a barbarian with his best friends (the Stormstout brothers). After becoming a young adult, his father Milton realized that sorcery and magic were not what Nemo were interested in, although he did understand the capabilities of it through his father. At this time, Milton had made a breakthrough in his research with the help of Baba. He had a plan for Nemo. Nemo (being a naturally small gnome, was never very strong and thus his dreams of strength were going to be a great challenge). Milton found a way to infuse Nemo's genetic makeup with Dragon blood from the Ancient Dragon Claw they had from years earlier. The only issue is that the process requires an internal flow of energy which can only come through sorcery. Nemo was explained the process and ultimately decided this would be the best way for him to start on his journey of strength and barbarian capabilities. He decided to undergo sorcerer training under his father Milton, specifically mastering an internal flow of his genetic capabilities which ran strong in the Millhouse bloodline.

After training for about a year in the ways of a sorcerer, he had a great internal understanding of how to channel the flow of his magical capabilities. Nemo has his goal in mind for strength and he is so hungry for the goal that he is able to put incredible focus into anything that would help him achieve this, including focusing all his attention on his needed studies. Although not knowing many spells, he had a nearly perfect concentration when meditating and channeling his inner Chi. At this point in his training, Milton informed him he was ready. However, if a mistake was made, or concentration was broken, it could result in his death. Nemo was ready. The Ancient Black Dragon blood was infused into his genetic code over top his gnome DNA. The process required an intense concentration by Nemo, but it also would inflict intense pain as the bonding took place.

BINDING OF POWER AND SOUL

Laying on a marble slab, wearing just the needed coverings and slathered in a Neokoros paralytic agent, Nemo's body was numbed as to provide ease for the process. An elven whip was captured and soaked in an Ancient Dragon's blood concoction so that its spirit absorbed the essence of the Blood. The concoction contained the Ancient Dragon's Blood, Dragon born essence, terrasque bone meal, emerald dust, titanium dioxide, purple lotus chamomile, silverweed, pixie dust, unicorn blood, phoenix ash, and a few other ingredients. Nemo was given a Melamomile sleeping tea to calm his physical and spiritual body into a deep sleep. The whip then had his essence removed and it was infused into Nemo's spirit. Nemo, being in an essentially comatose state (both spiritually and physically), awoke immediately upon infusion. From his sorcerer meditation, he remained spiritually concentrated throughout the process, but his little gnomish nervous system was not prepared for the process. His body entered an unending rage. His skin ripping as his veins swelled, Milton instantly knew this was not what he expected.

Baba was unaware of the process that Milton had discussed with Nemo, and would have never allowed this to occur. This was a secret between Milton and Nemo. However, the rage Nemo's body was entering was becoming increasingly unstable and he knew if he didn't do something, Baba would find out what was occurring and interject. Milton (being as prideful as he was) thought he could control this and took things into his own hands. In his mind, a simple plane shift would solve the issues, by relocating Nemo until he could stabilize him. Milton began casting plane shift, but something was wrong. The dimensional shift he had created hundreds of times was also unstable, but only after he had casted it. Nemo was wrapped in what appeared to be a spacial bubble while Milton was unable to control what was happening in the region. Milton tried to bring Nemo out of it or put himself into it when all of the sudden... zap. Nemo, in his increasing rage vanished.

Milton searched. He searched through all of the planes he knew of, shifting to and fro. He was unable to find Nemo. After days of searching and casting incantations of extended visions, Milton was unable to find any hint of where Nemo had gone. Brining himself to finally tell Baba, she kicked him out of her life until he could find and return Nemo to them.

AWAKENING NEAR DEATH'S TOUCH

As he comes to, Nemo Awakens to find himself covered in a light fluffy snow. A blistering wind sharpening itself upon his face. It is the middle of the night but the region is illuminated by the skies and the full moon above. Weakened and nearly paralyzed by the cold of the snow, he lifts himself up to find himself in a small open area surrounded by forest in all directions. In all directions, pine trees covered in a thick layer of snow. The ground filled with almost two feet of fluffy cold. There are vast mountains far off into the distance. This area appears untouched by man and looks pristine and majestic. This is one of the most beautiful sights Nemo has ever seen. He looks out and breaths the cold air with what could be his last breath after slowly closing his eyes. Although after a moment of taking in the sights, the sharp pains of frostbite kick in as his nerves are on the verge of failing to function. He quickly thinks back to his sorcerer training and concentrates as hard as he can on heating himself through his connection with magic. He manages to warm his cells through deep meditation, at least just enough to stave off his apparent death. His limbs are still frozen over, but his blood is starting to warm. Shaking and barely able to move, he starts to form snow around him to shelter from the wind hitting against him. He forms what could be seen as a small igloo. After staving off the wind, he is too weak to do anything but try to warm himself. He is all but without clothes and very near death at this point. He begins to channel his powers trying to warm himself.

