

Theobold Deepstone

CHARACTER NAME

Dark Dwarf

CHARACTER RACE (SUBRACE)

Mage

CHARACTER CLASS

PLAYER NAME

Psychic Armor / +1 Magic Armor

RACIAL ABILITY / EFFECT

1

LEVEL

Ragnarous

DEITY

PROFICIENCIES & RESOURCES

	Weapons	Armor	Shields	Two-Weapon Fighting	<input type="radio"/>	Ammunition
				Ranged Weapons	<input type="radio"/>	
Light	●	●	<input type="radio"/>	Spell Packets	●	10
Medium	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	White Cloth Strip	●	1
Heavy	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	Green Cloth Strip	●	3

CLASS ABILITIES/SPELLS

Spellcasting / The ability to cast spells and use magic.

Counterspell / Catch and return an enemy spell.

Spell - (Elemental) Bolt / Deal 2 pts elemental damage.

Spell - Entangle / Halt enemy movement for 10 seconds.

CHARACTER HISTORY

Deepstone was the third largest dwarven clan to exist within the vast underdark empire. Their had served Emperor Thadus Draguarn for centuries, and their ancestors before that served emperor. Deepstone was the protective shield around the heart of the dark dwarven empire. So it was with Theobold. He trained, as his father had, and his grandfather, and his great grandfather from the moment he was strong enough to lift a hammer. With every pump of his heart, with each drop of blood that flowed beneath his flesh an ancient oath was renewed. He would give his life protect the empire and its emperor. Though fate is a cruel mistress, and her humor is often unkind. The anniversary of his fifteenth cycle, the date he was to be recognized independent and given name, misfortune struck. As the naming ceremony came to an end, but before he could recite the oath, the shook and buildings which had stood for thousands of years collapsed. A roar echoed through the subterranean halls and jets of ice erupted seemingly from nowhere, instantly freezing touched. Theobold felt the icy sting on his flesh for the briefest moment. Instinctively, he threw his arms out to shield himself. It happen in a flash. The cold was gone, for him anyway. He looked in horror, finding the frozen remains of his entire line. His emperor, who'd been awaiting his oath stood statuesque, his skin frozen and cracked. A guttural laughter shook the halls, its bass shattering the frozen corpses for as far as he could see. Theobold shielded himself from the flying frozen chunks of those he loved. It was then he noticed the magic surrounding him, shielding him from Being the last survivor of his clan, Theobold set out to find the creature responsible and get