His breathing slows. As he tries to concentrate he loses focus. His vision starts to blur. His mind starts to wander and hallucinate. A vivid memory of Milton comes to his his mind. He sees Milton, channeling his energy and bursting forth into flames. Explaining exactly how to do so, yet never could. Then his mind wanders away from Milton. His mother Baba comes into his mind, with a proud look on her face. Comforting Nemo as he tilts his head down in his failure. "Let go." His mothers voice echoes quietly as the memory fades out. He clenches his fists and widens his eyes. He channels his Chi away from all of his limbs and straight into his core and forgets about all of his cares. With the sheer will to survive he bursts forth in a wreathing mantle of spiraling flames melting all of the ice and snow around him. The flame only lasts a moment and then dies out.

He is still too cold to move, but now thinking about what happened and where he is. Not knowing the question to these mysteries, he knows he needs to focus on getting out of here alive. As the sounds of nature penetrate his small ears, he is deeply scared and misses his family. As he warms himself and stops shaking, he notices a difference in his appearance. At first assuming it's the frostbite, his hands appear like dragon skin, his face coarse. As he wraps himself with his own arms to warm himself, he feels as almost being much stronger as before. In the moment, he disbelieves and equates it to the cold making him delusional or the frostbite hardening his small gnome self. Another hour passes, and he is now warm enough to move somewhat normally, he definitely notices a physical difference in himself. He mumbles under his breath, "did it work?" A cloud of frost comes from his lips as he speaks. "It did."

A NEW HOPE

The sun starts to peak over the crescent of the mountains in the distance, but the sky darkens and a light snow starts to fall. He is now warmed enough for travel, and he knows he has to leave this area if he is going to survive. His first thought is if he could make a fire, or find some food. He heads off into the tree line. Because of his lack of clothes, he is only able to travel about a mile in an entire day while still keeping himself warm enough to survive. He is able to collect some wood and light a fire for resting that day but unfortunately he has yet to find food. Another similar day goes by. At this point he is nearly depleted of energy and unable to travel anymore. He is not dehydrated as he can cup snow in his hands and warm it to water. He seems to be mastering adapting his magical training in this way. The necessity of staving off death seems to be good motivation to adapt quickly.

Not knowing how he can continue without food, he lays down prepared for death to take him. He has a small fire going next to him, with the feeling of hunger so strong that if he falls asleep he knows he will not awaken again. But in that moment, he looked ahead into the forest and there stood a deer like creature. His countenance restored and he sat up as slow as he could. He had no weapon, but he took off his light coverings, picked up a rock, and set up a sling. Being as patient as he could, he then

mustered all of the remaining strength left in himself and slung the rock towards the creature with all of his might! Hitting it right in the side of the temple, the creature fell. Finding the strength, he runs over to the creature, drags it back to the fire, and begins to rip and tear at it with any sharp rocks he can find. He finally manages to get some sustenance. Not only that, but now having a leather pelt from the creature, he is able to fashion some clothes for himself (although still covered in animal filth due to not having proper tools).

THE LONE SPOT OF CIVILIZATION

After a few weeks of being on his own out in the wilderness, he is only getting by from his single catch, the beast pelt he acquired, and his few newfound sorcerer abilities or warming himself. At this point, each day was a struggle for survival as he lived through trial as he crawled through the wilderness day by day. One day, he comes upon a cliff overlooking a larger part of forest. A majestic and vast sight of frosted over rivers and untouched land. But then, a smoke stack can be seen off into the distance. He heads that way to find a small hut owned by a Dwarf Barbarian named Brewban Knebestor. After hearing the story, he decided to take Nemo in and give him shelter until he was well prepared enough to travel out of the dense wilderness of the area.

Brewban and Nemo became great friends over the next few months. The shelter that Brewban lived in was a great relief to Nemo as he was no longer fighting off the biting wind each night. Nemo learned some new hunting and survival skills and gained some training in the ways of a Barbarian fighting style (exactly what he's always enjoyed). After finally hunting his first brown bear and crafting a suitable weapon, Nemo was able to create a suitable set of clothes that he could call his own. He obtained a flask he made from the pelt of a small beast, as well as leather strapped boots and some other objects to help him survive the winter journey better. He learned some information about the surrounding regions from Brewban, such as the name of the wilderness he was in (known as Soviet Russia). Brewban also had a strange accent that Nemo started to pick up by spending so much time with him.

JOURNEY TO A BARBARIAN MIND

Finally prepared to go out on his own, Brewban gifts Nemo with a large hand crafted battle axe made just for his small stature. He gladly takes it and heads off into the direction that civilization supposedly is. After a three week journey, he comes across the town he has been journeying toward, Jerukhos. He lives here for a few years. There are not many towns or villages nearby and the region he is in could take years to travel across alone based on the local descriptions of its size. He makes many friends in his few years of work here in Jerukhos. He spends his time working for various people. He begins training his barbarian skills and fighting capabilities with the locals. He also begins to workout as he realizes his strength and stamina have multiplied exponentially since he was separated from his parents. The town folk have never seen such an impressive looking (in strength) and they nickname him 'Svedka' (as it is pronounced in their tongue), which supposedly means 'small steel'. Nemo gets an idea of the best way to leave this area and search for his parents while training his skills as a barbarian. He would join the army of the area and use that as a way to travel across the region easily.

He travels some distance to be a part of the army and they record his name down as 'Svedka' (after he only mentioned 'my friends call me Svedka'). He remains in the army for 6 years and is sent to various regions and becomes a part of various battles as he refines and sharpens his barbaric abilities. After traveling with the army for 6 years, the commander of his infantry unit (whom has become good friends with him) gives him the option to leave the military as his contract is technically up. He could then search for his parents. However, he is also offered a commanding position for his own infantry unit at this point, and he can only pick one option. He has served for years and performed flawlessly despite his disadvantage of his gnomish size. He has increased in strength fourfold since first entering the army, and he has learned to be called by the name 'Svedka' and almost put aside his birth name. His mind has been hardened by the military life and he has seen some serious battles which have left scars both physically and emotionally. Through his experience, he has sharpened and expanded on the

sorcerer training his father gave him alongside his barbarian skills.

A DECISION OF REMEMBRANCE

As the military life is all he's known for many years, Svedka begins to reflect on what has brought him here. He knows he needs to head out to find his Parents and therefore the military is not the right place for him. He turns down the commander position that he was offered and decides to set out on his own once again.

SKILLS AND FEATURES

SOURCE OF POWER

CLASS FEATURES

ABILITY SCORES (LEVEL 15)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
(-5)	(-5)	(-5)	(-5)	(-5)	(-5)

TRAITS

Age:

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Size: 2' 3"

Speed: 25 ft.

Darkvision:

Gnome Cunning:

Languages:

BARBARIAN HIT POINTS

Hit Dice: 1d12 per level

Hit Points at First Level: 12 + constitution modifier

Hit Points at Higher levels: 1d12 (or 7) + constitution modifier per barbarian level

SORCERER HIT POINTS

Hit Dice: 1d6 per level

Hit Points at First Level: 6 + constitution modifier

Hit Points at Higher levels: 1d6 (or 4) + constitution modifier per sorcerer level

PROFICIENCIES

Armor:

Weapons:

Tools:

Saving Throws:

Skills:

EQUIPMENT

Arcane Focus: See backstory

Two Daggers:

CANTRIPS

Natural Illusionist: [Minor Illusion](#)

Level 1: [Fire Bolt](#), [Prestidigitation](#), [Light](#), [Mage Hand](#)

Level 4: [True Strike](#)

Level 10: [Shocking Grasp](#)

SPELLS

Level 1: [Magic Missile](#) (1), [Mage Armor](#) (1)

Level 2: [Shield](#) (1)

Level 3: [Scorching Ray](#) (2)

Level 4: [Mirror Image](#) (2)

Level 5: [Lightning Bolt](#) (3)

Level 6: [Blink](#) (3)

Level 7: [Fireball](#) (3)

Level 8: [Greater Invisibility](#) (4)

Level 9: [Confusion](#) (4)

Level 10: [Hold Monster](#) (5)

Level 11: [Disintegrate](#) (6)

Level 12:

Level 13: [Finger of Death](#) (7)

Level 14:

Level 15: [Dominate Monster](#) (8)

SPELLCASTING ABILITY

Spell save DC: 8+proficiency bonus + charisma modifier

Spell attack modifier: proficiency bonus + charisma modifier

FLEXIBLE CASTING

Arcane Focus:

PERSONALITY

Arcane Focus:

QUOTES

"<adjective>"? I don't care who you are, friend:
nobody refers to the mighty Svedka as
"<adjective>"!

I have no idea what goes on here, but I will
gladly join your fight against this impudent
imbecile! Prepare to defend yourself, cretin!

I just need to get some things ready first. You
guys go ahead and get started. I need to
summon up some water...

Aaalllriiiight!! Who ordered up an extra large
can of whoop-ass?

I'm gonna light you up, sweet cheeks!

I didn't even break a sweat on that one

You guys feel free to jump in anytime.

Heal me! For the love of all that's holy, heal me!
I'm dying!!

It's time for a tactical retreat!

Prison taught me one very important lesson,
well, two if you count how to hold your soap,
but yes! SURVIVAL!

Now... witness the full power of Milton
Manastorm!

If you have any excess priceless artifacts that
were lost in time, I'm making a collection.

Have you ever been hit in the face by a worm
made out of rocks? It feels like what it sounds
like.

You will all be my slaves! Er, I mean, hi!

When do we destroy the world? Soon? I hope
it's soon.

You wouldn't happen to have access to any
N.U.K.U.L.A.R. weapons, would you?

Let's just say I have friends in high places...

I've killed cockroaches bigger than that!

Sometimes I talk to myself because I like
dealing with a... better class of people.

Someone told me I was arrogant once. I'm not
arrogant, I'm just better.

That's okay, nobody is perfect. Wow, that must
mean I'm nobody.

You cant spell awesome with me.